

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

**Copyright Protection.** This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

**Reservation of Rights.** All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments.** Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. (“Playscripts”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website ([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author’s agent, as applicable.

**Restriction of Alterations.** There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, the cutting of music, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

**Author Credit.** Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution.** All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

**Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.**  
**([www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com))**

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying.** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

**Statement of Non-affiliation.** This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

**Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works.** This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work *not included in the Play’s score*, or performance of a sound recording of such a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office ([www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov)), ASCAP ([www.ascap.com](http://www.ascap.com)), BMI ([www.bmi.com](http://www.bmi.com)), and NMPA ([www.nmpa.org](http://www.nmpa.org)) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

## The Rules in Brief

- 1) Do NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.
- 2) Do NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.
- 3) Do NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, cut any music, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.
- 4) DO provide the required credit to the author(s) and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

*For more details on these and other rules, see the opposite page.*

## Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that authors are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the author, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—whether or not you charge an admission fee. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

**Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law.** Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to \$150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office ([www.copyright.gov](http://www.copyright.gov)) for more information.

**THE BOTTOM LINE:** If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

**Playscripts, Inc.**  
450 Seventh Ave, Suite 809  
New York, NY 10123

toll-free phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY  
email: [info@playscripts.com](mailto:info@playscripts.com)  
website: [www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)

## **Cast of Characters**

WALTER WILSON, about 40, big-bellied father. Wears suspenders.

WINONA WILSON, about 40, easy-going mother.

WHITNEY WILSON, age 10, daughter, twin of Winslow.

WINSLOW WILSON, age 10, son, twin of Whitney.

GAVIN, age 18, bellhop, wears red jacket and black bowtie.

HOUSEKEEPER, woman about 20.

ELDERLY MAN AND WOMAN, hotel guests. Double role as kidnappers.

MR. BROWN, about 30, salesman of fads. Wears brown suit.

CATHY, age 18, clerk in flower stall.

MRS. GOLDENGATE, about 70, society woman, lives in penthouse with white poodle Oui-Oui.

JOE, about 50, night watchman, wears security guard hat.

NATACHA, about 25, waitress at party, wears long apron.

WOMAN KIDNAPPER, black outfit and sunglasses.

MAN KIDNAPPER, wears black outfit and sunglasses.

LIZZY CHRONICLE, age 12, bratty rich girl.

HOTEL MANAGER, 40, wears tie and blazer.

## **Production Notes**

The simple framework of an elevator stands center stage. Flower stall stands stage left. An elevator bell rings to indicate elevator door opening. An elevator hum is heard to indicate elevator moving.

## **Acknowledgments**

Special thanks to Bill Goldsmith and Columbus Children's Theatre for revision suggestions.

# THE ELEVATOR FAMILY

## adapted by Douglas Evans

FROM HIS CHILDREN'S BOOK

### Scene 1

*(Lights up. Elevator music plays. The hotel lobby is a bustle of activity. HOUSEKEEPER crosses stage pushing linen cart. CATHY, flower girl, enters with vases of flowers and stands behind flower stall. GAVIN, bellhop, enters lugging suitcases. ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN, hotel guests, enter behind him. CATHY waves to GAVIN who blushes and quickly exits with ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN following confused. MR. BROWN, a salesman of fads, enters holding briefcase. He shows CATHY a Slinky. MRS. GOLDENGATE, society woman, hurries across stage wearing white warm-ups and holding OUI-OUI, a white poodle. HOUSEKEEPER crosses stage pushing linen cart. JOE, night watchman, enters yawning. NATACHA, waitress, and HOTEL MANAGER enter arguing. They talk with JOE and exit. MRS. GOLDENGATE rushes in with OUI-OUI. She greets JOE and chats busily with CATHY and MR. BROWN at flower stall. GAVIN enters and glances toward CATHY who smiles at him. GAVIN blushes and exits with JOE. The WILSONS – WALTER, WINONA, WINSLOW, and WHITNEY – enter. GAVIN enters behind them, wheeling two clothes trunks. Elevator door opens. Bell rings. Music fades. FOUR WILSONS enter elevator and look around.)*

**WALTER.** *(Stepping from elevator:)* Splendid! A gem of a place, young man. The kind woman at the front desk said the hotel is full. But here is this first-rate room. And it appears to be vacant.

*(Pulls suspenders with thumbs.)*

Only the best for this family. Only the best! Nothing less will do for the Wilsons.

**WINONA.** *(Turns, admiring elevator.)* There's a full-length mirror, a telephone, wall-to-wall carpeting. And listen.

*(ELEVATOR MUSIC plays.)*

Music from the ceiling. How lovely.

**WINSLOW.** *(Points to button panel.)* Fantabulous! Check out all the buttons. I wonder what they're for.

*(WINSLOW presses button. Pretends to watch door close and open. Bell rings.)*

**WHITNEY.** The doors are sure entertaining!

*(Bell rings.)*

**WINSLOW.** Fantabulous! Our room even moves!

**WHITNEY.** We went up and we went down. I wonder where we went.

**WALTER.** A mobile room with all the extras. I say we take this fine room for our family vacation. Only the best! Only the best will do for us. All in favor of moving in right away say aye.

**FOUR WILSONS.** Aye! Aye!

**WALTER.** *(To GAVIN:)* Splendid, young man. Push those trunks right in here. We'll take this room for three nights if it's available.

**GAVIN.** *(Pulls at collar:)* Sir? You want this room, sir? Are you sure, sir?

**WINONA.** The room needs a few items...bed linen and towels and whatnot. But it's small and cozy, just the way we like it. We're a close-knit family.

**WINSLOW.** This room is about the size of the cabin we discovered while hiking last summer. It sat on top of a tall tower and had a great view of the forest in all directions.

**WHITNEY.** And last Christmas we stayed in a small hut on the ice in Minnesota. I just hope Winslow keeps his socks clean this vacation.

