

BECOME DEATH

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Address
Phone Number

EXT. SKY -- MORNING

Thin grey clouds SHUFFLE.

A weak sun SHINES through.

BELOW

A LEAFLET gripped by a hand.

A face with a massive round smile extends across it, with a small sentence above:

"In loving memory"

Below the youthful face is the name

"Patrick Conteh"

Followed by the years he lived

"14/10/1995 - 1/2/2015"

PULL BACK to reveal ZOE CONTEH (23, innocent face, short hair and ALL IN BLACK) staring at the leaflet - expressionless and cold. Like all her tears have run out.

BZZZZZZ

Zoe doesn't respond to the vibration. Her eyes stays fixed on the picture.

BZZZZZZ

Zoe turns her head, reaches into her handbag. She pulls out a phone.

On screen reveals her

MUM

calling.

She ponders for a moment... then puts her phone back in her bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR -- DAY

Zoe -- now older, with longer hair, opens the car door.

BZZZZZZ

Her phone buzzes from her handbag.

BZZZZZZ

She sits in her car.

INT. CAR -- DAY

And drops her handbag onto the passenger seat.

BZZZZZZ

She reaches in the bag and retrieves the phone. Looks on screen, and sees

MAVEN

calling.

She answers.

ZOE
(into phone)
Hello.

Maven's voice is distressed and shaky.

ZOE
Hello, Maven?

The sound of tears.

ZOE
Maven, what's wrong?

MAVEN (V.O.)
I can't do it anymore, I just can't
man.

ZOE
Can't do what?

MAVEN (V.O.)
I can't fucking do it. Fuck it.
Fuck everyone.

ZOE
Where are you?

Maven tries to regain some composure.

ZOE
Maven, I need you to tell me where
you are, please.

More sobbing. Heavy breathing.

MAVEN (V.O.)
I'm at a bus stop.

ZOE
What road?

Hesitation...

MAVEN (V.O.)
Walworth road.

Zoe nods.

ZOE
I'm coming to pick you up.

Zoe pushes the keys into the ignition and twists. The engine
REVS.

ZOE
Don't do anything until I get
there, okay?

MAVEN (V.O.)
Yeah.

ZOE
Thank you.

EXT. WALWORTH ROAD -- DAY

Car stops at a bus stop.

A young male sits on the seat -- arms over his legs, head
sunk between them.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Zoe holds a button and her window goes down.

ZOE
Marvin.

MARVIN (early twenties, wearing a black sports T-shirt and
tracksuit bottoms) looks up.

Zoe smiles.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- DAY

The car is parked on an empty street.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Marvin's head sinks slightly in the passenger seat.

ZOE

You said something to me on the
phone that I didn't understand.
That you can't do it anymore.

Zoe leans forward.

ZOE

What can't you do?

Maven shakes his head.

MAVEN

I'm not going back to that mad
house.

ZOE

Who said you're going back there?

MAVEN

Mum said if I didn't stop talking
about...

Marvin grits his teeth.

ZOE

About what?

No response...

Zoe waves her hand in front of Mavens face. He turns and
looks at Zoe. She smiles.

ZOE

It's okay.

Maven's hand reaches under his T-shirt. Zoe looks down and
sees him pull out a gun. Maven rests it on his lap.

Zoe's eyes widen. She takes a moment to compose herself.

MAVEN

You said it would get better.

ZOE

I've been honest with you Maven.

Her eyes stay on the gun as Maven massages the handle.

ZOE

I told you how hard this journey would be.

MAVEN

I can't do it man.

ZOE

You can. I know it. Days like this will come. But all you do, is dust yourself down and get back on that path.

Zoe offers the palm of her hand.

MAVEN

How?

ZOE

Together. And with the right medication.

MAVEN

Fuck the medication. I don't take that shit anymore.

ZOE

I understand.

MAVEN

I don't like what it does to me.

ZOE

I'll book you to see a doctor and we'll see what we can do.

Maven doesn't seem convinced.

ZOE

I had a younger brother. He was your age when he died. He took his own life.

Maven turns his head and his eyes meet with Zoe's.

ZOE

I wasn't in a place to help him like I am with you. Who knows if that would have changed anything. But I don't think he had a fair chance.

Pause...

ZOE

You do Maven. You have a chance of life.

Zoe glances at the gun.

ZOE

But first, please give me the gun -- so we can get back on this path together.

A moment passes as Maven stares at the gun.

ZOE

Come on, Maven.

Zoe's open palm waits.

ZOE

Better days are to come.

Maven picks up the gun...

And places it in Zoe's hand. She shoves it into her handbag.

Marvin buries his face in his hands. Zoe gently rubs his back.

ZOE

It's going to be okay.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

A bright bulb lights the room.

The TV quietly plays in the background.

Zoe sits on her bed, talking into a phone.

MAVEN'S MUM (V.O.)

I just don't know what to do anymore.

Tears over the phone.

MAVEN'S MUM (V.O.)

You should have seen him. He blames me.

ZOE

We have to continue being there for him.

MAVEN'S MUM (V.O.)

He won't ever forgive us. He thinks we've betrayed him.

ZOE

Your his Mum. And he's not himself at the moment. He'll realise that what you did, was the right thing.

Maven's Mum tries to compose herself on the phone.

ZOE

One thing we both know, is that Maven will be safe in the hospital. They'll help him and he will be out soon.

MAVEN'S MUM (V.O.)

They practically dragged him kicking and screaming.

ZOE

Focus on Maven's path to recovery. It starts now. It will be tough, but you have support.

MAVEN'S MUM (V.O.)

Okay.

ZOE

It will get better.

MAVEN'S MUM (V.O.)

Thank you.

ZOE

We'll speak soon.

MAVEN'S MUM

Bye.

Zoe hangs up. Drops the phone on the bed. Bows her head into her hands.

VOICE
It will get better.

Zoe's head flicks up.

There's something under her quilt cover -- it looks like a body.

Zoe quickly flips over the cover.

Nothing lies beneath.

She breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Zoe

At her desk. Sifting through some papers.

KNOCK KNOCK

Her head rises.

ZOE
It's open.

The door edges forward.

In steps ROBERT (45, developing bald patch, rugged beard -- wearing a knitted sweater and bright blue jeans) .

ZOE
You must be Robert.

Robert nods. His face bereft of a smile.

ZOE
I'm Zoe.

Robert approaches the desk.

In the corner of his eye, Robert notices something. Stops. He grins as he sees it: a piece of art mounted against the wall. Totally isolated and centred perfectly.

He points at it.

ZOE
Go ahead.

Robert makes his way over to the painting.

He takes a moment to absorb the drawing of a OPEN FLOWER.

ZOE
I found it in a charity shop.

Robert turns, as Zoe approaches.

ZOE
It's a lotus.

Zoe stands next to him.

Robert nods.

ZOE
You're a fan of paintings?

Robert shakes his head.

ZOE
If you're wondering why I chose it,
it's because of it's meaning.

Zoe looks at the Lotus, with its pink swirling petals and warm yellow centre.

ZOE
Lotus flowers are *born* in mud. So
that's where they take root. But
they're still able to grow into a
beautiful flower, with petals that
perfume the air.

Robert grins.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Robert, leans back in his chair as Zoe organizes papers on the table.

ZOE
I'm sorry.

Robert's attention is grabbed by the mess in the corner of the room.

Boxes, folders, papers -- some stacked, seemingly randomly.

Zoe notices him looking over.

ZOE
Organized chaos. Trust me.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE
I've only been here a month.

Robert awkwardly looks away.

ZOE
Do you remember me?

Robert looks at Zoe for a moment.

ZOE
We met once, at the walk-in centre.
Early this year. Linda introduced
us. It was very brief.

Robert thinks...

ZOE
Counsellor... I used to come in
every Friday.

Robert nods slowly as he remembers.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE
I haven't seen you there in months.

Robert looks away.

ZOE
What happened?

Robert shrugs.

ZOE
Okay -- So I know Linda set us up.

Zoe chuckles.

ZOE
Makes it sound like a date--

Robert's eyebrows rise.

ZOE
--anyway... I'm just wondering how
much she has told you about me.

Robert goes to speak... then stops.

ZOE

Go on. You're allowed to speak.

Zoe laughs again.

Robert looks at her like *why does she keep laughing?*

ROBERT

Well.. She said... you saved her life.

ZOE

That's nice of her to say. But she saved her own life. I just helped her along the path.

Robert nods, slowly.

ZOE

She told me nothing about you by the way. So we're practically on a blank state.

Robert acknowledges her words with more silence...

ZOE

Imagine these first sessions as a first date. Us getting to know each other.

Zoe smiles. Robert looks around like he's looking for away to escape.

ZOE

Did she tell you what happening with the centre?

Robert lowers his eyebrows, confused.

ZOE

The council wants to shut it down.

ROBERT

They can't!

The sudden loudness from Robert makes Zoe jumps slightly.

ROBERT

They can't do that.

ZOE

I know. I know.

ROBERT

That centre is important for so many people.

ZOE

It's not over yet. A whole campaign has already started. We're going to fight back.

Robert goes to speak again... but stops himself. Regains composure and reverts to his apathetic attitude.

