

Personal Prisons

FADE IN:

1 INT. SMALL ROOM 1

WESLEY PARSONS(32), lies on an old workout bench doing rep after rep until he struggles to get the bar back on the rack.

WESLEY sits up on the bench catching his breath as sweat runs from his shaggy head into his massive and equally shaggy beard. A large scar runs across his forehead and cuts through his eyebrow. His hopeless blue eyes scan the room.

The small, dimly lit room is immaculately clean.

A large flat screen TV hangs on the wall sporting an enormous crack spreading from corner to corner. Next to it stands a large metal door with no knob.

A small stove with an attached sink rests in the corner of the cinder block wall room. Dark scorch marks ruin the would-be pearl white stove top.

Along the wall line we get a quick glimpse of a blanket that covers the silhouette of what could be a human body.

A small one man shower, a queen sized bed, and a large red button on the wall that at one point seemed to be encased in glass makes up the remaining items in WESLEY'S small room.

WESLEY glances to the corner of the ceiling where a motionless camera hangs, watching everything thing he does. He's used to it's presence and lies back down on the bench and continues his workout with the same intensity as before.

TITLE CARD: 10 YEARS AGO

2 INT.FOX STUDIOS SET 2

An older and slightly graying RYAN SEACREST stands in the middle of a brightly lit stage with a large, made for TV smile on his face and a microphone in his hand.

The large studio audience watches and waits anxiously.

A sign prompting them to clap flashes green and the crowd CLAPS in unison.

CAMERA MAN
(To Ryan Seacrest)
And were live in three...two...one

(CONTINUED)

RYAN SEACREST
(Energetically)

And welcome back ladies and gentleman of America or wherever it is you may be, to the greatest game show on Earth.

The audience cheers.

RYAN SEACREST

We have a new contestant with us today who thinks he has what it takes to conquer THE ROOM. Please give a warm welcome for our new friend, Wesley Parsons!

RYAN SEACREST CLAPS along with the audience while a much younger looking WESLEY emerges from behind a curtain to join RYAN on stage.

WESLEY'S hair and beard are nicely trimmed and he resembles nothing of the WESLEY seen earlier. His eyes have life.

RYAN puts a warm arm around WESLEY'S shoulder.

RYAN SEACREST

So Mr. Parsons, what makes you think survive the very same room that has conquered the spirits of many men before you? Bigger men too might I add...

RYAN pokes at WESLEY'S scrawny arm and the crowd laughs. A nervous smile crosses WESLEY'S face.

WESLEY

Well I've always enjoyed time to myself so I don't picture THE ROOM being too difficult.

RYAN SEACREST

Are you married Wesley? Any kids?

WESLEY

Umm yeah. I have a beautiful wife named Jessica whom I love very much and we have a 3 year old daughter named Nicole.

(To Camera)

I love you girls. Wish daddy luck.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN SEACREST

I'm sure they're watching right now, cheering you on. I'm assuming you know the rules to the game correct?

WESLEY nods.

RYAN SEACREST

For some of our newer viewers I'll go through the rules again. We're going to place our friend Wesley in a 30 by 30 foot room with no way out except by pressing a red button that will be located in the room. The room comes with certain necessities such as a bathroom, shower, basic food, and monthly laundry service. On top of that we will give Wesley a choice of three items that he may take with him into his stay. For every year Wesley can stay in the room he earns 1 million dollars, and if he can stay the entire 10 years then we'll double his earnings, giving him a whopping 20 million dollars!

The studio audience erupts with APPLAUSE.

RYAN SEACREST

You still interested in playing the game Wesley?

WESLEY

Yeah, lets do it.

RYAN SEACREST

Good, follow me over here to the curtains to pick your items.

WESLEY follows behind RYAN to a large wall with six numbered curtains hanging from it, each concealing something. A gorgeous, swimsuit clad model with a wide smile waits to be of assistance.

RYAN SEACREST

With the help of the beautiful Marissa here, you're going to pick three of these curtains and whatever lies behind them you're allowed to take with you into THE ROOM. With that being said, what will your first choice be Wesley?

(CONTINUED)

The crowds CHEERING becomes distant as WESLEY looks over his choices.

WESLEY
Number two RYAN.

RYAN SEACREST
Number two it is. Marissa please
show Wesley what he has chosen.

MARISSA prances over to curtain two and pulls the drawstring back revealing a state of the art, 70 inch TV.

The audience CLAPS their approval.

RYAN SEACREST
Not a bad choice Wesley. This TV
also comes with any channel you can
possible think of along with over a
thousand programed movies. How do
you feel about your first choice?

WESLEY
I watch a shit ton o- I apologize I
forgot I was on TV. But yes I'm
very happy with my first pick.

RYAN SEACREST
It's okay. I'd probably be a little
excited to be getting a 70 inch TV
too. What will you be choosing for
your second item.

WESLEY
My wife Jessica's favorite number
has always been four. So lets see
if she can give me some luck.

RYAN SEACREST
Marissa lets see what's behind
curtain four.

Marissa pulls the drawstring to curtain four, revealing a weight bench along with weights and a treadmill.

The crowd's collective GROAN signifies a bad choice.

RYAN SEACREST
A weight bench and treadmill. Maybe
your wife's lucky number is trying
to tell you something.

The crowd LAUGHS at the joke.

WESLEY

Maybe so. I'll at least be in shape
I guess. Better a weight set than a
Barbie doll set.

This gathers light laughter from the audience.

RYAN SEACREST

And what will it be for your final
choice?

WESLEY pauses before answering.

WESLEY

Number six Ryan.

RYAN SEACREST

Marissa, please do us the honors.

MARISSA draws curtain six and behind it stands a male and a
female, both in their mid twenties.

The audience ROARS.

WESLEY briefly studies the familiar face of the man and the
beautiful but unfamiliar face of the female.

RYAN SEACREST

Wesley I'd like to introduce you to
our Russian beauty Natasha, and I'm
sure you recognize the young man
standing here. You mind telling us
who this man is to you?

WESLEY

(Chuckling)

Yeah, that's my best friend
Michael. We've been best friends
since like fourth grade.

RYAN SEACREST

Very interesting. Well we're going
to give you the option to take one
of these two with you into THE
ROOM. As a bonus they will also
earn money for their time spent in
THE ROOM.

WESLEY is temporarily frozen by the choice presented to him.
He internally weighs his options as part of the audience
screams for WESLEY to choose NATASHA while the other half
cheer for MICHAEL.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN SEACREST

BUT... before you pick I've got something you should know. Our beautiful friend NATASHA doesn't speak a drop of English, so you can kiss those deep meaningful conversations bye-bye.

The audience reacts with a surprised GASP.

WESLEY

Michael you know I love you like a brother man, but I seriously doubt me and you can do ten hours in a small room together, let alone ten years. So I'm going with the girl. I can probably teach her some kinda English.

RYAN SEACREST

I don't think there's any man on planet Earth that would blame you for that choice Wesley. Although I would love to hear what Mrs.Parsons thinks, but that's another story for another show.

(To MARISSA)

Lets show Mr.Parsons on the items he missed out on.

MARISSA pulls a rope revealing the remaining three items and WESLEY looks over his would be choices.

-Behind number one is a cute puppy who sleeps peacefully, unaware of it's surroundings.

-A computer with internet access sits behind curtain number three.

-A ten year supply of alcohol and tobacco sits in curtain five's slot.

RYAN SEACREST

You still feeling happy about your choices after seeing the ones you didn't pick?

WESLEY

I don't care for dogs too much but not picking the alcohol does hurt a lil'. I can't lie.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN SEACREST

Well you win some, you lose some.
I'm sure you and Natasha can pass
time somehow. I sincerely wish you
and Natasha the best of luck in the
room, and remember, the red panic
button will be there if you ever
want to quit.

(To Audience)

And that will do it for today's
show folks. Thanks for watching
America!

WESLEY stands next to RYAN with bright eyes and a big smile,
excited about the future and whatever it holds.

3 INT.THE ROOM-PRESENT DAY

3

WESLEY finishes up his last rep and places the bar back on
the rack. He glances at a large digital clock with bright
red numbering that's posted on the wall. It reads FIVE
MINUTES remaining.

WESLEY raises from the workout bench and makes his way to
the sink. He turns on the faucet letting the water pool in
his hands then proceeds to drink several handfuls before
turning the faucet back off.

Next to the sink is the charred stove top. WESLEY runs a
finger across the black burn marks and becomes lost in
thought.

FLASHBACK TO:

4 INT.THE ROOM-NINE YEARS AGO

4

WESLEY and NATASHA lie on opposite sides of the queen sized
bed watching re-runs of Full House with Russian sub-titles.
The space in between them suggests that they aren't very
comfortable with each other.

WESLEY laughs to himself as he watches his favorite T.V.
show while NATASHA looks as if she'd rather be anywhere else
on Earth except there on that bed.

WESLEY

Hey, how much longer do you think
it'll be before the food is ready?

NATASHA doesn't understand English and quickly deems the
words coming from WESLEY as unimportant. She doesn't even
bother looking in his direction.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

The FOOD... on the stove...

WESLEY points to a pot on the stove with steam streaming from the lid.

WESLEY

How much longer until you think
it'll be ready?

NATASHA takes WESLEY'S tone and gestures the wrong way and angrily gets up to tend to the food on the stove.

