

A HOUSING ESTATE IN AN ENGLISH CITY. SHOUTS, DOGS BARKING, BUILDING WORK FAR AWAY.

INT. THE SOUND OF THE LIFT DOOR OPENING. SOMEONE IS WORKING INSIDE THE LIFT WITH TOOLS. THE DOORS CLOSE. THE LIFT LURCHES INTO MOTION.

AS IT ASCENDS, THE SOUND OF A HEATED ARGUMENT BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN SOMEWHERE IN THE BUILDING (THEY SOUND ASIAN).

A BABY CRYING. A WOMAN (GLADYS) LAUGHING A HUSKY LAUGH THAT DISINTEGRATES IN TO A HACKING SMOKER'S COUGH.

THE LIFT STOPS.

1. LIFT VOICE: Eighth floor.

DOORS OPEN. SOMEONE GETS INTO THE LIFT, MUSIC ESCAPING THEIR EARPHONES AS A NOISY SHRILL BUZZ.

The person with the earphones sings along to her music. It's a teenage girl's voice - this is Melissa.

2. JOHN:(to himself) You'll ruin your ears, my love.

THE LIFT DESCENDS. JOHN OPERATES A SMALL CORDLESS SCREWDRIVER. THE MUSIC PLAYS.

3. LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor.

THE MUSIC RECEDES WITH FOOTSTEPS.

4. JOHN: Melissa, Melissa... you'll go deaf.

Fade out.

FADE UP ON THE SOUND OF A WOMAN BERATING HER HUSBAND (WHO WE DON'T HEAR) SOMEWHERE IN THE BUILDING. THE WOMAN IS INDIAN. FX THE MAN WORKING IN THE LIFT.

5. LES: This thing working?

6. JOHN: Yup. Jump in.

LES STEPS IN. DOORS CLOSE. LIFT ASCENDS.

7. JOHN: Good day?

SILENCE. CLEARING OF THROATS, BREATHING, BUT NO CONVERSATION. LIFT STOPS.

1.LIFT VOICE: Third Floor.

DOORS OPEN. LES GRUNTS AS HE LEAVES.

2.JOHN: (mutters) Lovely talking to you.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON THE FX OF JOHN WORKING. HE HUMS TO HIMSELF.
THEN STARTS MAKNG UP LYRICS AND SINGING THEM UNDER HIS
BREATH. WOMAN ENTERS THE LIFT.

3.SANDY: Is it working?

4.JOHN: It can be. Hop in.

5.SANDY:(mutters) Don't know about hop.

DOORS SHUT. LIFT DESCENDS. SILENCE. LIFT STOPS.

6.LIFT VOICE: Tenth Floor.

THE DOORS OPEN. ANOTHER PERSON GETS IN. DOORS CLOSE. LIFT
DESCENDS.

CLEARING OF THROATS. BREATHING. NO TALKING. LIFT STOPS.

7.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor.

DOORS OPEN AND PEOPLE GET OUT, LEAVING THE SOUND OF THE
MAN TINKERING.

8.JOHN: (mutters) Zombie movie.

9.'THE MAN IN THE LIFT' BY TOM CONNOLLY

FADE UP ON THE SOUND OF THE LIFT CLOSING. LIFT DESCENDS.

FX WOMAN FUMBLING AROUND IN BAG.

10.JOHN: Morning.

11.MAGGIE: What?

12.JOHN: Good morning.

13.MAGGIE: Oh

Silence.

1.JOHN: Have you lost something?
2.MAGGIE: I can't find my glasses.
3.JOHN: They're on your head.
4.MAGGIE: Eh? Oh... yes. Silly me.

THE LIFT STOPS.

5.LIFT VOICE Eighth floor.

DOORS OPEN. SOMEONE GETS IN, MUSIC ESCAPING THEIR
EARPHONES. THE DOORS SHUT AND THE LIFT DESCENDS.

MELISSA 15 YEARS OLD, ATTITUDE TAKES AN EARPHONE OUT.

6.MELISSA: What are you doing?
7.JOHN: Repairing the lift.
8.MELISSA: It's not broken. We're in it. It's
going.

THE LIFT STOPS.

9.LIFT VOICE: Tenth floor.
10.MAGGIE: Where did you say?
11.JOHN: On your head.

DOORS OPEN. A WOMAN IN HEELS (ANGIE) STEPS IN, TALKING ON
THE PHONE. DOORS SHUT. LIFT DESCENDS.

12.ANGIE: Let me just look on the system at
your file... One minute, just bringing
it up on the desktop..
13.MELISSA: (mutters) Liar.
14.ANGIE: No, I'm afraid I can't offer you a
refund on that... I'm sorry but I can't
put you through, you have to write
in. Address is on the website. Many
thanks.

SHE ENDS THE CALL.

1.ANGIE: Did you say something?

2.MELISSA: Who, me?

ANGIE TUTS. MELISSA TUTS BACK. FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON LIFT TRAVELLING.

3.JOHN: Afternoon.

4.SAM: (Indian) What?

5.JOHN: Afternoon.

6.SAM: Oh, afternoon. (clears throat)

7.LIFT VOICE Fifteenth Floor.

DOORS OPEN. MAN LEAVES.

THE LIFT SITS OPEN. SOUND OF SAM ENTERING HIS FLAT.

8.SAM'S WIFE: How long does it take to go to a
launderette?!

DOOR CLOSING CUTS OFF REST OF CONVERSATION... SOUNDS FROM
THE DIFFERENT LEVELS OF THE BUILDING PIPE UP THE
STAIRWELL AND LIFE SHAFT, MUTED AND DISTORTED BY THE COLD
ARCHITECTURE.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH THE OPEN LIFT DOOR AS THE MAN WORKS
AWAY.

9.STEVE: Oh. You fixing the lift?

10.JOHN: Yes.

LIFT DOOR CLOSES, DESCENDS.

11.STEVE: Welcome to paradise.

12.JOHN: Where you off to?

13.STEVE: Me...? (he laughs)

14.JOHN: What's funny?

15.STEVE: Apart from my Mum on the phone once a
month, no one ever asks me what I'm
doing.

Silence

1. JOHN: So, what are you doing?

FX OF PAPER. HE'S WRITTEN THIS DOWN.

2. STEVE: Helen. 38. Year older than me. Likes rock climbing, power walking, baking, time spent with friends, impromptu suppers, Breaking Bad and Khaled Hosseini.

3. JOHN: Sounds good.

4. STEVE: I haven't adopted a full disclosure policy about my hair loss and spare tyre.

Lift doors open.

5. JOHN: Hope it goes well.

6. STEVE: It won't. (laughs to himself as he exits)

FADE OUT AS STEVE'S FOOTSTEPS ACROSS THE COLD, HOLLOW, COMMUNAL ENTRANCE, RECEDE.

FADE UP ON A NEW DAY, FEELS LIKE MORNING - THE SOUND OF THE MAN SINGING TO HIMSELF AS HE WORKS AND OF FOOTSTEPS CROSSING THE COLD, HOLLOW, ECHO-RIDDEN COMMUNAL ENTRANCE TO THE BUILDING. THE FOOTSTEPS ENTER THE LIFT.

THE DOOR CLOSES AND THE LIFT ASCENDS.

AN 83 YEAR OLD WOMAN (GLADYS) HACKS HERSELF A THROATY, NICOTINE-FUELED COUGH.

7. JOHN: Sounds nasty.

Silence.

THEN, THE SOUND OF GLADYS, CLICKING HER CIGARETTE LIGHTER A COUPLE OF TIMES, TRYING TO LIGHT UP.

8. JOHN: I'd prefer it if you didn't smoke, I've got to be in here all day.

- 1.GLADYS: (mutters as she keeps trying her lighter) Don't you worry yourself, I won't be breathing out until the doors open. I'm a past master.
- 2.JOHN: All the same, would you mind putting it out?
- 3.GLADYS: If we're gonna talk to each other, sweetheart, I'm Gladys and how about fixing my letter box? Flaps like nobody's business every time that lift opens on my floor, keeps me awake at night, its shredding my nerves.
- 4.JOHN: Not really a lift matter is it?
- 5.GLADYS: I said it makes a noise every time the LIFT doors open. Not deaf are you? Won't take you five minutes.
- 6.JOHN: Haven't you got a boyfriend can do it?
- 7.GLADYS: Cheeky sod. You applying for the post?

She laughs.

THE LIFT STOPS. GLADYS LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE AND TAKES A DEEP DRAG OF HER CIGGIE.

8.LIFT VOICE Fifth Floor.

THE DOORS OPEN. GLADYS EXHALES THEATRICALY AND WALKS AWAY.

- 9.GLADYS: See?
- 10.JOHN: That's good. Very funny. (to himself)
At least it talks.

FADE UP ON. DOGS BARKING, LAUGHTER ECHOING IN THE DISTANCE. JOHN WORKS AWAY ON THE LIFT; THE RUSTLING OF A SMALL SCREWDRIVER.