ZOE

You remember Jack from the centre. Tall guy, spoke a lot.

Robert nods.

ZOE

You hear what happened to him?

ROBERT

I heard what he did.

ZOE

A lot of people are still recovering from that too. How did it make you feel when you heard the news?

Robert shrugs.

A moment passes as Robert ponders on whether to continue... Zoe's expression urges for him to do so.

He sighs and obliges...

ROBERT

A few days before I left, he just came up to me. You know Jack. He spoke a lot. Spoke to me even though I liked to be alone. Was a character. Had a smile that looked like it had been stapled on.

Robert thinks for a moment...

ROBERT

I think only three weeks after that he was dead.

ZOE

What did he say to you?

ROBERT

He told me he was leaving soon.
Travelling to some place called
Tuco.

ZOE

Tuco?

Zoe's never heard of it.

ROBERT

Meant to be some island in the
Mediterranean sea. Never heard of
it too. Searched for it, nothing
came up. He said his parents were
there waiting for him.

...

ROBERT

Then he asked me, what would you do
if every single tingle in your
bones wanted to move but the people
left behind would be heart broken.

...

ROBERT

I said some times you have to think
about yourself. We shouldn't live
for other people. That's not a
life. To truly live, you have to
live for yourself.

ZOE

Is that always the case?

ROBERT

He said, if he stayed he would be
miserable. He hated life here. If
living for other people does that
to you, then it definitely is the
case.

...

ROBERT

Maybe I should of known what he was
planning.

ZOE

No. No one could have. I spent time
with Jack.

He wasn't showing most of the symptoms of someone who was about commit suicide.

Robert stares into the distance, in deep thought.

ZOE

What's on your mind?

Robert looks at her.

ZOE

I'm sorry if this session feels unorganized. I like to just go with the flow. Talk to me about whatever is on your mind.

Robert remains silent.

ZOE

What is it?

ROBERT

Well...

Robert goes on...

ROBERT

You asked how I felt when Jack died?

Robert sighs.

ROBERT

I was angry.

ZOE

I understand.

ROBERT

Not for the reason you think.

Robert, more comfortable now, leans forward.

ROBERT

I was angry because I knew how people would react. Yeah, at the centre, every will be sad and whatever but the public -- the public will be confused.

Robert takes a breath...

ROBERT

He jumped in front of a train.
Imagine how many people cursed him
for making them late. Or ruining
their day.

Robert smiles cynically.

ROBERT

*He was just feeling sad for a while
and gave up...* That he had wasted
his opportunity at life.

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

He was a coward.

ZOE

I accept, there's not enough
compassion shown to those who are
prepared to take their own lives.

Robert shakes his head more defiantly. He's animated now.
Totally opposite to how he was minutes earlier.

ROBERT

It's not only that though. People
believe that anyone who wants to,
tries to or is able to commit
suicide is automatically insane. Do
you agree with that?

ZOE

There's a lot more nuance.

ROBERT

But do you believe they are not in
their right mind...

Zoe waits, leans back in her chair.

ROBERT

Be honest. If this is going to
work, I want you to be honest and
say what you think.

ZOE

I think they're under a lot of
pressure from many areas. And
because of this, they're decisions
are effected by it.

ROBERT

So you can be sane, rational and want to die?

ZOE

Of course. It's rational to want to take your life if your under a lot of pain and there is no cure.

ROBERT

Some mental illness' cannot be cured.

Robert rests his elbows on the desk and joins his hands together.

ROBERT

You don't believe that, do you?

Zoe opens her mouth but--

ROBERT

--The state has the right to force us to stay alive.

ZOE

The state has the responsibility to protect the most vulnerable.

ROBERT

So we have no true free will or control over our own bodies.

Zoe leans forward. Tries to find the eyes of Robert but they have gone wondering.

ZOE

Robert.

Robert's eyes finds Zoe's.

ZOE

Let's focus back now on why you're here.

Robert relaxes.

ROBERT

The truth is--

...

ROBERT

Linda is adamant that you can save me even though I don't want to be. I owe her a lot, so that's why I'm here.

ZOE

Save you from what?

...

ROBERT

From death.

Zoe's eyebrows flicker.

ROBERT

In a month I am going to Dignitas.

Zoe tries to understand.

ZOE

Dignitas? For the terminally ill.

ROBERT

And the incurable, the suffering, those in unbearable pain and unendurable disability. The hopeless.

ZOE

You're not terminal?

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

At dignitas they recognise that the mentally ill can have agency over their lives and make a sane and rational decision to take their own lives.

...

ROBERT

I know what you're thinking. But they've had me on every drug, every treatment, every therapy you can think of for forty years of my life.

Zoe takes a moment to gather her thoughts...

ROBERT
This was a mistake.

Robert stands up.

ZOE
Hold on Robert.

ROBERT
It's a waste of time!

Robert turns and storms out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- MORNING

IN BED

Zoe's phone alarm bell rings.

She slowly sits up. Picks up her phone.

7:00 am.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PARK -- MORNING

Sweat gleams from Zoe's head.

She HUFFS and PUFFS, steadily JOGGING up hill.

Anguish in her face as she reaches the top and stops.

She bends forward, hands on hips, trying to control her breathing.

As she stares at the ground her mind starts to wonder...

FLASHBACK -- PARK

Zoe stares at the same ground, younger with short hair. She exhales then stands up straight.

In the distance Patrick jogs towards her. Running on borrowed energy.

He reaches her and almost collapses to the ground.

ZOE
You okay?

PATRICK
I'm dying.

Zoe jogs on the spot.

ZOE
Come on. We still have loads to do.

Patrick shakes his head. He sees a bench close by and walks over to it.

PATRICK
I'm done.

Patrick sits down. Zoe follows.

ZOE
Bit early to give up.

PATRICK
(annoyed)
I'm not giving up. I'm tired.

Zoe sits down next to him.

ZOE
Sorry.

Patrick stares in the distance, his mind somewhere else. Zoe smiles at him.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You enjoying the fresh air though?

Patrick stands.

PATRICK
I'm off home. See you later.

He walks off.

EXT./INT. PARK -- PRESENT DAY

Zoe looks over at the empty bench. Holds a stare as memories whiz through her mind.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- DAY

Zoe sits on her bed with a laptop on her lap.

ON SCREEN we see an article on Dignitas. She scrolls down and reads.

Suddenly her phone rings.

Zoe answers it.

ZOE
(into phone)
Hello.

MAVEN (V.O.)
Zoe.

ZOE
How are you Maven?

Zoe moves the laptop to one side.

MAVEN (V.O.)
Why can't I see you.

ZOE
It's only temporary.

MAVEN (V.O.)
They've locked me up. They're
trying to force me to take this
pills--

Zoe interjects.

ZOE
Listen to what they're saying. They
are trying to help--.

Anguish in Maven's voice...

MAVEN (V.O.)
--You lied to me.

Zoe shakes her head.

ZOE
No... Maven, listen to me. They're
going to organise a hearing soon.
There we will discuss your options.

MAVEN (V.O.)
What about what I want?

ZOE
You'll be there too. We'll work
together.

MAVEN (V.O.)
When?

ZOE
As soon as possible. I promise you
Maven. You have to hang in there.

MAVEN (V.O.)
I don't like these people Zoe.

ZOE
They've got your best interest at
heart. Trust me.

Silence...

ZOE
Okay?

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Zoe twists and turns in her bed, struggling to sleep.

ZOE (O.S.)
Patrick, are you okay?

Zoe eyes open. She sits up.

The TV is on.

ZOE (O.S.)
Patrick?

Zoe knows that voice. It's hers. Zoe moves in towards the TV,
baffled and curious.

ZOE (O.S.)
I've brought you some tea.

As she gets closer, she's taken aback by what she sees:
herself, in her brother's room.

ON SCREEN

Zoe places a mug next to a bed. Patrick lies inside, covered
by thick blankets -- staring at the opposite direction.

ZOE
It's here on the cupboard.

Zoe moves in closer to TV, she watched ON SCREEN --

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK

Zoe stands by the bed.

ZOE
I've got two tickets to the cinema.
Two for one.

Patrick moves his head slightly.

ZOE
You want to come?

PATRICK
I'm okay.

ZOE
Batman versus Superman is out and I
heard it's great.

PATRICK
No.

Zoe's positivity quickly sinks.

ZOE
Next time then.

Patrick remains silent.

Zoe turns to leave, then stops. Turns her head to the side.

ZOE
It will get better. I promise you.

Patrick speaks lethargically, His voices cracking and
straining -- almost like he's struggling to breathe.

PATRICK
How can you promise something like
that?

Zoe doesn't know how to answer.

ZOE
I'm sorr--

BANG BANG BANG.

Zoe's head turns towards the door.

DAD (O.S.)
Patrick... Patrick!

Zoe opens it.

DAD (40) stands in the doorway. His belly hanging out and his eyes full of anger.

DAD
Where are you?

ZOE
He's still not feeling well.

DAD
Patrick. Patrick. I'm talking to you.

ZOE
Dad, just leave him.

DAD
Is he going to stay in bed for the rest of his life?

ZOE
Dad, please.

Dad goes to speak... then stops. Shakes his head with fury, then leaves.