**GAVIN.** *(Shrugs and pulls trunks into elevator:)* Well, I'm only a bell-hop. I sure don't make the rules around here.

**WALTER.** *(Steps back into elevator:)* But tell us your name, young man.

**GAVIN.** Gavin, sir.

**WALTER.** *(Pulls on suspenders.)* Well, Gavin, you've given us excellent service. Stop in anytime. Guests will always be welcome in our new home.

*(GAVIN steps out, shrugging.)*

**GAVIN.** *(To audience:)* Sure. I've seen stranger things in this hotel, that's for sure.

**WINONA.** One more thing, Gavin. Could you tell us the number of our mobile room?

**GAVIN.** I'm not sure, ma'am.

**WINSLOW.** *(Pointing to bottom of doorway:)* Fantabulous! Look what's engraved on the golden doormat.

**WHITNEY.** Splendid! Our room doesn't have a number. It has a name.

**FOUR WILSONS.** *(Leaning toward doorway and reading:)* Otis!

*(Lights in elevator fade.)*

**Scene 2**

*(Elevator music plays. MR. BROWN crosses stage with briefcase. MRS. GOLDENGATE rushes past. GAVIN enters, looks toward flower stall, and scratches head. ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN enter left, holding suitcases. Lights up. The WILSONS stand in center of elevator.)*

**WINONA.** First things first. We must put Otis in order.

**WALTER.** *(Rolling up shirt sleeves:)* Come on, family. Help me with the trunks.

*(WILSONS push two trunks against the elevator sides for seats and beds. Bell rings. ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN stand before elevator.)*

**WINONA.** How lovely. At every stop our room gives us a different view.

**WALTER.** *(To couple:)* Greetings, fellow travelers.

**WINONA.** *(To couple:)* I'm so sorry. We just decided to take this room.

*(ELDERLY COUPLE exchange looks.)*

**WINSLOW.** But I think the room next door is vacant.

**WHITNEY.** It was on the first floor, but it might have moved by now.

*(ELDERLY COUPLE exit left.)*

**WINONA.** Now our compact room needs a few things to make it homey.

*(WINSLOW exits elevator, grabs table in hallway, and sets it in the middle of elevator.)*

**WINSLOW.** There. A table where we can have meals and play Pick-Up-Sticks.

**WHITNEY.** I know what we need next.

*(WHITNEY exits elevator. She returns holding three folding chairs.)*

**WHITNEY.** *(Setting up chairs:)* And chairs to sit on while we read.

*(HOUSEKEEPER passes the elevator, pushing a linen cart. WINONA holds up a finger and exits elevator.)*

**WINONA.** *(Stepping to HOUSEKEEPER:)* You don't mind if we made up our own beds today, do you?

**HOUSEKEEPER.** *(Looks pleased.)* Be my guest! This is a first.

(WINONA *grabs sheets and blankets off carts.* HOUSEKEEPER *moves on, pushing cart.* Inside elevator WINONA, WHITNEY, and WINSLOW *begin making up beds.*)

**WALTER.** Splendid! Splendid! Now for the finishing touch.

(WALTER *opens one trunk and removes framed sampler with the words home sweat home.*)

**WHITNEY.** Not that old thing again, Dad. Do you have to hang it up in here?

**WINSLOW.** We made that way back in second grade before we could spell very well.

(WALTER *hangs knitted sampler on elevator wall.*)

**WALTER.** (*Admiring sampler:*) HOME SWEAT HOME hangs wherever the Wilsons stay. (*Laughs.*) Only the best for this family. Nothing less will do.

**WINONA.** Yes, it all looks homey and comfortable. Now I think it's lunchtime.

**WALTER.** Splendid. Let's call room service to have our meal delivered right to our room.

(*Lifts phone from wall:*)

Hello, front desk? This is Walter Wilson in the Otis room. Could we please have lunch delivered. Bring us the best your restaurant has to offer.

(*Pauses to listen:*)

What? No, madam, this is not an emergency. Unless you call being very hungry an emergency.

(*Hangs up phone. To family:*)

Well, the receptionist didn't sound too friendly this time. She must be very busy.

**WINSLOW.** (*Inspects button panel.*)

The bottom button is marked L. Perhaps that stands for lunch.

(WINSLOW *presses button.*)

**WALTER.** Let's sit down everyone.

**WINONA.** Instead of our lunch coming to our room, it seems our room travels to the lunch.

(WILSONS sit around table, WINONA and WALTER in chairs, WHITNEY and WINSLOW on trunks. Bell rings. GAVIN enters right with food cart. Stands before elevator.)

**WALTER.** (To GAVIN:) Excellent service, young man. Lunch is waiting for us, right on the button. Come now. Wheel that cart in here. We will eat lunch in our room today.

**GAVIN.** But sir, I was taking this food up to the seventh floor.

**WINONA.** It doesn't matter what floor we eat on, Gavin. In our mobile Otis room we can eat on any floor we want.

**GAVIN.** (Wheels cart into elevator.) Sure. Whatever.

(GAVIN unloads food trays and silverware onto table. WINONA lifts a lid of tray.)

**FOUR WILSONS.** Spaghetti!

**WALTER.** (Hands GAVIN tip.) Thank you very much, young man. Keep up the excellent work.

**GAVIN.** (Smiling at tip:) Sure. Thanks, Mr. Wilson.

(GAVIN steps out pushing cart. WALTER starts dishing out spaghetti. Bell rings and MR. BROWN, dressed in a brown suit and holding a brown briefcase, enters from left. He looks at WILSONS and nods. After pressing a button, MR. BROWN faces outward.)

**WALTER.** (To MR. BROWN:) Greetings, sir. Kind of you to drop in. Guests are always welcome in our Otis home.

**WINONA.** People don't need to walk up and down stairs to visit us. Otis rises and lowers to visit them.

(MR. BROWN remains silent.)

