

THE ELEVATOR

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
Pat Gabridge



Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

Toll-Free 888-473-8521

Fax 319-368-8011

Web www.brookpub.com

Copyright © 1999 by Pat Gabridge
All rights reserved

CAUTION: Professionals & amateurs are hereby warned that *The Elevator* is subject to a royalty. This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS & ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. If necessary, we will contact the author or the author's agent. PLEASE NOTE that royalty fees for performing this play can be located online at Brooklyn Publishers, LLC website (<http://www.brookpub.com>). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. You will find our contact information on the following page.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Only forensics competitions are exempt from this fee.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

<http://www.brookpub.com>

TRADE MARKS, PUBLIC FIGURES, & MUSICAL WORKS: This play may include references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). Brooklyn Publishers, LLC have not obtained performing rights of these works. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYING from the book in any form (in whole or excerpt), whether photocopying, scanning recording, videotaping, storing in a retrieval system, or by any other means, is strictly forbidden without consent of Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY

1. Royalty fees must be paid to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC before permission is granted to use and perform the playwright's work.
2. Royalty of the required amount must be paid each time the play is performed, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.
3. When performing one-acts or full-length plays, enough playbooks must be purchased for cast and crew.
4. Copying or duplication of any part of this script is strictly forbidden.
5. Any changes to the script are not allowed without direct authorization by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.
6. Credit to the author and publisher is required on all promotional items associated with this play's performance(s).
7. Do not break copyright laws with any of our plays. This is a very serious matter and the consequences can be quite expensive. We must protect our playwrights, who earn their living through the legal payment of script and performance royalties.
8. If you have questions concerning performance rules, contact us by the various ways listed below:

Toll-free: 888-473-8521

Fax: 319-368-8011

Email: customerservice@brookpub.com

Copying, rather than purchasing cast copies, and/or failure to pay royalties is a federal offense. Cheating us and our wonderful playwrights in this manner will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please support theatre and follow federal copyright laws.

THE ELEVATOR

by
Pat Gabridge

CAST: JUNE and BERT

AT RISE: An elevator in a high rise apartment building. (everything here should be mimed for contest purposes) BERT enters an elevator and presses a button. JUNE enters and also presses a button. Both of them stare into the air above the door, as they watch the numbers light up. BERT's eyes wander from the lights to the woman and then quickly jump back to the numbers. All of a sudden, he turns around and hits a large stop button on the panel. Both BERT and JUNE fly into the air and land in piles on the floor. BERT gets on his knees and takes JUNE's hand.

JUNE: What the—you hit the stop button. What are you—?

BERT: I just had to tell you that—

JUNE: Get away from me!

(SHE jerks her hand away and stands up. HE jumps to his feet.)

BERT: I just want to tell you—

JUNE: Stay away from me!

(SHE reaches into her purse and mimes pulling out a can of mace.)

BERT: Wait, I just—

JUNE: I'm trained in self defense and could gouge your eyes out in a second.

(HE moves towards her.)

BERT: I just wanted to touch your—

(SHE sprays the mace in his eyes.)

JUNE: Rape! Rape! Help! Help!

BERT: **(screaming)** Owww! Oh, my eyes, my eyes!

(JUNE starts pushing buttons in an attempt to get the elevator to start.)

JUNE: It won't start!

BERT: My eyes!

JUNE: How do I start this?

BERT: I can hardly see anything.

JUNE: **(JUNE pushes at the buttons, but nothing happens. SHE keeps pushing on them frantically.)** Nothing's happening! We're stuck. I'm stuck in here with a rapist. Help! **(SHE starts pushing buttons again and then stops suddenly, looking up.)** It's dark. What happened?

BERT: Oh, my gosh! I've gone blind. My eyes, my eyes. Someone help me!

JUNE: You're not blind, I just—

BERT: You've blinded me. I hope you're happy. I hope you're happy that I will never see again. **(softly)** I'm blind.

JUNE: You were going to attack me, and I defended myself. I don't feel sorry for you one bit, Mister.

BERT: I don't know why you think I was going to attack you.

JUNE: You stopped the elevator and grabbed me. What am I supposed to think?

BERT: If I was going to hurt you, why would I do it in a crowded building in the middle of the day?

JUNE: Well—

BERT: There will be people at every floor. And you can always push the alarm button.

JUNE: Maybe you're crazy.

BERT: If I was that crazy, I would have already hurt you.

JUNE: Okay, maybe you didn't want to rape me... So what were you doing?

BERT: I just wanted to touch your hand, and in punishment for that, you've blinded me.

JUNE: You're not blind.

BERT: I'm not?

JUNE: No, the lights are just out. I hit the wrong button. **(SHE tries the buttons again. Pause, and they suddenly look upward)** Okay, the lights are back on. How are your eyes?

BERT: They hurt.

(SHE mimes giving him a water bottle from her purse.)

JUNE: Wipe your eyes with this; it's just water.

(HE wipes his eyes but still can't open them all the way.)

BERT: Thanks.

JUNE: Better?

BERT: A little.

JUNE: I'm sorry I maced you.

BERT: I'm sorry I frightened you.

JUNE: So how do we get out of here?

BERT: We wait for them to get us out.

JUNE: That could take a long time.

BERT: There's nothing we can do.

JUNE: We just have to sit here? **(beat)** What's your name?

BERT: Bert. I live in 1510.

JUNE: I'm—

BERT: June. You live in 1702.

JUNE: How did you know?

BERT: I heard you talking to a friend on the way up once.

JUNE: That's funny, I don't remember seeing you before. Did you just move in?

BERT: Two years ago.

JUNE: **(obviously embarrassed)** It was in this elevator?

BERT: I've seen you lots of times.

JUNE: Oh. **(long pause)** I didn't mean anything by it. I wasn't consciously ignoring you.

BERT: That's okay. It's happened before.

JUNE: I just didn't see you, that's all.

BERT: It's okay.

(JUNE looks around the elevator, not sure what to say next. Her eyes stop on the panel of buttons. SHE stands up.)

JUNE: Look, there's a phone. It says here to "Open door and use phone in case of emergency." Should I open it?

BERT: I think this would count as an emergency.

(SHE takes out the phone.)

JUNE: Hello. **(silence)** Hello. **(silence)** Nobody's there.

BERT: We can try again later.

JUNE: What if nobody finds out that we're in here?

BERT: People have to use the elevator.

JUNE: But maybe they don't know anyone is in here.

BERT: They'll find out.

JUNE: We could be here for days.

BERT: I'm sure we'll be out soon.

JUNE: We could starve. We don't have any water. We'll die of thirst. **(SHE grabs the phone again and screams into it.)**

Help! Help! Can you hear me? We're stuck in here! Is anybody there? **(to BERT)** Someone answered. They heard me.

(back to phone) Hello, is anybody there? Yes, yes. This is June from 1702. I'm stuck in here... Yes, I'm fine. Am I alone? No. This guy, uh...

BERT: Bert, from 1510.

JUNE: Bert from 1510 is here. Is he all right? Yes. I mean, no. His eyes are hurt. **(with some pride)** I maced him. No, everything is fine. Really. There was just a little accident, that's all. Okay. Thanks. Yes, we will. It's not like we're going anywhere.

END OF FREE PREVIEW