

The Lift

Thriller · Two-hander · 3 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A lift stuck between two floors. Harsh light. Two strangers.)

L'HOMME

Don't worry. It happens, in these old buildings. They'll get us out.

LA FEMME

You're calm.

L'HOMME

I'm used to it. I come here often. The twelfth floor. To see a friend.

LA FEMME

There's no friend on the twelfth floor. There's only me. And I've never seen you.

L'HOMME

You haven't. But I see you every day. From the café across the street. The back table.

(A beat. She steps back. There's nowhere to step back to.)

LA FEMME

...It was you who pressed "stop," wasn't it.

L'HOMME

We had to talk somehow. You never answer my letters.

What you can do with it

Original text written for Acto. Read it, print it, work on it in class, perform it at an audition or on a self-tape: that is what it is for, and you need no permission. For a public performance or any commercial use, write to us at contact@acto.re.