

1 INT. RICH MANSION, LOS ANGELES, CA - LATE AFTERNOON

Inside a large mansion we quickly pass by a family eating a gourmet dinner. After we pass by, we go through a series of rooms and staircases until we land on a room at the top of the house where an old woman, FINNOULA, 98, lies in bed, wide awake.

Finnoula sports large red glasses, a long string of pearls, and expensive silk pajamas.

Finnoula squirms in her bed for a few moments. A CARETAKER enters.

CARETAKER

Finnoula, dear, it's time for your pills.

FINNOULA

I don't need any pills.

CARETAKER

Yes, you do, Finnoula. Come on, let's sit you up.

The caretaker pushes a button to lift her up in bed. It goes very slow.

She force feeds Finnoula some pills.

CARETAKER

I'll be back in an hour to get you ready for bed, alright?

Finnoula snickers. The door shuts.

Finnoula spits out the pills that she's been holding in her mouth and bounds out of bed with nearly no effort. She sits on the floor and opens up a loose floorboard, which holds a large bag inside. She grabs the bag, and then takes out a rope ladder.

She opens the window and attaches the rope ladder. She waltzes out the window and down the ladder with the backpack and ease. She quickly takes down the ladder and scurries off into the darkness.