



3 GAME IP CHARACTERS TRAPPED IN AN ELEVATOR

Florence from *Florence*, Gris from *Gris*, & The Prince from *Katamari Damacy*

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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, scanning her friend's Instagram pictures, and SIGHING with jealousy, 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 floor forty.

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

Florence scans phone. Gris presses the button for the roof and slides to a corner of the cabin. She carefully studies Florence. Her wistful eyes crave friendship.

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 button, and the emergency button RING RING RING but 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 fortieth floor to finish the accounting for a presentation this morning to the president of an elevator company.

Gris nods to indicate "That must be nice?"

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

I'm an artist! Our company's Design Director won't even let me see the mock-up of the new elevator design for the presentation on the forty-second floor.

(MORE)

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

They see me as 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! I won't let you jump!

Gris jumps up and shows Florence how her dress billows into a parachute to slow her fall. Gris smiles with joy as she revels 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.

The elevator SLAMS to a stop on the ground floor.

Florence mashes on the door open button. Nothing happens. She smashes the emergency button RING RING RING! Nothing happens.

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 flower-painting-sculpture and elevator parts squeeze rolls into the elevator before the doors close again.

The elevator begins to rise again.

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 bizarre mix 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 peeled off of her and replaced with the canvas, and part of a frame of a modern painting. Her hair is sliced into an asymmetrical cut.

Gris perfectly times her jumps and floats between the Prince's rolls. She giggles with delight and picks up beautiful flowers and puts them in her hair.

Gris is loving this game, her joy is clear when her grey dress changes color to become a rainbow.

The Prince THUMPS and THUMPS, pulling panelling off the walls and ceilings, de-constructing it and replacing the panels with modern sculpture.

Suddenly, amid all of the chaos, the elevator stops rising and the doors open on floor forty-two, the design department.

INT. MEGA ELEVATOR CORP. -- FORTY SECOND 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 boring grey elevator design.

Expecting the PRESIDENT of the Elevator Company, they turn to the opening elevator doors and smile.

The Prince and his Katamari burst out of the de-constructed, art-strewn elevator.

The Katamari rolls directly at the design mock-up and smashes it to pieces and then keeps rolling into the office area.

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 President of the Elevator company steps out. Seeing the elegant elevator mock-up destroyed, his eyes widen in shock.

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

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

THE PRESIDENT
Wonderful! I love it! Destroy the boring grey elegance! Up with art and showing the world the beauty and complexity of our elevator mechanics. Genius! You've done it.

The Design Director smiles at the compliment.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Sheer Genius! 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 clears her throat, finds her happiness AND her 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.