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Bonita Highley



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Completely Similar

By Bonita Highley

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And now, for something completely similar

The idea of this story came from an inspiration when in 2019, the first time I saw a great comedian on the internet. This man living in London, England. It was his sharp wit of intelligent humor that I felt led me to write this special book. I dedicate this book to The Great Tom Walker. Thank you Tom, for your inspiration. And a special thanks to all in law enforcement.

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The River Is Wide

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Enter, The Welsh Dragon

Oregon, U.S.A. At the P.D.X. Airport.....

Detective Dan O'leary and Detective in training, Tegan O'Leary, sister and brother, stood waiting in the waiting area-gate for British Detective, Miles O'Keef, from London, England.

Tegan O'leary- [Long auburn hair, wearing a dark red, knee length plaid skirt with dark red shirt.]

"Are you sure you want to do this?" She said with apprehension.

Dan O'leary- [Sandy-brown, slight shoulder length hair, black jeans with white button shirt]

"Very sure." He said adamantly.

Miles O'Keef- Comes walking out from the gate wearing his black jeans, black suit over his dingy white shirt, socks with shoes, carrying a medium size bag.

Tegan O'leary- Looks at a photo of him with Dan's writing of 'Miles O'Keef, The Welsh Dragon'. "The Welsh Dragon? "

Dan O'leary- Waves at him to come over to them. "Yep, that's him. Miles, glad you made it." He shook his hand. "And this is my sister, Tegan, your temporary partner."

Miles O'Keef-Picks up her hand to shake it, places it back down. "Nice to meet you." He says in his Englishman accent.

Tegan O'leary- Looked at her brother with curiousness.

Dan O'Leary- "Where's the rest of your luggage?"

Miles O'Keef- "This is all I've got mate."

Dan O'Leary- "Well then, let's get to the car."

They all walked towards the airport entrance doors and out toward the car.

Miles O'Keef- Rolled his tight shoulders. "Do you know what I've been through mate? Eight hours of sitting in a sardine canned seat, that can barely push a sardine between the seats, and four hours of a child's vomit that reeked....do you know what I mean, mate? What a nightmare."

Dan O'Leary- Began to place Miles' only suitcase into the trunk, while Tegan and Miles get into the car, Tegan sitting in the passenger side as Miles sits in the back seat.

Miles O'Keef- Reached to buckle up his seat belt. "Ah, America. Cont wait."

Tegan O'Leary- Buckles her seat belt. "Can't wait until you leave back to England."

Miles O'Keef- Looks straight at her. "Wha, excuse me?"

Tegan O'Leary - Looks straight at him. "I said, can't wait until you leave back to England."

Miles O'Keef- "Why Cont you just say welcome?"

Tegan O'Leary- "Well why can't you brits be more fashionable with your language and say can't, not cont."

Miles O'Keef- "Why cont you understand the British language, by you pronouncing it as cont. "

Tegan Oleary- "It is because I'm an American, that pronounces your cont as can't, that's why. Can't you understand that?"

Miles OKeef- Shifted in his seat, looked at her closer. "No, I cont. So, we're going to be partners, are we?"

Tegan Oleary- Gave him a curious look back. "Well.....According to my brother, yes."

Miles OKeef- "Hmmm." He looks her over.

Tegan Oleary- "What do you mean by, hmmm?"

Miles OKeef- "Your Dan told me all about you."

Tegan Oleary- "Well, he would, he did hired you.....like what?"

Miles OKeef- "Well, like, you volunteer at church, you and your brother have a welsh heritage like me and you have a boyfriend named Paul."

Tegan Oleary- "Oh, very good, well done. And my brother has told me about you too. You work at Scotland Yard in London, England, you thrive on a great challenge, and you HAVE NO GIRLFRIEND."

Miles OKeef- Looks deeper into her eyes. "So, what's with this Paul chap anyway? Your boyfriend, is he? Your brother says he's a stupid git, and that's just saying it politely."

Tegan Oleary- "My brother just doesn't see eye to eye with Paul."

Miles OKeef- "Well, after all, your brother is 6'2" and your Paul is only 5'8"."

Tegan Oleary- Calculating in her mind. "Yes, well, besides that, Paul is not my boyfriend, he's my fiancée only after meeting him three months ago."

Miles OKeef- "Oh, wow, really? Only three months ago? From where I come from love, after three months, my Mrs., and I, if I had one, would have at least two offspring attending school already." He sits back into his cushy seat. "Hmmm."

Tegan Oleary- Gave him a strange expressional look, then turned back around into her cushy seat. "Hmmm."

Dan Oleary-Opened his car door to get in and sat down ready to drive. "Right, Miles, before we leave onto our destination called home, a reminder, and this part is vitally important, as if done wrong, can come with seriously dangerous consequences.....or make other drivers suddenly switch on their survival mode. Please observe on what side the steering wheel is on. American's drive on the right side of the road. In England, the British drive on the left side of the road."

Miles and Tegan - Stared at Dan with enquiring eyes.

Dan Oleary- Stared back at them in puzzlement. "What?!" He looks back at the car's steering wheel and starts the car's engine.

At home.....

They all get out of the car. Miles takes his bag out, taking it inside Dan's and Tegan's small, humble looking home.

Dan Oleary- "Your room will be down the hall, first one to the left, next to mine. By the way Miles, your first assignment is in one hour at the church with Tegan. There's protests going on there. You just need to check it out."

Miles OKeef-Scrunched his face in questionable expression. "At the church?"

Tegan Oleary-"Yes, at the church, be ready. And be sure to comb out your hair."

Going to church

Miles and Tegan Stood outside the church, they see a group of hippy teens holding up signs that read 'Jesus for President!' Then see a few modern day dressed Pharisees scoffing at them holding up their own signs in protest that read: 'Not My President!', the church's outer wall of graffiti as it reads: PEACE AND LOVE, JESUS IS A COOL DUDE, The Irish desperately need apply.

Miles OKeef-"Blimey."

Miles and Tegan- Walk inside the church building and sit down. The Communion tray full of American Ding Dongs and Twinkies, began to pass around as Miles grabbed some.

Tegan Oleary- Looked at him with questionable expression.

Miles OKeef- Stuffing his mouth. "What? I'm hungry. I miss British crisps, digestive biscuits,.

The Congregation-A third of the overweight congregants grabbed their share, as they were munching, stuffing their mouths.

Miles OKeef- Gazing at another tray of dark grape juice, like dark wine passed around, as he grabbed two, gulping it down.

Tegan Oleary -"You're supposed to take only one and you're supposed to wait until the service starts."

Miles OKeef- "What? I'm thirsty. Then why didn't they wait to pass it around until after it starts?"

Tegan Oleary-"Good Question." She takes her share of one.

Miles OKeef- Quickly grabs a third from the left behind tray and waits.

The service starts.....

The Pastor- Enters. "Let's all take communion now."

Miles and Tegan- Gestured a look of, 'yah, see', at each other. Then they gulped theirs down.

[RIPPING SOUND...film pauses for a moment]

DISCLAIMER: FROM THE 'COMPLETELY SIMILAR' PRODUCTION COMPANY.

'This is by NO MEANS an advertisement to endorse or promote any sins of drunkenness or any tempting gluttony. Viewer discretion is STERNLY advised. Now, back to the service.

Miles OKeef- "Wow, that was fantastic wine."

Tegan OLeary- Looks straight at him. "That was fermented grape juice, not wine. It's been in the refrigerator for years, because we have troubles finding volunteers to help clean the church."

Miles OKeef- "Fantastic, can I have more, love?"

Tegan OLeary- Looks at him with a weird stare.

The Pastor McCleary -Positions. "Welcome everyone and God bless. Let's begin the service by saying that we all need a change from common core pew warmer, to active sheep in church. And what better way of doing this by going to church service with a little help from an American Pastor, that's me, a British Vicar, a monk and the family of god 'sheep' worshippers."

Miles OKeef- "Glad he didn't say—'sheeple'."

The Pastor McCleary- Repositions. "With this next song, I will address the sins of greediness with this new band. Hit it, boys!"

The British Vicar slowly begins to bang away on his drum with intro beats, the monk starts jamming away on his guitar, the American pastor starts to dance like a modern day groovy hippy, as he continues to sing out LOUDLY.

The people held up their hands in a slow waving motion in worship. ...

The choir in- lined danced, sang LOUD.....

Everyone eating, drinking and being merry dancing in overdrive to the tune of the music.....

Some running back and forth on top the pews.....

Some highly –dignified-poshed-staring-pew warmers.....

Some hyper holy rollers flailing to and fro....

And some, just gone completely nuts, throwing pieces of food at each other.

Miles and Tegan- Danced to the beat, then slowly stopped as the rhythm slowly ended. Participated in throwing crisps at others.

Pastor McClearly- Cleared his throat. "Ok, everyone, service is over. Ok, settle down boys, thanks, that was quite an eye opener to what could go wrong. See you next week."

Tegan turned to Miles- "Miles, I need to walk over to the church's Sunday school class to get my neighbor's two boys, they're brothers. It will only be a few minutes-ok?" She lead the way.

Miles OKeef- Keeping pace with her. "What a spiritual experience that was. God, bless, them. Mind you, we need more churches like this."

Tegan and Miles- Enter into the hallway, then walk into the classroom. They find the boys' gloomy expression washed over their faces with full white hands and faces, as they write their last sentences of 'I WILL NOT MAKE CHALK DUST CLOUDS AROUND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER ANYMORE!' 100 times.

Tegan Oleary- Wide eyes at them. "Joe and Joel, Hi boys, I'm here to pick you up."

Miles OKeef- "Joe and Joel, easy names to remember."

Tegan Oleary- In loving sternness. "Boys, did you learn your lesson? Are you ready to leave now? Before we go home, I have volunteered to check on the clothing for the less fortunate."

They all walk out of the classroom.

Miles OKeef- "Such brilliant boys heh, Teg?" Takes a glance at the table of used clothes and sees a fedora hat and a trench coat. Pulled the coat up and over his arms, he fit nicely into it. "Bloody hell, it fits me brilliantly. Check out the apparel for different disguises. Hey, boys, what do you think?"

Joe and Joel- Shrug their shoulders without a care.

Tegan Oleary- Sternly looked at him. "Miles, you can't say the word 'hell' at church."

Miles OKeef- "Why not? The Pastor does in his sermons."

Tegan Oleary- "Good point."

Miles OKeef- Sharply adjusts it to his own head, looking like a smart looking, genuine spy.

Ripping sound.....

Disclaimer-We regret to inform that the last part was highly undignified and was completely unnecessary and on behalf of the cast and crew of, Completely Similar, doooo apologize for a pre-empted intermission.....we will now return.

Later that night....

Miles OKeef- Curiously sees Dan check on Tegan in her room before bedtime.

The Parents Visit

The doorbell rang as a man and woman came in through the front door.

Mom/Sue- [small framed, short, sandy blonde hair]and Dad/Samual O'leary [tall, mid-stout, dark brown hair] "Danny and Tegan, we're here!"

Tegan O'leary- Hugs them. "Mom and Dad! What brings you here?"

Mom/Sue O'leary -"Oh, were just here to visit and to say hi."

Dad/Samuel O'leary-"Actually, we're here to see an authentic Welshman that our Dan told us about."

Tegan O'leary- Looks at Dan. "Ohhh."

Dan O'leary-"Well, I didn't actually say it in those words, but let me introduce you to him. Mom and Dad, this Detective Miles O'Keef."

Miles O'Keef-"It's lovely to meet you." He took the mother's hand, kissing it.

Mom O'leary-"Oh my.... that accent, such a gentleman, Tegan, grab this one and run."

Tegan O'leary-"Mooooom!" She embarrassingly said.

Mom/Sue O'leary-"Tegan, who's your new guy for the month?"

Tegan O'leary-"You mean, Paul."

Mom/Sue O'leary-"Oh, that guy." She said with a plain face and voice.

Dad/Samuel O'leary-"She's still with that prick?" He quietly murmured around Miles.

Miles O'Keef-He looked at their dad and smirked with agreement.

Tegan O'leary-"What Dad?"

Dad/Samuel O'leary-"I said, she's still with that prince." He rolled his eyes, giving an annoying, but patient look at Miles, eagerly to shake Miles' hand. "Mr. O'keef, it's a real pleasure to meet a genuine Welshman, one of my dreams come true. I keep telling my wife, Sue, I'm going to someday meet an authentic Welshman, and by-golly here he is. After all, it is part of our heritage."

Miles O'Keef-"Well, the pleasure is mine."

Dad/Samuel O'leary-"So, Miles, our Danny-boy hired you to partner with our Tegan?"

Miles O'keef-"Yes Sir, he did."

Dad/Samuel O'leary-"Well don't forget the fringe benefits."

Dan/Samuel O'leary-"Umm, Mom, Dad. We are going to be late for work. Stay if you want?"

Mom/Sue O'leary-"Oh, we can't stay, we also have an appointment. We'll see you later."

They all hug each other as the parents leave out the door.

Spies like Us, The Mission

Dan O'leary, Miles O'keef-They sat on a park bench across from a restaurant, where Tegan and Paul sat for a lunch date.

Dan O'leary-He sees her with his binoculars, as she gets up from the table, then walks inside the restaurant. Then sees Paul start to flirt with yet, another woman. "Yep, here we go again, take a look Miles."

Miles O'Keef-He takes the binoculars, holds it up to his eyes. "I see mate, what a frickin prick. Ohh, she's coming back. Oops, bloody hell, she saw his flirting--oohoo, she gave him an earful!" He witnessed her arms flailing at Paul in anger.

Dan O'leary-"Let me have the binoculars back, let me see!" He stretched out his hand to miles.

Miles O'Keef-"She's gone now. Here take it. I'll be right back." Miles hands over the binoculars to him, stands up and starts walking across the street to the restaurant going toward Paul.

Dan O'leary-He stands up "What are you doing? Where are you going? Miles! Get back here!--Damn!"

Miles O'Keef-Approaching the restaurant, he walked over to get near Paul. He takes a small pad of paper, placed it down on another table, took the restaurant's pen and wrote the words: 'You bloody sod, wanker.' Putting the pen down, he casually walked towards him while he ate, threw the note onto his plate, then casually walked off.

Paul -[with blonde hair, expensive looking suit,]Picked up the note and read it. He looked up to see Mile's cheeky grin.

Miles O'Keef-Casually walked back across the road to Dan.

Dan O'leary-"Oh Miles, dude, your bold! We came, we saw, been accomplished. It's over. Let's go home."

The Invitation

Miles O'Keef- Viewing out his bedroom window, he sees a tall posh looking man getting out of his car, then walking up to the door. He stands by his bedroom door opened to listen.

Tegan O'leary- Opens the front door, then hesitated. "Paul, what do you want?"

Paul - "I want to apologize to you and invite you to my birthday party tomorrow night."

Tegan O'leary- In hesitation. "I'm not sure if I will able to." She begins to shut the door.

Paul- "Oh Tegan. I have missed you. Please rethink it. I apologize. I'll be the perfect gentleman." Raised his brows to her.

Tegan O'leary- Inhale, then exhales. "Ok, very well then. I will."

Miles O'Keef- He sees Paul leave. "Oh, your sly aren't you? But I'm even slyer." He goes directly to her like a hawk surrounding his prey. "Tegan, it's time for your lesson in detection. Right. Let's do this."

Tegan O'leary- stood staring at in him in non-negotiable stance. "I don't need your training, my Brother has already done that."

Miles O'Keef- "But your Brother hired me to train you. And it's obvious, you're not finished." He insisted.

Tegan O'Leary- Stood. " EWCH BUGGER I FFWRDD!"

Miles O'Keef- stood staring in astoundment at her. "Excuse me, what did you just say?"

Tegan O'Leary- held her stance. "EWCH BUGGER I FFWRDD!"

