

UPS AND DOWNS

ACT 1

SCENE 1

(SCENE: The first floor of a middle-class apartment building. Not in shambles, but not gleaming either. Just normal looking; a hallway, doors, an elevator.)

(AT RISE: The elevator stands at the center of the stage. Next to it is a placard labelling the floor "1".)

(A man, 7C, approaches. Punches the call button. The doors slide open as the stage starts to turn.)

(A boy, BEN, 11 years old, stands quietly in the back corner, his head against the wall, his eyes closed. He looks up, straightens and takes a step forward as the back wall falls away to show inside the elevator.)

7C

What floor, kid?

(Gray walls, a panel of twelve buttons in rows of two. At the bottom, B and 1. At the top, 10 and 11. A panel above the doors runs from an arrow pointing up to an arrow pointing down, with B to 11 in between. The 1 glows a faint yellow glow.)

(Assorted graffiti covers the walls.)

(Ben watches 7C push 7, watches the 7 button light up, then reaches across to the panel.)

BEN

Eleven.

(He stretches up to push 11 as 7C leans against the side wall. The elevator hums as it goes up.)

(And as the lighted number moves across the upper panel, a voice comes from nowhere, thick and dejected.)

VATOR (V.O.)

I hate my job. I hate my life. I hate my job, and my job's my life.

(The humming stops, the doors open. The 7 shines down from above. 7C gets off.)

(The doors close, and Ben sags back against the wall. He stares at the panel as the humming resumes. The 11 button glows a faint yellow glow.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

I'm stuck here, in a tiny cube with bare walls, grey, no decorations unless somebody writes on me.

(The light goes out. The doors open.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Which happens.

(Ben doesn't move. The doors close.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

They just come up to me, all laughing and feeling like they're better than me, and they take spray paint and *write* on me. Really *obscene* things, sometimes with pictures!

(The humming starts, Ben closes his eyes. The lighted panel descends.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

And it's not like anybody ever cleans me. And it's not like I can clean myself. So I just stay quiet and do my job and watch these clowns as they pass in and out.

(They stop on 4, the doors open.)

(Two teens, 4G and his FRIEND, both 14 or 15, hop on, laughing. 4G carries an aerosol can. His friend carries a smoking joint.)

(Ben jumps out of the way as 4G starts spraying the wall with)

(orange paint, his friend giggling and shushing and holding open the door.)

(Ben rolls his eyes.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

It's not like this job is anything to be excited about either. I mean, what am I? A ferry. It's manual labor.

(The word PUSSY slowly appears in orange. 4G's friend drags on his joint and glances over. Laughs.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

And the repetition! Up and down and up and down and up and down all day long.

(4G reaches for the joint and puts a hand in the doors. His friend pulls a magic marker from the waistband of his underpants and kneels down by the wall, drawing a picture under the pussy.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

And I know it's honorable work, because without me people would be sitting on the floor and eating things that don't spoil because they'd never get their furniture and fridge up the stairs, but... I just dream of so much more.

(A penis. Erect and pointing up at the paint.)

(4G cracks up and stumbles out of the elevator. His friend follows.)

(Ben shakes his head.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Like a nice job in an upscale building in a neighborhood where people matter. Where the floors are clean and the graffiti is scarce and maybe you see a celebrity every now and again.

(The doors close and they go down. To 1.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

(longing)

Park Avenue... That's the life. And there I'd share the work, too, which means there'd be conversation.

(The doors open.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

I'd have partners, friends, just a few feet away. I wouldn't be... all alone.

(A woman gets on. She's tall and thin, hair a mess, face drawn and tired looking. VIOLET. She's with a man, NIMROD #357, tall and gangly with sex in his eyes.)

(They get on and Ben stiffens.)

NIMROD #357

What floor, kid?

(He reaches up and pushes 11. It lights up. Ben reaches quickly for the panel.)

BEN

Three.

(He slaps it and shrinks into the corner.)

(The hum. The lights. Ben holds his breath.)

(The set turns as the elevator goes up.)

(2...)

(3.)

(The doors open and Ben hurries into a hall identical to the first but with a placard labelled "3". He starts down the hall, his teeth clenched together, his eyes filled with pain, as the doors behind him close. And then he sags against the wall and exhales in a sob and breathes in and out slowly.)

