

**IN THE ELEVATOR**  
**Diayn Day**  
Glendale Community College  
Third Place, One-Act Play

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- CHARACTERS: WILL, 60, derelict, alcoholic, sleeps on the street  
DANIELLE, young girl, surface toughness, shabby clothes
- TIME: The present
- PLACE: The interior of an elevator in a free clinic. The car is longer than average to accommodate gurneys.
- AT RISE: WILL and DANIELLE are alone in an elevator stopped between floors. They wait for the repairmen. WILL sits near the door with his back to the wall and DANIELLE stays at the other end to avoid WILL. She runs back and forth, hitting each wall and pushing herself off again.
- WILL: HEY, KID! You're drivin' me nuts! Quit bouncin' off the damn walls or I'll paste ya one. You been jumpin' around this cage five minutes. KNOCK IT OFF.
- DANIELLE: *(Continues to run back and forth, avoiding him)* SHUT UP. I ain't scared of you. You ain't nobody. You can't tell me what t'do.
- WILL: I AM tellin' ya and I ain't sayin' it again. LIGHT SOMEPLACE.
- DANIELLE: STOP YELLIN' AT ME! I seen lotsa ol' guys like you, eatin' junk outta garbage cans. You ain't nothin'.
- WILL: *(Clutches his head)* GOD! Shut the hell up, willya? You're splittin' my damn skull. My ol' man woulda known what t'do with ya. He'd put a fist up your nose, that's what he'd do.  
*(DANIELLE flops onto the floor)*
- WILL: That's more like it. Keep your ass glued t' that spot and we'll get along fine, got me? *(Stares at her)* Ya sure ain't much t'look at, kid. Got a name?
- DANIELLE: *(sullenly)* None of your business. *(pause)* Danielle. What d'you care anyways?
- WILL: Regular little smart ass, ain't ya? Fancy name for some kid with big buck teeth.  
*(DANIELLE ignores him. Drums her heels on the floor)*
- WILL: I SAID, fancy name for a brat with buck teeth.  
*(DANIELLE yanks herself around so her back is to WILL and ignores him)*

WILL: So, got any booze on ya, Danny gal? No? Figures. Just my luck t'waste valuable time with some dame on the wagon. A little whiskey, coupla years on ya, we'd have some fun in this hole. Know what I mean?

DANIELLE: You don't know nothin'. I been t'Sunday school and teacher said whiskey's the devil's drink.

WILL: The devil? Oh, I'm petrified. I'm shakin' all over. Who's your teacher, Mommy Teresa?

DANIELLE: Sister John used t'be. Sister said...

WILL: *(Mocking and high-pitched)* Sister John, Sister John. I don't give a shit about no sour-faced church dike. Ol' sis needs a fast pint and a real slow rubdown. She'd change her mind about the devil fast enough.

DANIELLE: *(Jumps up and starts toward WILL, but stops before she reaches him)* You shut up about Sister. She was nice. Not like you. You ain't nothin'. Just a big, ugly lump.

WILL: Oooh, ain't we bad. Kid, you're crazy you think that religious crap means a damn thing. God ain't nowhere but inside a bottle. Y'know how I know? 'Cause God talks to Will Myers. I'm waitin', Will, he says. I'm smooth and hot and I'm right here inside this bottle, Will. Waitin' just for you.

DANIELLE: *(stares at him)* Wow, mister. You crazy or what?

WILL: *(rubs his face)* Crazy. Yeah. Sure. What the hell. That's me. So, brat, whaddya do when you're not bouncin' off elevator walls, hotwire cars?

DANIELLE: *(walks back and forth at her end)* I don't gotta talk t'you. You're weird. *(pause)* I got me two dollies.

WILL: Two dollies. Woweew. They got big buck teeth?

DANIELLE: My daddy gimme 'em and they're pretty. You shut up.

WILL: Hey, what you play with ain't my business, brat. Two dolls. Big damn deal. I had a daddy but he never gimme no dollies. Dollies I get myself. Dollies I give nice, slow rubdowns to. Wanna see? *(snickers and looks closely at her)* Say, what's that thing 'round your neck? Looks interestin'. C'mon over here. Lemme take a look.

*(DANIELLE covers a chain with her hand and moves back)*

WILL: Whatcha backin' off for? I ain't gonna steal your junk. Wanna see what it looks like is all. Maybe I could sell it for ya.

DANIELLE: You stay away. That's my daddy's Saint Christ medal.

WILL: Saint Christ. That's a good one. Loan it to ya for luck, did he? Like a good daddy?

DANIELLE: My daddy went away.

