

INT. SUBURBAN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Shelves of VHS tapes ring the walls of a dingy suburban basement. A massive rear-projection TV looms in one corner.

Opposite the TV is a giant PUFFY COUCH, the kind that looks so soft you might slip into a coma if you sat for too long.

FOOTSTEPS clatter down the stairs and two floppy-haired teen boys enter - one blonde, DEAN, and one curly and dark, MARCO.

DEAN

Okay! This is it!

MARCO

Yeah, it's nice, but I don't get the big deal. I have a couch.

DEAN

That's where you're wrong, my good man. This is no ordinary couch! It's a goddamn miracle!

MARCO

What, did Amber finally let you...

DEAN

No, I wish, but it's not like that. I lost the remote the other night, see, and when I reached into the cushions to look for it...

Dean demonstrates. He sticks his arm in between the cushions and it JUST KEEPS GOING up to his SHOULDER.

He roots around for a beat, concentrating, then grins and pulls out his arm. With it comes a sound like some great cosmic bubble bursting, a twanging RUBBERY POP.

Marco goggles at the thing in Dean's hand - a crystalline shape of uncertain geometry that pulses with an inner light.

DEAN (CONT'D)

My theory is that there's a whole hidden universe in there and it's ours for the taking. You with me?

MARCO

So.. you're telling me you want to explore a world inside your couch?

DEAN

Sure, why not? That's just crazy enough to work!