

3 GAME IP CHARACTERS TRAPPED IN AN ELEVATOR

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INT. MEGA ELEVATOR CORP. -- ELEVATOR LOBBY -- DAWN

FLORENCE YEOH, 25, in the modest grey suit of an accountant, trudges through the empty elevator lobby.

Eyes on her phone, SIGHING with jealousy over friend's Instagram posts, she doesn't notice sunrise on the glorious flower garden outside, or the beautiful paintings and sculptures in the lobby.

She hits the call button and resumes her misery-scrolling. The elevator doors open and she drags herself forward.

INT. MEGA ELEVATOR CORP. -- ELEVATOR CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Inside the elegant, but boringly grey elevator cabin, Florence presses the button for the twentieth floor.

As the doors begin to close, GRIS, 25, wearing a bell-shaped grey dress slides in behind her. The elevator begins to rise.

Florence stares at her phone. Gris presses the button for the roof and slides into a corner of the cabin. She carefully studies Florence. Gris' wistful eyes crave connection.

Suddenly there is a loud THUMP! The elevator stops between floors. Florence turns to Gris. There's another THUMP!

FLORENCE

What's that?

Gris tries to speak, but her grief limits her voice to a CROAK. So she shrugs and moves her arms around if to say "Sometimes elevators do weird things. Up. Down. Sideways?"

Florence pushes the "Door Open" and the "Emergency Button." RING! RING! RING! Again nothing happens. Florence starts to panic. Gris cautiously opens her hands as an offer to help.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I have to get to the twentieth floor to finish the accounting for a this morning's presentation to the elevator company president.

Gris nods to indicate "That must be nice?"

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

No! I'm an artist! Our company's Design Director won't even let me see the new elevator cabin design presentation on the fiftieth floor.

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

They think I'm an accountant with no creativity. What about you? Why are you going to the roof?

From her pocket, Gris pulls a picture of her mother in a casket, and then mimes jumping off the roof.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

What? I'm depressed, but you're suicidal! You can't jump!

Gris jumps up and shows Florence how her dress billows into a parachute to slow her fall. Gris smiles as she delights in the feeling of free-falling. Florence gawks at her.

Another THUMP! Suddenly the elevator free falls.

Florence SCREAMS. Gris jumps up and floats in the air to enjoy the fall.

The elevator SLAMS to a stop on the ground floor.

Florence mashes the "Door Open" button. Nothing happens. She smashes the "Emergency Button" RING! RING! RING! Nothing.

Florence slides to the floor in a heap and pouts. Gris tries to comfort her.

A THUMP comes from the other side of the elevator doors. And another THUMP! And a THUMP! And a THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Someone's coming to save us!

The Elevator doors open just enough for THE PRINCE, and his KATAMARI made of flowers-paintings-sculptures & elevator parts to squeeze into the elevator as the doors close again.

The elevator begins to rise.

Gris jumps up to float out of the way, but Florence is THUMPED against the rear wall of the elevator cabin.

The Katamari's flowers, paintings, sculpture, and elevator parts explode on impact covering Florence and the elevator cabin in a collage of nature, art, & mechanics.

The Prince backs up and continues to THUMP his Katamari off the walls, THUMBING the doors, THUMPING the ceiling, and THUMPING the floor of the elevator.

Florence's grey suit is de-constructed into an avant garde ensemble. Her hair is sliced into an asymmetrical blunt cut.

Gris times her jumps and floats between the Prince's rolls. She giggles with delight, surprised that her voice is coming back. She catches flowers and weaves them into her hair.

Gris' joy is clear when her grey dress magically changes to become a rainbow of vibrant colors.

The Prince THUMPS and THUMPS, pulling paneling off the walls and ceiling, de-constructing the elevator cabin and replacing the panels with shards of sculpture and painting shreds.

Suddenly, amid all of the chaos, the elevator stops rising.

The doors open on the twentieth floor, the accounting department. The Prince squeezes his Katamari out the doors just before they close.

The elevator begins to rise toward the roof. Florence turns to Gris in desperation.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

That was my floor! And look at this mess. The President of Mega Elevator is going to be furious!

Gris feels her voice returning. She whispers her first words.

GRIS

You're an artist. Make art!

Gris mischievously pushes the button for the fiftieth floor.

Florence feels the inspiration and scrambles to tidy the flowers on the floor and ceiling of the elevator, and then the sculptures and mechanically pieces splayed on the walls.

She takes the shredded paintings and makes elegant wrap around dresses for herself and Gris.

INT. MEGA ELEVATOR CORP. -- FIFTIETH FLOOR FOYER -- CONT.

The exhausted DESIGN TEAM, and the DESIGN DIRECTOR are putting the finishing touches on a new full-sized mock-up of an elegant, but still boring grey elevator cabin design.

Expecting the elevator company President, they turn to the opening elevator doors and smile radiantly.

The Design Team and the Design Director SCREAM in horror.

DESIGN DIRECTOR

WHAT IS HAPPENING?!?! Florence, from accounting? What did you do?

Just then, the doors of the adjacent elevator open.

The elevator company PRESIDENT, 50, steps out. Seeing the elegant, but boring elevator design, he SIGHS with disappointment.

He sees that the Design Team and Director are looking behind him. He turns to look at Florence and Gris in the de-constructed, art-filled elevator and GASPS.

DESIGN DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Mr. President, I can explain. I--

THE PRESIDENT
Wonderful! I love it! Destroy the boring grey elegance! Up with art and pairing it with genius of our elevator mechanics. Brilliant!

The Design Director smiles at the compliment.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
You've done it! You've earned the five-year contract to build our new elevator cabins. Whoever your lead designer is, they are a true artist! Lock them in for the full term of our contract.

The Design Director smiles stiffly.

Florence is stunned.

Gris is thrilled to use her full voice.

GRIS
Mr. President, May I introduce Florence. She is the artist!

DESIGN DIRECTOR
But she's an account--

THE PRESIDENT
Well, now, she'll lead the artistic direction in your Design Department on my contract. Congratulations, Florence!

Florence blushes with pride.