(Again.)

(Again.)

(LIGHTS DOWN.)

SCENE 2

(SCENE: The first floor of a middle-class apartment building. Not in shambles, but not gleaming either. Just normal looking; a hallway, doors, an elevator.)

(AT RISE: The elevator stands at the center of the stage. Next to it is a placard. "1".)

(Ben approaches, a backpack slung over his shoulder. He slaps the call button and sags against the wall, his arm and the bag dropping down to his side.)

(He sighs and closes his eyes.)

(The doors open and the set starts to turn. Ben drags his bag on the floor as he gets on.)

(And as the doors close, the voice comes from above.)

VATOR (V.O.)

Nobody here ever talks to me. They don't respect me. They don't even like me. I make them uncomfortable.

(The hum. The panel. Going up to 2. The doors open.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

I see them talking and laughing on their way over to me, then they get on and suddenly it's silence.

(A woman, 2B, gets on with her 13-year-old DAUGHTER. Both are overweight. Both are carrying full laundry baskets.)

2B

What floor, kid?

(2B pushes 11. Ben reaches for the panel.)

BEN

Nine.

(He reaches up to push it.)

(2B and her daughter lean against the side wall. They sigh.)

VATOR (V.O.)

They sigh. And they lean up against me and drum their fingers on me and wish I would go faster so they could get on with their lives. Lazy bastards! Take the flights! Maybe you'll lose a little weight...

(The light moves across the panel.
6... 7... 8...)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

And to top it off, I'm a freak. Eleven floors, eleven floors... What kind of a building has eleven floors?

(9.)

(The doors open, Ben steps off.)

(The doors close. The hum.)

(10...)

(11.)

(The doors open, 2B and her daughter get off. The daughter mumbles something.)

2B

(consoling)

I know...

(The doors close. The hum.)

(10...)

(9.)

(Ben gets back on.)

VATOR (V.O.)

None, that's what. But they don't let me onto the top floor. I'm not good enough for the top floor. Wanna get to the top floor? Sorry, don't go there. Not equipped.

(Ben backs up against the wall as the doors close. Looks across at the penis pointing at the big orange pussy. Looks away.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

And the top floor, of course, is the laundry room. I don't get clothes, either, but who needs modesty, right? And I have to sit here, going up and down, up and down, listening to people complain about having to lug their clothes up the last flight of stairs.

(They start down again.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

It's ridiculous! They want to get rid of me, to replace me with a newer version, just so they don't have to deal with one damn flight of stairs.

(Ben sighs and shifts his feet.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

(sigh)

But whatever... I do my job. I do it all day long, three hundred sixty five days a year, no vacation, no sick days. Who needs sick days, right? Who needs coffee breaks? Who--

(Ben looks up.)

BEN

Why do you complain so much?

(CRASH!)

(VATOR jolts to a stop. Ben falls back against the wall and glances around, a little scared.)

(On the overhead panel, the 2 glows a faint yellow glow.)

VATOR (V.O.)

You... You can hear me?

BEN

Did you do that?

VATOR (V.O.)

You can hear me? Like really?

BEN

Yeah...

(recovering)

So shut up for a change.

VATOR (V.O.)

What?

BEN

You're always bitching about your horrible life, every time I get on here you're moaning about how hard it is. Everybody's got problems. Get over it. Move on.

VATOR (V.O.)

I can't move on! I'm stuck here, in this stupid shaft, going up and down all day long!

BEN

I know! I hear you, that's all you ever finkin say! You've got it easy, though. You don't have to deal with anything. You don't have to deal with school, with friends, with parents...

VATOR (V.O.)

Have you ever tried going *without* school and friends and parents?

BEN

I wish...

(The doors open. Ben's eyes shoot up to them, then to the panel.)

(The 6 glows a faint yellow glow.)

(Enter 6C, a guy, late teens.)

6C

What floor, kid?

(The yellow arrow points upward.)

(6C punches 8.)

(Ben reaches over, regulating his breath.)

BEN

Eleven.

(The hum. 7...)

(8. The doors open. 6C gets off. Ben tosses his bag toward the pussy.)

