

Boom In An Elevator

written by

Zoe Morgan

Seattle, WA  
zoe13morgan@gmail.com

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Doors open on ISABELLE (Animal Crossing), a small Shih Tzu rocking a "poof" up-do and secretary uniform, standing inside an elevator as KRATOS (God of War, 2018), gruff and snow swept, ducks his head in to enter.

As KRATOS enters, a high pitched amalgamation of sounds and linguistic tones, known as Animalese, erupts from the small creature below. A text box appears in front of her to display the translation. KRATOS looks visibly uncomfortable.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)

Oh! Hello, May I assist you with a  
floor selection?

KRATOS

(Gravelly)

Three hundred.

ISABELLE pushes FL300 amongst the plethora of buttons available and the elevator begins to move.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)

How exciting! That floor is one of  
my favorites, but please don't tell  
the others.

KRATOS

Hmm.

The elevator comes to a stop at floor 10, opening its doors to TINY TINA (Borderlands 2), a bundle of chaos and joyful destruction, who bounds inside.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)

Oh! Welcome! May I assist you with  
a floor selection?

TINY TINA

Sure thang shawty! Hit and quit  
floor 256 for me, woudja?

ISABELLE pushes FL256 and the elevator doors close once again. As soon as they do, a faint ticking sound can be heard.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)

How unprofessional of me, I have  
yet to introduce myself. I am  
Isabelle. Here at Nook Corp I  
assist all guests with anything  
they may need.

(pause)

(MORE)

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry...what were your names  
again?

TINY TINA  
I'm Tina, but you can call me Sir  
Fluffy Butt if it tickles your  
fancy.

KRATOS holds back an exasperated eye roll.

KRATOS  
Kratos.

TINY TINA  
Damn, big buff daddy speaks! I like  
the cut of your jib and the donk of  
your badonka. You should both join  
my tea party sometime! It'll be  
slamin'!

KRATOS  
Hmm.

The ticking continues as the elevator moves at a glacial pace.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)  
Oh! Wonderful! Nook Corp is so  
happy to have you. Here we try our  
best to make each visit a pleasant  
one. Please do not hesitate to let  
me know if you need anything.

With grandiose gestures, TINY TINA clears her throat.

TINY TINA  
If that's the case I'll take a box  
of dynamite and a chocolate chip  
cookie. NO RAISINS. I mean it. They  
are an ABOMINATION and I will not  
stand for such trickery a second  
time.

The ticking continues. KRATOS begins to look around,  
attempting to locate the source of this noise.

KRATOS  
What is that insufferable sound?

TINY TINA  
That's not a very nice thing to say  
about lil shawty's voice.

KRATOS  
(Angrily)  
No! The ticking.

TINY TINA  
OH! That's my sweet baby bomb boy.  
No biggie.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)  
Ahem...I'm sorry...bombs are  
strictly prohibited inside of Nook  
Corp.

TINY TINA  
My bad G.

As the floor number moves to 120, TINY TINA slams the button for 121. The elevator slows to a stop, and as the doors open, she chuck's the bomb into an open hallway.

The doors close, and as the elevator reaches floor 122, an explosion can be felt below. The elevator shakes and screeches to a halt.

TINY TINA (CONT'D)  
Oh snap! That went kablooey like I  
ain't neva' seen before! Close  
call, close call.

KRATOS audibly grumbles.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)  
Please, no need to panic. Services  
should resume momentarily.

Suddenly, an alarm begins to ring loudly. TINY TINA and KRATOS are forced to shout above the noise. ISABELLE remains composed.

TINY TINA  
Ding-a-ling! I'm no connoisseur of  
elevators but that don't seem  
right. Mr. Grumbles, would you mind  
assisticating us?

KRATOS  
I cannot fix what I cannot see.

TINY TINA  
Aw, don't tell us you're just here  
fo show?! A beef cake needs to PACK  
A PUNCH otherwise they're just a  
lame soggy meat slice. Are you  
soggy meat Duke of Grumbleton?

KRATOS

Hmm.

TINY TINA

(mockingly)

Hmm.

(regular voice)

A grumplepants never solved butts  
just standing still. Get me a  
torch, a stuffy, and a power fizz  
stat, Doctor Iz. I'll BUST us out  
of this bi-

KRATOS

Language!

TINY TINA gives a bombastic side-eye glance towards KRATOS.

ISABELLE (SUBTITLE)

We should wait for the proper  
service assistance. Help should  
arrive momentarily.

TINY TINA

No time sweet cheeks! Mama gon'  
break us out since papa is sittin'  
bench on dis one. Esplosives got us  
into this tickle-of-a-pickle,  
esplosives gon' get us out.

TINY TINA begins to frantically rummage through her pockets,  
mumbling unintelligibly. Random items begin to fall to the  
ground. Wires, a clock, a variety of coins, a frog...

ISABELLE grows increasingly concerned by the mess piling  
around her.

KRATOS

Enough!

KRATOS, losing his cool, ignites into flames, unleashing his  
god strength out of sheer frustration. He rips open the  
elevator doors, revealing a slightly scorched floor 122  
hallway, and stomps out aggressively.

KRATOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm taking the stairs.

As a visible sweat drop forms above ISABELLE, TINY TINA  
simply shrugs her shoulders as more items fall from her  
pockets.

FADE OUT.