

BRUCE STINNET (45) loosens his tie. His eyes dart across the occupants inside the elevator with him.

JAMES SINGLETON (38) is on the phone, reception is minimal.

JAMES SINGLETON
Can you hear me? Hello!

Frustrated, he throws his hands in the air.

JAMES SINGLETON (cont'd)
FUCK!

MARIA GONZALEZ (35) glances at James for a moment. She mumbles something inaudible and signs the Catholic cross.

A security detail stands at the door. He has an earpiece attached to his ear.

All but James, watch the floor numbers displayed in red digital numbers. 3.

The door opens, the lobby seems deserted. The security detail steps out of the elevator.

James Singleton steps forward and presses the button to close the doors.

JAMES SINGLETON (cont'd)
I'm on the elevator.
(Continues to press
the button)
I'll call you shortly.

The doors slide close. Bruce Stinnet reaches out.

BRUCE STINNET
My secu...

An out-of-breath girl with glasses slips in as doors close. Her hair is a mess. LUCY (24) looks up, an easy smile on her lips. She makes her way to Bruce Stinnet.

LUCY
Man, your security detail is
impossible to ditch.
(smiles)
Well, almost impossible.

Bruce Stinnet looks at her, astounded. He gapes, trying to find the words.

BRUCE STINNET

Is he?

LUCY

(Puts her hand on his
shoulder)

No, silly, he's perfectly fine.

She sticks her hand out in a greeting.

LUCY (cont'd)

I'm so happy to finally meet you.

(Shakes his hand
elaborately)

Name is Lucy. Lucy Young.

Bruce pries his hand from hers and wipes it on his pants in a deliberate movement.

LUCY (cont'd)

(Lucy digs in her crossbody
bag.)

I have a script that you must read. It's
right up your ally.

(Hands over a pig-
eared script)

My contact details are on the front.

James Singleton holds his phone in the air, in search of signal.

JAMES SINGLETON

Fuck this.

Maria Gonzalez shakes her shirt to cool herself down. She mumbles something in Spanish.

LUCY

So, my story is about a young writer
who stalks her favorite producer.

Bruce glances at the floor number 5... 6...

BRUCE STINNET (V.O.)

This woman is raving mad. I'll tell her I'm not interested just before I step off at the ninth floor.

LUCY

The pitch turns into a nightmare when they are stuck in the elevator after he refuses her proposal.

Maria Gonzalez signs the Catholic cross and feverishly continues to shake her shirt.

Her forehead is wet with perspiration.

James paces up and down... searches for a signal.

Bruce Stinnet glances at the floor number. 7... 8...

BRUCE STINNET

(Hands the script back to Lucy)

Miss. Young, it all sound very intriguing, but it's a bit far-fetched for me.

He wipes his hand on his pants again. He steps forward to exit on the next floor.

A darkness crawls into Lucy's eyes.

The lights of the elevator flicker... go off.

Maria prays in Spanish.

JAMES SINGLETON

Fuck!

James presses the button to open the doors.

Maria Gonzalez signs the Catholic cross while mumbling in Spanish.

James Singleton stops his pacing. He looks at Maria.

JAMES SINGLETON (cont'd)

Can you shut the fuck up?

Maria begins to cry. She sags onto the floor... clings to her chest.

Bruce Stinnet produces a white handkerchief from his pocket and presses the emergency phone button.

BRUCE STINNET

The elevator is stuck between 8 and 9. We need help... urgently.

VOICE OVER SPEAKER

We are working on the problem. Please remain calm.

Maria continues to jabber in Spanish.

JAMES SINGLETON

(Cover his ears)
Shut the fuck up.

Maria signals she can't breathe. Lucy hands Bruce the script and kneels next to Maria.

LUCY It's

Alright. Calm down.

Maria looks at Lucy, her lips shivers in fear.

LUCY (cont'd)

Just breathe. We'll be out of here shortly.

Lucy dabs the sweat off Maria's forehead.

LUCY (cont'd)

There we go. Breathe in.

(Breathes in with
Maria)

And out.

The lights flicker on and the elevator door opens. Bruce Stinnet steps over Maria and disappears into the lobby, the script under his arm.

BRUCE STINNET

Excuse me.

The doors close.

Lucy and James help Maria up.

Lucy smiles--

LUCY

You guys were amazing. Maria, you
deserve an Oscar. You too James.
Let's go find Jackson. We need to
celebrate.

The doors open and together they step out of the elevator.