

ELEVATED MILK

Written by

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INT. NATURAL GROCERS - DAY

SARA, 29, black yoga pants, her sleeping BABY ARIA, 5 months, is wrapped to her chest. She rushes through the sliding glass doors toward the produce aisle.

AT THE CHECK OUT

She waits in line, she taps her fingers on the cart's handle and peeks around the customers in front of her.

SARA  
Come on; come on.

An OLD MAN, about 70, wears glasses and a plaid, flat hat. He turns around and shakes his head.

She looks at Aria. Aria squirms and opens her eyes. Sara abandons her cart and speed walks to the exit.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Sara hurries up the stairs toward the entrance.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Aria cries.

SARA  
It's okay, baby. We're almost there.

She rushes toward the elevator doors and slips in before they close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Sarah pushes past AMANDA, 32, a blonde, who wears a pant suit, plasters a cell phone against her ear and clutches a briefcase.

AMANDA  
I know Carl, and I have already spoken with the defense attorney.

The doors close. Aria cries.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
They have decided to take the plea bargain I-- offered them.

Amanda plugs one ear.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Can you get those documents to--  
Hello? Carl, can you hear me?

She drops her arm, dashes her phone in her briefcase, shakes her head, and glares at Sara. Sara inches her way to the back.

LUSHIOUS, 29, wears short shorts. Her nipples poke through a midriff top. She's a beautiful woman, except she isn't one. She waves at Sara as Sara positions herself next to her.

LUSHIOUS

(whispers)

Hi.

Sara brushes against, BOB, 48, wears a "New York Mets" tee-shirt.

SARA

Sorry.

Bob nods and moves toward the side.

TREVOR, 13, is visibly sweaty, wears a basketball jersey and holds a ball in his hand.

Aria continues to cry. Everyone gives Sara the evil eye. She bounces Aria up and down. She pulls a bottle from her bag, and turns it upside down; it's empty.

SARA (CONT'D)

Shh. Shh. It's okay, baby. We're  
almost home. Almost home.

She uses her finger as a pacifier. Aria continues to squirm and fuss. She claws at Sara's chest.

Sara lowers her collar, exposes her breast, and Aria latches on. Amanda glances back at her.

AMANDA

Are you really doing that?

Sara has her eyes on Aria.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Excuse me! You there, in the back  
who thinks we can't see you  
exposing yourself.

Everyone turns toward Sara. Bob's eyes grow wide. Trevor smiles widely; astonished.

Lushious gushes.

LUSHIOUS

Oh, how precious.

Sara looks at Amanda.

SARA

What was that?

AMANDA

I asked you if you were really standing there exposing your breast to us all.

SARA

I-I'm sorry. She was hungry.

AMANDA

What kind of mother doesn't think ahead?

Sara places her breast back into her shirt. Aria cries. The elevator shakes and stops.

BOB

Damn it. Not again.

AMANDA

What is it?

BOB

The elevator's stuck.

AMANDA

What do you mean, it's stuck?

BOB

This happened last month. A seventy-year-old lady was trapped in here for over an hour.

Amanda presses the alarm button seven times.

LUSHIOUS

It's obviously not working, sweetie. No need to abuse the button.

Lushious looks at Sara and winks.

AMANDA

Why wasn't this issue addressed,  
Bob?

BOB

I brought it up at the last board  
meeting, but apparently the issue  
of better tenant screening was more  
important.

Aria cries and continues to dig at Sara's chest.

AMANDA

Can you please shut that thing up?

Sara turns toward the wall and takes out her breast. Trevor  
blushes, peeks out of the corner of his eye, and smiles.  
Amanda looks back at her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Again with this.

Sara turns back toward her.

SARA

If you don't want the baby to cry,  
I have to feed her.

AMANDA

If you would have fed your baby  
before getting on the elevator, you  
wouldn't have to feed her with your  
naked breast in front of three  
adults and a small child.

TREVOR

I don't mind.

Trevor bites his lip and caresses his ball.

SARA

I tried to get back as soon as I  
could.

AMANDA

Tried, obviously, wasn't good  
enough!

Sara stops feeding Aria. Aria whimpers.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What do you think, Bob?

LUSHIOUS

I think there's nothing wrong with it. They're just breasts. We've all got 'em.

AMANDA

Is your name Bob?

Lushious fluffs her long locks.

LUSHIOUS

No, it's Lushious.

AMANDA

Are you even a tenant here?

LUSHIOUS

Yes, I am.

AMANDA

(to Bob)

Do you remember approving her application?

Bob shakes his head.

LUSHIOUS

I live with my boyfriend, Ricki.

Amanda raises her brow.

LUSHIOUS (CONT'D)

Mister Riccardo DeLerentes.