- 11.MELISSA: Can you press eight for me please?
- 12.JOHN: Sure.

- 1.MELISSA: It's working then is it, the lift?
- 2.JOHN: Yes.
- 3.MELISSA: Then why are you mending it?
- 4.JOHN: What's in the bag?
- 5.MELISSA: What?
- 6.JOHN: Bought anything nice?
- 7.MELISSA: What, from Tesco Express?
- 8.JOHN: Chocolate?
- 9.MELISSA: No. Milk. Cereal and shit like that.
- 10.JOHN: Sorry, thought I could see Galaxy bars.
- 11.MELISSA: You do like to chat and ask questions don't you?
- 12.JOHN: Don't you?
- 13.MELISSA: Yeah, with my *friends*. To people I *know*. Not in this pissy lift.
- 14.LIFT VOICE: Sixth Floor.

LIFT STOPS, DOORS OPEN.

- 15.DIANA: (from outside) Down?
- 16.MELISSA: Up.
- 17,JOHN: Then down. Come in.
- 18.MELISSA: (mutters) Like it's his bloody living room...

DIANA STEPS IN.

- 19.DIANA: Oh, what's wrong with the lift?
- 20.JOHN: Needs sorting out.

- 1.DIANA: Don't we all. I'm working with that Helena Bonham Carter today... They say she drinks her own urine...
- 2.MELISSA: Wack!
- 3.DIANA: ... have you heard that?
- 4.JOHN: No.
- 5.DIANA: Maybe it was someone else. Some actress, actor I mean. You're not allowed to call female actors actresses anymore. Its sexist, so I'm told.
- 6.JOHN: Do you two ladies know each other?
- 7.MELISSA: What are you, the ship's entertainment?
- 8.DIANA: Hello dear. No, we don't. Its not a chatty building these days.

LIFT STOPS.

- 9.LIFT VOICE: Eighth Floor.

DOORS OPEN. MELISSA EXITS, MUTTERING, TAKING THE PISS OUT OF THE MAN.

- 10.MELISSA: Do you two know each other...
- 11.DIANA: Nice to see a new face.
- 12.JOHN: Thank you.

Fade out.

SOUND OF JOHN WORKING IN THE STATIC LIFT, A FLY BUZZING AROUND INSIDE. JOHN SINGS TO HIMSELF.

- 13.SAM: (calling, from afar) Cup of splosh?

FLY BUZZING.

- 14.SAM: (from afar) Hello? Cuppa?

- 15.JOHN: You talking to me little fly?

FLY BUZZING.

1.SAM: (from afar) Excuse me! Man in the lift. Do you want a cup of tea?

2.JOHN: (calling) Yes, please. Milk, no sugar. Strong.

THE DOOR TO THE BUILDING OPENS AND FOOTSTEPS APPROACH THE LIFT.

3.MAGGIE: Oh hello, sorry to keep you.

4.JOHN: You're not keeping me.

5.MAGGIE: Five o'clock on the dot, very punctual. Press thirteen.

LIFT DOORS SHUT. LIFT ASCENDS. MAGGIE RUMMAGES IN HER BAG.

6.JOHN: What are you looking for?

7.MAGGIE: My keys.

8.JOHN: You're holding them.

9.MAGGIE: Eh? Oh. I'm not even certain you're needed, you know.

10.JOHN: Oh...

11.MAGGIE: Harold is fast asleep. I don't like using the word they use. To me, he's fast asleep.

12.JOHN: What word do they use?

13.MAGGIE: I don't know. But, if he does wake up, I want him at your place not in there. That's what he said too, when he could speak.

14.JOHN: Now he can't?

15.MAGGIE: No.

16.JOHN: Because he's asleep.

1.MAGGIE: Fast asleep. I do understand your place is not a hospital, but if there's any way we can get him in to your place, we'd both be happier.

2.LIFT VOICE: Thirteenth Floor.

Lift doors open.

3.MAGGIE: I'll make us a pot of tea, the tea in there is undrinkable. From a machine. What happened to the trolley Dolly?

4.JOHN: Beats me.

A beat.

5.MAGGIE: You coming?

6.JOHN: No, I'm just here repairing the lift. And, I've a cup of tea on its way.

7.MAGGIE: You're from the Hospice.

8.JOHN: No.

9.MAGGIE: Didn't you say you were?

10.JOHN: No, really.

11.MAGGIE: But he's due at five too, what have you come to see me for?

12.JOHN: I'm just mending the lift.

13.MAGGIE: The lift's broken?

14.JOHN: Yes.

15.MAGGIE: But, it's working.

16.JOHN: Needs some TLC.

17.MAGGIE: You're not from the Hospice?

18.JOHN: No, sorry.

19.MAGGIE: Oh.

Silence.

- 1.JOHN: You getting out?
- 2.MAGGIE: Er... Am I coming or going?
- 3.JOHN: You're going home, getting out here.
- 4.MAGGIE: Oh. Yes.

MAGGIE WALKS AWAY. DOORS CLOSE. LIFT DESCENDS. STOPS.

- 5.LIFT VOICE: Eighth floor.

DOORS OPEN. MELISSA STEPS IN, SINGING TO HERSELF, MUSIC ESCAPING HER EARPHONES.

- 6.JOHN: You seem happier.
- 7.MELISSA: (taking her earphones out) What?
- 8.JOHN: You're in a good mood.
- 9.MELISSA: Law against it?
- 10.JOHN: You were in a bad mood the other day, that's all. You've cheered up.
- 11.MELISSA: Genius.
- 12.JOHN: Where you off to?
- 13.MELISSA: Buy stuff.

SILENCE. THE MAN RETURNS TO WORK. THE LIFT DESCENDS.

- 14.JOHN: What stuff?
- 15.MELISSA: What are you, my Mum?
- 16.JOHN: Where is your Mum?
- 17.MELISSA: Why do you want to know?
- 18.JOHN: I never see you with her.
- 19.MELISSA: She's claustrophobic. Uses the stairs.
- 20.JOHN: That must be tiring.
- 21.MELISSA: Depends what floor we're on doesn't it?

1.JOHN: You're on eight.
2.MELISSA: Maybe, maybe not. Might have mates on eight.

Silence.

3.JOHN: What floor are you on?
4.MELISSA: Like I'm telling you that!

Silence but for the lift descending.

5.MELISSA: Get on with mending it then.

The Man gets back to work. Fade out.

EXTERIOR ATMOS - DOGS BARKING. BOOM BOX OF A PASSING CAR.
INTERIOR SOUND FX- THE MAN WORKING ON THE LIFT, HEARD
FROM WAY UP THE LIFT SHFT, DISTANT, HOLLOW.

A DOOR TO A FLAT CLOSSES. FOOTSTEPS TO THE LIFT. PRESSES
THE CALL BUTTON. THE LIFT LURCHES INTO ACTION,
APPROACHES, STOPS.

6.LIFT VOICE: Thirteenth Floor.

The doors open. Steve steps in. Doors shut. Descend.

7.STEVE: Working late?
8.JOHN: Yup. Going out?
9.STEVE: Indeed.

SOUND F/X: RUSTLE OF PAPER

10.STEVE: Rommy. Half English, half Albanian. Singer. Oh, wait a minute, that was Tuesday. A disaster. (more rustling paper). Mikela! Bubbly, outgoing, wants to get in to interior styling. I think the website matched us 'cos I've the word *socialist* in my profile and she's got *socialite*.
11.JOHN: Match made in heaven.
12.STEVE: And she'll love my flat if she's an interior designer.

1.JOHN: Nice is it?

2.STEVE: Exquisite. Balcony overlooking the dual carriageway, 'Finding Nemo' shower curtain, combined toilet and library, vintage night storage heaters and walk in broom cupboard.

Silence.

3.STEVE: Plus, you know... hot tub and sauna, cinema room, all Haringey Council housing standard issue. It's a palace.

4.JOHN: She's a lucky girl.

5.STEVE: Lets hope she's visually impaired.

Fade out.

SOUND F/X: A RADIO BLARES OUT FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE BUILDING. POOR QUALITY. THIS AFTERNOON'S WEATHER SUMMARY.

6.LIFT VOICE:

Lift descending.

7.JOHN: Hello.

8.MAGGIE: Eh? Oh, hello dear.

9.JOHN: How's Harold?

10.MAGGIE: What? Where do I know you from? I've seen you somewhere.

11.JOHN: You thought I was from the hospice.

12.MAGGIE: No, the man from the hospice is short and blond, you're tall and dark... like my Harold before he lost his hair.

A beat.

13.MAGGIE: And shrunk.

She laughs.

14.JOHN: You go out the same time every day, come back every time the same.

Silence.

1.JOHN: Exactly the same time.

2.MAGGIE: Yes.

Silence reigns after that. Lift pings and slows down.

3.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor.

4.THE MAN: Why?

5.MAGGIE: Visiting times.

MAGGIE WALKS AWAY. AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE BUILDING,
THE SOUNDS OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD FLOOD IN. FADE OUT.

Fade up on:

6.LIFT VOICE: Third Floor.

LIFT DOOR OPENS REVEALING SOUND OF THE MAN REPAIRING THE
LIFT. ANOTHER MAN STEPS IN.

7.LES: (unimpressed, bit aggressive) How long does it take to fix a Lift?

8.JOHN: It's a tricky one.

9.LES: What's the problem, exactly?

10.JOHN: Electrical. General wear and tear.

11.LES: That's the thing with these things isn't it?

12.JOHN: Uh-huh...

13.LES: The electrics.

14.JOHN: Mmmm...

15.LES: I'm not being funny but what are you actually doing to it?

1.JOHN: I'm wiring this new control panel so that the new system on the outside panels work with it and then when I've wired to each floor I'll transfer this unit across and replace the old one. Then, I'll do a general maintenance check on the whole thing.

2.LES: Are we going up or down?

3.JOHN: Up.

4.LES: I pressed down.

5.JOHN: That's why I'm here.

Lift stops.

6.LIFT VOICE Eighth Floor

MELISSA GETS IN, HUMMING TO HER EARPHONE MUSIC AS USUAL.
SHE DOESN'T ACKNOWLEDGE THE TWO MEN.

Lift descends in silence.

7.JOHN: Aren't you two going to say hello to each other?

8.LES: Eh?

SOUND F/X: MELISSA REMOVES ONE EARPHONE.

9.MELISSA: What?

10.LES: He wants us to say hello to each other.

11.MELISSA: Ignore him.

12.LES: Maybe if you were less chatty you'd get the lift fixed.

13.MELISSA: It's not broken.

14.JOHN: This is Melissa. She lives on eight. Melissa this is...?

15.LES: (on the back foot) Eh? Er, Les. Hi.

16.JOHN: He's on three.

1.MELISSA: That's just weird isn't it.

2.JOHN: What is?

3.MELISSA: You introducing me to someone in my own building.

4.JOHN: You don't know each other. You didn't even say hello to each other and you live in the same place.

5.MELISSA: I never told you my name!

6.JOHN: You did.

7.MELISSA: I did not!

A beat.

8.JOHN: It's on your necklace.

9.MELISSA: Oh... yeah.

Lift stops.

10.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor.

DOOR OPENS AND LES LEAVES.

11.LES: (grunts) Bye... Melinda...

12.MELISSA: Melissargh!

13.JOHN: You getting out or did you just come to see me?

14.MELISSA: In your dreams, Granddad.

15.JOHN: Be fair, I'm more your Dad's age. You alright? You look a bit tired.

16.MELISSA: Ugh, that's what my Step-Dad's always saying.

17.JOHN: Well?

18.MELISSA: Well what?

19.JOHN: Are you alright?

20.MELISSA: Yesss!

1.THE MAN: You get on with your step-Dad?

2.MELISSA: Yes thanks who's asking?

JOHN RETURNS TO WORK - THE SOUND OF HIM CUTTING WIRES AND UNDOING FIDDLY SCREWS.

3.MELISSA: Did I just tell you he's my stepdad?

4.JOHN: Must have.

5.MELISSA: I never call him my Step-Dad. He's just Dad.

6.THE MAN: Well, you did call him that to me.

7.MELISSA: No way. I meant to say my Dad. He's my Dad.

8.JOHN: That's nice.

Silence.

9.JOHN: But... not your biological Dad.

A beat.

10.MELISSA: (accusingly) What's your name?

11.JOHN: John.

12.MELISSA: John what?

13.JOHN: John the lift repair man from Haringey council.

14.MELISSA: You're hilarious.

Footsteps approach.

15.STEVE: Hello one and all. I'm a bit pissed. Oh, sorry, didn't mean to swear in front of a junior.

16.MELISSA: I'm going in to shock.

Melissa walks off.

17.MELISSA: (muttering) Arseholes.

18.STEVE: I've had a couple.

- 1.JOHN: You said.
- 2.STEVE: Lunchtime drinking, not a brilliant sign, obviously.

Steve slips and The Man helps him to his feet.

- 4.STEVE: Thank you.
- 5.JOHN: You're welcome.
- 6.STEVE: These shoes have slippery soles.
- 7.JOHN: Sure.

Lift doors close. Lift ascends.

- 8.STEVE: You're always here, day and night, looking after me. (giggles drunkenly). Are you my Minder?
- 9.JOHN: Do you need a Minder?
- 10.STEVE: I doubt it. Most data analysts in local government don't need Minders.

Steve laughs again, at himself.

- 11.STEVE: You can be my Minder if you like, but I can't pay you.

Silence.

- 12.STEVE: (getting emotional) Be my Guardian Angel. I can afford five pounds eighty five an hour.
- 13.JOHN: (to placate him) I'll do it for free.
- 14.STEVE: Ahhh. That's good, very good, you're my guardian angel, stop me making a prat of myself with women.
- 15.JOHN: I'm sure you don't.
- 16.STEVE: I just did, with that girl.
- 17.JOHN: She's called Melissa.
- 18.STEVE: That's such a pretty name.

1.JOHN: I thought so.

2.STEVE: I'm going to make you a cup of coffee.
Well, I'm going to make me some coffee and
I'm gonna give you some of it.

3.JOHN: Thank you. White, no sugar.

4.STEVE: Least I can do with you being such a pal.
Silence.

5.STEVE: Have you got a car?
A beat.

6.JOHN: I've got a car.

7.STEVE: They're incredible aren't they. I mean,
they're just metal boxes that cup us in
their hands and move us through the air.
We climb into them and we're in... I don't
know... Peterborough. We sit in them. An
hour later, we climb out of them and we're
in... oh I don't know, in... Cornwall.

8.JOHN: You drive too fast.

9.STEVE: They're incredible.

10.JOHN: Yuh...
Silence.

11.STEVE: Mine doesn't work.
Silence.

12.STEVE: Have you ever noticed when people drop
their car off at the garage for an MOT
they think that if they sound really
really really confident the car is good
then it'll pass its MOT? They sort of try
to talk the garage into passing it.

Steve impersonates a bloke dropping his car off.

1.STEVE: "Yeah, its running like a dream, no problems at all really... I'd be surprised if there's anything major needs doing... if you do find anything wrong, I'm sure you won't, its running very well, no problems at all, starts like a dream, but if you do and it's the sort of tiny thing that could be ignored for 12 months that would be great for me right now... it runs terrifically well... good as gold."

Lift stops.

2.LIFT VOICE: Thirteenth Floor.

Doors open. Steve sighs heavily.

3.STEVE: I'm completely hammered. I'll make us Coffee. You must need it listening to me.

Steve steps out of the lift and walks away.

4.STEVE: You wanna come in?

A beat.

5.JOHN: Nah.

Fade out.

FADE UP ON THE SOUND OF ATMOS INTERIOR BUILDING AND THE MAN WORKING. IN THE BACKGROUND A BREAKFAST SHOW PLAYS ON A RADIO. MELISSA APPROACHES THE OPEN LIFT.

6.MELISSA: Oh, it's you again.

7.JOHN: Me again, still here.

8.MELISSA: Mending the lift.

9.JOHN: Repairing it. You have to use the stairs right now, just for fifteen minutes.

10.MELISSA: What's wrong with it?

11.JOHN: The valve cakes are worn.

12.MELISSA: If you say so. Why have you parked it on my floor?

1.JOHN: Don't be paranoid. I'm stopping on every floor at some point. What are you doing?

2.MELISSA: Making a call, whatever.

3.JOHN: Are you taking my photo?

4.MELISSA: No.

5.JOHN: You are!

6.MELISSA: What do you expect? Chatting me up. I wanna show my Mum, see if she knows you. I don't give a fish's tit if she does, by the way, or who you might be.

7.JOHN: I'm not chatting you up, I just hope you're ok.

8.MELISSA: Do you know how weird it is for a repair bloke to say that to a fifteen year old girl?

9.JOHN: I just want people to be happy, bloody hell!

10.MELISSA: Righty ho, Buddha.

11.JOHN: And to be well.

Silence.

12.JOHN: Healthy.

Silence.

13.JOHN: You know what I mean?

Silence.

14.JOHN: You look pale and your eyes are hollow.

Silence.

15.JOHN: You buy a lot of chocolate?

Silence.

16.JOHN: I knew someone like you once, and she didn't make it.

- 1.MELISSA: And I knew someone like you, saw him on the news, total paedo, got lynched, bang tidy.
- 2.JOHN: She was funny and gorgeous but she didn't see it, couldn't see what we all saw. No self-esteem.
- 3.MELISSA: Oh, self-esteem! All you lot go on about is self-esteem. You've all read the same book.

She marches off, opens a door in the distance.

