

Me and You  
by  
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Based on an Original Story  
by  
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INT. DAY. SEB'S BEDSIT.

The bedsit is furnished, yet lifeless. A bed sits lonely in the corner, next to a sagged and aged sofa. SEB and ALEX enter, cheeks red from the cold, donned in hats and scarves, carrying heavy boxes.

Seb places his box on the stained coffee table and extends his arms outwards.

SEB:  
Welcome to Casa del Humphries!

Alex giggles shyly at him and looks around the room, hugging the box against her chest.

ALEX:  
It's nice?

Seb looks at her and raises his eyebrow at her, his arms drop to his sides. Alex shrugs and continues to look around the room.

ALEX: (CONT)  
It's just a bit small I guess.

Seb sighs and goes over to her and takes the box from her and places it down on the ground. He grabs her by the hand and takes her around the room.

SEB:  
(Gesturing to the window)  
You're not seeing it as it *will* be!

He motions to the sofa.

SEB: (CONT)  
This will be the lounging area.

Alex laughs and gestures to the bed.

ALEX:  
And I suppose this is where the magic happens?

Seb laughs and shakes his head and drags her over to the desk where his violin sits proudly. He strokes it fondly and points to it, with a wide grin.

SEB:  
No. This is where the magic will happen.

(CONTINUED)

Seb pauses and looks adoringly at his violin. He smiles and then bursts into action, dashing around the boxes, rooting inside them.

SEB: (CONT)

This calls for a celebration! This moment *needs* to be celebrated.

He digs out a large, expensive looking champagne bottle and a corkscrew. He waves them about and taps the screw on the glass. He opens the bottle brashly and the cork flies across the room, narrowly avoiding Alex. She goes to pick it up and holds it in her hand. Seb takes an obnoxious swig from the bottle, some of it spilling out of his mouth. He wipes it clean with the back of his hand and holds the bottle upwards.

SEB:

Here's to... the house.

ALEX:

Here's to our future!

SEB:

Here's to me being great!

Alex nods and smiles through pursed lips as Seb continues to drink. She looks around the bedsit again and waits for him to finish.

ALEX:

I'd have never pictured you in a place like this.

SEB:

Well, you and Mum and Dad. But I need to be here Alex! To reach the top you have to start from the bottom. This... (he gestures around him) is my bottom.

ALEX:

Wow...

INT. SEB'S BEDSIT. A FEW DAYS LATER.

Seb's bedsit is now fully unpacked and full of his 'flair'. Musical posters decorate the walls, record sleeves adorn every surface, sheet music clutters the floor. Seb and Alex are sat in the centre of the room, playing both their instruments. The pair play beautifully in sync, the sounds complement each other well. They finish and smile at each other.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX:

Okay, I've gotta say, that was really good.

SEB:

You don't need to tell me that.

Seb bends down and picks up the glass of water by his chair, he takes a sip and places it back down. He consults the sheet music and uses a pencil to write a few notes down on the sheet, mumbling to himself.

SEB: (CONT)

Still think you should come in after me though. About...here.

He uses the pencil to point to a spot on her sheet.

ALEX:

So you want to do the first section as a solo?

SEB:

I just think you're blocking me there. You know?

ALEX:

Yeah but if I come in there...

She circles a section of notation.

ALEX: (CONT)

All of this will sound off. I can't come in halfway through, it'll sound weird.

SEB:

Then don't come in at all then...come in...there!

He points to the bottom of the page. He begins to run out of patience.

ALEX:

So now the whole prelude is just you?

SEB:

(Interrupting)

I wrote this to emphasise the violin, the cello is just...background.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX:  
I thought it was a duet?

SEB:  
See I'm looking at this now, and I think you just need to pull back a bit, let me take control.

Alex stays silent and looks at her sheet music. She turns the pages, perplexed and sighs. She shrugs and then forces a smile.

ALEX:  
Okay! If you think it be better...

SEB:  
I know it will. Now from the top, just leave it to me and come in where I told you to.

Alex nods and sits forward, preparing herself to start. Seb clears his throat and does the same.

03: INT. SEB'S BEDSIT. A FEW DAYS LATER.

SEB and ALEX are sat in the same position as before, both appear exhausted. They play the same composition as before, but with Seb's changes. Seb keeps stopping and starting, becoming more frustrated as he continues. Alex looks up from her music and looks at him sympathetically. Seb stops and kicks the music stand in frustration. Alex jumps and then stops. Seb puts his violin on the floor and runs his hands through his hair and sits back.

