



FADE IN:

INT. CALL CENTRE - DAY

Operators cover phones in a call centre. There are motivational posters all over the room.

A door opens and in walks two people, one is a young woman, SELENE and the other is the manager.

MANAGER

So, it's very important to try to be as positive as possible without sounding condescending.

Selene nods.

SELENE

I understand. I'm excited to start and put all that university learning to good use.

MANAGER

How long since you graduated?

SELENE

(smiling)

A long time. Like a few weeks.

MANAGER

(laughs)

A freshie. Welcome to the real world.

SELENE

Thank you. It was touch and go there for a while with all those parties, but I'm ready to start adulting now.

They laugh as continue to walk through the call centre.

The manager points to an empty desk.

MANAGER

This is you.

Selene smiles and sits down in the chair.

SELENE

Excellent. My own desk and everything.



MANAGER

Your script binder is there, the tabs separate the different responses you might get.

Selene picks up the binder.

SELENE

Feels like I'm holding all the answers.

MANAGER

If you get in a pickle and don't know how to get out, you can always call on me or forward them to the emergency room so they can get evaluated.

SELENE

(salutes)

Aye, aye.

MANAGER

Best of luck and I'll talk to you later. I'll get them to patch your phone into the calls now.

SELENE

Thanks.

The manager smiles and nods as she disappears. Selene looks around the room and watches a few other workers on calls. They look stressed but are talking in calm soothing voices.

Before she can settle in too long, her phone rings.

Selene looks almost excited to have a person ring.

She sets up her script book and clears her throat.

Confidently she picks up the phone.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Friendly Help Hotline. How can I help, friend?

MANAGER (O.C.)

It's just me, Selene. Just testing to make sure the phone works. Loved the opener though. You're going to be a natural.

SELENE

Thanks so much. Bye.



Selene hangs up. She spins happily in her chair.

The phone rings again. Again, she clears her throat and picks up the phone.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Friendly Help Hotline. How can I help, friend?

Sobs come over the phone.

MAN 1 (O.C.)

I'm...I'm...

Selene looks at her script.

SELENE

(calmly)

It's ok. We're going to help you get through this. Can I start with your name?

MAN 1 (O.C.)

Michael.

SELENE

Ok, Michael. What's on your mind?

MAN 1

I'm so alone. I have no friends and no family around here.

Selene quickly turns the pages in her script.

SELENE

(searching)

I understand.

(finds it)

It can feel alienating not having friends or family nearby. Have you tried making new friends in the area? Perhaps a co-worker.

MAN 1 (O.C.)

There is a dude in my development department that I get on well with.

SELENE

Maybe that is a friendship that you can help grow.

MAN 1 (O.C.)

Yeah. Maybe.



SELENE

While you work on that, Michael, I still think it'll be very helpful to talk to a professional. I can put you in touch with one of our Doctor's now and they can try to get you paired up with a psychologist. Is that ok, Michael?

MAN 1 (O.C.)

(sniffs)

Yeah. I'd like that. Thank you.

SELENE

My pleasure, Michael. Just hold the line, ok?

Selene presses a few buttons and transfers the call. She hangs up the receiver.

SELENE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Boom! First one is nothing but net. I'm going to rock this.

CUT TO:

INT. CALL CENTRE - MONTAGE

The phone rings again and Selene answers it.

SELENE

Friendly Help Hotline. How can I help, friend?

She is looking through her book for the answers.

She transfers another through to the doctors.

SELENE (CONT'D)

(reading)

I know that it seems like you'll never love again, but this feeling will pass.

She transfers another through to the doctors.

Selene gives her self a high five for another job well done.

She's on the phone with another caller.



SELENE (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Alcohol is a self medicating tactic that can lead to severe health problems. Can I put you in contact with an AA in your area?

(a beat)

Fantastic.

She's beaming with how good of a job she's down.

CUT TO:

INT. CALL CENTRE - END OF MONTAGE - CURRENT

Selene is eating a packed sandwich at her desk and reading a book on a e-book reader.

