

EXT. THEATER IN BLACKNESS - NIGHT

After entering into the room she sees that there are some black free standing flats amongst pure black nothingness. There are empty wooden bleachers facing the elegant indigo chair in a V formation. The TV is on a TV stand in front of of the chair.

She turns to exit back into the hall, but the door she came through closes by itself as it melts into the blackness. Sol runs to where the door handle was grasping at it to open the door that was there, but she is grasping at nothing. She feels around for the door, but there is nothing.

She looks back at the scene and shakes her head and runs forward to get away from it. She runs into the darkness seeing nothing in sight. She runs for a bit more when she starts to see something coming into view. She starts to see it is the back of the bleachers that she just left. To the right of them, she sees the TV and chair still turned on.

She looks behind her and sees the front view of the bleachers, while in front of her, she sees the back view of the bleachers. They are at exactly the same size and distance away. She looks back and forth between the two as she must choose between approaching the back of the bleachers and approaching the front of them.

After a second of deciding, she moves back to where she came from as she starts to see the front of the bleachers coming into focus. Upon arriving back, she begins observing the room walking up and then back down the bleachers, sitting down on them and watching at the chair and TV on the painted black floor.

After not noticing any change, she stands up and walks to the indigo chair examining it. She touches it feeling the texture and after a brief moment of this, she decides to sit in the chair as the only option she can think of.

Immediately after sitting in it, the sound of static mixed with TV voices is heard talking loudly and fast obnoxiously. A clear tunnel with a bit of blur comes out of the TV like a tube of energy as it outlines the shape of a giant bubble around the stage enclosing her and the set within it.

After swirling around the giant bubble in a circular motion traveling behind her to in front of her, it travels toward her face and into her third eye splashing upon her face. Another translucent bubble forms around her as the tube of energy between her and the TV takes on the form of a direct line.

As the inner bubble forms around her, an audience half-fills the bleachers evenly scattered about as a laugh track is heard.

Sol is paralyzed clinching to the chair tightly while shaking as if being jolted by electricity. A close up of the TV shows stereotypical scenes and characters as the TV changes itself from channel to channel. The screen and sound is still mixed with static.

Included in the characters are the over obnoxious salesmen, announcers, commercial voices, and so on. Instead of the white static fuzz snow, it is a series of lines like when the cable stations were scrambled in the old days. The lines are in different distinct colors and displeasing to look at. The area around the TV is slightly seen in the shot. After each of the different characters, the TV changes itself to another. The pictures come slightly into focus and then out of focus.

At one point, Mr. Money Bags comes onto the screen as a car salesman offering a deal to buy her old soul and trade it in for a new one. The shot zooms into his face cutting out the background of the room previously seen.

MR. MONEY BAGS

(in a car salesman style
sounding sinister))

Hi, Mr. Bags here! Let me ask you, emotions wearing you down? Feeling tired of it all? All tired of feeling it all? Well come on down to our new souls dealership! Trade in your old soul for a new one. Or maybe you're in the mood for doing a little buying yourself. Yes, that's right, we sell souls too! Choose from our surplus. We're the largest importer of lost souls on this side of the universe. What better way to further your mission then with a fleet of bought souls, easy to work, easy to control, and highly programmable to fit those setting you hold most dear. So come on down! Buy some souls, sell some souls, trade in your old one for a new one.

As the camera zooms even closer into the static, the static sound gets louder and all voices fade out as a synthesized disharmony of sound is heard inter fused in the static.