

ON THE EDGE

written by

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EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Sean, 23, dejected, stands at the edge of the rooftop, looking down at the busy city street below.

He closes his eyes. Trying to decide if he has it in him to jump.

Sean lifts his right foot into the air. It hovers for a moment, extending out into the aether.

Sean takes a deep breath-- holds it briefly-- then lets it out.

ERIC (O.S.)
Oh-- sorry... I didn't know anyone
was up here.

Sean's eyes snap open. He looks over his shoulder to see--

ERIC, 39, equally morose, standing on the edge of the building a few feet away.

ERIC
I can leave, if you want.

Sean retracts his foot, looking slightly ashamed. He turns to face Eric.

SEAN
No-- it's fine.

An awkward beat. Dead silence. Sean and Eric staring each other down.

Sean clears his throat. Trying to defuse the situation.

SEAN
So... uh... are you here to jump
too?

Eric hangs his head. Extremely uncomfortable. He rubs the back of his neck.

ERIC
Yeah... actually, I was...

SEAN
Oh...

Sean gestures toward the edge of the roof.

SEAN
You can go if you want.

ERIC

No, no. You were here first. I couldn't.

SEAN

Honestly, I don't mind. Really. I'm still trying to figure out if I can do it.

Sean looks almost guilty saying it aloud. He turns away from Eric and sits on the edge of the building. Feet dangling above the traffic.

Eric moves forward and grabs a seat beside Sean. Looking down at the pavement.

SEAN

So... what got you wanting to jump?

ERIC

My wife of the last eight years decided she'd rather screw my brother.

SEAN

Ouch.

ERIC

In our bed. While I was taking a nap on the couch.

SEAN

Damn.

ERIC

You?

Sean shrugs.

SEAN

Little bit of everything. Finished college, degree's worthless, can't afford my own place, can't find a job.

(then)

Gen Z problems basically.

Eric opens his mouth to speak--

SEAN

I'm being dramatic-- I get it.

ERIC

I wasn't gonna say that.

Sean cocks an eyebrow.

SEAN
Really?

ERIC
Seems like a legit reason to me.

SEAN
Wow.

ERIC
What?

SEAN
Nothing... You're just the first
person to say that. Can you tell
my parents?

Sean manages a small chuckle.

A meager grin emerges in the corner of Eric's mouth.

SEAN
Sorry about your wife.

ERIC
Thanks. Sorry about your shitty
life-- no offense.

SEAN
None taken.

Sean eye's continue to scan the cars below. It's starting to
look a lot further away than it did when he first got up here.

ERIC
Are we gonna do this?

SEAN
I don't know. You think you got it
in you?

Eric can't take his eyes off the street.

ERIC
I thought I did. Then I got up
here.

SEAN
Same.

ERIC
You looked ready to me.

SEAN
I've been up here for over an
hour.

Eric nods slowly.

ERIC
Gotcha.
(beat)
Maybe it's good we don't have the
balls to do this?

SEAN
Maybe...

Eric looks sideways at Sean. His face etched with sadness.
Seeing something of himself in Sean.

ERIC
When I was your age, I thought
everything was against me too.
Took a while, but things worked
out... mostly.

Sean looks over at Eric. The irony not lost on him.

SEAN
Great. So, at best, things work
out for me for a while. I get a
job, a place, a partner-- and then
she cheats on me.

ERIC
Touchè.

SEAN
You know, I've been dumped too. If
someone cheats on you, they're not
really worth it. Are they?

ERIC
I guess not.

Sean looks back down. Sighs. Shakes his head.

This isn't how he wants to handle this anymore.

SEAN
What are we doing up here?

ERIC
I don't know. Wanna grab a piece
of pizza or something? I haven't
eaten all day.

Sean gets to his feet. Wipes the dirt from his hands.

SEAN

Sounds good. Anything's better
than this.

Eric stands and starts for the stairwell that leads to the
roof.

Sean looks over the edge one final time. Briefly contemplating
what might've happened if Eric hadn't shown up.

Trying to shake the thought from his mind, he turns and follows
Eric.

FADE TO BLACK.