

So we're at the end of the free Ruin exclusives but I was sat here wondering what else I can give you from the book as an extra treat. Then I thought, there was so much that was cut out of Ruin that there were surely a couple of scenes that didn't make the book that I still had floating around. (I'm a hoarder what can I say) and then I found something. Something even I hadn't read for a long time. I had left it on the computer with the Ruin files, to be lost and forgotten forever... until now.

Below is what is commonly known as a lost scene. This was supposed to be part of the ending which turned out very different from the ending that was eventually published. To be honest I thought I had overwritten all of the old files but this one was still hanging around in the bin. (Digitally of course!)

So, anyway, I got it out, gave it CPR and a little polish, and put it out here for you guys to read.

The scene is set out below for you to read. I hope you enjoy it!

### **RUIN - LOST END SCENE (SCOTT'S PERSPECTIVE)**

Scott sat at the little desk in his cell, the sheet of paper blank before him. It didn't matter that he had avoided prison, he was still locked up. For his own safety apparently. He worked his jaw as he tapped the pen and searched for the words to write.

Words and letters that were supposed to be part of his rehabilitation. Par for the course. Broadmoor was starting to grate but it wouldn't be for much longer because Scott and his lawyer had a plan. His good behaviour had been received well and he was playing his part with finesse. He attended every therapy session, said the right things, made the right noises, acted the part. Even if it sometimes took all of his willpower to do it.

He thought of each day as a hurdle. Day by day, he cleared them. He had knocked a few down to start with, sure, but now he was sailing over each one with inches to spare. Jumping higher. Getting more adept at what he should do and say. Eating the crap that they brought for lunch, attending shitty sessions with a man who claimed to know his mind better than he did himself.

He kept his temper, showed deep regret for the stabbing, claimed intense remorse over what he had put Emmie through. He went over that night, again and again. He completed the exercises and tests as necessary. He discussed every inch of his life until he almost choked on his own words.

The children, his marriage, his treatment of Emmie. His childhood, his father, how his pattern of anger followed him, how to break the pattern. Breathing exercises, writing exercises, brain exercises. Anger management exercises. Emotional release exercises. He had even cried.

It boiled inside him but he took it all. Withstood it all. And as calmly as he could, because he already knew the damage he had done to his heart, and he wanted to live to see the outside of

this place. It was his only wish now, his only goal left in life. Get out of here, get the trial done, so he could move forward.

And so he went on. Doing the right thing. For the greater good.

Because his trial hearing was to be set and when he went to trial, all of his good work in here, all of his reformed character, would be taken into account. Or at least that's what his lawyer would push for. Scott was a different man, a changed man. Sure, people had been hurt that night, but no-one had been killed. He was emotionally aware, sane, sorry, so very sorry, and no longer a threat to society. He was a puppy dog. Eager to please, eager to make things right. And when he was released after minimal time in prison - if any at all - he would go and visit Emmie and show her how sorry he was.

He was glad she had survived that night, if he had been up on a murder charge, things would be so much worse right now, and he had things outside he wanted to finish. The door grill rattled and the spy slider slid across.

'Pills, Mr Harvington,' the trainee nurse said.

He swung his head to the door and rose, throwing her his most charming smile. She smiled shyly back as he picked up the pink and white pills, and threw them down the hatch. He swallowed with the cup of water she offered, opened his mouth and lifted his tongue flicking it from side to side.

The nurse nodded with a red-faced smile and the hatch slid shut.

He was a good boy now, he didn't need to be watched too closely. He was reformed. Still smiling he flicked his tongue to the lowest point of his gums and pulled the pills up, spitting them into his hand. He flushed the pink ones down the toilet, but the single white dopamine was for his heart, he popped that one back in and swallowed.

Scott knew he was on borrowed time if he didn't take care, and he was not a 'pill' man, but when he re-acquainted himself with Emmie his heart would not be her failsafe. He wanted to be in fine health and good form for that meeting.

He grinned and sauntered back to his chair. He suddenly knew what he wanted to say to her today.

He picked up the pen and began to write.