A couple of days later Jennifer is with Annabelle in a café off Oxford Street where they went shopping earlier. They are sitting in the café having their drinks; Annabelle having a Carmel latte and Jennifer having an Espresso.

“The director wants to know what is going on with you, as do I quite frankly?”

“Alright, the play isn’t the reason me and Carl came here, back in the States something happened to us both which meant…well we need a fresh start. We had lost someone dear to us, my best friend and his sister Kiera.”

“Dead?”

“Yep, and whenever I see you I see her.”

“Oh, ok, what all the time, she aint here right now is she?”

“No, just the fact I had bottled this up and felt guilty.”

“How?”

“I…. well she died in a car accident…I just kinda feel that I could have done something…I don’t know.”

“That’s natural, bottling it is the worst thing to do…. trust me.”

“Why do you say that?”

“My mum, 17, vengeful teenager rebellious, but talking about it does eased the pain…you know.”

“Sorry, what happened to you to get to modelling?”

“I went into a hostel, my dad remarried and forgot he had a daughter, did odd jobs and then spotting a man who liked the look of me. I started doing a little glamour but quickly went to do more professional work.”

“Glamour? ……At 17?” Jennifer not believing what she is hearing.

Annabelle giggles “No, 19.”

“Yeah seems like all of us started with modelling, so come let talk boyfriends…. well more like yours?”

“There’s nothing really.”

“That’s all I get from you, come on what you hiding?”

“It’s well complicated.”

“Right?” Jennifer is waiting for the rest of the story.

“I met him during the first week of rehearsals, we went out for drinks and some meals out, really nice guy and cute.”

“Of course, slept with him yet?”

“No! we haven’t really done anything, not really that involved like I said there is complication.”

“His wife?”

“No…. more like an agent.”

“You kidding, you and your agent? Bad idea.”

“Like I said we haven’t done anything we not really going out like that, he is one with all the moves and the chitchat.”

“What kind of an agent is he?”

“He says he specialises in working with singers/entertainers and put them into the theatre.”

“Ok”

A text message comes through on Jennifer’s’ phone, she looks at it saying “I want you here ASAP, need to discuss last night.” The text was from the director, Jennifer blows through her cheeks “The dragon wants me, gotta go.”

“I’ll come too, need to see some technicians about the songs.”

“Oh yeah, my standards seem to have drop a little bit lately.”

Annabelle getting up ready to leave and follows Jennifer out of the café.