- 4.MELISSA: (distant, calls inside her flat) Mum! Come here, Mum!

- 5.MELISSA'S MUM: (distant) What is it?

JOHN PRESSES THE BUTTON. LIFT DOORS CLOSE AND THE LIFT LURCHES INTO MOTION. AS THE LIFT DESCENDS, THE VOICES RECEDE.

- 6.MELISSA: (distant) Just come here will you?

FOOTSTEPS, TOWARDS THE LIFT SHAFT.

THE LIFT HALTS ONE FLOOR DOWN. DOORS OPEN. FROM ABOVE, THE SOUND OF MELISSA AND HER MUM OUTSIDE THE LIFT.

- 7.MELISSA: (distant) He's gone now.

- 8.MELISSA'S MUM: (distant) What are you doing?

ATMOS OF THE LIFT SHAFT AND THE BUILDING.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON THE LIFT ASCENDING. SOUND OF PENCIL WRITING ON PAPER.

1.GLADYS: What you doing?

2.JOHN: Writing something down.

3.GLADYS: What?

4.JOHN: Stuff.

LIFT COMING TO A STOP. GLADYS LIGHTS A FAG.

5.LIFT VOICE: Fifth Floor.

SHUFFLING OF FEET. DOORS OPEN.

6.GLADYS: Well, Shakespeare, pop in for a cuppa and a bun at five, why don't you?

7.JOHN: Very kind of you, Gladys, but I -

She takes a drag and exhales. She talks as she walks away from the lift, her voice mixed with the shuffling of her feet and her fishing out her keys.

8.GLADYS: But nothing, its sinful how they make you work all day, standing up in this lift. Here, the curtain rail in my living room is just about ready to collapse on me next time I pull 'em. Could kill me. You'll fix it in the time it takes me to make a brew. Pop in at five and I'll have the toolbox down from the shelf.

A beat.

9.JOHN: (under his breath) Bloody hell ...
(aloud) I'll come by when I finish. I've got tools. Save your energy for my buns.

Gladys roars, filthily.

10.JOHN: No, I didn't mean anything by that.

11.GLADYS: I know your game. If you think you can keep yourself under control then pop in later, sweetheart.

She laughs as she goes.

FADE UP ON: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING THE LIFT AS ANGIE TALKS INTO HER PHONE.

1.ANGIE: No, we can't refund you I'm afraid... I'll try putting you through... No, she's with another customer I'm afraid... Yes, I did... Well, she's not and she'll tell you the same thing as me, if we gave refunds every time someone like you claims this we'd go out of business... Yeah, but how do I know you're the genuine one? Everything leaves us in perfect condition. You do that
She ends the call.

2.ANGIE: Is this out of order?

3.JOHN: Strictly speaking, but I can nip you down if you like.

4.ANGIE: I do like. Ta.

Doors shut, etc.

5.ANGIE: Married?

6.JOHN: Eh?

7.ANGIE: You heard.

8.JOHN: No.

9.ANGIE: Wanna go for a drink?

A beat.

10.JOHN: Don't know.

11.ANGIE: Don't know? What sort of an answer is that? You can take me for a drink.

Her mobile rings.

Wait a tick. Hello... Its all in the T and C's... at the foot of the home page... No, I don't... 'cos I'd get mugged financially... ok. Thanks.

She hangs up.

1.ANGIE: Would you be able to stop this lift in
 between floors and keep it parked there as
 long as you wanted?

A beat.

2.JOHN: Yes.

3.ANGIE: Makes you think doesn't it.

4.JOHN: What does it make you think?

5.ANGIE: Don't be vulgar.

6.JOHN: I really wasn't...

7.ANGIE: Do you want to take me for a drink or not?

8.JOHN: I do, yes.

9.ANGIE: Flat 17. Ring my bell when you knock off.

10.JOHN: If you said "yes" to everything your
 customers asked for, never doubted their
 word, d'you think you'd lose much money,
 annually?

11.ANGIE: Oooh, let me think now, a pub I reckon,
 thanks for asking.

12.JOHN: Right.

13.ANGIE: You need to work on your small talk. Take
 me down then, Scottie.

Fade out.

14.LIFT VOICE: 17th Floor

DOORS OPEN.

15.SAM: Hello.

SAM STEPS IN AND UNFOLDS A COLLAPSABLE STOOL.

16.JOHN: What's that?

17.SAM: A collapsible stool.

18.JOHN: I'm fine, thanks. Gotta stand to work.

1.SAM: You do not eat standing up.
2.JOHN: I've just had a bun.
3.SAM: This is potato murruku. I make them. I
 insist.
4.JOHN: I really couldn't -
5.SAM: It's a welcome.
6.JOHN: Oh.

A beat.

7.JOHN: That's kind. Thanks.

JOHN SITS AND EATS.

8.JOHN: Oh my word. That is an amazing taste.
9.SAM: Yes. And this is Somasi. You must have
 them together. I keep my Somasi very
 crisp, that's the secret.
10.JOHN: Right. Blimey.

John laughs to himself, and eats.

11.SAM: My name is Sam. I am happily married with
 five beautiful children.
12.JOHN: Hello Sam. My name's John.

FADE OUT AS THE MEN CHAT...

FADE UP AS LIFT DOOR OPENS.

13.JOHN: After you.
14.ANGIE: Thank you kind sir.
They step in. Lift doors close. Descends.
15.JOHN: You look lovely.
16.ANGIE: (a bit taken aback) Thank you. So do you,
 as it goes.
17.JOHN: I went home and changed. Didn't want to
 embarrass you.

1.ANGIE: Thank you. Very... neat.

2.JOHN: Gotta come clean with you -

3.ANGIE: You're married.

4.JOHN: I've already eaten an ice bun the size of Tiger Woods' backside and some curry.

6.ANGIE: Right.

7.JOHN: So, I'd rather just have a drink.

8.ANGIE: I can live with that. You're not married?

9.JOHN: I'm not married.

The lift stops and doors open.

10.LIFT VOICE: Eighth floor

Melissa steps in.

11.MELISSA: Blimey, new uniform?

SILENCE. ANGIE CLEARS HER THROAT.

12.MELISSA: Hello... Oh peak! Ahhh, romance in the lift shaft!

13.ANGIE: Shut up.

SILENCE.

14.MELISSA: You both look nice.

15.ANGIE: Meaning what, exactly?

16.MELISSA: Err... that you look nice.

17.ANGIE: Taking the Michael?

18.MELISSA: (to the Man) Date with a Rottweiler, you're in for a treat.

19.ANGIE: What did you say?

20.MELISSA: I hope you brought her lead.

21.JOHN: Stop it.

1.MELISSA: Listen, I don't know what your name is or who you are. I see you come and go, always on the phone slagging someone off or telling your girlfriends how bent the world is, and I'm not judging you. I don't wanna make you have a stroke but I actually meant it when I said you looked nice but, you know what, you don't deserve it, if you can't handle someone telling you you look nice all tarted up for your date then that's your problem, not mine, got my own.

2.ANGIE: Thanks for humiliating me in front of him.
Silence.

THE LIFT DESCENDS. DOORS OPEN, MELISSA MARCHES OUT.

3.JOHN: You ok?

Angie sighs heavily.

4.JOHN: What are the chances that everyone is trying to rip you off or take the mickey?

Silence.

5.ANGIE: Don't you want to go out or not?

6.JOHN: Why are you so hostile to everyone?

7.ANGIE: She's full of attitude, that one. Anyway, this is not first date talk. This is not how it works. I wanna talk about funny stuff and I wanna enjoy myself and maybe have some fun.

8.JOHN: Why are you on the attack all the time?

9.ANGIE: Once bitten.

10.JOHN: By what or by whom?

11.ANGIE: You sound like my old English teacher.
"Whom..."

12.JOHN: Can't you let your guard down?

13.ANGIE: Fool me once, won't fool me twice.

- 1.JOHN: I'm going for a drink with a compendium of modern sayings.
- 2.ANGIE: (laughs under her breath, softens) You know what people are like.
- 3.JOHN: I think people are ok. You look lovely when you laugh at yourself.
- 4.ANGIE: Who says I was laughing at myself, cheeky sod? Laughing at you, more like, dressed by your Mother.
- 5.JOHN: If everyone you do business with, you trusted implicitly until there was a genuine reason not to, I bet it wouldn't harm your profit, and your daily life would be transformed.
- 6.ANGIE: I'm going on a date with The Dalai Lama.

Fade out on John Laughing.

FADE UP ON THE SOUND OF THE TODAY PROGRAMME COMING MUTED FROM SOMEONE'S FLAT.

Lift doors open. Diana steps in whilst talking on the phone. Doors close. Lift descends.

- 7.DIANA: Yesterday it was a crisps commercial, just standing in a crowd behind that prat with the ears who left his wife and kids, and today its porn...

The lift doors shut, the lift descends.

