

The Neighbour

Supernatural · Two-hander · 4 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A building's cellar. She's found a box of old photos; her neighbour is helping her sort them.)

ELLE

Look, this one's from the building's opening. 1912. All these people in their Sunday best in front of the door.

LUI

Ah yes. It was freezing that day. They cut the speeches short.

(She laughs.)

ELLE

"They"? You weren't even born, come on.

LUI

Figure of speech.

(She holds the photo closer. In the third row, a man. Her neighbour. The same. Exactly the same.)

ELLE

...It's you. In the 1912 photo. The same face. The same little scar, there, on the eyebrow.

LUI

I was wondering when you'd find that box. Every tenant finds it eventually. And every time, I have to move. Start over somewhere else, under another name.

ELLE

How long have you lived here?

LUI

Long enough to have watched everyone who asked me that question leave. That's the longest part of a very long life. It isn't staying. It's watching the others not stay.

What you can do with it

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