

BREAKING DOWN

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INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNRISE

A mouldy wall is splattered with fresh blood - slowly running down towards the floor. Slumped over an old, worn couch is a limp, lifeless body. As a dark red line trickles down his arm, dripping onto the carpet below, his face is illuminated by a nearby candle - his eyes clamped shut.

BLAKE (voice-over):

I guess it's kind of ironic. I was always told that I should never lose control. But, here I am- well, there I was. It started as a whisper.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A young Blake is sat on a bench, looking at the ground.

KALEB (whispering):

You don't need to be alone...

Blake snaps his head up and looks around; paranoid as to where he whispering is coming from.

BLAKE (muttering):

Who are you?

KALEB (whispering):

That doesn't matter. What matters is that you have someone to talk to now.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A younger Blake is running down an empty corridor.

BLAKE (voice-over):

It wasn't long before he had more of a presence. Wherever I would go, he would be there and I couldn't get rid of him.

Blake continues to run through the corridor. Suddenly, Kaleb appears before him; causing him to stumble back in shock. However, it isn't long before the vision of Kaleb dissipates - leaving Blake shaken by what he has just seen.

BLAKE (voice-over):

And it only got worse from there. No matter how hard I tried, he wouldn't go. He was always there. Always watching. In the back of my mind whether I liked it or not. I had to do something...

EDITING NOTE (match cut)

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Blake is stood deep in the alleyway as Kaleb paces around, not too far behind him.

BLAKE (voice-over):
...but he wasn't going to let that happen.

KALEB (loud):
You can't do this! You can't get rid of me just like that!

Blake pours two pills out of a bottle onto his hand.

KALEB (shouting):
Blake, please. Don't do this. You can't-

Blake puts the pills in his mouth and swallows them. As he does this, the shouting abruptly stops and, as he looks around, Kaleb is nowhere to be seen.

INT. BASKETBALL HALL - DAY

Blake dribbles a basketball along the court and shoots it through a hoop. He goes over and picks the ball up. Blake hears faint whispering and grips the ball tighter. Blake looks around, drops that ball and walks over to his bag. The ball bouncing is still slightly heard as he unzips the bag, pulls a bottle of pills out and pours two into his hand. The ball stops bouncing, Blake swallows the pills and exhales. The hall is silent for a moment.

KALEB (voice):
It's been so long...

Blake goes to take more pills but gets cut off

KALEB (voice):
There's no use. (Pauses and chuckles) I'm back now and I'm not leaving.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Blake turns the tap on and leans down. He splashes his face with water before turning the tap off. Blake reaches over to a hand towel and dries his face, but as he looks up into the mirror, he sees Kaleb.

KALEB (tauntingly):
You really thought you could get rid of me?

CONJOINED VOICES:
Get rid of us?

A chorus of shrill cackling fills the room as Blake looks around in a desperate attempt to locate the voices. As the cackling grows louder, he stumbles out of the bathroom door. He runs through the

hallway - tripping over several objects strewn along the floor - before bursting through the door to his bedroom.

BLAKE (shouting):
No... NO! GO AWAY!

As Blake enters his room, he darts to his drawers and fumbles through various items before retrieving another bottle of pills. He shakes the bottle to allow the contents to fill his hand, and swallows the entire handful - using a bottle of water near his bed to wash it down. The laughing stops. Blake slowly stands up, breathing heavily. As he turns around, Kaleb is stood just outside the doorway. The laughter comes back, more hysterical than ever.

BLAKE (shouting):
NO!

He throws the bottle of water at Kaleb but it misses; hitting the wall instead. Kaleb slowly enters the room.

KALEB:
Do you know how much you hurt me? How much it killed to see you cast me aside? I gave you the one thing you didn't have. I gave you a friend. But when you grew tired of me, you started popping pills just to get rid of me. Because you couldn't *handle* me. Because you were too **weak**!

BLAKE:
They... they said they could make me better!

KALEB:
They **LIED**! Look around. Does this look better to you? You actually thought that a bunch of doctors could *cure* you just by asking how your day went? Be honest with yourself Blake, you're a lost cause. You're only alive because the world says you have to be.

BLAKE:
I'm alive because I *want* to be!

KALEB:
Yeah? And what have you got to live for? No friends, no family, nobody. No one would miss you. You're *nothing*.

BLAKE (shouting):
You don't know me!

He picks the bottle of pills up from his bed and pours them into his hand, but as he looks at his hand, it's empty. The other voices laugh louder and louder. He falls onto the bed.

KALEB:
You actually thought that I would let you take them? You can't get rid of me like that Blake. I'm not going anywhere.

Blake runs out of his room and towards the front door, but it won't open. He then makes his way to the nearest window, trying to open that too but - again - to no avail.

BLAKE:

What have you- How have you done this?

Kaleb laughs.

KALEB:

Me? *You're* the one in control. That's how it's always been, isn't it?

Blake frantically looks around and notices the paper prescription bag on the table in his living room. He rips it open and reaches in to grab another bottle of pills. But when he pulls his hand out, he realises that the bottle has been replaced with a gun - expelling it from his hand without taking a second look at it.

BLAKE:

Where did that come from? How did you get that?

Kaleb doesn't respond.

BLAKE:

Answer me!

KALEB:

Why should I? You locked me away - *trapped* me in a corner of your brain while I watched you waste yourself away. You wanted me dead. So why on earth would I answer to *YOU*?

He walks towards the gun.

KALEB:

You thought you could control me, when you can't even control yourself...

As he approaches the gun, he picks it up - examining it.

KALEB (CONT'D):

So I think it's about time you sat this one out.

Kaleb points the gun at Blake's head. Blake backs away until the sofa stops him.

BLAKE (stuttering):
Y-you won't shoot me.

KALEB:

Why not?

BLAKE:

Because you can't! You're not actually here. You can't do anything to me.

KALEB:

And that's why you're so scared? As far as you know, I can do whatever I want. *I* locked you in here, *I* got this gun. And in a few seconds, I'll be the one getting rid of you for good.

BLAKE:

Then what are you waiting for? If you're really able to get rid of me, do it.

Kaleb's arm tenses.

BLAKE (CONT'D):

Come on! Shoot me!!

KALEB:

Okay then...

Kaleb extends his arm, preparing to shoot Blake. Blake tightly closes his eyes - anticipating that one of them will finally be gone, once and for all. At last, their twisted death dance will conclude. He keeps his eyelids clamped together; unsure as to whether or not they'll open again...

Blake opens his eyes; his breath still quivering as he sees Kaleb with his arm still outstretched towards him. Though, in placement of the gun that formerly threatened Blake's life, Kaleb's fingers form the shape of a gun.

KALEB:

Bang.

Blake's face drops as his hand - now holding the gun to his temple - unconsciously pulls the trigger. The sound of the gunshot fills the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNRISE

The floor of the living room is littered with various objects. Blake's bag lies open on the carpet - with its various contents strewn across it. On the sofa lies Blake's body; its arm dangling next to a clearly fake gun. After a few seconds of complete stillness, the eyes jolt open to reveal Kaleb's red irises.