

**Patrick**

Patrick: Fine fine—I came in the window, I just didn't want to freak you out—can you put that down, please? What did you think? That I'd watched you before? You know what I think? I think you're broken. I think your ability to trust has been... So things are good but you get scared. You start having anxiety, nightmares you can't explain. Cuz there is no explanation except you got some deep-seated fear you gotta get over. I mean, what on earth possessed you to do that tonight? I can't believe you would do that. You really think I'm that sick? How do you think that makes me feel?

Anna: And what if I can't believe you?

Patrick: What?

Anna: What if I can't believe you? What if I don't?

Patrick: Anna...

Anna: How do I know I can trust you, Patrick? How do I know?

Patrick: You don't. That's what trust is.

*(The alarm clock goes off. He shuts it off.)*

Anna: Holy fuck.

Patrick: What?

Anna: Open it. *(thrusts the alarm clock into his hands)* Open it!

*(Patrick looks at it, then at her, confused. Then he smiles and holds the alarm clock up to her.)*

Patrick: Smile. You crazy fucking bitch! If you just believed me, you'd be totally fine. We'd be in love, you'd be happy. But it's the fucking fear that gets in the way, you know that? Rachel was exactly the same. Although she was less exciting. Not enough entertainment for the twenty-four-hour viewers. Even the sex was boring. But you...all the shit you do in your sleep? Man, from the moment I saw you asleep in that lab, I knew you'd be a fucking gold mine. Do you know how much money you made me? World Without Borders? Ha. Try house without borders. The whole fuckin' place is wired. But don't worry, it's not live. I'll edit this out before I upload. Show you in your best light. My guys aren't into snuff.

Anna: I loved you. I really did. More than I ever have.

Patrick: I know.