

SUICIDE

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PATRICK (V.O.)
Today I'm going to die.

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY -- MORNING

Thin grey clouds SHUFFLE.

A weak sun SHINES through.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Light peaks through an opening in the blinds.

A body lies peaceful in sleep. Thick golden quilt covers looking lush across the bed.

However, across the room, chaos ensues with unorganized mess strangling the room.

Everything lies where they shouldn't be. Books, bag, clothes and food.

Eyes open.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I woke up how I always woke up, in a sea of mess. It's how I preferred it but not that day. But not today.

The only thing in place, sits up.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Today, I woke up with a smile on my face. And the first thing I needed to do, was to make everything right.

PATRICK (20) has a small round head. A smile BEAMS from his clean shaven face.

CUT TO:

LATER

Patrick picks up random items and returns them to their rightful places.

He can't stop smiling as he picks up a book 'The Bell Jar'. The smile turns into a smirk as he shoves it under his desk.

PATRICK (V.O.)
For the first time in a while sis,
I feel clean.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER -- MORNING

Steam bubbles from Patrick's back as the water THUNDERS against him.

He tilts his head back and EXHALES like something is being released from his body.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I've become a new man. A happy man.
Ironically on the day I've decided
that I don't wanna be a man
anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Patrick sits behind his desk. His room now in pristine condition.

He leans back in the chair, classical music whispering gently in the background.

PATRICK
(into phone)
You haven't said anything in a
while. What's wrong?

ZOE(V.O.)
Are you seriously asking me that?

PATRICK
Talk to me Zoe.

ZOE (V.O.)
What do you want me to say Patrick?
That you're crazy.

PATRICK
If that's how you feel.

ZOE (V.O.)
Why do you sound so accepting?

PATRICK
So happy?

ZOE (V.O.)
Just yesterday, you were on the phone crying to me. Telling me you were coming home.

PATRICK
I need you to understand--

ZOE (V.O.)
--No! I need you to understand that you can't put us through this again.

PATRICK
Mum and Dad don't give a shit.

ZOE (V.O.)
Keep thinking that if that makes you feel better. But what about me?

PATRICK
What about me!

Patrick leans forward on his chair. His forehead has tensed. His fingers wobble on the phone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What about how I feel? What about what I'm going through? Why can't you just be happy for me. I'm not the selfish one here, you lot are.

Patrick hears weeping down the line. Calms and takes a deep breath.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You know, today I searched 'Today I'm going to kill myself' on Google. I'm not sure what I was trying to find.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I eventually clicked on some story. I think it was the Guardian. About some girl. She--

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She was having an asthma attack.
Life was literally being sucked
away from here and in her panic she
said the words: Today I'm going to
die.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The ambulance which was called for
her ended up at the wrong address,
so she was doomed. But she didn't
know that.

His smile slowly disintegrates into a pitiful frown.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Something else told her it was the
end. And unfortunately for her, she
didn't have the opportunity to say
goodbye to those who she loved.

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She left this world in the worst
way possible. On her back. In a
panic. And scared. The exact way
I've been feeling for I don't know
how long.

ZOE (V.O.)

Patrick--

PATRICK

I will look death in the eye, on my
feet. With calmness and courage.

ZOE (V.O.)

I'm calling Mum and Dad.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

They're on another continent.

ZOE (V.O.)

You need to go to a hospital.

PATRICK

But I'm perfectly healthy.

ZOE (V.O.)
I'll call the police.

PATRICK
I love you Zoe and appreciate all
you've done. Goodbye.

Patrick ends the call and smiles.

CUT TO:

LATER

Patrick CRACKS open a bottle of beer and takes sip.

In front of him a bush of weed mixed in with tobacco huddle
on the table.

He slaps the beer down and picks up a small RIZLA.

There's a knock on the door, he ignores it.

He picks up a handful from the bush and allocates it along
the paper.

BANG BANG

The rizla drops from his hand and the contents fall
everywhere.

OFFICER
It's the police.

Patrick eyes POP up. He quickly GATHERS up all his can find
of the contents and disburses it all in a sock.

BANG BANG

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Patrick. I know you're in there.

The door handle moves and force is given but the door is
locked.

Patrick SHOVES the sock underneath a pile of clothes in his
cupboard.

PATRICK
I'm coming.

Patrick opens the door with a smile.

The Police OFFICER doesn't look too impressed.

OFFICER
Patrick.

PATRICK
Yes, that's me.

OFFICER
Is everything okay?

PATRICK
Please come in.

The Officer steps in. Patrick moves behind him and shuts the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Everything is fine.

OFFICER
We got a call from your sister Zoe,
in London.

PATRICK
What? Why?

OFFICER
You don't know?

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK
I have no clue.

OFFICER
She informed us that you told her
you were going to commit suicide.

Patrick looks shocked. Mouth agape.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Have you spoken to her today?

Patrick pauses.

The Officer squints his eyes at him.

PATRICK
Oh!

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
There's been a misunderstanding.

OFFICER

Have you tried to commit suicide in the past?

PATRICK

Yes I have, but this whole thing has been blown right out of proportion.

OFFICER

Explain.

PATRICK

My sister and I are close. She's always been the person I've turned to. We are like this:

Patrick CROSSES his fingers.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We can say and do anything to each other. But recently we've grown apart. The dialogue has kinda stopped. This morning I told her how I felt and we got into a big argument.

Patrick stops. Gathers himself.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Things were said in the heat of the moment. She told me I was selfish and didn't care about her.

Patrick sits down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She said having to look out for me has stopped her from living a normal life. She said she felt like she was drowning and couldn't swim.

Patrick sighs, slouching forward.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So I said, let me just die then. It will make things easier for you. Let me just kill myself so I don't have to be a burden.

Patrick points to a broken and battered phone on his desk.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I hung up and smashed my phone.

The Officer eyes the phone. Then looks back at Patrick with sympathy.

OFFICER
You need to call you sister. She is worried about you.

PATRICK
I promise you, I will.

OFFICER
So everything is okay?

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK
I'm in the best mood I've been in for years. I feel free now. I'm no longer a burden to her.

The Officer can't help but smile.

OFFICER
I have to ask this. So you're not planning to kill yourself?

Patrick leaps up from his bed - BEAMING and GLOWING.

PATRICK
What do you think?

EXT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION, HALLWAY -- DAY

Patrick shuts the FRONT DOOR, as the Officer leaves.

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The RIZLA rolled up. Patrick licks the tip and takes out a LIGHTER.

Seated at his desk, Patrick lights the rizla.

A moment passes as the drug passes through his system and then he releases. Smoke consumes the air.

He reaches into a cupboard. A little groping before he finally pulls out a small bottle.

Patrick leaves the spliff in his mouth and opens the bottle.

Out comes a few thick white tablets.

Patrick's face glows. He takes a moment to pick up a single tablet. He brings it close to his face. He studies the craft and the shape.

A shake of a head before he puts it down.

Then suddenly he ERUPTS with laughter.

Uncontrollable.

His mouth widens as he hits the table. The laugh is as happy as it is violent.

Patrick wipes his nose and takes a few seconds to breath in as he laughter grows louder and more wild.

KNOCK KNOCK

Silence. Patrick's mouth closes. His eyes move towards the door.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

PATRICK
Who's that?

REGINALD
It's Reginald.

Patrick puts the spliff down and stands up.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Are you busy?

PATRICK
Give me a sec.

Patrick opens the door.

REGINALD (21, tall with broad imposing shoulders) raises his eyebrows.

REGINALD
Hey, man.

PATRICK
Hey.

REGINALD
What's funny?

PATRICK
What?

REGINALD
I heard you laughing in there.

PATRICK
Some joke.

REGINALD
Must have been a hilarious joke.

Patrick stares past Reginald's shoulder and chuckles.

PATRICK
You probably know it. My sister Zoe
told me it. It goes like this. Why
did Hitler commit suicide?

Reginald shrugs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
He got a huge gas bill.

Patrick bursts out laughing. Reginald chuckles a bit.

REGINALD
I get it.

Patrick continues to laugh. Reginald looks uncomfortable.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
I opened up for a policeman
earlier. He wanted to--

PATRICK
It's all sorted.

REGINALD
Did you rob a bank?

Reginald smiles but Patrick reacts by rubbing his chin.

PATRICK
That sounds like a good idea.

REGINALD
Seriously though. What's up?

PATRICK
Mistaken identity.

REGINALD
Who did they mistake you for?

PATRICK
Supposedly some guy threatened to
commit suicide.

REGINALD
Suicide?

PATRICK
Yeah.

REGINALD
That's messed up.

Patrick smiles.

BEHIND THEM

The FRONT DOOR opens.

VIRTUE (21, slim, in shape and growing a bald patch) walks
through in gym clothing.

He stops by Patrick's room.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Coming back from gym?

VIRTUE
Yeah man.