Zoe looks back at Patrick.

PATRICK
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S HOME, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Zoe SITS UP on her bed, sweating and panting.

Laughter erupts from the TV -- flashing across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Zoe holds a photograph of Patrick. She kneels in the corner amongst a group of boxes.

After a moment she sticks the photo at the bottom of a box and moves it to the side.

ROBERT

Didn't you hear me knocking?

Robert stands close to the entrance.

Zoe looks at her watch.

ZOE

I'm so sorry.

Robert puts his hand up.

ROBERT

It's fine.

Robert approaches the corner.

ROBERT

What are you doing?

Zoe stands up.

ZOE

Trying to sort this out.

Robert nods.

ROBERT

About the other day. Maybe I overreacted.

Zoe tries to find a way out of the untidy corner but boxes block every path.

ZOE

How about you help me tidy this up quickly?

Robert looks at the mess.

ZOE

I'd really appreciate it.

Robert is puzzled.

ROBERT
You want me to help you tidy this
up?

Zoe smiles.

ZOE
Thank you.

Robert picks up a box.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Robert rummages through a box.

ZOE
You can start putting the books on
the shelf. Leave the papers inside.
I'll sort them out.

Robert takes a book and places it on an empty wide shelf.

ZOE
Tell me a bit more about your
condition. How it started.

Robert returns for another book.

ROBERT
You want to do this now?

ZOE
Not if you don't want to. But it
will make this go quicker.

Zoe smiles. Robert can't help but buy into her charm a little
bit.

ROBERT
Okay, well... my mum used to tell
me stories about how I used to act
when I was a toddler.

Zoe organizes files and papers into different files.

ROBERT
She said I was always up and down.
Flying or sleeping.

Robert stops for a moment, as he picks up a book.

ROBERT
She knew there was something wrong
then.

ZOE
How is she now?

ROBERT
Gone. Like my father.

ZOE
I'm sorry.

Robert continues to the book shelf.

ZOE
What age were you diagnosed?

ROBERT
Fourteen. Therapist said I was
schizophrenic. Of course, he was
wrong.

Zoe raises her eyebrows.

ROBERT
You guys can talk a lot of
nonsense.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE
You think that's bad? I had a
client once who came in to see me.
She told me she'd been diagnosed
with psychosis a year earlier.

Robert nods as he splits the books and papers on the floor.

ZOE
No medicine ever worked for her.
They just made life worse. One
session in I knew she was suffering
from Post Traumatic Stress
Disorder. All it took was a couple
questions.

Zoe grins.

ZOE
Poor woman. She was so upset. Told
me she'd not been able to have sex
for year.

Robert chuckles a little. Zoe laughs.

ZOE
It was hell, she said. Bless her.

Robert discovers a certificate amongst the papers he was organizing.

He looks at it closely and sees Zoe's name. An award from an MP for CONTRIBUTION TO HELPING THE MENTALLY ILL.

ROBERT
Wow.

Robert holds it up for Zoe to see.

ZOE
That's from a few years back.

ROBERT
You literally are the second coming.

Zoe smiles as she moves back to her desk for her phone. She picks it up.

ZOE
I was going to order some food.
Want anything?

Robert shrugs.

ZOE
I'm getting Pizza.

CUT TO:

LATER

An open pizza box on her desk. Only a few slices left. They tidy whilst biting into their pepperoni pizzas.

ROBERT
... when I was eighteen, they finally diagnosed me with bipolar disorder.

ZOE
Did that help?

ROBERT

I mean it's nice to know what you're suffering with, don't you think?

Zoe raises her eyebrows.

ROBERT

Plus the meds can actually work. I wasn't disappearing for days or stuck in bed for weeks. I was able to go back to school and pass my exams.

ZOE

Do you remember what happened when you disappeared for days?

ROBERT

Guess.

Zoe sighs.

ZOE

Drugs.

Robert nods.

ZOE

Sex.

Robert nods again.

ZOE

Throw in some alcohol too.

Robert chuckles.

ZOE

So that was a manageable time for you?

ROBERT

If being a Zombie makes things manageable, then yeah.

Robert swallows the food in his mouth.

ROBERT

So I went university, got my degree and became a journalist.

Zoe nods as she cleans her hands with tissue.

ROBERT
That was great but that's when the
drugs decided to stop working.

ZOE
Everything?

ROBERT
I was like twenty five. You got
anymore tissue?

ZOE
More on the desk.

Robert waits. Zoe stares at him.

ZOE
You can get it yourself you know.

ROBERT
Oh.

Zoe chuckles, as Robert jumps up and walks over to the desk.

ZOE
What happened?

Robert grabs a few tissues and makes his way back.

ROBERT
Things got interesting. When I got
manic, I would see things.

Robert picks up one of the last boxes. The area is almost
clear now.

ZOE
Like...

ROBERT
Monsters.

ZOE
Monsters?

Robert nods.

ROBERT
I'd see these winged creatures,
with horns and red eyes before a
went to sleep.

...

ROBERT

Then they started following me onto the street. I would run around screaming the apocalypse is coming.

Robert stares high at the corner of the ceiling.

ZOE

That must have been difficult.

Zoe notices Robert's eyes, focusing on the ceiling. She looks to.

ZOE

What's wrong?

ROBERT

Nothing.

Robert shakes his head and continues tidying up.

ZOE

Can you see something?

Robert stops. Looks at Zoe, with sorrow in his eyes.

ZOE

What does it look like?

ROBERT

It's green with purple wings and it's breathing out yellow fire.

Zoe turns and stares at the ceiling.

ROBERT

Oh no, it's coming.

Robert backs away.

ROBERT

It's coming!

Zoe rises to her feet, concerned.

ROBERT

Look.

Robert points at the ceiling.

ROBERT

It's there.

Zoe turns and looks.

Robert lets out a chuckle.

Zoe turns around and sees a smile on Robert's face.

ZOE
You're lying!

Robert laughs.

ZOE
That was an act?

ROBERT
I'm sorry.

Zoe smiles and shakes her head.

ROBERT
You should have seen your face.

ZOE
So you don't hallucinate?

ROBERT
My mania became milder with age.
Not so much depression.

CUT TO:

LATER

Zoe organizes papers on her desk. The whole corner has been cleared.

Robert holds the last box. At the bottom there is a picture. He takes it out.

It's the photo of Patrick.

ROBERT
Who's this?

Robert shows Zoe the photo.

Zoe is stuck in silence for a moment...

ZOE
My brother.

Robert nods.

ROBERT
He definitely looks like you. Where
do you want me to put this?

ZOE
I'll take it.

Robert walks over and hands it to her. Whilst walking back:

ROBERT
How is he?

Pause...

ZOE
He's not with us anymore.

Robert turns back.

ROBERT
Sorry.

Awkward silence...

Zoe glances at her watch.

ZOE
Our time is almost up.

Robert places the last empty box to the side.

ROBERT
There goes our session.

Robert picks up his jacket.

ZOE
Before you go, I got a question.
Why did you come back today?

ROBERT
I made a promise.

Robert walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Just a small lamp on in a dark room.

It shines on Zoe's face. Her eyes are closed. Legs crossed.
In deep meditation.

Headphones over her ears as she hears soothing music. Then a voice speaks:

VOICE

It is time now to concentrate on your breathing. In... and out...

Zoe exhales smoothly.

VOICE

Relaxing deeper and deeper. Allow warm energy to cascade all, in and through you.

INSERT CUT:

Patrick lying on his bed. In tears and inconsolable. Zoe tries to settle him down.

ZOE

It's okay, Patrick.

BACK TO SCENE

Zoe exhales HARSHLY.

Takes off the headphones and pants frantically.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Zoe and Robert sit opposite each other, away from the desk. Empty space between them.

ROBERT

That part was true. Nothing they gave me worked anymore.

Rob casually leans back with his hands tucked in his pockets.

ZOE

How did that effect you?

Zoe crosses her legs with a notepad on her lap.

ROBERT

Stopped me from keeping a regular job.

ZOE

But how did it feel?

Robert stops, ponders for a moment...

ROBERT
How did it make me feel? Well...
Headaches. Body Aches. Joint Pains.
Nausea. Dizziness. It's like I had
a constant hangover.

Zoe nods.

ROBERT
It felt like I was wearing a twenty
stone iron suit.

...

ROBERT
At one point I just couldn't move
anymore. It was just too difficult.
So I stayed in bed.

Zoe's mind wonders for a moment.

INSERT CUT:

Patrick lying in his bed.

BACK TO SCENE

ROBERT
Can I ask you a quick question?

Zoe brings herself back.

ROBERT
Kind off topic but -- what do you
think of Fantasy books?

ZOE
Fantasy books?

ROBERT
Yeah. Lord of the Rings, Game of
Thrones...

ZOE
Okay, well... I think they're
usually self-indulgent, over the
top and unrealistic.

ROBERT
That's kind of the point.

ZOE

I know but it all seems a waste of time once you've gone above a certain age.

Robert smiles and nods.

ZOE

Why do you ask?

ROBERT

One of the things that got me out of bed eventually was writing.

Zoe narrows her eyes.

ZOE

You wrote fantasy, didn't you?

