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NIGHT DESK

Monologues / Thriller / 2 min
Cast 1 Any x1

It is three in the morning and a caller wants to be let into the building to see his sister. Sam, the night concierge, has a procedure and intends to follow it. The trouble is that the caller knows things he should not be able to know.

CHARACTERS

SAM - 30s, a night concierge at a residential tower, calm by training and stubborn by nature

SETTING

The lobby of a residential tower at three in the morning, present day, rain on the glass.

The lobby of a residential tower, 3 a.m. A front desk, a bank of small security monitors, a desk phone on speaker. Rain on the glass doors.

SAM, 30s, night concierge, stands with one hand on the desk phone and the other resting near a drawer. The caller is never heard.

SAM

Sir, I hear you. I'm not being difficult.
There's a procedure and I'm following it.

(listens)

Because it's three in the morning and Mrs. Okafor didn't leave a note about a brother. She leaves notes about everything. She left a note last week about a delivery guy who "seemed nervous." So if you were expected, I'd have a note.

(listens)

That's fine. Then she can buzz you up herself. I've called up to 9C twice and she hasn't picked up, which happens, she sleeps with earplugs. I'll try one more time and

then you're welcome to wait in your car. The one across the street.

SAM glances at the monitors. None of them show a car.

(carefully)

Sir. Where are you calling from?

(listens)

No. You said you were at the door. There's nobody at the door. I'm looking at the door. I'm looking at the street.

SAM straightens up slowly.

That's a good story. Really. The number, the apartment, the earplugs. You knew about the earplugs. I never said the earplugs.

(listens; a long beat)

Okay. Okay, you made your point. You know the building. You know the building better than I do. So what do you want?

SAM eases the drawer open an inch. Inside, a red button.

No, I'm listening. I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere. I got my coffee, I got my crossword, I'm settled in.

(listens; a beat as the meaning lands)

I didn't say coffee either.

SAM looks down at the mug on the desk. Then at the monitor for the ninth floor hallway. It is empty. Then, slowly, up at the ceiling.

(very quietly)

You're not calling from outside.

SAM presses the button. Then picks up the receiver and speaks with total calm.

Sir. Stay exactly where you are. I'm coming up.

END OF SCRIPT