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The Elevator

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Cover Page Footnote
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JERRY and MARYLIN standing in an elevator, facing the doors.

JERRY: Alright, I can’t wait to see The Fugitive 2.
MARYLIN: Yeah.
JERRY: I hear it’s even better than the first.
MARYLIN: Yeah.
JERRY: Did you call a cab?
MARYLIN: Yeah, I called the cab.
JERRY: And it’s going to meet us outside at the door?
MARYLIN: Yeah.

JERRY: Okay. Oh, you won’t believe what happened today. There I was, in the men’s room, minding my own business, as I went about my business, if you know what I mean. Then this guy walks in, uses the stall right next to me, and starts to talk to me. There were plenty of other stalls he could have used, but he took the one right next to me. And then he started to talk to me. And I didn’t even know the guy.

MARYLIN: What’d he say?

JERRY: I don’t know. The weather or something. But that’s not important. He clearly violated commode protocol. There ought to be a law or something.
MARYLIN: It’s not a commode.

JERRY: What?

MARYLIN: It’s not a commode. A commode is a toilet. You were using a urinal.

JERRY: Whatever. Definitely a breach of men’s room etiquette. Then he didn’t even wash his hands.

MARYLIN: Hmm.

JERRY: Yeah.
Elevator door opens and GERTRUDE enters. She is very pregnant. She turns around, presses a button, and looks at the doors.

MARYLIN: When’s your baby due?

GERTRUDE: Actually, it was due yesterday. But the doctor says it could pop out at any time. But I’m not worried. My first kid, Patty, was almost two weeks late. Hey, do you want to see some pictures?

GERTRUDE fumbles in her purse and pulls out about ten feet of plastic photograph protectors. Before MARYLIN can refuse, the doors open and GUY steps into the elevator. He presses a button that is already glowing and stands facing away from the doors, towards the other 3 occupants. JERRY nudges MARYLIN.

JERRY: (whispering) Hey. That’s him.

MARYLIN: Who?

JERRY: The guy. In the men’s room.

GUY: Hey, don’t I know you?

JERRY: No. I don’t think so.

Suddenly the elevator come to an abrupt halt.

JERRY: Oh, this is great. We’ve got to get to the movies.

GERTRUDE: And I have to get to the doctor.

GUY: Are you sure I don’t know you?

JERRY: Yes!

GUY: Hmm.

MARYLIN: Let me see those pictures.

GERTRUDE: Here you go. Ow. Ooh, that hurt.

MARYLIN: What?

GERTRUDE: Oh, it’s probably nothing. Probably heartburn.

JERRY: You sure? I don’t think this is a good place to give birth! It’s not very clean and we don’t even have any boiling water!

GERTRUDE: Relax. It’s nothing.

GUY: It’s okay. I’m a chiropractor.

JERRY: Yeah, that’s a real doctor.

GUY: What do you mean by that?

JERRY: Nothing.
JERRY: Nothing, okay?
GUY: Fine.
MARYLIN: Let me see the phone.
JERRY: Here.
MARYLIN: Hello, the elevator stopped and we’re trapped.
VOICE: Yeah, it’s just a little glitch. We’ll have it fixed in half an hour or so.
JERRY: (grabbing the phone from MARYLIN) Hey, there’s a pregnant woman in here! And we’re late for a movie.
VOICE: Just hang on. We’re working as fast as we can.
JERRY: This is great. We’re going to miss the movie and see The Miracle of Life instead.
GERTRUDE: I said it was just a little indigestion. Pickles and Cookie Dough Ice Cream can be hard on the system.

The elevator begins to move.
VOICE: Okay, there we go.
JERRY: Well, it’s about time.

(They stand around for a while, then the doors open, and they egress. GUY quickly gets out.)
JERRY: Hey, he stole our cab! Now we’ll never get there on time!

SCENE TWO
There is a long line outside the movie theater. JERRY AND MARYLIN get into it’s end, and right in front of them is GUY. GUY turns around.
GUY: Are you sure I don’t know you?
JERRY grimaces and turns away and talks with MARYLIN. After a few moments of unheard small talk:
MARYLIN: He’s staring at you.
GUY stares at JERRY until he is at the ticket counter. He buys his ticket and enters the theater.
JERRY: (to the ticket seller) Two tickets please.
SELLER: Sorry, we only have one left.
MARYLIN: Now what do we do?

THE END