Robert chuckles.

Zoe sighs.

ZOE

It's not that bad.

Zoe laughs.

ZOE

It sometimes does a good job of transporting you to a different world.

ROBERT

Exactly how it made me feel. You know... it was like meditating. You know what I mean?

Zoe nods.

ROBERT

I would just go like... it's hard to explain. I sound like some hippy.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE

I understand you completely.

ROBERT

It really helped. I could live some sort of life now.

ZOE
Is this when you meet someone?
Someone special?

Robert's demeanor quickly changes.

ZOE
Marriage? Children?

ROBERT
Can we move on. Please.

Zoe takes a note and obliges.

ZOE
How about now? Do you still write?

Robert shakes his head.

ZOE
Why?

ROBERT
One day I just wasn't able to
anymore.

ZOE
What caused you to stop?

A moment passes as Robert gazes at nothing.

ZOE
Do you want to share that with me?

Robert hangs his head and rubs it.

ZOE
That's fine.

Zoe leans forward on her chair.

ZOE
How are you feeling now? In terms
of your condition, if you cannot
write?

Robert leans back, puts his hands on his lap.

ROBERT
There's something soothing about
knowing it's all going to end. It's
like my heart and body knows that
it will be over soon, it's calm.
I'm... Calm.

ZOE
If you didn't know... think you
were going to kill yourself--

ROBERT
I would definitely be struggling. I
wouldn't be here. To be honest I
don't know where I would be.

Zoe ponders with her pen in her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S HOME, BEDROOM -- EVENING

CLOSE ON phone, RINGING...

RINGING...

RINGING...

BEEP

VOICE MAIL
Sorry, the person you're trying to
reach cannot take your call. Please
leave a message, or hang up now.

MUM (V.O.)
Zoe? Are you in? Please pick up.

Zoe sits on her bed. Laptop in front of her, typing up her
notes.

MUM (V.O.)
This is very important. Pick up the
phone.

Zoe stops typing.

Looks in the direction of the phone.

MUM (V.O.)
When you get this, call me back as
soon as possible.

Zoe continues typing.

MUM (V.O.)
Bye, Zoe.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK

A large quilt covers Patrick in his bed. His head buried deep within it.

SWOOP

And the quilt is lifted off him. He wears a white T-shirt and shorts.

DAD
Wake up, Patrick.

His Dad speeds across the room to the curtain. Spreads them wide open.

Patrick squints.

DAD (CONT'D)
It's six o'clock.

Patrick sinks his head under a pillow. His Dad moves over and SNATCHES it off him.

DAD (CONT'D)
Wake up.

His Dad kneels down and opens the drawers of a cupboard.

He pulls out some jeans... then a jumper. Throws them on the bed.

Patrick lies on his back, facing the ceiling -- hands on head.

DAD (CONT'D)
Come on. Dress up.

More drawers are opened.

DAD (CONT'D)
Where are your socks?

Finally... His father digs out old, dusty socks and throws them onto the bed.

DAD (CONT'D)
Patrick, your clothes are there.
Hurry up, we will be late to church.

FROM THE DOOR

Zoe enters with an anxious look on her face.

ZOE
What's going on?

She watches as her Dad moves over to Patrick and PULLS him to a sitting position.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Leave him.

Patrick eye's hardly open; his face struck by a grief that cannot be described.

DAD
Stay out of this Zoe.

Father gathers together Patrick's clothes and drops them on his lap.

DAD (CONT'D)
Come on. Put on your clothes.

Desperation leaps from their Father's eyes.

DAD (CONT'D)
Patrick.

Dad PUSHES the jumper into Patrick's chest.

ZOE
Stop it.

DAD
Put on your clothes.

Zoe's MUM (40's in traditional African wear, with washing gloves on) walks in.

ZOE
Mum, tell him to stop!

Mum looks at Zoe, then her eyes move back to Patrick.

Dad has both hands on his shoulders.

DAD
You're coming to church with us.

Patrick's eyes meets his Dad's.

DAD (CONT'D)
Now put on your clothes.

Mum steps forward... but stops.

ZOE
Are you going to allow him to do
that?

Mum looks at Zoe.

MUM
Let him come to church. It's for
the best.

Zoe looks disgusted as she peaks back at sees Patrick finally
starting to put on his clothes.

CUT TO:

ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Robert holds up a FRAMED PAINTING -- of a parrot. Zoe is next
to him helping Robert position it on the wall.

ZOE
A bit higher.

ROBERT
There?

Zoe thinks...

ROBERT
My arms are starting to ache.

ZOE
Sorry.

Zoe moves around and marks the edges of the Parrot Painting,
on the wall.

ZOE
All done.

Robert puts it down. Stares at the multicoloured Parrot.

ROBERT
So what's the point of this one?

Zoe looks at it too.

ZOE
No deep reason this time. I just
find them charismatic.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- LATER

The painting of the parrot hangs in the background.

Zoe and Robert sits opposite each other. They munch through their Chinese takeaway.

ROBERT

So I leave the tube station. And I'm on the way to find a bus when some woman stands right in front of me.

Robert rests his takeaway box on his lap and reaches into his pocket. He takes out a flyer.

ROBERT

She forces this flyer into my hand and starts shouting about God.

Robert drops the flyer onto the floor and leaves it.

ROBERT

Then she starts talking about my face. Look at it's shape, it's symmetry. Could of that been moulded without the hands of God?

Zoe raises her eyebrows.

ROBERT

(pointing at his face)
What kind of God would shape this piece of crap.

Zoe laughs.

ZOE

Oh no. Really?

ROBERT

No. It's what I thought though.

Robert thinks for a moment...

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Do you believe in God?

Zoe's mouth opens but no words come out.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You don't?

Sadness starts to consume Zoe's face.

ZOE
I don't know anymore.

ROBERT
Is everything okay, you've stopped smiling.

Zoe smiles once again.

ZOE
Sorry. Go on.

ROBERT
Anyway, she was obsessed with eyebrows. It's shape... it's beauty... then I asked, what are their purpose?

Pause...

ROBERT
They're not there to just look good, are they? God is suppose to have a purpose for everything right?

Zoe is intrigued.

ZOE
What did she say?

ROBERT
Nothing. She didn't know.

ZOE
Does it bother you that there is no answer?

ROBERT
There is. The purpose of the eyebrow is to protect the eyes from dust.

Pause...

ROBERT
But that's not satisfying for them. They want more.

Zoe stands up, finished with her Chinese.

ZOE
Are you done?

Robert nods.

Zoe moves over and grabs his box and drops their litter in the small bin by the desk.

ROBERT
Have you heard of Universe 25.

ZOE
Universe what?

Zoe sits back down.

ROBERT
In the nineteen seventy's some
psychologist built a mice utopia.

ZOE
John Calhoun. But I don't remember
it properly.

Robert nods.

ROBERT
It was a mouse paradise. It started
with 4 males and 4 females. The
colony peaked at 2200 and from
there it declined to extinction.

ZOE
Oh, I'm remembering it now.

ROBERT
You're not, are you?

Zoe laughs.

ZOE
No.

ROBERT
They had all the food and water
they needed. It was cleaned
regularly, disease free. But they
still destroyed themselves. It's
where this world is heading.

ZOE
You can't extrapolate that
experiment onto our world.

ROBERT
Does it sound that far fetched?

ZOE
Billions still go hungry in this world.

ROBERT
And still we are overcrowding. Imagine when technology allows us to feed those people... Allows us to not even have to work. We'll have these robots.

Zoe laughs.

ZOE
How long in the future are we talking about?

ROBERT
We're not that far away. When the day comes when we have everything, we will have nothing.

ZOE
Why do you care what happens in a future you'll never reach?

ROBERT
Because it's inevitable.

...

ROBERT
And when it's inevitable in means everything is pointless.

Zoe allows a moment to pass...

ZOE
Is that how you feel, pointless?

ROBERT
That's not what I was trying to say.

ZOE
I'm not saying you were.

ROBERT
You're implying.

ZOE
You've been talking about purpose. Now you've said that everything is pointless.

...

ZOE
Do you not feel in control of your
life?

Robert looks at Zoe.

ROBERT
I used to feel that way but now I
know that my destiny is in my own
hands.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Zoe lies over her quilt cover, asleep on her bed.

The phones RINGS... and rings until it goes to voice mail.

MUM (V.O.)
It's me Zoe. Are you in?

Zoe's eyes open.

MUM (V.O.)
Please pick up.

Zoe closes them.

MUM (V.O.)
When you get this message...

Mum starts sobbing on the phone.

Zoe's eyes open again

MUM (V.O.)
... please call me.

Zoe springs up from her bed and ANSWERS the phone.

ZOE
(into phone)
Hello.

MUM (V.O.)
Hello?

ZOE
Can you hear me?

MUM (V.O.)

Yes.

Awkward silence...

ZOE

You were crying.

Silence...

MUM (V.O.)

I need to see you.

ZOE

What's wrong?

MUM (V.O.)

I'll tell you when I see you.

ZOE

Can't you just tell me whatever you want to say on the phone.

There's hesitation in her Mum's voice.

MUM (V.O.)

No. When are you coming?

ZOE

Let's not meet at home. Somewhere else.