Virtue nods at Patrick.

VIRTUE (CONT'D)
I haven't seen you in ages man,
where have you been?

PATRICK
My mind's been all over the place.

VIRTUE
Uni can do that to you.

PATRICK
Today I'm feeling good though.

Patrick raises his thumb.

VIRTUE
(to Reginald)
Have you told him about today?

Patrick looks at Reginald.

REGINALD

Oh yeah. My girl is coming up to visit. She's bringing a friend. And I'm cooking for them.

PATRICK

I didn't know you had a girl.

REGINALD

We need to talk more man. But yeah, you should pass through. Grab some food. They'll be plenty.

PATRICK

I don't know.

Patrick scratches his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Today is a manic day for me. Time is precious.

VIRTUE

Come on man. Don't be anti-social.

PATRICK

All right, I'll be there.

REGINALD

Nice. They'll be about in a couple hours. You guys want to follow me to the shop quickly. I'm meeting Christian.

Virtue SIGHS and looks away.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

More competition for who gets the friend.

Reginald laughs.

VIRTUE

Let me put my bag in my room.

REGINALD

You coming Patrick?

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK

I'm having too much of a good time here.

REGINALD
I know. I can smell the weed.

PATRICK
You know how it is.

REGINALD
Man, you're like a new person
today. It's good to see you like
this.

PATRICK
Thank man.

REGINALD
I'll see you later.

PATRICK
Later mate.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Patrick lies back on his bed. Spliff his mouth. Lighter on
the end.

Calm music plays in the background.

Patrick blows the smoke into the air above. His eyes roll.

He's drifting.

BANG BANG

He's back. Off the bed and onto his feet. Now at the door, in
a daze and confused state.

PATRICK
Who is that?

ZOE
It's me.

PATRICK
Zoe?

Patrick opens the door.

ZOE (26, short with hair tied back) stands with her hands on
her hips.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
It can't be.

ZOE
Aren't you gonna let me in?

Patrick moves out of the way and Zoe walks through.

He shuts the door, as Zoe picks up the spliff on his bed.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Really? Since when?

PATRICK
I'm not your cuddly little brother
anymore.

ZOE
You definitely are not.

Zoe drops the spliff onto the floor.

PATRICK
How the fuck did you get here?

ZOE
Wash your mouth out boy.

Patrick turns away from Zoe.

PATRICK
Don't talk to me like that.

ZOE
Look at me Patrick.

He refuses.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You know why I'm here.

PATRICK
You can't change my mind.

ZOE
Listen to me.

PATRICK
I'm dying today and there's nothing
you can do to stop me.

ZOE
Just listen.

Tears start to fill Zoe's eyes. Patrick finally looks at her.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Just listen for once in your life
Patrick. Fucking open up those
ears.

Zoe stares deeply into Patrick's eyes.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Everybody will think you were a
coward.

Patrick shakes his head.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You just gave up and threw in the
towel.

PATRICK
No.

ZOE
You're friends will think you were
crazy. That you lost your fucking
mind.

PATRICK
I'm not crazy. I know exactly what
I'm doing Zoe.

ZOE
You know what, I don't care
anymore. Do what you like. You've
obviously lost it.

PATRICK
Fuck off then.

Zoe marches past Patrick to the door. She opens it, then
turns back.

ZOE
I dedicated years of my life
looking after you. Trying to make
you better.

Zoe sighs...

ZOE (CONT'D)
I wish you decided to end it
earlier. It would have stopped me
from wasting all that time.

Zoe SLAMS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

Patrick's eyes OPENING.

He sits up. Sweating falling down his face.

He CLUTCHES his chest, trying to get control of his breathing.

PATRICK

Argh...

Patrick JUMPS off the bed and TOSSES the quilt cover onto the floor.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fucking last time I'm ever having a dream.

Patrick KICKS his desk.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck you Zoe.

He picks up a glass on the table and THROWS it against the wall. It SPLATTERS. Leaving pieces of glass everywhere.

Patrick eventually regains control of his breathing. Under his desk is a crate of beer.

He bends down and takes one out. Raising it in the air...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

To life.

He rips it open and starts downing the drink.

CUT TO:

INT. TOILET -- DAY

Patrick flushes, zips up and washes his hands.

INT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION, HALLWAY -- DAY

Leaving the toilet...

The FRONT DOOR opens. Reginald and Virtue enter with heaps of food shopping in both hands.

They're followed in by CHRISTIAN (21, good looking and well groomed) who carries NOTHING.

CHRISTIAN
Back from the dead!

Christian and Patrick touch hands.

PATRICK
Hey.

CHRISTIAN
It feels like I haven't seen you in years.

Reginald and Virtue have already enters the kitchen.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Come.

PATRICK
I'll be back later.

CHRISTIAN
Quickly man. We need to discuss something quick.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN -- DAY

Christian FALLS back onto a sofa.

On the opposite side of the room Reginald and Virtue put the shopping away in the fridge and cupboards.

Patrick stands by the door. His happiness has waned. Instead, he face shows a man full of dread.

CHRISTIAN
We need to come to a decision lads.
Who gets the girl?

Reginald laughs.

REGINALD
Last man standing.

VIRTUE
It's not that deep.

CHRISTIAN
Obviously I don't live here.

Reginald places a pack of CHICKEN on the cooker.

REGINALD
Are we losing a man already?

CHRISTIAN
Not even bruv. I don't live here.
Should be down to these two.

Virtue stops placing eggs into the fridge.

VIRTUE
Like I said it's no big deal for
me.

REGINALD
You guys have been complaining all
year about there being no girls.
Now you're chickening out.

Reginald looks over at Patrick.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
I know you must be in the mood for
it.

CHRISTIAN
Why's that?

REGINALD
He's been living it up in his room.

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK
To be honest guys, I'm not feeling
too well. Don't know if I can make
it for this thing.

REGINALD
What's up?

PATRICK
I went to sleep and when I woke up
my insides just felt messed up.

REGINALD
That's a damn shame.

CHRISTIAN
That just leaves you Virtue. Do
your thing.

VIRTUE
I've already said I'm not feeling
it.

REGINALD
I'm just asking you guys to
entertain a girl. Is that too much?

CHRISTIAN
You want us to fight over her.
Which is silly because I'd easily
get her.

Virtue's eyebrows squeeze together.

REGINALD
Ooooh... Shot's fired.

Reginald laughs.

PATRICK
I think I'm going to go lay down.

VIRTUE
(to Christian)
You think you're heavy don't you?

Christian giggles.

CHRISTIAN
I'm joking I'm leaving her to you.

VIRTUE
Fuck off.

Patrick disappears out of the room, seemingly unnoticed.

CHRISTIAN
Hey Reginald, be honest, who gets
more girls?

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Patrick sits on his bed. Leaning forward.

In his hand is a picture: Patrick and Zoe cuddle each other
in front of the London Eye.

A tear drops down his face.

PATRICK
I know you think I'm crazy, but I'm
not. And I think that's what scared
you.

Patrick grips the photo tighter.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
The fact that I am sane. My mind is
as clear as it has ever been.

Patrick raises his voice. His heart THROTTLES with intensity.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I won't let you ruin this day for
me.

Patrick stands up.

PUNCHES the wall

CUT TO:

Patrick searches under his bed. Finally he grasps a bottle.
He smiles.

Pulling it out, we see it's a old bottle of whiskey.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Benjamin.

Patrick opens the top and drinks it RAW.

He coughs out and BEATS his chest as the alcohol burns
through his system.

Patrick glance back at the table.

The PILLS lie in the same place. Patrick holds his stare for
a while then--

A door SHUTS outside of his room. LOUD LAUGHTER. A female
voice.

They're here.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Reginald turns over chicken inside the oven. Steaming hot air
blowing in his face.

Virtue pours cereal into a bowl by the kitchen table.

Door opens and Patrick enters with a water bottle filled with
scotch.

CHRISTIAN
He's back.

Virtue turns around, spinning his cereal with a spoon.

VIRTUE
I thought you were sick?

Patrick waves his bottle.

CHRISTIAN
Sipping on some juice yeah.

Reginald takes his head out of the oven and closes it.
Turning the heat down.

REGINALD
(to Patrick)
Grab a seat. The girls are getting
settled in the room.

Patrick stumbles a bit as he reaches a seat at a small DINING
TABLE - separating the kitchen and living room.

CHRISTIAN
Oh shit. You're fucked!

They all laugh.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I've like never seen him like this
before.

PATRICK
YOLO.

REGINALD
We were thinking of going out to
this rave tonight.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah, you should roll through.

Patrick shakes his head.

REGINALD
Why not?

PATRICK
Not gonna be here.

CHRISTIAN
Can I have some.

Patrick TOSSES Christian the bottle.

PATRICK
Have all of it.

CHRISTIAN
You sure?

Patrick throws his thumb in the air.

