

**This is a phone conversation. Please
tape yourself on camera acting MARY's
lines below**

Then, ANOTHER CALL comes in on Steven's headset. He answers.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Lifeline.

A FEMALE VOICE (30s), trembles on the other end. Steven
questions, in a delicate tone.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

More trembling and rustling heard on the line. Sniffles, like
the woman has just finished crying.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
It's okay if you're not ready to
talk, but can I get your name, at
least?

MARY
Mary.

STEVEN
Hi, Mary. My name's Steven.

MARY

I don't really know how this works.

STEVEN

Well, it's really whatever you feel like you need. What made you call in today?

No response. Clearly a hesitant caller. So Steven adds, with a comforting voice --

STEVEN (CONT'D)

There's no right answer to that.

MARY

I don't know... A lot of things.

Mary tries to hold back tears, but can't. Crying turns to whimpering, then stops. Steven waits. Steady compassion in his voice as he says --

STEVEN

Sounds like it's been a tough night. Did something happen?

MARY

I just, don't want to feel like this, and, I want it to be over...

Mary suddenly becomes more antsy, almost paranoid --

MARY

But please, don't tell the police where I am because they'll --

STEVEN

No, no, I won't. I promise. And the call is anonymous, so you don't have to worry about that. Okay?

Mary snuffles and blows her nose.

MARY

Okay.

STEVEN

Can we talk about how you're feeling, a little? I was wondering if something happened at home tonight... A fight with family, maybe, or --

MARY
 (timidly)
 Yeah.

Steven jots down "home life" on a NOTEPAD atop his desk, labeled "Assessment Form" at the top.

STEVEN
 Yeah? Can you tell me a little more about that?

MARY
 I've just been... My head, it's been all of over the place and... No one I know gets it, so... I got these pills.

STEVEN
 You have the pills with you now?

MARY
 Uh huh. They're for sleep and depression, but, I figured if I take enough...

STEVEN
 I'm really hoping you won't do that, Mary --

MARY
 There's no other way... I don't think I have a choice.

STEVEN
 Why do you say that?

MARY
 What?

Steven re-phrases, still with an underlying compassion --

STEVEN
 When you say you don't feel like you have a choice, what do you mean by that?

No answer... On the other end, faint noises are heard in the background. A panicked Mary hustles to another room. She pants softly as she moves...

Steven grows concerned as he listens...

STEVEN (CONT'D)
 Where are you now, Mary?

No answer. More rustling. The sound of a CLOSING DOOR.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Are you at home?

MARY
No, I'm in Palm Springs. My husband
rented a house here. For the
Holidays.

STEVEN
So your husband's with you?

MARY
No, uh, he went for a run, but...

Steven jots the word "husband?" down on his NOTEPAD --

STEVEN
Does he know you've been having a
hard time?

An extended beat. No response.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Mary?

MARY
Yeah. He does, but...

STEVEN
Okay, well I'm at least happy
there's someone around --

MARY
No... You don't...

Mary lets out a muffled sigh of frustration. Steven waits,
eager to know more, as Mary refrains.

STEVEN
Sorry? What were you going to say?

MARY
I don't trust him... He's the
reason I'm...

STEVEN
The reason you're thinking of
hurting yourself?

MARY
Yeah... He drove us out here
because I was having problems...
(MORE)