

## ***Deleted Scene***

### ***Simon Fuller's Slightly Saucy Problem!!***

One wonderfully comic scene I wrote some time ago, never really found a place in any novel. I did write it though and have decided to include it as a deleted scene.

It features the shy retiring gentleman Lieutenant Commander Simon Fuller consulting the Commander on a matter of a rather personal nature. He has to buy Jennifer Caverner a birthday present, she had said what she wants (and in the process is winding him up something rotten, with sister Tracy's co-operation naturally) but now Simon has a major problem.

Therefore he seeks help - he thinks it's all deadly serious!

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"Err Sir?" Fuller looked around the edge of the Commander's office door with a pensive look on his face.

"Yes Simon" the Commander looked up from his desk, which was buried in more paper work than usual and was glad of the distraction "What can I do for you?"

"I need to talk to you on a matter of great importance." Fuller's manner was sheepish, accentuated by the fact that he kept looking around him as if to ensure no one was eavesdropping.

"Take a seat then" the Commander gestured.

"Not here Sir" Fuller continued to look nervous "Up on the roof terrace, a matter of life and death".

"Five minutes?" the Commander asked, clearly wondering what on earth Fuller was going on about.

"Right, five minutes" Fuller agreed, then as swiftly as he had appeared, he discreetly disappeared again.

The Commander shrugged his shoulders as he stood up and walked around from behind his desk to the door. There he looked out up and down the busy corridor bustling with officers and civilian staff going about their business.

He was lost in thought so much for that few moments that he was startled when Tracy suddenly tapped him on the shoulder.

"Oh it's you love" the Commander responded before kissing his wife discreetly.

"What's on your mind dear?" she asked.

"Fuller just asked me to meet him on the roof" the Commander explained. "He was quite insistent about it and very secretive."

“Oh really?” Tracy’s response seemed to indicate that she might be aware of the nature of what was going on.

“You know anything about it?” the Commander looked into Tracy’s eyes.

“No, no nothing” Tracy responded as she made a hasty exit “I’ll see you later.”

Around the corner in the adjacent office, Tracy met up with Jennifer and discreetly closed the door behind her.

“Looks like you where right” Tracy confirmed “Simon has asked for a discreet meeting with my husband”.

“I knew he would go to him” Jennifer smiled ruefully “It had to be the only logical way he could find out!”

“Don’t you think winding Simon up like this is just a little cruel?” Tracy asked.

“What?” Jennifer responded, “Pass up the opportunity to wind not just my man but yours as well? You must be joking!”

The Commander tentatively opened the roof access door onto the top terrace of the Holborn building, a cacophony of traffic and other city sounds assaulting his ears as he emerged into the bright sunlight.

“Thank you for coming Sir” Fuller nervously approached and looked over the Commander’s shoulder to ensure no one else had come through the door behind him and that they where indeed alone.

“Alright then” the Commander urged, “You have my undivided attention”.

“I need to ask you a very personal question Sir” Fuller began.

“Let me guess, where do babies come from?”

“No, I’ve worked that bit out for myself” Fuller relaxed a little through the Commander’s humour filled interjection.

“It’s like this” Fuller began to explain, “Thursday is Jennifer’s birthday and I have a major problem”.

“If its Jennifer’s birthday on Thursday then we both have a major problem,” the Commander pondered.

“Sir?”

“Well call me old fashioned but if its one identical twin’s birthday on Thursday, it would be logical to suggest that it is the others as well,” the Commander explained “So technically we both have a problem”.

“You did not know it was your wife’s birthday next week?”

“I forgot all about it” it was the Commander’s turn to look worried. He knew he was hopeless at buying presents but this chain of thought was distracting them from Fuller’s problem that they had originally met to address. “Anyway, I digress, you where saying?”

“Well it’s just that Jennifer wants some err” Fuller became hesitant and was now looking around whilst speaking in whispered tones”

“Come on, the tension is killing me” the Commander urged.

“Some well err that is...” Fuller continued to mumble embarrassingly.

“Do you want to write it down and give me a clue here?”

“Sexy... lingerie” Fuller finally finished in a tone so hushed that the Commander had to strain to hear it.

“Oh right!” the Commander was relieved to hear an answer at last “She wants some.....” even he was becoming a little embarrassed now.

“Exactly” Fuller responded.

“I think you have a problem,” the Commander confirmed.

“Indeed Sir” Fuller looked around again nervously “But there is more to this”.

“Go on.....”

“Well you see I don’t know what err” Fuller continued to look around embarrassed “well size she is.”

“Have you tried asking her on some romantic evening?” the Commander asked.

“Well no” Fuller replied “It’s just we’ve never really you know.”

“Talked about that sort of thing?” the Commander prompted.

“Exactly” Fuller was glad the Commander appeared to understand the problem. He hoped it would cushion the blow for the next bit he had to ask.

“Are her vital statistics on her personnel file?” the Commander suggested.

“Tried that” Fuller replied “and checked with the uniform issuing office as well”

“No joy?”

“None whatsoever, which brings me to my request” Fuller yet again looked around before edging closer to the Commander “Can you tell me what size Tracy is?”

“Huh?” the Commander was understandably surprised by the request.

“Well it follows that if your wife and my girl are identical twins then they should be the same size, don’t you agree Sir?”

“Logical so far” the Commander was now talking in hushed slightly embarrassed tones as well now.

“As seeing as you are married to Tracy, it stands to reason you are more likely to know the required dimensions” Fuller added.

“A cunning plan my young apprentice” the Commander replied “With just one inacey weenie little flaw”.

“Which is?”

“I have no idea what my wife’s vital statistics are either!”

“Well surely you must have....” Fuller began.