- 8.DIANA: I am serious... Of course *I'm* not, I'm seventy eight, who wants to see a seventy eight year old have sex...
- 9.DIANA: (to The Man) Hello dear.
- 10.JOHN: Hello.

1.DIANA: ... well there may be people who want to but they're not seeing me... no one is seeing me have sex, including me, more's the pity. Anyway, its not that sort of porn, its got a grant from the arts fund or something and there's going to be forty of them, four O, all naked and writhing around and having sex. This poor man's still here mending the lift that works. I'm one of the maids clearing up glasses and bottles from all around the orgy goers and we don't bat an eyelid, we just mop up... a hundred and fifty pounds... cash... I'm really quite looking forward to it.

2.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor.

3.DIANA: Bye dear.

4.JOHN: Enjoy

Fade up on Les approaching the lift.

5.LES: Morning.

6.JOHN: Morning.

7.LES: Could it be the Overspeed Governor that's the problem?

8.JOHN: There is no problem.

The lift doors close and the lift descends.

9.LES: Then why are you here for days on end?

10.JOHN: I told you. Rewiring this panel and general maintenance. I'm looking at everything.

11.LES: Everything and nothing. What exactly is your role? Who do you work for?

12.JOHN: (sighs) I work for Devron Lifts. I service and repair Lifts. I play footie. I go to the cinema. I swim. I chase girls. I drink with mates. I watch telly. I visit my Mum and Dad, take flowers to my baby sister's grave. I live.

Silence.

- 1.LES: Or... perhaps it's the Sheave.
2.JOHN: Congratulations on having google.

FADE UP ON MORNING ATMOS IN THE BUILDING.

- 3.JOHN: Morning.
4.MAGGIE: Hello. I know who you are.
5.JOHN: Good.
6.MAGGIE: We both know, don't we?
7.JOHN: Guess so.

THE LIFT DESCENDS. STOPS.

- 8.LIFT VOICE: Sixth floor.

DOOR OPENS AND DIANA STEPS IN.

- 9.JOHN: Morning Diana.
10.DIANA: Morning. Oh...
11.MAGGIE: You...

SILENCE. FROSTY SILENCE. LIFT DESCENDS.

- 12.LIFT VOICE: Ground floor.

DOORS OPEN. MAGGIE LEAVES.

- 13.JOHN: Blimey, you two are a bit frosty.
14.DIANA: She nicked my bloke and she's always known exactly what I think of her.
15.JOHN: (laughing) She nicked your bloke.
16.DIANA: Glad you find it funny.
17.JOHN: Sorry.
18.DIANA: I made it clear to her I'd be civil but we'll never be friends again.
19.JOHN: When did all this happen?

1.DIANA: March. No, early March. Well, late February, early March. 1962.

Silence.

2.THE MAN: 1962?

3.DIANA: We're originals. Means we moved in when the block was built, in 1958. I moved in with Harry. She took him. I took him back for a bit, but she took him again and that was it. They got married and lived happily ever after.

4.JOHN: Where's Harry?

5.DIANA: I don't know, haven't seen him lately.

6.JOHN: You might want to ask her. You and Harry talk to each other?

7.DIANA: Oh yes, like there's no tomorrow. But not in front of her. He plays dumb in front of her and gives me the grin over her shoulder. I enjoy it.

8.JOHN: You might want to ask Maggie how Harold's doing?

9.DIANA: I don't talk to her.

10.JOHN: Think about changing that position.

11.DIANA: Why? Is he alright?

12.JOHN: No. Neither is she.

13.DIANA: She's fine. She puts it on.

14.JOHN: Puts what on?

15.DIANA: Whatever it is she's doing to win your sympathy.

16.JOHN: She's got dementia.

17.DIANA: I'm as old as she is.

18.JOHN: Yes, you're old, but she's got dementia.

19.DIANA: She's got Harry.

1. JOHN: I don't think she has.

2. DIANA: What are you saying?

3. JOHN: (shouts) ASK HER! Just talk to her. For goodness sake! Ask her if she's alright and f-lipping well talk to each other! I'm just repairing the lift!

SILENCE. DISTANT SOUNDS FROM WITHIN THE BLOCK. UNEASY SILENCE IN THE LIFT.

4. DIANA: Well, I never did.

DIANA SCURRIES AWAY. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF SAM AND HIS WIFE ARGUING AS THEY ENTER THE BUILDING, ECHOING INTO THE HOLLOW RECESSES OF THE STAIRWELL.

Fade out.

Fade up on the sound of the lift button being pressed repeatedly.

5. LES: It's not working. You busted it, not fixed it.

6. SANDY: He's busted it.

7. OPRAH: Isn't he meant to be fixing it?

8. JOHN: Let me look.

9. LES: You gonna be working on the Wheel House too? And the Motor Room, or just The Lift?

10. JOHN: I've done the Motor Room.

11. LES: Hoist Rope not catching on anything was it? That can cause problems, like tripping the safety switch, can't it?

The Man presses the button and the doors slide shut.

12. LES: There you go.

Lift moves off.

13. LES: This is my wife, Sandy.

1.SANDY: What are you doing, introducing us for?

2.LES: (defensively) He said... No one, you know... talks to each other.

3.SANDY: It's a lift, not a party.

4.JOHN: Hi Sandy, I'm John.

5.SANDY: Oh, well, hello. This is our daughter, Oprah. (to Oprah) He's nice looking, isn't he, despite the overalls.

6.OPRAH: He's a good looking lad.

7.SANDY: And fit, good posture.

8.LES: Lovely posture, the good looking bastard. First time I saw him, I didn't know whether to shag him or stab him.

Sandy bursts into laughter.

9.OPRAH: How late does he work then?

10.LES: How late do you work?

11.JOHN: Long as it takes.

12.SANDY: I wonder what he thinks of our block?

13.LES: What do you think of our block then?

14.JOHN: I like it.

15.SANDY: I was counting the white people left in the building and -

16.JOHN: You were counting them?

17.SANDY: Yes.

18.JOHN: As they came out of the building?

1.SANDY: No, that would be strange. In my head. I couldn't sleep so I was lying in bed counting, floor by floor and I don't reckon there's twenty white people left.

2.JOHN: Like sheep?

3.SANDY: Like sheep.

The lift stops.

4.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor.

Doors open.

5.SANDY: (regretfully) The rest are a mixture.

LES, SANDY AND OPRAH WALK AWAY. THEIR LAUGHTER RINGS OUT IN THE DISTANCE.

6.LIFT VOICE: Eighth Floor

LIFT DOORS OPENING TO REVEAL THE SOUND OF MELISSA'S MUSIC, THROUGH HER EAR PLUGS.

7.JOHN: (Mutters) Here we go.

Doors shut. Melissa's music buzzes on.

8.JOHN: (sings to himself) Your music is shite, la la la la la.

The lift descends. They don't talk to each other. Lift halts.

9.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor

Doors open.

Melissa doesn't move - her music is still there.

She removes the earphones.

10.MELISSA: Is there something you want to say?

Silence.

11.JOHN: Eh?

12.MELISSA: Something you want to tell me?

Silence.

1.JOHN: (confused) No. Er... don't think so.

2.MELISSA: Yes, there is.

3.JOHN: Only... to look after yourself a bit better, but you'll bite my head off if I say that.

4.MELISSA: No, not that, something else.

5.JOHN: What do you mean?

6.MELISSA: Is there something you want to tell me?

7.JOHN: Nothing comes to mind.

8.MELISSA: What colour are your eyes?

Silence.

9.JOHN: Green.

10.MELISSA: Mine too.

A beat.

11.MELISSA: Bloody hell...

She leaves.

12.JOHN: (whistles to himself, and mutters)
Weirrrrd.

Footsteps approach the lift, slowly.

13.MAGGIE: You're still here!

14.JOHN: Don't rush, Maggie, you'll fall. No rush.

Maggie steps in to the Lift, breathless. Doors close.
Lift ascends.

15.JOHN: You've been crying.

16.MAGGIE: Hello, love.

A beat.

1. JOHN: Hello... Maggie.
2. MAGGIE: Harry... you will stay, won't you, even after you've gone?

Silence.

3. MAGGIE: I mean, you'll stay here, even after you've left there?

Silence.

4. MAGGIE: Or do you have to leave here too?
Harry?

SILENCE. THE LIFT LURCHES TO A HALT. THE DOOR OPENS. THE SOUNDS OF PEOPLE LAUGHING AND SHOUTING SOMEWHERE IN THE BUILDING.

5. JOHN: I have to go, Maggie.

6. MAGGIE: (crestfallen) Oh. When?

A beat.

7. JOHN: It'll just happen.

Maggie steps across to The Man and kisses him and hugs him.

8. TEENAGER: (in the stairwell) Oi! Are you alright?

9. JOHN: She's fine.

10. TEENAGER: I didn't ask you. Lady. Are you alright?

11. MAGGIE: Yes. It's my Harry.

12. TEENAGER: You know each other?

13. MAGGIE: You think I kiss total strangers?
What's wrong with you?

14. TEENAGER: (hisses) Trying to help...

The teenager walks away.