NATASHA

(In Russian)

Do I look like your slave? I refuse
to be your personal servant for the
next nine years you stupid
American!

WESLEY is genuinely confused by the anger he can hear in her voice, but can't comprehend what exactly it is she's saying.

He shakes it off and continues watching T.V. as she stirs the food in the pot.

5

INT.THE ROOM-LATER

5

WESLEY and NATASHA sleep in bed with NATASHA lying as far away from him as the bed will allow.

Smoke is seen creeping and swirling around WESLEY'S sleeping face while a faint orange glow begins to grow in the corner. WESLEY'S eyes snap open.

He looks over to find flames leaping from the top of the stove.

WESLEY

What the fuck Natasha!

WESLEY hops out of bed and hurries to the burning stove, dragging the bed's blanket behind him. He tosses the blanket on top of the flames to smother the fire.

NATASHA watches WESLEY battle the fire from their bed with a slight smirk on her face. An enraged WESLEY finishes fire fighting and turns to NATASHA.

WESLEY

You trying to kill us or something
you dumb bitch? You can't speak a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY (cont'd)
 lick of damn English, you won't
 fuck me, AND you can't fuckin'
 cook? I swear to God you're the
 most useless bitch I've ever met.

NATASHA stares at him, smirk still on her face.

NATASHA
 (In Russian)
 Why'd you put the blanket on your
 dinner? I thought you liked your
 food well done?

WESLEY doesn't exactly know what she said, but the mockery
 in her tone is international. WESLEY'S hands involuntarily
 ball into fists.

BACK TO PRESENT:

6 INT.THE ROOM-PRESENT DAY 6

WESLEY snaps out of his daydream and looks back to the clock
 hanging on the wall.

THREE AND A HALF MINUTES remaining.

He takes off his sweat drenched shirt and puts on a shirt
 that's probably just as dirty.

As he finishes changing shirts he catches his distorted
 reflection in the broken T.V. and again becomes lost in his
 thoughts.

FLASHBACK TO:

7 INT.THE ROOM-SIX YEARS AGO 7

WESLEY jogs at a steady pace on the treadmill while watching
 yet another episode of Full House. His beard and hair are
 noticeably longer than before.

NATASHA lies in bed attempting to find sleep but can't due
 to the loud sound of the running treadmill.

NATASHA
 (In Russian)
 Must you run while I'm trying to
 sleep? Jack ass...

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY ignores her foreign tongue and continues to run without even looking at her or acknowledging that she had spoken.

NATASHA gets out the bed and marches towards WESLEY and the treadmill. She presses the power button causing the machine to stop. WESLEY flashes her a grim look and turns the treadmill back to continue running but NATASHA immediately turns it back off.

WESLEY
Stop you crazy bitch!

WESLEY shoves her hard to the ground, restarts the treadmill, and begins to run again.

NATASHA scans over the room for something to throw at WESLEY. She picks up the remote control for the T.V. and hurls it at WESLEY. She misses her intended target and the remote crashes into the T.V. causing it to crack and turn off.

WESLEY gets off the treadmill and gawks at the broken T.V. as if it were his own child that was just struck and killed. His breathing quickens and his eyes become wet with tears of anger.

NATASHA
(In Russian)
I was tired of watching that show
anyways.

NATASHA crawls back in bed and turns to go back to sleep as if nothing happened.

Something in WESLEY snaps. He walks over to the bed and hits her once hard across the mouth.

WESLEY
(Screaming)
Are you fucking stupid? Why would
you break the T.V.?

NATASHA scurries to the far side of the bed away from WESLEY. Tears build in her eyes, blood runs down her chin, and for the first time NATASHA appears to fear WESLEY.

WESLEY goes back to the treadmill and continues his run. A satisfied smirk creeps it's way onto his face.

BACK TO PRESENT:

8 INT.THE ROOM-PRESENT DAY

8

WESLEY is still looking at his broken reflection in the broken T.V. He runs his hand through his graying beard wondering when had he gotten so old.

An alarm begins to buzz causing WESLEY to scan the room for it's origin. He looks to the clock which is now FLASHING and reads 58 SECONDS remaining.

He gazes at the clock for a moment in disbelief that this moment has finally came. He slides one of his feet into a sandal that's nearby and looks around for the other. He sees it sticking out from underneath the blanket that's covering something.

He walks over and kneels next to blanket and we see human hair escaping from the top of the blanket. WESLEY thoughtfully touches the large scar on his forehead, his gaze becomes distant as his memories hold him hostage.

FLASHBACK TO:

9 INT.THE ROOM-ONE YEAR AGO

9

WESLEY stands over the scorched stove boiling water for food. The shower is heard running in the background.

The shower turns off and a completely nude and dripping wet NATASHA exits the shower. She's stunning. She grabs a nearby towel and dries herself, not noticing WESLEY'S lustful eyes studying her.