“The only time I am interested in Tracy’s err undergarments are when she is taking them off if you see what I mean and usually at the time I am thinking about other things you know” the Commander replied “its all birds and bees you know”.

“Huh?” Fuller was now understandably confused

“Oh when you marry Jennifer you’ll figure it out!” the Commander smirked with amusement. He knew how terrified of permanent commitment Fuller was and took the opportunity to wind him up a little.

“Well could you not look in the wardrobe or something?” Fuller was getting desperate for a solution to his problem.

“You are suggesting that one of the most senior Security Officers in the land, your boss I hasten to add, goes and has a secret root around in his wife’s knicker drawer?” the Commander stared directly up into Fuller’s eyes.

By now, the Commander had realised that Jennifer and Tracy must be working a major wind up on Fuller and was more than happy to continue play along.

“In a word” Fuller hesitantly replied “Yes!”

“Anything else you want?” the Commander was almost too afraid to ask.

“Well yes” Fuller continued his embarrassed tones “Once I have established the err” he waved his hands in gesticulation.

“...vital statistics...” the Commander cut in.

“Exactly” Fuller continued, “I then have the problem of actually purchasing the aforementioned items” he explained. “How do you buy them?”

“Me?” the Commander looked perplexed.

“Well surely you must have bought Tracy such items?” Fuller enquired.

“Now I come to think of it” the Commander realised something here “No actually.”

“Ah...”

“Well there is that famous place on New Bond Street” the Commander responded.

“But I am a well known Security Officer” Fuller blurted out in protest “I can’t be seen walking into such premises and purchasing ladies undergarments! What would happen if word got out?”

“You know what” the Commander concluded, “You are an old fashioned gentleman, I like that”.

“Well thank you very much” Fuller responded “Doesn’t help me very much though does it?”

“What you do” the Commander looked thoughtfully “is close off New Bond Street for half an hour, call it a gas leak, suspicious vehicle or something”.

“Right.....”

“And whilst the road is closed, you nip into the aforementioned establishment – on official business of course – and just happen to make your purchase while you are in there.”

“Brilliant Sir!”

“That’s why I am the boss” the Commander grinned.

“But without the required statistics, I am still stuck” Fuller added.

“Leave that to me” the Commander patted Fuller on the back “You just get yourself down to New Bond Street, I think there is about to be a report of a suspicious vehicle”.

“Thanks Sir.”

As the Commander entered his office, he found Tracy and Jennifer sniggering to each other, they quickly tried to regain a professional composure as the Commander arrived.

“You two are the sneakiest most devious pair of wind up merchants I have ever met!” the Commander exclaimed with a chuckle.

“That obvious?” Jennifer asked.

“Short of putting up a large flashing sign over Simon’s head saying ‘My girlfriend and her sister are winding me up’ pretty much yes” the Commander confirmed.

“And he has no idea we are plotting all this?” Tracy enquired.

“He doesn’t have a clue” the Commander sat down behind his desk “At this very moment, probably the most embarrassed Security Officer in the Service is on his way to New Bond Street where I have to arrange a diversion in five minutes so he can purchase your sexy undies without being seen.”

Jennifer burst out into a fit of uncontrolled laughter and Tracy quickly followed suit.

“There is still one problem though” the Commander added.

“You did tell him what size I am didn’t you?” Tracy enquired.

“Well I don’t know do I!” the Commander retorted with a look of resignation on his face.

“But surely you two...” Jennifer began.

“Yeah but we usually have other things on our minds at the time” Tracy responded.

“I’ve already had that conversation” the Commander acknowledged “Excuse me a moment” he reached forward and picked up the telephone on his desk.

“Hello?” the Commander spoke down the telephone in a nicely impersonated Irish accent “I’d like to report a suspicious vehicle in New Bond Street”.

“Afternoon Commander” the Anti-Terrorist Line co-ordinating officer on the other end of the line responded.

“How the hell did you know it was me?” the Commander asked.

“Because your Irish impersonation sounds like Gerry Adams with a hangover” the officer confirmed. “You be wanting New Bond Street closed so Fuller can buy his birthday present for his lady then?”

“Is there anyone who doesn’t know about that?” the Commander asked.

“Only Simon” the officer confirmed with a wry chuckle as the Commander looked up at the twins who were looking around casually trying to look completely innocent and failing miserably.

“Can you do it?” the Commander confirmed.

“I’ll have that road shut before you know it” the officer responded.

“Cheers mate” the Commander replied before hanging up and rising from behind his desk. With the two sisters in tow, they quickly made their way to the main control room.

“Anti-Terrorist Branch just reported a call about a suspicious vehicle in New Bond Street” one of the despatch officers confirmed.

“Roger that” the Commander sat down at the main control console as the large wall screen at the front of the room zoomed in on a map of Central London right down to New Bond Street where it led off Oxford Street.

“Who is the nearest senior officer?” the Commander asked as if he didn’t know.

“Commander Fuller Sir” the Despatch Officer confirmed.

“Lima Tango Zero Three from Control” the Commander called over the radio headset as at the same time he took a piece of paper from Jennifer with something written on it.

“Lima Tango Zero Three receiving over” Fuller’s voice, seemingly slightly out of breath came over the Control Room’s speakers.

“Suspicious vehicle reported in New Bond Street” the Commander confirmed “Traffic Division are sealing it off at both ends and you are Senior Officer on site”.

“Roger that, on way!” Fuller confirmed.

“And a message with reference to your Operation Elastic” the Commander added picking up the note that Jennifer had handed to him a few moments earlier “The code for the operation is 34B 23 32 and colour status is blue.”

“Thank you Sir” Fuller sounded somewhat relieved.

“Oh and Simon” the Commander leaned forward so as to be out of earshot of anyone else in the room “Get me a set for Tracy as well will you and I’ll pay you when you get back?”