Dan O'Leary- walks into the livingroom. " Whoa, Welsh words coming out. She said to 'Go Bugger Off.'

Miles O'Keef- stood his ground. "Rydych chi'n hardd pan rydych chi'n ddig."

Dan O'Leary-look at Miles. "And he said. 'You are beautiful when you are angry.'

Tegan O'Leary- Loss for words, she leaves the room in haste.

Miles O'Keef- "Dan, do you know what that prick did again? He just invited Tegan, this time to his birthday party. And once again, she accepted it. Dan, you hired me to watch over her.....for god's sake, you are her brother. Why do you allow this imbecile to continue to hurt her, when you know he's a frickin prick?"

Dan O'leary- "I can't force her to stop seeing him, just can only keep an eye on him, so I hired you, a private eye to do it for me, an outsider that is not part of my usual team to sabotage. I don't want Tegan to know that you're spying on her."

Miles O'Keef- "So, remind each other....you hired me to spy on your sister, but tell her I'm her partner?"

Dan O'leary- "Well, yes. It works for me."

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, bloke..... that's brilliant."

Dan O'leary- "So, go partner with her."

Lessons in Detection

Tegan Oleary-“Ok Miles, why am I standing here in this big open field?”

Miles OKeef- “You are here for your training. It’s what is known as, Field Investigation. You know, field work. We have training to do in the field of detection.”

Tegan Oleary –Straight face. “Right, I have already told you, I don’t need your partnership. I’m going back home now. Have a lovely day in your wilderness, goodbye.” She began to walk off toward home.

Miles O’Keef- Not amused expression. “Tegan! Come back here! I was hired to train you! And train you, I will damn well do! So get back here!”

Tegan Oleary-She continues her hasty tread.

Miles OKeef- Grits his teeth. “Going back to your Paul, the philanderer, are we!?”

Tegan Oleary- Suddenly halts, turns to him. “What?”

Miles OKeef- “Y, dyngarwr!”

Tegan Oleary- Steadfully walks back to him, stops in front.

Miles OKeef- Looks her straight into her eyes.

Tegan Oleary-Quickly takes his arm, while twisting it to his back. “Now, you scream out, ‘Police brutality!’”

Miles O'Keef- "You're a private investigator! Not the bloody police! Detain, detain!"

Tegan O'leary- "OK Miles, answer my question. Why do you call yourself, 'The Welsh Dragon'?"

Miles O'Keef- "Teg, there are things you don't know about me and why your brother chose me for this assignment. Before I came here, from my last job, I broke protocol one to many times and got sacked."

Tegan O'leary- "You were fired?"

Miles O'Keef- "Yes, yes."

Tegan O'leary- "What happened, what did you do?"

Miles O'Keef- "Long story short. A man got away with stealing money from a kid's Kool-Aid stand. I did what I had to do. I punched the idiot in the face."

Tegan O'leary- "Ouch!" She scrunched her face.

Miles O'Keef- "Yep." He nod his head assured his memory. "That's why I became a detective. To keep fighting the good fight."

Tegan O'leary- "Well that doesn't answer my question."

Miles O'Keef- "Then the kids hollers out to me, Hey, Welsh Dragon-thanks!"

Tegan O'Leary- Gives an disappointed look. Let go of him, went to sit next to a shady tree. "I will never be a detective."

Miles O'Keef- Sat next to her. "Nah, it's me. I'm not good at training. Just doing."

Tegan O'leary- Shifted her sitting position looking at him closer. "You know, Paul really isn't that bad. He just hasn't settled with me yet. And what about you? Your family in England?"

Miles O'Keef- He shifted his position looking at her. "My family? I have a brother. He still lives with our parents. But I'm not as close to him as I am with your brother. And you also Teg."

Tegan O'leary- "You mean, like a sister to you."

Miles O'Keef- "No Teg. I mean, Closer than a sister." He reach out to touch her hand.

Tegan O'leary- After a moment of Gazing into his eyes, she cleared her throat. "Right, I think it's time to go back home."

Miles O'Keef-"I think you're right there. Come on."

Tegan O'leary- Gave him a smile.

Miles O'Keef, Tegan O'leary- They began their journey back home, walked back through the long stretched field.

Miles O'Keef- He walks in front of her in a teasing way, while turning to talk to her.

Tegan O'leary- She pushes hard on him with her hands, while he continued to talk to her.

Miles O'Keef- As he resists her pushes, he smiles, takes her hands, bringing her close to himself, as they proceed to continue their walk, almost frolicking among the field. He grabs her around her waist in back of her, while twirling her around himself in fun pleasure.

Tegan O'leary/ Miles O'Keef – Proceed toward home.

Kitchen Confessions

Miles O'Keef- He walks into the kitchen seeing Dan checking out his cell phone. "Hey, how's it going?"

Dan O'leary- "Great. How did it go with my suggestion with our Tegan?"

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, the usual. I took her out into the field, gave her a verbal lashing, she twist my arm for answers, then gave her my answers before coming close to snogging herooops. Then we call truce, went for a stroll through the field coming home."

Dan O'leary- He looks at him. "Oh, that's good....What did you just say, about being with my sister?"

Miles O'Keef- "What, about me giving her a verbal lashing?"

Dan O'leary- "No, not that part....What do you mean by, 'coming close to snogging her.... ooops'?"

Miles O'Keef- He clinches his lips "UMM, as in, ooops, as in, I.....fancy your sister."

Dan O'leary- "You what? Oh no, this can't be happening.....my sister,Tegan and you?"

Miles O'Keef- "Yes, well, I know. Spending time investigating her, and when we verbally threw those welsh words at each other, well we instantly connected, I couldn't help it... MY LORD, of course Tegan and I. What's wrong with that?"

Dan O'leary- Miles, I said to go partner with her, not to partake my father's suggestion to fringe benefit her.

Tegan o'leary- She walks into the room to give back the shirt she borrowed. "What about 'Tegan and I?'"

Dan O'leary- "Oh, nothing. Umm, Miles?"

Miles O'Keef- Teg, Wanna go out tonight for fun?

Tegan O'leary- "Sure, ok-where?"

Miles O'Keef- "At the British Pub. Let's give it a go."

At The Pub

Dan and Tegan O'leary, Miles O'Keef- They sat with their drinks and observed the crowd around them. The Celtic music from a band on the stage filled the atmosphere.

Miles O'Keef- "What a lovely place. A lovely place, with a lovely woman by my side, lovely mate, entertainment. What more could a chap ask for?"

Dan O'leary- He looked at a girl standing against a wall watching the band playing.

Tegan O'leary- "Dan, isn't that your ex-girlfriend, Lisa Wilkins from years ago, the shy one?"

Dan O'leary- He looked straight at the lady. "Yes, it is. I'll be right back." He walks over to her to say hello, then brings her back to their table.

Tegan O'leary- "Lisa, come sit down, it's been awhile."

Lisa Wilkins- The sandy blonde haired woman smiles to Tegan. "yah, it has."

Miles O'Keef- "So, Lisa, you and Dan? What was it like with him back in the days?"

Dan O'leary- "Lisa, come dance with me?"

Tegan O'leary- Looks at Miles. "Not good timing."

Miles O'Keef- "I bet he's got some stories to tell." He looked upon her with affection.

Tegan O'leary- "Yah, there is." She looked at him kindly. "How's your arm feeling?" She inquired.

Miles O'Keef- "It's fine..... yep..... its fine."

Tegan O'leary-Hesitant. "Miles, thank you for today. You somehow know me better than I know myself sometimes."

Miles O'Keef- He comes closer to her. Let's find out how much more I can learn from you. Come on Teg, let see how much Irish dancing you and your brother knows."

Tegan O'leary-She stood to go onto the dance floor.

Miles O'Keef- He stands up leaning against the table while watching them.

Dan and Tegan O'leary- They danced a little jig with each other, but forgot the rest of the steps since they were younger. Showed Lisa some dance moves. After a couple of rounds, Dan and Tegan slowed danced with Irish steps again as their dancing turned into another kind of dance.

Miles O'Keef- Watching them, his kept an eye on Tegan.

Dan O'leary- Gave Miles a heads- up- gestured signaled for him to prepare.

Miles O'Keef- Miles gave his heads-up-gestured signal to Dan.

Dan O'leary- As he twirled his sister one last time under his arm, he then stretched out his arm length, lining her hand toward Miles, handing her over to him. Taking Lisa into dance with himself.

Miles O'Keef- He reached out to grab her hand, then pulled her over to him sharply aligning her to himself. As the music continued into a

different phase and rhythm, he led the way by moving his leg to the side of her.

Miles O'Keef, Tegan O'leary- As she followed his lead, they came closer together, side by side, facing opposite directions, they revolved around each other in circling momentum, then reverse their positions dance stepping the opposite direction. Then, twirling her under his arm three times to the tune of the music, he dips her body next to his, then pulls her back up. They slowed down for a moment in time, then a little closer as they gave each other a serious look. The music faded away signaling the end of the party.

Dan and Tegan O'leary, Miles O'Keef, Lisa Wilkins- A few minutes later, Miles and Tegan taking glances at each other, Dan to Lisa. Driving Lisa home first, they proceeded home.

Face To Face

The next day.....

Miles O'Keef, Tegan O'leary- While doing their chores, they met each other in the hallway.

Miles O'Keef- "Teg, that was a fun party last night." He approached her quietly.

Tegan O'leary- "Yes, it was." She said quietly.

Miles O'Keef- "We danced good together last night."

Tegan O'leary- "Yes, ...we did.....yep."

Miles O'Keef- He took her hand, leaned up against the wall and pulled her closer to him. "Very good together, in fact it's amazing how much we have in common, the ties we both share in our heritage."

Tegan O'leary- "You're playing detective with me, aren't you?"

Miles O'Keef- "UMM, just a wee bit." He softly said to her.

Tegan O'leary-Hesitant. "Miles. I think I should tell you. Even before last night's dance. I've had a close fondness to you. The growing bonding between us is clearly there. Then I've had Paul in the back of my mind. But with Paul, I have strived to give him a posh woman, but instead I'm managed kept as his last resort girl."

Miles O'Keef- He looks upon her with loving, compassionate eyes. "Oh Teg, You know all the clues between us by now. The bond is mutual. Look at the facts. Your so-called fiancée flirts with another woman,

more than once, but you keep going back to him, why Teg? What are you so afraid of?"

Tegan O'leary- "I'm not afraid of anything. Look, your time is almost up for training me as your partner, you'll be leaving soon. Paul is not a perfect man, no man is. I'm inviting you to come with me to Paul's birthday tonight. I want you to see for yourself that he is not as bad as you think."

Miles O'Keef- With a confused look on his face. "Hang on. Are we on the same page, we just bypassed each other.

Tegan O'leary- "Miles, will you come or not?" She stood waiting for his answer.

Miles O'Keef- After a moment of thinking. "Sure, I'll come."

Tegan O'leary- "Good" see you later, gotta go to the church, be back later." She drops his hand.

Miles O'Keef- He smiles with a sly smirk on his face.

At The Party

Later that evening....

Miles O'Keef, Tegan O'leary- They walk in as everyone dressed in posh attire, gathering around the table covered in white cloth, garnished with a posh gourmet .

Tegan O'leary- "Let's hope he doesn't mistake the Kool-Aid from the ale-beer, he's allergic to the hops in the ale-beer. The Kool-Aid is reserved only for him.

Miles O'Keef- With a mischievous thought in his head, He takes a plastic cup, pours ale-beer into his cup, sits down next to Tegan, as Paul sits next to Tegan. While everyone is socializing, Miles looks at Tegan. "Tegan, well would you look at that beautiful photo over there?" He points his finger to the photo on the wall.

Tegan O'leary- She looks at it.

Miles O'Keef- He quickly leans over to pour a little ale into Paul's cup full of Kool Aid. Seeing that Paul took his large swigs of his ale- beer laced Kool -Aid, he gave him a smirk. "The Guinness is lovely, how's yours mate?"

Paul- "Good! He takes another swig. Very good. Tell me, Miles, how do you find America?"

Miles O'Keef- "Well, I'm sitting here at this table, right here in America."

Paul- "And what do you think about American women?"

Miles O'Keef- "What about them?" He said with a weird expression.

Paul- "Well, let's take my fiancée, Tegan here for example. Tegan, what do you think about British guys?"

Miles O'Keef- "You mean, British Blokes"

Paul- "No, I mean guys. You're here in America now, speak our language. Isn't that right Tegan?"

Tegan O'leary- "It's the same difference to me. After all I am of Welsh heritage."

Paul- "No, Tegan. I will make one thing clear. When you have my last name, you are an American and there will not be any kind of heritage in my home or even any friendships as they say in England, of Barmy Brits like the one sitting amongst us."

Miles O'Keef- "Excuse me, what did you just say?" Unamused.

Tegan O'leary- She closes her eyes for a moment in dread.

Paul- He stands up from his chair. "Everyone, it's my birthday."

Guests- Everyone claps their hand except Miles and Tegan.

Paul- "And on this special day, I want to show everyone a good time with something special." He picks up a white cloth napkin. "See this napkin? Pretend it is a white British glove and I challenge Miles O'Keef, the barmy Brit bloke, to a sword fight duel." He throws the napkin at Miles' face. "May the best man win of the affection of my fiancée." He walks over to take a sword from an old standing armor mascot that stood in a corner of the room and brings it back to the table.

Tegan O'leary- She picks up Paul's cup and smells it. It reeked of alcohol. She then looked at Miles.

Miles O'Keef- He looked straight at her adamantly. He stands up to accept the challenge.

Tegan O'leary- "Miles. Sit down." She said, quietly staring at the tablecloth.

Miles O'Keef- He takes her hand and kissed it. "It's ok love, he's not pissed drunk, he's pissed angry. I'll be right back." Also takes his sword from the other side of the armor, brings it back with him. "Everyone, I want to prove to you, what this miserable, insignificant, little American git, this fake, charlatan, and I won't call him sir, because he doesn't deserve that privileged title like a real man would. Let me tell you what this twit is all about. He has a smart and beautiful woman that happens to have same heritage that I have. And if I had my way with her, I would take her tonight."

Tegan O'leary- Looked astounded by what he said about her, swallowing hard, sipping her drink, glanced around her.

Miles O'Keef- "Now, I declare, on my British heritage, that your schemes, little man are over, here and now!"

Paul- With insane jealousy, he struck his sword at Miles.

Miles O'Keef- He parried at his sword, swinging his sword back at him.

Paul and Miles O'Keef- Hitting each other's swords together, a couple of rounds.

Paul- Suddenly, Paul held his stomach with his hand and puked in front of everyone, running to the bathroom, puking as he goes.

Miles O'Keef- He walks back to his seat, sits down, picks up his drink for another swig. "Blimey, poor 'ol chap, imagine a bloke hurling his food across the room like that. Good 'ol chap, wouldn't you say Teg?"

Tegan O'leary- She looked straight at him. "Miles, that was very kind words you said about me, thank you."

Miles O'Keef- He looked at her adamant. "And I meant every word of it."

Tegan O'leary- Mesmerized by his eyes for a moment. "Yes,....but Miles, you didn't give him a chance."

Miles O'Keef- He stood up from his chair with a frustrated face. "What? Oh, for frickin sake Tegan, he's a fricking prick and you know it!"

Tegan O'leary- She stood up from her chair. "Miles, you spiked his drink!"

Miles O'Keef- He took a step closer to her. "My job as detective is to detect, that is, to search for the truth, no matter how ugly that truth is! I will not let your brother down. I will not end this assignment he gave me unfinished! What is it with some of you American women. You think you get what you want, but then you recede back to these kinds of 'American guys'!!! It must be low self esteem, or fear. Which is it?"

