

CUTTING EDGE

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FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOF -- NIGHT

FIONA (30s) teeters on the edge of the building. Her long hair flows with the breeze. Tears slide down her gloriously made up face.

From the roof of the building, other apartment blocks and offices can be seen.

She stands in a particularly well-lit spot, clutching her scarf to her chest. She appears to be in a trance.

Music thumps from an apartment O.S.

Fiona lifts her chin to the heavens. She stretches out her arms, releasing the scarf.

It floats with the breeze, back over the building, dipping and lifting as it connects with the wind currents.

BAM! The door to the roof is flung open.

TIMOTHY (20s) totters out with the door, kind of leaning against it. He loses his footing, trips a few steps, then regains his balance, grins, pleased at himself.

He takes a cigarette from behind his ear, places it between his lips the wrong way round, flicks his lighter. No joy.

He tries a few more times, pulls the cigarette out and drops it, but continues the action as if he is placing the cigarette between his lips again.

He flicks the lighter, shakes his head, confused.

He glances down, sees his smoke lying there, leans to pick it up, still flicking the lighter.

The scarf drifts over his hand and takes flame as he whirls the lighter again.

Burning his hand, he drops the lighter and the flaming scarf, sucking his finger where he burnt himself.

He notices the burning scarf, attempts to stomp on the flame, throwing himself into weird unchoreographed movements.

FIONA (O.S.)  
Stay back!

Timothy swoops around, scanning the area, notices Fiona, shakes his head to get a clearer view.

Fiona is still with her back to him, her arms splayed out, facing away from the roof.

TIMOTHY  
Oh my fuck! FUCK! L-Lady!

He staggers toward her.

FIONA  
Don't come near me.

He stops dead in his tracks, sways a little but manages to keep his stance.

TIMOTHY  
Why-why you doing this shit?  
(to himself)  
I need my smoke.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)  
Do you see my--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Jump already!

Timothy straightens up, puts his fists up.

TIMOTHY  
Who dat?

He shuffles closer to the edge.

FIONA  
Don't come closer. You're going to mess everything up.

TIMOTHY  
Lady, today I'm your guardian angel.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What's the problem?

Timothy shouts as loud as he can.

TIMOTHY  
FUCK OFF!  
(to Fiona)  
Don't listen to that loser!

He uses his finger to make air brackets.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)  
Hashtag, all lives matter.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
This is it! Counting down! Three...

Timothy crab-runs to Fiona.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Two-

Timothy manages to fling his arm around Fiona's waist,  
pulling her from the edge.

Her stumbles quite a few steps with her before they roll to  
the floor.

Timothy grins wide at Fiona, who stares at him in disbelief.

They get up at the same time, him knocking her off balance a  
few times.

He punches the air, whoops.

TIMOTHY  
I'm a fucking hero! Whoo! Success!

Before she can realize what's happening, Timothy pulls Fiona  
close, plants a huge kiss on her lips.

She shoves him away, wipes her mouth in disgust. A thick  
layer of lipstick and makeup has now transferred to Timothy's  
face.

FIONA  
Look what you've done, you stupid  
moron!

He follows her as she heads for the staircase. She slams the  
door closed in his face.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - STREET -- SAME

A group of filmmakers stand with camera equipment aimed at  
the roof.

A large blown up air mattress is at the base of the building.  
The director throws his arms up in the air in resignation.

DIRECTOR  
What the fuck? Cut!

FADE OUT.