Christian drinks from the bottle. Coughs immediately, with his face turning sideways.

PATRICK
You like it?

Reginald and Virtue laugh at him as he claws at his throat.

CHRISTIAN
It's not mixed man.

Virtue walks past the dining table and sits on the sofa next to Christian.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
You trying to kill me?

Reginald notices Virtue shoving a spoonful of coco pops in his mouth.

PATRICK
No.

Reginald opens a cupboard. Takes out a couple plates.

REGINALD
Doesn't this remind you of old times. We all need to go out.

Christian takes out a lighter and starts fiddling with it.

CHRISTIAN
Let's all just get licked.

VIRTUE
What about the girls?

CHRISTIAN
They can get licked too. YOLO, init Patrick.

Patrick grins, then rubs his naked chin.

PATRICK
I wish I could. I really do but...

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I won't be alive.

Patrick calmly leans back in his chair as the others try to understand what he just said.

REGINALD
You won't be alive?

Patrick nods nonchalantly.

CHRISTIAN
No more juice for you.

Christian chuckles.

PATRICK
I hope the food is good. This will
be my final meal.

Virtue makes his way back to the kitchen area with his empty bowl.

CHRISTIAN
Are you moving back to London?

PATRICK
I thought of going back but I'd
much rather die here. This is where
I've been my happiest.

VIRTUE
You shouldn't joke about that.

Virtue tosses his bowl into the sink, then turns back to Patrick.

PATRICK
Joke about what?

VIRTUE
Death. Don't joke about that shit.

Reginald walks around and stops by the window. He has a sly smile on his face.

REGINALD
Don't fall for it Virtue.

CHRISTIAN
This is guy is licked bruv.

PATRICK
I haven't been more serious about
anything in my life.

Reginald crosses his arms. Virtue looks uncomfortable.

REGINALD
So how are you going to die?

PATRICK
I'll be taking responsibility of
that.

REGINALD
Suicide?

PATRICK
You could call it that.

Reginald raises his eyebrows. Looks at Christian, who just shrugs his shoulders.

Virtue looks annoyed.

REGINALD
I wonder how long you'll keep this
up for.

Patrick looks at his watch, then stares back at Reginald.

PATRICK
Not long.

DOORS OPEN.

DEBRA (21, tall and slim) and SHAY (21, short and cute)
enter.

DEBRA
Sorry we took so long.

SHAY
Your room is massive.

Debra looks over at Reginald.

DEBRA
That reminds me Reginald. We need
to speak about sleeping
arrangements.

REGINALD
We'll sort that out later. Have a
seat.

Debra and Shay sits down opposite Christian and Virtue.

DEBRA
Nice kitchen.

Just then, Debra notice Patrick sitting at the small dining table.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Hello there.

Patrick does a small wave.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Reggie, you haven't introduced us.

PATRICK
That's Patrick.

DEBRA
Why are you all the way over there?
Come closer.

Patrick moves his chair from the dining table closer to them.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
I'm Debra. That's Shay.

Shay's smile lights up the room.

PATRICK
Which one of you is Reginald's girl
and which one is the rest of us
fighting for.

Christian laughs. Virtue looks uncomfortable. Reginald is not too impressed. Debra and Shay are smiling though.

SHAY
This one is a cheeky one.

DEBRA
Reggie, haven't you told him about
me?

Reggie shrugs and turns back to the oven to check on the food.

SHAY
Where's the TV?

DEBRA
They don't have one.

SHAY
So like, what are we're going to?

Virtue shrugs.

CHRISTIAN
Drink.

Christian waves the bottle.

SHAY
What's in that?

CHRISTIAN
Scotch.

Shay frowns.

SHAY
Eww, no please.

PATRICK
Let's a play a game.

A brief pause...

SHAY
Yes, let's play a game. That would
be so fun.

Debra stands up and walks over to the

KITCHEN AREA

Where she hugs Reginald from the back.

DEBRA
Need any help.

REGINALD
All good here.

DEBRA
Smells like you're burning
something.

REGINALD
No I think that's just you.

Debra giggles as Reginald kisses her.

DEBRA
You didn't deserve that.

Patrick watches from the

LIVING AREA

Curious and judicious.

SHAY
(to Patrick)
What game should we play?

Patrick turns around and looks Christian and Virtue.

PATRICK
What do you guys think?

VIRTUE
I don't know.

CHRISTIAN
I've got plenty of drinking games.

SHAY
Are you like some alcoholic?

CHRISTIAN
You say that like it's a bad thing.

Debra and Reginald arrive back at the sofa. Shay moves across so they can sit beside her.

REGINALD
What's happening?

SHAY
Patrick said we should play a game.

Reginald shakes his head.

REGINALD
Are we five years old? Forget that.
Let's have a discussion.

DEBRA
You mean a debate.

CHRISTIAN
No debates. I came here to chill.

REGINALD
Why not?

VIRTUE
People will just start getting
angry and it will kill the vibes.

Patrick smiles overshadows the discontent.

PATRICK

Let's continue the discussion we were having before the girls came in by playing game.

Debra looks at Reginald.

DEBRA

What were you talking about?

Reginald shrugs.

CHRISTIAN

I swear we were chatting about going out tonight.

PATRICK

Close, but not quite.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, you said you were going to kill yourself.

Patrick nods excitedly.

DEBRA

What?

SHAY

Kill himself?

REGINALD

He's had a lot to drink.

Patrick claps.

PATRICK

The complimentary condescension from Reginald.

REGINALD

What's your problem?

BING BING

An alarm repeats from the kitchen.

PATRICK

(smiling)

Food's ready. Thank God, I'm starving.

Patrick stands up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'll help you serve.

Patrick makes his way to the kitchen.

Debra taps Reginald's arm.

DEBRA
What's up with him?.

REGINALD
I don't know.

Reginald gets up and moves over to the

KITCHEN

Where Patrick organizes the plates.

Reginald skips past him and opens up the oven. Pulling out the tray, he turns to Patrick.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Can you drop the dying thing?

Patrick picks up a plate.

PATRICK
After my game.

Reginald uses a fork to place to juicy, slightly burnt, chicken pieces on Patrick's plate.

LIVING AREA

The rest wait for their food.

DEBRA
What's wrong with Patrick?

Christian shrugs his shoulder.

VIRTUE
I don't know.

DEBRA
Don't you talk to him?

VIRTUE
To be honest, this is the first time we've seen him in months. He's always in his room.

Debra stares with concern at Patrick, getting his food in the
KITCHEN AREA

Where Reginald hands him a big spoon.

REGINALD
(whispering)
I don't know what game you're
trying to play but you need to stop
Patrick.

Patrick scoops rice from a pan and pours it onto a plate.

PATRICK
With all due respect Reginald,
don't fucking tell me what to do.

Patrick picks up two full plates and moves towards the living
area. Reginald stares, in shock as Patrick hands one of the
plates to Debra.

CUT TO:

LATER

Everyone eats their food. Only Virtue joins Patrick on the
dining room table. The others sit by the sofas.

CHRISTIAN
--so I'm driving the car. We've
just got off the motorway and the
breaks just go.

SHAY
Are you being serious?

CHRISTIAN
Literally, gone man. I'm pressing
down like a bloody mad man.

Shay laughs.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Reginald is next to me screaming.

DEBRA
I can definitely imagine that.

Reginald shakes his head as Debra pinches his shoulder.

CHRISTIAN
 He's like 'Christian, you're gonna
 kill us'.

Virtue chuckles a bit.

Patrick munches away at his food, oblivious to anything
 around him.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 Virtue is in the back with his
 hands together--

Christian puts down his fork and pushes his hands together.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 --praying for his life. Reginald is
 still shouting 'Press the breaks,
 press the breaks'. And Patrick is
 just there next to Virtue, calm as
 a cucumber.

Reginald smiles, as laughter consumes the room.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
 So I try to put the car in first
 gear.

SHAY
 Why?

CHRISTIAN
 To slow down it down.

SHAY
 I knew that.

Christian gives her a 'no you didn't' look. Shay sneers back.

VIRTUE
 Oh snap. I remember that. Jesus was
 with us that day.

CHRISTIAN
 One minute the gear stick is in 3rd
 gear, the next it's on my lap.

More laughter.

SHAY
 I don't get it.

CHRISTIAN
 I don't even know how it happen.

REGINALD
Basically--

Reginald puts his now empty plate onto the floor.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
His cheap second hand car was a
killing machine.

SHAY
We're laughing but you guys could
be dead.

REGINALD
Because of him.

CHRISTIAN
You should be thanking me. I saved
everybody's life.

The laughter starts to die.

Debra eyes Patrick with worry.

DEBRA
You all right there, Patrick?

PATRICK
I'm stuffed.

DEBRA
I mean, is every okay?

Patrick wipes his mouth with some tissue. Then looks up at
her.