WILL: Sure he did. Left ya holdin' a cheap piece of crap. Left ya in the hands of Saint Christ.

DANIELLE: I said my daddy went away. HE WENT AWAY.

WILL: *(holds his head)* SHUT THE HELL UP. I hate bawlin'. Keep the damn thing. I don't want any Christ medal. Ain't worth nothin' anyhow. What'd he do? Get hisself shot?

DANIELLE: None of your business.

WILL: Yeah, that's it, that's it. Ol' man's a crook. Cops saw him robbin' some old lady on the street and they drilled him. Or maybe he was doin' somethin' fun. That it? Maybe he was...

DANIELLE: THAT'S A LIE. MY DADDY WAS GOOD. I'LL GET YOU. *(she runs to WILL and tries to hit him)*

WILL: *(catches DANIELLE and pins her arms to her sides)* You're kinda cute when you're mad, Danny gal. Feisty. I like my broads feisty. *(looks her up and down)* Yeah, you're not bad. I was funnin' ya, kid. Tryin' t'get a rise, that's all. Y'make me think of a little smart-ass gal I used t'know back in the old days. I ain't seen her in...not since...awww, hell with it. What do I know about brats anyhow?

DANIELLE: YOU SHUT UP ABOUT MY DADDY.

WILL: Hell, brat, I don't give a damn about nobody's daddy. Most I can say 'bout my old man was good riddance t'the s.o.b. Him and his rich fag boss. I was six, seven. Younger'n you. Rich bastard gets an itch and my old man says go scratch. What was I gonna say, no? Awww, I guess it wasn't so bad after a while. Creep couldn't get it up most days anyhow. 'Sides, I got money outta the deal when I had more years on me. That wife of his sure didn't give a damn, long's she got them minks. Boys come an' boys go. It was A-okay with her. Ice water for blood that dame.

*(DANIELLE ignores him and marches, zigzags, watches the ceiling, always on her own side of the elevator)*

WILL: Siddown, ya little jackass. I'm speakin' important stuff here. You an' me's gettin' acquainted, like friends. Know what them rich folks had me doin' when I was your age, brat? Pickin' up pony shit. Half a dozen ponies droppin' shit every two minutes and I gotta scrape it up. So one day I says to the rich s.o.b., lemme work inside the house, I says. I can do plenty inside. Y'won't be sorry, I says. Man, was his mouth waterin'. Sure, he tells me. You can help out in here. But only touch what you're supposed to. Some joke, eh, kid? So I started borrowin' stuff. Little stuff, t'see if I could. Once I borrowed

a piece outta the ol' broad's jewels when nobody was lookin'. Dame never even missed it. Got pretty good, too. Hell, I was sharp. I coulda gone on for years. Problem was I tried t'borrow some paintin' off a back wall. Didn't look like much t'me, somebody's squashed cat maybe. But that rich old dick, ya'd think I screwed his new boyfriend. Ups and kicks my ass right outta the back door. Gonna sic the National Guard on me I ever show my face again, he says. Geez.

*(DANIELLE stares into space)*

- WILL: Hey, brat! Here I am spillin' my guts and y'take a nap. That any way for friends t'act? Say, maybe y'need Willy's special treatment, little doll. It'll keep ya awake, I guarantee it. Just come on over here...
- DANIELLE: LEMME ALONE. I don't want nothin' from you. You ain't my gramps. You ain't nobody.
- WILL: That so, y'little snot-nose? Well, kid, y'got gumption. I gotta say that. Fat lotta good gumption'll do ya. I had gumption and look where it got me. Stuck in a cage with a dwarf who ain't even got no booze. I'm sixty, kid. That's where gumption got me. The big six-o.
- DANIELLE: *(stares at WILL)* You sure are old, mister. That's older than anybody I ever knew. That's older than my gramps.
- WILL: Oldy but a goody. I can teach ya anything y'wanna know, brat. Yessiree, anything y'wanna know. Ever play hooker in your spare time, little dolly? Ever rent your baby booty out t'some hungry s.o.b.? Let's get in a little practice, how's 'bout it? I ain't doin' nothin' important. Just step this way, kid.
- DANIELLE: You nuts? I ain't gonna be that. My mama told me what it is and I ain't gonna be one. My mama says I gotta marry a rich guy so's I don't end up like her.
- WILL: Yeah, like I said, a hooker. Set them sights high, kid. Find some rich dick who'll buy ya half a dozen ponies an' a limo. Get lucky, he'll like little boys an' leave y'alone. Get real lucky, an' have a kid who's a prize like me. Plan on lovin' every second of it, till y'slice open a vein.
- DANIELLE: *(rubs her nose)* You stink bad, mister. I don't know nobody stinks bad as you.
- WILL: That a fact? Well, 'scuse me, your majesty. I been livin' in a dumpster. It don't come with runnin' water. Got soap on ya? Comb? Razor? Needle and thread? No? Then mind your own damn business. God, what I wouldn't sell for a drink. Sure y'ain't got no booze, kid? Where you livin', Miss High'n Mighty? Since my digs ain't good enough for ya.

