

ORIGINAL SCENE WITH KEN AND JILLY ABOUT GRAYDON

The phone's buzzing woke Jilly. She knew she should answer it. After all, it was still afternoon and a person shouldn't be in bed. She glanced at Ken beside her, glad to see that he was still napping.

Just to make sure the call wasn't urgent, she picked it up to see the ID. Good heavens! It was Graydon.

It was silly of her but she sat up and pulled the sheet around her bare upper half. "Graydon," she said. "How are you?"

"I'm well, Aunt Jilly, and you?"

She looked at Ken lying beside her, his eyes now open. "I'm doing very well." She waited for Graydon to get past his infinite courtesy and speak.

"Aunt Jilly, you haven't by chance seen Rory, have you?"

"No. Actually I haven't seen him in a couple of years."

"Oh," Graydon said, sounding disappointed. "I thought he might have returned to Nantucket."

"Returned? When was he here before?"

"The night before the Kingsley wedding he showed up at a local drinking establishment and made himself known."

"Let me guess. At the wedding, people thought it was you who'd partied all night."

"Yes," he said. "That is mostly true."

"What does 'mostly' mean?" Beside her, Ken sat up in bed.

"You remember the young woman I walked down the aisle with? What was her name?"

Jilly couldn't help smiling. Perhaps this call wasn't about Graydon's wayward twin but

about the very pretty Toby. “You mean Lexie?” She couldn’t help teasing him.

“No, no. The other one.”

“You must mean Toby.” She looked at Ken, smiling.

“Yes, I do believe that was her name. Toby knew it wasn’t me at the bar.”

For a moment Jilly couldn’t speak as the ramifications of that statement went through her mind. “What did Toby say exactly?”

“She told me I was a liar because I was saying I had been where I wasn’t.”

“You poor dear. You always cover for Rory.”

“As I must do now. He’s supposed to attend a meeting in Dallas, but no one can find him.”

“So you’ll go in his place.” It was a statement, not a question.

“It is either that or Father finding out. His health can’t take more stress. Besides, I don’t think a room full of overfed businessman will see the difference.”

“Unlike Toby.”

“Very much unlike Miss Toby. Aunt Jilly, would you mind if by happenstance my name should come up that you not mention my . . . my . . .?”

“The extraordinary circumstances of your birth?” At that, Ken looked at her in question. “I would be glad to keep it from everyone, but I don’t know for how long that’ll be possible.”

“I know this whole thing is absurd of me, but I’d like to find out the truth. This has never happened to me before.”

“Never?”

“Not once.”

“How interesting,” Jilly said. “And I agree with you. This merits investigation. Will you be coming back to Nantucket?”

“As soon as I can. I’m beginning to clear my schedule now.”

“So you’ll be here . . .?”

“In about a year.”

Jilly couldn’t help laughing. “Not exactly like canceling a dentist appointment, is it?”

“No, it’s not. Perhaps you could send me. . .” He hesitated.

“News of her? Photos?”

“Yes,” Graydon said. “I must go. I have to fly to Texas. Aunt Jilly, thank you, and if you see Rory, please let me know.”

“But Graydon, I can’t tell you two apart.”

He laughed. “Only a few people can. Goodbye and again, thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” She clicked off the phone and looked at Ken

“I don’t mean to pry,” he said, “but what in the world was that all about?”

“It seems that Toby can tell the twins apart.”

“You have to give me a clue as to what that means.”

“Identical twins run in our extended family and there’s a silly, ridiculous really, saying that whoever can tell the twins apart is a person’s True Love.”

“And Toby can do this?”

“It seems so,” Jilly said.

“Does this mean our Toby has met her True Love?” Ken was smiling at the idea.

“I don’t know, but Graydon is certainly curious. He’s planning to return to Nantucket in about a year.”

“Not exactly in a hurry, is he?”

“Actually, for him that’s lightning fast.”

Turning, Ken put his feet on the floor. “You hungry?”

“Yes, very.”

He started to get up but then looked back at her. “What did you mean when you said ‘the extraordinary circumstances of your birth?’”

“Graydon was asking me not to tell people — Toby in particular — that he’s the crown prince of Lanconia.”

Ken’s eyes widened. “‘Crown’ prince? Doesn’t that mean he will. . .?”

“That someday he’ll be king? Yes, it does.”

Ken thought about that for a moment. “The first time I held Toby she was about four hours old, and I’ve watched her grow up since then. In my opinion, if your prince can win her, he’s the one who’ll get the prize.”

“I’m not sure, but I think Graydon may feel the same way.”

Leaning across the bed, Ken kissed her. “Queen Toby. Sounds good to me. You wouldn’t like to . . . uh . . .?”

Smiling, Jilly slipped down on the bed and opened her arms to him. Somebody else’s True Love could wait; she had her own to concern herself with.