


*Elevation
Part 2
Preview*

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A man in a dark grey suit and blue tie stands on the left, holding a document. He is looking towards a woman on the right. The woman has long dark hair and is wearing a dark blue dress with white cuffs. She has her hand to her chin in a thoughtful or concerned expression. They are in an office with a light-colored wall and a wooden desk. A speech bubble from the man says, "Oh, but we are. Let's think about this. We stopped on what, the 14th floor, and we guessed my age at sixteen." A speech bubble from the woman says, "What do you mean, trapped? We can't be trapped in here!" Another speech bubble from the man says, "Don't you see?" and a fourth from the woman says, "Yes ... estimated, anyway ...".

Oh, but *we are*. Let's think about this. We stopped on what, the *14th floor*, and we guessed *my age* at sixteen.

What do you mean, *trapped*? We can't be trapped in here!

Yes ... *estimated*, anyway ...


Don't you see?

A man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark grey double-breasted suit jacket, a light blue and white striped dress shirt, and a blue and white striped tie, is looking towards a woman. The woman has long, dark, wavy hair and is seen from the back of her head and shoulders. She is holding a white envelope. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.


You're thirty-
three ... *right*,
Sara?

gulp ...y ...yes ...

Damn ...


A man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark grey suit jacket, a light blue and white striped dress shirt, and a blue and white striped tie. He is looking slightly to his right with a neutral expression. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to his left, containing text. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a wooden baseboard at the bottom right.

I just turned *thirty-five* last November and *you're thirty-three*. When we go down *one floor*, we get *one year younger*. One floor, one year ...and we're on the *thirty-third floor*.



Oh my God ... you're saying ... if we had kept going down...


Correct. Logically ... assuming *there is* any logic to any of this ... we would have gotten *even younger*. When we got to the *first floor*, I would be *three years old* ...

A man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark suit, a light blue and white striped shirt, and a blue and white striped tie, is looking towards a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. The woman is seen from the back of her head and shoulders. They are in an indoor setting with a light-colored wall and a dark door frame visible on the left.

On the *14th floor*, my watch said it was 1999. If we rode the elevator down to the *first floor*, mathematically, it would be 1986 ... meaning *neither* of us would even be old enough to *communicate*, or *get home*.

... and I ... I'd be a...
gulp ... baby!


I ... I wouldn't even
be able to *walk*!

A man and a woman are standing in a hallway, facing each other. The man is on the left, wearing a dark suit, a light blue striped shirt, and a blue and white striped tie. The woman is on the right, wearing a dark blue dress. They appear to be in a conversation. There are three speech bubbles containing text.

Well, *for starters*, it may be tough convincing the *fire department* we need a lift down from the *33rd floor*. But I *highly doubt* that would help.

Maybe if we found a way around taking *the elevator* or *the stairs* ... like *a window* ...


But *why*?



Call it a hunch. Clearly, Ms. Madhat and this poem are complicit in this... somehow. And right here it says, 'You may think the window an escape, but the trap is your creation, and the slightest elevation informs your fate.'


Stupid hag! What is that supposed to mean?

Going on what we've witnessed so far, I'd say this is some kind of... I don't know ...

A man with dark hair, wearing a grey double-breasted suit, a light blue and white striped shirt, and a blue and white striped tie, looks slightly annoyed. A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark blue suit with a white collar, looks at him. She is holding a white document. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a wooden bench or desk in the foreground.


...curse.

A curse? The building is cursed. How scientific of you, Daniel. First, the Holy Spirit and now a curse.



There are no *bad ideas* here. If you think it would *help* ...

Maybe we should *bang* some *drums*, pray to the *Sun God Ra*, and sacrifice a *coffeemaker*.

A man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark suit, a light-colored striped shirt, and a blue and white striped tie, stands in an office hallway. He is looking towards a woman with long, dark, wavy hair who is wearing a dark, form-fitting dress. She is seen from the back. The hallway has light-colored walls and wooden benches. A framed picture is partially visible on the wall to the left.

Well, *what else* could it be, Sara? *What?!* Like *you said*, people just don't *ride down elevators* and get younger!

