

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cold and bare. A gas fire is the only source of light. ANNE, 55, a retired headmistress, adjusts a laptop screen. She grips her Rosary beads as she gulps a glass of wine.

LAPTOP: A zoom call with DYLAN, 28, attached to a life support machine and ventilator. A NURSE wearing a mask positions an iPad closer to Dylan's face.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ANNE

So, Dylan, my dear son,
let me look into your eyes
you know how much I love you,
I can't bear to say goodbye.
But deep down, I know I must,
I'll be brave and take a breath,
and take one with your last one
when it is taken by death.

Anne rips tissues from a box and wipes her eyes.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I feel so damn helpless
there's nothing I can do,
I would give up my own life
if it meant saving you.

LAPTOP: Dylan manages a subtle smile.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ANNE (CONT'D)

You will always be, the bow in my
crossbow, the strings in my guitar,
the roads on my atlas taking me
away, traveling far. The sun in my
Sunday, the hope in my dreams, my
reason for living, my cream of the
cream.

LAPTOP: Dylan flatlines. The iPad gets knocked over and points to the ground. Nurses and Doctors' feet scramble around Dylan.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anne throws her Rosary beads away and takes a sharp breath in.

FADE OUT: