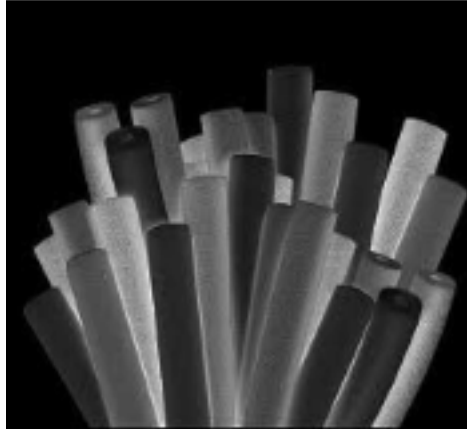


Elevator Pitch

By Jeffrey Searls and Sean Seu



Two Noodle-Moving Men are holding pool noodles. On either side of them are two piles of pool noodles. The pile Stage Right is messy and disorganized. The pile Stage Left is neatly stacked and organized. They are moving the noodles throughout, right to left.

GRAG

My biceps are TIRED.

LOOSY

I was contacted by an elevator company.

GRAG

I thought you said you weren't putting out applications.

LOOSY

I did say that yeah, but *before* I said that I sent one out.
And it was to an elevator company

GRAG

Well? What did they say?

LOOSY

I got it. If I want it, I got it.

GRAG
You're not qualified to be an elevator.

LOOSY
It's an entry level position.

GRAG
Oh. So you're not gonna take it.

LOOSY
I mean.
Probably not.

GRAG
My biceps are tired.
So if you don't mind...

LOOSY wordlessly begins to move pool noodles again. Several minutes pass.

GRAG
You're *really* good at this.
Like, so good.

LOOSY
Thanks I... have had a lot of practice.

GRAG
Right. Because— I spent hours training you.

LOOSY
No for sure. For sure.
I just.
My Ma said..../my grandpappy was
An elevator

GRAG
/FUCK your Ma.
Your Grandpappy wanted better for you.

LOOSY
Grag. /You know I appreciate all you've done
MISTER Grag I appreciate it, I really do, but.... The union benefits alone...

GRAG

/Mister Grag.

You gotta union! It's me and you, Loosy Goosey.

Me and you, standin' up to the man, collective bargaining for our right to pee in the pool.

It took us months to get that package.

LOOSY

I hear ya I hear ya.

...

But the elevators Grag. They don't even have to pee at all

GRAG

You know they cut your weiner off.

LOOSY

Yeah and your arms and legs and everything but your stomach, which they balloon out by pumping it full of air and inserting the metal cage to keep it spread out in the right shape.

It's all in the agreement.

No hassle, no stress.

Never pee again.

GRAG

Never peeing.

And never lifting a pool noodle

Or combing your hair

Or trying on a new jacket

Or feeding the ducks

Or sitting on a one-legged stool

Or standing by yourself in the rain waiting to get into a movie theater

Or gargling after brushing your teeth

Or vacuuming your carpets

Or frying an egg

Or riding a rollercoaster

Or sipping on seltzer

Or rubbing your own feet

Or jumping on the bed

Or flying a kite

Or losing your keys

Or stubbing your toe

Or painting your nails

Or ever making another god damn choice for yourself

LOOSY

(under breath) Grandpappy was a machine

GRAG

No, your Grandpappy was an elevator operator. Old school job. Doesn't exist anymore. Human in a floating room. He wasn't *an* elevator. It's different.

...

...

Pool noodle transport, now *that's* organic, bub.

LOOSY

Grag, look me in the eyes right now and tell me you don't get tired. You're not tired of moving all these dumb, stupid noodles from right here to right there? It's *the same thing!* What's the difference between noodles from right here to over there, and people from down here to up there?

Just a change of pace, Grag! That's all I want. A change of pace, and a change of direction. I don't wanna go side to side anymore. I don't wanna.

Silence.

GRAG

You wanna go up and down? I'll show you UP and DOWN.

GRAG removes his shirt. Grafted onto his skin are 24 numbered buttons, counting from L to 25 sans the 13. He pushes one of the buttons. It is INCREDIBLY painful. The button lights up. GRAG ascends. Bad jazz begins to play.

LOOSY

What are you—
Have you lost your damn mind?

GRAG begins descending toward the pile of noodles. The jazz gets louder.

LOOSY

Stop it! You'll knock 'em all over! Stop it right now!

GRAG gracefully descends into the pile of noodle. They go everywhere. A long silence. GRAG puts on his shirt.

Gotta start moving these noodles.

GRAG

Another silence. LOOSY looks at where the noodles once were stacked. Leans down to pick up an armful.

'Spose so.

LOOSY

END PLAY