

**LIFELINE**

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**INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

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Iris is sitting on her bed, looking towards the window. She dials a number on her phone, reading it from a slip of paper.

She brings the phone to her ear.

**SPLIT SCREEN****LEFT FRAME: INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Iris awaits an answer to her call.

**RIGHT FRAME: INT. CRISIS CALL CENTER - RAY'S CUBICLE - NIGHT**

One of the land-lines is ringing.

RAY (mid-30s) is seated at his cubicle, eating from a Tupperware dish. The clashing of his checkered shirt and striped tie suggests he is a bit out of his element.

He hears the phone ringing and hesitates a moment, meditatively. Then he answers the incoming call, speaking into his headset.

**RAY**

Hello, Saint Bernadette's Lifeline.  
How may I help you?

Iris does not respond.

**RAY (CONT'D)**

Hello...?

**IRIS**

I'm going to kill myself.

**RAY**

Okay...

He starts taking his notes on the computer before him, checking off each box as he goes.

**RAY (CONT'D)**

Are you alone?

**IRIS**

Yes.

**RAY**

Do you have a plan?

**IRIS**

I have some pills. They're in the bathroom.

**RAY**

When do you plan on doing it?

**IRIS**

As soon as I get off the phone with you.

**RAY**

I can hear it in your voice. You really do sound like you want to kill yourself.

**IRIS**

I don't "want" to kill myself, I'm going to.

**RAY**

But you don't want to.

**IRIS**

That's not what I meant.

**RAY**

I see...

Iris rises from her bed and starts her way out of the room.

**IRIS**

Look. Don't try to talk me out of it, okay? I know that's what you're supposed to do but, I'm just calling because I need someone to say goodbye to.

She is gone now, leaving behind the empty space.

**RAY**

What about a friend?

**IRIS (O.S.)**

I don't want to talk to them.

**RAY**

Is there someone in your family you could talk to?

**IRIS (O.S.)**

No. I don't want to talk to anyone.