*(DANIELLE speaks low)*

WILL: How's that? Didn't get whatcha said.

DANIELLE: I SAID, AIN'T NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. What d'you care anyhow?  
*(pause)* Hopewell.

WILL: Well, well. Government rathole, eh? Looks like there ain't no difference between you'n me 'cept runnin' water. Your mom got a real *good* job, I guess?  
*(DANIELLE looks at the floor)*

WILL: Oooh, big surprise. Mommy on welfare, kid? Get that nice, fat check from Uncle Sam? Y'run out an' buy diamonds with it? *(pause)* Thought so. With them old rags, y'sure ain't no lottery winner.  
*(DANIELLE starts to cry)*

WILL: DAMMIT. STOP BAWLIN'. I HATE IT Awww...hell...I don't mean nothin'. Bad mood, that's all. Need a drink, y'know? Hey, kid, ever see a glass eyeball? How 'bout a fella with a missin' thumb? C'mere and take a peek. I won't hurt ya. C'mon.  
*(DANIELLE hesitates, then walks slowly and tries to see without getting too close)*

WILL: *(opens one eye wide with his fingers)* Hows 'bout that? Ain't that somethin'? Lost it in a fight with a pusher. Best charity-issue eyeball you ever laid your peepers on. Tore the thumb off in a buildin' accident. Didn't get a damn red cent outta the deal neither. Said it was my fault, the s.o.b.'s. Neg-lee-gence. Said I was drunk on the job. So what if I was? Ain't nobody's business what I do. Anyway, I'll get clean someday. You wait. God, I'd sell my kidney for a shot of... hell... anything. *(he lowers his head into his hand, rubs his face, raises his head and speaks in a mocking tone)* Y'know kid, I been thinkin' about goin' into politics. Maybe runnin' for president soon's I get straight. Sure as hell can't do no worse than them other jerks. Whaddya think about that, huh?  
*(DANIELLE giggles)*

WILL: Laugh harder, brat. You pee, you wipe it up. Key, brat, how's about gettin' a little exercise, walk around this cage for a while? Old dad's getting' stiff. God knows when them assholes'll get the door open. How 'bout it?

DANIELLE: *(backs away)* I ain't goin' no place with you. You lemme alone.

WILL: What's up, kid? Y'sure was jumpin' the hell outta this place a minute ago. Ain't I good enough t'walk with a high-toned little dolly like you? I said, gimme your hand.

DANIELLE: *(puts her hands behind her)* LEMME ALONE. You get away or I'm tellin' the cops.

WILL: You're tellin' the cops what, huh? Whatcha tellin' the cops? I ain't doin' nothin' to ya. I just want some company. I said, COME ON.

*(DANIELLE slaps at him, tries to pull away)*

WILL: *(grabs her arm)* Dammit, y'little jackass, stop fightin' me or I'll shove your damn head through the wall. STOP THAT BAWLIN', damn it. I HATE IT. All's I want's a little stroll, like a coupla friends takin' a walk. That too much t'ask? Here I say things I ain't told another livin' soul and y'do me like this, y'little...*(his attention shifts to the door)* Hey! Hey, kid! You hear that? Sounds like somethin's on the other side.

DANIELLE: *(yanks her arm from WILL and runs toward the door)* MAMA! MAMA! HERE I AM. MAMA!

WILL: STOP HOLLERIN', for God sake. They'll think somebody's beatin' ya. HURRY UP, YA JERKS. WE WANT OUTTA HERE. Kid! Look! It's comin' open. We're gettin' sprung. Pretty damn time's all I gotta say.

*(DANIELLE forces herself through a small opening and runs away)*

WILL: HEY, BRAT! Where y'goin' so fast? WAIT UP. WE AIN'T DONE... awww...forget it. S'LONG, KID. NICE MEETIN' YA. Drop by for a Willy special one of these fine days. *(He snickers. The door opens wider and WILL speaks to an unseen repairman)* Good riddance. Damn brat was drivin' me crazy. Hey, pal, howya doin'? Nice job. Good work. Say, big guy, got a buck on ya for a cuppa coffee?