**WHITNEY.** I wonder where we're going to now.

**WINSLOW.** It feels like we're going down.

**MR. BROWN.** (Turns towards WILSONS.) You folks living in here?

**WALTER.** Just moved in. We're lucky to have grabbed this room early. Every time we stop, people are standing outside the door, waiting to take it.

**MR. BROWN.** No kidding? So what's it like staying in here?

**WHITNEY.** It has its ups...

**WINSLOW.** And downs.

**WINONA.** We noticed that you pressed the lunch button as we did. Please have a seat and join us.

**MR. BROWN.** Don't mind if I do. At least until we reach the lobby.

**WALTER.** Winslow, scoot over. Give our guest some room.

**MR. BROWN.** (*Nods and sits on trunk.*) Good to be with you. The name's Bob Brown. Gets a bit lonely on the road. Most often I sit alone, eat alone, and walk the streets alone. I guess that's the way the world works. Funny thing, though. On my job I talk to dozens of people each day. I pass thousands more on the sidewalk. Yet I still spend much of my time alone. No kidding. It seems the more people there are around, the harder they are to meet.

(*WINSLOW slurps noodles into mouth.*)

**WINONA.** Winslow, don't slurp.

**WINSLOW.** (*Wiping mouth with hand:*) So what do you do, Mr. Brown?

**MR. BROWN.** I'm a fad salesman, son. I deal in kids' fads. I travel around the country putting the latest gizmo, gadget, and doodad on store shelves.

**WINSLOW.** You mean like smelly stickers and smelly pens?

**WHITNEY.** Super balls, super bubbles, super putty, and super squirt guns?

**MR. BROWN.** I've loaded all those fads on shelves, kids. Trouble is, fads come and go. Once I get the stores filled with one item, I gotta start traveling again to fill them with another. One month Pet Rocks will be a hot item, the next children will only buy virtual pets.

**WALTER.** That means you're often away from your family.

**WINONA.** How sad.

**MR. BROWN.** No kidding. I miss my wife and daughter an awful lot. Someday I hope to think up a fad idea myself that will be such a hit I'll never need to leave home again. But for now I must stay on the road. That's the way the world works.

(*WINSLOW slurps noodles.*)

**WINONA.** Winslow!

(*Bell rings.*)

**WALTER.** Well, we're here.

**MR. BROWN.** (*Stands.*) And I must be off.

**WINONA.** Where are you going, Mr. Brown?

**MR. BROWN.** *(Walks out door.)* I'm off to sell the latest fad to the toy stores in this city, kids. Number-two pencil suckers. Kids can suck on one end while taking tests with the other. Thanks for the chat.

**WALTER.** Only the best for this family.

**WINONA.** Stop in anytime. Guests are always welcome in Otis.

**MR. BROWN.** Yes, maybe I will. Those evenings alone do get lonely. But that's the way the world works.

*(MR. BROWN exits right. Elevator lights fade.)*

### Scene 3

*(Elevator music plays. JOE enters right and yawns. Exits right. HOUSEKEEPER crosses stage. GAVIN enters left. Buys flowers from CATHY and walks toward elevator blushing. Lights up in elevator. WALTER sits at table, reading newspaper. WINONA sits at table, sketching in her sketch pad. WINSLOW and WHITNEY lie on the trunks, reading paperback books. Bell rings.)*

**FOUR WILSONS.** *(To GAVIN:)* Gavin!

**WALTER.** You look down in the dumps, young man. What's up? Come on in. Come on in.

**GAVIN.** *(Steps into elevator. He hands flowers to WINONA.)* These are for you, Mrs. Wilson. I sure hope you like flowers.

**WINONA.** They're beautiful, Gavin. But wouldn't you rather give them to a girl you admire?

**GAVIN.** That's the problem, Mrs. Wilson. These flowers came from a girl I admire.

**WHITNEY.** *(Pointing outward:)* You mean the girl in the flower stall across the lobby?

*(CATHY enters left and stands behind flower stall. WILSONS look out and wave.)*

**GAVIN.** *(Turns away.)* Yes, sure. That's her.

**WINSLOW.** She smiles and waves to us whenever Otis is parked down here.

**GAVIN.** Sure. Cathy's her name. And I've bought so many flowers from her in the past week that my apartment is beginning to look as if I died or something.

**WALTER.** (*Snaps newspaper:*) Young man, I believe you have something that's commonly called a crush.

**WINONA.** So you like Cathy, but you are too shy to speak to her. Is that why you keep buying flowers from her.

**GAVIN.** Sure is. A girl like Cathy would never want to go on a date with someone like me, that's for sure. I'm just a bellhop. I don't make much money. I'm saving up to go to college next year, but then I'll be even poorer.

**WINONA.** But you're an excellent bellhop, Gavin.

**WALTER.** The best!

**GAVIN.** Sure. It's hopeless. I'll never get up enough nerve to talk to Cathy. That's for sure.

**WINONA.** You just need some confidence, Gavin.

**WALTER.** Indeed, young man. You seem like a person with big plans.

**GAVIN.** Sure, sir. Sure I do. I have lots of goals. Lots of dreams. Sure. A list of plans.

(*WILSONS look out of elevator and wave again to CATHY.*)

**WHITNEY.** Cathy sure is pretty, Gavin.

**WINSLOW.** Fantabulous!

**WINONA.** (*Admiring flowers:*) And she sells such lovely flowers.

**WALTER.** The best!

(*GAVIN exits elevator.*)

**WALTER.** We'll discuss this more in the morning, young man. Could we have breakfast delivered at seven?

**GAVIN.** (*Shrugging:*) Sure.

(*GAVIN exits left. Elevator lights fade.*)

#### Scene 4

(*Elevator music plays. JOE enters right and yawns. MR. BROWN enters right and talks with JOE. NATACHA and HOTEL MANAGER enter left arguing and exit right. GAVIN enters left, buys more flowers from CATHY and exits left. MRS. GOLDEN-GATE, dressed in white warm-ups and carrying OUI-OUI, enters left. Lights up in elevator. Pillows and blankets are spread out*)

*on the two trunks. The WILSONS sit around the table playing Pick-Up-Sticks. More flower vases are set around room. Bell rings. MRS. GOLDENGATE stands in entrance. WINSLOW raises a red stick off the Pick-Up Stick pile.)*

**OUI-OUI.** (*Recorded dog yapping:*) Yap! Yap! Yap!

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** (*Steps into elevator. Presses button. Whispers to dog:*) My, my Oui-Oui, I heard there's a shortage of hotel rooms in this city, but I had no idea the problem was this bad.

