

*Scene One*

*Monday morning.*

*This scene takes place in the offices of GAIL and JASON.*

*When the lights come up, we see GAIL, well-dressed, sitting at her desk, reviewing some papers. Her work area is neat and tidy.*

*JASON's office is vacant. No files or paper are on the desk.*

*GAIL's cell phone rings.*

**GAIL**       *(picks up phone)* Good morning, Department of Instruments and Measurements, Gail speaking, bonjour. *(pause)* Hi Judy, how are you? *(pause)* No, I didn't. What happened? *(pause)* No. Really? That's only a few hours ago. That's awful. How high is that building anyway? *(pause)* Just a sec. *(punches some numbers into a calculator on her desk)* Let's see. At a height of 65 meters...by the time he hit the ground, he'd have reached a velocity of... *(punches some more numbers into the calculator)* That would mean the point of impact would have a spread of ...Euhhh. That's disgusting. Do they know who it was? *(pause)* No. Really? Oh, I've got to tell Jason when he gets in. Talk to you later. Bye.

*Enter JASON. He is dressed in a suit.*

*He has a coffee in his hand. He flops his briefcase onto his desk.*

**GAIL**       Is that you, Jason?

**JASON**     No, it's the Tooth Fairy. No money for you. You've had too many cavities.

**GAIL**       Judy just called. You'll never guess what just happened!

**JASON**     Jeepers, Gail. Let me at least have a sip of my coffee before you dump some stupid office gossip on me.

**GAIL**       Oh, you're going to like this. Someone jumped from the Mackenzie Building.

**JASON** No. Really?

**GAIL** The police tried for about an hour to talk him down and then he jumped.

**JASON** Do they know who the guy was?

**GAIL** You won't believe it.

**JASON** Won't believe it? Who was it?

**GAIL** Think of someone who might do it.

**JASON** I don't know. Some high-tech big shot caught padding the books?

**GAIL** No.

**JASON** Come on. Give me a hint.

**GAIL** You know him.

**JASON** *(pause)* No...Not our 'buddy' Dave. Boring Dave?

**GAIL** Yup. *(smirks a little and then become serious)*

**JASON** Really? Dave Bournig.

**GAIL** Yup. *(smirks louder and then become serious)*

**JASON** How do they know it was him?

**GAIL** Judy heard some people talking about it, and they mentioned Dave's name.

**JASON** They could have been mistaken.

**GAIL** Not according to Judy. She called around. He hasn't been seen or heard from all morning.

**JASON** That doesn't sound good. Boring Dave is Mr. Gold Star for punctuality and attendance.

**GAIL** They even had security check. There's no sign of him.

**JASON** Well, well. How about that. I told ya. I told ya he was crazy. Did anyone listen to me? No. *(whiny voice)* He's just odd, Jason. You have to respect

other people's differences, Jason. (*normal voice*) Well, he's sure different now, isn't he, spattered all over the road.

**GAIL** Have some consideration, will you?

**JASON** Ahh. He was a loser.

**GAIL** Don't say that.

**JASON** What? I might offend him? He's dead. I told you he was a nut case.

**GAIL** Stop that. He's not...wasn't nuts.

**JASON** Sure he was. He had this huge fish collection on his desk. Little fish, big fish, plastic fish...

**GAIL** Have you seen all the stuffed animals in Adanna's office?

**JASON** Yeah, well, Adanna isn't crazy. Dave was. His office was on the 13<sup>th</sup> floor!

**GAIL** What's wrong with that?

**JASON** The 13<sup>th</sup> floor? That's the morgue.

**GAIL** The what?

**JASON** The morgue. Where all the obsolete instruments are stored, before they get sent out as surplus. There's nothing on that floor except, old, dead, stuff. Who in their right mind would want to work there?

**GAIL** I don't know...I...I...

**JASON** Not only that, when we were in the Peterson Building, he used to take his briefcase into the can in the basement.

**GAIL** So? People take all sorts of stuff to the bathroom... magazines...tablets... files...

**JASON** For two hours?

**GAIL** Two hours? How do you know that?

**JASON** I...um...timed him one day.

**GAIL**            You timed how long he spent in the bathroom?

**JASON**        It was a slow day. He had a little office set up in the handicap stall. With a small table, chair, lamp and everything.

**GAIL**            How do you know? Did you look in?

**JASON**        No! I saw him carrying the stuff outta the stall and store it in the janitor's closet.

**GAIL**            What did he say when he saw you?

**JASON**        He didn't.

**GAIL**            He didn't say anything?

**JASON**        He didn't see me.

**GAIL**            He didn't --

**JASON**        -- I was watching him from inside another stall...Okay?

**GAIL**            Sure. Whatever. Did he have a wife or kids or anything?

**JASON**        I heard he was divorced, with a couple of daughters.

**GAIL**            I wonder who'll pick up all his fish and stuff?

**JASON**        Dick, I suppose, except he'll probably dump that on one of us. I ain't do'en it. That's something for Goosey Lucy.

**GAIL**            She knows you call her that, you know.

**JASON**        I don't care. That's what she is. A Canada Goose. Always squawking about something and all that comes out of her is crap. Two months ago, I put in a requisition for an ergonomic chair like Dave's. She said there was no more money left in the budget, so I'd have to wait until next year.

**GAIL**            Dave has an ergonomic chair?

**JASON**        Oh, yeah. It's awesome. A lot of good that's doing him now... sitting there in Dave's office. Dave's old office. Containing furniture that Dave is no longer using...

**GAIL**            Like an ergonomic chair?

**JASON** Exactly. And if Dave no longer needs it...

**GAIL** You're not going to take it, are you? That'd be like...like robbing the dead or something.

**JASON** Who's robbing? Our section paid for that chair. I'm just reclaiming it.

**GAIL** That's still kind of creepy. That was Dave's chair.

**JASON** And he can have it back anytime he wants. All he has to do is ask.

**GAIL** Maybe you should check with Lucy first.

**JASON** Forget that. That chair is mine now. I wonder what else he's got. Do you need anything, Gail?

**GAIL** I'm fine. Just fine.

**JASON** Come on. Let's go take a look.

**GAIL** No way! Leave me outa this.

**JASON** Come on. Didn't you tell me you wanted a footrest?

**GAIL** Yeah.

**JASON** Well, there's a footrest in Dave's office. And a keyboard rest. You could use one of those too, I'm sure.

**GAIL** I don't know, Jason.

**JASON** Hey. The government is on this healthy office environment kick these days. We're just making our offices more ergonomic. They can't fault us for that. Plus, we're saving the government money by recycling Dave's old stuff. It's a win-win for everyone.

**GAIL** But --

**JASON** -- Come on. We gotta act quick, before word spreads and the place gets picked clean. I don't want anyone else taking my chair. It'll be like...like...window-shopping. (*pretends to throw a fishing line at GAIL*) No...fishing. Yeah. That's it. We're just going fishing.

*Fade to black.*