MUM (V.O.)

In the park?

ZOE

That's fine.

MUM (V.O.)

Friday at one?

ZOE

Fine.

Another awkward silence.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Is everything okay with you?

Another hesitation...

MUM (V.O.)

I'll see you Friday.

ZOE
Bye.

MUM
Bye, Zoe.

The phone goes dead.

Zoe falls into deep thought, what's up with mum?

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Zoe sips on a cup of tea...

ROBERT
They said you haven't been there
for a couple of weeks.

Zoe looks at Robert.

ZOE
What?

ROBERT
At the centre. I went back
yesterday.

ZOE
Oh. Sorry.

ROBERT
Is something wrong? You've been a
little off today.

ZOE
I'm fine. Why did you go back.

ROBERT
To say my goodbye's to a few
people.

...

ROBERT
You should have seen their faces.
Not the staff, but the people. All
coming with their own problems.
Looking for hope. When there isn't
any.

ZOE
And you're sure of that?

Robert's expression affirms it.

ZOE
There's nothing good in your life?

...

ZOE
Have you ever thought about the way
you approach your problems, or life
in general?

ROBERT
I think I am realistic.

ZOE
What would it take to make you feel
more content, happier and
satisfied?

Robert has a think...

ROBERT
Not existing.

ZOE
Do you want to know what I think,
honestly?

ROBERT
Go ahead.

ZOE
I've asked you questions about
parts of your life that you haven't
answered. Which make it hard for me
to believe that this is only about
your condition and pessimism of the
future.

Robert looks away.

ZOE
You share with me whatever you
want. But time is running out for
us.

Robert grits his teeth.

ROBERT

Like you said, I'll share with you
what I want.

ZOE

So you're only here to appease
Linda?

...

ZOE

What am I going to say to her when
this is over? He wasn't honest with
me?

ROBERT

You're trying to guilt trip me now.

Zoe shakes her head.

ZOE

No, I'm not. I'm trying to get you
to try and look at the world
differently.

ROBERT

You think I'm hurting her on
purpose.

ZOE

I think you need to look at how
your actions have consequences.

Robert stands up.

ZOE

Robert!

Robert storms out.

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Zoe paces up and down -- phone on ear.

A piano tune emotes from the phone.

Frustration grows for Zoe.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Hello.

ZOE

Doctor Baig?

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Yes.

ZOE

You are a hard person to reach.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Apologies. I'm speaking to Marvin Johnson's psychotherapist.

ZOE

Yes. I don't appreciate how I've been kept out of the loop. I've been trying to speak to Marvin but been refused with no reason why.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

I'm sorry.

ZOE

I should not have to go to the family to know what's happening with my client.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

I understand. Bare with us. This is a difficult case.

ZOE

When is the meeting?

DOCTOR (V.O.)

It has been delayed.

Zoe stops moving.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Marvin is just not fit to even be considered for release right now.

Zoe's eyes close.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

You understand the process.

ZOE

Can I speak to him?

DOCTOR (V.O.)

He doesn't want to speak to anyone at the moment.

Zoe sighs.

ZOE
I need to speak to him.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

ZOE
I promised him.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
He's in a bad way but we're
confident he'll get better. He's a
strong boy.

Zoe can't find words.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Zoe lies in bed. Her head cushioned deep into a pillow.

BZZZZZZ

Her head pops up.

By the bed her phone buzzes on a table.

BZZZZZZ

She reaches over and picks it up.

ON SCREEN, she sees a number she doesn't recognise.

Hesitation...

The she lies down on her back and ANSWERS.

ZOE
(into phone)
Hello.

DAD
It's me Zoe.

Her face drops when she hears the voice.

DAD
We need to talk. Can I come up?

ZOE
No.

DAD
Come to my car then. I'm
downstairs.

ZOE
Why are you downstairs?

DAD
Just come.

ZOE
Why?

DAD
We need to go somewhere.

ZOE
Where?

DAD
Something has happened to your mum.
Come downstairs now, Zoe!

The terror in Zoe's Dad's voice freaks her out.

DAD
Please.

Zoe can hear the pain in her Dad's voice. Something is
seriously wrong.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLAT -- DAY

Zoe walks down the pavement. Notices her Dad's car quickly.

EXT./INT. DAD'S CAR -- DAY

Dad looks at the side mirror and sees Zoe approaching.

MOMENTS LATER...

Zoe opens a back door and sits in a back seat -- diagonally
across her Dad is the driver seat.

INT. DAD'S CAR -- DAY

Dad takes a peak at the back-view mirror -- sees the eyes of
Zoe and looks away.

ZOE
Are you going to say anything?

More silence as Dad readies himself...

DAD
It's your mum.

ZOE
What about mum?

Dad grips the steering wheel.

DAD
They found a problem with your
mum's heart recently.

Zoe leans forward, hands over her mouth.

DAD
She told me she was gonna tell you.
It was very serious.

Pause...

DAD
In the morning she woke up. She had
problems with her heart. Couldn't
breathe.

Dad sighs.

DAD
Ambulance came and we went to the
hospital. She was stable when we
got there but...

Pause...

DAD
But it got worse.

Zoe is almost crying.

ZOE
Where is she?

DAD
She's gone.

Dad turns his body and looks at Zoe in the backseat.

DAD
She passed away. They tried
everything but...

Zoe bows her head.

A moment of silence...

Dad pushes a key into the ignition and twists. The car engine
roars.

ZOE
Stop the car!

DAD
We're going to the hospital.

ZOE
I'm not going anywhere with you.
Stop the car.

Dad takes the keys out of the ignition.

ZOE
There's always been things I've
wanted to say to you. About what
you did!

Zoe sniffs and wipes her nose with her arm.

ZOE
But instead I left and you
disappeared out my life. I ignored
mum as well because she stayed on
your side... and now she is dead.

More tears flow from Zoe's eyes.

ZOE
She's dead!

Zoe takes a moment...

ZOE
I missed her everyday. But her
loyalty was to you! You destroyed
our relationship.

Dad just sits and listens. His eyes rigidly stares forward.
His body not moving a muscle.

ZOE

And Patrick... Patrick died because of us. Your ignorance. You refusing to accept the reality.

Zoe shakes her head -- tears flowing.

ZOE

Mum just followed you because she felt powerless. And me... I was naive. I thought I was doing all I could, when really I was doing nothing at all.

Dad's eyes twist. His body bends slightly.

ZOE

Because of all of us he died.

Zoe opens the car door.

ZOE

Stay out of my life. I never want to see your face again. You're dead to me as well.

Zoe exits and slams the door shut.

Dad closes his eyes and exhales.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Zoe is deep in bed. Her pillow is wet and her eyes are red.

In her hand is a picture of her Mum, smiling. She grips the photo and then buries herself deeper.

TITLE: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Zoe's room is a tip. Old food, paper and rubbish dispersed everywhere.

Zoe is in bed. Her head sunk in her pillow.

The phone rings... rings... rings all the way to voice mail.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello Zoe. It's Claire. Just thought I'd check up on you. You said you'd be back today.

...

RECEPTIONIST

Take as much time as you need.

On the cupboard next to the bed is a bottle of scotch. Almost empty.

RECEPTIONIST

But please get back to us. Thank you. Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Zoe sits at her desk.

Hidden behind the desk, she pours whiskey into a coffee cup -- then hides the whiskey in a drawer.

JENNA (28, brunette hair and curvy figure) approaches.

JENNA

When are we getting started?

Jenna looks back. SPENCER (26, short and slick hair) stands by a circle of chairs with CHRISTINE (36, blond hair and aging face).

ZOE

Just waiting for one more person.

Zoe takes a sip from her cup.

JENNA

Who?

There's a knock on the door.

Everyone turns to see Robert entering. He close to the door, confused.

Zoe stands up, almost stumbling.

ZOE

Come in.

Zoe dashes over.

Robert steps in, Zoe shuts the door.

ROBERT

What's happening?

ZOE

We're having a group session.

Robert moves in closer to Zoe and lowers his voice.

ROBERT

You didn't tell me about this.
Where have you been all week? I've
been calling you.

ZOE

I was ill. Now come sit down.

ROBERT

I need to speak to you.

Zoe walks into the middle of the encircled chairs.

ZOE

Everyone take a seat.

They all do, Robert being the last as he looks warily at his peers.

Zoe focuses on him.

ZOE

This is Robert.

The group focuses on him too.

ZOE

He'll be joining our group therapy
today.

Zoe steps back, stumbling a bit.

Robert eyes her, suspiciously.

ZOE

Can you all introduce yourselves to
him. Tell him a little bit about
why you're here.

Zoe looks at Christine.

CHRISTINE
Erm... okay.

Zoe walks back to her table and takes a gulp from her cup.

CHRISTINE
My name is Christine.

From the desk:

ZOE
Tell him why you're here.

CHRISTINE
Well, I guess... I'm here because like everyone here I suspect, I'm struggling with a few issues. It's really got to do with post-natal depression.

...

CHRISTINE
It was after my second child, things started to go wrong, I guess.

JENNA
She's doing better now, though.

Christine smiles and nods.

CHRISTINE
Yes, I am. Doing this has really helped.