SEB:  
It's all wrong.

ALEX:  
Well I mean it has some kinks, but i-

SEB:  
(interrupting)  
No, it's all wrong it doesn't sound right. The melody's fucked.

Alex opens her mouth to reply but then decides to stay silent. She looks again at the sheet music and sighs.

SEB: (CONT)  
Are you sure you're playing what I wrote?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX:

I'm pretty sure. I'm playing the exact amendments you made.

Seb sighs in exasperation and picks up the sheet music, and flicks through it.

SEB:

It should work fine... why can't I get it to? I wanted to show this off at my audition but obviously I'm just going to have to play some passé piece that every other conservatoire wanker is going to play.

ALEX:

We've been playing for a solid six hours. You're just tired. Look at it again tomorrow and see if you can salvage it.

She rests her cello against the sofa and grabs a bottle of water on the table.

ALEX: (CONT)

(jokingly)

Besides, don't forget that you are a conservatoire wanker.

Seb smiles before returning his gaze to the notation. He clicks his tongue and his eyes flicker across the music. He closes the sheet and drops it on the floor. He rubs his eyes and yawns.

SEB:

Yeah, you're right. I'll come back to it in the morning. Gotta be fresh for this audition any way.

ALEX:

Exactly! you'll get there.

Alex leans over to rub his arm reassuringly. She smiles at him and he smiles back. He pats her hand and grabs it.

04: SEBS BEDSIT. TWO DAYS LATER. 2PM

ALEX comes into the flat, cheeks red from the cold, carrying a bag of shopping. She treads on a plate that had been left on the floor, amongst various rubbish scattered on the floor. SEB is sat on his bed, swigging a bottle of beer. Various empty bottles and cans surround him.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX:

Bit early for drinking isn't it?

Alex shuts the door with her elbows and places the shopping down on the table and wades her way through the rubbish to get to him.

SEB:

Time is an illusion.

Alex sits on the edge of the bed and takes off her coat and scarf. Seb takes another swig and stroke his violin that's beside him, plucking one of the strings.

ALEX:

So how did it go?

SEB

I'm on my sixth beer and it's not even two in the afternoon yet. How do you think it went?

ALEX:

I thought time was an illusion?

Alex begins to laugh and then stops as soon as she sees Seb's face.

ALEX: (CONT)

I'm sure it wasn't as bad as you thought. Everyone is critical of their performance. You more than anyone.

SEB:

(Shaking his head)

Nah, this time, was different. There was this guy who brown nosed the conductor. Obviously read up on him because he seemed to play every one of his 'childhood favourites'...they weren't even difficult! I could have played them just as well when I was nine. So when it comes to my turn he just glares at me and I fumble and I fucked up the fucking piece.

ALEX:

Come on you cant think like that! You're good at what you do. Amazing even. just have faith that that has been realised.

(CONTINUED)

Seb sighs and puts the beer over on the floor and shuffles over to sit next to her. He puts his arms around her and she looks up at him apprehensively and then settles into him.

SEB:

I'm just so fed up of not making it.

ALEX:

We've only just graduated. You've only been down here a few weeks. There's time. You will make it.

SEB:

I can see it, I feel it, I know I can be great. There's always something there, stopping me.

He breaks away from the embrace and runs his hands through his hair.

SEB:

I need something... I need some inspiration, anything!

ALEX:

(Laughing)

What?

Seb sits up and nods.

SEB:

A muse...fuck. I need a muse. Someone. Something to give my something to write about. I've been stuck here for so long my well of inspiration is bone dry.

ALEX:

Too bad you don't have one.

Seb looks at Alex. His expression falling soft. He stretches his hands out to tuck a piece of hair behind Alex's ear. She looks at him and smiles at him, blushing.

SEB:

I don't know...maybe I do.

ALEX:

(playing coy)

What do you mean?

Seb strokes Alex's cheek.

SEB:

You've always been good to me. You reassure me, you shop for me, fuck you do everything.

ALEX:

Well I mean... I do what I can.

SEB:

Yeah...

The pair fall silent, looking at each other. Then Seb leans in towards Alex. She pulls away and frowns.

ALEX:

Whoa! What are you doing?

SEB:

Finding my inspiration...

