

The Metanoid

by

Banafsheh Esmailzadeh

604-992-4595
banaesma@gmail.com

EXT. BRICK APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

We see the facade of a brick apartment building, showing the dimly lit interior of a bedroom, but then we hear footsteps on the roof and see NINA, a barefoot young woman, 35 with long black hair and skin as white as her dress, gingerly approaching the ledge, holding white flats in her hand.

We then see that from where she's standing, she's two stories high, with just grass ahead but since it's night it looks like a void. Cars drive past, no one seems to notice her even though her white dress blows in the wind and contrasts with the night sky. She looks around as if to find someone, but does not. She closes her eyes and extends one foot forward.

A white hand, belonging to LUCIEN, a blond 35-year-old young man with silver hair and blue eyes, holds her foot and she screams, recoiling back to the rooftop, panting. LUCIEN is then seen hovering above the open air, looking at her with a sad and yet romantic expression.

NINA

(stuttering)

Wha- who- what the hell?!

LUCIEN

Don't worry, if you fell I would've caught you, but why wait until then?

NINA

Who are you? What are you? A ghost?

LUCIEN

Oui, although that is a decidedly unflattering description even if it is true.

NINA

You're not making any sense.

LUCIEN

Well ma chère, neither are you. You were just about to fall to your death and rob the world of seeing your beautiful smiling face one more time.

NINA, stunned, doesn't say anything for a moment. She then looks down.

NINA

What's even there to smile about anymore...

LUCIEN

Quoi? "What's even there to smile about anymore"? What possibly made you feel that way? Who broke your heart like that?

He floats over to her, but doesn't touch her. Meanwhile NINA doesn't resist except for averting her gaze.

NINA

You're gonna think it's all really dumb.

LUCIEN

Even if I do, I still want to know.

NINA scoffs.

NINA

You're weird. Then again you are a ghost and I'm here talking to you... The moment's pretty much gone. Guess I have no reason to keep it a secret. Okay, so I fell in love with this guy, but he was taken, as they always are. The worst part of it is that he's this total idiot, barely holds down a job, isn't even all that handsome... And I'm still so pathetically in love with him. So much so that I'm here.

Pause. She finally looks at LUCIEN, whose face is still and pensive.

NINA

You're not gonna laugh?

LUCIEN

Of course not. You were right, that is spectacularly stupid.

NINA

Well, gee, thanks.

LUCIEN

Because of your own broken heart, you'd break another.

NINA

What are you talking about? Whose heart would I break?

LUCIEN

Well, his. And billions of others. Don't you know that to be loved at all is a miracle, and it's one so abundant that you are convinced it doesn't exist?

NINA

So? That doesn't mean it doesn't hurt like hell.

LUCIEN

Ah, ma chère, but that's why
l'amour est beau. You love someone
so much you would die... But it
wouldn't do to actually die. Just
the sentiment alone is enough to
beautify life.

NINA looks poised to retort, and then she pauses as if to think.

NINA

I mean... I guess that makes sense.
If he can't see it, then he's an
even bigger idiot I give him credit
for.

LUCIEN

See? You understand.

Just then, the door to the roof slams open and GARY, a 35-year-old average-looking young man enters, panting.

GARY

Nina! What are you doing up here?

NINA

Gary... Nothing. I just wanted to
come up here and relax a while.

GARY

On the roof, at night? Look... Is
everything all right?

NINA

Everything's fine, yeah.

GARY

I'm worried about you. You've
been... Different ever since you
met Isabela. I don't understand
why.

NINA scoffs, and LUCIEN quietly observes.

GARY

I wanted to talk to you. Hear you
out, if you had something to say. I
mean you've gotta. You tell me
everything else, so I don't know
why you wouldn't talk about this.

NINA

...I have nothing to say to you.

LUCIEN

Oh mon Dieu, ma chère, don't do
that now.

GARY

What do you mean you don't have anything to say to me? That... That's just your way of saying you have a lot to say, isn't it?

NINA

What do you care? You wouldn't get it.

GARY

Then help me get it! I can't read your mind!

NINA then stands up.

NINA

You idiot... I love you, okay? I've loved you for years and years and years and you go and find her! You ask me all the ways to win her heart and make her smile... Because only a woman knows another woman's heart, right? We're the same to you...

LUCIEN sighs and shakes his head while GARY stammers.

GARY

Wow, I... I had no idea that's how you felt.

NINA

Of course you didn't, why would you? I was going to take that secret to the grave with me... And now you're here. You know what, screw this, since I'm already here...

She turns and walks forward, taking a breath and steps forward and this time both LUCIEN and GARY rush to get her, LUCIEN in front and GARY at the back. GARY grabs hold of both of her wrists right when NINA'S lips nearly come in contact with LUCIEN'S, and she's yanked back. Both she and GARY are then half-seated.

GARY

You're... Jealous of Isabela, huh. Because you love me?

NINA doesn't answer. She just looks frustrated, but then looks exasperated when GARY laughs out of similar exasperation.

GARY

You're my best friend, and you were about to give it all up just for me...

NINA
Your best friend? Me?

GARY
Uh, yeah! You're closest to me out of everyone. You think I'd want to lose you, especially over this? I'd never forgive myself!

NINA
You wouldn't?

GARY
You're a real idiot, Nina. Can't even see something so obvious.

NINA is gobsmacked. LUCIEN, meanwhile, chuckles to himself.

GARY
Now come on. You're staying away from this roof. I've hurt you, and I'm sorry, but you were gonna hurt me a hell of a lot worse and I won't let that slide.

He gets up, not letting go of NINA'S wrist as he pulls her up as well, and NINA casts a last look at LUCIEN as the door shuts behind her. LUCIEN sighs.

LUCIEN
Idiots truly are blessed in this world. With any luck, though, you and I won't ever need to meet again... Ma chère.

NINA AND GARY WALK AWAY, WITH NINA SMILING JUST A LITTLE BIT AS GARY KEEPS HOLDING ONTO HER WRIST.