She takes a bite and her phone rings.

Selene panics a bit.

SELENE

(mumbles with food in mouth)

Oh God. Hang on.

She chews fast and swallows. She clears her throat.

Selene answers the phone. She can hear rain over the call.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Friendly Help Hotline. How can I help, friend?

A woman laughs over the phone.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Hello?

CALLER (O.C.)

(giggling)

Do they really make you read that crap?

Selene is stunned by this.

SELENE

I'm sorry?

CALLER (O.C.)

Oh. It's not your fault. I'm sure you didn't write it.



SELENE

It's ok. We're going to help you get through this. Can I start with your name?

CALLER (O.C.)

You're going to help me get through what?

Selene looks through her script book.

SELENE

Um.

(a beat)

This.

CALLER (O.C.)

And what is this?

SELENE

Whatever you're going through. We can help.

CALLER (O.C.)

I can tell you ad-libbed that one. Isn't that going to get you fired?

SELENE

I'm a volunteer.

CALLER (O.C.)

Oh, honey, you're going to want to get paid for this one.

SELENE

Can we start with your name?

CALLER (O.C.)

Here's what you need to know, love...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Rain is pouring down over a beat up car in an empty parking lot.



CALLER (O.S.)
I am alone. Sitting in my shitty
car, in some shitting parking lot,
in a very shitty part of town...

CUT TO:

INT. CALLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The caller is a young woman and it's obvious that she's been crying.

She grabs a bag and dumps out the contents on the seat. It's a large bottle of pills and a fifth of whiskey.

CALLER
And I have a boatload of pills and
some whiskey to wash it down.

CUT TO:

INT. CALL CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Selene sits up in her seat.

SELENE
No. No. Please don't do that.

CALLER (O.C.)
You're getting better at ad
libbing. I bet you were in an improv
troupe in college.

SELENE
(stunned)
I was actually.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

The caller laughs and slaps the steering wheel.

CALLER
I knew it.
(laughs)
I bet it had one of those stupid
pun names like "Shocked by an
Electric Joke" or some shit.

Selene shakes her head.



SELENE

Close. It was called Improve Improv.

CALLER

Wow. It's worse than I can imagine. I don't know if I can respect any advice you give me. I may have to hang up and call again so I can get someone else.

SELENE

Please don't do that.

CALLER

I won't. I'm actually enjoying this a little.

SELENE

Good.

(grabs her script)

I can put you in touch with one of our Doctor's now and they can try to get you paired up with a psychologist. Is that ok...

(stammers)

Caller.

The Caller slams the steering wheel in anger.

CALLER

Don't! Don't fucking do that! We were having a real moment! Don't go back to that fucking script.

SELENE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm just trying to help.

The Caller takes a deep breath and calms down.

CALLER

Ok. I know. I know you're just trying to help. I'm just under a lot of pressure.

SELENE

Can I at least ask your name?

CALLER

How about we don't worry about that?

Selene thinks for a moment.



SELENE

Ok. I'll make you a deal. I'll close the script book and I won't ask you your name, if you put the pills and booze away.

Silence over the phone.

A beat.

SELENE (CONT'D)

Hello?

CALLER (O.S.)

Sorry. Thinking about it.

SELENE

Take your time.

In the car, the caller picks up the pills and rattles them in the container. She then puts them back in the bag with the bottle.

CALLER

Deal.

SELENE

Great. Thank you.

CALLER

Tell me your name.

SELENE

What?

CALLER

I want to know your name.

SELENE

We're not allowed to share our identity.

CALLER

You're making it really hard to trust you, lady. You could have made one up in that time and I wouldn't have even known.

SELENE

What kind of trust would that have built if I started with a lie?



CALLER

True. Very good point. What's your name?

SELENE

Selene.

CALLER

(scoffs)

I know you're not lying. No one would pick that name.

SELENE

What's wrong with Selene?