Bob and Amanda exchange glances.

AMANDA

Well, Lushious, I wasn't asking for your opinion, nor do I care for it.

Sara bounces Aria and paces back and forth. Amanda hits the "Call" button.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What purpose do these buttons serve if they don't work?

BOB

It's an electrical problem.

SARA

It can't be too much longer. There will be other people waiting for the elevator. They'll know right away that it's not working.

AMANDA

Not if they use the other elevator.

TREVOR

Or take the stairs. I like the stairs.

Aria screams.

SARA

I am going to have to feed her.

AMANDA

What is wrong with you mothers? You have one main job, and you can't even get that right.

SARA

What would you know about being a mother?

AMANDA

I don't want to know. I rather enjoy being successful and working for my keep in this world.

SARA

I work too.

AMANDA

Ha. Doing what? Selling freezer meals on Facebook?

SARA

No. I'm a teacher.

AMANDA

You should teach yourself how to take care of your child.

Lushious pulls Sara toward her.

LUSHIOUS

Don't listen to her, sweetie. She's clearly upset because she hasn't gotten any.

AMANDA

I'm engaged. I get plenty.

Amanda flashes a sparkling diamond ring.

LUSHIOUS

I'm sure he does too. When you're not around.

Amanda lunges toward Lushious. Sara stands between them.

SARA

Just wait a second here. We are all just getting a little cabin fever. Everyone, calm down.

TREVOR

Lady, I think you should feed your baby.

BOB

Kid, don't let your first tit be on an elevator.

TREVOR

It's not my first.

Bob laughs.

BOB

Sure, kid.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

The four of them sit in opposite corners of the elevator.

Lushious fans herself with a magazine. Amanda blots sweat from her forehead with a tissue. Trevor rolls his ball back and forth between his legs.

Bob eyes are closed, his head rests against the wall. Sara strokes Aria's head as she sleeps.

SARA

It's been an hour. You'd think someone would have helped us by now.

AMANDA

If these incompetent morons, who inhabit this building, even noticed there is a problem.



She blots her face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I'm thirsty. Does anyone have fluid  
of any kind?

Sara rummages through her purse and pulls out the empty milk  
bottle. Lushious pulls out a pair of shot glasses.

LUSHIOUS

Sorry, Hun.

SARA

Nothing here either.

AMANDA

Of course Miss Ill-Prepared  
wouldn't have anything.

Bob guards his mouth from Amanda's view.

BOB

(to Sara)

I'd plead the 5th if you decided to  
slap her silly. Don't let her push  
you around. She gets away with that  
enough around here.

Sara nods.

Aria opens her eyes and wails. She squirms in Sara's arms.  
Sara reaches for her breast.

AMANDA

Don't even think about exposing  
your breast again.

SARA

I need to feed my baby.

AMANDA

If you pull out that breast, I will  
take this blatant indecency to the  
board and have you removed from  
this building!

SARA

You can't do that.

AMANDA

Bob, you're chairman of the board,  
do I or do I not have the ability  
to have this woman removed?

BOB

She is very persuasive.

AMANDA

And you wouldn't appreciate it if she exposed herself again would you?

TREVOR

(smirking)

I don't mind.

BOB

It's none of my business. You've gotta do what you've gotta do.

Sara bounces Aria as she claws at her chest and whimpers.

SARA

I've lived here for six years. This is my home.

LUSHIOUS

There is nothing wrong with showing a little boob. I'll take off my top right now.

AMANDA

You wouldn't dare.

BOB

We can't stop her. I'm sure the law accommodates bare chests in cases like these.

TREVOR

We should all take off our shirts.

Trevor lifts his shirt up. Bob stops him.

BOB

It's best not to get involved, kid.

AMANDA

(to Lushious)

Listen here, you. It's bad enough I'm stuck in here with you, your nipples, and your five o' clock shadow. I don't need another person in here putting on a show.

SARA

That's enough! You can do what you want to me, but you will not insult this nice lady.

Sara exposes her full breast for everyone to see.

SARA (CONT'D)

It's a boob! It's not a sex toy, but I'm sure you know all about those!

Trevor smiles so wide that saliva dribbles down his lip.

BOB

Cover your ears, kid.

AMANDA

How dare you talk to me like that in front of a child.

TREVOR

I'm fine with it.

He smiles at Sara.

AMANDA

I'm sure your mother wouldn't be "fine with it." That's it I--

Amanda grabs her forehead and tumbles to the ground. Lushious kneels down and lifts her head off the ground.

BOB

Jesus! Is she okay?

Sara, still feeding Aria, kneels and pats Amanda's cheeks.

SARA

Stay with us. Open your eyes.

Amanda opens her eyes; her head rolls around her shoulders.

