

Up - and Out

By

TBD

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FADE IN ON:

INT. ELEVATOR BANKS - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

A lobby that screams "corporate". Gold logos on the walls. Guards at the desk. Marble tiles.

And ANDREW (20s) fits right in. Hugo Boss suit (obviously new.) Starbucks Grande in his hand.

He stands at the elevator banks - admires his reflection in the doors. He glances repeatedly at his Apple watch. TAPS expensive leather shoes.

The elevator CHIMES open. Andrew rushes inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

...hits the "close door" button instantly. Someone HOLLERS from the lobby.

SARAH (O.S.)
Please! Hold the door!

Andrew rolls his eyes and stabs the "close" button once again. The doors slide shut...

...SARAH slips between them, just in time. Gets her briefcase damned near squished as they close.

She glares at Andrew. His offending finger still in place.

SARAH
(icy)
I asked you to wait.

ANDREW
Sorry. Didn't hear you.

Sarah shoots him a nasty look. She knows it's a lie. She pushes Floor 52. The elevator closes. Starts to rise.

Andrew consults his watch again. Then at Sarah: not half bad. In fact, she's quite the looker. Curvy white suit. Flawless face. Very ample cleavage.

Sarah gives him the evil eye.

SARAH
Looking at something?

ANDREW

Me? No. Not at all.

He turns away, and contemplates lights on the door. He takes a GULP of coffee. His stomach RUMBLES - a bit.

SARAH

Hungry?

ANDREW

No. Maybe a bit nervous. And I think they used milk in this. Not soy.

Andrew's stomach GRUMBLES again. Sarah smirks, and turns away.

Gears SCREEEECCCH. Followed by a CRASH. The elevator lurches to a stop.

Andrew pitches forward violently. The Starbucks cup SPLASHES Sarah's suit. Hair and face.

She looks down in dismay. Her outfit - it's a mess!

Sarah inches away from Andrew, anger barely contained. Jabs a button on the emergency intercom.

SARAH

Help, security? We're stuck.

STATIC HISSES back. Sarah tries a few more times, then gives up. Andrew POUNDS on the elevator door.

ANDREW

Someone! Get us out of here!

SARAH

Yell randomly? That's the best you can do? Who's going to hear us? We're between floors!

She points at the indicator lights. They're stuck at thirty two.

ANDREW

Hey. Just doing my best.

(mutters)

No need to be a bitch.

SARAH

What did you say?

ANDREW

Er... Stuck in an elevator, that's a switch?

Sarah SIGHS. Stares with gloom at the doors.

SARAH

I'm sure they'll have us out in no time. But my meeting'll be delayed.

Andrew shrugs. His stomach GRUMBLES again. Loudly. A shadow of concern darkens his face. Sarah wrinkles her nose. SNIFFS.

SARAH

What the -

She glances at Andrew.

SARAH

You *didn't*!

ANDREW

Didn't what?

SARAH

You know exactly what I mean.

ANDREW

(evasive)
No, I don't. Please explain.

SARAH

It smells like a rancid slaughterhouse in here. And it didn't a second ago!

Andrew does his best to act offended.

ANDREW

How do I know it wasn't you?

SARAH

I'd know if something like *that* came out of me.

Andrew blushes. Turns beet red.

ANDREW

(mutter)
With an ass clamped that bloody tight, if anything came out, you'd squeak!

Sarah waves a manicured hand in front of her face.

SARAH

Just - go to your corner. And stay there.

The elevator JERKS. Stops again. Both occupants tumble to the ground. An awkward Andrew lands on top.

ANDREW

Oooooof!

Sarah's briefcase POPS open on impact. Slick looking papers fly in the air. They flutter gently to the ground, and soak up the Starbucks spill.

Sarah kicks and thrashes.

SARAH

Get off me!

Andrew's stomach sounds the alarm again.

SARAH

And next time - stick to soy!

Andrew extricates himself from the jumble of limbs. Accidentally elbows Sarah in the face.

The elevator motors engage. Sarah scrambles to her feet and scoops sopping wet papers off the floor.

SARAH

Worked on this fucking thing all night!

The elevator CHIMES. Floor Fifty-Two. She jumps out - happy to escape. Andrew steps out as well.

INT. FLOOR FIFTY-TWO - LOBBY

The RECEPTIONIST stares in shock at Sarah's clothes and hair. Sarah turns to Andrew, annoyed.

SARAH

Hop back on, Charmer Boy. This one is *my* floor.

ANDREW

(raises an eyebrow)
Mine, too.

Sarah SIGHS.

SARAH

Whatever. Just stay out of my way!

She STOMPS off. SLAMS the door.

ANDREW

Yeah. Nice to meet you, too.

Andrew approaches the receptionist's desk.

ANDREW

Sorry I'm late. I'm Andrew Hagge. Here for my twelve o'clock interview?

The receptionist perks up, consults her book.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure! You're meeting with...

Her face falls.

RECEPTIONIST

Sarah Miller. The *good* news is she's running late as well.

ANDREW

And the bad?

He glances in the direction Sarah disappeared.

ANDREW

Oh God. I should just go home now. Shouldn't I?

FINAL FADE OUT: