

GHOST WRITER

RUTH

Are you married?

WRITER

Certainly no.

RUTH

Gay?

WRITER

No.

RUTH

So you have a...

WRITER

I had a... ummm.

RUTH

What... A girlfriend?

WRITER

Well it was a bit more than that.

RUTH

Partner?

WRITER

A bit less than that. I don't know. 40,000 years of human language and there's no word to describe our relationship. It was doomed.

RUTH

Come on let's eat. How's it going?

WRITER

The book? Well it's not to be honest.

RUTH

Sit there.

WRITER

Can I ask you something?

RUTH

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WRITER

I find it difficult to understand certain things.

RUTH

What things?

WRITER

Well, I can't understand why this good looking lad, who goes to Cambridge without the slightest interest in politics and who spends his time acting and chasing girls suddenly ends up...

RUTH

Married to me?

WRITER

Oh no, not that. Not that at all. No what I don't get is why at 22 he suddenly becomes a collectivist. I mean where does that come from?

RUTH

Didn't you ask him?

WRITER

He said he joined the party because of you. He told me a great story about you turning up to his place in the rain. I was going to start the book off with it.

RUTH

And now you're not?

WRITER

And now I can't it's not true.

RUTH

Isn't it?

WRITER

Well you know it's not. You'd been a member for two years before he met you.

RUTH

How do you know that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WRITER

I've got his original party membership card. Mark McCarey found it in the archives.

RUTH

Typical Mike, to ruin a good story with too much research. Did he find anything else?

WRITER

Not much. Cambridge stuff mainly. You were more political than he was.

RUTH

I was certainly a change from his Cambridge girlfriends. All those Jacostas and Pandoras.

WRITER

And so his marriage to you must have been pretty vital. Your knowledge and your contacts in the party.

RUTH

And I thought he married me for my body.

WRITER

Did you ever want to be a proper politician in your own right?

RUTH

Of course, didn't you want to be a proper writer.

WRITER

Ouch.

RUTH

I am sorry I hurt your feelings. I suppose even ghosts must have feelings.

WRITER

We have sensitive spirits. Speaking of spirits... could you...

RUTH

Let go and pour you a drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WRITER

White wine, never seen the point of it.

RUTH

That's the sort of think Mike used to say.

WRITER

At last something in common.

RUTH

Do you know the coroner reckoned he drank at least half a bottle?

WRITER

That's convenient.

RUTH

What do you mean?

WRITER

Nothing.

RUTH

You think his death was suspicious?

WRITER

Don't you?

RUTH

Yes, yes I do.

WRITER

Today at the beach I met a man, an old timer who was familiar with the currents. And he said that there was no way that a body from the ferry could have washed ashore at that spot.

RUTH

You're kidding?

WRITER

He also said that there was a woman who uh saw flashlights on the beach that night. She Fell down some stairs and now she's in a coma. That's all I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUTH

That's all you know? Jesus! Can I borrow your phone?

WRITER

Why?

RUTH

I need to call Adam.

WRITER

What?

RUTH

Nothing?

WRITER

Aren't you going to call him?

RUTH

Going to call him later... I'm going for a walk.

WRITER

But it's pitch black. It's pouring with rain.

RUTH

It will clear my head.

WRITER

Well, I'll come with you.

RUTH

Thanks, but I need to work this through on my own. Stay here and have another drink. Don't wait up.