(WINSLOW lifts a blue stick.)

**WINSLOW.** A blue one!

(WILSONS cheer.)

**WALTER.** (*To MRS. GOLDENGATE:*) Greetings, madam. Welcome to Otis, our humble vacation home.

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** My, my. You're on vacation? Are you comfortable in here?

**WHITNEY.** It has its ups...

**WINSLOW.** And downs.

**WALTER.** We are the Wilson family. I'm Walter.

**WINONA.** (*Raising hand:*) Winona.

**WINSLOW.** (*Pointing to WHITNEY:*) That's my sister, Whitney.

**WHITNEY.** (*Pointing to WINSLOW:*) And that my brother. Winslow with the smelly socks.

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** We are pleased to meet you. I'm Abigail Goldengate.

(Pats OUI-OUI.)

And this little fella is Oui-Oui.

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**WINSLOW.** Goldengate? Didn't they name a bridge in this city after you?

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** They named the bridge after my late husband, Gordon Goldengate. Since he departed this world, Oui-Oui and I have been living on the top floor of this hotel.

**WINONA.** Then please join us, Abigail.

**WALTER.** Winslow is clobbering us all in Pick-Up Sticks. With those nimble fingers he'll make an excellent brain surgeon some day.

**WHITNEY.** Or a pickpocket.

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** I wish I had time. But I must rush off. Rush! Rush! Rush! If I don't fit in time to keep fit at the hotel's fitness center I have a fit.

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**WALTER.** Then why doesn't the pooch stay we us while you exercise.

**WINONA.** We'd be happy to look after Oui-Oui.

**WINSLOW.** Oui!

**WHITNEY.** Oui!

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** Oh, if it would work out during my workout that would save me so much time.

*(Puts dog on table and checks watch:)*

Look at the time now. I wish I had time to chat, but there's no time. Rush! Rush! Rush!

*(Bell rings. MRS. GOLDENGATE exits. Lights dim. WILSONS resume game. Lights up. Bell rings. MRS. GOLDENGATE, now dressed in a white dress stands in the entrance. Steps into elevator and presses button.)*

**WINSLOW.** *(Raising yellow stick:)* A yellow one!

**WALTER.** Yes, with his delicate touch that boy could crack the hotel safe in no time.

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**WALTER.** *(To MRS. GOLDENGATE:)* Welcome back, Madam! Now do you have time to join us in a game?

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** Oh, I wish I had time. To keep in tip-top shape, I ran up the stairs to the top floor. In my penthouse I got dressed to top off this evening with dinner at a top restaurant.

**WINONA.** Well, don't worry about Oui-Oui. We're enjoying dog-sitting.

**WINSLOW.** Oui!

**WHITNEY.** Oui!

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

*(Bell rings.)*

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** (*Exiting:*) Thank you! Thank you! Rush! Rush! Rush!

**WALTER.** (*Shaking head:*) Watching her is like watching a merry-go-round out of control.

**WINONA.** I have a feeling she'll be visiting Otis again shortly.

**WINSLOW.** (*Lifts black stick off pile.*) A black one!

(*WILSONS cheer. Lights dim. Seconds later, lights up. Bell rings. MRS. GOLDENGATE enters. Sits on trunk exhausted.*)

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**WINSLOW.** (*Lifting orange stick off pile:*) An orange one!

(*WILSONS cheer.*)

**WALTER.** (*To MRS. GOLDENGATE:*) Greetings again, madam. Do you now have time to join our game?

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** No, I must rush off again. I'm going to a nightspot I spotted where one goes to be spotted. Then I must get up early for a book-club meeting and a garden-club meeting, followed by a golf-club club meeting at the country club. Rush! Rush! Rush!

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** My this is a peaceful place. To tell you the truth, I've been so busy rushing around I can't remember much of anything I've done this evening. It's all one big blur. My, this is a peaceful place.

**WALTER.** Well, madam. Why not stop for a while and rest.

**WINONA.** Yes, dear. Rushing around is not good for your well being.

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** Yes, you're right. Since reaching the top, I blow my top if I'm not on top, so to stay on top, I go at top speed to stay on top.

(*MRS. GOLDENGATE's head drops in slumber. WINSLOW lifts green stick off pile. WALTER raises finger to lips.*)

**WINSLOW.** (*Whispers:*) A green one!

(*Bell rings.*)

**WINONA.** (*Gently shakes MRS. GOLDENGATE.*) Oh, dear. Mrs. Goldengate is sleeping like a top.

**WALTER.** Winslow, Whitney, help our guest to her room. It's time for the Wilsons to hit the hay. We have a big day tomorrow.

(WHITNEY, carrying OUI-OUI, helps WINSLOW escort MRS. GOLDENGATE from elevator.)

**WALTER.** (Standing to inspect buttons:) Let's see...all these buttons. Which one works the lights?

(WHITNEY and WINSLOW return.)

**WALTER.** (Stands on chair and reaches up to elevator light.) How many Wilsons does it take to unscrew a light bulb?

**WINONA.** Four.

**WHITNEY.** One to do the work.

**WINSLOW.** And three to watch him.

**WALTER.** (Turning bulb:) Lights out, Wilsons.

(Lights fade.)

Good night, family.

**WINONA.** Sweet dreams, everyone.

**FOUR WILSONS.** Sleep tight.

### Scene 5

(Elevator music plays. JOE enters right, yawning. He stand sleepily before elevator. Lights up in elevator. WILSONS sit around table. Each is reading section of the morning newspaper. Bell rings. JOE steps into elevator, yawns, and presses button.)

**FOUR WILSONS.** Morning!

**JOE.** (Eyes still closed:) That's good.

**WALTER.** Visitors are always welcome in our Otis room.

**JOE.** That's good.

**WINONA.** You must work at this wonderful hotel.

**JOE.** (Opens eyes and turns:) Yes, I do. I'm Joe, night security. And somehow I missed your arrival. Just who are you people?

**WALTER.** We're the Wilsons, Joe. Please to meet you. I'm Walter.

**WINONA.** Winona.

**WINSLOW.** And that's my sister, Whitney.

**WHITNEY.** And that's my brother, Winslow, who snored all last night.

**JOE.** And you folks are staying in here?

**WINONA.** For our entire vacation.

**WALTER.** Only the best. Only the best will do for the Wilsons.

**WINSLOW.** It has its ups...

**WHITNEY.** And downs.

**WINONA.** Care to join us for breakfast, Joe? We're just about to order some room service.

**JOE.** Um. I don't think so, folks. It's been one long night. But thanks anyway.

*(Bell rings.)*

**JOE.** *(Stepping out:)* You folks have a good day. Catch you this evening.

*(GAVIN enters left pushing food cart, loaded with breakfast plates. He holds a bouquet of flowers.)*

**JOE.** *(Exits left, pats GAVIN on back as he passes him:)* Morning, Gav.

**GAVIN.** Hey, Joe. Morning.

*(GAVIN stands before elevator.)*

**FOUR WILSONS.** Gavin!

**WALTER.** Breakfast right on time, my boy. Wheel that cart right on in here.

**GAVIN.** *(Pushes cart into elevator. Hands WINONA flowers.)* Here, Mrs. Wilson.

**WINONA.** *(Taking flowers:)* Oh, dear. Still have that problem, Gavin?

**GAVIN.** Sure do. And it's making me more miserable than ever. Cathy sure makes me nervous. Every time I see her I blush. Then knowing that I'm blushing I blush even more. It's hopeless. That's for sure.

*(WILSONS look out of elevator and wave to CATHY.)*

**WHITNEY.** But Cathy must be impressed with all the flowers you're buying from her, Gavin.

**WINSLOW.** Although Otis is beginning to look like we're having a wedding in here.

**WALTER.** This situation reminds me of the time I first saw Winona. I was so tongue-tied it took me six months to work up enough nerve to talk to her.

**WINONA.** And that was only when we got locked in the school coat closet together by accident.

**WALTER.** Ah, that small place was wonderful.

**WINONA.** We liked it so much we talked for hours before calling for help.

**WINSLOW.** What you need Gavin is an opportunity away from work to speak with Cathy.

**GAVIN.** Ah...I'm not sure about that.

**WHITNEY.** We could have a party or something. We could have it right here in Otis.

**GAVIN.** Ah...I sure don't think so.

**WINONA.** Yes, a dinner party! This very evening. We'll invite Cathy and all our friends from the hotel.

**GAVIN.** Ah...I surely don't think that's a good idea.

**WALTER.** Splendid idea. Right after breakfast, I'll contact the hotel chef. I'll ask for the best meal for our party. Only the best will do!

**FOUR WILSONS.** Hear! Hear!

**GAVIN.** No, I really, really don't think this party will be a good thing.

**WHITNEY.** See you later, Gavin.

**WINSLOW.** Bye! Bye!

**WINONA.** See you tonight at six o'clock, Gavin.

**WALTER.** And relax, my boy.

**GAVIN.** Sure.

*(Steps from elevator. To audience:)*

Now what room ordered that breakfast I just left the Wilsons? This job sure can be confusing.

*(Elevator lights fade.)*

## Scene 6

*(Elevator music plays. MR. BROWN enters right. JOE enters left. They talk. NATACHA, a waitress, enters right, pushing food cart. Lights up in elevator. WILSONS dressed for party. Table has white tablecloth.)*

**NATACHA.** (*Italian accent. Clicks heels.*) Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Natacha, and I will be your waitress this evening.

**WALTER.** Excellent, madam. Step right on in here.

**NATACHA.** (*Steps forward. German accent.*) The hotel chef has prepared an excellent meal for you tonight.

**WINSLOW.** Hey, Natacha, just where are you from? What's with the different accents.

**NATACHA.** (*American accent.*) Actually, I'm an American. And, you see, I'm taking acting classes. So, you see, while I wait on tables at this hotel, I like to practice my accents. You see?

**WALTER.** Excellent! Only the best!

**WINONA.** Now it's time to collect our guest for the party.

**WHITNEY.** First stop floor fifteen.

**WINSLOW.** (*Pressing button:*) Up Otis goes.

*(Elevator hums. Bell rings. MR. BROWN stands there.)*

**WALTER.** Greetings, good friend.

**MR. BROWN.** (*Steps inside.*) Thanks for the invite. My how splendid everything looks.

*(Hands twins baseball caps with visors in front and back.)*

Here's a kid fad I tried to sell this week. Some kids, you know, wear caps with visors in front, some with visors pointing backward. I figured caps with visors pointing both ways would please everyone... But I still have suitcases full of them. No kidding.

*(WINSLOW and WHITNEY put on hats.)*

**WHITNEY.** Thanks, Mr. Brown. Next stop, top floor.

**WINSLOW.** (*Pressing button:*) Fantabulous! Otis goes up some more.

*(Bell rings. MRS. GOLDENGATE stands there with OUI-OUI.)*

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** My, my, I'm grateful for this invitation. How refreshing it is not having to rush some place for dinner. This evening my dining place came right to me.

