

The Elevator Misadventure

Drena Heizer



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ArtAge Publications

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THE ELEVATOR MISADVENTURE

By Drena Heizer

CAST

FLOYD
BERTHA
ALFRED
MINNIE
HIRAM

STAGE POSITIONS

From stage left toward stage right: Bertha, Alfred, Floyd, Minnie and Hiram.

PROPS

None—except that Floyd might wear a silly hat to enhance his wacky character.

Setting: Our scene opens in a department store elevator which has become stuck between floors. Trapped inside are a man and his wife, a little old lady and a little old man who are strangers to each other, and a guy named FLOYD who is pretty strange all by himself.

FLOYD: Well, I knew this was going to be a bad day when I picked up the newspaper and saw my picture in the obituary column.

BERTHA: We're stuck in here, Alfred. Do something!

ALFRED: Like what? We've already pushed all the buttons and tried the emergency phone and nothing works.

BERTHA: Isn't there anything else you can do?

ALFRED: Sorry Bertha. I guess I left my magic wand in my other pants. *(or other suit)*

FLOYD: Why is it that Lady Luck smiles on other people but always throws up on me.

ALFRED: Oh, stop griping. The rest of us are just as inconvenienced as you are. There's nothing we can do but wait.

FLOYD: But I have an appointment upstairs.

MINNIE: Well, so do I. I have an appointment at the beauty parlor, but I'm not getting hysterical about it. I brought my knitting along, so I'll just get on with it while we're waiting.

FLOYD: What are you knitting, little old lady?

MINNIE: I'm knitting a little old man!

HIRAM: Hey, honey, I'm a ready-made little old man. Will I do?

MINNIE: (*looking him up and down*) I don't think so. You're pretty well raveled out around the edges.

HIRAM: Oh yeah? You're no prize yourself. Why are you bothering to go to the beauty parlor? Looks like it's already too late.

MINNIE: It's none of your business, but I'm going in for a makeover.

HIRAM: (*looking her up and down*) Somebody in YOUR shape should be seeing a contractor for an estimate and a building permit.

MINNIE: Well, just look at yourself! YOU sure could use a remodeling job. You're losing shingles off your roof (*points to his head*)--and your front porch is sagging. (*Points to his tummy.*)

HIRAM: Well! Who let YOU out without your collar and leash?

ALFRED: Now look, you two. We may have quite a wait before we get out of here, so let's at least try to get along. I think we should start by introducing ourselves. I'm Alfred and this is my wife Bertha.

FLOYD: I'm Floyd.

MINNIE: I'm Minnie.

HIRAM: My friends call me Hi. That's short for Hiram. My name is Hiram Fumbleflugelberger, but I'm thinking of having it legally changed.

ALFRED: Good idea. What will you change it to?

HIRAM: SAM Fumbleflugelberger. I get really fed up with people coming up to me and saying “Hi, Hi.”

ALFRED: I see.

HIRAM: They also come up and say, “Lo, Hi.” I’m tired of that, too.

ALFRED: That’s understandable.

FLOYD: I never liked my name. My parents named me after my rich Uncle Floyd, in hopes he would mention me in his will.

MINNIE: And did he?

FLOYD: No. Well, actually yes—but what he said was, “I have a nephew named Floyd, who is unmentionable.”

MINNIE: Aw. Too bad.

FLOYD: Yes. I was not his favorite.

MINNIE: Obviously not.

FLOYD: No. I was not my parents’ favorite, either—and I was an only child.

MINNIE: How sad.

FLOYD: And do you know, I ran away from home one time for two weeks and nobody noticed I was gone.

MINNIE: That’s a shame. My parents were always proud of ME. I got straight A’s in school.

HIRAM: Well, you didn’t get A’s in arithmetic, because that was so long ago they hadn’t invented numbers yet.

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Now buy the entire show—such fun!