

Elev
12 min 2

Elevator Wars (A short play) (Includes a 4th scene)
By Lou Bisignani not performed!

The play takes place in an elevator in a New York high rise apartment building.

Scenel. (Man is alone in elevator. Door opens and a woman enters holding a cat.)

Man: Uhhm...Good Morning.

Woman: Yes.

Man: Looks like it might rain.

Woman: Yes.

Man: I always watch the weather channel before I go out.

Woman: I...didn't watch...today.

Man: Oh. I only mentioned it because you might need an umbrella...or something.

Woman: I don't care. (she is holding back a sob)

Man: What I meant was...your cat. They don't like getting wet do they?

Woman: No.

Man: Are you taking him out for a walk?

Woman: Her.

Man: Ohhh. Sorry. Well?

Woman: What?

Man: Are you taking HER out for a walk?

Woman: No.

Man: Ohhh. I only ask because people usually walk their dog. Not their cat. (chuckles)

Woman: (sobs) I'm not ...taking her for...(sobs)

Man: Ohhh! Did I say something wrong? Are you alright?

Woman: Yes. It's just...(long pause)

Man: What?

Woman: I'd rather not talk about it. (sobs) Please...

Man: Ohh. Of course. Whatever. It is a pretty thing, though.

Woman: (breaks into tears) Ohhhh.

Man: Listen...I didn't ...that is I don't mean to ...are you sure you're O.K.

Woman: She's dead!

Man: What? Who's dead? Oh! You mean the cat! God! I'm sorry! And here I'm going on about it and naturally you're upset!

Woman: Thank you.(gentle weeping but calming down)

Man: That's all right. I had a dog when I was kid. And then he died. Got run over by a truck! There were parts of him all over the road..

Woman: (Wails) Oh God! Stop!

Man: Ohhh! I'm sorry. That was pretty insensitive of me, I guess.

(Door Opens. There is no one waiting to enter)

Woman: This isn't the lobby.

Man: What?

Woman: It's the twelfth floor. Why would it stop here? Did you push the wrong button? When you got on?

Man: Oh my God! (chuckling) No! Uhh...yes! I guess I did!
(pushes button) There! (door closes)

Woman: Thank you.

Man: Least I could do. You holding the cat and all.

Woman: She choked on a mouse.

Man: What? Choked?

Woman: Yes.

Man: That's strange...don't you think?

Woman: No. I fed her a live mouse. It's more natural than canned food.

Man: Live? You mean...alive? The mouse was alive when you...Oh.

Woman: I wanted her to experience her complete cathood.

Living in an apartment robs her of so much. So I decided to let her eat as she would in her natural state.

Man: So, a live mouse! I see...I guess. Did she have to chase it? All over the apartment...I mean? (Door opens) Well, here we...Oh! I hit "7" instead of "L". Sorry!

Woman: That's...all right. It happens.

Man: Actually, I'm dyslexic. So...7 looks like L. There.

(Door closes) So did you have a hard time controlling the uhhh...mouse?

Woman: Oh, no! I put the mouse in a box and then put Sheena...that's her name... in the box. She caught it pretty easily.

Man: (under his breath) Hardly seems sporting.

Woman: What?

Man: Ohhh...nothing! So what happened? Why did Sheena choke? Say! Wasn't there a comic book heroine named Sheena? She lived in the jungle and...

Woman: Yes. The mouse was very fat! And poor Sheena tried to swallow...(Breaks down again)

Man: Ohhh! There, there, don't cry. At least she died doing what cats are supposed to do.

Woman: Here we are. (Door opens. They exit)

Blackout

Scene 2: Same elevator. Same man and woman as Scene 1. Several days have passed. They might have a slight change

in costume. The woman is in the elevator and the door is closing.

Man: (outside elevator) Hold it! (He enters elevator) Oh! Hello again!(he pushes a button)

Woman: Hello. (she is holding a small container)

Man: Haven't seen you in a while.

Woman: No.

Man: Again, sorry about Sheena.

Woman: Thank you. That's very kind.

Man: I'm glad you're feeling better.

Woman: What?

Man: I mean...you're looking...Uhhh...well you aren't looking sad today.

Woman: Oh. No, I'm not.

Man: I was wondering...what does one do with a dead pet in the city? I mean, do they have pet cemeteries?