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**WALTER.** Now we'll return to the ground floor to collect our guests of honor.

**WINONA.** Press the lunch button, Winslow.

**WINSLOW.** (*Pressing button:*) Down we go!

(*Bell rings. GAVIN enters left, wearing street clothes. CATHY enters right. She holds a bouquet of flowers. GAVIN and CATHY look at each other shyly and step into elevator.*)

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**GAVIN.** Good afternoon, Wilsons. This sure looks cool.

**CATHY.** (*Hands WINONA flowers and looks at other bouquets.*) I brought these for you, Mrs. Wilson. But I guess you don't really need them.

**WINONA.** (*Taking flowers:*) How lovely. Our room can never have too many blooms.

**WALTER.** Splendid! Everyone has arrived. Please have a seat.

(*All sit on chairs and trunks. NATACHA pours wine for adults.*)

**WALTER.** Only the best! I propose a toast! Here's to a fine afternoon with our friends.

**ALL.** (*Raising glasses:*) Hear! Hear!

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap!

**WHITNEY.** (*Pointing upward:*) Great music.

(*Rock music comes from ceiling.*)

**WINSLOW.** Fantabulous!

**CATHY.** That's my favorite band.

**WINONA.** Something tells me you chose the music for this dinner, Gavin.

**GAVIN.** (*Pulls at collar.*) Well, sure. I wanted something...special.

**CATHY.** So Gavin, this is where you've been taking all the flowers you bought from my stall. I thought... I thought...

**WINONA.** I bet you thought Gavin was buying flowers for some girl. But every day he brought them to us to make our home brighter.

**CATHY.** Oh...Ohhhhhhh.

**NATACHA.** (*Snapping to attention. British accent.*) This evening the chef has prepared a special meal, especially for this unique compact dining room. We'll begin with small salads made with little lettuce leaves, tiny tomatoes, mini-mushrooms, and shrimpy shrimp.

**WALTER.** (*Snapping suspenders:*) Only the best! Double portions for me. Let's eat.

*(Light blinks. Walls rattle.)*

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** My, my, I believe we're having an earthquake.

*(Lights out. Seconds later, a candle on table lights elevator.)*

**WALTER.** Splendid! The shaker appears to be over.

**WINONA.** No one was hurt. Nothing was damaged.

**WINSLOW.** *(Pressing button:)* But Otis isn't moving.

**WHITNEY.** We're not going up...or down.

**CATHY.** Otis must be stuck between floors.

**GAVIN.** That happened the last time we lost power in the hotel.

**NATACHA.** *(Lifts phone and holds to ear.)* Phone's out as well.

**WALTER.** No matter. We're all in good company. Only the best! Nat-  
tacha, pour us some more vino.

**NATACHA.** *(Pouring wine. French accent.)* Oui, oui, Mr. Wilson.

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**WINONA.** This reminds me of one dark night during our previous vacation.

**MR. BROWN.** Do tell us the story. This is the perfect time to hear one of the Wilsons' adventures.

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** Yes, Winona, tell us. I don't think we're going anywhere at the moment.

**WINONA.** Walter's the story-teller in the family. Go ahead, Walter, tell them what happened in the cabin.

**WALTER.** *(Pulling suspenders:)* It was getting late, you see. And we were looking for a place to spend the night. Just as the sun went down, we spotted twenty or so small wooden cabins scattered about a field. Each cabin was about the size of this room, ideal for our family.

**WINONA.** Walter and I entered one of the cabins while the twins went to find the owner. I was just about to light a match to see what was inside when Winslow came running in.

**WALTER.** He was screaming like a playground whistle. Go ahead, son, finish the story.

**WINSLOW.** You see, I had just read a sign at the edge of the field. It read: no trespassing; property of Hudson Firework Company.

**WHITNEY.** (*Laughing*;) Those little cabins was a place where they made fireworks. That vacation almost turned into a real blast.

(MR. BROWN, MRS. GOLDENGATE, GAVIN, and CATHY exchange looks.)

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** My, my.

**MR. BROWN.** A blast is right. Boom!

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

**WINONA.** (*To GAVIN*;) So, Gavin, you mentioned that you were working at this hotel to save money for college.

**GAVIN.** Sure, Mrs. Wilson.

**WALTER.** Well, young man, a college education is a fine thing.

**CATHY.** What do you plan to study, Gavin?

**GAVIN.** Education. I want to be a teacher. I want to teach young children.

**MR. BROWN.** Excellent profession, son. No kidding. Just think of the long summer vacations you can spend with your family.

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** And what could be more valuable than a good teacher?

(CATHY smiles at GAVIN.)

**OUI-OUI.** Yap! Yap! Yap!

(*Knock from overhead.*)

**WALTER.** (*Holds up hand for silence*;) That rapping came from the trap door overhead. Gavin did you include rap music in tonight's program?

(*Knock repeats.*)

**JOE.** (*From overhead*;) Are you down there? Mr. Wilson? Mrs. Wilson? Are you okay?

**WINONA.** (*Looking up*;) It's Joe, night security. Joe's up there.

**WALTER.** (*Looking up*;) Joe, good fellow, come on down. We're in the middle of an excellent party. Only the best. There's always room for another guest.

**JOE.** The entire city has lost power, Mr. Wilson. I've come to take you out.

**WINONA.** That's very kind of you, Joe. But no need to go through the trouble. All is well down here.

**MR. BROWN.** No kidding. This beats being back in my lonely room.

**MRS. GOLDENGATE.** No power? How delightful. Now I couldn't rush out anywhere if I had to.

**NATACHA.** (*Scottish accent*) And this is a lot better than waiting on ornery customers in the restaurant.

**CATHY.** Yes, this is fun.

**GAVIN.** Sure. No need for a rescue, Joe.

**JOE.** Suit yourself, folks. But the power won't be on for at least two hours.

**WHITNEY.** Great!

**WINSLOW.** That gives us time for a game of Pick-Up Sticks!

**WALTER.** Care to join us, Joe?

**JOE.** No thanks, Mr. Wilson. I need to find people who want to be rescued. So long, folks. Have a good evening.

*(Elevator lights fade.)*

## Scene 7

*(Elevator music plays. Next morning. A DO NOT DISTURB sign, with the words DO NOT crossed out, hangs on the door. MAN KIDNAPPER and WOMAN KIDNAPPER dressed in black and wearing sunglasses enter right. They wheel a large trunk between them. Elevator door opens. Bell rings. WALTER is reading the newspaper. WINONA is sketching. WINSLOW and WHITNEY lie on the trunks reading paperbacks.)*

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** Man-oh-man!