1.JOHN: You get yourself inside now.

Maggie walks away, then turns.

2.MAGGIE: Harry. Are you in pain? Are they giving you what you need? Are you suffering there?

A beat.

3.JOHN: No, I'm not suffering. There's no pain.

4.MAGGIE: That makes me happy.

5.JOHN: Go inside now. Have a cup of tea and get some rest.

Maggie unlocks her door. We can hear John's breathing intensify.

6.JOHN: Maggie.

Maggie turns.

beat.

7.JOHN: You're the love of my life.

8.MAGGIE: Oh Harry.

Lift doors close. Fade out.

Fade up on Lift ascending.

9.LIFT VOICE: Eighth Floor.

Doors slide open.

10.STEP DAD: (shouting from far off) Melissa!

Melissa stomps in to the lift.

11.MELISSA: Down.

12.JOHN: Please.

13.MELISSA: Please.

14.JOHN: I'm not a lift attendant.

1.MELISSA: Sorry.

The doors shut, muting the sound of Melissa's Step Dad shouting out.

2.STEP DAD: Melissa! You come back here right now!

The lift descends.

Then, matter-of-factly, like ordering a Big Mac, she says:

3.MELISSA: Will you hug me please?

A beat.

4.JOHN: What?

5.MELISSA: You heard me. Hug me. A Daddy hug not a midnight Uncle hug.

6.JOHN: Not a what?

7.MELISSA: A midnight Uncle, work it out.

8.JOHN: Oh my God...

9.MELISSA: Please hug me.

Long silence, but for the descent of the lift.

10.JOHN: I can't. The tragedy of this life we've created is that I cannot countenance hugging you, Melissa.

Silence.

11.MELISSA: Are you my real dad?

12.JOHN: No.

Silence.

13.JOHN: No, you poor lovely beautiful thing, I am not.

Silence.

14.JOHN: Please don't cry, I'm very scared right now.

1.MELISSA: But you're always here in the lift when I get in.

2.JOHN: Mending it. My job.

3.MELISSA: All the time, for ages and there's nothing wrong with it.

4.JOHN: The fact that I am lazy and stretch a job out and am in no hurry to go back to my own home and my life, that I am happy to tinker here and make up song lyrics in my head and write them down when I'm alone... does not make me your Dad.

5.MELISSA: You write songs?

6.JOHN: Yes. Constantly.

7.MELISSA: You play music?

8.JOHN: Yes.

9.MELISSA: In a band?

10.JOHN: No. A guitar, sat on a chair, in a room not much bigger than this Lift, the only place I can be myself in the world.

11.MELISSA: You and I should run away together. Write songs then I could go on X-factor with a song you've written me.

12.JOHN: That's a terrible terrible idea.

13.MELISSA: I like it.

The lift stops.

14.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor

The doors open. She steps out and he holds the door open.

15.JOHN: You should tell your Mum and Dad what you told me.

16.MELISSA: What?

17.JOHN: That you need a hug.

A beat.

1.JOHN: Then tell them that you've an eating disorder and you need help.

2.MELISSA: Would you come with me?

3.JOHN: You know I can't.

A shout from above:

4.LES: Is this lift working or not? Oi!

5.JOHN: Better go.

6.MELISSA: Let it go up. It works without you.

7.JOHN: Better not.

8.MELISSA: Give us a hug.

LIFT DOORS CLOSE. LIFT ASCENDS.

John sighs heavily.

9.LIFT VOICE: Fifteenth floor.

DOORS OPEN.

10.SAM: Good day to you.

11.JOHN: Oh, hello.

SOUND F/X STOOLS BEING SET OUT IN THE LIFT.

12.SAM: This is Punugulu with Dosa batter. Quite unusual. I make it with extra oomph.

13.JOHN: Two stools today?

14.SAM: I thought I would join you.

15.JOHN: Oh, right. Lovely. Thank you.

SOUND F/X SETTling DOWN AND UNWRAPPING FOIL.

16.SAM: Blow on them they are hot from the oven.

17.JOHN: OK, thanks. This is nice of you.

1.SAM: Of course. When I was at Oxford I couldn't cook and my family came to visit and were very proud but when my Nan-Nan saw what we were all eating she was horrified. When I came home for the Christmas holiday she took me shopping and taught me how to buy food and how to cook food, real food.

SOUND F/X JOHN BLOWING ON HIS FOOD AND EATING.

2.SAM: She was a good listener, my grandmother, and a talker too. I really loved her like nothing else.

John leaps to his feet, knocking his stool over.

3.JOHN: Oh my sweet Lordy! Oh! Oh! Oh!

4.SAM: Has quite a kick to it.

5.JOHN: Oh Jeez its hot.

6.SAM: Too hot for you?

Silence.

7.JOHN: What makes you think that?

A moment's silence then Sam laughs. John laughs too.

CUT TO: SOUND OF BOTH MEN LAUGHING ECHOING UP THE EMPTY SPACES OF THE BUILDING. FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON SOUND OF LIFT ASCENDING. JOHN IS STILL BREATHING HEAVILY FROM THE HOT FOOD.

8.LIFT VOICE: Thirteenth Floor.

DOORS OPEN.

9.STEVE: Only me. Bloody hell, smells lovely in here. You ordered a take away? Should have let me know.

Silence.

10.JOHN: Er... you getting in or what?

1.STEVE: Nah... just summoned you up to the highly exclusive thirteenth floor to ask you if you fancied a cold beverage of the lager-y kind, I've got a few in.

2.JOHN: Yes! Please. Quick as you can.

3.STEVE: Excellent! Be right back!

SOUND F/X STEVE SCURRYING OFF EXCITEDLY, DOOR TO HIS FLAT OPENS AND MOMENTS LATER CLOSES. HE RETURNS. TWO CANS OF LAGER BEING OPENED.

4.JOHN: Do I need this!

5.STEVE: Bad day?

6.JOHN: Not every day you get kissed by a seventy year old.

7.STEVE: You -

8.JOHN: Don't ask.

9.STEVE: Ok. Down the hatch. Cheers, mate.

10.JOHN: Cheers, Steve.

11.STEVE: You're good with names. A few of the others have commented on that.

12.JOHN: Good to know some of you at least talk to each other.

13.STEVE: Only about you.

A beat.

14.STEVE: How's the repair work going?

15.JOHN: Nearly done.

16.STEVE: No rush is there.

17.JOHN: You off out tonight?

18.STEVE: No, thought I'd just have a quiet one this evening, hang with you, chew the cud.

1. JOHN: I'm not working late. Er, but, gotta go straight on to something.
2. STEVE: Sure, right, good. I'm still recovering from last night to be honest, bit short of sleep.
3. JOHN: A date?
4. STEVE: Oh yes. Crystal, international banker, ex-catalogue model. We had dinner at the Savoy Grill and I took her to The Book Of Mormon, back stage afterwards, a contact, then she took me back to her place, an incredible pad overlooking the Thames somewhere in Limehouse and shagged me all night. I literally didn't get a wink, she just went at me non-stop.
5. JOHN: No wonder you're having a quiet one.
6. STEVE: Yeah, in reality I just spent the evening down at the internet café with a KFC then had a couple of beers on the sofa with Homeland, got a pause frame of Claire Danes in her pajamas and shook hands with the unemployed. If I'm going to be candid.

John exhales despondently, like he hadn't wanted to hear that.

7. JOHN: I'm outta here, heading home.

The lift doors close.

8. STEVE: Nice one, good talking with -

Steve's voice becomes muffled, then recedes.

- you... (Calls out) Good to chill together. Cheers mate. Catch you tomorrow, mate.

FADE UP ON EXTERIOR BUILDING SOUNDS. DOGS BARKING. CHILDREN PLAYING. A FAR OFF SIREN. PEOPLE WALKING AND CHATTING NEARBY.

JOHN is talking on his phone.

1.JOHN: I'm nearly done. Just got two and three to wire check and do the Motor House inventory... Reckon I'll be done and dusted lunchtime tomorrow... yeah...

Footsteps to the lift.

2.JOHN: Ok, Phil, speak later... will do, mate, cheers, bye.

Lift doors close.

3.JOHN: Hello there.

4.MAGGIE: Darling, they're telling me to switch you off.

Silence.

5.JOHN: (thinking) Yes

6.MAGGIE: They're telling me to go back this evening. What should I do?

Silence.

7.MAGGIE: Harry?

8.JOHN: Wait until tomorrow.

The lift stops.

9.LIFT VOICE: Thirteenth floor.

Doors open. Maggie's breathing is heavy. The sound of her shuffling up to The Man.

10.MAGGIE: Harry... the thing that you told me about all those years ago. Was it really true? Was it really the way you told me it was?

John breathes heavily.

11.JOHN: Yes.

Silence.