Seb leans in again and kisses Alex. She pulls away at first, confused but then leans in to kiss him back. The pair kiss for a few moments then Seb pulls away and rests his forehead against hers. Alex smiles and laughs, breathing deeply.

05: OUTSIDE SEB'S BEDSIT. THE NEXT EVENING.

Alex walks up to Seb's front door, holding a nice bottle of wine. She is dressed in a white summer dress, with a leather jacket. Her face is glowing with evidence of more adventurous make up and her hair is down and curled. She takes a few deep breaths and then enters the bedsit.

Seb is lying in bed, shirtless, staring up at the ceiling, he sits up in alarm when Alex come in. She grins at him and then closes the door. Seb jumps up and flattens down his hair, flustered.

SEB:

Hey! What are you doing here?

ALEX:

Hi! Just thought I'd pop round.  
Didn't have anything on until  
later...

Seb straightens up and begins picking up some of the empty alcohol bottles that have gathered on the floor.

ALEX: (CONT)

Did I wake you?

(CONTINUED)

SEB:

Err... no, no. I was awake.

He places the bottles down on the bed and looks smugly at Alex.

SEB: (CONT)

Just been a little busy that's all.

ALEX:

What's with the face?

Seb goes over to her and grabs her by the arms, gleefully.

SEB:

I've found my muse...

Alex blushes and looks down at her feet, she then smiles and looks up at him.

ALEX:

That I kind of gathered...

SEB:

Yeah?

ALEX:

Well yeah, I mean yesterday...

Alex nods her head and widens her eyes in order to jog his memory. Seb just frowns at her in confusion. Then, out of the bathroom, a girl enters the room wearing only one of Seb's shirts, her hair tangled and cheeks flushed. The pair turn around to look at her. Seb smiles at her and Alex stares at her wide eyed. The girl stops and waves awkwardly at them.

THE GIRL:

(Taken aback)

Oh! Hi.

ALEX:

Umm, hi.

Seb lets go of Alex and stands awkwardly, rubbing her arm. Seb looks at the girl and then back at Alex. He raises his eyebrows and then wiggles them playfully.

SEB:

(Mouthing)

Muse.

(CONTINUED)

Alex frowns at him and then her face falls. She looks at the girl who is now sat on the bed, legs crossed on her phone. Alex suddenly smiles and shakes her head.

ALEX:  
You know what? I just remembered  
I've gotta go and do something.

Alex backs away towards the door and Seb stays where he is stood.

SEB:  
Okay! Well uh I'll see you later?

ALEX:  
Yeah sure! Sorry I couldn't stay  
longer, you're obviously busy.

SEB:  
No worries... Hey what's the bottle  
for?

Alex looks down at the bottle she's holding and shrugs, then holds it towards him.

ALEX:  
Figured you could use it for  
inspiration.

SEB:  
Cheers! Oh by the way Alex, did you  
do something to your hair?

Alex touches a loose curl then shakes her head. She hands the bottle to Seb and then hastily rushes out of the door, slamming it. She stops and looks back, then leans against it, sliding down to the floor. She brings her knees up under her chin and then begins to sob silently.

06: SEB'S BEDSIT. TWO DAYS LATER.

The bedsit has gradually become more messier. Empty alcohol bottles cover the floor, tables and windowsills, mixed with empty takeaway boxes and food wrappers. Seb's violin lies on the bed, sheet music surrounding it. Seb wades through the mess with his phone pressed against his ear. His appearance is unshaven and unwashed, hair in disarray. We stay with Seb's perspective.

On the cabinet, there is a rolling tin and a another smaller bag of pills. Seb goes over to it and knocks back a couple of pills, then leaves it and becomes distracted by the phone call.

(CONTINUED)

SEB:

(On the phone to Alex)  
So I figured if I bump it from 130  
to 140bpm the beginning would be  
much better

ALEX:

(Feigned enthusiasm)  
Wow... that's great.

Seb stops and frowns to himself.

SEB:

What's wrong?

ALEX:

Nothing.

SEB:

There's something wrong.

ALEX:

Why would anything be wrong?

SEB:

Alex, don't be moody with me... is  
this about the other day? Because  
you should have called if you  
wanted to drop by.

ALEX:

Uh-huh.

SEB:

And, if I must say so myself, I am  
feeling (*he grunts*) better than  
ever. I've totally revitalized it.  
Now I can get on with laying down  
the basics for the second movement.

