

I Got The Shaft

by

Steven Tyler

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - EVENING

Busy office lobby at the end of the day. PEOPLE scurry to the doors to leave.

JUSTIN (30s), glasses, suit too small for his body, shuffles to the elevator. He carries loose papers in one and a briefcase in the other

The elevator doors begin to close as Justin nears.

JUSTIN

Hold the door.

HEATHER (30s), good looking in tight-fitted black dress, doesn't look up from her phone in her hand.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUING

The doors close, Justin shoves his briefcase in to stop it. He gets in, almost drops his papers.

He stands with his back to the panel, stares at Heather with a smile on his face. She glances up at him then to the panel.

HEATHER

What floor?

Startled that she spoke to him.

JUSTIN

Uh. What?

Heather raises her eyebrows and tilts her head to the panel. Justin hesitates, then realizes.

JUSTIN

Oh.

He turns to look. He sees floor thirty-three lit. He presses thirty-four.

Justin spins around with a smile on his face. When he does, Heather looks back down at her watch, no emotion. Justin's smile quickly fades.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Justin sets his briefcase down and shuffles his papers in an attempt to straighten them.

The elevator bell sounds as they pass another floor.

Heather looks up at the numbers as they go. Justin sees this.

JUSTIN

Busy day?

Heather looks at him, annoyed, but humors him.

HEATHER

A killer.

JUSTIN

Yeah, me too. Gotta get this job done by the end of today or my boss will kill me too.

The corner of Heather's mouth goes up as she huffs at that.

HEATHER

Don't think you'll make it by the looks of that.

Justin looks down at his papers.

JUSTIN

You'd be surprised how I work under pressure.

Another ding, another floor.

JUSTIN

Just the other day...

The elevator SLAMS to a halt. Power goes out inside, and Justin and Heather hit the floor from the jolt.

HEATHER

What the fuck?

Emergency lights come on. Justin grabs some of the mess of papers on the floor. Heather gets to one knee, then pulls herself up with the handrail.

HEATHER

Wonder what floor we're on.

Disgusted, Justin retorts without looking up.

JUSTIN

What does that matter?

HEATHER

I know we just passed thirty.

She pokes at her phone.

HEATHER

My phone's dead. Yours?

Justin fumbles around then pulls out his phone from his pocket. He studies the display.

JUSTIN

Yeah, nothing here.

He puts the phone away and continues on the pile. Heather wraps her long purse handle crossways over her shoulder.

HEATHER

I've got time.

She looks at her watch.

JUSTIN

You in a hurry?

She ignores him.

JUSTIN

You do see we're stuck here?

Heather kicks her high-heeled shoes off and hands them to Justin.

HEATHER

Hold these. These cost more than a month of your salary.

He has no choice but to take them.

JUSTIN

You'd be surprised what I make a month.

HEATHER

Whatever.

She climbs the side of the elevator, balancing on the handrail. She pops out the escape hatch.

JUSTIN

Are you kidding me? You're leaving?

Already through the opening, she leans down.

HEATHER

Yes. I won't be long. Guard those with your life.

She disappears and shuts the door.

JUSTIN

Guard these with your life. Blah. Blah. Blah.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Justin whistles as he paces around the elevator. His papers are neatly stacked on top of his briefcase in the corner of the elevator. Heather's shoes are on top of the papers.

The escape door pops open, Justin jumps. Heather expertly drops down.

HEATHER

How are my shoes?

Justin still recovering from the shock.

JUSTIN

Yeah, I'm fine. Did you get help
or go pee?

Heather smooths her dress down. She stands up and look at Justin.

HEATHER

I didn't pee.

He sees blood on her cheek.

JUSTIN

Oh my god, you're hurt.

HEATHER

What the fuck are you talking
about?

Justin points to her face.

JUSTIN

Blood. There. Did you cut
yourself on the way out?

She pulls a small compact mirror from her tiny purse still strapped across her. She wipes the blood away with a handkerchief from her purse. No cut.

JUSTIN

Is it paint?

Justin's puzzled now.

HEATHER

Yeah, it must be.

Heather puts the handkerchief in the purse and walks over to the shoes on the papers and briefcase.

HEATHER

You did good.

She grabs the shoes. She leans against Justin to put one on.

JUSTIN

I know it's none of my business...

She finishes that shoe and starts on the other. She looks up to him.

HEATHER

You're right, it's not.

She stands straight up again. With shoes on, she's a little taller than he is. She stares for a second, then walks to the other side of the elevator.

JUSTIN

It's just, that wasn't paint. Was it?

Heather pulls out the compact mirror again. She adjusts her hair.

HEATHER

It's best that you don't know.

He doesn't like that.

JUSTIN

Know what? You have someone else's blood. On your face?

She snaps the compact shut - hard. She points a finger.

HEATHER

Look. Just because I'm stuck here with you, doesn't mean I have to tell you shit.

Justin throws his hands up.

JUSTIN

Well, I don't know, maybe next it's my blood on your face.

She smiles. Hesitates.

HEATHER

Don't tempt me.

He backs up.

JUSTIN

See. That's what I mean. Who are you?

Heather sighs.

HEATHER

I had a job to do. And it's done.

Justin paces around the elevator, panicked.

JUSTIN

Oh shit, I'm stuck in the elevator with a killer.

He screams.

JUSTIN

Help. Help someone.

She's comes up on him quick with a long knife blade at his throat. He shakes as he tries to breathe.

HEATHER

No more of that. Got it.

Justin gulps.

JUSTIN

Okay. I'm cool.

Heather stays there for a second, then backs off.

HEATHER

I told you, it's just a job. Just like you.

Justin rubs his neck where the knife imprint still lingers.

JUSTIN

Yeah, like me.

Heather looks to the briefcase and neat-stacked papers.

HEATHER

Looks like you got everything in order. You were a mess when you came in.

She reaches inside her purse.

HEATHER

Too neat now.

She spins fast to throw the knife at Justin. He pulls the trigger on his silenced gun as the knife plunges into his heart. The bullet hits Heather in the head.

Both fall to the floor as the power comes back on and the elevator starts up again.

FADE TO BLACK

A ding, then a scream.

THE END