



PRIME TIME

Jacqueline Pouliot

Prime Time

Lesbian Romance by
CARMENICA DIAZ
writing as
JACQUELINE POULIOT

Carmenica Diaz writes erotic fiction under various pseudonyms.
The stories are either hard and nasty or soft and tender,
depending on her moods

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PRIME TIME

by

Jacqueline Poulriot

Also by Carmenica Diaz writing as Jacqueline Pouliot

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MY BROTHER'S GUEST
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*Our love is alive, and so we begin
Foolishly laying our hearts on the table
Stumblin' in
Our love is a flame, burning within
Now and then firelight will catch us
Stumblin' in*

(Stumblin' In – Sung by Suzie Quatro & Chris Norman
Written by Michael Donald Chapman, Nicholas Barry Chinn)

One

Daniela Riley Palmer, known to her friends and family, as Riley, stood next to the alien with the green beard and sighed. It seemed life was spiralling down the toilet and Riley did not know what to do about it. A singer and musician, she had learned the hard lessons of the music industry with two bands. The break-ups had been messy and pathetic. Egos at fifty paces!

Vowing never to return to music, Riley had, strangely, asked to act in a beer commercial. The commercial had been very popular and, suddenly, she was known! And that meant *more* work as an actor! Sadly, the gigs did not evolve into anything important. Riley felt she was destined to be an extra and nothing more than that! And that was why she was standing with *Green Beard!* 2012 was a *terrible* year!

Green Beard and Riley were standing behind the futuristically designed bar on the set of a new BBC TV science fiction drama series. Both Riley and *Green Beard* were extras and pretending to be bartenders in some alien bar. To Riley, it was all rubbish! She wondered who watched such rubbish!

Riley wore a skin tight black latex jump suit that was too short in the legs and arms. Still, she was a striking figure next to the alien with the green beard. An alien surprisingly dressed in a pinstripe three-piece suit.

It wasn't just the latex that made Riley so imposing. Riley was one inch short of six feet in flat shoes with gleaming boyish, brushed back golden blonde hair. Her honey coloured skin, a legacy of a combination of Indian, Irish, German and West Indian forebears, accentuated her hair and eyes. She had bright blue eyes, a symmetrical androgynous face with full lips, high cheek bones, taut, muscular arms and a well-toned, curvy body.

The director had taken one look at her and said there was no need for a mask or special effects to make Riley look like an alien. She didn't know whether that was an insult or a compliment. Being fiery, Riley took it as an insult and scowled at the director, barely resisting the urge to jab him in the throat. Unfortunately, he *loved* Riley's scowl and wanted her to keep that expression for the

scene. As she was already in a foul mood, Riley was happy to oblige.

‘They should have put me on a box,’ *Green Beard* whined while the crew were setting the shot. ‘You’re towering over me, you big bitch! No one will notice me.’

‘Oh, shut up!’ Riley snapped, her temper rising. ‘Go dye your beard or something! Or just fuck off! I just want to get paid.’

Finally, the brief scene was over. Riley escaped into the chilly London night, grateful that her bank account had a few more pounds in it at least. She was hurrying to the tube when her mobile rang. Surprisingly, it was Conrad Drew, Riley’s brother in law. A Canadian by birth, Conrad was married to Janine, Riley’s older sister and he was a reasonably successful television and film casting agent.

Riley had pestered him to find her acting roles after her profile had increased dramatically after appearing in the beer commercials. However, Conrad had bluntly told her he couldn’t. ‘You’re too tall, Riley. No male movie actor would want to work with a woman taller than them.’

‘So, maybe find a role with a tall male actor?’

‘They’re all short,’ Conrad had said succinctly.

‘Jesus, Conrad, they can’t *all* be short,’ Riley had protested.

‘Name a tall one,’ Conrad had challenged. Riley couldn’t. ‘And you’re a dyke,’ Conrad had continued. ‘Not possible for straight romantic leads.’

‘Hey, I can act straight!’

‘I’m calling that bullshit!’

Unusually, Riley had not argued any further with Conrad. She was getting to the point where she was considering working in Europe. Originally, music had been Riley's life but, after surviving the painful implosion of the two bands, she decided acting would do for a while until she became focused on music again.

She had found the extras acting gig by attending a BBC cattle call¹. And now Conrad called *her*! Extremely unusual as Riley usually called him, pleading for any role at all! To receive a call from him was very strange so Riley was *very* suspicious. Riley frowned at her mobile and answered it. ‘Yes, Conrad?’ Riley warily answered

‘You may get a call from Nancy Todd,’ Conrad said bluntly.

‘Who is Nancy Todd when she’s at home, then?’ Riley snapped.

¹ Open auditions. Anyone can audition.

