

PROJECT "ROOFTOP" (TITLE TBD)

Written by

Brough Hansen

hansen.brough@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP PORCH - DUSK

DECKER and ZARA (both 30s) lounge on a New York rooftop, laughing with tears in their eyes, completely stoned, drinks and a bowl of weed on the table between them.

ZARA
He said it just like that?

DECKER
(some accent)
Just like that: "You. Fired."

ZARA
(impersonating)
"You. Fired."

They chuckle some more. Decker hits the bowl.

ZARA
Eh, fuck 'em. You'll land on your feet, Deck. You always do.

Decker exhales. A reflective beat. They meet eyes. He smiles, shakes his head.

ZARA
What?

DECKER
What's the secret, Zara?

ZARA
The "secret"? The secret to what?

DECKER
All of it. The New York penthouse.
The job that pays for it. The easy
confidence. The seamless success.
(beat)
You know, ever since college, your
life's just gone ...
(imitates launching
rocket)
And mine's gone ...

He makes the rocket crash. She laughs. He still charms her.

DECKER
I mean it. It's like this super
power. The Magical Zara Touch.

ZARA
(teasing)
"The Magical Zara Touch?"

DECKER
You know what I'm talking about.

He's dead earnest. She mulls.

ZARA
So. My ol' pal Decker wants to know
my secret ... alright.
(twinkle in her eye)
Whenever I'm feeling depressed or
anxious, or I just need to tap out
of the rat race ... I break into a
random person's apartment at night.

Decker laughs out loud. She's doesn't join. He stops,
disturbed. OFF Zara's mischievous grin ...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Zara strolls through an apartment building like she owns the
place. Touches a doorway, runs fingers along a wall ...

ZARA (V.O.)
Obviously, I make sure nobody will
be home.

She reaches a DOOR HANDLE. TWISTS.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

DOOR CLICKS OPEN. Slit of light. SILOUETTE in bright doorway.

DECKER (V.O.)
Wait, you're serious? That's
insane.

SHADOW FALLS over a coat rack ...

ZARA (V.O.)
Yeah. It is.

... a kitchen counter ...

DECKER (V.O.)
Do you take anything?

ZARA (V.O.)
Oh, no. Never.

... a wall of photos ...

DECKER (V.O.)
Then what do you do?

ZARA (V.O.)
I just sorta ... hang out.

DECKER (V.O.)
Hang out?

REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPENS. Yellow light on ZARA. She removes a SODA. POPS IT.

DECKER (V.O.)
Zara, you could go to prison for that shit.

ZARA (V.O.)
I could.

DARK LIVING ROOM

Zara touches a futon ... draws a line on a dusty TV ...

DECKER (V.O.)
So, what, you do it for the thrill?

ZARA (V.O.)
Not exactly.

DECKER (V.O.)
Then I don't get it. Why?

DARK BEDROOM

ZARA'S OUTLINE VISIBLE. She sips soda, moseys.

ZARA (V.O.)
There's something about it. About being there ...

Checks REFLECTION in mirror.

ZARA (V.O.)
All alone in the dark, in a stranger's space ...

CLOSET

Door opens looking OUT. Zara takes down a sweater. Inhales its scent.

ZARA (V.O.)
... with rooms so empty they don't even have ghosts ...

PORCH DOORS

OPEN. Zara steps outside. The silent city. Lighted windows fanned out across the night.

ZARA (V.O.)
It's like the entire world just
sorta ...

She tosses the CAN off the porch ...

ZARA (V.O.)
Stops.

... peers over the railing where it fell.

BACK TO ROOFTOP

ZARA
And there's this moment, just a
millisecond, when a ... veil lifts
... and I can see ... like I
finally, truly know ...

Zara trails off, lost in her thoughts. Decker's on the edge of his seat.

DECKER
Know what?

Zara's comes to. Sees his desperation. She smiles, self-conscious.

ZARA
I can't explain it.
(beat)
And then I leave feeling ... great.
Just great. Like a whole new woman.
Like I'm capable of ...

DECKER
Anything.

Zara nods. That's it. Decker sits back, gathers the pieces of his blown mind.

DECKER
Holy shit.
(then)
I don't know if that makes me feel
better or worse.

Zara shrugs, lights up the bowl.

DECKER

I'm not going to lie, Z, that is
pretty fucked up.

(rationalizing)

But I guess, if no one ever finds
out ... no harm done.

(then)

Just don't get caught.

The friends regard on another -- and laugh.

BACK TO PORCH

Where we left Zara, drinking in the night air, utterly at
peace. She takes a deep, cleansing breath when --

Light turns on in apartment.

Zara notices the glow grazing her shoulder. Afraid, she turns--

CUT TO BLACK.