

# Inauguration

by Ulrike

Nearly the whole nation was champing at the bit for Super Bowl. Linda Hamilton, Ron Perlman and Edward Albert were looking forward to a thrilling weekend apart from the Hollywood PR machinery. In the hotel lobby, they had bumped by accident into one another, and jumped for joy at meeting again.

“Are this really you?” Ron asked Linda and Edward. “Tell me how long...”, interrupting himself, while he made a rough estimate of the long years past. “Maybe we had better stop doing that,” he commented, grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

“But you both are looking great. Tell me how are you?” he hugged them both warmly.

“Oh, lion hugs,” Linda smiled, making an effort to reach him standing on tiptoe. “Oh, how much I've missed that! You know, don't you? But that's unfair Perl. If I would have known, I would have put some other shoes on - high heels, instead of sneakers.” She gave Ron a warm welcome.

“If you start talking about lion hugs, then I think I'll have to ask for permission. Vincent, would you allow me to hug Catherine?” Edward asked bowing slightly.

“I have to think about that, man,” Ron grinned broadly. “You know, as Father always asked, can he be trusted?”

They continued kidding one another and then exchanged some general news about their daily lives, briefing their friends about kids, families, business and the residences. Finally they decided to meet again by going for a meal and agreed on a date.

After spending a fine meal with one another, they resolved to expanding the evening a little bit more by enjoying a good glass of wine or two. They went to a comfortable lounge bar, taking a place in a cozy corner booth. There they sat and chatted about former times, old friends and episodes.

“The technical progress of motion picture technology is remarkable, isn't it,” Ron stated.

“So you can't get by speaking softly?” Linda made some soundless movements of her mouth, pretending to speak. The men grinned.

“Recently, I saw the use of a hologram technique, outside with Captain Kirk, where a dead Freddy Mercury came in. Creepy I can tell you,” Linda explained.

“Who knows, maybe if there are sequels of the Terminator movies, you will be able to introduce yourself to yourself within one movie,” Edward remarked.

“Two Terminator versions would make more sense; technical progress, the rescue of the world,” Linda replied.

They continued to talk about the crew, the production and such things. As time went on, the years shortened and they were subtly easing into their characters and their leading parts.

The lounge bar was furnished with a TV screen. Even soundless, the show was obviously a CNN summary report about the Inauguration.

“That could have been the both of you, if Catherine had changed her mind,” Vincent announced.

Catherine and Elliot became speechless for a moment. As they found their tongue both reminded with one voice, laughing, “Nope!”

“I would never be able to run up and down stairs on high heels so gracefully,” Catherine explained. “I even don't know if it's allowed to wear bustier gowns, sleeveless dresses or whatever. I'm pretty sure there's an etiquette for hemlines, cut of clothes, wearing hats and so on. On the other hand, I don't know if this would be a good idea. There's a difference between being well-shaped and having the biceps of a Sarah Connor.”

“But Elliot, you are such a powerful and mighty man, so called a tycoon, instead of building more and more skyscrapers, a political function could be a new goal and who knows....what could happen,” Vincent grinned.

“You know the movie “Guess Who's Coming to Dinner”, where they are speculating about the possibility that a descendent of a mixed marriage could become president,” Elliot remarked. “Or maybe the time would come for a female president. Vote for Catherine”!

“I'm the right hand of the most loyal, noble and adorable man ever, who coincidentally is well known as a likeable, warmhearted son, brother and fellow of the tunnel community. He's my Sir Lancelot - the greatest knight of all. I'm the link between above and below, switching from businesswomen's suits with high heels to thick wool cardigans by candlelight. So I'm already a woman of two worlds. That's enough. Leave the rest to the Tom Gunthers of the world,” Catherine stated. “Cobbler, stick to your trade, would be my slogan.”

“With this in mind, let's raise a toast in the double sense.”

The three happily joined the toast to the enjoyment of their wonderful friendship.

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