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** Stop your complaining and let's get this over with.

*(KIDNAPPERS stand before elevator.)*

**WALTER.** (*Snapping newspaper*) Top of the morning to you two. Come on in.

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** (*To WALTER*;) Right, Pops.

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** (*To WOMAN KIDNAPPER*;) Man! This hotel is filled with weirdos, man. Why'd you pick this place? Man-oh-man!

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** It's listed as one of the classiest hotels in the city.

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** (*Pushing trunk into elevator:*) Man-oh-man!

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** (*To MAN KIDNAPPER:*) Press the button.

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** (*Studying button panel:*) Which one?

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** The sixteenth.

**WINONA.** (*To MAN and WOMAN KIDNAPPERS:*) We had a big party last night so excuse this mess. Guests are always welcome in our Otis home.

**WINSLOW.** It's our final day here.

**WHITNEY.** We want to spend the entire day sitting quietly right in our moveable room.

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** You people really living in here?

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** Man! Ain't it a little too cozy.

**WINSLOW.** It has its ups.

**WHITNEY.** And downs. (*Bell rings. MAN and WOMAN KIDNAPPERS step out pushing trunk.*)

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** (*To MAN KIDNAPPER:*) This is it. Sixteenth floor.

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** (*To WOMAN KIDNAPPER:*) To the right, man. Man, what weirdos, man.

(*WOMAN KIDNAPPER and MAN KIDNAPPER exit right with trunk.*)

**WINSLOW.** (*To family:*) Two people and only one trunk.

**WHITNEY.** Very mysterious.

**WALTER.** (*Snaps newspaper.*) Mysterious indeed. Look at the morning headlines.

(*WINONA, WHITNEY, and WINSLOW lean toward WALTER, who holds up newspaper.*)

**WINONA.** (*Reading:*) Girl missing.

**WHITNEY.** (*Reading:*) Today San Francisco police reported the disappearance of Lizzy Chronicle.

**WINSLOW.** (*Reading:*) Twelve-year old daughter of billionaire Frank Chronicle, publisher of this newspaper.

(*WILSONS lean toward door and look out. GAVIN, grinning, appears in doorway. Whistling, he enters elevator. He fixes bow tie and combs hair in mirror. Door shuts. Elevator hums.*)

**WALTER.** You look chipper this morning, young man.

**WINONA.** And you haven't brought us any flowers.

**GAVIN.** I feel on top of the world, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson. I feel lighter than air.

**WINSLOW.** I think that's because Otis is moving downward.

**WALTER.** By the way, Gavin, did you notice that couple that just left Otis?

**GAVIN.** Sure did. Those people called ahead and ordered breakfast. I just delivered it.

**WINONA.** Was there anything mysterious about them?

**GAVIN.** Come to think of it, sure. The man and woman ordered two cheese omelets and a hamburger. That's sure odd, isn't it?

**WHITNEY.** Very mysterious.

*(Bell rings. GAVIN leaves elevator. Exits right. CATHY enters left.)*

**CATHY.** *(To WILSONS:)* Guess what? Gavin stopped by my flower stall this morning. And guess what? Instead of buying flowers, he talked to me. And guess what? He asked me out to a movie on Friday.

**WINONA.** Good for Gavin.

**WALTER.** That's our boy! By the way, young lady, did you just notice a couple dressed in black check into the hotel.

**CATHY.** Why yes. They had one large trunk between them. And here's something odd. I saw them stop at the gift counter next to my stall. And guess what? They bought three toothbrushes.

**WHITNEY.** Even more mysterious.

*(CATHY exits elevator. Exits right. MR. BROWN enters left, carrying briefcase.)*

**WALTER.** Greetings, Robert.

**WINONA.** Come on in, Mr. Brown.

**MR. BROWN.** *(Steps into elevator:)* Thanks. I had a great time at the party last night, folks. No kidding.

*(Elevator hums.)*

**WALTER.** Mr. Brown, we have a mystery. Did you read today's headlines in the Chronicle about Lizzy Chronicle who's missing?

**MR. BROWN.** No kidding. I just heard on the radio that she's been kidnapped, and the kidnappers are demanding a ten million dollar ransom.

**WINONA.** Well, two people just visited Otis and got off on the sixteenth floor.

**WALTER.** And they only had one trunk and ordered three breakfasts.

**WINSLOW.** And they were very rude.

**WINONA.** It's a mystery.

**MR. BROWN.** No kidding. Sounds like they have a third person in the room... You don't suppose?...

**FOUR WILSONS.** (*Nodding:*) Right!

**MR. BROWN.** But what can you folks do? You just can't go knocking on that their door and ask if they have Lizzy Chronicle with them.

(*Bell rings. GAVIN enters right with food cart.*)

**WALTER.** Gavin, good man. Is that our lunch already?

**GAVIN.** No. Mr. Wilsons. This is for the man and woman on the sixteenth floor. They just ordered more food.

**WINONA.** And what are you bringing them this time?

**GAVIN.** Two plates of pancakes and a hamburger.

**WINONA.** Very mysterious. I'll bet anything that hamburger is for Lizzy Chronicle.

**GAVIN.** Lizzy Chronicle? You mean the girl who was kidnapped?

**WINONA.** We believe she's right here in this hotel. Poor thing.

**WALTER.** (*Pulling on suspenders:*) It all adds up. The couple on the sixteenth floor must be the kidnappers who kidnapped that kid.