CALLER

Nothing, if your a stripper.

SELENE

Hey. Remember I am trying to help here, there's no reason to be rude.

CALLER

You're right. That was very uncouth of me.

SELENE

It's ok. I'm guessing you're under a lot of emotions at the moment.

CALLER

Oh, Selene. You have no idea.

SELENE

Tell me.

The Caller leans back in the seat of her car.

CALLER

Things were going pretty great until five months ago.

(a beat)

I followed my best friend out here. We're more like sisters than friends. She set me up with a job interview with this place she was working. It was a cushy job with great benefits doing something I loved.

SELENE

Sounds ideal.



CALLER

It was.

She gets upset and tries to fight back tears while anger causes her to hit the steering wheel again.

SELENE

Hey. It's ok. It's just you and me.

CALLER

What the hell is that supposed to mean? I know it's you and me. What do you normally put suicidal people on speaker phone to show all your friends in the office how fucked up your caller is?

SELENE

No. It's not like that. I'm trying to be comforting.

CALLER

Well, you're doing a pretty piss poor job.

SELENE

I'm sorry. I'm trying.

CALLER

The only thing you're trying is my last god damn nerve.

SELENE

I'm sorry.

CALLER

Are you Canadian?

SELENE

(confused)

No. Why?

CALLER

Then stop saying "sorry" so fucking much.

SELENE

Ok. Sor..

(a beat)

Nope.

CALLER

Good catch.



SELENE
Are we good?

CALLER
Yeah. We're good.

SELENE
Ok. Sorry for throwing off your story.

CALLER
It's fine. I know it well enough. I see it every time I close my eyes.

SELENE
What happened next?

CALLER
I was walking home from work. I had just gotten some money out of an ATM. I took a right and headed down my block when I was grabbed and pulled into an ally.

SELENE
Jesus.

CALLER
(laughs while crying)
Oh. He wasn't there. I'm pretty sure he'd be against what was happening.

SELENE
What did he do?

CALLER
Asked me about the weather.
(angry)
What the hell do you think he did? He raped me. Some random dude, pulled me into an ally, hit me to daze me, stuffed some filthy cloth into my mouth and raped me. Right there. Less than a block from my house.

SELENE
I'm so sorry.



CALLER

Unless you have a dick and were the one that did it. You have nothing to be sorry for.

SELENE

I know. I...

CALLER

(cutting her off)

Don't know how to react. Pretty hard without your little script book, huh?

SELENE

A bit.

CALLER

I can still hear him. Grunting in my ear. His stinky breath on my neck.

SELENE

I bet it smelled like stale beer and breath mints.

CALLER

Almost exactly.

(scoffs)

Were you there?

SELENE

No. It's just you are always warned about a certain type of guy. A friend of my Dad's was that guy growing up. Always making jokes too adult for the kids when they were around. Making comment about the young girls and their bodies. He always smelled of stale beer and breath mints so I just assumed the bad ones did.

CALLER

Well, this one certainly did.

(a beat)

Did this guy do something with you?

SELENE

(scoffs)

What? No. He was just a harmless creeper.



CALLER
That's literally an oxymoron.
There's no such thing as a harmless
creeper.

SELENE
We're not talking about me here.

CALLER
I think we better.

SELENE
Why?

CALLER
Because you could be repressing
something.

SELENE
I'm not repressing anything.

CALLER
Were you ever alone with this guy?

SELENE
(thinking)
Yeah. But nothing happened.

CALLER
It didn't?

SELENE
No. The creepiest thing I remember
was him coming into my room when I
was trying on my first bikini. He
made some joke about how my boobs
weren't big enough to hold it up.
Something like that.

CALLER
Then what happened?

SELENE
I don't know. He liked to tickle
us, so he probably tickled me and
then we went swimming. Let's get
back to you.

CALLER
Fine.

SELENE
What happened after he raped you?



CALLER

Skipping over the rape, he kicked me in the side and told me to keep my face down until he was gone or he would shoot me.