PATRICK
Yeah, I'm just thinking.

DEBRA
Of what?

PATRICK
Food.

Patrick looks at his empty place.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
How much rely on it. The lengths we
will go to have it to survive.
Whether I'll miss it or not.

DEBRA
Miss it?

Patrick takes a sip from a beer.

PATRICK

Let's go back to the game we were going to play. It's quite simple. You guys have to guess why I'm killing myself.

Reginald looks at Debra. Shakes his head slightly.

REGINALD

Don't feed into it.

DEBRA

Is this just a game?

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK

What do you think it is?

DEBRA

A cry for attention.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

It's too hard for any of you to believe that I'm going to kill yourself.

REGINALD

You're not going to kill anybody.

CHRISTIAN

Come on Patrick man. Chill. Have a drink.

PATRICK

I'm chill and I've had a drink.

VIRTUE

This banter is too much for me. I'm going to my room.

Virtue stands up and takes his plate to the sink. Shay leans back on the sofa a little annoyed.

PATRICK

Virtue.

Virtue turns back.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Look at me.

Virtue sees the intensity in Patrick's eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
This is not banter.

Patrick turns back to everyone else.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Back to my game.

Debra notices the bags under Patrick's eyes.

DEBRA
When was the last time you had a
good night's sleep?

PATRICK
Last night. And you want to know
why?

DEBRA
Yeah.

PATRICK
Because it was in the middle of the
night that I realized that I was
finally ready to do what I've
wanted to do in a long time.

DEBRA
How long have you been depressed?

PATRICK
I'm not depressed. Not anymore.

DEBRA
But you were.

PATRICK
How can you tell?

DEBRA
Because I've been depressed.

Patrick accepts.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Maybe you still are. That's why
you're acting in this way.

PATRICK
In what way? Crazy?

REGINALD
She didn't say that.

PATRICK
You're wrong! I'm not crazy. I'm
sane and I know what I'm doing.

Patrick smiles. Which Reginald interprets very sourly.

REGINALD
Enough man.

Reginald sighs.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
I've invited my girlfriend and her
friend here to have a good time.
But you've tried to sabotage that
game about you're going to kill
yourself.

PATRICK
I'm not trying to sabotage
anything.

REGINALD
Then what are you trying to do?

Patrick pauses. Ponders for a moment, as Reginald waits
desperately.

PATRICK
To be honest I was going to spend
my last hours in my room, getting
high and drunk and listening to
music. But there's something in me
which wanted you guys to know.

Reginald sighs. Falls back into the sofa.

SHAY
Patrick.

Patrick turns to Shay.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Since I've seen you, you've only
had a smile on your face.

PATRICK

Exactly. Today I know, finally,
that it will all be over. And I
guess I'm here because I wanted to
prove to myself that I'm not crazy.

DEBRA

I don't get it.

PATRICK

I know that this decision is the
right decision. The moral decision.
The rational decision. And I need
you guys to understand that.

Silence. Everyone without an idea of what to do. But Reginald
shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You still don't believe me, do you
Reginald?

Reginald stares through the answer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Reginald looks up at Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

All you do is think about yourself?
I bet you're thinking right now
about you're lost evening.

REGINALD

You need serious help.

PATRICK

How did your girlfriend get through
her depression with such an
inconsiderate boyfriend.

Reginald LEAPS OFF the sofa. GRABS Patrick by his neck and
PUSHES him into a wall.

REGINALD

You don't know nothing about it.

Christian and Virtue RUSH over. Trying to RESTRAIN Reginald.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

You don't know what we went
through.

DEBRA
Get off him, Reginald.

REGINALD
Keep your mouth shut.

CHRISTIAN
Calm down, big man.

VIRTUE
Relax Reggie.

They finally manage to pull him off.

Reginald marches out of the room, CHASED by Debra.

Christian follows too.

EXT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION -- EVENING

Cold, brisk evening.

Under a headlight, Reginald moves in from a door. Closely followed by Debra.

Reginald stops. Panting and shaking.

REGINALD
I want him out of there.

DEBRA
Calm down Reggie.

REGINALD
That fucking prick.

Debra touches Reginald's chest. He begins to calm.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
He's always been jealous of me.
I've always felt it. That's why he
stopped being friends with us.

DEBRA
Listen to me Reggie.

REGINALD
He stopped hanging out with us. We
tried Debra. I'm telling you we
tried.

DEBRA
Patrick has serious problems.

REGINALD
I know he has.

DEBRA
I mean, he has serious problems.

Christian appears from the door. Cigarette in his mouth.

CHRISTIAN
Everything okay?

INT. LIVING AREA/KITCHEN -- EVENING

Patrick opens up the fridge. Whisks out a bottle of beer.

SHAY
Do you think that is wise?

PATRICK
I'm thirsty?

Virtue stands by the sink. Struggling for words as Patrick walks by.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You look so worried Virtue. Chill out. I know you don't drink, but I beer will help.

Patrick walks over and sits at the sofa opposite to Shay.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You're name is--

SHAY
Shay.

PATRICK
That's right. Forgive me Shay.
Where are you from?

Shay looks uncomfortable as Patrick gazes into her eyes.

SHAY
I'm from London.

PATRICK
I gathered that.

SHAY
Battersea.

PATRICK
Battersea. South west. Not far from
me. I'm from south east. Guess
where?

Shay shrugs. Looks over to Virtue.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You can't ask him. That would be
cheating.

SHAY
Lewisham.

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK
Not to far from there.

SHAY
Greenwich.

PATRICK
Other direction.

Shay ponders for a moment.

SHAY
Peckham?

Patrick smiles and nods.

PATRICK
Yes. The famous Peckham. I bet
you've heard a lot of stories about
Peckham.

SHAY
Not really.

PATRICK
Come on. You must have.

SHAY
I've never been.

PATRICK
But you've heard of the reputation.

Shay just about nods agreeing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 You know. When I first met these
 guys, they used to make jokes about
 me being in PYG.

SHAY
 What's PYG?

PATRICK
 Tell her, Virtue.

Virtue sips from a glass of water.

VIRTUE
 It's a gang. Peckham young gunners.

PATRICK
 Do I look like a gang member, Shay?

Shay shakes her head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 I was never ever troubled in
 Peckham actually. I was robbed
 once, but that was in Wimbledon.
 South west.

Patrick smiles at Shay and waves his bottle.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Want a drink?

SHAY
 I'm good.

PATRICK
 So I was walking home from
 somewhere. I think I was fourteen.
 It was definitely broad daylight
 because I remember it was sunny.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 These two boys stopped me. I can't
 remember their faces. I just
 remember them being big. But they
 still used a knife.

Patrick places the tip of his bottle on his neck.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 They held it up to my neck. I
 started sweating.

Patrick takes another sip from the bottle.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The guys were shouting things at me, but I was so scared I couldn't answer. I couldn't do anything. So they pressed the knife into my neck. I could feel it about to penetrate.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's so funny looking back at it now. I think I pissed myself.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I thought it was all gonna end there. The first thing that popped in my head was I was going to die a virgin.

Patrick laughs again.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Not going to die a virgin now. I've had sex. It was shit and the girl was ugly but I'm not a virgin.

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Was never in a relationship but girls were never really for me. Anyway, I thought I'd share that with you.

He downs the rest of the bottle and SPRINGS to his feet.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Thought I'd let you know I've faced death before.

He walks over to the fridge. Opens it and retrieves another beer.

Virtue glances at Shay.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

This time I face it, happy!

Patrick opens the beer and drinks.

EXT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION -- EVENING

Debra holds Reginald's arm, staring into his eyes.

DEBRA
He's in a really bad way.

REGINALD
But he won't kill himself.

Debra pauses.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
He won't.

DEBRA
We need to talk to him.

CHRISTIAN
She's right.

Christian blows smoke from his cigarette behind them.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
This isn't the Patrick I know.

REGINALD
I think you guys should go and try.

DEBRA
You need to be there.

Reginald shakes his head.

CHRISTIAN
You two were always the closest.

REGINALD
Not really.

CHRISTIAN
You met him first. Remember.

REGINALD
Yeah. But he hates me now. I'll
only make it worse.

DEBRA
No. I think you're the only one who
can make it better.

A look of acceptance in Reginald's eyes and Christian drops his cigarette and steps on it.

INT. LIVING AREA/KITCHEN -- EVENING

Door opens and Patrick enters carrying TWO SPEAKERS and a SUBWOOFER.

PATRICK
Help me out.

Virtue moves over and catches the subwoofer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Be careful with that. Cost me
seventy pound.

Virtue sets it on the kitchen table.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You know what, you can have it if
you want.

Patrick starts putting in the cables and setting it up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
We were definitely missing some
music.

Patrick reaches into his pocket. But pulls out nothing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to Virtue)
Does your phone have internet?

VIRTUE
Why?

PATRICK
I broke my phone.

