

TRAPPED

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Scott Haan

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
(ONE MAN, ONE WOMAN)

ANDY (m).....A handsome young man with a playful sense of humor that masks his innate shyness.

RACHEL (f).....A lovely young woman, roughly the same age; also funny, but a bit more confident.

TIME AND PLACE

A hotel elevator. Friday morning at 10:30 a.m.

SETTING

This show could be performed on an entirely blank stage, with the actors miming the presence of four elevator walls, buttons, a camera, etc. Alternately, you could build as much of the elevator as desired, provided that it doesn't obstruct the audience's view of the actors, of course.

COSTUMES AND PROPS

ANDY wears a matching pajama top and bottom, preferably something cutesy or juvenile. For best results, the shirt should be a blue t-shirt with the famous red-and yellow Superman symbol. He also wears a wristwatch.

RACHEL wears a cute casual outfit or dress, suitable for a day of shopping. She carries a purse, with a cell phone and a battery-powered personal fan. No other costumes or props should be needed.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Trapped was first presented on August 2, 2010 by the Red Barn Summer Theatre in Frankfort, IN. It was directed by the author, Scott Haan. The roles were originally performed by the following cast:

ANDY Andy Best
RACHEL Erin O'Connor

DO NOT COPY

SCENE 1

SETTING:

A hotel elevator.

AT RISE:

RACHEL stands center stage with her back to the audience, as if waiting for the doors to open. She walks into the elevator, turns to face the audience, and mimes pushing a button. From stage right, ANDY runs on, wearing pajama pants and a Superman t-shirt.

ANDY: Hold the elevator!

RACHEL pushes a button to hold the door. ANDY runs up and stands next to her, inside the elevator.

ANDY: *(Continued.)* Thanks.

RACHEL: *(Smiling, partly to say "You're welcome" and partly in amusement over his childish ensemble.)* Sure. Lobby?

ANDY: Yyyyyyep. Thanks.

She pushes another button to close the doors. The two stand facing out for a few moments, riding the elevator down, mired in a thick cloud of strangers-in-a-small-space awkwardness. Suddenly, it lurches to a halt. OPTIONAL SOUND EFFECTS: A metal clang. They both nearly lose their footing.

ANDY: *(Overlapping.)* Aye chihuahua!

RACHEL: *(Overlapping.)* Whoa!

ANDY: You okay?

RACHEL: Yeah. That was weird.

ANDY: We just...stopped. Maybe if we wait a second we'll start moving again.

A thick silence for several seconds as they both look around and wait for something to happen. RACHEL steals little sideways glances at ANDY. Finally, she breaks the silence.

RACHEL: Did you say “Aye chihuahua”?

ANDY: (*Grimacing.*) Mmm, I was hoping you didn’t hear that. NO idea where that came from. Usually my surprised outbursts are only about four letters, give or take. (*Pause.*)

RACHEL: Nothing’s happening.

ANDY: (*Reading a sign on the control panel.*) Oh, here’s the problem. “Capacity: Two thousand pounds.” Gee. I only weigh 200, so that means... (*He turns to RACHEL and points at her. She glares at him, not amused.*)

RACHEL: I have mace in my purse. Just so you know.

ANDY: Oh, come on, that was funny!

RACHEL: (*Sarcastic.*) Right, because ALL women love humor about their weight!

ANDY: (*Awkward.*) Sorry. (*Pause. He looks up above the elevator doors.*) It looks like we’re between floors.

RACHEL: Try some buttons. (*He does.*)

ANDY: Nothing.

RACHEL: (*Sigh.*) Great.

ANDY: I don’t even see an alarm button. Aren’t all elevators supposed to have alarm buttons?

RACHEL: Guess not; this isn’t a very high-tech hotel. So now what?

ANDY: (*Noticing a camera in an upper corner.*) Ooh, there’s a camera. Maybe if we signal for help? (*Talking and waving into the camera.*) Hey! HEY!!! We’re stuck in here!