ALEX:

Amazing.

SEB:

Stop it! I know when you get moody.  
Don't start getting all jealous.

ALEX:

I mean, is sleeping around really  
the best thing to be doing?

SEB:  
(Sarcastically)  
Yeah alright Mum! And besides, you  
know you're the only girl for me.

As Seb walks over to the bed we see a girl, different to the previous one, lying in bed looking at him.

SEB: (CONT)  
Listen, I gotta go.

He hangs up hastily and goes over to join the girl.

07:SEB'S BEDSIT. THE NEXT DAY.

Alex enters an empty bedsit, a pile of rubbish is pushed aside as the door is opened. She looks around, pulls the key out of the door and sighs. She treads through the mess on the floor and goes to sit down on his bed. She strokes the pillow fondly. She strokes it again and she hears a crackling. She delves under the pillow and finds a bag full of pills.

ALEX:  
(Whispering)  
The fucking idiot...

SEB exits the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist, still damp from the shower. Alex looks startled and grips the bag in her hand. Seb frowns at Alex.

SEB:  
What are you doing here?

ALEX:  
I... er...I left my phone charger  
here.

Seb frowns at her and then his nods in recognition.

SEB:  
Oh yeah! It's...

Seb scans the mess on the floor and rubs the back of his head apologetically.

SEB: (CONT)  
(Laughing)  
Somewhere?

Alex forces a small chuckle and then looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX:

Do you have something you want to tell me?

SEB:

Not really?

Seb frowns again and then notices the bag of pills clenched tightly in Alex's hand. He takes a step forward, hand extended.

SEB: (CONT)

Al... It's not as bad as it looks.

ALEX:

Oh really? Because from my perspective, it looks pretty bad. I mean I doubt these are for headaches.

Seb sighs, defeated and his arm drops down to his side.

ALEX: (CONT)

Do you think I'm an idiot? Is that it?

SEB:

No! I've just been going through some stuff I need to take the edge off.

Alex stifles laughter and shakes her head.

ALEX:

And you're first instinct was to turn to these?

Alex waves the bag in the air angrily. Seb takes another step forward, as if to take them from her, Alex holds them away from him.

ALEX:

Why do you have such this need to self destruct? It's getting weird now. I-it's gotta stop!

SEB:

And I will! I promise! Just give me the bag and we'll talk about it.

Alex scoffs and stand up, pushing past him and going towards the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX:

No, i'm getting rid of them, you can't just fill your body with this stuff and expect it to be okay.

SEB:

No!

Seb grabs Alex's arm and pulls her hard to retrieve the pills, she is still gripping onto them tight, causing it to rip, pills scattering into the floor. Alex cries out in pain and Seb then lets go. Alex holds her arm in pain and looks fearfully at Seb. Seb looks down at the pills scattered on the floor and then at Alex. He sighs and goes towards her, causing Alex to back away fearfully.

SEB: (CONT)

No, don't do that. I'm so sorry  
Al...

Alex doesn't reply and looks away from him. Seb touches her chin gently and pulls it to look at him.

SEB: (CONT)

I really am. Come here.

He pulls her into an embrace and strokes her hair.

SEB:

I'll fix up, I promise.

Alex nods into his chest, and Seb's eyes drift to the pills scattered on the floor. He exhales and curses to himself.

07: SEB'S BEDSIT. A WEEK LATER.

Seb and Alex are sat in the centre of the room, playing together. Seb keeps stopping and starting, failing to keep a melody. He stops and throws the violin on the bed, gripping his hair in frustration. Alex sighs and looks at him.

ALEX:

What's wrong now?

SEB:

The melody isn't flowing right.

Alex frowns at the sheet music and then looks at Seb.

ALEX:

It's fine on the sheet, and when I play-

(CONTINUED)

SEB:

(Interrupting angrily.)  
Yeah well of course when you play,  
you're perfect, you can do no  
wrong!

Seb gets out of his chair angrily and goes over to the windowsill where there is another bottle of beer. He takes a large swig of it.

ALEX:

You're drinking again? How much  
have you had this week?

SEB:

Oh don't start giving me a lecture.  
This is the only way I can get out  
of this... stupid head space. I  
can't play right without it.