Zoe walks back to the group. She's sweating and panting. Uses her hand as a fan.

JENNA
I'm Jenna.

Jenna can't seem to talk without smiling.

JENNA
I'm here because of depression too. It kinda came after I got diagnosed with breast cancer. That hit me quite hard but I'm in remission now.

Christine CLAPS and everyone joins in.

JENNA

Thank you. It's not over yet, but I'm on the right road. I have to thank Zoe for all of this because at one point, I didn't think I could go on.

Jenna smiles at Zoe, who smiles back.

Spencer exhales.

SPENCER

I'm Spencer...

Spencer scratches his head nervously.

SPENCER

Erm... I suffer from social anxiety. Makes these sorts of thing difficult.

Spencer chuckles.

SPENCER

Erm... it made me depressed. Really really depressed.

Spencer exhales again.

SPENCER

One time I didn't leave my house for three months. But... I'm here now.

Zoe nods at Spencer.

ZOE

Thank you.

Zoe claps frantically, the rest of the group joins in. Robert sits arms folded.

Zoe looks at him.

Robert notices her red eyes.

ZOE

You wanna tell them why you're here.

Everyone looks at Robert.

Robert glares at Zoe, who moves out of the circle.

From the side:

ZOE
Go ahead.

Robert rubs his chin.

JENNA
It's okay. We're all here to help.

CHRISTINE
Yeah.

Spencer nods.

Robert takes a moment...

Goes to speak... then stops.

JENNA
Can I suggest something Zoe?

Zoe walks towards the circle, stumbles again.

JENNA
Careful there.

Zoe laughs it off.

JENNA
You okay?

ZOE
Never been better.

JENNA
How about we play a game. Maybe
that will make Robert more
comfortable.

Zoe looks at Robert, who bitterly glares back.

ZOE
What do you think?

Robert grits his teeth.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- LATER

Zoe is a part of the circle now. She's looking merry and excitable.

They all have stickers on their foreheads.

CHRISTINE
Am I a wild animal?

Zoe nods her head.

ZOE
Yes.

Christine has the word BEAR stuck to her forehead.

CHRISTINE
Do I have four legs.

JENNA
Yeah.

Christine ponders for a moment.

CHRISTINE
Can you find me in Africa?

JENNA
(unconvincing)
Yes.

Zoe shakes her head quickly.

ZOE
No. No. You can't. You're not in
Africa.

CHRISTINE
In the wild, not in Africa...

Christine smiles, rubs her chin.

CHRISTINE
Do I live in a forest?

ZOE
Yes.

Christine chuckles.

CHRISTINE
Was I in the Jungle Book?

JENNA
She knows.

CHRISTINE
Do I live in the arctic too?

SPENCER
Put us out of our misery.

CHRISTINE
I'm a bear.

Zoe claps.

ZOE
Well done.

CHRISTINE
You could have made it harder.

Robert looks on ominously. Still confused at what's going on. He glares at Zoe, who is on the edge of her seat.

ZOE
Robert, you go next.

Zoe turns to Robert, sees the annoyance in his eyes but continues oblivious.

JENNA
So basically you have ten questions
to work out what you are.

Robert has butterfly written on the paper stuck to his head.

JENNA
You're a type of animal.

Robert remains quiet as all eyes focus on him.

ZOE
Go on.

Robert scratches his head and sighs.

...

ROBERT
Can I fly?

Zoe smiles and nods.

ZOE
Yes.

ROBERT
Am I an insect.

JENNA
Yep.

ROBERT
I'm a butterfly.

Zoe claps.

ZOE
That must be a record time.

JENNA
How did you know?

ROBERT
I saw Zoe writing it down on the
paper.

ZOE
You wasn't meant to be looking.

Zoe stands up.

ZOE
You ruined the game... anyway,
enough of that.

Zoe walks to her desk. Opens drawer.

ZOE
Let's get to why we're here.

Hidden from view, Zoe tries to pour more alcohol into the coffee cup but it's empty. She drops it back in the drawer and grabs a chunk of papers and pen instead.

Returning -- Zoe hands them out. Robert doesn't take the pen and paper right away. He stares into the eyes of Zoe. A moment passes, then he takes them.

As Zoe returns to her seat, she stumbles -- the pens and papers hit the floor.

Jenna goes to help.

JENNA
Let me help.

ZOE
No it's fine.

Jenna kneels down to help.

ZOE
I said I'm fine. Sit back down.

Jenna returns to her seat.

Everyone watches ominously.

CHRISTINE
Is everything okay Zoe?

ZOE
Yes.

Zoe picks up the pens and papers.

ZOE
As I was saying this week we're
talking about suicide.

She takes her seat in the circle.

ZOE
Everyone here has had an encounter
with it.

...

ZOE
I want us to go around the circle
and if you're up to it -- I'd like
you to share with everyone how you
dealt with it.

Zoe turns to her left.

ZOE
Let's go this way.

Jenna is on Zoe's left. She leans forward on her chair. Rolls
her hands over her fist.

JENNA
I guess I'm first.

CHRISTINE
I can go.

JENNA
It's okay.

Pause...

JENNA
There was a time after I got
diagnosed with cancer where I felt
I wasn't going to make it.

Zoe's and Robert's eyes meet.

JENNA

They couldn't tell me what chance I had. It was just constant pain of chemo.

Zoe applies a hand on her shoulder.

Jenna exhales.

JENNA

Wow, talking about this stuff can really take you back. It's not a nice feeling. Feeling like there is no way out. Feeling like you have no control.

Robert looks like he is bubbling inside.

JENNA

I was so close.

Pause...

ZOE

What helped you in that situation?

JENNA

I think that was around about the time I started seeing you.

ZOE

But what did you do? What made you see that suicide wasn't the way? Basically, what changed your outlook on life?

Jenna looks up at Zoe.

JENNA

You said to me once that I was in control of my life. That touched me, I guess.

...

JENNA

I don't know, for me I think it was about having agency over my life. Nothing was a foregone conclusion. And the support... knowing there were people out there who cared so much, helped me a lot.

A moment passes.

ZOE

Thank you for sharing that.

Zoe claps. Christian and Spencer join her. Robert stays mute and still.

CHRISTINE

Thank you.

SPENCER

Thanks for sharing that.

There's a pause... as Zoe looks at who's next after Jenna. It's Robert.

ZOE

You think you're ready to share with the group Robert.

...

ZOE

How about you tell them how you want to commit suicide?

Robert's bubble bursts!

ROBERT

Enough!

Robert JUMPS to his feet.

ROBERT

I'm tired of this bullshit!

Robert's chair HITS the floor.

ROBERT

Can't you see she is pissed? She doesn't know what she's saying.

Robert THRUSTS his finger at Zoe in a stabbing motion.

ROBERT

This group therapy -- group session, whatever you call it is over.

Spencer stands up, hands raised.

SPENCER

Relax man.

ROBERT
Don't tell me to relax.

Robert JABS his thumb backwards, over his shoulder.

ROBERT
Everyone out. I need to speak to
her alone.

Jenna and Christine look at Zoe.

ZOE
It's okay. We'll continue next
time.

JENNA
You sure?

Zoe's eyes are rooted to the floor.

ZOE
Yes.

Jenna looks at Christine and they both stand. Spencer is
unsure what to do.

Jenna gives him a glance and he follows her and Christine out
of the room.

The door shuts.

Robert stands, arms folded with a scolded look in his eyes.
He looks down at Zoe, who finally raises her head.

ROBERT
What the hell was that?

Zoe has no immediate answers.

ROBERT
What's happened?

Still nothing...

ROBERT
I want some answers.

ZOE
I want to know why you bother to
come to these sessions when you're
not prepared to share anything.

ROBERT
In front of these strangers?

ZOE

Even, just me. You have nothing to lose, but still -- you don't talk.

ROBERT

I owe you nothing. I don't need to tell you anything.

Zoe smiles.

ROBERT

Why are you smiling?

Zoe shakes her head.

ROBERT

You think this is funny. Coming in here drunk, trying to manipulate me with these suicide stories.

Zoe gets up. Walks back to her desk. Robert follows.

ROBERT

You tried to guilt trip me about Linda.

ZOE

I didn't try to do anything.

Zoe sits at her desk. Robert remains standing.

ROBERT

Are these the tactics you use to save people's lives?

ZOE

You're trying to deflect.

ROBERT

Deflect what?

ZOE

The fact that it's bothering you that you have feelings for her.

Robert chuckles.

ZOE

Or she has feelings for you.

Robert shakes his head.

ZOE

Did you get those messages I sent you?

Pause...

ZOE

The messages of fans of your books which I found all over the internet. People who appreciate your work and want more from you.

Robert looks away.

ZOE

If showing you that your life means something, and there's people out there who appreciate your existence, especially people close to you -- means I'm guilt tripping, then I am.

Zoe slaps the desk defiantly.

ZOE

Because there are some people out there who have nothing Robert. Who have no one who truly cares about them.

Looks like Zoe is about to cry but it doesn't quite come.

ZOE

Who if they died, those around them would either be happy or apathetic.

ROBERT

I'm selfish then.

Robert sighs.