RACHEL: (*Sarcastic.*) Yes, I’m sure they’ve hired somebody to just sit there watching live elevator footage all day. It’s probably a very high-paying position.

ANDY: (*Playing along, with mock enthusiasm.*) Probably! I wonder if they get all-you-can-eat popcorn on the job.

RACHEL: (*Condescendingly, while digging into her purse.*) Tell you what. While you wave to the imaginary people, let me try THIS. (*RACHEL produces a cell phone.*)

ANDY: Sweet! Do you get reception in here?

RACHEL: (*Turning on the phone.*) Why wouldn’t I?

ANDY: We ARE standing in a big metal box.

RACHEL: I get a signal in my car.

ANDY: Oh, good! Perfect! So go out to your car and THEN call for help!

RACHEL: *(Looking down at her cell phone.)* No, smart guy. I MEAN, my car is a big metal box and it works there...so it should work here.

ANDY: Does it?

RACHEL: *(Frowning.)* Signal's weak. Hang on.

ANDY: Pretty sure I'm not going anywhere.

RACHEL walks around the elevator, staring intently at her phone, basically circling ANDY. Once she has gone around him once, he breaks the silence.

ANDY *(Continued.):* Are we playing "Duck Duck Goose"? 'Cause it's not much fun with just two people.

RACHEL ignores him and finally stops in one spot, where the signal is strongest.

RACHEL: *(Pressing a few buttons on the phone.)* Here we go.

ANDY: Who are you calling?

RACHEL: Hotel lobby. I had them in my phone from when I reserved the room. *(Into the phone.)* Hello? Yes, this is Rachel from room 318, and I'm...I'm stuck in the elevator.

ANDY: *(Correcting her.)* WE'RE stuck.

RACHEL: *(To ANDY, covering the phone.)* Relax. They're not taking roll call. I'll bet when they open the elevator, they'll let us BOTH out. *(Into phone.)* You did? Okay. *(To ANDY.)* They were already working on it. *(Into phone.)* No, nobody's hurt. *(Pointedly, with a glance at ANDY.)* YET. Just get us out of here.

ANDY: How did they know we're in here?

RACHEL: *(Into phone.)* How did you know we were stuck? *(To ANDY.)* There's an alarm that sounds in the main office when the elevator glitches.

ANDY: Ooh, handy.

RACHEL: *(Into phone.)* What's that? Oh, I see. *(To ANDY, reluctantly.)* Plus, they...uh... *(Closing her eyes to brace for the inevitable gloating.)* They have monitors that they use to watch elevator video.

ANDY: *(Beaming, victorious.)* Oh, yeah? Huh! Ask about the popcorn! Is it movie theatre butter?

RACHEL: *(Rolling her eyes.)* Yeah, yeah. *(Into phone.)* Well, just try to hurry, okay? Thanks. *(She hangs up.)* Okay, well, that's about all we can do.

ANDY: Not quite. I heard that in situations like this, the BEST thing you can do...is panic. Here. I'll go first. *(He begins to run several clockwise laps around her, waving his arms like a madman.)* YAAA! AAAH! We're all gonna DIE! I'm too young, I've never even seen Europe! Oh, cruel world! AAAAAAHHH!!! *(Rolling her eyes, RACHEL begins to dig through her purse.)*

RACHEL: I'm glad I finally get to use my mace. This stuff's not cheap.

ANDY stops running and stands next to her.

ANDY: Okay, your turn. If you want to panic COUNTER-clockwise, that might be good. You know, for variety.

RACHEL: *(She rolls her eyes, which causes her to notice something overhead.)* There's a ceiling hatch. We could always try that.

ANDY: And climb out through the elevator shaft? What is this, a "Die Hard" movie? Why are you in such a hurry?

RACHEL: I'm supposed to be meeting a friend down in the lobby. I was already running late. Let me text her and tell her what's going on.

RACHEL sends a text while ANDY talks.

ANDY: Ooh, ask her to send us a pizza. She can drop it through the elevator shaft.