Alex rolls her eyes and watches him take another swig. Seb kicks aside some rubbish on the floor. Seb catches his reflection in the mirror, it is tired and haggard; beard unshaven, his eyes bloodshot and bags evident under his eyes. He sighs and strokes his chin, tilting his face at different angles.

Alex looks at the floor, covered in rubbish, then around the bedsit, eying up the deterioration. She sighs and then looks at her cello, plucking one of the strings nervously.

ALEX:

Seb I need to tell you something.

SEB:

What.

ALEX:

Do you remember that audition you  
went to?

SEB:

Ugh. Yes.

ALEX:

Um, well. I got a call from them  
today. They offered me a guest  
position for one of their cello  
pieces.

Seb stops and turns around to look at her, he hugs the bottle of vodka next to his chest.

(CONTINUED)

SEB:  
You got in?

ALEX:  
Yeah I just went on a whim, I  
thought it would give me some  
experience of what auditions would  
really be like.

Alex shyly tucks a piece of hair behind her ear, as Seb  
stares at her in bewilderment.

ALEX: (CONT)  
I never thought I'd even get in, I  
mean I only auditioned because of  
you. It's just so weird!

Seb just nods.

ALEX: (CONT)  
Are you going to say anything?

Seb blinks and animates slightly. He shakes his head and  
smiles.

SEB:  
Sorry! No that's great, amazing  
even. Yeah...solo...wow.

Alex smiles gratefully and twists the cello around in her  
hands.

ALEX:  
I just can't believe I got in. I  
mean I was scared to tell you.

SEB:  
Why?

ALEX:  
(Shrugging)  
I don't know... I guess because  
you've been so...intense with your  
music recently, I didn't want to do  
anything to throw you off.

SEB:  
Don't be stupid, you're talented.  
You deserve it.

ALEX:  
You're talented as well you know.  
Just because you haven't got you  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEX: (cont'd)  
break yet, doesn't mean it won't  
happen.

SEB:  
Yeah...

Alex looks at her watch and stands up, placing her cello  
back in her case.

SEB: (CONT)  
You going somewhere?

ALEX:  
Yeah! I just remembered I need to  
pick up some sheet music from my  
conductor, plus he wanted to go  
over some things about rehearsals.  
They start so soon it's so crazy...  
Sorry I'm rambling. I can stay if  
you want me to? Practice more?

SEB:  
No, no it's okay. Do what you have  
to do.

Alex smiles and nods, and picks up her case and her jacket,  
then shuffles towards the door.

SEB: (CONT)  
Alex?

Alex looks back at him.

SEB: (CONT)  
Congrats.

ALEX:  
Thank you. It means a lot.

Alex exits the bedsit and Seb stares moodily at the floor.  
He sniffs and then throws the bottle of vodka against the  
wall. He proceeds to trash the bedsit: turning over the  
cabinet onto the floor, glass and other items smashing. He  
begins to smash his records, one by one. He throws his sheet  
music over the floor and then rips the ones in his hand up.  
He goes over to his violin and stares at it momentarily. He  
grabs it and storms over to the mirror and stares into it.

SEB:  
Does she think she's fucking *better*  
than me?

He punches the wall and stares into his sobbing reflection.

(CONTINUED)

SEB: (CONT)  
(screaming)  
*I'm supposed to do this! Not her!*  
Me!

He turns around and slams his back on the wall and slides down, looking at the wreckage of his room. He starts to cry as a child would. Shrill and constant.

Fade out.

08: INT. DRESSING ROOM OF CONCERT HALL. 7PM. A WEEK LATER.

Alex sits against her table, tuning her cello, humming the melody which She and Seb play. Various musicians are milling around holding their instruments, talking and laughing. She looks up and smiles at someone that walks past.

The Stage Manager enters the room and Alex stops and looks at him.

STAGE MANAGER:  
We're just breaking for lunch.  
We'll be starting on your piece in  
an hour, Ms. Robertson.

Everyone gets ready and begins to file out of the dressing room. Alex puts her cello in its case and begins to follow, but stops as her phone starts to ring in her pocket. She retrieves it and sees that it's Seb. She falls back and waits for the the room to be empty. She answers the call.

ALEX:  
Seb? Hey what's up, I've got some  
time to talk if you want.

SEB:  
(Over the phone, distressed,  
slurred.)  
Alex, come please I need you.

ALEX:  
Wait what? what's happened?

SEB:  
I... took something, i think.

ALEX:  
What did you take?

