

FADE FROM BLACK

EXT. RURAL HOME - NIGHT

A quiet homestead is lit up by a barren rural road. A figure in black attire walks along the road toward the home. The figure pauses for a moment, the lights of the house flick off, and he heads toward the home.

The figure simply walks to the front door of the house and tries the handle. It's unlocked and he walks in.

INT. ENTRY ROOM - NIGHT

VINCENT, a rotund man lays lazily on the couch. He is snoring loudly.

A small dog walks around the corner, stares at the figure, and starts to bark.

VINCENT

Shut up mutt.

The dog continues to bark. The figure hurries upstairs and the dog follows. Vincent turns to get up off the couch, concerned with his dog's behavior.

Vincent heads upstairs. The dog is barking at a bedroom door. Inside, the figure is hiding in a closet. It is pitch black in the room and closet.

Vincent enters the bedroom and flicks the lights on.

VINCENT

Might as well come out now, boy. Rusty here ain't gonna go quiet until you show your face.

The figure squirms in the closet. There are no slits in the doors, it is a single closed door. A sliver of yellow light slides underneath the gap in the bottom.

The closet door opens, revealing the figure. Vincent stares for a moment, bewildered.

It is a young woman, her name is ISABELLA. She has a glass eye and a sickle-shaped scar above her right eyebrow. She gasps in fear as the small dog runs to her ankles and begins to growl and bark ferociously.

VINCENT

What's the matter with you? Who the hell gave you the right to walk into my house? You got some kind of death wish?

ISABELLA

I'm sorry. I don't know how I got here, I'm a bit lost.

VINCENT

Yeah well, lost is an understatement. You're a solid 15 minutes from the nearest gas station. You could've just knocked.

ISABELLA

Do you have a phone?

VINCENT

Sure, It's back there.

Vincent points back toward the closet. It is actually a hallway, now alight with green fixtures. There are racks of suits leading into what seems like a factory. Isabella turns back around to see that Vincent is gone.

ISABELLA

Hello? Where did you go?

It is only Isabella and the small dog in the room now. The door to the room is shut, she tries the handle and it's locked. She heads toward the illusory closet and heads inside.

ISABELLA

Am I going insane?

The dog follows Isabella into the illusory closet. She heads down the path with the racks of suits. She sees Vincent sitting in a small wooden chair further down the hallway.

VINCENT

What do you think? Pretty nice isn't it?

ISABELLA

What is this?

VINCENT

This is my workshop. I make

masterpieces here.

ISABELLA
You're a suit-maker?

VINCENT
Not just any suitmaker, sweetheart. I
make them for the big leagues.

ISABELLA
The big leagues? Can I please just
leave? all I need is a phone call.

VINCENT
Politicians don't wear just any suit.
The president has my digs on right
now. Probably stretching the fabric at
some high-level meeting.

Isabella looks to her left. She sees a large tube with a man
in a suit suspended in fluid. The man in the tube has a
handsome face, with blue eyes and perfectly parted brown
hair.

ISABELLA
What is that thing?

VINCENT
That's our next congressman. He's been
in the oven for a few years there.
He's gonna make a real ripple in the
world, believe me.

ISABELLA
This can't be real. I can't even
remember how I got here. Please just
let me leave.

VINCENT
Well, I would. But I feel like you'd
make a good president.

Isabella backs up toward the illusory closet door. A
mechanical arm grabs suit fabric from a hidden compartment.
It grabs Isabella and begins to wrap her in the expensive
suit fabric. She looks like a professional mummy.

A mechanical arm grabs her, picks her up off the ground, and
plops her into a test tube. She tries to scream, but her
mouth is covered.