Tegan O'leary- She took one step closer to him. "Oh, unlike you kind of British Blokes, that blurt out loud in front of everyone, that they have some kind of impending wishful thinking of refitting the bedsheets with an American girl, putting it in a rendezvous time zone!"

Miles O'Keef- Taking another step closer to her. "Your damn right, because I did meant every... word... of it! I'd have you down on this floor, right here, right now!" He intently pointed to the floor."

Tegan O'Leary- Taking one last step closer to him.
"That....would...be...a.. bit... rough!"

Miles O'Keef- He takes his last step to her. "My ...body, ...will
....cushion ...the....blow!"

Tegan O'leary- Speechless. She looks around sees everyone staring at her and miles.

Miles O'Keef- He does the same.

Tegan O'leary- Quietly. "Miles, I'm going home now." She turns to walk out of the room.

Miles O'Keef- "Teg.....teg?!!" He follows her out the room.

Miles O'Keef, Tegan O'leary- When they both walked around the corner, they abruptly stop to see Paul flirting with yet another woman.

Miles O'Keef- "Blimey, he recovered fast. Fastest cowboy in the American west!" He points his finger at him like a gun. "Boom!"

Tegan O'leary- For the last stunned time. "Your search for truth is over." She walks up to Paul, takes his ice cold drink from his hand and splashes it down the front of his shirt..

Paul- "AAAAHHH!!!! He jumps up startled and looks at her.

Tegan O'Leary- Drops the cup onto his feet, walks out of the building.

Miles O'Keef- With a huge grin on his face. "ouhhahaha!" He turns around to walk out to his car.

On Assignment

Tegan O'leary, Miles O'Keef- Standing just outside their home in freezing cold weather, with heavy coats and thick warm blankets wrapped around themselves, their mission, to spy on a possible thief.

Miles O'Keef- "It's bloody, bloody cold! If your brother wasn't like a brother to me, I'd smack him."

Tegan O'leary- "Oh, has he really become like a brother to you? "

Miles O'Keef- "He's become closer than a brother, he's my best mate."

Tegan O'leary- She shivered, trying to keep warm. "Well, that's nice to hear from you. Good to know. He's my blood brother and when this assignment is done, I'm going smack him where it hurts. My fingers are numb."

Miles O'Keef- "Teg, come here."

Tegan O'leary- "No, that's ok, I'll be fine."

Miles O'Keef- "Tegan, come on, come here."

Tegan O'leary- She walks over to him, shivering and shaking. "What?"

Miles O'Keef- As a gentleman, he opened up his blanket from his warm body. "Come over here to me, I'll keep you warm, come on."

Tegan O'leary-She accepted his invite by walking over to him, placing herself under his blanket facing out ward.

Miles O'Keef- He wrapped his blanket around her and himself, while putting his arms around her. "My god, you ARE cold. Your fingers ARE freezing, bloody brother." He warmed them up with his hands.

Tegan O'leary- "Thank you Miles, You're so warm." Her shivers calmed down to a halt.

Miles O'Keef- "Better?"

Tegan O'leary- "Yes." She snuggled up to him closer

Miles O'Keef- He nuzzled his face up against her soft hair. "I'm sorry about what happened."

Tegan O'leary- "I'm ok. I should have known better."

Miles O'Keef –"My life has changed since I came here. I thank you and your brother for it."

Tegan O'leary –"Well, you've certainly have changed our lives. After when you came, Mom and Dad just can't get enough of you. They call me every day trying to nudge me toward you, the Englishman with the welsh heritage. The truth is.....neither can I."

Miles O'keef- "Me neither.

Tegan O'leary- She turns around to look at him. "Me neither?"

Miles O'Keef- "Me neither." His smirk into smile.

Tegan O'Leary- Her questionable expression slowly turned into a wide smile.

Miles O'Keef-Smiles. He deeply looks into her eyes, his smile diminishing.

Tegan O'Leary- Smile also leaves as she tilts her head down, her vision disconnecting from his.

Miles O'Keef- He raised his hand to caress her soft face.

Tegan O'Leary- She softly closed her eyes in anticipation of his motive, then looks back at him reopening her vision to him.

Miles O'Keef- Tenderly kisses her once.

Tegan O'Leary- Followed his kiss with hers.

Miles O'Keef- He kisses her more. His cell phone rings. He hesitates to answer it as it keeps ringing.

Tegan O'Leary- "Miles, you should answer your phone." She reminded him in between kisses.

Miles O'Keef- "Let the damn thing ring." He said, in between kisses, as his phone kept ringing.

Tegan O'Leary- "Miles, I really think, you should answer it." She said again, in between heavier kisses.

Miles O'Keef- "It's just one of those damn mobile solicitors, they'll give up." He continues kissing her.

Tegan O'Leary- "You mean, telemarketer." She continues kissing him.

Miles O'Keef- "No." He replied, his deeper kisses getting hotter with heavy breathing. Phone keeps ringing.

Tegan O'Leary- She takes her hands, gently places them onto his both sides of his face and pulls back from him. "Miles, answer the phone!"

Miles O'Keef- He takes a deep breath with a regrettable sigh. Taking out his phone, he answers it. "Detective O'Keef—WHAT!!!!!! Oh, it's you!!!!!"

Tegan O'leary- She sighs, then relaxes her head on his chest.

Miles O'Keef- "What do you mean, how am I doing? What the bloody hell do you think I'm doing, standing out in this frickin freezing cold weather! Oh, really? You don't think it's a big deal standing out here in this bloody, freezing cold night air? What, what am I doing?? Ok, mate, I'll tell you what I'm doing. I've got my blanket wrapped around your fricking-cold sister while kissing her, I mean, snogging her!"

[They both hear a huge burst of laughter coming from her brother's voice from Miles' phone.]

"No, really mate, I'm kissing your sister and it's not the first time."

[Dan's laugh got louder. "Ok, Ok, I just wanted to let you two know that we've got the person and you two can 'wrap it up' and go home now-see you both later tonight-bye." Brother hangs up.]

Miles O'Keef- He hangs up, and placed his chin gently on her head. "Tegan, we're relieved of duty love. All this just for his stolen tools from his tool shed. Let's get out of this bloody cold air."

[The sprinklers suddenly turned on, sprinkling all over them.]

Tegan O'leary, Miles O'Keef- "Oh, bloody hell!" They pull apart, running back inside their home.

Miles O'Keef, Tegan O'leary- Placing their soaked blankets onto the kitchen chairs to let them air dry, they stood quiet with each other.

Miles O'Keef- "Well, I guess that's it."

Tegan O'leary- "Yes, Well, I should get out of these drenched clothes." She looked at him, then back at the soaked blankets while grasping the chairs with her hands.

Miles O'Keef- "Yah, me too." He looked at her, while tapping his fingers onto the table.

Tegan O'leary- "Ummm.....Miles?"

Miles O'Keef- "Yah." Immediately giving her his full attention.

Tegan O'leary- "Umm.....about what happened out there between us, you know, us kissing each other."

Miles O'Keef- "You mean, us snogging."

Tegan O'leary- "Ok, snogging."

Miles O'Keef- He looks at her with committed eyes. "Teg, I don't regret snogging or kissing you and I never will. And every word I have said to you, I meant it." He observed her. "My god.....even with wet hair, you have beautiful eyes."

Tegan O'leary- She gives him a closed lip, warm smile, takes a step closer to him, places her hand onto his face. "Goodnight Miles. I look forward to seeing you in the morning."

Miles O'Keef- He takes her hand, holds it to his chest. "Ok Teg. As your detective, I'm giving you a verbal subpoena. I'm ordering you to tell me what you're afraid of."

Tegan O'leary- "Ok, before you twist my arm. I want to be with you. But I can't."

Miles O'Keef- "And why is that?"

Tegan O'leary- Because, my big brother would clobber you."

Miles O'Keef- "Yes, we both know that. Nothing new there. But that's not the answer I'm looking for."

Tegan O'Leary- "And.....you will be leaving back home to England and I could not deal with that thought."

Miles o'Keef- "Now, there is my answer. Oh Teg, I'm not leaving." He said in sincerity.

Tegan O'Leary- "And, why... is... that?"

Miles O'Keef- "Because, of my love with you." He gives her a reassured look.

Tegan O'Leary- "Areyou ...sure?" She pulled away walking toward the door.

Miles O'Keef- "Tegan!" He called for her in an ordering voice.

Tegan O'Leary- She turned to him immediately, her hands resting on the door post.

Miles O'Keef- He sighs. "What can I do..... How can I convince you?"

Tegan O'Leary- She gently taps the doorpost with her fist. "Good night Miles." She leaves the kitchen, going into her bedroom.

Miles O'Keef- He sighs in and out, turns to bang his head three times on the kitchen cabinet, then turns around with another sigh. He goes into his room. Changing into his nightshirt, he stood by his window gazing out at the moonlight. He leans his arm up against the windowsill while combing through his hair with his fingers, while briefly glancing at his open door. He steadfastly walks out of his room and up to her closed door about to knock on it, but then hesitates, bangs his head on the wall three times again, walks back to his room, closing his door, getting into bed.

Tegan O'leary- She looks at the wall after she hears a banging sound. She leaves her room, walks up to his closed bedroom door, fiddles with her fingers, hesitates, goes back to her room pacing back and forth. "Oh, for heaven's sake Tegan, it was only a kiss.....anddd a good one at that....from a self-proclaimed English Welshman.....well, a man that I have known for a while now..... that, I have grown close to." She briefly looks for a moment at her open door. "That my heart has bonded to."

Miles O'Keef- Laying awake in his bed, "Oh, crap this." He says, as he gets out of bed, opens his door, walks directly to her door and sees her standing there in her nightshirt.

Tegan O'leary- "Miles?"

Miles O'Keef- Steps inside her room. "Umm, I Just wanted to do what your brother does nightly. Check on you. Are you still warm?"

Tegan O'leary- "Yes, I'm ok, thanks."

Miles O'Keef- He slowly walks over to her, takes her hand. "Good, you're still warm, that's good. Well, goodnight then, cheerio."

Miles O'Keef, Tegan o'leary- With their hands still attached, he starts to walk off, their arms stretched outward between them, then he stops and hesitates. He looked back at her again, as she wouldn't detach from him. "Tegan.....Please don't ask me to stay, it would be wrong and your brother would get me for it."

Tegan O'leary- "Miles....Aros."

Miles O'Keef- "As you were!" Urgently walks back to her, clasps his hands around her face and passionately kisses her. "My god, here we are snogging and kissing again." As he talks to her in between kisses.

“This is really getting mental of us Teg.” Continued talking to her in between kisses. “It’s either now or never.” He kisses her deeper.

Tegan O’leary- “I agree.” She passionately kisses him back in return.

Miles O’Keef- “What’s the verdict, Teg?” His kisses getting hotter by the moment.

Tegan o’leary- “Right Here and now.” She consented without hesitation.

Miles O’Keef- “Right, I’m all for that.” He gently pushes her body with his, unto her bed, grasping for her kisses again.

The moonlight shined through the window.

The Big Surprise

11 o'clock that evening....

Dan O'leary- He unlocks the front door and walks in. He does his usual routine of getting cleaned up for bed, then quietly walks into Tegan's room to routine check on her before bed. When he sees her, he smiles, then turns to leave. Then, he suddenly and abruptly halts in his tracks at her door. His eyes widen huge as he turns back around for second look, to see them in bed together sleeping.

In a very quiet, non-verbal frenzy, he places his hands on top of his head, pacing back in forth in her room, whispering to himself.

"Ahh, Wha, Ahh, Noooooo,! I did not see what I just saw. My god, she's my baby sister. Well, no, she's not a baby anymore she is an adult... Wait until I get my hands on him! How could he do this to me, a special assigned detective, that I hired."

He halts-stands in place.

"Oh... My ...GOD, he de-virginized her! I saw all the signs, I did, I saw it coming.....Ok, Danny-boy, get a grip."

He leans up against the wall, rubbing his tired face with his hands. As he sees them snuggling together, with Miles holding her in his arms, Tegan's head gently lay against his chest. His thoughts calmed down in common sense as he told himself,

"Just look at them. My god, he's become like a brother to me. He's always protected her, treated her like a lady-Had a few choice welsh words. We've all worked hard.... who am I to judge? He really is a great bloke....in love with my sister. I guess I don't need to protect her

anymore. Well, if any man is to de-virginize my sister, let it be Miles.” He pulls away from the wall and begins to leave toward the door, then turns for a last look.

“Sleep well Tegan, see you in the morning, love.” He respectfully closes her door and goes to bed.

The next day....

Dan O'leary- He sat at the kitchen table facing Tegan's room, drinking his tea and waiting for one of the two to come out of his sister's bedroom.

Miles O'Keef- When he opened the door first, he looks right at Dan.
"Oh.. bloody ...hell."

Dan O'leary- "It's ok Miles, come sit down, I have a cup of herbal tea for you, because you're going to need it."

Miles O'Keef- He slowly sits down, takes a swig of his tea.

Dan O'leary- "Miles, I hired you to investigate my sister, not to instigate her."

Miles O'Keef- "I know, I know mate, but I'm not going to apologize for being in love with your sister."

He said in a low tone, drinking his tea.

Dan O'leary- "Good, I wouldn't either. Because this isn't about Tegan, this about me and my failing to not ask Lisa Wilkins to marry me years ago. I was married to my job. My god Miles, She waited for me all these years. But not anymore, I asked her to marry me last night, in the middle of the night. I think she said yes, or did she say, call me tomorrow, I'm exhausted, but she did mumble yes."

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, wow mate, you're getting married."

Dan O'leary- "Yah, I guess I am. Miles, I want you to continue to work for me. I need you, Teg needs you. Hell, stay for the rest of your life if you want."

Miles O'Keef- He finishes up his tea. "Thanks mate, glad to hear that. Thanks for the tea. I need to get cleaned up for work." He stands up

and goes back into her room, sits down beside her, takes his fingers to caress her face.

Tegan O'leary- She wakes up and looks at him. "What?"

Miles O'Keef- "Morn'in, pretty lady. I've got to go to work, I'll be back in a few hours, ok?" He leans over to kiss her tenderly on her lips, then stands up. As he starts to walk out, he turns back around. "Oh, by the way, your brother just had a robust discussion in the kitchen with me, he saw me coming out of your bedroom, now he wants to talk to you. Bye love, see you later." He smirked on the way out.

Tegan O'leary- Her eyes widen as she gets out of bed, gets dressed, nearly stumbling over while pulling on her pants, opens her door to see her brother looking at her. "Hey, how's it going big brother."

Dan O'leary- "Just fine. I'm going to marry Lisa Wilkins in six months, and need your help."

Tegan O'leary- Huge relief washed over her face. "Oh, that's great, what do I need to do?"

Dan O'leary- "I need for you to call her to verify it first."

Tegan O'leary- "Oh, ok."

Three months later....

Miles O'Keef- While standing in the kitchen drinking his breakfast tea. His cell phone rings. He answered it. "Hello?.... "Hello, yes, detective O'Keef here. Scotland Yard? They want me to do what?You've got to be kidding me, mate, now? Yes, I know it's been six months since I was last there." He takes a lingering look at Tegan while biting his lip. "Yes, I'm still here.....I see..... yes, ok..... I'll be there in two days, bye." As he hangs up his cell phone, he gives a not

so pleasant look of dread. Drags his hand through his hair. How is he going to tell Tegan?

Dan O'leary- He comes into the room. "Top of the morn to yah".

Miles O'Keef- He gave an apprehensive look at him. "That was Scotland Yard on my mobile. Well, mate, my time is up. Like you said, it could take a few months, which took six months. My assignment here is over, your sister has been done with Paul months ago, like you wanted. Scotland Yard wants me back."

Dan O'leary- "You mean, Cell phone....."