Finished with her text, RACHEL looks back up at ANDY.

RACHEL: Nice PJs, by the way. It's almost noon, y'know.

ANDY: *(Checking his watch.)* It's 10:30. That's hardly "almost noon."

RACHEL: *(Cutesy, as if to a toddler.)* All you're missing is a teddy bear.

ANDY: Hey, you're lucky. When I'm at home I like to sleep in the nude.

RACHEL: Why do I get the feeling you STILL would have gotten on the elevator?

ANDY: Not totally naked! What are you, kidding? *(Pause.)* I would have put on socks first!

RACHEL: Lovely image.

ANDY: I was only running down to the lobby for a minute, just to check out the vending machine.

RACHEL: You know there are machines on our floor, right?

ANDY: Duh! Of course I know that! *(He turns his back to her and, in a stage whisper she isn't meant to hear, admits his ignorance.)* Now! *(He fans himself with the front of his shirt.)* Whew. I may have to strip after all. I am burning up in here! Don't you think it's hot?

RACHEL: *(Digging into her purse.)* Sure. Luckily, I came prepared.

RACHEL produces a small fan and trains it on herself.

ANDY: Oh, my hero! Aim some of that windy goodness my way, would you?

RACHEL: I don't think so.

ANDY: Oh, come on. Fan me!

RACHEL: *(Enjoying her revenge.)* I couldn't possibly. I'm so grotesquely overweight that the physical exertion of pointing my fan at you might KILL me.

ANDY: Sheesh. I make one little crack about you weighing eighteen hundred pounds, and you never let it go!

RACHEL: *(In response to her phone beeping or vibrating.)* Ooh, I got a text back.

ANDY looks over her shoulder at her phone, which apparently says "R U OK?"

ANDY: “Rue-wock”? What’s “rue-wock”?

RACHEL: That’s “are you okay,” brainiac!

ANDY: Ah. *(Like an old man.)* You kids and your crazy texting.

RACHEL: *(Talking absently while texting back.)* Jill was my college roommate. She’s getting married tomorrow and I’m one of her bridesmaids.

RACHEL, busy texting, doesn’t notice the look of realization on ANDY’s face, which soon turns into a sly smile.

ANDY: That’s cool. *(Turning flirty, he takes a step towards her.)* You know, I hope you don’t think I’m being too forward, but I can see you and me walking down the aisle together someday. *(Pause. Taken aback, she stops texting and looks at him with alarm at his boldness.)*

RACHEL: Yeah, no...I don’t think so.

ANDY: *(Another step closer.)* No, seriously...I’m sure of it.

RACHEL: *(Shaking her head, inching away.)* No...not happening.

ANDY: *(Another step closer.)* Oh, yes it will. And it’ll be SOON. Maybe even...tomorrow night.

RACHEL: What?!?

ANDY: *(His leer turns into a genuine smile and he backs off and extends his hand.)* I’m Andy. Greg’s cousin?

For a beat, RACHEL is confused, then finally connects the dots. She accepts ANDY’s hand for a shake.

RACHEL: Greg’s cousin Andy! You’re my escort down the aisle.

ANDY: Right.

RACHEL: Jill’s told me a lot about you.

ANDY: Yeah...small world, huh?

RACHEL: *(Indicating the tight elevator walls.)* It sure is right now.

ANDY: It was very generous of Jill and Greg to put us all up here for free.

RACHEL: You know her family owns this hotel, right?

ANDY: *(Surprised.)* They do? No, I didn’t know that.

RACHEL: I think they own four throughout the state.

ANDY: Awesome! I am gonna abuse room service like there's no tomorrow!

RACHEL: I'M going to urge them to upgrade their elevators.

ANDY: Or at least install A/C. I'm sweatin' like a blonde at a spelling bee! *(Beat.)* Rachel. If you let me borrow your fan for 30 seconds, I'll give you 10 billion dollars when we get out of here.

RACHEL: Naaah...I don't think you actually HAVE 10 billion dollars.