Patrick nods to the speaker.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I wanted to connect it to the
speakers. Play some music.

Virtue ponders for a moment.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I would bring my laptop, but that
would be heavy to carry. Come on--

With a big smile:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 You can't say no to a dying man,
 can you?

Virtue hands over his phone, then goes and sits down at the sofa opposite Shay.

VIRTUE
 (whispers)
 Are you okay?

A look of dreariness has struck Shay.

SHAY
 (to Virtue)
 Where are the others?

PATRICK (O.S.)
 What are we listening to?

Back in the

KITCHEN AREA

Patrick taps into a phone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 This is pressure. Playing your last
 few songs. What do you pick?

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Well I have to dance one last time.

Music starts playing. Patrick's body starts moving.

His sways, jumps and kicks to a funky beat. Waving his hands in the air in intervals.

DOOR OPENS

In steps Christian, then Debra...

And finally Reginald.

Patrick reduces his dance to just a nodding head as he sees them.

Debra sits down next to Shay. Christian takes the seat next to Virtue.

They watch Reginald walk past Patrick, who now sways again to the music.

Reginald goes to the freezer. Take out some ice cream. Places it on the table.

Patrick presses a button on Virtue's phone and the music stops.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You guys were gone a while.

Patrick turns to the sofa.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I thought because I won't make the rave tonight, I might as well have a little party here.

Meanwhile, Reginald prepares ice cream, Belgian waffles with honey for everyone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I want to say sorry to you Debra. I didn't mean to cause offense.

Debra waves her hand.

DEBRA
Don't worry about it.

CHRISTIAN
You're playing music from your phone?

PATRICK
Virtue's. Mine is smashed up in my room.

Reginald walks over to Patrick and hands him a bowl.

REGINALD
Here you go.

Reginald walks back and gathers a few bowls.

PATRICK
Look, about what I said.

Reginald walks over to the sofa and gives Debra and Virtue and bowl.

REGINALD
Don't worry about it. Enjoy your desert.

PATRICK

Thank you.

Patrick sits down at the dining table.

Reginald hands Shay and Christian a bowl before sitting at the dining table with his.

Christian sits on one end, Reginald on the other.

Reginald watches Patrick stuff his face with ice cream, appreciating every spoonful.

REGINALD

So when did you make the decision
Patrick?

Patrick looks up at Reginald. The others watch.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

You know. To kill yourself.

Patrick finishes the ice cream.

PATRICK

You believe me now.

Patrick looks at everyone else.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

All of you?

REGINALD

Does it matter?

Pause...

PATRICK

Like I said, I made the decision in the middle of the night. And then I was finally able to sleep.

REGINALD

So yesterday, you weren't feeling this way?

PATRICK

I wasn't going to kill myself, no. But I still felt like I was dying.

DEBRA

Depressed?

PATRICK

(to Debra)

Depressed does describe it. You know that feeling. That constant dread. That feeling that you're always drowning.

DEBRA

Yes, I know it.

VIRTUE

What I don't get, is why are you so happy now?

DEBRA

Because it's going to end.

SHAY

It's not going to end. You're not going to kill yourself Patrick, are you?

REGINALD

Patrick.

Patrick looks at Reginald.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

We're concerned about you.

PATRICK

I need a beer.

REGINALD

You hate beer.

PATRICK

Maybe my only regret is discovering the glory of beer, so late.

Patrick gets up, moves over to the fridge.

REGINALD

Get me one too.

CHRISTIAN

And me.

Patrick turns around.

PATRICK

Anyone else?

Shay nods.

DEBRA

Go on then.

Patrick looks at Virtue.

VIRTUE

Okay.

Patrick smiles and gathers all the beer.

CUT TO:

Patrick drinking the beer. He and Reginald have moved their chair closer to the sofas.

PATRICK

Imagine if there's this guy. He has an accident and gets burns all over his body. Even though he knows it will get better, he wants to end it because he doesn't want to go through the pain.

REGINALD

That's just silly. The pain is worth his damn life.

The other nods.

PATRICK

Imagine instead of getting these burns from an accident, he gets them randomly. And every time they come, it's the worst pain. He'll probably get better, but no one can guarantee him it won't come back.

Reginald shakes his head a little.

REGINALD

Can you really compare the two?

PATRICK

You haven't felt depression before.

REGINALD

I've felt low in my life. I wouldn't compare it to what you've been through, how it feels to be in a depressive state. All of us have.

Reginald looks around the room, looking for help.

Virtue shrugs.

SHAY

I've been really sad. Especially
when my grandmother died.

Reginald looks at Christian.

CHRISTIAN

I don't think so.

Reginald screws him.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I mean I don't know.

PATRICK

Just answer the question. If you
have no control on whether this
burning pain will come back, why
not just end it. Why put yourself
through it? Huh?

Patrick stands up.

DEBRA

Calm down Patrick.

PATRICK

Even the days when you're happy and
the burning is not there, you're on
edge, praying it doesn't come back.
What kind of life is that?

Reginald is a little taken aback. He speaks calmly.

REGINALD

Patrick--

PATRICK

Don't belittle this Reginald. You
might study philosophy but you
don't have a clue what this is.

REGINALD

I'm sorry.

PATRICK

I know what I'm doing. It's right.
It's rational. It's logic.

REGINALD

Okay. Please sit down.

Patrick slowly takes his seat.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

I did not mean to belittle it. I can't begin to understand what you're going through.

PATRICK

What I've been through.

Reginald nods.

REGINALD

All I ask is you consider another way at looking at things.

PATRICK

Okay.

REGINALD

You're not omniscient. You don't know the future. None of us do. You accept this?

PATRICK

Yes.

REGINALD

So all we can really do is look at are the possibilities and weigh them up against each other.

PATRICK

Yeah.

REGINALD

Life is rare and therefore it's special. Do you agree?

Patrick nods.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

And you accept these two proposition: the same way you may never be cured, you could be cured tomorrow?

PATRICK

Yeah, but one is a lot more likely.

REGINALD

Hold on a second. We both agree that people in your position have been cured? Or they've recovered?

PATRICK

No one has ever been in my position.

REGINALD

But in a similar one. Or maybe even worse. The point is, they've recovered.

PATRICK

Yeah. I guess.

REGINALD

So knowing that life is special and unique. You aren't omniscient, so you don't know, rather can't know the future. Also the fact that people like you have gotten better. And also the fact that the alternative to life is nothingness.

Pause...

REGINALD (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you therefore agree it's irrational to take your life? And further...

Pause...

REGINALD (CONT'D)

Even if there's a slight chance of getting better. That this is infinitely better than being dead. Than not existing.

Patrick sits back in his chair.

Reginald leans forward, trying to gage a answer.

PATRICK

I've thought about these things Reginald. Trust me, I appreciate the argument but we have to be realistic.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We have to be honest about what sort of world we live in.

REGINALD

What do you mean?

PATRICK

There was this guy named Jill.

Reginald and the others have a look of confusion.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just follow me for a minute. This guy named Jill believed in a lot of the stuff you believe in. That there are plenty of wonderful doctors, organizations, free medicine, people ready to help 24 hours a day.

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The truth that Jill found out after decades of being in the system is. We can't provide adequate psychiatric help for all that need it; can't give everyone health or financial aid; can't really make their unpleasant jobs more bearable; can't even give them any jobs sometimes; or relieve them of their pain and loneliness; can't give ugly the beauty in the world that judges people by their appearance.

SHAY

That's such a negative view of world.

PATRICK

It's the most truthful.

SHAY

I don't believe that. I believe that anything is possible, if you believe it is possible. I've seen people in the most terrible scenarios pull through just because of sheer will.

PATRICK

Some are lucky and some are not. It is that simple.

Shay shakes her head but Patrick nods.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

This idea that I should hold out for an existence that is inherently bad is laughable. Life might be special. It might be unique. It doesn't mean it's good.

REGINALD

You are a twenty one year old male. You've lived only a quarter of your life.

PATRICK

The difference to me dying now and dying when I'm eighty is I've not had to suffer for sixty years.

DEBRA

Death is final. There is no coming back from this. It's not like...

Pause...

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Quitting university for example. Yeah that's a big decision, but it's not a final decision. I had a older friend to quit uni in his first year because of how much he hated it. Five years later, he decided to go back.

PATRICK

I understand what you're saying. That's the thing, I think, that stopped me all these years from going through with it.

DEBRA

So what's changed?

PATRICK

Nothingness doesn't scare me anymore.

A silence engulfs the room.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I think it was seneca who said...

Patrick looks at Reginald.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

A wise person lives as long as they
ought to, not as long as he can.

Looks of defeat spread about the room.

Christian takes out a cigarette.

CHRISTIAN

I need a fag.

REGINALD

Just stay by the window. Keep it
open.

CHRISTIAN

Won't you guys get cold?

REGINALD

It's fine.