Miles O'Keef- Sure. They want me to come back home for a special assignment. This assignment is highly classified, very important. I leave in two days, bloody hell." He clinched his lips. "How Am I going to tell Teg?"

Dan O'leary- "Oh Miles, so sorry to hear that. We will keep in touch daily."

Miles O'Keef- "Yep. We'll keep in touch daily all day, is that understood?"

Dan O'leary- "Of course. We will keep track each other using my tracking device every few hours. We'd better get this out of the way with Teg."

Tegan O'Leary- Walks into the room. Opening the fridge, stuffing cake in her mouth like she's starving.

Dan O'Leary-"Hey, Teg? Miles needs to talk to you.

Tegan O'leary- "What is it?" She inquired. Kept stuffing more into her mouth.

Miles O'Keef- He looks at her in dread. "Tegan, come here." He gently says to her, as he holds out his hand to her, pulling her over to himself.

Tegan O'Leary- "Miles...?" Kept chewing vigorously.

Miles O'Keef- "Teg, I need to tell you something. I received a phone call from England. Scotland Yard wants me to come back. I have a highly important assignment to do in England. Top secret stuff. It may take time, even months to complete. Your brother and I will devise a plan to keep in touch with each other. I leave tomorrow morning at the airport. Tegan, I have to do this, do you understand?"

Tegan O'leary- She swallows hard. A moment to think. "coooooough!" Nearly gasping for air. She quickly grabs water, drinks it fast.

Miles O'Keef- You ok love?"

Tegan O'Keef- "You said, what???"

Miles O'Keef- Lovingly takes her hand. "I have to go back home....to England....tomorrowand, I don't know when I'm coming back." He dreadfully looked at her.

Tegan O'Leary- She drops his hand and turns to leave the room.

Miles O'Keef- "Ohh, Teg, Teggg, I have to do this, please understand."

Miles O'Keef- He drops his head in dread, breathes in, then exhales, combs his fingers through his hair. with a grim look on his face.

The Devoted Code

Later that night.....

Miles O'Keef- He sits down onto bed as usual.

Tegan O'leary- "Miles, your bed, in the spare bed room-now."

Miles O'Keef- "What? What do you mean?" He turned to her.

Tegan O'leary- She sits up in bed to look at him. "I said, in the spare bed room- go."

Miles O'Keef -"Why? When this our bed."

Tegan O'leary- She gets out of her bed and hastily treads into his bedroom.

Miles O'Keef- "What are you doing?" He follows her.

Tegan O'leary- "This." She steps up onto his bed, stands in the middle, starts jumping on it like a trampoline in temperament, then stomps onto it, stops to look to at him. "See, it's just as comfy- sleep in it!" She stops and gives him a glaring look of hurt and anger.

Miles O'Keef- "Teg, it's been a long day, we're tired. Get off this bed, let's go back to our bed."

Tegan O'leary- "No!" She stares down at him.

Miles O'Keef- "Excuse me, what did you just say?" He stares at her upwards.

Tegan O'leary- "I said, NO!" She adamantly said.

Miles O'Keef- "Right!" He hops onto the bed along with her. "I know what this about, me leaving tomorrow. I'm sorry Teg, I can't help it, I have to do this!"

Tegan O'Leary- "Oh, that's just fine with me, then you can just sleep in your own bed without me and get used to it, just like me!!!" She stomps onto his bed again in hurtful demeanor.

Miles O'Keef- "But I told you, I don't want to!" He stomps on his own bed in protest.

Tegan O'Leary- "Well, THEN.... FINE! I'll juststand right here all night!" Standing in protest, staring at him.

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, crikey, don't be daft woman."

Tegan O'Leary- "O, blimey yourself, and I'm not being silly." She held her stance.

Miles O'Keef- "Ok, Teg. Have it your way." He jumps off the bed, then walks over and stands at the foot-end of the bed.

Tegan O'leary- "What are you doing?" She turns to face him at the end of the bed.

Miles O'Keef- "Like I said, I'm tired and I'm going to bed, with you." He grabs the bed covers at the foot-end of the bed and jerks it hard towards himself.

Tegan O'leary- "OOHAHHH!" She loses her balance from the shifting-jerked-blanket and falls backwards as she lands on her back in bed.

Miles O'Keef- He crawls up onto the bed and hovers over her body. "Now, I told you, I'm very devoted to you. Teg, I'm leaving in the morning. It's important to remember what I say to you.... As...

you...were." He kisses her lightly, then passionately as he flips the covers over both of them.

The Even Bigger Surprise

The next day...

Tegan O'leary- Goes in to Dan's room.

Dan O'leary- "How's it going Teg?"

Tegan O'leary- Nervously standing, pacing the floor. "Fine, umm, Big Brother, I need to tell you about something very important. I don't how to say it, but here it goes. Dan, I know, that you know, about me and Miles."

Dan O'leary- "Yes, I do." I remember the look on Miles's face that morning, poor guy.

Tegan O'Leary- "Yes, well, Umm, Dan.....ok, here it goes.....Dan.....I'm expecting."

Dan O'leary- "You're expecting.....expecting what, visitors?" He shrugged his shoulders.

Tegan O'leary- "Well, you could say that mom and dad will be visiting us a lot more often now. But that's not what I meant." She digressed.

Dan O'leary- "What, you're expecting a package?" Asking with a strange facial expression.

Tegan O'leary- "No, I'm....Expeeeecting.....You know, like a stork dropping a package on our doorstep?" She emphasized with gesturing her round tummy bump.

Dan O'leary- "Exx-pect.....oh no,..... no. Dear GOD, not that kind of expecting. Tegan, pleassse don't tell me that you're pregnant!"

Tegan O'leary- "SSShhussh, keep your voice down, yes, I'm pregnant."

Dan O'leary- He places his fingers into his ears.

"Oh, No, No NOOO, I did not hear you say that, I Did not here that."

Tegan O'leary- She pulls his fingers out of his ears. "Will you keep it down, I don't want Miles to hear you."

Dan O'leary- "Why not, he is the father."

Tegan O'leary- "Yes, but I don't want to tell him now, because I don't think he's up for changing dirty diapers."

Dan O'leary- Looking at her with disfavor. "Tegan, they don't stay as a baby forever, they do grow up, and if Miles was here, he would say, 'dirty nappies.'"

Tegan O'leary- "Just not right now. Just until I can make important decisions." She glances around the room as if looking for solutions.

Dan O'leary- "Tegan, how far are you?" He sternly asked.

Tegan O'leary- "Nearly 3 months." She peers off to side.

Dan O'leary- "Three months?!"

Tegan O'Leary- "Will you shush!"

Dan O'Leary- "Did you get an ultra sound?" He sternly asked.

Tegan O'leary- "Yes."

Dan O'leary- "Girl or boy?"

Tegan O'leary- "Boy."

Dan O'leary- "Oh, my god, Miles is going to flip."

Tegan O'leary- "Yes, I know."

Dan O'leary- "You are going to tell him before he leaves?"

Tegan O'leary- "No. I will tell him later."

Dan O'leary- "When Tegan, when your son graduates from college! I will not deceive the man, this will destroy him."

Tegan O'leary- "Dan, I love Miles. We have a special bond that can't be broken. I will tell him when that time comes, Please support me." She adamantly requested.

Dan O'leary- Taking a moment to lean up against the wall thinking, he takes his hand to wipe his face. "Ok, Teg, I don't agree with your method..... but I will support you. Did you tell mom and dad?"

Tegan O'leary- "Yes, I did."

Dan O'leary- "Oh, lord, how did that go?" His face cringed.

Tegan O'leary- "Mom screamed at me over the phone."

Dan O'leary- "She scream in anger-yah?"

Tegan O'leary- No, she screamed in excitement."

Dan O'leary- "And dad? I bet he hollered at you?"

Tegan O'leary- "Yah, He hollered out at me loudly. Saying he can't wait to show off his welsh grandson to everyone. While he knocked over mom's lamp and broke it, from jumping for joy."

Dan O'leary- "We are truly blessed. Ok, Teg, We're in this together. Wow, I'm going to be an uncle." He takes his hand touches her tummy bump. "Ok, Teg, I guess this a good time to tell you something. The real reason why I hired Miles. It wasn't as much as giving you a partner, I had him to be your detective, to spy on you, to get you away from Paul."

Tegan O'leary- "Oh, really? Not my partner, but to spy on me? How quaint. I guess I already knew that when he slipped up and told me about it months ago. Just remember Dan, not now."

Dan O'leary- "Gotta go to work now, see you later. We need to take him to the airport in the morning, be ready."

Tegan O'leary- "Yah, bye." She looks around the corner to see Miles preparing to leave, then goes to bed.

At The Airport

All three standing in the waiting area.

Tegan O'leary: She looks over to her side at the world map of America and England. Seeing the distance between both countries, she swallowed hard, inconspicuously placed her hand upon her abdomen, then slipped off looking away.

Miles O'Keef- He looks at Dan. "Well, this is it. You've been my best mate."

Dan O'leary- 'You've been mine too. I'll keep in touch with you.' He shakes his hand.

Miles O'Keef, Dan O'leary- They gave their brotherly hugs to each other.

Miles O'Keef- He took Tegan's hand, kisses it. "Tegan, I shall never forget you. Please keep in touch with me through your brother." He let go of her hand, touches her face with his hand, then gives her a warm kiss, then a passionate hug as he closes his eyes for a moment.

Tegan O'leary- "Miles? I need to tell you something important."

Miles O'Keef- With his eyes still closed. "What is it, love?"

Tegan O'Leary- "Tad, Fam, Babi." She whispers into his ear, then she secretly slips a piece of paper into his trench coat pocket.

Miles O'Keef- He opens his eyes, gives a puzzled look, but then ignores it, as he pulls away from her, giving one last look at them, then turns to walk up to the departure gate.

Tegan O'leary- She took her brother's hand, holding it. Takes her other hand and places it onto her slight baby bump, then, she let go of his hand and began walking swiftly steadfastly toward Miles.

Miles O'Keef- Before boarding the airplane, he turns back around for a last look at Tegan and saw her quickly approaching him.

Tegan O'Leary- She went to him in a passionate embracement.

Miles O'Keef- Putting his luggage down, he kissed her back the same way.

Tegan O'Leary- "I need to tell you more. I'm.....very much in love with you."

Miles O'Keef-He pulls back to look at her. "Teg, don't ever forget me. I'll be back some day." He gave her one more long lasting lingered kiss, then let go of her, walks off, stops, turns around for that last look before entering onto the plane.

Tegan O'Leary- She walks back to Dan, stands next to him.

Miles O'Keef- Looks back at Dan, gives him a british two-finger salute.

Dan O'leary- He smiles and chuckles about it, gives it back to him. "Tegan, I don't want my nephew to grow up without a father. For the love of god Tegan, please go tell him."

Tegan o'leary- "I did tell him. I told him in welsh. Your nephew will have his uncle as a father, if he doesn't get the clues right." She raises her hand, giving Miles an American two -finger peace sign.

Miles, confirmed, gone.

Dan O'leary- Relief blushed on his face. "Oh, well done then. Let's go home."

Dan and Tegan O'leary- They walked back out the airport and out to the car and drove back home.

Miles O'Keef- After he put his luggage into the luggage compartment, he sat down buckling up his seat. His mind was in heavy thought of his living experience in American of six months, but especially with Dan And Tegan, as he peered out the window.

Then he put his hand under his chin thinking about the peculiar behavior when hugging Tegan, of what she said in his ear. The welsh words of 'Tad, Fam, 'BaBl'. He took out his cell phone and googled the translation of the words.

"What is the welsh to English translation of, 'TAD'?... Oh, FATHER, and Fam?... Oh, mother. And BABI.... Oh, BABY. "Father?, Mother?, Baby?"

He gave a puzzled look of expression on his face. "Wha, Dan and Tegan's parents are going to have another baby? At their age?" He slips his hand inside of his coat pocket. Another puzzled look on his face as he pulled a piece of paper from his pocket. On the paper, he sees an ultra sound of a baby with the name of Tegan O'leary. "Why would Teg give me her ultra sound baby picture of herself?" Then he looks at the paper closer and sees the date that read.....one week ago. "Oh. One week ago." After a moment of putting the clues together, his eyes widened in freaked out-fright, slamming down his arm onto the arm rest.

"Oh, SHIT!!!!

He said out loud. He swiftly unbuckled his seat and pulled his luggage back out, just as the airline pilot announced for take off in five minutes. Taking his luggage with him, he ran down the plane's isle and off the plane, demanded for them to let him out as he nearly crashed out. "Clear off, get out of the way, I'm going to be a father!" As he

made his way running down the departure gate and outside, he waved for a taxi. As a taxi sped over to him, he gets in, closes the door."

About a half hour later.....

Dan and Tegan O'leary- Already settled at home, continued with their daily routine. The doorbell rang.

Tegan O'leary- She opened the door to see to her surprise, Miles leaning up against the door with his arm. "Blimey, that was quick!"

Miles O'Keef- "I think you'll be needing this." He gives her back the papered ultra sound. "TAD in welsh, 'Father', FAM in welsh, mother, 'BABI', for baby. I'm surprised you didn't say, DIOLCH, CHI, Thank – you. Now, you put, TAD,FAM, BABI together in English. FATHER, MOTHER, BABY. Now, you put man and woman together, and as in nature will happen, when two people love and want each other, it sometimes produces a welsh baby."

Tegan O'leary- She takes the small paper. "Come in Miles, I think we need to talk." She said in dread.

Miles O'Keef- "Hello darling, and how are you doing?" Walking inside nonchalantly as a gentleman, he touches her face tenderly, then his unborn child. "And how is OUR baby doing?" He sarcastic asked.

Tegan O'leary- "I'm fine, our son is fine. I'm three months" She said with more dread.

Miles O'Keef- "It's a boy, grrreat, I'm going to have a son, that's wonderful, and you're three months. You're fine, my unborn son is fine, that's brilliant. But, there's just one part of this picture that's missing- THAT'S ME!!" His voice rose high. "TEGAN, WHY IN THE BLOODY HELL, DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?" In outrage.

Dan O'leary- "Miles, I think we need to sit and talk this out quietly and calmly." Trying to be the peacemaker.

Miles O'Keef- Outraged. "YOU STAY OUT OF THIS BLOKE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER.!!!"

Dan O'leary- He walks away.

Tegan O'leary- "I did tell you! In welsh!"

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, she did tell me, did you hear that bloke, she did tell me, In welsh, Really, on my way back to ENGLAND, as I was about to fly back home?" In hurting outrage.

Dan O'leary- "Miles." Trying to intervene.

Miles O'Keef "CLEAR OFF BLOKE!!! You American's are all alike aren't you?"

Tegan O'leary- She touched her belly. "Miles! Your son heard that!"

Miles O'Keef- "Yes, he heard his daddy getting very cross with mummy!" He bends over to lower his head to her belly with his disfavored expression. "It's ok son, Daddy is home now!!"

Tegan O'leary- "You mean, very angry. And its mommy." She flinches again, holding her belly still. "Oh, he fluttered again."

Miles O'Keef- He places his hand on her round belly. "Yah, he jumped for joy, giving his daddy a high five!" He puts his ear onto her belly. "What did you say son? That's right. The bugger with Americans!!"

Tegan O'leary- "Enough with the cultural bashing! Miles, I love you dearly, I never intended or wanted to hurt you. I had to make a hard decision and I did, so you bugger off, go back home to your life in England!" She walks off into her bedroom in tears.

Dan O'leary- "Hormones. Give her time, bro. Want tea?"

Miles O'keef- Calming down. "Sure mate, might as well." He sits down at the table.

Dan O'leary- Joins him. "Miles, you do realize why she didn't tell you?" He poured hot water from the faucet and added tea to his cup, handing it to him. "She's scared that you'll leave her anyway. After all England called you back home."