SELENE

He had a gun?

CALLER

Maybe. Maybe not. I wasn't trying to find out. I kept my fucking head down.

SELENE

I would do the same.

CALLER

You know. It's fucked up too. I didn't even really think about how horrible the rape was at first. All I could think of was at least I wasn't going to get pregnant from this.

SELENE

You're on birth control or did he use a condom to cover his tracks.

CALLER

Both would have been mighty fine answers. Sadly, the answer is where he raped me...you can't get pregnant from.

Selene thinks for a second. It dawns on her.

SELENE

Oh! Oh my God.

CALLER

He wasn't there either. Both the son and the big bad father were not in the vicinity that day.

SELENE

How long did you wait?

CALLER

I waited at least ten minutes. It felt like hours, so I don't really know.

(a beat)

(MORE)



CALLER (CONT'D)

I called my best friend and she ran down the street to find me. She took me to the hospital. The cops came. It was a whole thing.

SELENE

Did they do a rape kit?

CALLER

Yeah, but I tell you, Selene. After being raped you never want ANYONE near your downstairs again.

SELENE

I don't even like the doctor to go down there.

A beat.

CALLER

I didn't want the doctor there either.

Selene thinks for a moment. She's looking back over her life.

SELENE

I have never liked anyone getting close to me in that way.

CALLER

When did you lose your virginity?

SELENE

Wow. Ok. I don't know. Um, freshman year of college.

CALLER

How was it?

SELENE

Fine. I guess.

CALLER

Did it hurt?

SELENE

What?

CALLER

Did it hurt?

SELENE

Not that I remember.



CALLER

That's because you already had your cherry popped, girl.

Selene thinks. A tear forms in the corner of her eye and streams down her face.

SELENE

(wavering voice)

Did they catch the guy that did it?

CALLER

(sighs)

No. The evidence he left in me didn't get any hits on their database and the CCTV cameras in the area didn't catch anything. Ain't that my fucking luck? Big Brother is always watching, except when I need him to and he takes a piss break.

Selene has her head in her hands. Tears are streaming from her face.

SELENE

(to herself)

He did. He pulled the bikini off and he...

CALLER

What's that? You're mumbling?

SELENE

(clears her throat)

Nothing. You said this was five months ago?

CALLER

About. Yeah. Things just went to shit after that. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat. Hell, taking a shit was too traumatic. I don't know how those porn girls do it.

SELENE

Anyone tell you that you tend to use dark humour to cover your pain?

CALLER

Yeah, well, I wanted to use pills and booze but *SOMEONE* won't let me.

(a beat)

(MORE)



CALLER (CONT'D)

Needless to say, but I will anyway, my work started falling apart. They fired me. My friend was really pissed at me over that. She had put her neck out for me and I failed her.

(start to cry)

She didn't know how to deal with what happened. She tried to be nice about it but she kept her distance from me like I was filthy. Because I couldn't afford my part of the rent, she asked me to move out.

(cries)

I've been living in my fucking car for a month now.

Selene is trying to listen to the Caller but she has realised the caller was right about her being raped as well.

SELENE

No one ever expects these things to happen to them.

CALLER

Nope. They really fucking don't.

Both of them cry. Selene trying to control her tears but years of repressed rage are coming through.

SELENE

Have you tried talking to someone else?

CALLER

Not until I saw your company's ad on a billboard. I can't afford to talk to anyone else. I can't go back to my family. They don't know what happened.

SELENE

Why can't you go back to them?

CALLER

They are super religious. Mom will think that this is part of God's plan and Dad will say I deserved it for a life of sin or some shit.

SELENE

They would do that?



CALLER

They haven't talked to my gay brother in over fifteen years. I would say they are capable of some heinous shit.

SELENE

Fuck.

CALLER

Hey. Language. Only I'm allowed to swear.

SELENE

You're right.

CALLER

Nah, I'm just fucking with you. Have at it.

SELENE

Parents can...
(chokes up)
Really let you down sometime.

