

**NUMB**

written by

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OVER BLACK:

                          AMBER (V.O.)  
Do you think coming here is  
helping you?

A long PAUSE.

Finally punctured by the voice of --

                          TYLER (V.O.)  
...not really...

Another pause.

Then --

                          AMBER (V.O.)  
I'm sorry you feel that way...

**INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

The walls are bare. No sign of personality. It could be anyone's room.

TYLER, mid-20s, lies in bed, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling.

The alarm clock goes off.

Tyler casually reaches over and turns it off.

He takes a deep breath, holds it a moment, then lets it out slowly.

                          TYLER (V.O.)  
I feel empty. It takes every ounce  
of strength I have to get out of  
bed in the morning.

Tyler crawls out of bed, stretching. He moves toward the bathroom with the pace of an elderly man.

                          AMBER (V.O.)  
Is the medication helping?

**INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Tyler stands at the mirror, towel around his waist. He opens the medicine cabinet, revealing a plethora of prescription pill bottles:

PROZAC. ATIVAN. ZOLOFT. DESYREL.

TYLER (V.O.)  
Not really. Just makes me feel  
like a zombie.

Tyler opens the PROZAC bottle. He pops a couple.

**EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING**

Cars are backed up as far as the eye can see in the morning traffic jam.

**INT. TYLER'S CAR - MORNING**

Tyler grips the wheel tightly as he stares blankly out the windshield. He looks frozen in time. Not even blinking.

TYLER (V.O.)  
I feel like I'm living life on  
autopilot. My mind will drift off  
and then I'll snap out of it. I  
don't feel like I'm ever really...  
I don't know... present, if that  
makes sense.

Tyler finally blinks, shaking himself back to the moment. He rubs his forehead vigorously as he waits for the traffic to move.

AMBER (V.O.)  
Clinical depression isn't  
something you can fix overnight.  
It takes time, it takes patience.

The traffic moves forward.

Tyler lets off the brake, coasting forward a few feet.

TYLER (V.O.)  
I think I'm all out of that.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING**

Tyler's car pulls onto the top level.

**INT. TYLER'S CAR - MORNING**

Tyler shuts off the engine. Leans back in his seat, reclining until he's below the car window.

He closes his eyes, trying like hell to calm his restless mind.

TYLER (V.O.)

It's hard to keep going  
sometimes... I hate feeling like  
that, but I can't get help it. My  
mind won't think about anything  
else. I feel like everything's  
pointless. Like I shouldn't go on.

Tyler's eye snap open.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING**

Tyler stands at the ledge of the garage, looking down at the busy city street below. Trying to decide if he has the courage to jump or not.

TYLER (V.O.)

I think if I just end it, then no  
more suffering.

AMBER (V.O.)

I can understand how you must be  
feeling, but harming yourself is  
never the answer.

TYLER (V.O.)

Tell my mind that...

Tyler steps onto the ledge, eyes still locked on the ground below. He holds his right foot out in front of him, leaving it floating midair.

Tyler looks down at his foot, wishing he could do it.

As tears begin to stream down Tyler's face, he turns and climbs down off the ledge. He collapses onto the ground, his back resting against the concrete wall of the ledge.

TYLER (V.O.)

I don't know if I can take living  
like this any longer. I'm not  
strong enough... my mind's not  
strong enough.

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Bright and colorful. Almost like something out of a dream.

Tyler sits on the sofa, head hanging low. He almost looks ashamed for letting his feelings out.

AMBER, 40s, surveys him from behind her desk. A look of genuine concern on her face.

AMBER

I know it's hard, but you can't give up. You have to find something to keep fighting for.

TYLER

Why? What's the point? Maybe it'd be better if I wasn't around anymore. The way I look at it, I'm doing everyone a favor.

AMBER

Don't say that. I'm sure there are people that would miss you -- friends, family.

TYLER

I wish. I don't think they'd care or even notice.

AMBER

I doubt that very much.

TYLER

I'd be more than happy to prove you wrong.

AMBER

No. I'm not letting anything happen to you.

Tyler scoffs at this.

TYLER

Why do you care?

AMBER

Because you're my patient. It's my job to do everything in my power to help you.

TYLER

Well I think you're wasting your time.

AMBER

I don't think it's a waste of time.

TYLER

Then maybe you should save it for  
someone who can be saved.

AMBER

You can be saved. Everyone can.

Tyler looks at Amber. A smile slowly spreads across his face.

TYLER

You think so?

AMBER

Yes.

Tyler's smile grows.

Amber returns it, beaming from ear-to-ear.

TYLER

So you'll really help me?

AMBER

Yes I will.

Their smile continues. Each of them looking happy and peaceful.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! You coming or what?

**INT. AMBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Amber snaps back to reality. Looks around her now dimly lit and drab office.

Tyler is nowhere to be seen.

Instead, PATRICK, 40s, stands in the doorway, pulling on his coat.

PATRICK

Time to go. They're gonna lock up  
the building for the night.

A look of realization comes over Amber's face. Twinged with sadness.

AMBER

Yeah. I'll be right there.

Patrick nods, then turns and heads down the hall.

Amber looks down at her desk:

A NEWSPAPER OPEN TO THE OBITUARY PAGE.

A PHOTO OF TYLER.

Amber closes the newspaper. Tosses it in the trash. Her eyes welling up.

She collects her things. Goes to leave, pausing at the door. She looks around the office, failing to fight off her tears.

Amber turns off the light, then gently closes the door behind her.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY**

Tyler stands on the ledge, foot in midair. Just like before.

But this time...

                                  AMBER (V.O.)  
                                  It's my job to do everything in my  
                                  power to help you...

HE STEPS OFF...

FADE TO BLACK:

**TITLE CARD:**

*Suicides in the United States have been on the rise, up 33% from 1999 through 2017, and the pace of the increase has been rising since 2006. In 2016, suicide ranked as the 10th leading cause of death among Americans. It is the second leading cause of death for those under the age of 35.*

*The annual suicide rate in the U.S. is over 14 deaths per 100,000 population.*

The words slowly fade, soon replaced by:

*If you or a loved one are having suicidal thoughts, contact the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline at 1-800-273-8255*