Seb doesn't reply.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX: (CONT)

Seb? Seb! Can you hear me?! What did you take?

The conductor enters again and gestures to Alex to hurry up. She nods and holds up a finger, urging him to wait. The conductor sighs and then exits. Alex hangs up the phone and looks at her cello, then back at the phone. She sighs and clutches her phone to her chest. Then suddenly runs out of the room.

09: INT, SEB'S BEDSIT. HALF AN HOUR LATER.

Seb is lying on the bed, hugging his arms around himself. He is shaking and sweating, breathing ragged. He sobs silently with his face buried in the pillow. Another empty alcohol bottle lies next to him, alongside some pills scattered across the duvet, and the bag of cocaine, which is now half empty.

Alex bursts in, out of breath. She stops and looks at Seb and sighs, slamming the door. She carefully treads over to him and sits on the edge of the bed. She strokes his forehead and he rolls around to face her.

SEB:

Hey, you came.

ALEX:

Well, How could I not? You didn't give me much choice.

SEB:

Sorry... I- didn't know who else to call.

ALEX:

(Sighing)

It's fine. Just tell me what you've taken.

Seb nods towards the mess on his bed, and Alex leans over to observe it. She sighs again and shakes her head. She pinches the bridge of his nose and picks up the bag of cocaine.

ALEX: (CONT)

So, you've OD'd. Jesus Christ, Seb how can you be this much of an idiot?

(CONTINUED)

SEB:

I needed... something...the song.  
It won't go right.

ALEX:

You still think this about the  
song? You think nearly killing  
yourself will help you become this  
musical prodigy?

Seb doesn't reply, and Alex looks around the room. She sees  
the violin and then sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose.

ALEX: (CONT)

How did you get to this? You're  
ruining your life for the sake of  
something that's not even that  
important.

SEB:

Mu-music is my life, Al.

ALEX:

But it's not all of it! You're not  
even focusing on the music anymore,  
just you being appreciated because  
of it. If you really cared about  
the music you wouldn't do this. If  
you cared about me you wouldn't do  
this. I've given up everything over  
the years for you. I've even ruined  
the greatest opportunity I've had so  
far. Just to come to you and watch  
you suffer.

Seb stays silent and looks at her guiltily.

ALEX: (CONT)

I can't do this anymore, Seb. I've  
given up too much of my life for  
you. And I always thought it was  
worth it because... well I loved  
you. I stupidly thought you did  
too.

SEB:

But I do-

ALEX:

No. No you don't. You wouldn't have  
done this if you did. Any of this.  
I can't do this anymore. I've  
wasted too much loving you.

(CONTINUED)

SEB:  
What do you mean?

ALEX:  
I can't watch you destroy yourself anymore. All the while destroying me. It's not fair. I need to get away from you.

SEB:  
You can't leave, I need you Alex.

Alex scoffs and gets up off the bed, ready to leave, Seb gets up after her and grips her arm, pulling her back.

ALEX: (CONT)  
Get off me.

SEB:  
C'mon Al, please.

ALEX:  
No you need help. You need to sort your life out. Get professional help, see a councilor , anything! But you're not doing it with me. You're not Seb anymore.

SEB:  
Alex, no please don't.

Seb kneels down on the floor, moving his hand down lower to hold her hands, Alex tries to pull away but his grip is too tight.

SEB: (CONT)  
Look, I'm fine, I haven't OD'd, I'm fine. I was lying. I just wanted you to-

ALEX:  
Give up my chances to bail you out? Just so you can prove you own me?

SEB:  
Yes- well no. I can't explain it. But I was desperate...

Alex laughs and shakes her head.

ALEX:  
You're unbelievable!

(CONTINUED)

SEB:

Don't be like this, come on, just stay and we can get back to how it used to be. Just you and me.

ALEX:

I'm sorry. I have to go. I need to get out. I can't do this anymore. I can't stay in here trapped with you.

SEB:

No, no Alex please! I'm fine, I'm fine, you don't have to do this.

ALEX:

(Tearful)

I'm sorry.

Alex breaks away from his grip and rushes to the door. She opens the door, looks back at Seb, still kneeling on the floor, sniffs and tears roll down her face.

ALEX:

I really am.

Alex rushes out of the door and slams the door, leaving Seb alone. He stands up and sighs, frustratedly, and runs his hands through his hair. He looks around the bedsit.

END.