

## Someone Dies In This Elevator In The Hallway To Nowhere

[SOUND: Humming Fluorescent lights. Jessica is walking through a hallway]

**Jessica** (*Narration*): I had been in these endless hallways for so long. Yellow wallpaper and beige carpet. Beige carpet and yellow wallpaper. I was afraid it'd be all I'd ever know.

**Nocturn**: Jessica. I think it's time for a change in scenery.

[SOUND: An elevator dings.]

**Jessica** (*Narration*): So when I was given a chance to see something new, I climbed in.

[SOUND: Jessica enters the elevator. The doors close, and elevator music begins to play.]

**Oasis**: Going up.

[SOUND: The elevator begins to rise.]

**Jessica**: So...where are you taking me?

[SOUND: A beat of silence.]

**Jessica**: Right. Hm, this music is nice, though.

[SOUND: Jessica hums along to the music. Her humming becomes wordless singing. The elevator comes to a stop and dings again. Jessica steps out of the elevator. The elevator music is replaced with lobby music.]

**Oasis**: You have arrived at The Lobby.

**Simon**: Well, hi there!

**Jessica** (*Shocked*): What?

**Simon**: Oh, silly me, where are my manners? I'm Simon!

**Jessica** (*Incredulous*): Jessica....Sorry, it's just... I thought I was the only one here.

**Simon**: Me too. But hey, here we are, huh? Nocturn's had me going up and down these elevators for...oh gosh, I've lost track of how long! Time flies when you're having fun.

**Jessica**: This is fun to you?

**Simon**: Why wouldn't it be? The elevator is humanity's most underrated invention! Did you know that the first written record of an elevator comes from 3rd century BC Greece?

**Jessica**: Oh...that's... nice.

**Simon**: Yes! You get it! I just know we're going to be the best of friends. C'mon, let me show you everything about the wondrous world of elevators!

[SOUND: The start of a montage. An elevator dings and there is new elevator music.]

**Simon**: You know, before the elevator, the top floor was considered the worst floor, socially speaking. Elevators changed society!

[SOUND: Elevator ding. New elevator music.]

**Simon**: Elevator music first appeared in the 1920s to calm passengers who were new to the joys of the elevator. Can you believe people were scared of these things?

[SOUND:Elevator ding. New elevator music.]

**Simon**: There's actually several types of elevators. Not just uses, I mean in the construction. There's the conventional hydraulic, the roped hydraulic, the gearless traction and...(with absolute venom and hatred) The Machine-Roomless Elevator.

**Jessica**: What's wrong with the machine roomless elevator?

**Simon** (*Outraged*): An elevator without a machine room?! It's barbaric! It's an insult to the delicate, intricate, and vital machinery needed to keep an elevator in perfect working condition!

**Jessica**: Oh. Okay.

**Simon** (*Back to jovial*): I knew you'd understand.

[SOUND: Multiple elevator dings back to back. The doors open on the final ding. We are back in the lobby.]

**Jessica** (*Out of Breath*): So...many...elevators.

**Simon**: I know! There are so many wonderful elevators! Where to next, Nocturn?

[SOUND: Another elevator ding. The doors slide open, but Jessica and Simon do not enter.]

**Nocturn**: Go on.

**Simon** (*Horrificed*) No.

**Jessica**: What? What is it, Simon? Is something wrong?

**Simon**: It's an M.R.L.

**Jessica**: A what?

**Simon** (*Horror mixed with anger*): A Machine Roomless Elevator.

**Nocturn**: Simon, that's enough. Now get in.

**Simon**: No. This is absolutely sub-par!

**Nocturn**: You don't need to like the elevators. You just need to keep going.

**Simon**: I refuse to enter that... monstrosity! It's not even worthy of the great title of "elevator". It's a box on a string.

**Nocturn**: Keep. Going.

**Simon** (*Furious*): Not until you explain to me why you have such a disgusting contraption in this establishment. I mean, no separate machine room?! What you gain in space, you lose in access to all that beautiful machinery! I refuse to step one foot in that thing. I refuse!

[SOUND: A beat of silence.]

**Nocturn:** You know what, Simon. You're right. Why don't you get into this elevator instead?

[SOUND: A creaky old elevator slides open. A final elevator ding.]

**Simon:** An 1865 Langham Hotel Rising Room! Now that's more like it.

[SOUND: He steps into the old wooden elevator.]

**Simon:** These pre-war beauties are the stuff of legend. Notice the upholstered bench, the beautiful woodwork, the chandelier-

**Oasis:** Going down.

**Simon:** Going where now?

[SOUND: The elevator doors close, and the elevator begins to descend away from the lobby.]

**Simon:** (*Screams*)

[SOUND: The elevator crashes with a sound not unlike a car crash. Various bits of machinery explode distantly. A single piece of machinery clatters next to Jessica.]

**Jessica** (*Narration*): And just like that, Simon was gone.

**Oasis:** Good riddance.

[SOUND: A long beat.]

**Jessica** (*Exasperated*): Y'know what? I'm going back to the hallways.

[SOUND: Jessica goes through a safety door and lets the door close behind her.. The lobby music is gone behind the closed door, and the fluorescent hum is back.]

**Jessica** (*Calling out in a brooklyn accent*): Hey, Y'all got any of those weird dry gray bricks lying around?