

"DON'T"

by

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'50 Kisses' Competition

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A middle aged woman solemnly steps out of the door onto the roof. This is **BRENDA (44)**. A human door matt if there ever was one.

Her nervous eyes dart to a small pile of rubbish. Among it a tennis ball. She picks it up, twirling it between her fingers.

She sighs. Taking a deep sharp breath. From her pocket she removes a pad of paper and a pen, flicking open the pad.

Scribbling onto the paper she writes a note.

It reads: "Sorry." She rips the note free of the pad and puts that in her pocket.

Slowly walking over to the edge, eyes always on her feet, she walks. One foot after the other. Firmly placing them on the edge- yet another deep breath.

She closes her eyes as she leans her head back... Opening.

Shock hits her face like a bag of wet sand. On the edge of the building opposite is a man doing the exact same thing as her. Teetering on the edge.

He is **PETER (46)**. As beige of a man as they came. He may have a lot to offer but on the surface he seems so tepid.

He too notices Brenda. They share smiles. An awkward but polite wave between the two of them.

Brenda goes to shout- but looks down. People are bustling.

She looks back across to Peter. Holding her hand out in a "stop" fashion.

Reaching into her pocket she pulls out the pad, pen and tennis ball. She writes a note, wrapping it around the ball. Undoing her pony tail she takes the hair band and uses it to fasten the paper and pen to the ball.

She throws it across, Peter catching it. He opens it; reading: "Don't do it."

He turns the paper over and, with the pen, writes his own note. Fastening it with the hair band, he throws it back.

Brenda catches. Reading it. "Right back at ya". Ripping a new piece free she writes on that. Fastens it to the ball with the pen via the band- and hurls it.

Peter catches. Opening the note it says: "It's different for me". Peter looks up at her- visibly shaking his head to say "no".

With the pen he, once again, scribbles on the back of the note. The routine is now flowing.

He wraps it round the ball, fastens with the band, puts the pen between the band and ball-

Hurls the ball-

Brenda catches.

She unravels and reads.

"I've not been kissed".

Brenda rips another piece of paper out the pad seemingly drawing only two lines.

Fastened round the ball with the pen via the band- she throws it back.

Peter catches it. Quick to unravel the note he reads.

Nothing more than " X ".

He smiles. Looking across to her and smiling more.

She smiles back.

He hurls the ball and pen across without writing a word.

He slowly steps back off the edge- retreating back across the roof.

She leans up, peering. Trying to following him with her eyes.

She can't. He goes. Quick as she can- Brenda rushes to the roof door.

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EXT. STREET BENEATH THE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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Brenda emerges from the door of the warehouse.

Across the road, Peter has already emerged from his own. Once more they smile to each other. Sheepishly.

Brenda pulls the now routine apparatus from her pockets. Scribbling away.

Peter checks traffic. It's free, he runs across the road. He reaches her side. They're in talking distance now but still Brenda throws the tennis ball to him, he catches.

Unravelling the bit of paper right there in front of her; Peter reads: "Real one?".

Peter looks up from the paper to Brenda. Him smiling, her giggling. The two of them finally in kissing distance.