Woman: I don't know.

Man: Oh. Well then, what does one do with...

Woman: I put her in the garbage.

Man: Oh! Well, I guess...I mean she was dead! So...

Woman: If she died in the jungle, no one would have buried her in a 'pet cemetery'. Would they?

Man: No. No, I guess not. You're right there.

Woman: I believe in doing the natural thing. As much as possible.

Man: I guess I see your point. But, actually, there are no landfills in the jungle.

Woman: What are you saying?

Man: Well, the really natural thing to do would be to ...ummm... bury Sheena in the park. Like under a tree. Don't you see?

Woman: Yes. That would be more natural. But it's probably against the law.

Man: Ohhh. Yes, you're probably right about that.

Woman: I'm sure I am.

Man: I see.(elevator door opens) I think I did it again.

Woman: What?

Man: I did it again. Pushed the wrong button. I'm on twenty nine but I pushed twenty six. This is twenty six.

Woman: Oh! You're right. (She pushes a button)

Man: Oh! So you're on twenty-seven.

Woman: Yes.

Man: Like I said, I'm on twenty-nine.(He pushes a button)

Woman: Oh.

Man: Great view from up there! You might like to see it sometime.

Woman: I'm not sure. Maybe.
Man: Is that your dinner?
Woman: What?
Man: The package. I just wondered. Chinese takeout?
Woman: No.
Man: Oh. I just wondered. Just making conversation.
Woman: It's a mouse.
Man: Oh! Alive?
Woman: Yes.
Man: But...Sheena? I mean, why?
Woman: I have a new cat.
Man: Oh! I see. Name?
Woman: Jane.
Man: Like in Tarzan? I see.
Woman: Jane was quite capable without HIS help. Which most people don't realize. And Jane will live a natural life. As did Sheena!
Man: Sure! I understand. How long did you have Sheena before...
Woman: Actually, only a few months.
Man: That's a shame. Only had a chance to eat that one mouse...the natural way... before she...
Woman: Yes.
Man: Wow! That is a shame.
Woman: This will be Jane's first mouse. Alive that is.
Man: Well, good luck.
Woman: Thank you. (Door opens. She exits. Door closes)

Blackout

Scene 3: The next day. Same Elevator. The woman is in elevator holding a cat. The door opens.

Man: (entering) Ohh! Hi. How are you today.
Woman: (grimly) I'm fine. Thanks.
Man: Man it is going to be a great day today! The weather channel says it may hit 70! Oh! Is that your new...
Woman: (grimly)Yes. (pause) Don't you want to ask me anything? About the cat? About...J...J...Jane!(breaks into sobs)
Man: Ohhh! No! Not Jane! What happened?
Woman: I think Jane is...was...allergic to mice! She got all puffy and stopped...breathing! Ohh! God! I'm sorry! (sobbing)
Man: It's alright! I understand. Uhhh! Would you like a handkerchief? Here. Wipe your eyes. We're stopping at this floor. (door opens. Man2 gets in)
Woman: Thank you. (wipes eyes. Blows nose. Offers handkerchief back)

Man: Ummm. No thanks, you might need it again.
Man2: Looks like a nice day today.
Man: Yep, it sure does.
Man2: I'm...new...in the building.
Man: Ohhh. You'll like it. We're very friendly here.
Man2: I'm glad. The last building I lived in..
Woman: (starts quietly sobbing again)
Man2: Ohhh, I hope I didn't interrupt something.
Man: What do you mean? Oh! Because she's crying? No!
Nothing to do with you. (points to cat in Woman's arms) Her
cat is..
Man2: (notices cat for first time) (Shrilly) What! Is that
a CAT! Ohh! My God! Let me out! Let me out! (Presses himself
against wall as far away as he can get from cat.)
Woman: What's the matter? It's only a cat!
Man2: Help! Help me, Dear God! Stay back!
Man: Say! What's the matter with you? Are you nuts?
Man2: (Starts pushing buttons frantically) I've got to get
out of here! Stay away from me!
Woman: (takes a step toward him) Stop it! Stop acting like
a madman! Or I'll scream!
Man: Maybe you should stay back. He really wants you to
keep away from him. (Tries to shepherd her back)
Woman: It's only Jane. My poor, poor, little, harmless
Jane. (She takes cat from under her coat and holds it up
close to Man2's face)
Man2: (sinks to floor and assumes fetal position) Ohhh, my
God! Mommy! Mommy!
Man: I think he has a real problem with cats.
Woman: I don't care! I love Jane. And I hate this...creature.
Why haven't we stopped so he can get out?
Man: (examines buttons) I think he hit the emergency stop.
We're trapped until the super opens it up.
Man2: (rocking and sobbing on floor) I'm afraid of cats! I
have aureliaphobia. I can't help it.
Man: Oh! Is that what your problem is? Well, you don't have
to worry about the cat. It's dead!
Man2: Dead? Are you sure? They have nine lives you know!
Are you really sure? Do you swear? (starts to sit up)
Man: Yes, I swear! Dead as a doornail!
Woman: I think you're glad Jane is dead! You bastard! Well
here! (throws the cat onto Man2)
Man2: Screams frantically as lights go to black.

