

SAMIRA: He was fifteen, no one would believe that

EVE: Is there any more scotch?

They all look at her and ignore her

EVE: *(Quietly)* Fair

EVE pours a glass of wine

EVE: Let's play another game

ROBERT: Enough with the games

EVE: But you love games! All of you love games!

SAMIRA: This is not a game Eve, or whatever your name is, nobody is laughing or having fun

EVE: Of course you are! This is the greatest game ever. Are you not curious as to how this ends?

DAVID: How this ends?

EVE: Yes!

SAMIRA: How what ends?

EVE: Tonight

ROBERT: What do you mean?

EVE: The ending. There are only ten minutes left

DAVID: Until what?

EVE: *(Laughing)* The end of the story silly!

ROBERT: What the fuck are you talking about?

EVE: You know Robert, you swear a lot...mostly at me

SAMIRA: Okay enough is enough, Robert if you don't call the police I will

ROBERT: Sam just wait until we—

SAMIRA: —This is insane and it's frightening

DAVID: Robert I gotta agree, this is getting out of hand

ROBERT: *(To EVE)* What ending?

EVE: You're an editor, you know how stories work. There is a beginning, a middle and an end

ROBERT: This isn't a story

EVE: Isn't it?

ROBERT: No

EVE: We have all the ingredients. The faithful friends, the haunted man with a secret...the missing wife

ROBERT: You leave my *Goddamned wife out of this!*

EVE: Was she damned Robert?

ROBERT: What?

EVE: See I don't think she was. You know I used to read her books and wish so much that I were her. All those ideas in her head just waiting to get out. Not everyone has that luxury Robert, a lot of people walk around with ideas that never get let out. They just sit there waiting. But she sat down, opened her laptop and they just fell out of her head...and then a few months later it's a best seller. My

stories stay in my head, I can't seem to get them onto paper, no matter how hard I try. That's why I wished I was her

SAMIRA: (*Approaches EVE*) Eve, some frightened kids made a horrible mistake and a father *thought* he was doing what he had to do, to protect his children...How could he have—

EVE: *Cold Secrets*

SAMIRA: *Cold Secrets?*

EVE: It's my favourite book, I've read it three—

SAMIRA: (*Overlapping*) —Three times, yes you told us

EVE: After the shock of finding her murdered father, Claire then finds out her husband is having an affair

SAMIRA: I would tread very carefully here Eve

EVE: What she doesn't know...until it's too late of course, is that her husband will do anything to cover up the affair, or he'll lose everything. (*Pause*) After all, she's the one with the money. (*Pause*) How long after Tara left were you two having...sleepovers?

ROBERT: (*Angrily*) !...

SAMIRA sharply motions for him to keep silent

SAMIRA: (*To ROBERT*) I got this

ROBERT walks away

SAMIRA: Eve...you don't know me, you may have heard a few cute stories about me, but you don't know me. I've been sitting here quietly keeping the peace, while you fuck with a few heads. But what separates me from these two, is I would have absolutely no

problem kicking your ass into next week, and trust me I could, and I would love it

EVE: It ends now

SAMIRA: *(Quietly)* Good girl

ROBERT: Okay...how does it end Eve?! You win Eve, you have our attention. We are all here waiting for your grand ending. You have the floor

EVE: It's not *my* grand ending

ROBERT: Whatever! What did I ever do to you?? What did my *father* ever do to you?? You are going to drag an old man into the spotlight, a man who only ever tried to do the right thing! But all that isn't going to matter, they are going to stick him in a jail cell and everything he did his entire life won't mean a thing

DAVID: *(Realizing)* Where's the ghost?

ROBERT: What?

DAVID: *(Stands; to EVE)* Where is the ghost?

ROBERT: What ghost?

DAVID: The ghost in Eve's story

ROBERT: What the hell are you talking about?

SAMIRA: Yeah...where is the ghost?

ROBERT thinks and turns to EVE

ROBERT: Your story

EVE: What about my story?

ROBERT: You kept calling it a ghost story

EVE: Yes

ROBERT: So where is the ghost?

DAVID: Up until now it's only been a horror story, but you kept calling it a ghost story. So where's the ghost??

Pause

EVE: *(Walks slowly up to DAVID; she is humming to herself in a low tone; she stands in front of DAVID)* BOO!

This startles DAVID

DAVID: What the...?

EVE: You wanted a ghost

SAMIRA: You can't be serious

EVE: No. But wouldn't that be the best twist ever!?

ROBERT: Jesus Christ

EVE: The only problem is, who or what would I be the ghost of? There aren't any women in my story. Only *this* story, if there—

ROBERT: ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT!! I've had ENOUGH! *(He starts moving towards EVE)* You walk in here, we don't know who you are...you talk about my wife...you make accusations about my father. *(EVE is moving backwards; ROBERT picks up a wine bottle as a weapon)* You threaten to ruin his life!

SAMIRA: ROBERT!

ROBERT: Ruin my *life!*