

(HE SMILES)

The elevator doors open, revealing the operator. She is in her middle twenties and her name is FRAN KUBELIK. Maybe it's the way she's put together, maybe it's her face, or maybe it's just the uniform -- in any case, there is something very appealing about her. She is also an individualist -- she wears a carnation in her lapel, which is strictly against regulations. As the elevator loads, she greets the passengers cheerfully.

FRAN

(rattling it off)

Morning, Mr. Kessel -- Morning,
Miss Robinson -- Morning, Mr.
Kirkeby -- Morning, Mr. Williams --
Morning, Miss Livingston -- Morning,
Mr. McKellway -- Morning, Mr.
Pirelli -- Morning, Mrs. Schubert --

Interspersed is an occasional "Morning, Miss Kubelik" from the passengers.

START

FRAN

Morning, Mr. Baxter.

BUD

Morning, Miss Kubelik.

He takes his hat off -- he is the only one. The express is now loaded.

STARTER

(working the clicker)

That's all. Take it away.

FRAN

(shutting the door)

Watch the door, please. Blasting
off.

INT. ELEVATOR

Bud is standing right next to Fran as the packed express
shoots up.

BUD
(studying her)
What did you do to your hair?

FRAN
It was making me nervous, so I
chopped it off. Big mistake, huh?

BUD
I sort of like it.

He sniffs, takes out a Kleenex, wipes his nose.

FRAN
Say, you got a lulu.

BUD
Yeah. I better not get too close.

FRAN
Oh, I never catch colds.

BUD
Really? I was looking at some
figures from the Sickness and
Accident Claims Division -- do you
know that the average New Yorker
between the ages of twenty and
fifty has two and a half colds a
year?

FRAN
That makes me feel just terrible.

BUD
Why?

FRAN
Well, to make the figures come out
even -- since I have no colds a
year -- some poor slob must have
five colds a year.

BUD

That's me.

(dabs his nose)

FRAN

You should have stayed in bed this morning.

BUD

I should have stayed in bed last night.

The elevator has slowed down, now stops. Fran opens the door.

FRAN

Nineteen. Watch your step.

About a third of the passengers get out, including Bud and Mr. Kirkeby. As Kirkeby passes Fran, he slaps her behind with his folded newspaper. Fran jumps slightly.

FRAN

(all in the day's work)

And watch your hand, Mr. Kirkeby!

KIRKEBY

(innocently)

I beg your pardon?

FRAN

One of these days I'm going to shut those doors on you and --

She withdraws her hand into the sleeve of her uniform, and waves the "amputated" arm at him.

FRAN

Twenty next.

The doors close.