ROBERT

The people who are selfish are you and anybody around me who wants me to keep suffering in this world.

Robert leans forward on the table. Palms flat on the desk. Looking Zoe in the eye.

ROBERT

And you Zoe. I'm embarrassed that I thought you were some sort of saviour before. Not really...

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

You don't necessarily do this to help people, no. It makes sense now. You're a lonely person. A lonely drunk. Let me diagnose you.

...

ROBERT

You are trying to fill a hole inside you with the gratification of saving someone's life. And you're willing to do anything you can to make that possible. Because whatever is bothering you doesn't go away.

Robert stands tall. Looks down at himself and then back up at Zoe.

ROBERT

Well I'm going to be that person who you couldn't save, because this is the last time you will ever see me!

Robert turns and storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK

Silence...

As Patrick lies in his bed. His blanket covers all but the top of his head.

KNOCK KNOCK

Not even a hint of movement from Patrick.

KNOCK KNOCK

Again, met with silence.

The door creeps open.

ZOE

Patrick?

Zoe has a plate of food in one hand and a cup of juice in the other.

ZOE
I've got some food for you.

Silence...

ZOE
I'll put it on your table.

Zoe puts the plate and cup on the table.

ZOE
I just wanted to say a few things quickly -- before I go.

Silence...

ZOE
I know it's been a tough time...
and I've just been acting like an
idiot, so I wanted to apologize.
I'm here for you. Whatever you
need.

Zoe chuckles.

ZOE
Before you know it, you'll be back
at Uni, getting up to all sorts.

Sadness consumes Zoe's voice again.

ZOE
Anyway I'll leave you to it. Bye.

Zoe turns to leave.

ZOE
Bye Patrick.

No response.

Zoe turns back and approaches the bed. She sits down, puts her hand on Patrick's shoulder.

Patrick is not responsive to Zoe's touch.

ZOE
Hey Patrick, what's wrong?

Nothing...

ZOE
Patrick?

Zoe taps him on the shoulder.

ZOE
Patrick!

She taps harder. Still nothing.

Zoe moves Patrick onto his back. She sees his lifeless face.
Eyes closed.

ZOE
Patrick!

She grabs a hold of his face.

ZOE
Wake up.

She puts her ear on his mouth. LISTENS.

NOTHING.

ZOE
Oh no. Patrick! Please wake up!

In the corner of Zoe's eye she notices a BOTTLE of PILLS open
on the floor. A few scattered about.

ZOE
No. No. No.

Zoe pulls out her phone.

Dials 999.

She balances the phone on her shoulder and starts CPR.

RING... RING... RING...

Zoe THRUSTS her hands into Patrick chest frantically.

OPERATOR
Hello.

ZOE
Come on, Patrick!

OPERATOR
Hello?

ZOE
It's my brother, I think he's
overdosed!

OPERATOR
Okay calm down...

Zoe continues PRESSING her hands into Patrick chest, again
and again.

ZOE
He's not breathing!

Tears flow through her eyes.

ZOE
He's not breathing!

CUT TO:

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Zoe is tucked into her bed. She CRIES inconsolably. GRIPPING
the quilt. ANGUISH in her face.

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

CLOSE ON painting of lotus flower.

Zoe is taking it down.

Standing on a chair, she unhooks the back and takes the
painting off the wall.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Why didn't you tell me?

Zoe jumps off the chair and sees Robert slowly approaching
from the door.

ROBERT
I spoke to the receptionist and she
said your appointments were
canceled because of a bereavement.

Zoe rests the lotus painting on the parrot painting beside
the desk.

ROBERT
Who died?

Zoe tidies her desk. It's almost empty.

ZOE

My mum.

Zoe packs some things into her bag.

ROBERT

I'm sorry.

Robert sighs.

ROBERT

The things I said...

ZOE

Don't worry about it. It's over now.

Zoe rushes around. Stops momentarily as she sees her CERTIFICATE IN THE DRAWER -- then closes it.

Robert notices.

ROBERT

You said some things too.

ZOE

I said don't worry about it.

ROBERT

It got me thinking, Zoe. You were right.

Zoe stops what she's doing.

ROBERT

I haven't been honest.

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

I've been duping myself.

Zoe sits on the edge of her table.

ROBERT

You've been wondering what happened to me to make me stop going to the centre. To make me want to go to Dignitas.

Robert goes and sits at the desk.

Zoe spins around and sits opposite him.

ROBERT

After I sold my first book as a writer, I met someone. A few years later we were married and expecting a child.

Robert's hand's shake as he speaks. His face looks an extra thirty years older.

ROBERT

I told her about my condition but she was supportive. Somehow she put up with me.

A hint of a smile from Robert.

ROBERT

And because of that I loved her. I loved her with all my heart. I cherished her like no other -- until our children were born.

Robert sighs.

ROBERT

But this thing Zoe. This disease, it can come crashing down on you at any moment. You're always at the edge of that abyss. Never a good distance away. Always on the cusp of falling in. And...

...

ROBERT

And I did, at times. My depression got worse and I was stricken to my bed, leaving my wife to care for the children.

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

No amount of medication would work. I felt powerless. I lied. The writing never solved anything. Just a job I could do in my own room.

A tear falls down Robert's cheek.

ROBERT

I couldn't control it. I couldn't take care of her or the children. I wasn't a man. I was nothing.

...

ROBERT

We got divorced at the start of the year. That's when I started coming to the centre. A place I wouldn't be judged. A place where I could just gather my thoughts, you know. I wish I had found it earlier.

Robert wipes the tears.

ROBERT

Then I get a call from her. From my wife -- ex wife. She tells me she's met someone from America. And how she's planning to move there with the kids.

Anger takes over Robert's face.

ROBERT

She wanted to take my children. Still only five, seven years old! And you know what the worst thing is?

...

ROBERT

There's nothing I could have done to stop it because I'm weak. I'm...

Robert POKES his head with his finger.

ROBERT

Crazy! There's no more purpose for someone like me.

...

ROBERT

I spent those months away from the centre curled up in my bed, to depressed to even be motivated to kill myself.

Robert grins.

ROBERT

I would have starved to death if Linda did not bring me food to eat.

...

ROBERT

Then I found dignitas. Dying with dignity made me regain control of my life.

...

ROBERT

I spent the rest of my time, all up until I met you, collating evidence that I'd take with me.

Silence lasts for a while...

ZOE

All I can really say now is... Good luck.

Zoe stands up. She packs away the last few things into her backpack, then puts it on.

ROBERT

So you're just going to go?

She moves over to the side of the desk where the paintings are.

ROBERT

What about... this?

ZOE

I can't be involved with... this anymore.

...

ZOE

You were right.

ROBERT

What?

ZOE

The reason why I help people isn't because I want to save them. I help them to fill a hole I have inside me.

ROBERT

Zoe, what I said--

ZOE

Was true. I use people. I am selfish.

Robert is stuck for words...

ZOE
There's only one way I can fill
this hole inside me.

ROBERT
What do you mean?

Robert shakes his head.

ZOE
I hope you realise that you have a
lot to live for. This is the last
time we will be seeing each other.

ROBERT
Zoe.

Robert stands up.

ZOE
Goodbye Robert.

Zoe picks up the paintings and heads for the door. Robert
watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY-PHONE -- DAY

Robert waits outside a pay-phone.

A old black man opens the door--

ROBERT
Thank you.

--And holds it open, for Robert to pass through.

MOMENTS LATER

Robert is talking into the phone.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I've been calling her phone for the
last two days and she's not been
picking up. I'm worried about her.

RECEPTIONIST
I understand, but I'm not allowed
to give you that information.

Robert sighs.

ROBERT
How long will she be on a break?

RECEPTIONIST
A break?

ROBERT
Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST
She no longer works at our clinic.

ROBERT
What do you mean?

RECEPTIONIST
She quit.

Robert ponders for a sec...

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Hello?

Robert hangs up.

INT. ZOE'S OFFICE -- DAY

CLOSE ON DOOR LOCK

Someone tries to UNPICK the lock from the outside.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
Hello?

Footsteps.

A hand unlocks the door from inside and opens.

PULL BACK as Robert enters the office.

The THERAPIST (40's, greyish hair and wearing spectacles)
watches Robert walk to the desk.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Who are you?

Robert ignores her. He goes behind the desk.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Excuse me sir.

Robert pulls out a drawer.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
You can't do that.

ROBERT
You know, Zoe?

THERAPIST
Zoe?

ROBERT
This used to be her office.

Robert sees the certificate, searches under it. Scans through the piles of papers.

ROBERT
And luckily, she didn't clear everything out.

Finds a letter.

Sees Zoe names... then an address in the top corner.

THERAPIST
Please leave.

ROBERT
Gotcha.

Robert leaves the desk, nods at the therapist and exits.

EXT. FLATS -- DAY

Robert looks at the address on the letter -- then looks up at the flat in front of him.

INT. ZOE'S ROOM -- DAY

BANG BANG BANG

We PAN through the bedroom. The floor is clear and spotless. The bed is nicely covered.

BANG BANG BANG

ROBERT (O.S.)
Zoe! It's me.

Robert waits for a response.

ROBERT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Zoe?

