

# LEDGE

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by  
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*\*Actors may stand on a sturdy table or two chairs. Any items or props in this duet should simply be mimed. \**

**CAST: TOM and MARY**

TOM: This is my ledge.

MARY: I was here first.

TOM: I suppose you made a reservation.

MARY: If you're going to jump, jump.

TOM: Of course I'm going to jump! **(Several beats.)** You were here first.

MARY: Go ahead.

TOM: You go.

MARY: No, you go.

TOM: You.

MARY: Jump!

TOM: All right. **(HE adjusts his position. HE re-adjusts.)** You're crowding me.

MARY: I'm sorry!

TOM: Could you...

**(SHE edges away, giving him room. SHE slips. HE grabs her.)**

MARY: Thanks.

**(HE readies himself. HE stops.)**

TOM: How's it going to look?

MARY: Messy.

TOM: How's it going to look, me going first? Who'll pay attention to me, with you still up here, making a spectacle of yourself? They'll just step over me—what's left of me—and they'll be shining spotlights on you and sending reporters out to interview you, and I'll be lucky to be a sidebar on the comics page, which is the story of my life. So go on. **(SHE looks down. Cars honk, if sound effects are used)** You climbed out here. **(SHE gathers her courage.)** You made a decision. **(SHE readies herself.)** You knew there was no reason to put up with it any longer. **(SHE'S ready.)** Stop! **(SHE stops.)** You jump first, who'll pay any attention to me up here, a speck on the forty-first floor? You'll get all the attention, as usual.

MARY: As usual?

TOM: You women. You're always getting the attention. With your legs. Your hair-dos. Your emotions. Get off.

MARY: Off?

TOM: Through the window.

MARY: You're between me and the window.

TOM: There must be another window around the corner.

MARY: I might fall.

TOM: All right then, jump. I'll wait until they've scraped you up and carried you away in a shoebox. Then I'll call attention to myself. Go on, go on, get it over with.

MARY: I'll jump when I'm good and ready.

TOM: JUMP!

MARY: NO! **(TOM points his finger outward and mimes having a gun. HE aims it at her.)** Shoot me.

**(TOM smiles, mimes putting away the gun.)**

TOM: You women think you're so clever, so clever! Tom Longmyer, murderer? No, no. You can borrow it, if you like.

MARY: Why would I want your gun?

TOM: You could make sure that way.

MARY: Forty-one stories is sure.

TOM: I was going to use the revolver, but...

MARY: What?

TOM: I was afraid nobody would notice. A shot, drowned out by the bedlam of the city. Shots all the time! Gang warfare, drug dealers. Buses make a lot of noise, too. You can't hear yourself think.

MARY: I've never heard myself think. I mean, you think very quietly, really. Silently, in fact. Don't you?

TOM: **(Points finger outward, miming the gun again.)** Get off my ledge.

MARY: You are so insignificant.

TOM: Don't say that to me.

MARY: Nothing. An absence.

TOM: Don't say that to me!

MARY: Who will miss you? **(HE begins to cry. SHE watches him coldly for a moment.)** I'm sorry. **(HE bawls.)** I'm sorry! **(HE bawls.)** I'm sorry, Tom! **(HE stops abruptly, smiles.)** Give me the gun. **(HE mimes handing her the gun.)**

TOM: Be careful. The safety's on.

MARY: How do you turn it off?

**(HE switches off the safety.)**

TOM: In the mouth. Blows the brains right out. The temple—the bullet can ricochet off the inside of your skull, leave you a semi-conscious vegetable for the rest of your life. **(SHE points her finger and mimes aiming the revolver at him.)** What are you doing?

MARY: You manipulated me.

TOM: You shoot me, they'll send you to the chair.

MARY: I don't care. You men are all the same.

**(SHE pulls the trigger. Nothing happens. SHE pulls it several more times.)**

TOM: I didn't have the guts to load it.

MARY: You're a zero.

TOM: I'm not worth your pity.

MARY: You're disgusting!

TOM: I'm not even that significant.

MARY: Get off my ledge!

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