

GOING DOWN

SS Monthly

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

A beat up hotel. Dated carpet. Tacky wallpaper.

DON (30s), handsome man over-dressed for this shithole, goes up to the elevator. The panel has two buttons: up and down. Don presses down. It doesn't light up.

He steps back and fixes his cuff links. He makes sure his shirt appears a half-inch out of his jacket.

He looks up to the display above the elevator. There are numbers for each floor, one through fifteen, but none are lit up.

He presses the down button again. Again and again.

He's about to walk away when...

DING!

A sigh. The elevator opens up.

There's a group of LITTLE GIRLS (6-10 years old) in short skirts filling up the entire elevator.

In the center of the girls, is a ALT CHICK, with dyed hair and an attitude. Her shirt says "#YESALLMEN" in big bold words

DON
You know I'll get the next one.

ALT CHICK
Stop staring you fucking pedophile.

Don looks around at the ceiling. The elevator doors close.

He waits a moment and presses the down button again.

He turns to see the door to the stairwell. He takes a step toward it then...

DING!

The elevator opens to cute PALE WOMAN (20s) standing in the corner. She flashes a tentative, but alluring smile.

Don takes a step in, but the Pale Woman vomits all over the floor. Don takes a step out.

PALE WOMAN
 I'm sorry, it's nothing, I swear.
 Oh god. I'm fine, really. Here. You
 can stand here.

She steps from her corner into the pile of vomit, leaving the corner free.

DON
 I'll just take the stairs.

PALE WOMAN
 Please don't—

The doors close.

Don opens the door to the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Cold and quiet.

Don peers off the railing of the stairwell. It's about fifteen stories down. He doesn't want to do that. Don notes that there are no stairs going up.

From the hallway, a faint...

DING!

He heads back in.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Don sees a second elevator, across from the one he saw previously.

DON
 Oh.

The second elevator opens to an OLD WOMAN (60s), sitting down against the wall.

DON (CONT'D)
 Mom?

OLD WOMAN
 Why do you never call me, Don?

DON
 Mom, what are you doing here?

OLD WOMAN
You never call me, Don.

DON
Mom, I've been busy. I have work
and-

OLD WOMAN
Are you going down?

DON
What are you doing here?

OLD WOMAN
We're all going down, aren't we?

The doors close. Don leans against the second elevator's doors. His eyes are red. He's confused.

Don sees the door to the stairwell. He gets up.

DING!

DON
God damnit.

The first elevator opens. There's an ELEVATOR BOY (14). He looks like he just came out of the sixties. The vomit splash is gone.

ELEVATOR BOY
Good day, sir. Heading down are
you, sir?

Don points at him with the anger of spilled milk.

DON
Fuck you.

Don heads for the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Don enters. There's a SMOKING WOMAN (30), puffing a cigarette by the railing.

DON
You can't smoke here.

SMOKING WOMAN
Can you keep a secret?

DON
Only if you let me have one.

She offers him a cigarette. He takes it and lights it.

SMOKING WOMAN
You got somewhere important to be,
fancy pants?

DON
Well, I wanted to go down.

SMOKING WOMAN
Heard of an elevator?

DON
I have a phobia.

The Smoking Woman laughs.

DON (CONT'D)
Is that funny?

SMOKING WOMAN
I got a problem with stairs.

She peers off the edge. It looks a lot deeper than fifteen stories now.

DON
What don't you like about them?

The Smoking Woman is a little more uncomfortable.

SMOKING WOMAN
They don't seem to end.

She drops her cigarette. It tumbles down into the black.

SMOKING WOMAN (CONT'D)
What's your deal with elevators?

DON
I don't know. Maybe it's the walls.
Maybe the sound. Maybe that moment
where it feels like, your feet
aren't touching the ground.

The Smoking Woman takes Don's cigarette. She brushes passed him and heads down the stairs.

SMOKING WOMAN
I'll race you there.

Don heads back to the hallway.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Don goes back to the first elevator. He notices the up button. Confused, he presses it.

He waits. Nothing.

He presses down. It lights up. The elevator opens. It's empty.

He steps inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

A cutesy elevator jingle plays from the cheap speaker in the corner.

The elevator doors close. Don breathes deep.

He presses the button for the ground floor.

The elevator budges and begins its descent.

Don looks around.

Don looks up the panel above the door. It has the numbers one through fifteen, but none are lit up.

Don looks at the bottom of his shoes.

He scratches his head.

He touches the walls.

He reads the fire safety on the wall.

He puts his hands on the railing.

The jingle ends. All that's left is the hum of the elevator.

The hum increases in volume.

Don stares at the speaker. Closer on the speaker. Even closer.

DING!

The door opens.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Don steps out to the lobby as a MAN steps into the elevator. It's a little busy, PEOPLE walking by. The RECEPTIONIST deals with a CUSTOMER.

The stairwell door opens. It's the Smoking Woman. She approaches Don.

SMOKING WOMAN

Damn.

DON

What do I win?

She smiles.

SMOKING WOMAN

What do you want?

DON

Your phone number.

SMOKING WOMAN

PSHH.

She laughs. She turns around and exits the building.

Don looks disappointed.

END