

Boom In An Elevator

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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, wouldja?

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 chucks 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.