

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Life-ravaged stagehand ACE (50s), sinks into the depths. Ace has an unkempt beard and hair, long by neglect rather than choice. Blood ribbons from his wrists. A pink moonlit glow. A music box eerily tings 'Bye Bye Blackbird' by Mort Dixon.

ACE (V.O.)  
...and we drown in absent tears.

His eyes OPEN. His face is peaceful. Sinks into blackness. The music, sinister, winds down to discordantly -- stops.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: FATHER TRINITY

INT. STUDIO 3 - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SHNK! Ace's large hand pulls a light cord. He wears a wedding ring. An old vertical scar traverses his wrist.

SUPERIMPOSE: 4 YEARS EARLIER

A naked bulb in a wooden corridor casts a dull light on Ace's face. He's a hulking man with hunched shoulders. In the light he looks defeated, in the dark he looks dangerous.

The light flickers. A long, low sigh. He looks up.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Ace, torch in hand, checks a fuse box -- nope, all good.

INT. WALL CAVITY - NIGHT

He crawls, chasing the source of the fault. From the roof, a rat HANGS -- then DROPS on his ear. He jerks his head back.

A PLAGUE OF RATS runs at and crawls over Ace. His eyes, terrified. Ace screams. Rats race into his open mouth, a TUNNEL FOR RATS. Snaps out of it. Nothing there. Just his fear of rats.

ACE  
You big pussy.

He crawls further. Finds an electrocuted rat.

ACE (cont'd)  
Karma's a bitch, you rat bastard.