The End

An alternative to scene three, or if you wish, Scene 4:

First woman is on elevator. Door opens and second woman enters. Several days later.

Woman 2: Oh...Hi! Haven't seen you lately. I was switched to a later shift.

Woman 1: Oh... Well, I've...ummm...things are just fine.

Woman 2: That's good! So0...how's the experiment going?

Woman 1: The experiment? Oh...you mean with the cat?

Woman 2: Yes! With Sheena. It was Sheena... wasn't it?

Woman 1: Yes. Yes it was. Sheena, that is.

Woman 2: Well?

Woman 1: What?

Woman 2: The experiment! Feeding Sheena live mice? Did she like it?

Woman 1: I don't really know.

Woman 2: Ohh...well, have you continued to feed...

Woman 1: No! Sheena died! On her first mouse!

Woman 2: Oh my God! I'm sorry! I didn't know! What happened?

Woman 2: She...uhhh...choked!

Woman 1: Ohhh...I am sorry. Well, you live and learn I guess.

Woman 1: Yes! Well actually...No!

Woman 2: What do you mean?

Woman 1: I tried it again. I got another cat.

Woman 2: Ohhh...Well, good for you! And so the new cat...what's its' name?

Woman 1: Jane! Yes...Jane!

Woman 2: Like Tarzan and...

Woman 1: Yes! Like Tarzan and Jane and Boy and Ummm...Cheetah! O.K.?

Woman 2: Sure...sure! So how does Jane like...

Woman 1: Dead! Jane's dead! Apparently I am not a very good cat person! (She breaks down at this)

Woman 2: Ohhh...no...no hon. Don't you feel that way. My god, you are trying...for your cats...trying to give them a better life! Last week when you told me that you were going to try it with Sheena, I had my doubts. I admit it. But I think you've got spunk. Here, blow your nose! And stop crying! You are not to blame!

Woman 1: Thank you...thank you. I just feel so ...I don't know, like I killed those poor innocent babies! They were so young and they just wanted to eat like God intended them to eat! And I...(breaks down again)

Woman 2: Please don't cry! You are a beautiful person! Those cats couldn't have a better...well anyway, they're up

in cat heaven now, and chasing mice to their hearts'
content! Ohhh...here's your floor. (Door opens. Woman 1 gets
out)
Woman 2: Ohhh my God! I think that woman's insane!

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Woman 2: Oh my God! I'm sorry! I didn't know! What happened?

Woman 2: She...uhhh...choked!

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Woman 1: Yes! Well actually...No!

Woman 2: What do you mean?

Woman 1: I tried it again. I got another cat.

Woman 2: Ohhh...Well, good for you! And so the new cat...what's its' name?

Woman 1: Jane! Yes...Jane!

Woman 2: Like Tarzan and...

Woman 1: Yes! Like Tarzan and Jane and Boy and Ummm...Cheetah! O.K.? (visibly annoyed.)

Woman 2: Sure...sure! So how does Jane like...

Woman 1: Dead! Jane's dead! Apparently I am not a very good cat person! (She breaks down at this)

Woman 2: Ohhh...no...no hon. Don't you feel that way. My god, you are trying...for your cats...trying to give them a better life! Last week when you told me that you were going to try it with Sheena, I had my doubts. I admit it. But I think you've got spunk. Here, blow your nose! And stop crying! You are not to blame!

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