VATOR (V.O.)

You're Ben, right? Ben Hyatt, apartment 11C.

BEN

Yeah, that's right...

VATOR (V.O.)
You live with your mom...

(He closes his eyes.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)
What happened to your dad?

BEN
What do you care?

VATOR (V.O.)
Hey, I'm just curious...

BEN
Right. I know what you're thinking. Right now you're wishing you lived in a Hyatt, right? You're thinking how weird it is that's my last name...

VATOR (V.O.)
That's... Look, *Benji*, I've never talked to anyone before, okay? I was just trying to get to know--

BEN
Shut up! God, just take me to my floor!

(He reaches up and slaps 11.)

VATOR (V.O.)
You did that already.

BEN
Shut up!

VATOR (V.O.)
Make me!

BEN
Move, you rusted out piece of--

VATOR (V.O.)
What if I don't?

BEN
What?

VATOR (V.O.)
What if I just hold you here until you decide to talk to me?

(Ben looks down, apprehensive.)

BEN
You can't...

VATOR (V.O.)
Why not?

BEN
Because...

(Long pause.)

BEN (Continued)
Fine. I'll just sit here and wait for the repairmen to come.

(Ben sits down in the corner and
opens his bag.)

VATOR (V.O.)
Didn't sound my alarm. Gonna be awhile before anyone
realizes I'm stopped.

(He rummages through it.)

BEN
And when they do, the guys'll come and shut you down.

VATOR (V.O.)
Good. I could use the break.

BEN
They'll probably take you apart to try to figure out what's
wrong. Maybe even finally decide to get that new one that
can actually go to all the floors...

VATOR (V.O.)
Good. I won't have to sit here and be used anymore.

BEN
Yeah, cause you'll be *dead*...

VATOR (V.O.)
Good.

BEN
Good.

(They sit there. Ben shoves his bag
away and folds his arms across his
chest.)

(The 11 button glows a faint yellow
glow.)

(There's a faint whir as Vator
starts going up.)

(Ben smiles triumphantly and stands, watching the light move across the panel.)

(Vator stops, his doors open.)

(Ben looks up and the ceiling and grins.)

(He suddenly slaps every button on the control panel and runs out the doors.)

VATOR (V.O.)

Hey! Bastard...

(beat)

I *do* wish I lived in a Hyatt...

(His doors close.)

(LIGHTS DOWN.)

SCENE 3

(SCENE: The eleventh floor of a middle-class apartment building. Not in shambles, but not gleaming either. Just normal looking; a hallway, doors, an elevator.)

(AT RISE: Vator stands at the center of the stage. A placard. "11".)

(A voice, high and desperate, comes from off-left.)

VIOLET (O.S.)

(yelling)

Would you just *leave me alone* for a minute!

(A door opens. Ben runs into the hall and to Vator, his face drawn tight with anger and hurt.)

VATOR (V.O.)

(singing)

Love in an elevatah...

Livin it up while you're going dow-own...

(Ben hits the call button over and over and over until the doors finally open.)

VATOR (Continued)

All right, all right, all right already!

(Ben stumbles in and over to the corner, sinks down to the floor, puts his face in his hands. Sniffs shortly.)

(The set starts to turn.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Benji?

(No answer.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Benji?

(No answer.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Benji... You gonna push a button?

BEN
Just leave me alone!

VATOR (V.O.)
You came to me...

BEN
Shut up!

(Long pause.)

(The hum starts as Vator moves down.
Opens on 5.)

(5C comes in with her dog on a
leash. She glances at Ben in the
corner as she taps 1.)

5C
What floor, kid?

BEN
Whatever.

(She watches him as Vator moves
down.)

(The dog licks itself.)

(The doors open, she gets off.)

(The doors close.)

VATOR (V.O.)
(serious)
Ben, what's wrong?

BEN
Nothing...

VATOR (V.O.)
It doesn't look like nothing. What happened?

BEN
(snapping)
Nobody wants me, okay?

VATOR (V.O.)
Oh, I don't think that's true...

BEN
What do you know? You're just a hunk of metal!

VATOR (V.O.)

Ben... Tell me what happened.

(The doors open. Enter NANCY, 3G,
10 years old.)