CALLER

A-fucking-men, sister.

SELENE

You know, the real fucked up part is that the reason your attacker wasn't in the database is that this might be something that he just spur of the moment did and hadn't done anything like it before.

CALLER

Or he had and just had a good lawyer.

SELENE

True.

CALLER

Who knows why men do anything? The dude could have been a father, or local businessman. He could have been someone I worked with. I don't know. I'll never know. It's not like he's going to post on my Facebook wall the memory we shared. How can I trust any man again?



SELENE

You don't have to trust them. You can trust me though.

CALLER

I knew I could. People who share a traumatic experience can always find each other.

SELENE

(sobs)

Yup.

CALLER

Good that you can finally admit it. Maybe today is the day that we both start to heal.

SELENE

(sniffs)

Yeah.

CALLER

You know what?

SELENE

What?

The caller rolls down her window and throws the bottle of whiskey out and it smashes on the ground.

CALLER

Did you hear that?

SELENE

(chuckles.)

I did. Litter bug.

CALLER

Now who's cracking the dark jokes?

SELENE

I wouldn't call that dark.

CALLER

True. Hey...

SELENE

Yeah.

CALLER

Is there a script in that book about meeting up with a caller?



SELENE

No.

CALLER

Would you like to?

SELENE

Very much.

CALLER

Well, I have your name. What's your number?

SELENE

It's 555-8964.

The caller types into her phone.

CALLER

There.

Selene's cell phone vibrates. She picks it up and sees a new text message.

CALLER (CONT'D)

That's me. Give me a call later.

SELENE

Do I get your name?

CALLER

Maybe later.

They laugh.

CALLER (CONT'D)

Can you do me a favour now?

SELENE

Anything.

CALLER

I think I'm ready to talk to one of the doctors now. Time to kick this healing into overdrive, huh?

SELENE

Indeed. I'll put you through now.

CALLER

Hey, Selene?

SELENE

Yeah.



CALLER
Thank you.

SELENE
(cries)
Thank you.

CALLER
Talk soon.

SELENE
100 percent.

Selene transfers her call.

Hanging up her phone, Selene leans back in her chair. She looks at her cell phone and the new message.

She clicks it and clicks "add to contacts". It asks for a name. She smiles and just types "A Friend".

Selene looks around and picks up her work phone.

She presses a button.

MANAGER (O.C.)
Hey, Selene. What can I do for you?

SELENE
You did this job for awhile to
didn't you?

MANAGER
Yeah. I did. A long time. Why?

SELENE
(cries)
I think I need to talk to someone
too.

MANAGER
Of course. Do you want to come to
my office?

SELENE
(nods)
I'd like that.

MANAGER
Come on up.

SELENE
Ok. Thanks.



MANAGER

Hey. We're all in this together.

Selene hangs up and wipes her eyes. She heads to the manager's office.

She knocks on the door and the manager answers. They hug and the manager leads her into the office and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

SUPER: A few days later....

The caller is sitting in her car in the same parking lot.

She pulls out a very similar bag to the one she had before. She opens it and pulls out a sandwich and a juice.

Just then another car pulls into the parking lot. The car pulls up next to The Caller's car.

It's Selene.

The caller rolls down her window and Selene rolls down hers.

CALLER

Hey.

SELENE

Hey. Out of all the places to meet, you pick this one?

CALLER

I thought it was fitting.

SELENE

How's the new job going?

CALLER

It's a start.

SELENE

Good.

CALLER

And how's your situation?

SELENE

Better. Locked a few things up. While it's painful. It's nice to finally get them out.



CALLER

I bet.

SELENE

Want to get out of here?

CALLER

Yeah, girl, let's go do something.

SELENE

Good to finally know your name too.
I would never picked you for a....

CUT TO BLACK.

END.

SUBTITLES: If you or someone you know needs help, it's available. Google "mental health hotline" and a local one for you will appear. Reach out, help is on the line.

CREDITS.