Of course I don't!
The building *isn't* cursed!




Then there's only *one*
other way to go.

A woman with dark, wavy hair and blue eye makeup is shown from the chest up. She has a thoughtful expression, with her hand near her chin. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The background is a plain white wall and a wooden floor.

Up.

Are you insane?! I don't think *that's* a good idea!

You're the one who said there are no bad ideas here.

A man in a dark suit and a woman in a dark blue dress with a white collar are standing in a room with a wooden bench and a grey chair. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. The woman has her hand on her hip and is gesturing with her other hand. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

Except *that* one!!

I know what you're thinking. We're both thinking it, but what other choice do we have ... unless you want to end up in diapers?


But *how many floors* does this building *have*?



You've worked here for *three years* and you *don't know*? Way to mind the details. *Sixty-one*.


Sixty-one?! Y ...you know how old we would be if we went to the sixty-first floor?!

We don't have to go *all the way up ...*




...just *far enough* prove our theory. We won't know *for sure* until we try, so come on, Daniel. *Who knows?* Maybe the curse stops at *this floor*.

Can't we just assume *it does?*



No, *we can't*. If we're going to *beat* this thing we need all the information *we can get* on it.


You *won't be happy* until you've made me an *old geezer*.



Shut up!

Yes, Daniel. That's been my plan *all along*, to make you an *old geezer*.


Look at the *bright side*. Your wife wouldn't want you anymore and I'd have you *all* to myself.

A man and a woman are standing in a hallway, facing each other. The woman is on the left, wearing a dark blue dress with a white collar. The man is on the right, wearing a dark suit jacket over a white shirt. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The largest one is on the right, pointing to the man. A smaller one is on the left, pointing to the woman. A third, even smaller one is at the bottom center, pointing to the man.

This *isn't* funny. What if we get *stuck* as *senior citizens*?


Based on what we've seen *so far*, we *wouldn't* be. We'd just have to come back *down here*.

I don't know ...




*Besides ...like I said ...we won't go *all* the way up, just far enough to see if *that's* how it works.*

*Sara ...no one wants to see us get *old and frumpy* ...*

A man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark grey suit jacket, a light blue and white striped shirt, and a blue and white striped tie, looks towards a woman on the left. The woman's profile is visible on the far left edge. They are in a hallway with a light-colored wall and a wooden floor. In the background, there is a glass-walled office or meeting room with a white door.


Who in *the hell* are you *talking* to?

Right? You don't really want to see that, *do you*?



Try to *keep it together*,
Daniel! C'mon.

Uh ... *no one*, I guess.

A man in a dark suit is seen from behind, pressing an elevator button on a wall. A woman in a blue dress with a white collar and cuffs stands to his left, looking at him. The scene is set in a hallway with a grey wall and a white door frame.

We'll just stay up there for *a minute*, then we'll come *right* back down.

sigh ... alright.

click

DING

For the record ...
I object!

I can cite precedents ...

