(Elevator chimes, and the doors open. Two pairs of nice dress shoes enter, then the doors close. The elevator whirrs up. This is a tall elevator with a mirrored ceiling and carpeted walls because it is fancy.)

TOBIAS (continuing a conversation): Megablaze, Dynamo Howl, Razor something or other… what's his name? Anyway, I heard they're all gonna be here.

SPENCER: Hmm. I think it's just Razor.

TOBIAS: You're sure it's not Razor BLADE? That has a nice ring to it.

SPENCER: Mmmm, no, I don't think so. And I would know, I am paid to write about them.

TOBIAS (fake awe): Gasp! You mean you're THE Spencer Jennings, star reporter of the Dawnstar City Times? Wow! Can I get your autograph?

SPENCER (fondly): Tobias. We've been dating for two years now. And I'm the reason you're going to this fancy pants party, Mister Plus One.

TOBIAS: I'm just your excuse to leave all the awkward conversations with the superheroes you wrote bad stories about.

SPENCER
I don't write bad stories. I write the truth.

(The elevator chimes, and the doors open. Two pairs of footsteps exit the elevator.)

TOBIAS (the voice of a man who has heard this a thousand times already): And I don't make bad clothes, I create high fashion.

SPENCER (teasing): Hmmmmmm… Last week's jacket begs to differ. (laughs)

TOBIAS (laughs): You are an absolute scoundrel, dearest. What if I said that about your last article, I mean? I think you would just have a conniption, don't you think?

SPENCER: Oh you know I'm just ribbing you, darling.

TOBIAS: I know, I know…

SPENCER: We like to have fun here. (laughs)

TOBIAS: What's your definition of fun, cause I don't think I'm quite getting it? Maybe you can show me.

SPENCER: Well my definition of fun is two glasses of champagne and doing the rumba on the dance floor. You up for it? (fading)

(The elevator doors close and the elevator whirrs down. Then the elevator chimes and doors open. Three pairs of footsteps, 2 pairs of boots, 1 pair of tennis shoes, enter accompanied by a faint electric hum. The doors close and the elevator whirrs up.)

MEGABLAZE: Do any of you find it embarrassing that we have to take the elevator?

ELECTROSPARK: No? Sure, supers like Falcon can fly right up to the roof and look all cool, but unless we want to take the stairs… the elevator's our only option. Nobody's judging us for it.

SOUL STRIKE: I can't punch my way to the top. Soul Strike is an elevator man.

MEGABLAZE: It just feels like the setup for a joke, ya know? Three superheroes walk into an elevator.

THE SHADOWE (unintentionally ominous): Four.

(Reactions overlap)
ELECTROSPARK: SHIT! (Small electricity-charging noise.)
MEGABLAZE: WHAT THE-
SOUL STRIKE: WHO GOES-

THE SHADOWE: Calm down. It's just me. Shadowe. The Shadowe. You all know me.

SOUL STRIKE: Didn't see you there, my dude.

THE SHADOWE: That is the nature of my power.

ELECTROSPARK: You nearly got zapped.

MEGABLAZE: Let's not take down the whole elevator, Electrospark?

ELECTROSPARK: Look who's talking, Megablaze.

MEGABLAZE: You don't see me starting fires every time someone jumps out at me.

(The elevator chimes and the doors open.)

MEGABLAZE: Thank god.

Three pairs of footsteps exit the elevator. The Shadowe does not make footsteps.

ELECTROSPARK: That's not how it works, Mega. If the elevator gets an electric charge it's not going to suddenly fail. These things are rated for safety, you know, they're not just going to fall. (Fading)

SOUL STRIKE: (overlapping Electrospark) So, Shadowe, why do you come to these things, anyway?

THE SHADOWE: Eh, the food's good. Sometimes I'll bring Tupperware and stash a bunch of snacks for later when nobody's looking. (Fading)

(The elevator doors close and the elevator whirrs down. Then the elevator chimes and the doors open. Two pairs of footsteps, one high heels, one boots, enter, and the doors close. The elevator whirrs up.)

BOB: Everything is in place, Necro-

RILEY (interrupting with a fake cough): It's Riley tonight. We've been over this.

BOB: Everything is in place, Riley.

RILEY: I know that, Bob. We don't need to do the whole cliched recap the plan in the elevator thing. It's sloppy.

BOB: Sorry, boss. You're right.

RILEY: It's fine. I'm just stressed. We almost got found out yesterday by that one hero. (hero is a disgusting word to them)

BOB (attempting to reassure): Who we killed.

RILEY: Yes, who we killed. But it was a slip-up. They discovered my identity. Or, the one I'm using for this party at least.

BOB: You certainly have many identities.

RILEY: All part of the game, Bob. [pause]. Remind me to delete this elevator security footage when we're done here.

BOB: Will do.

RILEY: We got too close to being found out yesterday. I'm not taking any chances**. Also,** tell Nora to add mirrors to the ceiling of my own elevator. I like this look.

BOB: Copy that Necro-Riley. Riley. (pause, as Riley, definitely glares at him) Sorry boss.

RILEY: Don't you slip up out there or I'll throw you off the building, plan be damned.