Christian heads over to the window.

PATRICK

Can I have one?

Christian looks back at Patrick.

CHRISTIAN

You smoke?

PATRICK

Better late than never.

Patrick stands.

Christian looks at the others.

CHRISTIAN

Okay.

Christian hands him a cigarette. Takes out a lighter.

Patrick puts the cigarette into his mouth. Stands close to
the open window.

Christian lights it. Patrick breathes in the smokes, then
releases is HARSHLY. COUGHING out and BEATING his chest.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

PATRICK

Yeah.

Virtue stands up.

VIRTUE
I think I'm gonna go.

PATRICK
Why man?

VIRTUE
I'm not feeling too good.

PATRICK
Have you got something you want to
say to me?

Virtue pauses.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
This is your last chance.

Patrick has another puff from the cigarette. This time it
goes smoothly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Soon I will be in nothingness.

VIRTUE
There won't be nothingness. There
will be hell.

A deep sigh. Some waving there hands in the air.

DEBRA
No Virtue.

SHAY
Don't say that.

VIRTUE
It's true.

REGINALD
No it isn't.

SHAY
I'm a Christian and I don't believe
that.

VIRTUE
Well I believe there are
consequences for your actions
Patrick.

CHRISTIAN
Virtue stop.

PATRICK
No. Let him speak.

REGINALD
It's not going to help talking
about something which isn't true.

VIRTUE
You're being condescending again
Reginald. Let me speak, you've guys
had your say.

Reginald remains silent.

VIRTUE (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you as a Christian
man. A man of God.

Patrick nods.

VIRTUE (CONT'D)
What you're saying makes me
worried.

PATRICK
I understand.

VIRTUE
Do you? You're soul is at risk
here.

PATRICK
Virtue, I've thought about God a
lot over the years. And used to
ask, why me? Why me?

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
When I got no answers, I then asked
myself. Why not me?

VIRTUE
I don't understand.

Patrick puts his cigarette into a a cup.

PATRICK
I'm not an atheist like Reginald.
Is there a God? I don't know.
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Maybe there is. I do have this feeling there is something out there.

VIRTUE

That's him calling you.

PATRICK

It's definitely something. But the difference between you and me is, I don't think this something cares if I take my own life.

VIRTUE

Suicide is a sin.

PATRICK

Christianity is built on suicide.

VIRTUE

You're mad. You've lost it.

SHAY

Guys.

VIRTUE

He's talking bullshit.

PATRICK

Jesus Christ committed suicide.

REGINALD

I'm not trying to be condescending. But I don't see how talking about this helps.

PATRICK

It's important though. Jesus showed that you could give up your own life and it could be noble.

VIRTUE

You can't compare yourself to Jesus.

PATRICK

I'm not. I'm just saying that killing yourself can be noble.

Virtue shakes his head, WAVING his hands.

VIRTUE

He didn't kill himself.

PATRICK

He effectively did. He knew he was always going to die. That was his purpose.

VIRTUE

Judas gave him up.

PATRICK

The ancient Japanese samurai would stick a sword into his side. It was called Seppuku and seen as noble and brave.

VIRTUE

You are not being noble and brave.

PATRICK

I think in a way I am.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I spent months Virtue, months reading the bible. Looking for hope.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Why would God make me suffer like this and then not allow me to end it. Eat the pie or I'll send you to hell. Well this is my body and I don't want the pie.

VIRTUE

It's not your body.

PATRICK

Yes it is.

VIRTUE

It's God's body. And he said thou shalt not kill. Killing yourself is going against God's will.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK

I think it was Hume who said it, and I think Reginald can back me up on this: you stop God's Will every time you save someone from death.

VIRTUE

What?

REGINALD

Basically, it's idea that let's say I'm about to be hit by a truck. Or a train even. That's more final. So I'm about to be hit by a truck. So you, Virtue, decide to push me out of the way a save my life.

Patrick nods agreeably.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

I was just about to die, but you saved my life. Hume argued that you effected God's will by stopping me from dying.

VIRTUE

You're agreeing with him?

Virtue looks disgusted. Reginald holds a hand up.

REGINALD

I'm just saying I understand that the idea of God's will doesn't make sense. Especially if you factor in free will.

VIRTUE

You don't believe, so it will never make sense to you.

PATRICK

Let's say we accept God's will. The fact that I'm going to take my own life today must be within it. It must be God's will?

Virtue stands stiffly. Arms folded.

VIRTUE

You still have free will.

PATRICK

Let's back away from a free will and God's will debate. We'll be up all night.

CHRISTIAN

You wouldn't want that.

Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK
No, obviously.

Shay turns to Christian.

SHAY
Is this some Joke to you?

CHRISTIAN
No.

SHAY
Then why are you making jokes? He
wants to kill himself.

CHRISTIAN
I didn't mean to joke.

SHAY
But you did.

CHRISTIAN
I'm sorry. It just came out.

DEBRA
Shay are you okay?

SHAY
No, I'm not.

PATRICK
I'm sorry Shay. I didn't mean to
make you unhappy.

Shay shakes her head. Tears almost in her eyes.

SHAY
Forget about me. Think about the
people who love you. The people who
know you.

PATRICK
I've thought about them Shay, trust
me. That's mostly what I've been
thinking about my whole life. How
am I effecting all of those I've
loved. But now I have to think
about me.

Shay stands up and rushes out of the room.

Debra quickly rises to her feet.

DEBRA

Shay can be really sensitive. I'll go talk to her.

A hint of uneasiness in Patrick's eyes.

Debra leaves the room.

CHRISTIAN

Have you got anymore beer?

PATRICK

Plenty more in my room.

CHRISTIAN

I'll go grab them.

REGINALD

No I'll go.

Reginald quickly stands up and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Reginald grabs a few cases of beers, but sets them by the door.

He looks back, scanning the room. Lifting up objects, looking for something.

On the floor is finds a smashed phone. He quickly picks it up and opens the back.

He retrieves the sim card.

INT. LIVING AREA/KITCHEN -- EVENING

Reginald carries the beer sets the beer down on the dining table.

CHRISTIAN

Bloody hell. Were you going to drink all of that today?

PATRICK

When it's you're last day, you can't risk running out of beer.

REGINALD
I'll be back guys. I just need to
go check on Debra and Shay.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION -- EVENING

Under a headlight, Reginald puts the sim card into another
phone, then turns it on.

A few moments pass.

Then Reginald proceeds to look through the contacts. He sees
HOME, and presses the dial.

It rings, with no answer.

Reginald looks through the contact list again. He sees the
name Zoe and stops.

REGINALD
Is that his sister's name?

He ponders for a moment.

Then something hits him.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Yeah.

Reginald dials the number.

It rings.

Someone answers.

ZOE (V.O.)
Hello.

The sound of a moving car in the background.

REGINALD
Is this Patrick's sister?

ZOE (V.O.)
Who is this?

REGINALD
This is Patrick's friend Reginald.

ZOE (V.O.)
Has something happened to Patrick?

REGINALD

No. No. Not yet. Is there any chance you can get through to your mum and dad and tell them he's in a bad way?

ZOE (V.O.)

They're not here. Talk to me.

REGINALD

He's threatening to kill himself.

ZOE (V.O.)

What's your name again?

REGINALD

Reginald.

ZOE (V.O.)

Okay Reginald, don't leave him alone. Whatever you do, keep someone with him at all times.

REGINALD

I was thinking of calling the police. I think he needs to be sectioned or something.

ZOE (V.O.)

They won't do anything.

REGINALD

But he's talking crazy.

ZOE (V.O.)

But he's not acting crazy. Trust me, I've been here before with him.

REGINALD

He's wanted to commit suicide before?

ZOE

Yes, but at those times he wouldn't be able to leave his bed. Or he would behave erratically and delusional. This time is different.

REGINALD

I understand what you mean. He sounds sane.

ZOE
Keep him there for me. I'm on my
way.

REGINALD
Where are you?

ZOE
On the M1, but close. I'll be half
an hour to forty five minutes.

REGINALD
Okay.

ZOE
Thank you Reginald.

REGINALD
No problem.

INT. LIVING AREA/KITCHEN -- EVENING

Debra and Shay enter.

PATRICK
Have you seen Reginald?

They sit on the sofa.

DEBRA
No. Where is he?

PATRICK
No one knows.

DEBRA
I'm sure he will be back.

Patrick sits at the dining table. Christian and Virtue sit on
the sofa too.

There's an eerie silence.

Then Debra gets up and sits at the dining table.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
I wanted to ask you something
Patrick.

Patrick turns his chair towards her.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

I've been sitting here listening to a lot of the arguments. And I've been watching your face. You just keep smiling.

Patrick smiles.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

You've explained why, but I just don't get it. You say you've thought about your family but I don't think you truly have. Have you thought about how they will feel?

PATRICK

What about how I feel?