(She gets on with her backpack slung
over her shoulder and flicks the 3
button.)

(The doors close.)

NANCY

Hey.

BEN

(quiet)

Hey.

NANCY

Missed you in Science.

BEN

Sure.

NANCY

Test tomorrow.

BEN

I know.

(Vator opens on 3.)

NANCY

See you then.

BEN

Yeah.

(She leaves.)

(The doors close.)

(Silence.)

VATOR (V.O.)

Ben--

BEN

I just wanted to know what we were doing for dinner. She
hates me. She wishes I was never born.

VATOR (V.O.)

No she doesn't. She's your mother, she--

BEN

Don't do that! Everybody says that! *She's your mother, she loves you...* Not *all* mothers love their kids.

VATOR (V.O.)

Yes they do...

BEN

Not *all* parents want them.

VATOR (V.O.)

Yes they do...

BEN

No they don't!

VATOR (V.O.)

Yes they do! They have to, it's the law...

BEN

Shut up.

(Vator opens on 5. The lighted arrow points down. 5A, male, early-thirties gets on with a smile and hits 1.)

5A

What floor, kid?

(Ben's already reaching across.)

BEN

Basement.

(5A laughs.)

5A

You friends with the janitor?

BEN

Maybe he's my boyfriend.

(5A looks at him, shocked.)

(The doors open, 5A flees.)

(The doors close.)

BEN (Continued)

You're so stupid. You think those people on the street who take drugs while they're pregnant love their kids?

VATOR (V.O.)

Sure. They have problems, and they don't know how to solve them, but it doesn't mean they don't love their kids...

BEN

You think... you think women who get pregnant after they're raped love their kids?

VATOR (V.O.)

Absolutely. One good thing to come out of something so horrible.

BEN

You think people who beat their kids, who hit them with baseball bats and burn them with lighters and lock them in closets for hours and hours... You think they love their kids?

VATOR (V.O.)

Is that... Does your mom do those things?

BEN

Do you think they love their kids?

VATOR (V.O.)

Yes... Deep down, of course they do. It's like the drug addicts. They just don't know how to show their love. They're confused. They need help. Does your mom do those things to you?

BEN

No.

VATOR (V.O.)

Then how do you know about them?

BEN

Ever heard of TV?

VATOR (V.O.)

I don't think that's it...

(Ben looks down at the floor.
Seconds pass.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Oh shut up already!

BEN

What?

VATOR (V.O.)

Nothing... Someone on eight being impatient. She's a bitch, let her wait.

(Ben laughs.)

BEN

What's your name?

VATOR (V.O.)

My name?

BEN

Yeah... Your name... Me Ben, you...

VATOR (V.O.)

I don't have a name. I'm just a hunk of metal.

BEN

Well you need a name. What do you want me to call you?

VATOR (V.O.)

I... I don't care.

BEN

All right. Then I'll call you Vator. Cause it sounds like Vader. Only Vator is a good guy, and he helps Benji fight the monsters and witches.

(Suddenly the doors open and Violet comes in. She's tall and thin, her hair a mess, her face drawn and tired looking.)

BEN (Continued)

(under his breath)

Speak of the devil...

VIOLET

What?

(beat)

What, you're just sitting in the elevator now? Moping?

BEN

Better than a closet...

VIOLET

Don't start...

BEN

Can we get dinner now?

(She groans and pulls some money
from her pocket and throws it at
him.)

VIOLET

Get whatever you want. I'm meeting someone.

BEN

Right...

(She slaps the 1 button.)

VATOR (V.O.)

Maybe the lady on eight'll eat her...

(Ben stifles a laugh.)

(The doors close.)

(LIGHTS DOWN.)

SCENE 4

(SCENE: The first floor of a middle-class apartment building. Not in shambles, but not gleaming either. Just normal looking; a hallway, doors, an elevator.)

(AT RISE: Vator stands at the center of the stage. "1".)

(Ben comes down the hall with a paper bag in his hand. Fast food.)

(Vator opens as he approaches.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Saw you coming.

(Ben goes in, staring at the doors as the set starts to turn.)

BEN

Don't do that. It's weird.

VATOR (V.O.)

If you say so.

(He reaches up and pushes 11.)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

Why don't you eat in here?

