

Elevator

Timothy Braun

(a paperwall production)

In the elevator of the Driskell Hotel, 604 Brazos St. Austin, TX 78701

(At the back of the elevator is situated a small orchestra of children with non-traditional and "found" instruments. The performance begins at the top floor while the elevator goes down to the bottom. Once at the bottom floor, the performance repeats, as the elevator goes back to the top. The lights in ceiling should flicker on and off as the elevator moves.)

One child sings.

One child blows on an empty wine bottle.

One child blows into a garden hose, as if it was trombone.

One child hits the wall of the elevator, like a base drum.

One child rips pages from a People Magazine, like a crash symbol.

One child taps a soup can with a stick.

One child should have a make shift violin. Perhaps made of rubber bands and milk jug.

THE SINGING CHILD

(To the audience.) Welcome to the Driskell Hotel. May God have mercy on your soul.

(The doors to elevator closes and the band begin to play.)

THE SINGING CHILD

(Singing.) The sound of a child's voice

laughing on a playground,

a spider dancing,

wind in pine trees;

the sound of a little girl

fetching a mink coat,

The neon lights, the neon lights, are bright...

a young man indulging

his mother's dreams,

a young lady watching

the stars falling on her 27th birthday;

The neon lights, the neon lights, are bright...

The sound of six being nervous

because seven eight nine,

a clock striking thirteen;

the sound of bats in Austin tonight,

The neon lights, the neon lights are bright...

glass crying,

a father writing his son's obituary,

fingers on fishing wire;
the sound of a boy kissing a mirror;
the sound of rain, drying.

(The elevator stops. All of the children stop playing their “instruments”, with the exception of the child who bangs the walls of the elevator like a drum. The elevator begins to go up, and the band begins to play again.)

THE SINGING CHILD

(Singing, yet slightly older.) The sound of a child’s voice
laughing on a playground,
a spider dancing,
wind in pine trees;
the sound of a little girl
fetching a mink coat,
The neon lights, the neon lights, are bright...
a young man indulging
his mother’s dreams,
a young lady watching
the stars falling on her 27th birthday;

The neon lights, the neon lights, are bright...

The sound of six being nervous
because seven eight nine,
a clock striking thirteen;
the sound of bats in Austin tonight,

The neon lights, the neon lights are bright...

glass crying,
a father writing his son’s obituary,
fingers on fishing wire;
the sound of a boy kissing a mirror;
the sound of rain, drying.

(The elevator stops. All of the children stop playing their “instruments”, with the exception of the child who bangs the walls of the elevator like a drum. The Singing Child reaches out to the drummer and stops the child from hitting the wall again.)

THE SINGING CHILD

(To the audience.) Thank you for coming. Have a lovely trip home.

(The light bulb in the elevator flickers off. Darkness, for a moment. Then the elevator doors open.)

End of play.