DEBRA

Leave that for a second.

PATRICK

I can't.

DEBRA

We do thing everyday for the people we love, which may not make us happy, but we do it because we love them.

PATRICK

Like live in agonizing pain all the time.

DEBRA

I simply don't believe you.

There's a strong hint of compassion and strength in Debra's eyes.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Since the day you've been born to this day, you have always been in agonizing pain. Are you telling me you've never been happy?

Patrick looks away. Then smile totally gone.

PATRICK

Not enough.

DEBRA

But why are you so sure, so adamant
that you can't make those happy
days more frequent?

Patrick can't find any words.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

I've been through it Patrick. Days
I couldn't leave my bed because of
this terror that had struck me.

PATRICK

What caused it?

DEBRA

I have sickle cell. It makes my
life so demanding. At times I can't
walk, I can't talk. I feel like
life is being sucked away from me.

Debra touches her chest, where her heart lies beneath.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Constant pain. In and out of
hospitals. Constantly being cared
for. I'm a strong character
Patrick. I want to be in control of
my own life, but some times I just
can't.

Debra looks back at the door, then quickly continues.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

I've never told Reginald about this
but I thought about the idea of
things just ending and me being at
peace.

Patrick stares into the eyes of Debra, feeling every word she
utters.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

But I got through it. I still
suffer with the effects of sickle
cell but with the right help and
support, I was able defeat
depression.

Debra holds out her hand. Signals Patrick to give her his. He
does, and she squeezes it gently.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
If I can get through it. If that possibility is there. Why can't you keep trying?

Patrick closes his eyes. A moment passes and he opens them.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Fighting for yourself pushes you far, fighting for yourself and your loved ones, pushes you over that line.

A moment of silence passes.

Then Reginald enters, quietly. Sees Debra holding Patrick's hand.

REGINALD
Is everything okay?

Patrick takes his hand from Debra, stands up and moves towards the

KITCHEN AREA.

Reginald walks over to the dining table. Debra stands up.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
What's going on?

DEBRA
I tried my best.

Debra kisses him on the cheek, then goes sits down of the sofa, next to Shay.

Reginald reclaims his seat.

REGINALD
Patrick, are you okay?

PATRICK
I'm fine. I just need to think.

Silence again.

Patrick faces the sink. Small drips of water drop out of the tap.

He closes the tap.

Just then, the door opens.

AHMED (20, short and stocky) walks in with just boxers and a gown on. He looks like he has just woken up.

Oblivious, he walks to the fridge and opens it.

Everyone but Patrick stares at him.

He turns around.

AHMED

Oh snap, I didn't know anyone was here.

CHRISTIAN

Were you in your room?

AHMED

Yeah.

VIRTUE

I knocked for you like five times.

AHMED

I was knackered man.

REGINALD

I called your phone.

AHMED

It was off. What's happening?

A short silence.

REGINALD

My girl and her friend are visiting.

AHMED

Oh snap.

Ahmed looks towards the girls.

AHMED (CONT'D)

Hello.

SHAY

Hey.

DEBRA

Hi.

AHMED

I can smell food.

REGINALD
It's finished man.

AHMED
Ah no. I missed out man.

REGINALD
Trust me, you didn't.

Ahmed looks over at Patrick.

AHMED
Patrick, what's up? Haven't seen
you in ages man.

REGINALD
Patrick's not in a good way.

AHMED
Why? What's happened?

PATRICK
I can talk for myself.

Patrick turns around. His eyes are red and he's sweating.

AHMED
Why does everyone look so
miserable?

PATRICK
Because I told them I'm going to
kill myself.

A smile resumes on Patrick's face.

AHMED
Oh snap.

Ahmed laughs.

AHMED (CONT'D)
You're a joker Patrick. It's been
too long since I've seen you. I bet
you and Reginald have been arguing.

Ahmed looks back to the girls.

AHMED (CONT'D)
Those two used to always argue man.

REGINALD
Ahmed stop.

Ahmed's smile starts to disintegrate.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Listen to him.

Ahmed turns back to Patrick.

AHMED
This is serious.

Patrick nods.

PATRICK
I'm going to end my life.

AHMED
You're kidding right?

Silence.

AHMED (CONT'D)
This is a messed up joke.

PATRICK
This isn't a joke!

Ahmed is shocked.

DEBRA
He was having a think though?

PATRICK
Don't talk like I'm not here.

DEBRA
I'm sorry.

PATRICK
I wasn't thinking about whether I
should die or not. There's no
coming back from that.

DEBRA
What do you mean?

Patrick stays quiet.

AHMED
Patrick, you know I'm a Muslim.

PATRICK
I'm not going to convert.

AHMED

Hear me out. Two months ago I travelled back to Kashmir. You know where that is?

Patrick shakes his head.

AHMED (CONT'D)

It's right next to Pakistan. It used to be a part of it. It was beautiful, trust me. The most amazing experience of my life.

Pause...

AHMED (CONT'D)

I learnt how beautiful life can be--

PATRICK

I'm tired of hearing how beautiful life can be.

AHMED

I learnt something else Patrick. I saw kids who had arms like little sticks. I saw them carrying their baby brother on their back. They were looking for water.

Pause...

AHMED (CONT'D)

I don't know how many miles they'd walked. But it must have been a lot. It made me think, I've got it so easily here. There is nothing that I go through which is as bad as that.

PATRICK

I don't care about some kids in some insignificant place in the world.

AHMED

Allah thinks everyone is significant. But the point is they don't kill themselves.

PATRICK

They should.

Reginald stands up.

REGINALD

You need to stop thinking
subjectively. Open up your mind.

PATRICK

Subjectivity is all that exists.

REGINALD

So the feelings of others. The
feelings of your sister for
example, doesn't matter? They don't
exist. Our feelings don't exist.
The little kid carrying a baby on
it's back looking for water doesn't
exist?

PATRICK

I don't care.

REGINALD

You are not in your right mind
Patrick. Everyone here can see
that. You're extremely bruised and
battered inside. The Patrick I know
is competitive, strong with
principles.

Patrick turns back to the sink. Bowing his head, deep in
thought.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

I'm not seeing that same guy.

PATRICK

I am still that guy.

REGINALD

Then don't do it. Don't take your
life.

PATRICK

I already have.

Confusion strikes the room.

REGINALD

What?

PATRICK

A year ago I went online and I
looked for a suicide pill.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Cyanide was quite popular but I heard it was painful and quick. Who wants to die in that way?

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm not going out like that. I'm not hanging myself like some criminal. I'm not jumping off a bridge so my body won't be recognizable. I'm going out like a man.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It took a while, but I found these guys from Hungary. They were making this experimental drug. Once you took it, you would die. But it would take time.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The downside was that you may feel a bit uncomfortable towards the end, but the key. The key thing was it was slow. I got to keep the dignity of my body.

Patrick rubs his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I would be able to say goodbye, or drink beer or smoke weed, knowing I was going to die.

Patrick shakes his head a little.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Some might say, ah Patrick. You could do all those things and just take a quick pill at the end and die. No. No. No.

CLOSE ON: Patrick's face. It's turned pale and dry despite the sweat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You'll always have it in your mind that you will change your mind. You cannot truly be free.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You need to know definitely that
you are going to die, so that you
can fully enjoy your last moments.

Patrick turns the FACES everyone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I took the pill and this, my
friends, are my last moment.

Tears stream down Shay's face.

Reginald rubs his head. Debra turns to him.

DEBRA

We need to call an ambulance.

CHRISTIAN

She's right.

PATRICK

No.

AHMED

Patrick mate.

Ahmed steps closer to him.

AHMED (CONT'D)

Calm down. We're going to help you.

PATRICK

Stay away from me.

Reginald approaches too.

REGINALD

We're not going to sit and watch
you die.

Reginald has a phone in his hand.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

We're going to save your life.

Patrick turns and grabs a knife from the sink. He places it
on his wrist. His face teems with terror.

PATRICK

You call the ambulance, I'll just
end it now.

DEBRA

Patrick, no.

PATRICK
I'll do it.

Ahmed steps closer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Come any closer and I'll do it.

REGINALD
Patrick, what are doing?

PATRICK
I'm taking control of my life. My life. It's not yours to save. I don't care about what you have to say about God, my family, my mind or the future. This is my life. I do what I want with it.

Reginald holds up his hands. Signals Ahmed to fall back.

REGINALD
Relax.

PATRICK
I'm tired of being passive in this life. Not being able to effect things. You all think I'm crazy.

REGINALD
No way.

PATRICK
My mum and dad think I'm crazy. Every girl that I've liked thought I was crazy. Now my own sister. The only person I ever trusted thinks I'm crazy.

REGINALD
We are here for you Patrick.

PATRICK
There is no we. It's just me. We all have a right to make that final choice. Life is a personal responsibility and not everyone is able to cope with the pressures of it. Life doesn't suit all of us, and yet we are all thrust into this world; we don't have a choice about being born; but we should have a choice about whether we want to die.

