

AN EMPTY WHITE VOID

At first, this place seems endless.

Splayed on the ground, ruining the perfection like a stain on porcelain, lays JERRY: 30ish, unshaven, jeans and band tee.

He snorts awake and scrabbles in his pockets for his PHONE.

SUPER: *NO SERVICE, ASSHOLE.*

Jerry does a double-take and stows the phone.

He stumbles to one side of the void and discovers a surface, curved and pebbled white. He knocks and it echoes, hollow.

JERRY

HELLO? Can anybody hear me? If this is some kind of hallucination, I would like it to stop now, please.

A booming WOMAN'S VOICE that seems to come from everywhere rings out. This is ELIZABETH, and her sneer is audible.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Finally awake in there, little man?

JERRY

Oh god. What the hell did you do?

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

You wanted to stay for breakfast.

JERRY

I apologized! I really meant it! Can't you let me out of... this?

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

You don't just get to pretend like it didn't happen and try to start over. Not for that. Not ever.

JERRY

You fucking witch! I'll kick my way out and we'll see who apologizes!

He kicks the white surface and immediately clutches his foot.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Aw, no egg tooth. Let me help!

With a CRACK, the surface splits, revealing SIZZLING SOUNDS.

Jerry grabs at one edge, but slips out with a little SCREAM.