**MR. BROWN.** No kidding.

**WALTER.** (*To GAVIN:*) Young man, would you mind stalling that room service delivery a minute? I have a plan to find out if our suspicions are correct.

**WINONA.** Really, Walter.

**WINSLOW.** Tell us, Dad.

**WHITNEY.** What's the plan, man?

(*MR. BROWN and GAVIN join WILSONS at table.*)

**WALTER.** Here's what I was thinking.

(*Holds up a finger.*)

First, we compose a note.

(*Holds up second finger.*)

Second, we place the note under the hamburger.

*(Holds up third finger.)*

Next, Lizzy reads the note that tells her to slip the paper under the dish if she's there.

*(Holds up fourth finger.)*

Finally, if we receive her sign...

*(Points to white phone.)*

We call hotel security.

**GAVIN.** But what if Lizzy isn't in the room, and the man or woman reads the note?

**MR. BROWN.** You'd sure be in a tight spot.

**WALTER.** Robert, we are the Wilsons, and we've been in many tight spots before.

**WINSLOW.** And we always rise to the occasion.

**WHITNEY.** Home sweat home.

**WINONA.** *(Tears sheet from sketch book.)* I'll write the note.

*(Begins writing.)*

Dear Lizzy. If you are in the room, turn this note over. Leave it under the hamburger plate. Help will come. From the Wilsons in the Otis Room.

*(WINONA hands paper to GAVIN who places it under the hamburger.)*

**WALTER.** Well, done. Now to the sixteenth floor.

**MR. BROWN.** *(Stepping from elevator:)* I wish I could join you, but I have a job to do. That's the way the world works.

**WINSLOW.** *(Presses button.)* Up we go.

*(Elevator hums.)*

**WHITNEY.** This is exciting.

**WINSLOW.** Reminds me of the time we caught those shoplifters.

**WALTER.** That was when we stayed in that small room in front of the store. Only the best!

**WINONA.** I loved the giant windows that room had. They looked out onto the street.

*(Bell rings.)*

**GAVIN.** Well, we're here.

**WALTER.** Good luck, young man.

**GAVIN.** This is it.

**WINONA.** You're our hero, dear.

**GAVIN.** Here goes.

**WINSLOW.** Go for it, Gavin.

**WINONA.** Cathy would be impressed.

**GAVIN.** One, two, three...

**FOUR WILSONS.** (*Pushing GAVIN:*) Four!

(*GAVIN stumbles from elevator, pushing cart. Exits right. WALTER leans out to watch him.*)

**WALTER.** He's walking down the hallway...He's stopped outside a door...He's coming back.

(*Moments later, GAVIN returns without cart.*)

**WALTER.** How did it go, young man?

**GAVIN.** (*Shrugs and enters elevator.*) That's how it was at breakfast. I wheeled the cart up to the couple's door. The door opens a bit and an arm reaches out to grab the cart. No one says a word. And I never see anything inside the room. This morning the cart was waiting in the hall a half hour later.

**WALTER.** Splendid! That gives us time for a game of Pick-Up Sticks before the action begins. Winslow, hit a button. Any button. Whitney, dump the sticks.

(*WINSLOW pushes button. Elevator lights fade. Elevator hums. Lights up. WILSONS and GAVIN sit around table playing Pick-Up Sticks.*)

**WINSLOW.** (*Holding up brown stick:*) A brown one!

(*All cheer. Lights dim. Elevator hums. Moments later lights up. Bell rings.*)

**WALTER.** Well, it's time everyone. We're back on floor sixteen. Gavin go retrieve the food cart.

**GAVIN.** (*Shrugs and stands:*) Sure, sir.

(*GAVIN exits elevator right. WALTER leans out and peers right.*)

**WALTER.** He's walking down the hall again...He's coming back...He's got the cart.

(GAVIN returns pushing food cart. Enters elevator.)

**GAVIN.** Here it is. The cart was waiting in the hall just as before.

**WALTER.** (*Wiggling fingers:*) The moment of truth. Let's see what's under the hamburger plate. Since I'm the oldest, I'll do the honors.

**WINONA.** Ladies before gentlemen. I'll lift it.

**WHITNEY AND WINSLOW.** Children first!

**WALTER.** All right! All right! Together.

(*WILSONS lift plate.*)

**WALTER.** Excellent! The paper's there.

**WINONA.** And a message is written on it.

**WINSLOW.** (*Lifts paper and reads.*) Yes, I'm here. And I'm bored. There are no video games to play, the TV gets only twenty-seven channels, and I'm sick of eating hamburgers. Booooooring!

**WHITNEY.** (*Takes paper and continues reading.*) Get me out of here! Lizzy.

**WALTER.** (*Lifts white phone.*) Hello? Front desk? This is Walter Wilson in the Otis room. Connect me with hotel security!

(*Elevator lights fade.*)

## Scene 8

(*Elevator music plays. Lights up. Bell rings. JOE stands in elevator holding the MAN and WOMAN KIDNAPPERS. LIZZY CHRONICLE stands besides them. WILSONS stand in rear.*)

**JOE.** (*Leading KIDNAPPERS from elevator:*) All right. The police will be here soon.

**WALTER.** Wait just a second, Joe.

(*To KIDNAPPERS:*)

Well, I guess you two have realized by now, that the moral to this story is that life has its ups...

**WILSONS.** And downs!

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** (*To WOMAN KIDNAPPER:*) What does he mean by that?

**WOMAN KIDNAPPER.** It means we're going down.

**MAN KIDNAPPER.** (*To WOMAN KIDNAPPER:*) Like down, man?

**THIS PLAY IS  
NOT OVER!**

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

*[www.playscripts.com](http://www.playscripts.com)*