Miles O'keef- He placed his hands around his cup. "I or we can make special arrangements. If she just would have told me, I would have changed my plans and stayed here, for a time, until we or I found another place to live."

Dan O'leary- "Miles, you know you'll always be welcomed here. But you're not thinking about the long term effect of all this. Where will the child be raised? Here, with our parents, as grandparents, or your family in England? Miles, I know you love her, but in time, you'll become homesick and will want to go back home to your family. And what will she be doing with your son then?"

Tegan O'leary- "That's exactly what it's all about Miles." She came back into the room calm and sat next to Miles.

Dan O'leary- "I'll be back later." He walks out of the room.

Miles O'keef -He looks at her with compassion. "Tegan, we need to make an important decision, our son is growing by the minute in your womb. What are we going to do?" He takes her hand tenderly. "If you're fearing that I will leave you just because of having a child coming, Tegan, I will never leave you or our son, do you understand that? I want to be with you and our son for the rest of our lives."

Tegan O'leary- "But we can't live in two different places at the same time-across the pond? Miles you have an assignment to do in London, England."

Miles O'keef- He takes his other hand and pulls back his hair in acceptance. "Yes, but I'm not going to accept this one. I can make different arrangements and do other assignments here instead."

Tegan O'leary- "Are you sure?"

Miles O'keef- He kisses her hand. "Yes, damn sure." Then takes his hand to caress her soft face, kissing her tenderly.

Dan O'leary- Walks back into the kitchen. "Yes, I heard it all. Good to know you're staying. I get my best mate back home."

Six Months Later

Dan O'leary- He walks Miles' side of the room to wake him up. "Miles, wake up. Tegan's in labor."

Miles O'Keef "Wha? She's Wha?" Half asleep.

Dan O'leary- "She's going through labor." Trying to get his attention.

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, that girl. I told her she is not to work until after the baby is born." He lay his head back down.

Dan O'leary- "No Miles. She's in labor, she's having contractions." Carefully explaining to him.

Miles O'Keef- "Well, that's smart of her for writing out a contract for her labor-good for her, that's my girl!" Tries to go back to sleep.

Dan O'Leary- "Nooo Miles, dude, her water broke, the midwife is here."

Miles O'keef- "Ah, that damn faucet, always leaking, glad she has a mid-wife to help stop with the leakage." Snoozes.

Dan O'leary- "Ok Miles, I hate to do this, but." He pulls Miles' warm bed covers off of him.

Miles O'Keef- "WHAT YOU DOING THAT FOR, MAN!" He hears Tegan scream. "Is that Teg screaming?"

Dan O'leary- "By golly, yes it is." He declared.

Miles O'Keef- "WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME MAN!" He looked at him annoyed.

Dan O'leary- "I DID!" he looked back at him with a strange face.

Tegan O'leary- "MILES!!! YOU WELSH GIT!!! YOUUU DID THIS TO ME!!!" She screamed from her bed side.

Miles O'Keef- "Can't you hear her, she calling for me! Coming, love!"
He gets out of bed and walks to her side of the bed for support.

Dan O'leary- He raises and lowers both his hands in the air, then follows him.

Tegan O'leary- "GET OUT!!!"

Miles O'Keef- As he gets near her, he gets hit with a flying book. "Why did she do that for?"

Dan O'leary- "She's in a lot of pain! She must be getting close to giving birth. Let's sit this one out and have tea."

Miles O'Keef- Picks up the book, takes a good look at it.

"What is this book anyway?"

Dan O'leary- Joins Miles out of curiosity.

Miles O'Keef- "The Joy of childbirth."

Dan O'leary- "Oh, screw this!" He throws it across the room. That tells it all, obviously the author never had children."

Suddenly, the sound of a baby boy's cry filled the air. They turned to look at each other and smiled

Dan O'leary- "My nephew is born!" Smiling pridefully.

Miles O'Keef- "My son is here." Full of pride.

The Midwife- Looked around the bedroom corner to see them.
“Please, come in now.”

Dan and Miles- They gave each other a friendly smack on each other’s shoulder as they entered the room, they sat next to Tegan and the baby.

Tegan O’leary- Looking all doped up. “Oh, hi Miles, why didn’t you come see me? Come see our son, Daniel Miles O’leary.”

The Midwife- “She’s heavily sedated. She’ll be fine.”

Miles O’Keef- “Oh really. Dan, now is the time.” He leaned over to caress her face. “How are you doing, love. It’s over now.”

Dan O’leary- “Here sis, I have the papers ready to sign for little Daniel.”
He prepared the paper for her.

Tegan O’leary- She signs it, then falls asleep with the baby snuggled up to her chest.

The Midwife- “I’ll be here for at least two or three days, or more depending on how she feels. Oh, and, will that be health insurance, cash or credit card?”

For Better or For Welsh

Three months later.....

Miles and Tegan O'Keef- Stood In the yard of her mom and dad's home, finishing up their vows standing waiting to celebrate their wedding. They walk over to them as Tegan's mom and dad handed over baby Daniel, into Miles' arms, as Tegan stood next to him, the baby, wearing a welsh t-shirt that read: 'Welsh Baby.'

Miles O'Keef- "Come to me, me son, Daniel Miles O'Keef." He said with pride.

Tegan O'Keef- "O'Keef? How did you manage to legally do that?" She look at him in inquirement.

Miles O'Keef- "Danny-Boy, tell your sister how we did it." He smirked.

Dan O'leary- "Teg, Do you remember when you signed little Daniel's birth certificate? Well, I wrote in his last name of OKeef, on the legal documents that's how." He smirks. "The same day Lisa and I got married. It worked brilliantly." He smiled as Lisa embraced him, as he embraced her.

Tegan O'Keef- "Oh Miles, you never cease to amaze me."

Miles O'Keef- "And I shall never stop amazing you. Everyone, As... you.. were!"

Two Years Later....

To Love And Honor

At the police department honorary banquet....

Tegan O'keef- All dressed up in her most fashionable dress...standing in the middle of the room amongst other police officers' and detectives' families. "Miles where-are-you?"

Miles O'Keef/Dan O'Leary- Suddenly burst through the door grabbing onto each other's jackets as though scuffling together entangled, while they approach the podium.

Miles O'Keef- "Sorry to be late, we met with a most unfortunate retaliation from a very unhappy , unruly villain, that was apprehended by us. Hello, Detective Miles O'Keef here!"

Dan O'Leary-Stretching his body around to face the microphone. "And me, Detective Dan O'Leary. Yah, he gave us a good fight, but we managed to rope him up!"

Miles O'Keef-"Yah, we sure did, we stitched him up good, didn't we Danny Boy?!"

Dan O'Leary-Comes back around to the microphone. "We sure did. Hey Tegan, little sister. Do you mind?" They raised their handcuffed hands to show her.

Tegan O'Keef- Takes out a key from her purse, walks to them. "What was it this time?"

Dan O'Leary- Sighs. "A street con artist conning people."

Tegan O'Leary- Embedding the key, turned it, unlocking the handcuffs. "I bet." She smiles lovingly at her brother.

Miles O'keef- Attentive to her. "UMM?" He shakes his foot as another chain rattles it's cuff around his ankle.

Tegan O'Keef- Gives him a peculiar but loving look, crouches down to unlock the other cuff from his ankle and her brother, rises with dignified rescue of them.

Miles O'Keef- With much relief spread upon his face "Thank you Love. Don't worry, we'll get him next time."

Tegan O'Keef- With self pride, places the key back inside her purse, gracefully walks to her chair, sits down, takes her wine glass with ease, raised it in honor of her husband and brother, giving a much dignified satisfied hand held up toast to their achievements then gave a quirky look of admiration.

Intermission.....on behalf of this most unsavory scene of two hero detectives, WE at Completely Similar Production Company, would like to apologize for a most undignified opening. Now, to resume...

Miles' Pastor Call

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, lord, it had to happen today, didn't it? A bloody funeral on the same day the vicar of this church had to leave to attend his bloody seminar, leaving me in charge, the lucky bugger."

Tegan O'Keef- "You mean, The Pastor." Staring at the corpse in his open coffin. "Yes, he does look quite deceased."

Miles O'Keef- "Yes, a cease to exist goner, no more, a stiff, very much dead." Stares along with her.

The Deceased - Still having a tyrant-smug look of expression on his stiff-bodied face.

Miles O'Keef- "Just look at him, the bloody git still thinks he's in charge."

Tegan O'Keef- "Yes, very, I'd say. Best get on with it. They are all here."

Miles O'Keef- He looks at the family members. "Like where?"

Tegan O'Keef- "Can't you see everyone's anticipation, just get on with it." She shrewdly insisted. She points her upright palmed hand to the family of the deceased.

Family of the deceased-Very few people showed up, sitting awkwardly, slumped over pews around inside of the room where the funeral of their deceased leader lay in his coffin, the coerced, respectable few.

Miles O'Keef- "Fine." He takes a deep breath, then verbally says soundly out prayers quickly and loudly as if he were an auctioneer.

“This highly undignified man, had an unexpected, unfortunate untimely demise, due to over consumption of glutinous over exposure of the meanies, in which the crazy fool was so unhappy in his life, he just ceased to exist. But his last wish, which would leave a lasting legacy, to be so kindly remembered as a man that would make everyone else in his domain, just as unhappy as he was, which in turn, making everyone inevitably wishing that they would cease to exist also.....Takes another inhaled long breath. “Hear ye, all you people go on, get out of here.”

Family of deceased- One by one, they leave the room with one person flipping their middle finger at the coffin, one person throwing their hands up in the air without care, another one, sticking their tongue out at the casket, and another, shrugging their shoulders, while leaving the room.

Miles O’Keef-“Bloody hell, deadly departed at thirty.” He steps up to the coffin. Talking down at it. “Who’s going to save your soul now, mate,heh. I bet you wish to God you kept one foot on the floor, or was it the drugs and alcohol, you stupid git! Ok mates-you can pull the trolley now!”

Tegan O’Keef-“Miles!” Gives him a naughty glance.

Church volunteers- One on each side of the coffin, rolls it out of the room as the wheels squeaked.

Miles O’Keef-“What am I supposed to do now, preach about the evils of this world? Surely, they can see for themselves, this crap world.

Tegan O’Keef-“Yes, love, but you’re there to give them hope.” She gives him a quick peck on his cheek, then goes to her chair like the others.

The Congregants- The remaining ones sit in pews acting bored.

Miles O'Keef- Picks up his briefcase, places it upon the alter, opens it to grab for today's sermon. Having troubles, shuffling, sorting and sifting through his unprepared notes, a couple of papers fall to the floor. "Ah, here it is. Fanny Whitmore, the city tart, busted today on grounds of....oh, no, that's not it." Picks up another paper from his briefcase. "Ah, tis it.. 'Little on charges for her pimp'um, not that either."

Tegan O'Keef- She looks to her side to look at the congregation, then goes up to help him.

Miles O'Keef-Frustrated. "I can't do this Teg, the bloody people aren't listening anyway. What happened to this church, it was fun when you first brought me here, now they act like spineless comatose twits, there's no life in them, for crap sake." He moaned in frustration.

Tegan O'Keef-"It's ok Miles, and that's why you're here, to help them."

Miles O'Keef-"Well, what am I supposed to do now?"

Tegan O'Keef-"Relax, I have an idea." She takes the pastor's big heavy bible, lifting it up, whacks it down hard onto the alter in front of the microphone, as it smack sound waves across the room-filled the atmosphere.

The Congregants-Sit up immediately, waking up from their self-induced spiritual comas.

Tegan O'Keef-"Good, you're all here now. I know you miss our dear ol pastor, but we have something special for you today. The subject? intimacy and marriage. Any questions?" Her hands spread in the air in inquirement.

The Congregants- Everyone's ears pricked up.

An older church member-“Miss, you must mean the sanctity of marriage?”

Tegan O’Keef-“Nooo, I said, intimacy and marriage.”

The Congregants- Everyone’s ears pricked up even more.

Samual Oleary-“That’s my girl, get their attention.” He smiles adamantly.

Dan Oleary-“Yah, I mean, what is the possible worse scenario that could go wrong? I mean, just look at them.” Shrugs his shoulders.

Congregants-The boys turn to the girl staring at them, while the girls return the favor loving the attention, one girl twirling her hair with her fingers.

Samual Oleary-“Well, at least by the time our pastor gets back, he’ll have a bigger congregation, isn’t that what the good lord told us to do, be fruitful and multiply?”

Sue Oleary-“Yah, it brings back wonderful memory when we had our Dan.”

Dan O’Leary- Winks at Lisa, sitting next to him.

Miles o’Keef-“Oh great, you certainly got their attention, but it’s not on me.”

Tegan OKeef-“Ah, but you forget, it’s not about you, it’s about God.” She kissed him.

Church youth group

Miles and Tegan O'Keef-Are in charge of a new class for troubled, sorry-for-nothing, teens.

Joe and Joel- Sitting amongst the group, and next to Tegan, as their parents are once again off to vacation.

Class group- Cold as ice-staring at each other in nervousness. One leather jacket-bad-assed- boy with hiked leg on table, striking a match, as he watched it burst into flame with a grin, a blue-hair girl, twiddling her fingers in boredom, a grungy pimple looking boy keeps grabbing pencils, then hiding them in his shirt pocket, a slumped head-back lazy boy, a girl dressed in over exposed mid-drift and another girl with big teeth and long curly blonde hair staring endlessly at her.

Miles O'Keef- He leans toward Tegan. "Blimey Teg. It looks like my old forth year Primary class back in England.

Tegan O'Keef-"You mean, elementary school class." Yes Miles, what did you expect? They are after all in here for one reason. They are all wayward teens. And our pastor assigned us to this very special group."

Miles O'Keef- "Of Delinquents."

Tegan O'Keef- "No. They are motivationally challenged.

Miles O'Keef- "Yah, let's see, we have, the pyromaniac, the cliptomaniac,...the undesirable, the wannabe wench and golilocks. God help us, that our Daniel don't turn out like them."

Tegan O'Keef- "Right. Shall we begin?" She clears her throat. "Hello everyone, welcome to this class. I'm Tegan, and this my husband,

Miles. We will be your leaders for the next three months. I'm looking forward in knowing each and everyone of you. Now, who would like start first?" Her face glowing in loving anticipation.

A Pin-drop-to-the- floor-complete silence moment.....

Tegan O'Keef- "Alright. Everybody is a little introverted. And that's quite ok. "

Bad assed boy- "Let's start with Miss Priss."

Girl-"Excuse me, if it weren't for you, I wouldn't be here!"

Tegan O'Keef- Elation on her face. "Ah yes. This is good, this is good, go on, now we begin, continue."

Girl- "He told me that he loved only me, but then I caught him with that....that other woman again!"

Boy-"Yah, she's a beauty."

Another Girl-Stands up, pointing her finger at him in disgust. "Yah, you guys are all alike! Only got one thing on your mind!"

Boy- "Yah! Motorcross!"

Miles O'Keef- "That sounds great mate!"

Tegan O'Keef- She looks straight at Miles. "Miles, you're not helping."

Girl- "You see, it's that gutless tart." Upset expression.

Boy- "Well, I can't help it. Once I get on her, grip the handles,va-va-voom, we're going for fast ride."

Another "Yah, the adrenaline is like....like...."

Miles o'Keef- "A woman that can't get enough."

Tegan O'Keef- looks at Miles with stricter expression.

Girl- "Can't get enough of what?!" With daring look.

Boy- "Torque!" With scretched voice.

Miles O'Keef- "The best ride in life."

Tegan O'Keef- Sternly looks at Miles. "Miles!!!"

Miles O'Keef-Looks back at her. "Well what's wrong with a little fun!?"

Joe and Joel- "Yah, and afterwards, take her home to admire her lean sheen bolts and chrome while she is still hot."