Zoe's desk is ordered perfectly. The TV is off. The screen is dust free - impeccable.

BANG BANG BANG

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Zoe!

EXT. ZOE'S FLAT -- DAY

Robert's face is pressed against the front door. He's given up when --

DAD

You looking for Zoe?

Robert turns around. Sees Zoe's Dad.

DAD (CONT'D)

Who are you?

ROBERT

A client -- friend of hers.

DAD

Why are you looking for my daughter?

ROBERT

I think she's in trouble.

DAD

Come with me.

INT. DAD'S CAR -- DAY

Dad sits in the drivers seat. He holds a phone between himself and Robert in the passengers seat.

DAD

She sent me this message a few hours ago.

The message plays.

Tears emerge on the phone.

ZOE (V.O.)
 One thing Patrick didn't do, which I hated, was say goodbye. Even if he told me that he hated me. Leave me some sort of message. Give me some sort of closure. Mum couldn't, but he could... I'm you're family.

Zoe exhales.

ZOE (V.O.)
 I hate you Dad.

Robert and Dad's eyes meet for a second.

ZOE (V.O.)
 I really do, but still want to say goodbye. You're my only family left.

Pause...

ZOE (V.O.)
 I've gone to be with Patrick now.
 Bye Dad.

The message ends.

ROBERT
 How long ago was that?

DAD
 Two hours.

Robert rubs his head.

ROBERT
 Damn.

DAD
 She's dead.

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT
 She wouldn't do it.

DAD
 Did you hear what she said!?

ROBERT
 I know. I know. She wants to die.
 But that's not enough.

She's close, but I don't think she's gone. Not yet.

Robert turns to Zoe's Dad.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Where do you think she would go?

Dad has a think...

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Come on. We don't have time.

DAD
I don't know.

ROBERT
Think.

DAD
She could be anywhere.

BINGO.

Dad's eyes POP UP.

DAD (CONT'D)
She could be at home.

ROBERT
What?

DAD
I haven't been back there in a week.

ROBERT
What home?

Dad puts the key into the ignition, twists.

ROAR.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM -- DAY

No curtains, so light shines into the room.

Zoe lies on the bed. Still.

We don't see her face.

But we see her hand.

CLUTCHING a the gun she took from Maven.

Silence...

Before...

The door opens.

Robert freezes as he sees Zoe... then the GUN.

ROBERT

Zoe.

Zoe's eyes move to see Robert, then her Dad over his shoulder.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Zoe, are you okay?

Zoe doesn't answer. Her face is dull and expressionless.

Robert steps forwards but--

Zoe moves the gun. Robert stops still.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It's okay Zoe.

Robert holds his hands up. Dad looks helpless.

Her lips begin to move...

ZOE

People find it hard to understand like you said... Why would you want to take your life when you're suffering with something which is not terminal? Which can be cured...

...

ZOE (CONT'D)

But it's not about that. It's about whether this life is truly worth living.

ROBERT

Zoe.

Robert tries to make eye contact.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 You said that no one cared about
 you.

Robert peeks back at her Dad.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 You have two people here who do.

ZOE
 Wasn't it you who said, we
 shouldn't live for other people.
 That's not a life. To truly live,
 you have to live for yourself.

Robert takes in the words...

ZOE (CONT'D)
 Since Patrick died I've been at the
 edge of that abyss. I never knew
 because I distracted myself with
 the problems with other people. Now
 I'm being honest.

...

ZOE (CONT'D)
 I'm looking deep down in myself.
 I'm not hiding anymore. I've just
 accepted my fate. That's me in the
 centre of the abyss. And I can't
 live my life there.

ROBERT
 There's help you can get. You know
 it. It's not a foregone conclusion.

Zoe releases a slight smile.

ZOE
 My life is not worth saving Robert.
 And this world is cold. Soon it
 will be frozen. Soon, all there
 will be is pain and ice.

Robert edges forward.

ROBERT
 No, Zoe. This world is warm. I've
 felt it. You're the one who showed
 me. You've showed me that my life
 does have worth. That I still have
 something to offer. There's
 purpose.

...

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Because of you, I don't want to die
anymore.

Their eyes meet, suddenly.

Zoe notices Robert's moved closer. POINTS the GUN at him.

ZOE
Don't come any closer!

ROBERT
Okay.

Robert steps back.

Zoe POINTS the GUN at Dad.

ZOE
And you stay right away from me.

Dad looks beleaguered.

ROBERT
Zoe.

Zoe looks back at Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
That void that you're in, is not a
bottomless pit.

Zoe starts to cry.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You've hit the bottom. Look up.

Robert looks up.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
You're way out, is ahead of you.
We're here to help you on that
path.

ZOE
It's my fault he's dead though.
It's my fault Patrick is gone. I
don't deserve to live.

Zoe points the gun at herself.

ROBERT
No. No. No.

DAD
No, Zoe! It's not.

Dad steps into view. Moves closer to his daughter.

DAD (CONT'D)
We all made mistakes. Especially me. I know Patrick is looking down at us. And I'm sure I know what he'd be saying.

ZOE
Don't say that nonsense to me Dad. You and mum can be let off. You were blind with ignorance. What's my excuse?

Tears start to form in her Dad's eyes.

ZOE (CONT'D)
I have none. I killed him.

DAD
It wasn't you Zoe.

Dad bends down, holds Zoe's hand.

DAD (CONT'D)
The disease clouded his mind. Just like it is yours. He wanted to live. Just like I know, you want to live!

ZOE
I would only be a burden.

Dad shakes his head.

DAD
No.

ZOE
I will never get over this I can't. I'm sorry.

Zoe's finger hovers on the trigger.

ROBERT
Zoe. Look at me.

Zoe's eye's finds Robert's.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I can't say I know how you feel.
I've never felt a loss so close to
me like that.

Robert gently moves forward.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
But I have an idea of what's going
on in your head. I have an idea of
what you're feeling inside.

Robert edges ever so slightly forward.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
It's like being trapped in the deep
end of a pool. You tread water for
a long time. You start getting
tired. You aren't sure how much
longer you'll be able to keep your
head above water. You try to stay
afloat, try to conserve your energy
and pray someone will come along
and help you.

Tears run down Zoe's cheeks.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Time ticks on. You are so tired.
You sink below the surface, hold
your breath for as long as you can.
Nobody is coming to save you
because nobody notices you need
help. Desperately, you pull to the
surface, gasp for air, sink back
down again. You are losing all
hope.

He puts his hand on the gun. They both holds it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We're here to grab your hand, so
you can pull yourself up.

Zoe gently lowers the gun.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We are listening and we believe in
you.

Robert takes the gun from her

Zoe crashes onto the bed. Shoves her face into her hand and
cries.

Dad moves over and sits next to her. She falls into his arms.
Her Dad cradles her.

DAD
It's okay Zoe. I'm here.

...

DAD (CONT'D)
It's okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Bright sun shines in a blue sky. A calm wind swirls gently in the air.

On a bench, Robert sits.

A moment passes.

Robert takes out his phone. Sees the time on screen. It's 1pm.

He puts the phone away. Begins examining what's around him with his eyes.

No sign of anyone coming.

He looks back at the leaflet. His eyes so concentrated that he doesn't blink.

ZOE (O.S.)
We should have come out during our sessions.

Robert smiles and turns around.

He sees:

Zoe approaching, hands tucked into her pockets.

ROBERT
For a moment there I thought you had died.

Zoe smiles and sits next to Robert.

ROBERT
Sorry... too soon?

ZOE
It's been a whole month.

Zoe laughs.

ROBERT
How you feeling?

ZOE
I've been better.

ROBERT
How did you get here?

ZOE
Dad dropped me off.

ROBERT
And Maven?

ZOE
Should be here soon.

ROBERT
How is he?

ZOE
Only way they'll let him out is if
he takes injections every month.
He's finding it hard to adjust
but... he'll get there.

...

ZOE
Who would have thought we'd end up
here, when we first met?

ROBERT
In this situation.

ZOE
Exactly.

Zoe looks up at the clear blue sky.

ZOE
Sometimes you forget how beautiful
it is.

Robert looks up at the sky too.

ZOE
How beautiful it can be.

ROBERT
It's definitely worth it.

Zoe smiles.

Robert notices someone in the distance.

Zoe turns to see who he's looking at:

Maven waits a few steps away.

ZOE
Hey, Maven.

Zoe gets up and greets Maven. He looks like he hasn't slept for days.

ZOE
This is Robert.

Robert nods towards him. Maven doesn't really respond.

ZOE
(to Robert)
So I guess we will see each other soon.

ROBERT
I guess.

Zoe steps closer to Robert.

ZOE
I never thanked you for--

ROBERT
I never did either.

Zoe smiles.

ZOE
You know, we're going for lunch, you could join us.

ROBERT
I'd love to. But I'm waiting for Linda.

Zoe chuckles.

ZOE
She's got you on a tight leash.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT

Irony is she wants to spend more
time with me now than when I was
going to die.

Zoe smiles and shakes her head.

ZOE

Goodbye Robert.

Robert waves.

And Zoe walks off with Maven.

Leaving Robert sitting alone -- BAKED in SUNLIGHT, looking up
at the sky.

FADE OUT:

THE END