(The elevator chimes and the doors open. Two pairs of footsteps exit.)

BOB: I won't. Riley.

(The doors close and the elevator whirrs down. Then the elevator chimes and the doors open. Two pairs of light flats or dress shoes, enter, then the doors close. The elevator whirrs up.)

LEWIS: (slightly awkwardly) So, uh, what's your name?

TIME CHANGE: They call me Time Change.

LEWIS: Cool. I'm, well, just Lewis.

(The two women shake hands)

TIME CHANGE: Nice to meet you, Just Lewis.

LEWIS: If you don't mind me asking… what do you do? When you're, you know, saving the day?

TIME CHANGE: I'm a time manipulator. Second class.

LEWIS: Wow. I'm just a software engineer. Well, CEO of SUPERHEARTS, the superhero dating app? I designed it.

TIME CHANGE: That's no small feat!

LEWIS: I wish I could pause time.

TIME CHANGE: I wish I could get a date.

(They both laugh, only a little awkwardly. The ice is cracking)

LEWIS: Rebecca Harris was the first investor in my company. I think that's why she invited me to her annual… [trying to think of a word] shindig. I feel pretty out of place, though. A billionaire's party? Wow.

TIME CHANGE: Nonsense. You belong here with everyone else. Why don't you let me introduce you to some of my friends? Maybe even buy you a drink?

LEWIS: Oh. I would really like that.

(The elevator chimes and the doors open. Two pairs of footsteps exit the elevator.

LEWIS: You're pretty smooth.

TIME CHANGE: Oh, it comes with the territory. Lots of time to think through what I'm- [going to say].

RESPAWN (interrupting): Excuse me, sorry, pardon me.

TIME CHANGE: Leaving already?

RESPAWN
Gotta go gotta go gotta GO!

(Rushed footsteps into the elevator, tennis shoes. The elevator doors close and it whirrs down.)

RESPAWN: How did I not know Necrogod would be here? Of course, they're here. Everyone who's anyone is here. Shit. When was my last save point?

(Gadget-ey beeping as they check the save point.)

RESPAWN: Okay. An hour ago. That's fine. Plenty of time to warn Rebecca Harris that she accidentally invited Dawnstar's biggest supervillain to her party. [pause] Of course, I'm the only one who knows Necrogod's alter ego. I died yesterday to find that out.

(More beeping.)

RESPAWN: And I guess I'm dying again. In this goddamn elevator. Would have been nice to find out Necro's plan and not just their identity. Then I wouldn't have to do this again! This sucks.

(A small bottle of pills is pulled out, one is removed, the rest are put back into a pocket.)

RESPAWN: Well, here we go. The taste of Cyanide never really grows on you. (pause as they eat it) Ugh. (Death sounds)

(The noise of Respawn zhorping out of existence, going back to their save point. The timeline changes with a slight whoosh)

(The elevator chimes, slightly differently, and the doors open, slightly changed. Three pairs of footsteps 2 pairs boots, 1 pair tennis shoes, enter accompanied by a faint electric hum. The doors close and the elevator whirrs up.)

ELECTROSPARK: What a battle, huh! Didn't think we'd be facing Necrogod here of all places.

SOUL STRIKE: If only we could have caught them once and for all. The war is not won! Though, an excellent battle was fought.

MEGABLAZE: And yet, we're still taking the elevator.

ELECTROSPARK: What else are we going to do? Supers like Falcon might be able to fly right up to the roof and look all cool, but unless we want to take the stairs… the elevator's our only option. Nobody's judging us for it.

SOUL STRIKE: Megablaze, are you disappointed with how this night has gone? You fought most bravely!

THE SHADOWE: We're not even that late for the party.

(Reactions overlap)
ELECTROSPARK: SHIT! (Small electricity-charging noise.)
MEGABLAZE: WHAT THE-
SOUL STRIKE: WHO GOES-

THE SHADOWE: Calm down. It's just me. Shadowe. I was right there with you fighting Necro and their cronies.

ELECTROSPARK (remembering): That's right.

SOUL STRIKE: My apologies.

THE SHADOWE: It's fine. That's how I work. Disappearing into the shadows and all that.

MEGABLAZE: Let's not take down the whole elevator, Electrospark? Especially to zap proven allies? Ignore him, Shadowe. Thanks for your help out there.

THE SHADOWE: Of course.

ELECTROSPARK: You're one to talk, Megablaze.

MEGABLAZE: You don't see me starting fires -or taking out elevators- every time someone jumps out at me.

(The elevator chimes and the doors open. Three pairs of footsteps exit the elevator.)

SOUL STRIKE (overlapping Electrospark): So, Shadowe, why do you come to these things, anyway?

THE SHADOWE: Eh, the food's good. Sometimes I'll bring Tupperware and stash a bunch of snacks for later when nobody's looking. (Fading)

ELECTROSPARK: That's not how it works. If the elevator gets an electric charge it's not going to
suddenly fail. These things are rated for safety, you know, they're not just going to fall. (Fading)

(The doors close and the elevator whirrs down. Then the elevator chimes and the doors open. Three pairs of footsteps in dress shoes enter, one pushing a food service cart. The doors close and the elevator whirrs up.)

