

# Elevator

CHARACTERS: 4

PROPS: purse

COSTUMES: street clothes

SETTING: Elevator, can be implied by script

*A, B, C & D are standing around waiting for the elevator, get in, C pushes buttons for the others to go up. They try to look around, up and down but not at each other.*

*C: What floor? (Everyone say a number greater than 16. They ride in silence not making eye contact. Suddenly a jolt, knees bend, balance is lost.)*

*A: I think we've stopped (Sniffle and wipe nose)*

*D: Are we stuck?*

*B: (Hysterically) Stuck! Stuck in this cramped little elevator. ! I've read stories about people trapped in these things and they resorted to eating the dead ones! (Really in frenzy now) NO NO NO NO. Let me out! (Pound on the door) HELP! HELP!!!*

*C: Listen (Calm and cool and definitely think B is not living in reality. Facial expressions to audience show a bit of contempt.) Let's just sit down... (When B doesn't move, directly to B) it might help conserve oxygen. (B nods and calms self, sits as do the others in the order A, B, D, C) (A sniffles a lot, wipes nose)*

*A: We might be here a long time. And not that I think the elevator cable is going to snap or anything...but in case it did...well we might want to unburden our souls. What do you think? (Everyone nod and agree, looking at each other) OK. Who'll go first? (Everyone looks down and away. Long pause \_ count 1001, 1002...1010)*

*A: Ok. I guess since it was my idea I'll go first. (Big sigh) I'm a crack dealer. (They all stare) I know what you're thinking \_ the scum of the earth, right? Well in a way you're right. I didn't mean to get into it but I didn't have any other way (Sniff) to support my coke habit. (Wipe nose on sleeve) Selling to kids or pregnant girls\_ those are the worse. I'm really ashamed of what I've turned into. (Sniff again). I want to change. I want to be a better person. But what I want more than anything else (Start to lose it) in this world is a line of coke.*

*(huddle and shake, silent sobbing, B pat A a couple of times. Then it gets quiet and the other three make no eye contact. A allows an uncomfortable pause to develop \_ count of 5 \_ then...)*

*A: Well, who's next? (Everyone waits count of 5 then B says)*

*B: Ok, I'll go. (C nod happily and really listen, lean forward, etc.) I don't know when my problems began exactly (Start getting a far off, la la land look in your eyes and a dreamy voice) I started taking things at the store. I never mean too, I just find myself walking down the aisles when a thing will call out to me "Take me, take me, take me home with you." (C discretely moves purse to other side so her body is between B and her purse) And I'll feel so sorry for it left in this dark store at night all alone in the dark. The next thing I know \_ I'm outside of the store and all these things are in my pockets, and....*

*(Everybody mumbles, yeah, "that's pretty bad" a couple of times. Then C and D look at the walls and ceiling, etc.*

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*avoiding their turn. C moves the purse further away from her. Finally)*

D: OK, I've wanted to get this off my chest for months but I didn't know who I could tell. I have AIDS (*A and C discretely move away*). AIDS \_ the leprosy of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. I'm not sure how, I'm not sure why, but I am sure that if my family or employers or friends knew they'd shun me. (*Silence for a 3 count then...*)

B: (*Cheerfully*) well look at the bright side. You could die in this elevator first. (*Then realize what you said and that you'd die too and look up and scared. Then everyone stares at C*)

C: I don't have any problems

A: None?

C: No

D: Not even a little one?

C: Well, not really.

A: Not really what \_ we've all shared our most terrible secrets, you can too

C: I don't have any

A: Come on, you must have ONE

C: Well, maybe a little, teeny problem... (*Everyone waits, leaning forward to hear better*) I'm a gossip. And I can't wait to get off this elevator so I can tell everyone your problems (*A, B, D look shocked, black out*)