(He sits down and opens the bag.)

BEN

Okay...

(He munches on some French fries.)

VATOR (V.O.)

So... You're feeling better?

BEN

Sure.

VATOR (V.O.)

Yeah?

BEN

Yeah.

VATOR (V.O.)
Who was she meeting?

BEN
What?

VATOR (V.O.)
Your mom. Who was she meeting?

BEN
I don't know. Some guy I guess.

VATOR (V.O.)
She meet a lot of guys?

BEN
Sure. She's a crack whore.

(The doors open. Enter 6D with a load of laundry. Male, mid-forties, huffing and puffing under the weight of the basket. He leans it against the wall awkwardly.)

6D
What floor, kid?

BEN
I got it.

(Ben reaches up and hits 11. 6D sags against the wall.)

6D
Thanks. Wish to hell they'd fix this damn thing. Top flight of stairs are murder.

BEN
Exercise is good.

6D
So's convenience in your own home.

BEN
Convenience is probably why you're so fat.

(The doors open. 6D stares at him. Ben stares back.)

(6D leaves, the doors close.)

BEN (Continued)
Like on TV... She has sex with guys and they--

VATOR (V.O.)
I know what a crack whore is!

BEN
How do you know?

VATOR (V.O.)
What do you mean?

BEN
How do you know? You don't ever move, right?

VATOR (V.O.)
(defensive)
People drop newspapers in the corner. I read them. And listen to people talking. I know stuff.

BEN
What else do you know?

VATOR (V.O.)
Lots of stuff.
(beat)
I know Nancy in 3G has the hots for you...

BEN
Liar...

VATOR (V.O.)
How do you know?

BEN
Cause she's gay.

VATOR (V.O.)
She's ten!

BEN
So...

(Vator opens on 8. Nobody's there.
The doors close.)

VATOR (V.O.)
So these guys... Your mom brings them home?

BEN
Sometimes.

VATOR (V.O.)
And that's how you know about... the closet and stuff.

BEN

One time... this guy was doing her in the living room, and I walked in... And he said to either join in or get out... And then he shoved me in the closet and blocked it with a chair.

VATOR (V.O.)

What did your mom do?

BEN

She was high, who cares...

(The doors open. A mother, 8B, shoves her 3-year-old DAUGHTER in and fights with a stroller. The daughter is crying.)

8B

If you don't cut that out... What floor, kid?

(Ben closes his eyes.)

BEN

Six.

8B

You didn't push six.

BEN

Could you--

8B

Quiet! God damn it, girl, you get quiet right now or...

(Ben reaches across and hits 6 just as the 6 on the panel lights up. He's out before the doors are all the way open.)

(8B shakes her head and tries to shove her daughter into the stroller.)

(The doors close.)

(LIGHTS DOWN.)

SCENE 5

(SCENE: The inside of an elevator in a middle-class apartment building. Graffiti lines the walls.)

(AT RISE: Vator opens on 6. Ben walks back in slowly.)

(Silence.)

(Vator starts down.)

VATOR (V.O.)

(quiet)

Did anyone ever... not shove you in the closet?

BEN

What do you mean?

VATOR (V.O.)

You said... he said... join in or get out. Then he made you get out. Did anyone ever... go the other way?

(Ben looks at the elevator panel.)

(5...)

(4...)

(On Vator's left side, the word PUSSY is spraypainted in orange.)

(Beneath it is a drawing that vaguely resembles a penis.)

(He breathes deeply and leans against the wall.)

(A fast food bag lies forgotten in the corner.)

(The doors suddenly open.)

(Violet walks in, laughing, with NIMROD #363 hanging all over her.)

(She sees Ben and stops laughing.)

(Ben stiffens.)

NIMROD #363

What floor, kid?

(He reaches shakily for the panel.)

VIOLET

Eleven. Like us.

(He stops breathing.)

(Looks at her.)

(Looks at him.)

(The nimrod smiles and pushes the button. Leans against the wall, looking at Ben.)

(Ben backs further into the corner.)

(The doors close.)

(Vator starts up.)

VATOR (V.O.)

You need to talk to her...

(Ben stares at the panel.)

(The light moving up.)

(2...)