KIT: I can't believe we got hired for this party. Look how fancy the elevator is!

ANNE (worried): Shouldn't we be taking the service elevator?

MILES (not worried): Eh, most of the guests are already here. It's fine.

ANNE: I'm sure glad Necro was stopped before they got in. I would have been terrified to be in the same place as them. Can you imagine serving them a drink? So scary!

KIT: What would they do? Give a bad tip? Gasp! Oh nooo.

MILES: Why do you think they tried to come here? Maybe they were recruiting for their army of the undead.

KIT: I don't think that's how their power works, Miles.

MILES: I can't keep all of them straight. Superpowers, superheroes, supervillains…

KIT: Tell me about it, I'm scared I'll be serving appetizers to Blizzard and call him Ice Man or something. This city has way too many supers.

ANNE: Who's your favorite?

KIT: Definitely Metamorph. I hope she's here.

MILES: I love Electrospark! What about you, Anne?

ANNE: My favorite is Flora.

KIT: Laaaaaame.

ANNE: Well she's here tonight, so keep your comments to yourself, Kit.

(The elevator chimes and the doors open. Three pairs of footsteps and a cart exit the elevator.)

KIT: Ugh, fine.

MILES (with wonder): Wow I see him!!! Electro!!!

KIT: Keep your cool, Miles. We're supposed to be serving food, not asking for selfies. (Fade out)

(The elevator doors close and it whirrs down. Then the elevator chimes and the doors open.)

TECHNOTIDE: An empty elevator, thank goodness. Just gotta take care of the security camera and…

(Techno blip)

TECHNOTIDE: Perfect.

(One pair of footsteps enter the elevator and the doors close.)

(The elevator whirrs down.)

TECHNOTIDE (muttering): Why did Respawn need ME to go to this party? I don't like parties. My thing is being behind the scenes! Behind the screens! And now I'm in this stuffy elevator running
my programs in the last minute of privacy I'll have for the next few hours! Doesn't Respawn know I'm an introvert? "Just check to make sure someone named Riley isn't here," they said. "It'll be easy," they said. "I'm not going back to that elevator I just died in," they said. A valid point, but now I have to talk to people!

(Computery-beeping)

TECHNOTIDE: I need to make that goddamn autonomous robot suit for occasions like these.

(Some more computer beeps)

TECHNOTIDE: Well, since I'm here, might as well test Miss Harris' systems…

(A cable is plugged in and a laptop opens. Lots of quick beeps follow.)

TECHNOTIDE: Lookey here. Maybe this night won't be a waste after all. I should go into villainy, I'd be damn good at it. If it weren't for those pesky morals of mine… Damn, I need more time to look at this.

(The elevator stops between floors.)

TECHNOTIDE: Rebecca Harris you are up to some shenanigans. Is this why you're schmoozing all the superheroes? My my my…

(More computery beeping)

TECHNOTIDE: I can think of a reporter who would like to hear about this… Copying that for sure… You're welcome, Spencer Jennings. [sigh] Alright, got it all. No more stalling, time to move…

(The elevator continues. A cable is unplugged, and the laptop is closed as beeping ceases)

TECHNOTIDE: Just got to restore the camera…

(Techno blip, followed by elevator chimes and the doors opening.)

TECHNOTIDE: And here we go. (pause) Respawn, you owe me one.

(One pair of footsteps exits the elevator, shortly followed by two pairs of footsteps entering. The doors close and the elevator whirrs down.)

TIME CHANGE: Are you sure you're okay with leaving the party early?

LEWIS (is drunk): Time, you know it's not my thing. I have no problem with it at all. Nooooo problemmmmm. (pause) Wait, are you okay leaving?

TIME CHANGE: Lewis, you were the best part of the whole thing. I'm more than happy leaving with you.

LEWIS: Okay, okay. Alright. Good. Gooooooood. (pause) Hang on, you already knew my answer! With your time travel thing!!

TIME CHANGE: It's still polite to ask. And it's not quite a time travel thing. More

time manipulation.

LEWIS: You know I'm too drunk to understand it if you explain it, huh?

TIME CHANGE: Ah. Yes. The same reason that when we go back to my place, I am making you drink water and turning down all your advances.

LEWIS (sadly): Aw

TIME CHANGE: Sober you can make decisions tomorrow.

LEWIS (happier) Aw

(A lull in the conversation.)

LEWIS: Did you know that the necro-person was going to try to come to the party tonight?

TIME CHANGE: It's hard to explain. When others mess with the timeline my power gets… fuzzy. I didn't know they were coming, and then I knew they were there, and then I knew they were stopped from coming… It splinters off. Can't keep the multiverse straight in my brain. Very annoying.

LEWIS: I am too drunk to understand this and I know that you know it.

TIME CHANGE: Yes, sorry. I got a little philosophical.

LEWIS (mumbled): Can't wait to get philosophical with you.

(The elevator chimes and the doors open. Lewis is picked up by Time, and one pair of footsteps exits the elevator.)

TIME CHANGE (softly): Time to go home.