

Truly, Madly, Deeply by Anthony Minghella

Nina is grieving for her dead lover Jamie. Her grief is so great that Jamie returns as a ghost and Nina finds herself caught between her old life with Jamie and the new life that she was starting to explore without him. She has befriended a special needs teacher, Mark, who is keen to begin a relationship.

At this point the two have met for a date. Nina is distracted and Mark tries to tell her all about himself whilst hopping on one leg. It's now Nina's turn . . .

Nina Nina Mitchell, I can't believe I'm doing this! Also Capricorn, but also don't believe so I can't make anything of that, think there may be a God, interpreter, I'm starting at the end, I believe in protesting, in the possibility of change, in making this planet more, decent. You know, you see it all the time. I hate what this country is doing to itself, and to the people, and the way we treat other races, visitors, this happens every day . . . well you know, you saw it in the café . . . wrong skin, wrong size, wrong shape: you're lost . . . or wrong religion, wrong ideology, wrong class, it makes me so! Oh, do you want me to be more personal? Um, okay, parents alive, Gloucestershire, teachers, him Geography, her History, so holidays it would be *Dad, where are we? Mum, have we been here before?* I like them, I have a sister, Claire, I love her, she has a family and a husband I can't stand who keeps climbing everything – climbs socially, in business, and now – finally – has started climbing mountains. Um, they have a son, Harry. She's pregnant again for the second time, their son is my nephew, and I adore him. Did I say I was born in Stratford? Well, I was and do you know that I pay to do this once a week, to talk, that's where I was going the other day when I saw you on the bus, to my woman, the Burge, Doctor Burge. The only difference is there you get fifty minutes and no exercise and here it seems to spill out, and I play the piano, I love Bach, I have rats, I'm in a mess, I live alone, I haven't always, not always—