

TOGETHER.

Written by

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Based on, If Any

'*TOGETHER.*'

By

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INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Getting closer to the bathroom that sits by the top of the stairs, we hear growing noises of someone inside.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

MARK, (19-20) swept back hair and an obvious geek from the t-shirt he's wearing, sits on the toilet on his phone.

His thumb swipes up on the screen, dragging the social media app up to a new post.

Whilst Mark scrolls, an eerie creak comes from outside the bathroom door and breaks the silence.

Mark looks up anxiously.

His eyes linger on the door and he swallows hard.

ANXIETY (O.S.)

Did you hear that?

Mark slowly closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

MARK

(under his breath)

God's sake...

Mark opens his eyes and looks to his left, where ANXIETY, Mark's identical, better-dressed, more put together form, is sitting on the bathtub.

Anxiety grins at Mark. He seems to enjoy being an annoyance.

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

What's it now?

Anxiety stands up and makes his way to the door.

ANXIETY

Come on, Mark. Didn't you hear it?

Mark looks at Anxiety with a raised eyebrow and an annoyed expression on his face.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)

(hushed)

That noise!

Anxiety tilts his head back towards the door.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
We don't know what made that!  
Anything could be waiting behind  
that door to gobble us up!

Mark sighs.

ANXIETY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Anything..

Anxiety pops up beside Mark, his face now half-zombified. He smiles sadistically and even giggles slightly.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
(seeming overly excited)  
Maybe it's a zombie! And the  
apocalypse started without us.

Mark looks at Anxiety, jumps slightly at his appearance, then looks back at his phone.

MARK  
You can't be serious.

Mark pulls up his pants.

ANXIETY (O.S.)  
Oh, I am. Deadly serious, you might  
say.

Mark sighs again, annoyed by Anxiety's attempts at humour.

He turns on the tap and washes his hands in the sink. Meanwhile, Anxiety lingers over his shoulder: watching.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay. That one might've been  
a bit far-fetched.

Anxiety sits back on the bathtub and smirks.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
(his face slowly melting)  
But, seriously, what if there's a  
face-melting alien outside, just  
waiting for us to open that door?!

Mark heads over to wash his hands on the towel.

MARK  
(without turning)  
Fat chance.

ANXIETY (O.S.)  
Fine. Maybe you're right.

Anxiety stands up, and pulls a black balaclava over his face. He lifts a crowbar up and starts to inch closer to Mark.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's nothing. But maybe it is. There could very well be a burglar out there, who'll be forced to make a fatal move if we leave.

Mark turns around and Anxiety is back to normal, but clearly hiding the crowbar behind his back.

MARK  
(wearily)  
Please just shut up.

Anxiety smiles and tilts his head whilst looking at Mark, in a similar way one would talk to a thing of less intelligence.

ANXIETY  
Mark...

Anxiety takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
I'm not here to hurt you, or stress you out. I'm here to do the opposite. I'm here to protect you.

Mark looks away from Anxiety, debating internally whether to believe him or not.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
I'm just trying to help you Mark.

Mark closes his eyes and takes a deep breath of his own.

MARK  
(to himself)  
Please, just go away.

Anxiety smiles as he fades away, leaving Mark alone.

Mark opens his eyes and looks up at the empty room. He chuckles to himself.

Then he looks at the door.

Suddenly his heart is racing and his body is flooded with worry.

Mark swallows hard as he reaches out to the door handle.  
He closes his eyes as he grabs the handle and pulls it down.

INT. LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Mark stands in the open doorway.  
He sighs and looks at the floor, feeling meek.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Mark lifts the door handle up and twists his key in it:  
locking it.

He lets go and turns.

ANXIETY (O.S.)  
Are you sure that's locked?

Anxiety smiles at Mark, his eyes wide with joy.

MARK  
Yes. Now, please, can you move?

ANXIETY  
Ah, Mark. You know that's not how  
this works.