‘She’s a Hollywood agent. Mainly television. We met a few times when I was working in the states. It’s a miracle she remembers me.’

‘Why would *she* call *me*?’ Riley said disbelievingly.

‘Fucked if I know. I tried to talk her out of it ...’

‘Gee, *thanks!*’ Riley said, dripping with sarcasm.

Typically, Conrad did not notice. ‘She was looking for a type and she called me. Seems the show runner of some American TV show wants a Brit *and* a type. The only one I could think of was you.’

‘Me? What sort of type ...’

‘Don’t worry about that. I think you might be on the short list.’

‘When did you do this?’

‘A week ago.’

‘A *week* ago? Why didn’t you tell me?’

‘I didn’t want you pestering me all the time, Riley. Besides, I didn’t think anything would come of it. And now, her office just called me for your number. Don’t piss Nancy Todd off, Riley. She’s powerful.’

‘In London?’ Riley asked stupidly.

‘No! In *Hollywood*. Now, stop complaining to Janine that I don’t do anything for you!’ He hung up and Riley stared at her mobile for a minute then shrugged.

She rode the tube home, ran up the steps and into her small flat just as her mobile rang. ‘Yes?’

‘This is Nancy Todd’s office. Is that Daniela Palmer?’

Even though she hated her first name and preferred her second, she answered, ‘Yes, it is ...’

‘Ms Todd will call you in five hours.’

‘Five hours? *Midnight?*’

‘Ah, I’m sorry? What time is there now?’

‘Seven o’clock. At *night!*’

‘Oh, it’s eleven in the morning here. I will see if Ms Todd can call you in an hour.’

The call ended abruptly. Riley dropped the mobile onto her bed. She made a toasted sandwich and just finished it when the mobile rang again. ‘Hello?’

‘Daniela Palmer?’ The crisp, American, authoritative voice was crisp and female.

‘Yes ...’

‘This is Nancy Todd. Did Conrad Drew tell you to expect my call?’

‘He mentioned it. I have no idea why ...’

‘I see. Tell me, Ms Palmer, is Conrad your agent?’

‘No. He’s my brother in law.’

‘Do you have an agent?’

‘No.’

‘Why not?’

‘I have mainly focussed on music and TV commercials. Music is a smaller world, no agents required ...’

‘You *will* need an agent, Ms Palmer. I will represent you,’ Nancy Todd said in a voice that indicated no discussion was required.

‘Oh ... you ... *will*?’

‘Conrad sent me your very brief portfolio. How tall are you?’

‘Five foot eight,’ Riley lied.

‘You seemed taller in the photos,’ Ms Todd said suspiciously. ‘You are under consideration for a guest appearance on *Secret Detectives*.’

‘What is that?’

‘It’s the hottest series at the moment. It is a ground breaking series in many ways. Season 2 will end with a two episode finale. Tony Rudd is auditioning for a specific role to appear in those episodes. I can reveal, Ms Palmer, if the reaction to the guest character is good, the role may be

permanent for season 3.’ Riley had not heard of the series. That wasn’t surprising as Riley did not own a television set. Still, it *was* work and in *America!* ‘I need you to confirm something for me, Ms Palmer.’

‘Well, okay ...’

‘Are you gay?’

The question was a shock and Riley briefly thought about lying but, in the end, she couldn’t be bothered. ‘Yes,’ she said wearily.

‘You do *not* have a boyfriend?’

‘Is this a joke?’ Riley asked. ‘No, I do *not* have a boyfriend ...’

‘Do you have a girlfriend?’

‘Not at the moment.’ Riley did not want to detail her recent abrupt break-up with Wendy. ‘Look, what does it matter ...’

‘It matters a great deal, Ms Palmer. We have to move quickly. Tony Rudd wants you to audition.’

‘Audition ... where?’

‘In L.A., of course,’ Nancy Todd said. ‘Do you have an email address?’

‘Ah ... yes ... of course ...’ Riley was completely stunned.

‘It would be helpful to *have* that address. So we can send you the E-ticket?’

‘Ah ... right ...’ Riley recited the email address.

‘Good. You should get an email with the booking in an hour. Hopefully, you’ll fly to Los Angeles tomorrow.’

‘Tomorrow?’

‘I assume you have a passport? Do you have a visa?’

‘I went to New York at Christmas ...’

‘Good. Any other problems, Ms Palmer?’

‘Ah ... no, no problem ...’ *Los Angeles? I’m going to America for an audition?*

‘A car will pick you up at L.A. airport. There are others auditioning, Ms Palmer, but the fact Tony Rudd is happy to fly you in for the audition speaks volumes. I will see you in L.A.’ The call ended and, completely stunned, Riley stared blankly at her mobile, her mind racing.

PREVIEW