Girls/Tegan- wide open mouths.

Tegan O'Keef- Quickly clasps her hands onto Joe and Joel's mouths, looks at Miles. "Miles, we are supposed to lead by example, not to lavish in lush. No ice cream or video games for you two when we get home. Class dismissed.....for another two months and three weeks."

Another Big Surprise

Entering their home, They see Lisa pacing back in forth from the bathroom, to the kitchen, then back to the bathroom. All three giving her a strange look.

Sue O'Leary- Following her.

Tegan O'Keef- "Mom, dad?"

Sue O'Leary- "Not now Tegan, I'm helping Lisa."

Samual O'Leary- Giddy and jumping around, nearly knocking things over.

Dan O'Leary- "What is going on mom? Why is dad acting like an idiot. Yeh yah, I'm Just going to eat." He grabs his plate of food, takes his fork, dips in.

Lisa O'Leary- Comes up behind him, vomiting into his food.

Everyone stopped, looks at her in surprise.

Tegan O'Keef- Looks at her in disbelief. Then a smile grows quickly upon her face. "Congratulations"! When is it due!"

Lisa O'Leary-Holds her hand to her mouth, runs back to the bathroom, holding her stomach with one hand, the other, as she is about ready to puke again.

Samual O'Leary- Still jumping around, but calling his neighbors about the excitement.

Dan O'Leary- "What?" He smiles widely. "I'm going to be a father, just like you again Miles!" He quickly places his plate onto the table, runs to the bathroom to help Lisa.

Miles O'Keef –Eyes grew large.

Tegan O'Keef-Grabs Miles' hand quickly, then stands in front of him. "Miles, I forgot to tell you. I'm pregnant again, yah, you're going to be father again....you have another son coming.... Miles, speak to me."

Miles O'Keef-Takes an honorable breath. "Teg, our family is growing. We had better get prepared for our second son, Samuel Miles O'Keef."

Joe and Joel- Come running into the kitchen. "Mom and Dad said to come here for the weekend." They go running off into the living room to grab their games.

Sue O'Leary- Looks at her. "I bet you can't wait for your two to do that with us?" She gives her daughter a warm hug, then attends to Lisa.

Miles O'Keef-""Bloody Well, my Teg. It has begun. A family tribe."

Tegan O'Keef- "Yep, a new journey" She picks up little Dan into her arms.

Miles and Tegan O'Keef- looking at their surroundings. As they both claim, "As...You...Were."

Be Fruitful And Multiply Welsh

Nine months later

In church,

Pastor McCleary returns, stands proud of his congregation. "Today's scripture of the perils of a woman as like in labor pain."

A front row seated unwed pregnant teen girl with her boyfriend, goes into labor...

Lisa O'Leary- Reaches out to help her. Grabs her own round baby bump, then her husband's arm. "Dan, I think I'm going into labor!" She gasps for thicker air.

Tegan O'Keef- Reaches out to Lisa, tries to help her, then bends over in pain of her own labor pain..."AHH MILES!!!"

Then another women

Then another

Then another..

Pastor McCleary, continues without noticing, walking his platform, pacing back and forth. "The intense progressiveness of pain, as the day comes nearer in these last days in which we live."

Then the rest of the mothers to be, bend over in labor pain throughout the congregation, like wildfire spreading the good news.

Dan O'Leary-"Miles, were having a baby boom! It must have been from the time the pastor had you take over when he left over 9 months ago, you know, that sermon intimacy and marriage.

Boy, the pastor will be truly grateful for our patronage to the church of new sheep followers of god. You know, be fruitful and multiply. ”

Miles O’Keef-“Bloody hell, we’re not a bunch of rabbits!” He recalls the part from his own memory, his eyes shoot open wide, runs to the confession booth, slams the door shut. “Wait, hang on, this is rather catholic. In a christian church? The dip wit pastor. You mean he’s Catholic too?”

Dan O’Leary finds him. “Well what did you expect, we are a non-denominational church. Anybody is welcomed. We seek to please all. We got to go back, the pastor just took note, thanking god for the much prayer arrival of a growing church.”

Back into the room they sprint seeing their wives flat on the floor, their arms flaying for help, they go to their wives in support.

One hour later....

In the hospital...

Dan O’Leary, by his wife, Lauren’s side, as she holds their son, Dan Samuel O’Leary.

Miles O’Keef, by his wife, Tegan’s side, as she holds their second son, Samuel Miles O’Keef.

Parents, Samuel and Sue O’Leary grinning away, thrilled with the thought of two more welsh babies in the family.

Joe and Joel,sat next to them, taking no notice, their cell phones in their hands.

They all look at the boys. The boys look at them. “What? Mom and dad went scuba diving, sent us here to help you out.

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

At home....

Miles O'Keef- Knocking on the bathroom door. Taking hold of the doorknob. "Boys! Nature calls! Get out of the loo!"

Daniel O'Keef- With confused face. "Daddy, mommy said it was the bathroom."

Miles O'Keef- "Sure son. The potty in the bathroom is for you, but the loo is for your daddy." He knocks hard again. " BOYS! I know what you are doing in there, I can hear you smirking! OUT!!!"

Joe and Joel- Coming out from the bathroom, running after each other.

Joe -"I cleaned the bathroom last time! Joel said he would pay me to do it for him! I want my dollar Bill NOW!"

Joel just stands looking innocent.

Miles O'Keef- Bewildered, looked straight at him. "He did what? Well I want my compensation from the Irish Potato famine, but I ain't going to get it, so piss off." Quickly entering, then shutting the door.

Joe and Joel- The Boys-go to watch t.v. loudly of a woman in terror, screaming in an old black and white B-movie.

Tegan O'Keef enters the room- "Boys, turn the volume down or turn the T.V. off, you shouldn't be watching those kinds of shows."

The Constable Colleague

The doorbell rings....

Tegan and Miles- Rushed to the door and opening it. They see a policeman standing in waiting.

Policeman-“Hello, your neighbor called us, they said there is a woman being attacked in your home?”

Tegan and Miles- Look at each other strangely.

Miles O’Keef-“Oh, everything is fine officer, the boys are just watching a video nasty.”

Tegan O’Keef-“He means, a violent movie against women.”

Policeman-“Wait, hang on, aren’t you Miles O’Keef? Do you remember me?”

Miles O’Keef--Looks him over “Why, isn’t it Roger the Imposter. How are you doing mate?”

Roger-Policeman-“Doing just fine, mate.”

Tegan O’Keef-Looking at both of them, one at a time.

Miles O’Keef-“Teg, this is the man that shared a room with me back when we studied to be detectives in London. Roger, where are you staying now?”

Roger-Policeman-“Right here in your town, actually in a hotel, they transferred me temporary and will be heading back to London soon.”

Miles O'Keef- "Hey Teg, maybe we can talk to your brother about letting him stay here until he leaves, you know, help him out with expenses."

Policeman- "Hey, that would be great, got to go now, call you later."
He walks off.

Miles O'Keef- "Sure thing, cheers mate." He closes the door.

Tegan O'Keef- "Miles, Don't you think it's a bit odd, he never mentioned about what police station he's working for?"

Miles-O'Keef- He turned to her. "Right, he didn't did he. No, prob."

Tegan O'keef- " Neither did he mention what hotel."

Miles O'Keef- " Don't get your knickers in a twist over it, love, I know him, he's a fine bloke." He gently takes her hands, placing them onto her face.

Tegan O'Keef- "You mean, don't worry about it, this guy that you spent time with as your roommate?"

Miles O'Keef- "Umm, yes. It taught me how to take charge."

Tegan O'Keef- "Why don't you take charge. Get the boys to stop watching that demeaning video."

Miles O'Keef- "Alright." He takes her hand, leads her back to the livingroom, as they stand in front of the boys. " 'Oi, Boys!"

Joe and Joel: They jump in their startledness, immediately sat up giving their undivided attention to Miles.

Miles O'Keef- "GET OUT!" with a gestured hand to thumb demand.

Joe and Joel: Quickly leaped out of their seats, racing out the front door.

Miles O'Keef- Turns off the t.v.

Tegan O'Keef- "Wow, thanks for the tip."

Take Your Wife To work In Handcuffs Day

The next morning....

Tegan O'Keef- After getting dressed. "I'm getting the mail, be right back." She steps out to get it.

Miles O'Keef – "Humm." Getting up in the morning to pour his hot cup of coffee, he takes a swig while viewing outside his kitchen window. Takes a second look to see a stranger walk up to her. His phone rings, he answered it. "Hello, yes, this is Detective O'Keef. Where am I? In my home, looking outside my window." Takes a closer look. "Seeing a man walking up to my wife, now he's pointing his hand in my direction, now he's placing his hand on her shoulder, now he's rubbing his hand up and down her shoulder, now she's pulling away from him, now he's going back into the same position, huhuh, she pulled away again, now she's walking off back to our front door. Who, me? Why would you think that's me? Because this same man that just tried to frisk my wife, calls himself, 'The Welsh Dragon?' Blimey, if it was me, I'd have her in the bushes by now with her screaming in ecstasy, mate." He takes another look." Oh, bloody hell.... its Roger, my Imposter."

A few minutes later....

Tegan O'Keef- "Miles, calm down, everything is ok now. They took him away from here."

Miles O'Keef-"If I were a copper, I'd put handcuffs on him and lock him up for impersonating me, the original welsh dragon, indeed!"

Tegan O'Keef- "You mean, policeman."

Miles O'Keef-"Same difference. There's been too many of this lately in other parts of town." Pacing the floor.

Tegan O'Keef- "Yes, but it's over now."

Miles O'Keef- "Right. ok teg, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. I'm sorry teg, but I'm gonna have to do this." He takes out his handcuffs from his room, wraps them around her wrist, locking them together.

Tegan O'Keef-"What are you doing?" She slightly jerks.

Sue O'leary-"Oh Tegan, his welshness is coming out, I'd say go for it." Comes up to her, with baby in her arms.

Tegan O'Keef-"But I have things to do today. Where's the key?" She inquired.

Miles O'Keef-He took his hand, patting it around his shirt and pants. "I thought I had on me. I don't know."

Daniel and Lisa O'leary-Enters into the room. "Oh boy!" He laughs out loud non stop. "I'm sorry teg, it sure gives new meaning to the old saying, the 'ol ball and chain."

Tegan O'Keef/Lisa O'leary-Smack him on the shoulders.

Daniel O'Leary- "We've got to get to work, bye love." He kisses Lisa tenderly on her lips.

At The Office....

8:00AM..

Miles and Tegan O'Keef- Walk inside with their handcuffs where other people can see them.

Daniel O'leary- Just walk to his desk nonchalantly.

Tegan O'Keef-"Miles, I just don't think this is necessary."

Miles O'Keef-"I'm telling yah Teg, it's for your own good, I'm your husband, I am going to protect you."

Miles and Tegan-They look away from each other for a brief moment, then take a look around the room as they see other policemen and detective husbands attached to their girlfriends and wives with handcuffs in protective custody. They look back at each other, shrugging their shoulders in acceptance like it's become today's common fashion.

Police line up

9:00AM..

Tegan O'Keef- "Thanks for coming for support Lauren."

Lauren O'Leary- "Anytime Tegan, we girls got to stick together."

Miles O'keef- "Lauren glad you're here. Dan and I need a favor from you two. We need your help to identify these high heel shoes in line up. Tegan, Lauren. You are hookers. "

Tegan, Lauren, taking their hands, slapped him across his face. "How dare you!"

Miles, whirled away from them quick. "OOCH!"

Dan O'Leary- stood next to Miles' "Oh DUDE! "Girls, let's clarify. Let's say, you are hookers. Can you identify the shoes that a pimp would wear?" Hides behind Miles.

Tegan O'Keef--"Oh, why didn't you say so in the first place? Those are kind of cute, in a weird way.

Lauren O'Leary-" Yes but, I mean, who would wear those, they'd pinch my toes."

Tegan O'Keef- Nod her head yes. "Yah."

Miles and Dan stare at each other in disbelief.

Tegan O'Keef- Her cell phone gets a text, she answers by texting back."You were saying Lauren?"

Miles O'Keef- His phone get texted To : Tegan O'leary. With his eyes suddenly widen, stood in squarely in front of Tegan in accusing stance,

his cell phone in his hand with an uneasy glare at her. "RIGHT! DON'T MUCK WITH ME TEG! I saw that Filthy, DISGUSTING text that, that oLd BoYFriEnd of yours texted to you!"

Tegan OKeef- Stares at him strangely. "Who?"

Miles OKeef- Standing in his continued stance in frustration. "Oh don't play innocent with me! That old boy FRiend called you, what's that awkward, smuck's name?" He takes another look at his cell phone, then at her once again. "Yah, that's it Warren Oust! I mean what kind of a name is that? I mean , what smuck for parents would name their child that? Crazy loonies, that's what! The silly GITS!!!"

Tegan OKeef-Continued to stand listening to him in questioning silence.

Miles OKeef- Stood tall in over-extend-offended-defense. "And don't you forget what your dad did to him when you were a teen. Turning him into the police for not being welsh at the time of your snogging exchange!? God bless him! That was outrageous! Yah, that should have been me, The welsh dragon snogging you on that door step, SNOGGING YOU, yah, you wouldn't be able to get enough from me!"

Tegan OKeef- Giving him a loving, compassionate stare.

Miles OKeef- With sulking disposition. "So what do you have to say for yourself, my supposedly, loyal wife? And those disgusting, low life words he said to my wife in this text, Hum? I'll read to you what this GIT said to you, yah, hear this, my so -called loving wife, mother of my two boys, this is what was said, dare I repeat! Right! 'Be, my, sugar, daddy. And you, YOU said back to him? Ready for this?"

Tegan OKeef, in quiet logic stillness.

Miles O'Keef-Ranting hurtfulness. "And, what did you say back to him, what was your response? Your words back to him." Looks at the text words. 'I'm sugar intolerant-BUGGER OFF!!!' A moment of silence overcame him. His angry frown, turned guilt-bummed. "ohhh." He quietly muttered, his head down in dread.

Tegan O'Keef-With her loving compassion, goes to him with opens arms. "Oh Miles. You know I only love you. Now, Let's say we go home early and, you know, go to bed early. Ok?"

Miles O'Keef- Disappointment in himself, he smiles, places his arms around her, pulling her close. "Yes. Teg, I am so sorry. I just love you so much. I don't want to lose you. Yes, let's do."

Miles and Tegan O'Keef- tenderly kiss. Turns to see the next police line up.

Three big bruiser men stood facing them.

Miles O'Keef- Taking a sip of his drink, then to observe.

Tegan O'Keef- Sees her old boyfriend in line, in huge-wide-eyed-disbelief. "Warren Oust?"

Miles O'Keef, Nearly passively choking on his water, immediately spits it out, gasping for air, as he places his glass back onto the table with a loud clink, while struggling to get a grip of reasoning.

Tegan O'Keef-Immediately attends her urgent care to him, patting him on his back. "Miles, Are You OK?"

Miles O'Keef- Taking big gulps of air." Yep, Yep, Yep. I'm ok, I'm ok. HE'S STILL HERE??"

Warren Oust- Sees her, takes a staring look. "Tegan O'Leary? It's me, your old boyfriend as teens. I tried to text you. I was going to visit

you, but I was all caught up with two detectives on the street with trying to talk some people into buying the good stuff. Yah, those two detectives, were a real hum dingers, thought they could stiff me up, but I taught them a lesson in Police procedure of how to properly use their handcuffs in a jiffy."

Tegan O'Keef- Gave him a flat look of his disgrace. "Yes, I was the one to unlock their handcuffs. I just returned your text. Did you get my message?" With sarcasm.

Warren Ousts- "I'd just called to tell you, I sold all the good stuff, next thing is, I'm here. How's your dad Teg."