Maggie exhales a laugh beneath her breath.

1.MAGGIE: Thank God.

Maggie shuffles away.

Sound of John's breathing, swallowing. Doors shut. Lift descends.

2.JOHN: (mutters) Bloody hell...

Fade out

Fade in: John sings to himself, stop-starting and going back on himself like a man writing a song.

Lift comes to a halt.

3.LIFT VOICE: Ground Floor.

The doors open to the sound of Gladys' distinctive laughter. A group of people enter the lift chatting.

4.GLADYS: There he is, Mr Fix-it, working late.

5.JOHN: Hello Gladys. Les... Sandy...

Lift doors shut. Lift ascends.

6.SANDY: When you gonna ask my Oprah out, then?

7.JOHN: When she's suddenly not half my age.
(to Gladys) How are you Gladys?

8.GLADYS: Mustn't bloody grumble, to be fair.

Silence.

9.JOHN: Do you all know each other?

Les, Sandy and Gladys laugh.

10.SANDY: We have met, yeah.

11.LES: Gladys is my Mum, you prat.

12.JOHN: Oh!

13.GLADYS: We've been to Al's Diner for Les' birthday.

1.LES: Fifty-two years young.

The laughter fades slowly as the lift ascends.

2.JOHN: Wait. So, why doesn't Les fix your
 curtain rail for you?

Gladys, Les and Sandy laugh.

3.GLADYS: You must be joking.

4.LES: You've got to be joking, in all
 seriousness.

5.SANDY: That's hilarious.

The laughter ebbs away.

6.SANDY: Oprah's in her twenties now.

7.JOHN: Like I said..

Silence. Fade out.

SILENCE IN THE COMMUNAL GROUND FLOOR AREA. THE LIFT IS
QUIET. BIRDS ARE SINGING OUTSIDE.

We stay on this silence longer than we might.

The lift doors close and the lift lurches into action and
ascends.

8.LIFT VOICE: Thirteenth Floor.

The doors open. Maggie steps in. We hear her breathing in
the empty lift.

9.MAGGIE: Oh Harry...

The doors close. Lift descends. Silence. Empty.

The lift stops.

10.LIFT VOICE: Sixth Floor.

Doors open. Diana steps in.

11.DIANA: Oh, you...

Silence. The doors close. Lift descends.

1.DIANA: (innocently) Has he gone then?

A beat.

2.MAGGIE: Yes, he's gone.

Silence as the lift descends. Fade out.

FADE UP ON THE SOUNDS OF THE ESTATE. AN AIRPLANE OVERHEAD
DROPPING ITS LANDING GEAR. DOGS BARKING. VOICES TALKING.
KIDS LAUGHING. THE COUPLE ROWING IN THE FAR DISTANCE,
THEIR VOICES ECHOING AROUND THE HOLLOW COMMUNAL SPACES
AND STAIRWELL OF THE BLOCK.

LIFT DOORS OPEN. SOMEONE GETS IN. DOORS CLOSE. LIFT
ASCENDS. THE PERSON SIGHS A BIG SIGH.

FADE OUT.

Fade up on the lift descending. Angie is talking on the phone.

3.ANGIE: Sure... Sure... Ok, that's fine, thanks.

She hangs up.

Lift stops.

4.LIFT VOICE: Eighth Floor.

Doors open. The sound of Melissa's buzzing music escaping her earphones as she steps in to the lift. Lift doors close. Melissa sighs moodily as the lift descends.

The lift descends. Sound of Melissa's music.

5.ANGIE: Alright?

Sound of Melissa's music "de-buzzing" as she removes her earphones.

6.MELISSA: Sorry?

7.ANGIE: You alright?

8.MELISSA: Yeah.

A beat.

9.MELISSA: You?

10.ANGIE: Yeah.

Silence, then Melissa's puts her earphones back in. Lift continues to descend. Fade out.

FADE UP ON FOOTSTEPS IN THE ECHO-Y COMMUNAL AREA ON THE GROUND FLOOR, APPROACHING THE LIFT.

As they step in: "After You" "Thanks"

Lift doors close. The lift ascends in silence, but for the shuffling of feet and clearing of throats.

Lift stops.

1.LIFT VOICE: Tenth Floor.

Doors open. One resident exits the lift, grunting an almost-word as they do.
Fade out as doors close.

Fade up on the sound of RESIDENT 1 stepping in to the lift. RESIDENT 2 follows a few paces behind. Doors close.

Silence but for shuffling and clearing of throats as the lift ascends. Lift stops.

2.LIFT VOICE: Fifth Floor.

DOORS OPEN.

3.Resident 1: See you then.

4.Resident 2: Oh, yeah, see you then.

Fade up on Angie walking in to the building and to the lift, talking on her phone.

5.ANGIE: You've got to be joking... Never! I knew that they were rocky but, no way!

She presses the button and the doors close.

6.STEVE: Wait for us!

Sound of Steve and another running for the lift. Doors open. They enter breathlessly.

7.STEVE: Thanks.

8.STEVE'S DATE: Thanks.

9.ANGIE: S'allright.

Steve laughs drunkenly. Then, becomes subdued.

1.STEVE: He's not here again.

2.STEVE'S DATE: Who?

3.STEVE: The man in the lift. I wanted him to meet you.

4.STEVE'S DATE: I've only just met you.

Doors close.

5.MELISSA: running, shouting) Hold the lift!

Doors open as Melissa runs to the lift, sound of her breathing and the crackle of a plastic carrier bag.

6.MELISSA: Thanks.

7.ALL 3: No problem/S'allright.

Doors shut. Lift ascends.

8.MELISSA: You look like the cat that's got the cream.

9.STEVE: Bit pissed.

10.STEVE'S DATE: Speak for yourself. But, I am too.

11.MELISSA: You'd need to be, to go home with him.

12.STEVE'S DATE: Charming!

Steve giggles. Then, silence. Lift ascends.

13.MELISSA: What are you looking at?

14.STEVE: Nothing.

15.MELISSA: Stop staring at me.

16.STEVE'S DATE: Seriously, Steve, you ARE staring at her.

17.STEVE: Thassa lot of chocolate in your bag for a skinny girl like you.

18.MELISSA: Sod off!

1.ANGIE: Leave her alone

Steve giggles.

2.STEVE'S DATE: You're very pissed.

3.STEVE: (defensively) Whaaat?! No, look!
(snatches bag) She's got a
sweetie shop in here!

4.MELISSA: Give that back!

Sound of the contents falling out of the carrier bag.

5.STEVE: What are these?

Steve shakes a small box of pills.

Silence.

6.ANGIE: You fat prat.

Angie grabs the box off Steve and hands them back to
Melissa.

Silence but for the sound of the Lift ascending.

7.MELISSA: Are you his date?

8.STEVE'S DATE: Yes.

9.MELISSA: Internet?

10.STEVE'S DATE: None of your -

11.STEVE: Yes.

12.ANGIE: That explains it.

13.MELISSA: He's groped me a million times
over the years, since I was
tiny. Eyeing up my tits ever
since I had them. He's a perv.

14.STEVE: That's not true.

15.LIFT VOICE: Eighth Floor.

16.ANGIE: That's not true. Is it?

Doors open.

1. STEVE'S DATE: This your floor?
2. STEVE: No, hers.
3. MELISSA: How would you know, perv?
4. ANGIE: Stop it.
5. STEVE: It's not true.
6. STEVE'S DATE: I'm getting out here. Go home.

Melissa and the woman step out. Doors shut. Steve's heavy breathing.

7. ANGIE: Two minutes earlier or later and you'd be getting laid now.
8. STEVE: Two minutes earlier and I'd have finished by now. I'm a bit rusty.

Angie laughs, impressed by his fatalistic humour.

Fade out.

Fade up on Madge walking unsurely, stopping, doubling back, sighing. The lift arrives and doors open. Sound of Les and sandy chatting as they exit the lift and receding. They stop.

9. LES: (calling) Excuse me. Everything ok?

They walk closer.

10. SANDY: You alright?
11. MAGGIE: My key won't fit the doors.
12. LES: This isn't your floor, is it?
13. MAGGIE: I'm not sure..
14. LES: Come on, let's take you home.

As they walk to the lift, doors close and lift moves off..

15. SANDY: How's your husband?
16. MAGGIE: He's gone.

A beat.

1.MAGGIE: He's gone.

2.SANDY: We're so sorry. The man said he was ill.

3.MAGGIE: Yes, the man...

4.SANDY: What are your emotions?

5.MAGGIE: Eh?

6.LES: She means, how are you doing?

Silence.

7.MAGGIE: Lonely.

8.SANDY: Would you like to come in for your tea this evening? Watch some telly with us.

A beat.

9.MAGGIE: (surprised) Yes, please.

10.SANDY: It's flat 28.

11.LES: No, we'll come and get you.

12.MAGGIE: (still surprised) Really?

13.LES: Yes.