ANDY: *(As if to himself, but loudly.)* Darn, she called my bluff! *(Indicating her purse.)* Well, do you at least have any food in there? I'm starving.

RACHEL: No, and I wish I did; I'm hungry, too.

ANDY: *(Looking at his watch.)* It's all right. But I warn you, I can wait another 20 minutes or so, then I'm resorting to cannibalism.

RACHEL: You know, this isn't funny. Jill and I have a LOT of wedding stuff to take care of today.

ANDY: Oh, you want out? Why didn't you say so? Hang on, Lois! *(He pulls her to his side and launches into a Superman pose, his other fist pointing straight up. It's supposed to look like he is flying up into the air and out of the elevator, but of course, his feet stay planted on the ground. Not amused, she glares at him for a moment, then pushes him away.)*

RACHEL: *(Harsher than she intended.)* Is everything a joke to you? Can you not be serious for one second?

ANDY: *(Increasingly louder until he is nearly shouting at the end.)* Excuse ME for trying to keep things light in a tense and – and - awkward situation here! Humor is a defense mechanism when I'm really, really nervous, okay? I - I don't know you, and clearly I'm out of my league with you, and it - it throws me into babbling moron mode. I've never been good at small talk anyway, and, and I look like a pathetic SLOB and you look GORGEOUS, and I get FLUSTERED around beautiful women, okay? SORRY!!!

Stunned silence. ANDY takes a deep breath and turns away, mortified about his outburst. RACHEL's face plays a series of emotions during this silence: brief confusion, then flattery, then embarrassment, then guilt, and finally appreciation flicker across her face. All is silent for nearly ten seconds. Then, without a word, she points the fan up at ANDY to cool him off, an olive branch gesture. He smiles at her.

ANDY: *(Enjoying the fan.)* Ah, that's the stuff.

RACHEL: For what it's worth, you're not a slob. You're actually pretty cute, if slightly annoying.

ANDY: *(Sharply, pretending to be offended.)* Hey. I'll have you know I'm EXTREMELY annoying. *(They share a smile.)* So tell me about Jill. I've only met her a couple of times, but she seems nice.

RACHEL: Jill's great. She and Greg are a really cute couple. She's very sweet...thoughtful...and she's a born matchmaker. She can't help herself. She's always trying to set me up with guys she thinks are—

RACHEL stops mid-sentence. Her eyes go wide. She looks at ANDY, then at her phone.

ANDY: What's wrong?

RACHEL: You don't think—

ANDY: *(Baffled.)* Think what?

RACHEL: *(Dialing a phone number.)* Even for Jill, that's...

ANDY: *(Still lost.)* Hey, you know what's fun? When people talk in complete sentences.

RACHEL: *(Into phone.)* Hey, Jill...No, I'm fine. But guess who I'm trapped in here with. It's Andy, Greg's cousin!...Yep, that's the one! Isn't that just bizarre? I mean, what a crazy, random happenstance!...Yeah. Hey, how many fingers am I holding up? *(She holds up four fingers to the camera; presumably, Jill responds "four.")* I KNEW IT!!! You're watching us right now, aren't you? You set this whole thing up!

ANDY: She WHAT?!?

RACHEL: Well you'd better let us out, missy, and then we're having a little chat. *(She hangs up.)*

ANDY: Jill trapped us in here?

RACHEL: *(Nodding, fuming.)* Elevator override. She wanted to get us alone and acquainted early...Thought we would really "hit it off." Oooh, I'm gonna KILL her! *(Beat.)*

ANDY: I'M gonna send her a thank-you card.

Pause. ANDY's comment puts it in perspective for RACHEL, and she smiles. She turns to face him.

RACHEL: You know, she's probably watching us right now.

ANDY: And she went to all this trouble. I think we should put on a show for her. *(They start to lean in for a kiss, but before they do...)*

RACHEL: Aye chihuahua!

Their smiles are enormous as the lights black out.

THE END