Miles O'Keef- "Teg? Teg? He called you Teg?"

Tegan O'Keef- "NEVERMIND Miles. We'll get our justice."

Dan O'Leary- Stands with Tegan. "Oh, It's that old boyfriend of yours. I thought that con artist looked familiar. So he fits the description. No, No Teg, please allow me. Warren OUSTS!" He gestures a right hand thumb at him to leave with the police station. Dan smiles back to her. Goes back to his desk.

Miles O'Keef- "That's right love. I told you we will get him next time." Goes to his desk, with handcuffs, Tegan tugs along with him.

Tegan, Lauren, Shrug their shoulders at each other, goes with their husbands.

10:00 AM

Dan O'Leary- "Miles, this one in for questioning." He gently sits her down in front of Miles.

Miles O'Keef-Begins typing the person's name on his computer.
"Name please?"

The old lady sits in her seat taking glances of him with sorrowful face.
"Mrs. Latrina Potter. Lati for short."

Miles O'Keef- Keeps typing. "Mrs, Latrina Potter. In for obstruction of harassment."

Mrs. Latrina Potter- "Detective O'Keef. I didn't mean to do it. It was just that moment of great anticipation gone wrong."

Tegan, helping Miles, " Excuse me, Mrs. Potter, what exactly do you mean by, 'anticipation gone wrong?'"

Mrs. Potter- With sorrowful quivering lips. "Well, I only was just trying to make my point across to him. I didn't mean an REALLY ..harm him."

Tegan O'Keef-looks at the police report. Cringed at the thought.
"Ooffgh. Mrs. Potter. And I Do say this out of love and experience. Perhaps next time you shouldn't take it out on your hubby, this need of yours. But , talk it out with love and understanding of your hubby rather than whacking him in the sack."

Mrs. Potter-"Yes Maam may I go now."

Tegan O'Keef- looks both ways around her, nobody watching, she rips up the report. "Yes, You may go Mrs. Potter. And remember, with love and understanding."

Mrs. Potter- smiles in relief, leaves.

Miles O'Keef- Gave a strange look. "Brutal."

Dan O'Leary -Brings in a bruiser... "Be careful with this one Miles, he's a ripe one, in for using illicit drug use of crack. They call him 'Cracking Craig.'"

Miles O'Keef- "What kind of a name is that, 'Cracking Craig. You must mean Craic, as in comedian, right?"

Dan O'Leary. Lowers to Miles' level. "No Miles, NOT CRAIC as in laughter. He used to do too much crack. The drug, crack."

Miles O'Keef- Takes a good look at Dan, then Craig. Cracking up...in laughter. Hey mate, my colleague here tells me you've been taking in too much L.D.S.

Dan O'Leary -Quickly goes back to Miles' level. "No Miles, That's L.S.D., the drug Miles. Not L.D. S., [The church of latter day saints.]"

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, did you hear that mate? The Latter Day Saints mate. HAAHH! That must have been B.C."

Dan O'Keef- "No Miles, not Before Christ, that would be, A.D. [After Christ.] Our time."

Miles O'Keef- "No MATE!. Dan, I meant B.C. [Before Crack] did him in. You know, The A.D. After The Acid delusions. HAAhh!"

Cracking Craig stared dead at Miles. "Mannn, you have some serious issues."

Dan O'Leary- "Well , He's not from here, but from another country., so..." Walks away.

Miles O'Keef- "HAAHH, That was some good CRAIC Dan!" Starts typing the report away.

NAME: "'Cracking Craig'"

Reason for Arrest: Taking too much L.D.S. supplemented with L.S.D.

Date of arrest issued: He shrugged his shoulders. Typed, "Hmm, about, sometime A.D., after his Acid Delusion, during his latter days in the L.D.S. and B.C., Before Crack did him in."

Cracking Craig- Mann, He's messed up Mann. Someone, please get me out here quick. I've got to get off these drugs. I'm starting to see something very scaryMANNN." His eyes widen sober.

Dan O'Leary- "Can someone take him to his cell?" Shaking his head in disbelief. "NEXT!!!"

Miles O'Keef- "I mean, really, where do these people come from anyway?"

Dan O'Leary- "And our last one for the day. Fanny Whitmore, the town tart strikes again. Sit right here."

Fanny Whitmore- "I'm no tart, I'm a damsel in distress. I've reformed, I have. Even my pimp won't recognize me no more, for some reason, it happens every time I'm in here during work hours. But that's because I swiped his car keys making him come and get it so I can make sure I get payment."

The pimp walks in, disguised in his dark sunglasses, looks around, sees her being interrogated with questions, then suddenly shift in high gear leaving the building again, came and gone so fast, like he split his infinitives into 'to go suddenly mode' through that revolving door, nearly into sliding off its hinges.

Dan and Miles gave a quick glimpse astonishment.

11AM...

THE CHASE!

Miles O'keef-His office phone rings. He answers it. "Yes, Detective O'Keef. What? How the hell did he escape? And you don't know where he is? Damn it! You want me to do what? He's been seen at the local hotel? And you assigned this to me?" He looks at Tegan, taking a nap asleep on the lounge next to him, then their attached handcuffs. "What am I supposed to do, DRAG HER WITH ME? No sir, I mean, that's such a drag, you have to work long hours, be there in a minute!" He hangs up the phone, quickly stands. Gently pats her face to wake her up. "Tegan, Oh Teg, Teg, Teg, oh Teg, you've got to wake NOW love. We got to roll, gotta go get 'em."

Tegan O'Keef- "Miles. Are we home in our bed now." She kissed him, then again.

Miles O'Keef- "Not now love, we've got to go now.....perhaps later?" He closes his eyes in realization of what he just said, then reopens again. "Love, we have to go now!"

Tegan O'Keef- "Ok, Ok, where?" She sits up, stands up.

Miles O'Keef- "To the field!"

Miles and Tegan -Practically bursting through the police doors, they rushed outside and towards the town, hanging on to each others hands. Running down the long length of the sidewalk, then to the other side of the road, then fast around the building's corner, barely seeing the criminal on the other side, making Miles abruptly stop just before the corner ended, forcing her uncontrolled body flinging around the corner like a rag doll, as he grabs her quickly in time, pulling her back towards himself before the criminal sees them.

Tegan O'Keef- "AAHH!!!"

Miles O'Keef- "SHHH!!!" He's right around the corner."

Tegan O'Keef- "Oh, you found him, that's good. Great, now what?"

Miles O'Keef- "We wait, this could be awhile, you go get the food, I'll stay here."

Tegan O'Keef- "Right!"

Miles and Tegan O'Keef- Forgetting that they have their handcuffs on, they start to go their separate ways, in different directions, their arms stretched out, but instead, like a rubber band effect stretching too far out, they sprung back together, losing their balance with each other.

Miles O'Keef- Big sigh. "This will not do."

Tegan O'Keef- "Well, then, what?!"

Watching and waiting....

Miles and Tegan O'Keef -BOTH sitting in the field from across the street.

Tegan O'Keef- Her cell phone rings. "Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. O'Keef! This is what? Joe and Joel's principal at their school? They did what? They have been suspended? For putting glue on a chair? Oh, your chair. And, their parents aren't able to come and get them? Hold on, let me ask my husband." She holds the phone to ask him. "Miles....."

Miles O'Keef- "UM, we are quite busy right now." He sarcastically announced with pointing his held out hand at the criminal to remind

her. He turns back to see Roger not there. "Oh, bloody hell, he's gone now."

AT SCHOOL.....

Miles and Tegan O'Keef- As they approach the principal's office.

Miles O'Keef- "Right, here it is, the Headmaster's room."

Tegan O'Keef-"You mean, the principal's office."

Miles and Tegan O'Keef-They both walk through the door. "Boys, we're here."

Joe and Joel- They see them with the handcuffs connected to each other, their eyes widen.

The principal- Chair-wheels himself inside the room to get back to his desk?

Tegan O'Keef- Gives them a bad stare.

Joe-"Well, he dared me to do it!" Pointing his finger at Joel.

Joel-"Well, he didn't want to tell the truth about that girl he likes."

Miles O'Keef- "What, about that girl with the braces and pimples HAaaHaa!"

Tegan O'Keef--"Miles!" She quickly looks at him.

The Principal- Looks at them staunch. "I don't see the humor in all this, they are in direct violation of public property. And why are you two in handcuffs!?"

Miles O'Keef- "Oh, I don't know, It's rather in vogue for detectives these days."

The Principal- "What kind of crackpot neighbors are you?"

Miles Niles-"If you think this looks bad, just wait until my son enters this room in a few months."

The Principal- With alerted eyes, he picks up his phone to call his wife.
"Yes, Geraldine, Please call the social security office today, I'm ready for that retirement now." He rolls himself out of the room.

Tegan O'Keef- "Ok, boys, let's go."

Joe and Joel -"Where?"

Miles O'Keef- "To the office. I've got to finish up where I left off....collecting evidence..in the line up."

Joe and Joel- Their eyes grew wider.

They drop the Boys off at their home.....

Tegan O'Keef- Leans over to Give Miles a lingered kiss as she reaches inside his pants pocket, then pulls out the key to the handcuffs. Shows him.

Miles O'Keef- "You can be real sly con, can't you."

Tegan O'Keef- "I think I've had enough excitement for today." She takes the key to unlock the cuffs, takes her side off, caress his face. "I appreciate your love for me, thanks Miles. But you can't realistically watch over me from every harm every minute of the day." With another tender kiss, she gets out of the car, walks inside the house with the boys.

Miles O'Keef- Shakes his head in reason, then takes out his cell phone to turn on his tracking device on her. "Her kisses so sweet, so was her deep pockets." Drives back to work.

The Pledge of welsh Allegiance

Daniel O'Keef sits with his Kindergarten classmates.

Miss Fingle the first grade teacher- "Alright kids. For today, each student gets to choose a flag of world of their choice."

Daniel O'Keef chooses the welsh flag. "My daddy came all- the-way from England. Mommy was so happy..."

Miss Fingle- "That's nice Daniel." Looks away from him, walk on. "Has everyone chosen their flag?"

Daniel O'Keef- Follows her. "I was named after my uncle Dan and my daddy. Daniel Miles O'Keef." Grinning.

Miss Fingle- "That's wonderful Daniel. Everyone, your flag."

Daniel O'Keef- " My mommy said we have something called, welsh heritage."

Miss Fingle- "ThAnk yOu Daniel, now, another student please." Walks away from him.

Daniel O'Keef-Continues to follow her around the room. "My mommy just gave me a baby brother to play with. His name is Samual Miles O'Keef." Smiles widely.

Miss Fingle- "That's wonderful. Kids are we almost done?"

Daniel O'Keef- My Grandma and Grandpa liked my daddy so much because my daddy IS the Welsh Dragon!"

Miss Fingle- Suddenly stop, takes a rather strange look at him.
“What did you just say? Well I’m happy to hear of your great fondness of your daddy to see him as your imaginary welsh dragon play friend.”

Daniel O’Keef- Smile turns dull. “ But my daddy IS the welsh dragon.”

Another student-“No he’s not.”

Daniel O’Keef- “Yes he is, he is and so am I. because I’m his son. And mommy said, that makes me half Welsh. So I’m also A Welsh dragon-rooaroor!” He hollered out while he gestured his hands with fingers like claws.

Another kid broke out words of “And I’m a wolf hear me howl-whooww!!!?”

Then another. “I’m a tiger! ROARR!!!”

Kids in rambunctious overdrive start running around the room, then stood on top of their desks.

Miles O’Keef walks into the classroom to pick up his son. Sees its getting out of hand. “Blimey!” Tries to calm his son down amongst the Chaos. “Danny –Boy, AS YOU WERE!”

Miss Fingle-“Mr. O’Keef, will you PLEASE contain your son. He seems to think that you are the Welsh Dragon, and he’s your mini me.”

Miles O’Keef-Wraps his arms around his son adamantly, ready to take him out of the classroom, looks straight at the teacher.

"Well Miss Fingle, that's because I AM The Welsh Dragon, he is my son, THERFORE, he is. Miss Fingle, perhaps biology would have been better suited....bloody hell it's like sesame street on steroids in here. Right. I see the Headmaster did take his early retirement leave of absence after all."

Miss Fingle- "Headmaster? What is that? I am the new teacher taking over for the last teacher. He was also the principal. The poor man had to wheel himself out of the classroom because some crazy student put glue on his chair."

Miles O'Keef-"As you can see, Miss Fingle, it was NOT MY son, it was two boys, Joe and Joel. Now please excuse me as I take my half welsh son home with me!" He grabs his son from the desk, carrying him out like a suitcase, right out the classroom door.

Miss Fingle-stood stupidfied.

Preposterous Imposter

The next day.....

Miles O'Keef- Laying on the couch. The phone rings. He answers it. "Yes, this is Miles. What? My imposter, I mean, Roger The Imposter has been seen again at the airport.....Yes, of course, I'm coming." He hangs up the phone stares in the distance. "Oh, bloody hell, my Teg is at the airport to see her friend." He quickly rises, puts on his trench coat, grabs his fedora hat, races out the door. Taking off in his car, he drove the long stretch road toward the airport. Getting out of his car, the door shut. He strut his swaged body continuing towards his destination. Taking his fedora hat that she had once given to him, smoothly fitting it over his head. With his straight forward, manly adamance, he then opens the airport's door entering inside. Quickly looking to his right, then to his left, with a sly wry, he tread the corridor, then halts to see a glimpse of the imposter stalking a few feet away. "Right, I've got you now, you bloody git!" He calls Tegan.

Tegan O'Keef- Answers her phone. "Hello."

Miles O'Keef- "Tegan O'Keef....As...you...were."

Tegan O'Keef- "Miles?"

Miles O'Keef- "Teg, he's here, Roger my imposter."

Tegan O'Keef- "Where here?"

Miles O'Keef- "Very near you. I'm going to nab him once and for all. Tegan, go to the nearest waiting area where there's a lot of people around you-do you hear me?"

Tegan O'Keef- "Right, I'll....." She turns around as she begins taking off to the nearest waiting area. then stops to see the imposter directly in front of her, face to face.

Roger The imposter- grabs her arm.

Miles O'Keef- "Go on Teg.....Teg?" He inquired.

Tegan O'Keef- "Miles....I found him."

Miles O'Keef- "Right! Where is he love?" As he continued his urgent walking.

Tegan O'Keef- "He's looking right at me, holding my arm." She calmly said.

Roger The imposter - He yanks her phone from her, held it up to his mouth. "Detective...Miles...O'Keef. Nice to hear from you again."

Miles O'Keef- Abruptly stops in his tracks, holding his phone sternly next to his ear, paying intent attention with an unamused expression on his face.

Roger The imposter - "She is something of great value I need."

Tegan O'Keef- Calm but annoyed. "You are ruining my day. What exactly do you want from me."

Roger The imposter- looks back at her. "I have searched your records, I know everything about you, when you were born, where you were raised, even your first kiss that made your father cringe because your boyfriend wasn't welsh. And how do I know that? Because of the police report your father wrote out afterwards...daddy's little girl...and how do I know this? From your computer diary that Miles and I hacked before he came here, as a favor for your brother, to help your dear brother to sabotage your so-called boyfriend, Paul. Oh, yes, me

and Miles, we go way back to the good 'ol days of detective training from England. Miles knew all about you, even before he came. Isn't that right Miles? Miles owes me much money. Of any payment from his job that I helped him create, was not paid back. It will take him half his lifetime to achieve it. It will be my fortune when he is finished paying his debt to me. Don't worry, you will be well taken care of."

Miles O'Keef, on phone, making serious strange expressions while listening.

Roger The Impostor-on the phone with Miles again. "In five minutes, I will be leaving aboard on my own jet with Tegan, somewhere back to Great Britain. Destination, unknown."