Mark clenches his jaw.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm just helping you, Mark.  
You don't want any of your precious  
possessions being stolen now, do  
you?

Mark looks at Anxiety, conflicted on whether to listen or  
not.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)  
Go on. Do it. Just to be safe.

Mark sighs and turns back to the door. He heads to it and  
shakes the handle: confirming it's locked.

Mark turns to respond to Anxiety, give him a piece of his  
mind, but he's not there.

Mark is alone.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Mark walks down his street, towards his house. He looks tired from work.

As he approaches the driveway, he pauses. There's a bad feeling in his gut. Something isn't right.

A car revs on the street besides Mark's.

ANXIETY

Mark, watch out!

Mark drops to the floor, in complete and utter fear for his life, tightly curled into a ball.

Slowly, he opens his eyes and realises he's okay. His gaze climbs up Anxiety's body until their eyes meet.

Anxiety smirks as he looks down at Mark.

ANXIETY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought that noise was a car coming to hit us.

(...)

Silly me.

Anxiety snorts lightly before vanishing.

Mark gets up timidly and brushes himself off. He looks around - luckily no one saw - and heads to the door.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door handle rattles before the door opens and Mark steps inside.

The world - the room - around him is dark. Light leaks in from the outside. He's trapped in here. In his mind.

Mark slowly takes off his jacket and bag. He's on the verge of breaking down.

As he stands at the bottom of the stairs, he snaps. His fists tighten. His eyes squeeze shut. But he has no one to attack. His enemy is himself.

He collapses against the door and begins to sob uncontrollably.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Mark lies asleep. The curtains are closed but the birds outside sing to welcome the new day.

As the birds continue their song, Mark's eyes slowly open. A smile comes across his face.

He throws back the duvet and sits up. Standing up, Mark opens the curtains and smiles as he looks out on the sunny day.

Everything feels right.

Then there's a creak. Almost identical to the one at the start.

Mark's face drops. He turns around and there he is: Anxiety.

MARK

What is it now?

Anxiety smiles.

ANXIETY

What? Am I not allowed to just check in on you? Mark, I thought we were closer than that.

Mark shakes his head, a smile coming across his face as he does. He can't believe Anxiety's behaviour.

MARK

No. No, you're not.

Anxiety puts a hand to his chest as he feints being offended.

ANXIETY

Oh, that's cold. I'm just trying to help you. You never know when-

MARK

No!

Mark pants as his fists tighten.

Anxiety steps back, genuinely caught off-guard by Mark's actions.

ANXIETY

Mark, I-

MARK

No. Stop. Stop all of this lying.  
You're not here to help. You never  
have been!

Mark loses control of himself. He's so full of emotion, he  
doesn't quite know how to act or use his hands.

MARK (CONT'D)

You do the exact opposite! And you  
know that! You know that you don't  
help, but here you are.

Anxiety swallows hard and stays silent.

MARK (CONT'D)

You're just a huge pain that I have  
to deal with and try to work  
around; but every time I think I've  
found a way to life around you, you  
come back: bigger and better!

Mark sits down on his bed, his back to anxiety, and sighs.

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you know how tiring it is to  
deal with your nonsense every  
single day?

Anxiety moves closer to Mark, genuinely apologetic. This  
wasn't why he started. It's just what he'd become.

ANXIETY

Mark, I'm sorry, I didn't-

MARK

Don't speak.

Anxiety steps back. He's accepted his fate.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't say another goddamn word to  
me.

Anxiety looks down, ashamed, and slowly fades away. Leaving  
Mark by himself to look out at the beautiful day coming.

Mark closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS BEFORE

Mark opens his eyes and is back in his dark bedroom. He has  
tears welling in them and smiles.



There's dead silence as he looks around and he chuckles to himself. He's finally free.

Mark gets up and draws the curtains. It's not as idyllic outside, but he doesn't care. He smiles as light hits his face and birds sing.

He takes a deep breath in and...

CUT TO BLACK.