

LIKEWISE.

By

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EXT. ROOF OF HIGH RISE BUILDING, NIGHT.

A deserted flat roofed apartment block roof top. There is no sound other than the distant sound of traffic.

The door from the stairwell to the roof opens.

A WOMAN in her forties and plainly dressed walks onto the roof, and begins to walk slowly across the roof with her head cast low. The door behind her slowly closes. As it clicks shut the woman quickly turns toward it.

She looks at the closed door for a few moments, her head drops, she turns and walks toward the edge of the roof.

She approaches the railing, grasps it and looks down. She takes a short sharp breath, quickly pulls her head up and stares blankly at the building across the road.

A MAN in his forties and plainly dressed enters from the roof top stairwell. He begins to walk toward the edge where the woman is standing.

Startled by his appearance the woman half turns and holds up one hand in a stopping signal. The man ignores her and continues forward and stands at the safety railing.

THE WOMAN.

Don't try and stop me! (pauses) I'm going to do it.

THE MAN.

(sounding dejected)

I wasn't going to try, looks like I'm here for the same reason as you.

THE WOMAN.

(sounding slightly disappointed)

Oh, I see.

THE MAN.

Do you?

THE WOMAN.

(angrily)

But you can't this is my building.

THE MAN.

(agitated)

What do you mean your building, I
live here lady.

THE WOMAN.

Hmmm, me too, I haven't seen you
before.

THE MAN.

Likewise.

The man looks over the edge and down toward the street
below.

THE MAN.

(cont)

Seems higher from up here than it
does from down there.

THE WOMAN.

Yeah. (pauses) Yeah it does. (pauses)
You know if this was a movie it'd be
lightly raining and there'd be soft
music playing.

The Man slowly turns his head towards The Woman.

THE MAN.

(confused)

If this was a movie?

THE WOMAN.

Never mind.

THE MAN.

(slightly agitated)

If this was a movie?

THE WOMAN.

Look I said never mind okay, just
drop it. The last thing I want right
now is an argument with someone I
don't even know okay.

The Man turns his head and stares back down at the
street.

THE MAN.

(quietly to himself)

If this was a movie?

THE WOMAN.

(angry)

I said drop it okay, let it go.

THE MAN.

(quietly to himself)

Interesting choice of words.

The Man half smiles and turns to The Woman.

THE MAN.

(cont)

Sorry.

The Woman turns her head toward The Man.

THE WOMAN.

Okay. (pauses) Sorry I didn't mean to snap.

The Man and The Woman look at each other in silence for a few moments and then both turn and look down at the street.

THE MAN.

This is all a bit awkward isn't it?

THE WOMAN.

I guess.

THE MAN.

Can I ask why you're...

THE WOMAN

(cutting across him)

(sternly)

No you can't.

THE MAN.

Fair enough. So. (pauses) Who goes first?

THE WOMAN.

What do you mean?

THE MAN.

Well obviously one of us has to go first.

THE WOMAN.

Oh that.

THE MAN.

I wonder how long it would take, you know, to hit. (pauses) 2, 3 seconds? I wonder what I'll think about.

THE WOMAN.

I was just thinking the same thing. I suppose (pauses) I guess, I should go first, I was here before you.

THE MAN.

I guess so but (pauses) they might..

THE WOMAN.

(cutting across him)

They might what?

THE MAN.

Well they might think it's a murder/ suicide thing and I'll cop the blame for you. (dejectedly) They'll think not only am I a pathetic loser but a bastard too boot.

THE WOMAN.

I see your point. (pauses) 2 or 3 seconds you reckon, not long to think about much is it.

They stand in silence, The Man looking down to the street
The Woman staring at the building opposite.

THE MAN.

I guess we could both go at the same time.

THE WOMAN.

(agitated)

No, no way, they'll assume it's a lovers pact of some kind and I don't even know you. I'm not having that.

The man grips the railing, straightens himself and takes a long deep breath.

THE MAN.

(solemnly)

Well I guess that means I go first,
they'll never think you hoisted me over
the edge so no one will think you a
murderer, you'll be safe on that
score.

The Woman looks down at the street then turns toward The Man.

THE WOMAN.

Yeah but (pauses) to be honest, that
2 or 3 seconds, well, I'd rather not
spend that time thinking about
landing in the splattered mess of
you. (pauses) No offence.

THE MAN.

None taken.

The Man and The Woman look at each other for a few moments. The Woman slowly starts to look toward the sky. The Man continues to look at The Woman.

THE WOMAN.

I just noticed it's kind of pretty up
here at night.

THE MAN.

Hmm, likewise. So I guess that means
one of us will have to pick another
night, my psychologist says I have to
make plans, formulate the steps and
carry them out, he probably wasn't
thinking about this. (muttering)
Fucking wanker.

The Man turns and looks down at the street again. The Woman looks at The Man.

THE MAN.

(cont)

But tonight is the night, it's now or
never, I promised myself.

THE WOMAN.

Likewise, sounds like we have the
same psychologist, where's your one's
office?

THE MAN.

In the Orion building on Lake St.

THE WOMAN.

Huh! me too, never seen you there before.

THE MAN.

Likewise.

THE WOMAN.

So what now? What do we do? No one will go first, can't go together and no one will pick another night. I'm beginning to think life really fucking well has got it in for me.

THE MAN.

Likewise.

THE WOMAN.

Life sure can be a bitch.

THE MAN.

You're telling me lady.

THE WOMAN.

I guess we could call a truce of sorts, you know, go and have a talk, try and find a way around this so we can both get what we want.

THE MAN.

I guess, do you like coffee? I go to that little place on Grant St.

THE WOMAN.

Likewise.

THE MAN.

Never seen you there before, nice there isn't it.

THE WOMAN.

Yeah, good coffee but I always thought the manager was a prick.

THE WOMAN.

Likewise.

The Man and The Woman look at each other in silence.

THE MAN.

So, what do you reckon? Want to go?

THE WOMAN.

Okay. (pauses) I guess.

The woman slightly shivers.

THE MAN.

You cold?

THE WOMAN.

Bit, wasn't expecting to need a coat.

The Man and The Woman turn and take a few paces, The Woman stops, The Man stops and looks at her.

THE WOMAN.

(cont)

I was going to do it you know?

THE MAN.

Likewise.

THE WOMAN.

Sorry I was a bit, you know, rude back there.

THE MAN.

Me too.

The Man and the Woman turn toward the Stair Well door and begin to slowly walk toward it.

THE MAN.

(cont)

So what floor do you live on?

THE WOMAN.

The 4th

THE MAN.

Likewise.

THE WOMAN.

What apartment number, I'm in 426.

THE MAN.

427. Funny that I've never seen you before.

THE WOMAN.

Yeah, likewise.

The Man opens the door for The Woman and she enters the stairwell, The Man follows her and the door begins to close.

THE MAN.

So what's your name?

The door shuts.

Fade out.

THE END.