Tegan O'Keef- Alarmed. "Miles-terminal five!" She hollered.

Roger The imposter-Adamant. "You have five minutes until take off." He hangs up.

Miles O'Keef- His face halted in question. "Bloody Hell. Wait-Hang on. But where is terminal 5?" His feet suddenly sprint to the nearest legend map, placed his hands upon it in urgency. It read: 'Out of order-thanks for your patience, we look forward in serving you. A growing sense of impatience grew on his face. "Shit!" In- high-strained -voiced -frustration, he slams his hands hard at the map. The electronic legend map suddenly turns on showing the old outdated map layout of the airport with an imaged depicted person and arrow next to it indicating of: 'YOU ARE HERE!' He makes a 90 degree turn around to view the area seeing the new updated changes, not the same design from the old map, then back to the old map to his heightened expression of: "NO, THE HELL I'M NOT!!!" He takes another look to see the words, 'terminal 1' next to him. "Right. Here I come Teg!" His mobile phone rings. He put it to his ear. "Detective O'Keef-WHAT!!!"

Roger The imposter- "Detective OKeef, you now have approximately 4 minutes left." HANGS UP.

Miles OKeef, not happy. "CRIKEY!" He sees a gathering crowd of passengers just coming out from an airplane. "Right!" He swiftly ran into the crowd making his way through the hustle and bustle, toward the luggage conveyer belt, hoist himself up onto it to view over the entire area. He stood his stance on the conveyer while moving steadily across a treadmill then, stepping over the many different suitcases, he nearly trips onto one, but endeavors in his quest, the crowd getting near sparse.

Meanwhile, two airport workers, side by side. "Hey Mikey, the boss said we could go home early if we can just get these people out of here faster." He gives his co-worker a high five, then grabs the switch, cranking it up a notch. The escalating conveyer belt sped up.

Miles OKeef, while in the background, hectically running amok, jumping, hopping, hurdling valiantly, continues with and without wavering, his foot hits a large baggage, about ready to make an emergency landing, his arms flailing, finds another route, then bails out into safer territory, jumps off the conveyer like the lone ranger onto his horse, but without horse or tonto. Standing tall again, he answers his mobile phone.

Roger The Imposter, poignant. " Detective OKeef. You now have 3 minutes left." Hangs up.

Miles OKeef, with a smug expression, straightens out his trench coat with fedora hat to view the long stretch of corridor, in his journey's search to rescue his beloved wife, to find terminal 5.

Meanwhile.....

Tegan OKeef, sits patiently with trust in her husband, as she deeply inhales, then exhales while watching Roger The impostor pacing back and forth, like a relentless tennis match, waiting for that final few minutes to elapse.

Miles OKeef, swiftly, he takes off again quickly, running the long corridor to terminal 2, bypassed beyond a shop with the tile of: 'Medievalisms-R-Us'. Three moments later, he came rushing back to the site of a knight in shining armor, mannequin mascot, using his feet like car brakes, he stopped to halt, nearly losing his balance, hopping onto one foot, to grab the knight's lending sword, retrieving it from the knight's gauntlet, grips it, then once again, sped off toward his destination running straight into a room. Much to his relief, sees her through an office window, focused on her escape. But soon realizes, he's still on the opposite side of her in the building with another corridor in between them.

Meanwhile.....

Tegan OKeef, looks up to see him through the window. With her sad expression of 'help me', she held up her hand to the window then extended her index finger to indicate: one minute left. Then, without warning, Roger grabbed her, pulling her away from the window.

Miles OKeef, thoroughly enraged, veers to his side to prepare to take his last journey's look down the airport's long stretch corridor, to get to the other side. Like an athlete's view of a 50 meter yard dash from around the corner then to the end to terminal 5. In his conquering conquest to rescue Tegan, his feet shifts in high gear, dashes away in a flurry taking off to race against the clock.

His deep steady breathing, running faster, his quick momentum of endurance speed, in a flash around the corner, then running from terminal 3, then to terminal 4, could not stop him even if he wanted.

And on his way to finish his final route of destination, his goal, his achievement, nothing else matters, could get in his way, until.....a toddler crawls toward the center of his pathway, his eyes widen, holds tight to his sword, then jumps over the child, fifty seconds left on the clock. Gaining more speed, he sees in front of him, a big snack boxes full of chocolate candy, popcorn, potato chips, French fries...as he dodges, swoops, pounces his way through the carnage raiding in between each of these like in an obstacle course and somewhere in between these six boxes, 12 feet went scuffling and hustle to safety as French fries went flying up into the air, a slew of chocolate-bits flew soaring airborne meeting with popcorn straight up- then fell to the floor leaving behind a littered-scattered trail of trail mix, 30 seconds left on the clock.

Then straight away, his need for speed of endurance pushing it up further into high gear, his facial expression of urgency for his wife, his teeth gritting, his legs bursting with energy, running so fast in lightning speed toward that last- meter-mad-dash, then like a blur, he barely saw the number 5 on the terminal opening that he completely missed, flying right by it, even when he tried to suddenly halt in his tracks, his feet began to slip and slide across the newly waxed floor, his paddling feet going into survival mode frenzy, immobilizing at first, then sharply stomping, hanging onto dear life, his way back into survival mode, then getting a grip for tracking back into position, mobilizing once again as he finishes his final goal-terminal 5! As he places his hand upon the opening he finally approaches, he paused, spies and yields to an airlines promo ad poster on the wall of a welsh dragon holding a flag pole that shows an American integrated with Britain flag. He stood to salute with his hand poised to his forehead, then sideways across his face with cocky pride, then proceeded onward to get his wife.

Meanwhile.....

Tegan OKeef, trying to fight him off.

Roger The Imposter- With scowl. "That Detective of yours. Not sure why you fell for him, the self proclaimed Welsh Dragon detective. Blimey. What kind of crazy entitlement is that?"

Tegan O'Keef- "Oh yah? It's a well distinguished entitlement! And you can take this back with you to England instead.....you- are -FULL OF IT!"

Roger The imposter- "And you are exactly what I need. Get up!" He pulls her up with himself.

Tegan O'keef- "What are you doing?!" She resisted.

Roger The imposter- "We're leaving early." He grabs her around her waist, almost dragging her toward the airport door.

Tegan O'Keef- "What! That's not fair, Miles still has 20 seconds left."

Roger The Imposter, "Who's counting?!" He gives her a weird look of 'who cares'.

Tegan OKeef, struggling to free herself. "ME!!!"She looked outside to view his jet. Then stop struggling to free herself. "Oh Wow, that's very nice."

Roger The imposter- He loosened up his grip on her with swag." See, I knew you would like it."

Tegan O'Keef- "Yes," she took her foot , stomped it hard unto his foot to buy back the 20 seconds, then took her elbow-jammed it into his rib as she tried to run away.

Roger The imposter- "Oooo!" He aggressively grabbed her again, forcing her back up against to the wall. "Don't you ever do that again."

Tegan O'Keef-"You are, a serious nutter!" She said adamantly.

Roger The imposter - "And you, are coming with me now." He gripped her arm tighter.

Miles O'Keef- coming up from behind the Roger the imposter, he took the tip of his sword, steadfastly applying pressure unto his back. "One thing you never, ever do with me, is mess with my Mrs.

Roger the Imposter- "Miles. We meet again."

Miles O'Keef -He pulled his sword away from the Roger's back, then grabs him, slamming his back up against the wall. Holding the sword near his face. "I heard every word you said to me Teg, and I'm warning you-don't screw with me!"

Roger the Imposter- "Like what?"

Miles O'Keef-"Like the other half of the story. Your extortion, that I paid to help you out of jail I guess I'm just too nice of a bloke. Roger the Dodger, indeed."

Dan O'leary- Quickly walk over to Tegan. "Hey, sis, how are doing today? Scotland Yard wants this man back. I've scheduled for his return to a nice fancy jail cell. A specially designed, interior, four walled room, loaded with accessories such as an all you can eat in kitchen, spacious living room with a lazy-boy recliner chair, a heated swimming pool tub with heated towel rack."

Miles O'Keef- "In other words, a luxury hotel that he owns anyway-frickin rich bugger!"

Dan O'leary- "Yah....something like that. And, here are the two nice policeman now, to personally escort him to his new residence after his personalized judge, to give him his little slap on his hand, before he goes into his ivory tower and hanging his golden key on his golden hook.

The Police- Come to take Roger the imposter away to jail.

The promotion's

The next day...

Tegan, Lauren, three kids, with Joe And Joel, playing together with toys on the ground basking in the sun.

Samual and Sue O'leary- Lounging with his wife in the yard. "Ain't it great Sue, our family we always wanted. Wonderful welsh kids, our welsh grandkids, we are just one happy family."

Sue O'Leary-"It sure is my Samual." She smiled at him. Sharing his kiss to him.

Detective Miles O'Keef- Stands next to Miles in the same yard. "Please remind me of why we are standing here Danny boy?"

Detective Dan O'Leary-Because our higher authority we call boss sent us here to wait for him."

Miles O'Keef-"And what for?"

Dan O'Leary- "Dunno. But hear he is." He tilts his head toward the chief of police walking to them.

Police Chief Mcmann- "Dan, Samual, Sue, nice family you have, nice day. This visit from me is for Detective Miles O'Keef. Miles, Scotland Yard sent this letter of notice to you. They want you back home, and this time permanently."

Miles took the notice from him, reading it.

Tegan,Samual, Sue, Dan, swiftly looked at him in confusion.

Samual O'Leary- "Police McMann, as the patriarch of this family, what in the tarnation do you mean sir?"

Tegan goes to Miles' side, reads the letter, looks at him in sadness.

Miles looks at Tegan with same grief.

Police Chief McMann- "They want an answer A-SAP. I can not leave this spot until your answer. They even gave you a raise worth much more than at your job here. Very tempting Miles. "

Miles looks at Dan. "Dan, you've been more a brother to me than my own brother." He looks at Samuel. "Samual, you've been like my own father to me, Sue, like a mother. Lauren, you are a wonderful sister-in-law. Joe and Joel, like the two neighbors I never had before. And my wife and two kids who I love so very much." He stared at Tegan.

Tegan, looked at her brother Dan, her father, mother, Lauren, the two boys, their two children. Staring back at Miles- "I'm coming with you Miles. To live in England for perhaps the rest of our lives. You see I told you at the beginning the fear to being with you, for the reason of the fear to lose you. I don't care about the fear anymore. I love you too much to let go of you. Me and your children. We're going with you." She looked down in apprehension.

Miles, looked at Dan,

Dan, looked at Miles, loss for words.

Miles, looks at the family. "No Teg. No. I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here, with my family, for the rest of my life." He rips up the contract, handing it back to the superior's hand in charge. "Tell Scotland Yard. I already have job that I love so very much. Good day Police chief McMann." He smiles.

Police Chief McMann- "Well. There is only one thing to do left then. Detective Miles O'Keef, Detective Dan O'Leary. I hereby promote both of you to higher ranking to Chief Detectives. It is an honor to have you

serve with me , both of you in my own office. Please see me tomorrow morning, 7AM sharp. Good day.” He smiles, leaves.

The family sprint to their feet, coming together as family.

Dan O’Leary- “I can believe we did it Miles. You , me. Chief Detectives!”

Samual O’Leary- “Son, we have something no other family has. A genuine Welshman in our family. Here to stay, Come on Sue, we are going to the pub to celebrate.”

Sue O’Leary- Giving him a mother’s kiss on his cheek, then leaves with Sam.

Lauren O’leary, Gives him a sisterly hug. Stands holding child.

Joe and Joel, Giving him a high five each, runs to Sam and Sue.

Dan, Lauren, Tegan, Daniel, little Samual, hang around Miles, as they walk towards Sam and Sue to celebrate.

Miles O’Keef- Happy dimpled grin on his face. “I’m happy to be home with my family. Right. And Danny –Boy What do we say?”

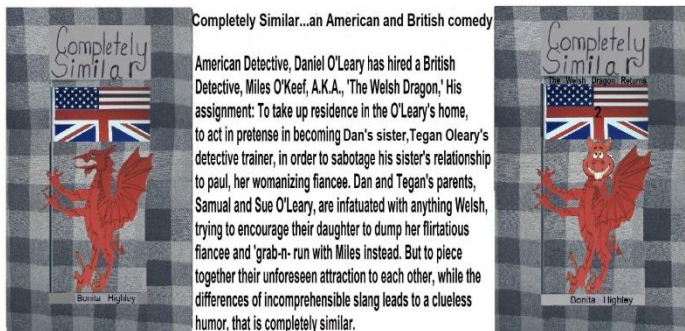
Dan O’Leary- “Yes Miles. And what do we all say?”

Miles, Tegan, Dan, Lauren, the three children. “AS YOU WERE!!!”

“YAHHOOO!!!!!!! They all sprint in running at Sam and Sue “Oleary.

THE END

And Now, For Something Completely Similar



Completely Similar...an American and British comedy

American Detective, Daniel O'Leary has hired a British Detective, Miles O'Keef, A.K.A., 'The Welsh Dragon.' His assignment: To take up residence in the O'Leary's home, to act in pretense in becoming Dan's sister, Tegan O'Leary's detective trainer, in order to sabotage his sister's relationship to Paul, her womanizing fiancée. Dan and Tegan's parents, Samuel and Sue O'Leary, are infatuated with anything Welsh, trying to encourage their daughter to dump her flirtatious fiancée and 'grab-n-run' with Miles instead. But to piece together their unforeseen attraction to each other, while the differences of incomprehensible slang leads to a clueless humor, that is completely similar.

NOTE: Due to the differences of American and British slang, proceed with caution at your own risk, is strongly advised.

The River Is Wide

The river is wide
I can't cross over
And neither do I have wings to fly
Build me a boat for two
To get to the other side
My love and I

The land is too far
How can I reach out to you
And the ocean so deep blue
But not as deep
As the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim
I know now what is meant to love you.

[melody sways]
I know not if I sink or swim
I know now what is meant to love you...
[Drum rolls]

The river is wide
I can't cross over
And neither have wings to fly
build me a boat for two
To get to the other side
My love and I
My love and I
My love and I

Completely Similar

When you look into my eyes

what do you realize

is it something you seek

Of every part of me

Beginning squabbles

Changes

Rearranges

ALIGNS.....

[chorus]

You came into my life

The investigating Welsh Dragon

like a dragon's flame of fire

a flame of desire

and now, I can't

I can't let go

no, I can't let go

completely similar, Completely forever

We share the same heritage

The only difference is our accents

It isn't easy to decipher this diversity

You are my happy

And I'm your lady

I AM SO HAPPY

[chorus]

Under oath, I cannot deny [can't deny]

magnify the clues [magnify]

testify the facts

verify with St. Patrick with alibi [alibi]

You are the Welsh dragon

You can solve the clues to any misinterpretation

There is no mistaken identification

When I say that I Love you

As you were boys.....

Ready Ladies?.....

I'm under seige

DETAIN or release me[release me]

Under investigation

Interrogate with many questions

Hear my confession

To this love of allegations

I confess in my OWN defense....[I confess]

To this witness testament.....[Testament]

This love between us, is clear evidence

Your British wit is humorous

You are, my English gentleman

Your kisses so warm

your coat of arms protect me

like undercover chivalry

your touch of hand-cuffed love[such love]

just lock me up-throw away the key

Your British swag

TAKES ME AWAY!

Stay with me

STAY with me forever

or forever, hold your peace and leave [So help me God]

or stay in your place of country [England's land]

What's it going to be, stay or leave, but please stay[Miles aros]

say you will

its now or never,

but whatever you do, never, never, ever leave me please

love me forever

[chorus]



Bonita Highley

Bonita Highley lives in Oregon, U.S.A.

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Bonita Highley

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