VEIL

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INT. STUDIO - DAY

A TAILOR (60s) admires an EMERALD DRESS on a body form. Longing. Its gravitational force pulls him in. He feels the sleeve, his hand drifting up it, but -- he yanks back his touch. *No. I shouldn't. I can't.*

(Around him, an uncanny workshop. Nightmare-like. The BODY FORMS, RACKS, and TABLES all slant at odd angles. Everywhere, everything: crooked, warped, spindly.)

DRIP. A droplet descends. Hits the emerald dress. It drizzles over the fabric. Horror, the Tailor glances up to find

a ceiling littered with fat and scrawny PIPES. There doesn't appear to be a ceiling; the spaces between the pipes reveal more pipes. It's metal all the way up into oblivion.

He eyes one in particular: the SKINNY PIPE that dripped on the dress. It's got a hole in it.

Anxious, he swivels around. Finds a tarp-like cover in the corner. He heaves the material over the emerald dress, veiling it from the world.

A droplet hits the veil. His tension releases a bit, knowing the dress is saved.

He strides to the desk, seizes a piece of fabric. He stands on a chair and wraps the cloth around the skinny pipe, stopping it from flowing. *Good.*

CREEAAK. A sound echoes behind. *What...* He pivots back.

The LARGEST PIPE shakes. Trembles. Reverberates --

BOOM!

It BURSTS! Dark liquid rushes out of its end. In fact, all of the pipes are dripping!

MONTAGE -- The Tailor fixes up the place.

- The Tailor pulls dresses and pants off a rack. Stuffs them into the large pipe.

- Tosses a few shirts onto the ground and, with his feet, mops up the liquid with them.

- Ties garments on a pipe.

END MONTAGE

Hair a mess. Beige fabric in hand, he admires his work. All the pipes stuffed and tied. It looks good. No drops.

And he dares to look to that covered dress (a bit of the emerald peeks out from under the veil). He plays with the beige piece in his hand as he steps toward the dress -- that longing consuming him.

CREAK. All at once, the pipes around him trickle. Drizzle.

He eyes the pipes, then

THE FLOOR

His feet stand in a puddle. His grip loosens, hope draining. The singular beige fabric piece drifts out of his hand. Lands in the water below (water rings break out).

BOOM. The pipe above the covered dress BURSTS. It rains over.

The Tailor slows to a stop at the foot of the dress. And as he studies the veil, water rushing over his head, he lets out a breath. *Screw this.*

HE TEARS OFF THE VEIL.

The world around him drops away. It's just him and that

EMERALD DRESS.

He runs his hand over a sleeve. Then places the fabric against his face. Feeling it over his skin, over his mouth. *Wow...*

Images stream past: emerald fabric grazing over skin -- as if someone is putting it on. Then another image: the Tailor's face. Full of power. Full of triumph.

The Tailor wears the emerald dress, standing among the dripping water. He runs his hands over the stitches. And stares up at the pipes -- the rain giving him life.

He drifts to the floor, lying in the water. Glorious. The wet rags and dresses surround him, sticking to his body. Here, on the ground, his demeanor floods with joy.

FADE OUT.