REGINALD

Patrick--

PATRICK

Shut up. I don't want to hear
anymore of your arguments.

Patrick stares directly at Reginald.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hume said it: no man ever threw
away a life that was worth keeping.

Patrick walks over and sits at the dining table.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I don't want anymore arguments. All
I want to hear about is good times.
Good memories.

Everyone takes a seat.

Ahmed finds a seat at the dining table.

Patrick takes out Virtue's phone and types into it. Soon
soothing classical music fills the room.

Patrick is slouched down on his chair. Knife still against
his wrist.

Everyone else seems resigned.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do you remember how we all met?

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You'd never have thought we could
be friends. Look at us. Look at how
different we are.

Christian leans forward in his chair.

CHRISTIAN

I remember meeting you Patrick. I
think it was through Reginald. We
were at a freshers rave.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK

I remember that night like it was
yesterday?

CHRISTIAN

You sure? We had to carry you home.

Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK

I was such a light weight.

CHRISTIAN

I was pretty smashed too. At some point we lost Reginald so we said fuck it. Let's get smashed.

PATRICK

It was crazy.

CHRISTIAN

The way you kept going back to the bar. I thought you were a alcoholic. Next day, Reginald is telling me that was the first time you had drunk.

PATRICK

I was finished for a week. No lectures. No nothing.

Christian chuckles.

REGINALD

I searched for you guys all night, you know.

Pause...

REGINALD (CONT'D)

I was scared something happened.

PATRICK

You know....

Patrick sits up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I often wonder where I would be if I didn't meet you Reginald. I know definitely I wouldn't have met the others. I was so close to living somewhere else.

Patrick sighs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 But I don't know. It was cheaper.
 But there was something else about
 that place. It just felt right.

REGINALD
 Another factor was the fact that
 they liked to put all the black
 people in the same flat.

Patrick laughs loudly.

PATRICK
 Oh yeah.

REGINALD
 You'd think it was Nazi Germany.
 All the whites in one area. All the
 black's in the other.

PATRICK
 Remember when there were ants in
 your room.

A glimmer of a smile on Reginald's face followed by a shake
 of the head.

REGINALD
 Don't remind me.

PATRICK
 You were at war with those ants. I
 remember when he boiled some hot
 water and poured it over the ants
 on his desk. They literally
 disintegrated.

Patrick laughs, then turns to the rest of the group.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Before it he kept pleading with the
 ants to leave.

CHRISTIAN
 He was talking to the ants?

A few smiles across the room.

PATRICK
 Don't make me do this. Why won't
 you leave?

A little bit more laughter.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Actually looking back, that place
was a hell hole.

DEBRA
When was this?

PATRICK
First year.

REGINALD
The good old days.

Patrick nods.

SHAY
How did you meet Virtue and Ahmed?

PATRICK
Virtue came a lot later. I met him
through Ahmed.

Patrick turns to Ahmed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Do you remember how we met?

Ahmed smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
This guy must have jumped in a
fight I was having.

SHAY
And he didn't know you.

PATRICK
We kinda knew each other. Reginald
knew him. I don't know how. But
we'd seen each around and said
cool.

Shay nods.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Anyway, I was outside McDonalds and
this fully drunk guy started
pushing me. I can't remember why I
was on my own, but Ahmed came and
dashed him on the ground.

Ahmed laughs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He may look like some peaceful
Muslim but he's got a mad side to
him.

AHMED

I had to do something. This guy was
acting crazy.

PATRICK

And then I think I met Virtue when
we had a drink up before going out.
Ahmed brought him along. I think
they study the same thing.

VIRTUE

We do.

Virtue ponders for a moment.

PATRICK

Thinking back gives me nostalgia.

REGINALD

It's a good feeling.

PATRICK

It's a sad one too. I felt a
similar thing when I imagined my
future.

REGINALD

What do you mean?

PATRICK

When I thought about where I would
be in ten, twenty years.

REGINALD

What did you imagine?

Patrick sighs.

PATRICK

We have all these dreams. These
things that we want to achieve. It
all seems stupid now.

REGINALD

Dreams are not stupid.

DEBRA

Tell us them.

PATRICK
I've never told anyone.

REGINALD
Which is the exact reason you
should tell us now.

Patrick moves the knife away from his wrist. Focuses on the faces around him.

PATRICK
I don't know. I guess I thought
about how it would be to have a
family. Just the idea of creating a
life, is amazing.

A smile covers Patrick's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I would write these short stories.
They used to always be about
family. Usually in a fantastical
world with giant elephants or elves.
But it always came back to family.

DEBRA
How do you feel right now?

Patrick looks at Debra, then looks away.

PATRICK
I miss her.

A tear streams down Patrick's face.

REGINALD
Who?

PATRICK
I wish she was here.

DEBRA
Who are you talking about Reginald?

PATRICK
I was too scared to see her in my
final moments.

The tears begin to build.

REGINALD
Zoe?

Patrick looks up at Reginald.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
That's who you miss.

Patrick sighs.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
You let us call the ambulance and
you will see her again.

PATRICK
No.

Patrick WAVES the knife.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
No. No more of that. It's over
Reginald.

Reginald shake his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Yes it is. I don't want to hear
anymore about that. I just , I just
want her....

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
It was when I was eleven when my
parents discovered there was
something not quite right about me.

Patrick grins.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
My dad would come into my room when
I was having one of my bad days. He
would stare at me. I mean if you
saw his eyes.

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
He was the strictest, proudest and
most masculine man I knew. I had
never seen him sad. All I ever knew
of him was strength.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
But when he saw me struggling in my
bed, he couldn't hide what he felt.
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

His eyes were, they were defeated.
He was powerless.

Tears stream down Patrick face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My mum followed him and they gave
up. But she didn't. On those bad
days she would come in my room and
sleep with me until I went to
sleep.

Pause...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She gave up so much for me.

Patrick wipes his eyes.

REGINALD

Patrick.

Reginald cries too.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

Patrick.

Reginald approaches him. Gently eases the knife out of his
hand.

PATRICK

What have I done?

REGINALD

Someone call an ambulance.

Suddenly, Patrick falls off the chair and hits the floor.
Everyone rushes over to his side.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

Somebody call an ambulance.

DEBRA

I am. I am.

Debra has a phone on her ear.

REGINALD

Stay with me Patrick.

Patrick struggles to breath.

Ahmed takes off his gown and moves it beneath Patrick's head.

CHRISTIAN
Hang in there Patrick.

Virtue watches over, hands in his head.

Shay is overcome by tears next to him.

BANG BANG BANG

Heads turn.

AHMED
Who is that?

SHAY
Is that the ambulance?

REGINALD
No it's not.

Reginald pulls Shay over.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Hold his hand for a second.

Shay takes Patrick's hand.

Reginald rushes out of the room.

INT. STUDENT ACCOMMODATION, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Reginald opens the door.

Zoe stands in the doorway.

REGINALD
Come quick.

Reginald turns, Zoe follows.

INT. LIVING AREA/KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Reginald rushes in with Zoe behind.

Zoe immediately stops as she sees Patrick.

ZOE
Patrick.

She rushes over to him.

Shay moves out of the way and Zoe takes his hand.

Patrick still struggles to breath. His body can't stop shaking.

PATRICK
Zoe?

ZOE
It's me Patrick.

PATRICK
I'm scared.

Zoe peaks around.

ZOE
Where's the ambulance?

DEBRA
It's on its way.

Zoe looks back at Patrick. Kisses his hand.

ZOE
I'm here for you.

PATRICK
I'm so sorry Zoe.

Zoe shakes her head.

ZOE
Don't.

PATRICK
What have I done?

ZOE
No more bad thoughts Patrick.

Patrick coughs, his heart palpitated. Blood coming out of his mouth.

PATRICK
Zoe.

ZOE
Think happy thoughts Patrick. You remember what we used to do.

Patrick's eyes start to roll.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Stay with me.

Patrick's eyes focuses in on Zoe.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You remember?

PATRICK
Yes.

ZOE
Tell me happy thoughts.

PATRICK
Being with you.

Tears engulf Zoe's eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Going to the park.

Zoe smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Listening to you sing.

Zoe laughs.

ZOE
That's not true.

Patrick's body starts to convulse.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Stay with me Patrick.

PATRICK
I'm sorry Zoe.

ZOE
No, Patrick. I'm sorry.

PATRICK
I don't want to die.

More tears fall down Patrick face.

Zoe hugs him. Then kisses his forehead.

ZOE
It's all going to be okay.

PATRICK
Because you're here.

Zoe nods.

ZOE

Yes. Because I'm here.

Patrick's breaths start to slow.

And slow.

Until finally

Nothing

Lips stop moving

Eyes open

Body still

Gone.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

THE END.