

Cast of Characters

CHANDLER: A man in his early 20s.

STELLA: A woman in her early 20s.

Scene

Roof of a New York City skyscraper.

Time

Night.

STELLA
Chandler, can you just...sit down please?

CHANDLER
Why?

STELLA
Please...just sit down.

CHANDLER
Okay.

STELLA
Thank you. *(Beat)* I just...don't want anything to happen.

CHANDLER
What do you mean?

STELLA
When I saw you up here, I just knew that if I didn't do something, then...I don't know. It's my responsibility.

CHANDLER
What is?

STELLA
I don't know. *(Beat)* You, I guess.

CHANDLER
Why?

STELLA
(Beat) I've been up here before...and it wasn't to talk to the stars.

CHANDLER
Oh.

STELLA
I just didn't want to see you...go. You know? *(CHANDLER looks confused.)* Like...jump. *(Beat)* Off the ledge. *(Beat)* Because that's what you were just about to do. *(Beat)* Right? I mean that *is* what you were just about to do, isn't it?

CHANDLER
Well...not really...no.

STELLA

(*Beat*) Wait...are you being serious right now?

CHANDLER

Uh...yeah.

STELLA

Well Jesus, what the hell is the matter with you?!

CHANDLER

What?

STELLA

Why would you do something like that?! You scared me half to death!

CHANDLER

Geez, I'm sorry.

STELLA

Unbelievable, some people. (*Long beat. SHE calms down.*) So why are you up here then?

CHANDLER

It's a long story.

STELLA

It's okay. I've got time.

CHANDLER

(*Long beat*) I lost my sister up here.

STELLA

Oh.

CHANDLER

She had just finished her freshman year at school and was back home for the summer. (*Beat*) You know, everyone's always saying that it's not our fault and there's nothing any of us could have done to prevent it from happening, but the more I think about it, the less I believe them.

STELLA

If you don't mind me asking - and you don't have to talk about it if you don't want to - but, do you know...why?

CHANDLER

No. (*Beat*) I think whatever it was, we just thought it would pass...but I guess not.

STELLA

(*Beat*) I'm sorry.

CHANDLER

You don't have to be.

STELLA

I know.

CHANDLER

(*Beat*) And all I can really do now is just write these stupid notes to her.

(*CHANDLER pulls out the same piece of paper.*)

STELLA

Why's it folded like that?

CHANDLER

When we were little and it was raining outside, we used to make paper planes and throw them out our apartment window to see whose would go the furthest. Then when the rain stopped, our mom made us go outside and collect all these soggy pieces of paper that were just plastered to the sidewalk.

(*CHANDLER examines the note.*)

Guess it's kinda pointless now.