*Overruled,
Mr. Savage.*

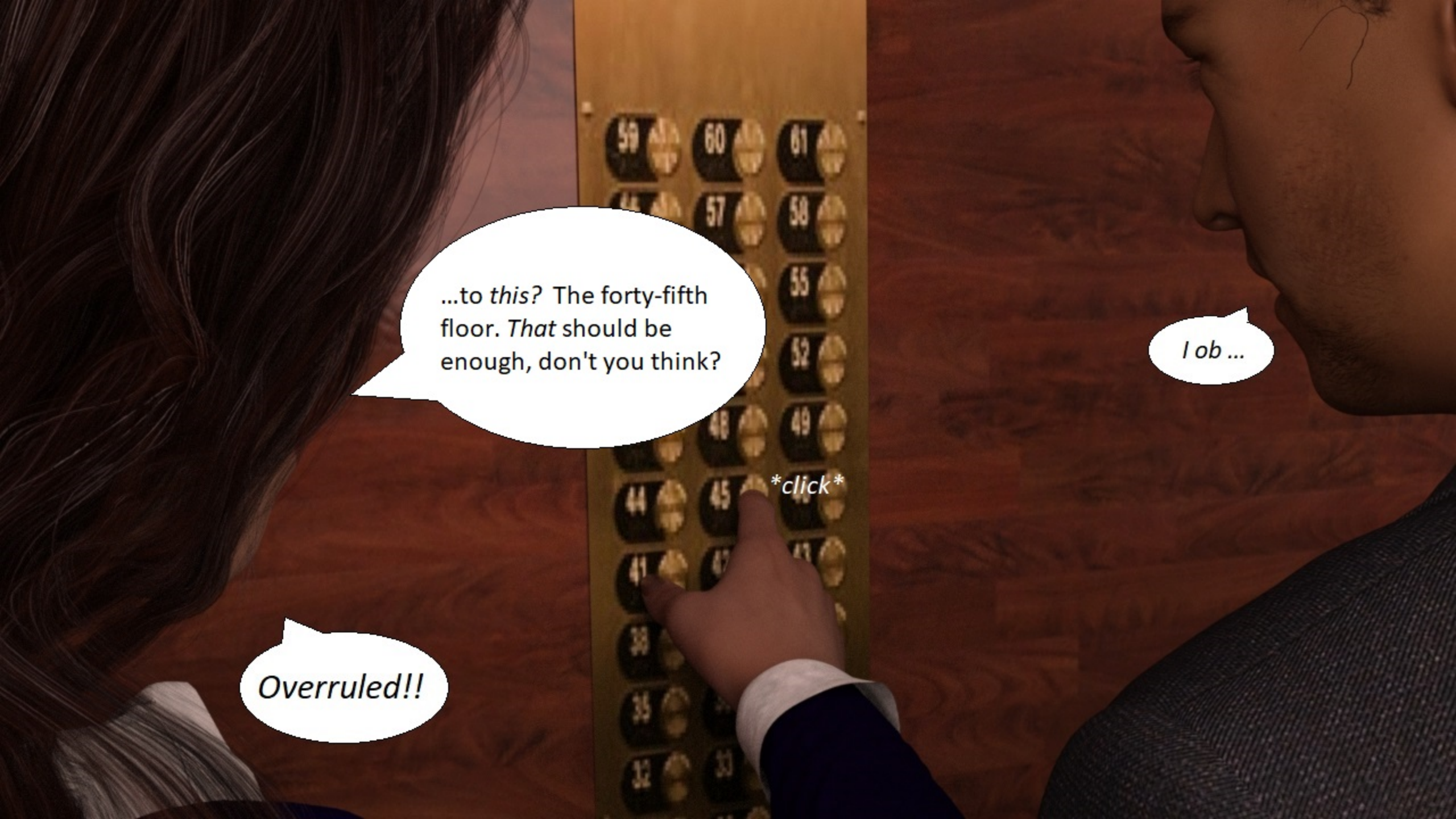
Going up

*Oh hush. No
you can't.*

33

**grumble* ...who
made you the judge ...*

*Me! So what do
you say ...*


A man in a dark suit is pointing his right index finger at a button on an elevator floor panel. The panel is gold-colored and has several buttons with numbers. The man's face is partially visible on the right side of the frame. A woman with long dark hair is on the left side, looking towards the man. There are three speech bubbles overlaid on the image. The background is a dark, textured wall.

...to *this*? The forty-fifth floor. *That* should be enough, don't you think?

I ob ...

click

Overruled!!

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark blue, long-sleeved, button-up dress with a white collar and high heels, stands in a hallway with wood-paneled walls. She is looking towards a man in a dark suit who is standing with his back to the camera. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene.

Oh, will you *relax*?
Besides, I'm sure you'll
look *very distinguished ...*
as an *older gentleman*.

Stop doing that
right now!

click

35

How do you feel?

Ok ... so far ...

Daniel ... *I
feel sick ...*

*My whole body's aching.
Going down felt great ...
but this ...*

**urp* ... I
know ...*

Do I look *any
different* to you?

40

DING

Forty-fifth floor

45

*Ugh! 'sbout time.
Feels like we've been
in there for years.*

By my watch ... *12 years.*
It's December, 2030.