(3...)

VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

You need to tell her...

BEN

(very quiet)

You think she doesn't know?

NIMROD #363

What was that, kid?

(4...)

BEN

Nothing.

(5...)

VATOR (V.O.)

What are you gonna do when you get off the elevator? When you go to the same door? What are you going to do if this one tells you to join in or get out?

(He looks down.)

(6...)

Talk to her... VATOR (V.O.) (Continued)

(7...)

No. (mutter) BEN

Talk to her! (yelling) VATOR (V.O.)

(Ben looks up, his face hard.)

(8...)

(He breathes in.)

(Swallows.)

(Breathes in again.)

Mom... (barely audible) BEN

(Nobody looks at him.)

(9...)

(He swallows again.)

Mom. BEN (Continued)

What? VIOLET

(Ben doesn't say anything.)

(10...)

What do you want? VIOLET (Continued)

(Ben shakes his head.)

BEN
No big deal.

VIOLET
Good.

(11.)

(Vator's doors open slowly.)

(The nimrod smiles and puts a hand
on Ben's shoulder.)

(All three walk out.)

(The hand moves down Ben's back.)

(Vator's doors close slowly.)

(LIGHTS DOWN.)

SCENE 6

(SCENE: The twelfth floor of a middle-class apartment building. Not in shambles, but not gleaming either. Just normal looking; washers, dryers, a table piled high with clothes.)

(AT RISE: The thumpthumpthump of the appliances beats rhythmically through the walls. A door sits in the corner. There's a placard on it. "STAIRS".)

(The room is empty, dreary, lonesome.)

(The door bursts open and Ben stumbles in. Crying. Falling to his hands and knees. Crawling across the dirty floor.)

(He crawls under the table and pulls his knees to his chest.)

(He cries.)

(The thumpthumpthump of the appliances beats rhythmically through the walls.)

(A buzzer sounds from one of the machines.)

(He cries.)

(The door opens and Nancy comes in.)

(Ben takes a breath and wipes his eyes.)

(She goes to the machine as the buzzer goes silent. Lifts the lid. Pulls out wet clothes. Drops them into a basket on the floor. Reaches down for the handle and notices Ben under the table.)

NANCY

Hey.

BEN

(shaky)

Hey.

(She drags the basket across to the dryers.)

NANCY

Don't see you up here much.

BEN

Don't have very many clothes.

(She laughs. Opens a dryer and dumps her load in.)

NANCY

So what's up?

BEN

Nothing.

(She starts the machine.)

NANCY

Missed you in Science.

BEN

I know. You said.

(She sits on the floor near him.)

NANCY

You sick?

(Ben looks down.)

BEN

Maybe.

NANCY

With what?

BEN

Life.

(She smiles.)

NANCY

I hear that. My mom makes me do the laundry every day. And sweep the floor. And make my bed. And usually order dinner. Then she gets on me about homework and studying and talking on the phone too much and...

(Ben has his eyes clenched shut tight.)

NANCY (Continued)
But what do you really have?

BEN
(hurt)
Nothing.

NANCY
Then why weren't you in school?

(He looks up.)

BEN
What are you doing?

NANCY
In what sense?

(He searches her eyes.)

NANCY (Continued)
I mean physically I'm sitting in a laundry room talking to a friend. Metaphysically I'm looking for a way to help that friend and therefore human kind. Mentally I'm playing hopscotch with Sarah.

BEN
Shouldn't you be making out with Sarah or something--

NANCY
Once! We kissed once. And if it weren't for Bobby's big mouth, which, by the way, is big for a reason--

BEN
Does kissing her once mean you're gay?

NANCY
No.

BEN
What if... What if you did more than kiss her?

NANCY
I didn't.

BEN
But what if you did?

NANCY
I wouldn't.

BEN
What if... she made you?

NANCY
She wouldn't.

BEN
(frustrated)
But what if--

NANCY
Ben! I'm not gay!

(He looks down and closes his eyes.)

(She watches him.)

(Silence.)

(She squeezes his shoulder, gets up
and leaves.)

(The thumpthumpthump of the
appliances beats rhythmically
through the walls.)

BEN
(quietly)
Neither am I.

(LIGHTS DOWN.)