14.SANDY: Of course.

15.MAGGIE: Thank you.

16.SANDY: We've got to stick together us lot, we're outnumbered.

Sandy and Les laugh.

Fade out.

SOUND F/X - THE EMPTY SPACE OF THE COMMUNAL ENTRANCE AREA. THE SOUND OF ANGIE'S HEELS CLIPPING IN TO THE BUILDING. SHE PRESSES THE LIFT BUTTON AND WAITS. STEVE WALKS IN TO THE BUILDING.

Angie and Steve grunt a subdued "hello" to each other.

1.ANGIE: Pissed or sober today?

2.STEVE: Sober.

ANGIE PRESSES THE LIFT BUTTON AGAIN.

3.ANGIE: (Tuts, at the lift) Come on.

Silence.

4.STEVE: He's not coming back is he?

5.ANGIE: Who?

6.STEVE: The man that's been here. He's disappeared.

7.ANGIE: Err... he's finished the job? Gone to the next one?

8.STEVE: Why?

9.ANGIE: Err... that's how it works?

Steve sighs.

ANGIE PRESSES THE LIFT BUTTON AGAIN. REPEATEDLY.

10.STEVE: Shame.

THE SOUND OF MELISSA ENTERING THE BUILDING - HER VOICE HUMMING ALONG TO HER MUSIC, WHICH IS, AS ALWAYS, BUZZING OUT FROM HER EARS.

11.STEVE: You.

12.MELISSA: Woops.

SOUND F/X - MELISSA REMOVING HER EARPHONES AND THE BUZZING MUSIC GROWING LOUDER.

13.ANGIE: (Sarcastic) Isn't it lovely... everyone getting to know each other?

- 1.MELISSA: Sorry I ruined a chance for you to take some blind cow back to your place.
- 2.STEVE: You did somewhat more than that.
- 3.ANGIE: Never mind, we can't all be getting it.
- 4.MELISSA: (accusingly) Did you knob him?
- 5.ANGIE: Him? (meaning Steve - disgusted) Are you out of your mind?
- 6.STEVE: Thanks a lot!
- 7.ANGIE: Sorry.
- 8.STEVE: You can if you want to.
- 9.ANGIE: In your dreams.
- 10.MELISSA: I meant the man in the lift.
- 11.ANGIE: Oh.
- A beat.
- 12.ANGIE: Yup. I did.
- 13.MELISSA: Slag.
- 14.ANGIE: Bit old for you Princess.

ANGIE PUSHES THE LIFT CALL BUTTON AGAIN, MORE URGENTLY THIS TIME.

- 15.ANGIE: (under her breath) He's better in the sac than he is at mending lifts.
- 16.MELISSA: That's because he's really a musician. He's a brilliant guitarist. He shouldn't be doing this.

SOUND F/X - RUSTLING.

- 17.STEVE: What are you doing?
- 18.ANGIE: I'm taking my shoes off and walking.
- 19.STEVE: What floor do you live on

1.ANGIE + MELISSA: Nice try.

2.STEVE: (innocently) What?

Angie walks away.

3.MELISSA: I think he's my dad.

4.ANGIE: (as she recedes) What?

5.MELISSA: Did he say anything about me?

6.ANGIE: (from a floor away) No, he didn't.
Oh, look, I don't think so somehow.

7.MELISSA: I do. I asked him to hug me, he
thought I was gonna call him a paedo
and now he's gone.

8.ANGIE: (from a floor away) He's just gone as
in finished the job. Look, the guy
standing next to you isn't a paedo,
the man in the lift isn't a paedo, he
isn't Jimi Hendrix and I doubt he's
your dad.

9.MELISSA: Yeah, he is. He's my Dad. never meant
to abandon me, loves me to bits but
just couldn't handle it. You see it
on the telly all the time.

Silence. Angie returns down.

10.ANGIE: (breathless) There's no way I'm
walking all the way up there.

11.STEVE: (muttering) You're a pain in the
backside, you are.

12.MELISSA: What's your problem?

13.STEVE: He was my friend, is my problem and
you've scared him off. Is it just a
matter of course for you to accuse
every male over the age of thirty of
being a pedophile? He was my friend!

A beat.

14.MELISSA: My Dad is your friend?

1.STEVE: We got on bloody well.

A beat.

2.MELISSA: What's his name?

Silence.

3.MELISSA: Your friend? What's his name?

4.STEVE: I don't know his name.

5.MELISSA: Wow, good old friends you are. He's not your friend, you stupid sad man. You haven't got any friends. Look at you!

Silence.

6.MELISSA: Sorry. Neither have I. Sorry.

7.STEVE: It's ok.

8.MELISSA: No, its not. I'm a bitch.

9.STEVE: No, you're not.

10.MELISSA: I've got some problems.

11.STEVE AND ANGIE: I know.

Silence. Then, Melissa begins to cry.

12.ANGIE: Come here.

The rustle of Melissa snuggling up against Angie and Angie putting her arm around her.

13.ANGIE: Come on.

14.MELISSA: (crying) I'm sorry what I said about you.

15.STEVE: It's ok. Its forgotten. If I were you, I would be exactly the sort of bloke I'd take the piss out of.

Melissa laughs a snivel at this.

16.MELISSA: I'm sorry.

1.ANGIE: He said its forgotten and he means it.

2.STEVE: Isn't this nice, though? People... talking to each other.

3.ANGIE: Isn't it just.

4.STEVE: What *is* his name?

5.ANGIE: It's John.

Melisa sobs.

6.MELISSA: John the lift repair man from Haringey council.

SOUND F/X: LIFT ARRIVES

7.ANGIE: Finally!

DOORS OPEN.

8.SAM: (eating) Hello.

9.STEVE: That smells so good.

10.SAM: Dall, Achari Paneer and bread.

11.MELISSA: You eating your dinner in the lift?! I thought he was the building weirdo.

12.STEVE: Thanks, your apology lasted about fifteen seconds.

13.MELISSA: I apologized, I never said anything about changing, or being nice.

14.ANGIE: Did you jam the lift or something?

15.SAM: Just needed a quiet moment.

16.MELISSA: Why don't you use the roof? So we can use the lift?

17.SAM: I often use the roof.

Silence.

18.SAM: I spend much of my life on the roof.

19.ANGIE: Mind if we... get in?

1.SAM: Not at all. Sorry.

2.STEVE: That's ok.

They all get in. Press the button. Doors close. Lift ascends. Fade out.

FADE UP ON LIFT DESCENDING.

3.MAGGIE: (muttering as she rifles through her handbag) Birth certificate... Hospital Form... Directions...

LIFT STOPS.

4.LIFT VOICE: Sixth Floor.

Diana steps in.

5.DIANA: Hello Maggie.

6.MAGGIE: Hello Di.

Doors shut. Lift descends.

Silence. Then...

7.DIANA: I'm sorry for your loss.

Silence.

8.MAGGIE: I'm sorry for yours.

9.DIANA: Don't go soft on me, Maggie. I like being hated by you, makes me feel beautiful. Keeps me young.

10.MAGGIE: I'll do my best.

11.DIANA: Good girl.

A beat.

12.MAGGIE: You old slag.

They both laugh a little.

Fade out.

Fade up on the lift ascending.

1.LIFT VOICE: Eighth Floor

DOORS OPEN. ANGIE'S HEELS CLATTER OUT OF THE LIFT AND
ROUND THE CORNER TO A FRONT DOOR. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
SILENCE. ANGIE OPENS THE LETTER BOX AND CALLS INSIDE.

2.ANGIE: Melissa... Melissa...

Silence. Angie paces around, then returns to the door.
Knocks.

3.ANGIE: Melissa... Melissa...

4.MELISSA: (from behind the door) Who is it?

5.ANGIE: Angie.

6.MELISSA: Who?

7.ANGIE: The old trout who slags everything
off...

Melissa laughs.

A beat.

8.MELISSA: What do you want?

9.ANGIE: Your Mum in?

10.MELISSA: Gone away for the weekend. (Shy)
D'you wanna come in?

Fade out.

Fade up as lift doors open and Steve steps in.

11.STEVE: Who are you?

12.PHIL: I'm Phil.

13.STEVE: What are you doing here?

14.PHIL: I'm certificating the lift.

15.STEVE: What does that mean when its at home?

16.PHIL: It's been serviced and now I'm
certificating it.

17.STEVE: Do you work with John?

1.PHIL: Yes.

2.STEVE: He is real then?

3.PHIL: John?

4.STEVE: Yes.

5.PHIL: You just asked me about him.

6.STEVE: Yes.

7.PHIL: So he must be real, you bought him up.

8.STEVE: Oh, yes. He really was repairing the lift?

9.PHIL: Yes.

10.STEVE: Oh. Have you got id? How long are you going to be here.

11.PHIL: Not long.

A beat.

12.STEVE: Do you fancy a cup of tea?

Tom Connolly 2013
c/o Rochelle Stevens