AMANDA

(whispers)  
I'm diabetic.

Bob reaches for her briefcase.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

It's not in there.

LUSHIOUS

She's diabetic. She needs some orange juice, or something sweet. Everyone check your stuff.

Lushious props Amanda up against the wall. They all check their bags and pockets and shake their heads.

SARA

There has to be something we can do.

Bob, Trevor, and Lushious look at Sara's breast. Amanda follows their eyes.

AMANDA

(trembling)

Not a chance. I will die first.

TREVOR

I'll do it.

Everyone looks at Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You know, to make her feel better about it.

SARA

You will go into shock soon if we don't at least get something in you. What kind of diabetic travels around without their insulin?

Amanda glares at her. Bob bends down next to her.

BOB

Amanda, you need to let us help you. It's the only way.

He looks at Sara. She nods.

AMANDA

I refuse to die in an elevator with you people. Give me the damn milk.

Sara hands Aria to Lushious. Lushious gushes.

LUSHIOUS

Aren't you just the prettiest girl in the world?

Sara pulls out her breast.

SARA  
I'm going to need a cup or  
something.

Bob points to Lushious's bag.

BOB  
Didn't you have shot glasses in  
there?

Lushious holds the baby in one arm as she searches her purse.

LUSHIOUS  
Amongst other things, Bobby boy.

She winks at him.

Lushious hands Sara a shot glass. Sara hand expresses milk  
into the glass. Trevor smiles and nods his head.

BOB  
(to Trevor)  
You're a man now, bud.

Amanda nods out.

LUSHIOUS  
Oh dear! She's not going to make  
it.

BOB  
Hurry!

TREVOR  
A boob and a death all in one day,  
cool.

Sara squeezes a few more drops out.

SARA  
I'm trying my best, guys.

She tucks her breast back inside her shirt and bends down  
near Amanda. Sara grabs Amanda's face, squeezes her cheeks to  
open her mouth.

Amanda's eyes soften when she makes eye contact with Sara.  
She drinks the milk down. She still trembles.

BOB  
She needs more! She's about to  
seize!

Sara examines the empty glass.

SARA  
It takes too long to hand express.

BOB  
She's gonna have to suckle it from  
the teet.

TREVOR  
All right!

Sara backs up.

SARA  
Wait a second. I didn't sign up for  
this.

Bob pushes her toward Amanda.

BOB  
Sara, she could die! Be the great  
mom we know you are.

Sara nods her head and moves toward Amanda. Trevor stands on  
his tip toes to get a better view of the show.

Bob averts his eyes but inches his way closer to the pair. He  
looks takes a peek and then averts his eyes again before  
someone notices his interest.

AMANDA  
Thank you, but it's not necessary.

She holds out her hand.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
The shaking's stopped. It worked.

The elevator resumes power and moves upward.

Bob lifts her arm. She staggers to her feet, but he holds on  
to her.

BOB  
Are you okay?

AMANDA  
Getting there.

Trevor steps toward her.

TREVOR  
So, how was it?

Amanda rolls her eyes.

AMANDA

I should have taken the risk.

They all laugh.

TREVOR

No, seriously.

Bob puts his hand on Trevor's shoulder.

BOB

Trust me, kid. Some things are better left unknown.

The doors open. Lushious gives Sara a hug.

LUSHIOUS

Stay strong, Mamma bear.

She kisses Aria on the forehead and hands her back. Sara wraps her back to her body.

LUSHIOUS (CONT'D)

Ciao, all.

She blows kisses at them as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Alone in the elevator, Amanda watches Sara from the corner of her eye.

Sara tickles Aria and makes silly faces.

SARA

Are you mommy's little angel?

Aria giggles.

Amanda smiles and turns toward them.

AMANDA

I'm sorry for implying that you weren't a good mother.

Sara looks up and smiles.

SARA

Thank you. I appreciate that.

AMANDA

I still think you should cover up when you nurse.

SARA  
I still think you should carry your  
insulin.

Amanda laughs.

AMANDA  
Thank God we live in a free world.

SARA  
Thank God.

They smile at each other. The elevator doors open, Amanda  
walks off.

AMANDA  
See you around.

SARA  
Yeah. See you around.

The elevator doors close.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (THREE MONTHS LATER)

Sara enters.

LOBBY

Sara waves at Bob who hangs a sign on the monthly bulletin.  
She rushes to the closing elevator and slips in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Amanda wears jeans and a "New York" tee-shirt; she smiles at  
Sara.

AMANDA  
Hey. No baby?

SARA  
Hey! Not today. No suit?

Amanda rubs her own belly.

AMANDA  
Not today.

SARA  
Are you?



Amanda nods. They face the doors and smile.

THE END.