

# Lifeline

by  
Wayne A. Coughlin

Rev 8e  
**SHOOTING SCRIPT**  
**NEW ENDING**

Blue Moon Films  
59 Penbrooke Dr, Penfield, NY 14526  
585-305-3692

FADE IN:

1 INT. WARREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

DAVID and AMY WARREN are asleep in their double bed. On the nightstand is a PICTURE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN A BASEBALL UNIFORM AND CAP; and a CELL PHONE.

THE SOUND OF WHITE NOISE FROM THE TV IS QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND. \*

CELL PHONE RINGS

AMY wakes up. She carefully leans over DAVID, picks up the CELL PHONE and answers it.

AMY  
(into phone, sleepily)  
Hello?

AMY sits up and looks over at DAVID - he is still asleep.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Mom? (pause) What time is it?  
(listens) What happened? When ...  
(listens) is he going to be  
alright ... Oh, good ... \*

ANGLE ON E.C.U DAVID'S FACE

His eyes snap open. THE WHITE NOISE sound starts to build until it ultimately obscures all other sound. \*

AMY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
How long?

WHITE NOISE increases.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
What did the police say?

WHITE NOISE increases.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
What can we do?

WHITE NOISE increases.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Sure, Mom, we can be there. I'll  
just wake David up ...

The WHITE NOISE sound is all that can be heard. DAVID'S  
stare is frozen - not even a blink.

The image begins to whiten until the screen is stark white.

The WHITE NOISE is deafening.

SMASH CUT TO:

2

INT. A CHURCH

2

CHURCH SEQUENCE IN BLACK AND WHITE

Silence.

LONG SHOT - LOW ANGLE on DAVID evoking loneliness and  
isolation. HE is very still.

HE is DUCT TAPED to a CHAIR. HE is wearing a DARK T-SHIRT  
and SWEATPANTS. The CHAIR is in front of the room near the  
pulpit. The room is dimly lit with a light focussed on him.  
The entire space is monochromatic and starkly lit.

E.C.U. on

DAVID'S eyes - they open. HE SCREAMS and struggles.

DAVID  
NO! NO! NO! Not me! Not me!  
NO! NO!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

DAVID is trying to free himself - violently straining against  
his bonds. Suddenly, he stops. He looks around.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What is this? (He notices his  
bonds) What the Hell? This can't  
be happening ... It's gotta be a  
dream.

DAVID tries to "wake up". Widening his eyes ... shaking his  
head ...

ORUN (the Orisha of the invisible world, heaven, sky) appears  
in the right corner of the room (ORUN CORNER).

8

INT. WARREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

BEDROOM SEQUENCE IN COLOR

THE SOUND OF WHITE NOISE FROM THE TV IS QUIETLY IN THE  
BACKGROUND.

\*  
\*

AMY is still on the phone. DAVID is lying in the same  
position as when we left. His eyes slowly close.

\*

AMY  
(into phone)  
Sure Mom, we can be there. I'll  
just wake David up.

AMY shakes DAVID's shoulder.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Honey, wake up.

No response.

AMY (CONT'D)  
C,mon, baby. Wake up. My Dad's  
had an accident.

Still no response.

AMY pulls DAVID's shoulder until he is lying on his back.

AMY (CONT'D)  
David?

AMY sees that DAVID is dead.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(denial)  
Oh, no! Oh, no! No! No!

\*  
\*

She straddles him and tries to give CPR.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(anger)  
Don't you die on me! Don't you  
dare! Wake up! Wake up!

\*  
\*  
\*

She holds his face in her hands.

\*

AMY (CONT'D)  
(bargaining)  
David, please come back. Oh,  
please, please. You can slow down.  
We'll take a vacation.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She sits back. \*

AMY (CONT'D) \*  
(depression/guilt) \*  
Don't leave me alone. I can't live \*  
without you. Please. \*

She looks down at DAVID, resigned, she takes a deep breath, \*  
wipes her eyes, and leans over. She gives him a kiss. \*

AMY (CONT'D) \*  
(acceptance) \*  
Goodbye, my Darling. \*

She gets off of DAVID and picks up the cell phone. \*

AMY (CONT'D) \*  
(into cell phone) \*  
Mom ... calm down ... something's \*  
happened ... I have to make another \*  
call ... 9-1-1 ... David has ... \*

WHITE NOISE SOUND INCREASES DURING AMY'S LAST DIALOGUE AS WE \*  
GO TO FULL WHITE OUT \*

CREDIT SEQUENCE \*

FADE TO BLACK. \*

10 BLACK SCREEN 10 \*

GRAPHIC \*

"Death is not the end ... Death can never be the end. \*

Death is the road. Life is the traveller. \*  
The Soul is the Guide \*

... \*

Our mind thinks of death. Our heart thinks of life \*

Our soul thinks of Immortality." \*

Sri Chinmoy \*