10 INT.THE ROOM-LATER

10

The two of them lie on opposite sides of the bed with NATASHA fast asleep and WESLEY staring toward the ceiling. Something on his mind is keeping him from finding sleep.

In her sleep, NATASHA rolls toward WESLEY and lightly bumps him with her backside. WESLEY freezes and savors the rare contact for a moment before gently rubbing a hand across her body beneath the blanket. He carefully pulls the blanket back exposing her in her bra and panties.

WESLEY leans towards her and gently kisses the nape of her neck. NATASHA wakes up and calmly nudges him away. This is not her first time dealing with WESLEY when he's horny.

(CONTINUED)

NATASHA

(In Russian)

Can we not do this every other
night? You should know by now that
I have no interest in sex with you.

NATASHA'S foreign tongued pleas mean nothing to WESLEY. He continues kissing on her neck until NATASHA is forced to push him off with greater conviction and uses one of the only English words that she knows he'll understand.

NATASHA

Stop!

Being told to stop causes WESLEY to become more physical.

He puts a hand around her neck, choking her slightly while trying to kiss her mouth. NATASHA bites his lip in the process drawing blood and causing him to release her.

She springs up from the bed and runs to the kitchen while WESLEY is incapacitated. Blood runs down WESLEY'S chin and drips onto his shirt as he stands and gathers himself. He's filled with a quiet rage and it's doubtful that he even feels the wound to his lip.

As he advances towards NATASHA she grabs a knife from the stove top and points it in his direction in a defensive position.

NATASHA

(In Russian)

Stay away from me! Please!

Neither her knife nor her pleas stop WESLEY from closing the distance between them. When he gets within striking distance she swings the knife wildly and manages to cut WESLEY deep across his forehead and eyebrow.

The attack deters WESLEY for only a split second before he manages to grab her by the wrists and wrestle the knife away from her.

In what seems like a flash, WESLEY has stuck the large knife deep into her abdomen, leaving only the handle showing. Just as quick as the fight started, it's finished.

WESLEY, stunned by his own actions, stumbles backwards away from her.

NATASHA looks down at the handle sticking from her stomach with confused eyes trying to make sense of it. Like a deer that has been shot trying to figure out why it's legs aren't working anymore. She then looks to WESLEY.

(CONTINUED)

NATASHA
 (In Russian)
 You stabbed me?

She drops to one knee, and then two before falling onto her back with her hands clutching her wound. WESLEY snaps out of his daze and rushes to her side to try and help.

She's pale white and is slowly losing her life. She begins to cough and choke on her own blood.

WESLEY gets an idea and hurries to the large red button on the wall. He grabs the small hammer attached next to it and smashes the glass protecting the button.

He frantically pushes the button several times and steps back in anticipation of the bright lights and people in suits that are sure to follow.

He waits... Nothing....

He desperately pushes the button again and again but gets no response. No paramedics, no help, no nothing. The room actually seems quieter than ever.

He runs to the camera in the corner and hysterically waves his blood stained hands back and forth.

WESLEY
 Get the fuck in here! I quit! I
 fuckin' quit!

After a few moments it sinks in...

No one is coming.

He drops to his knees next to NATASHA and begins to sob uncontrollably. He gives her one final look. Her face is as still as stone, her breathing just as still.

BACK TO PRESENT:

11 INT.THE ROOM-PRESENT DAY

11

WESLEY is still seated next to what we now know is NATASHA'S body when a computerized voice is heard saying:

VIRTUAL VOICE
 Three...
 Two...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIRTUAL VOICE (cont'd)

One...

Congratulations!

WESLEY turns to see the clock finally hit ZERO after ten years and is stiff with anticipation.

The large metal door slowly opens and WESLEY waits to see if anyone is coming. When it's clear to him that no one is coming, he slides on his other sandal and moves toward the pitch black doorway.

12 INT.FOX STUDIOS A/V ROOM-CONTINUOUS 12

WESLEY exits his prison of the last ten years and steps into a much larger room with rows of tables holding dead computers, and multiple non-working monitors hanging from the wall.

The room is dark with the exception of a strange colored sunlight coming in through small windows along the ceiling.

WESLEY slowly feels his way through the eerie room, calling out to anyone who can hear him.

WESLEY

Hello?.... Is anybody here?

WESLEY answers his own question when he runs his finger across a desk and picks up 3 inches of dust. He looks around more closely and sees cobwebs, dust, and other signs of a building abandoned many years ago.

WESLEY'S mind is going a million miles per hour as he scans the room looking for answers.

He moves toward a door with an exit sign above it. The door has the same strange colored sunlight leaking through the bottom of it. WESLEY cautiously pushes the door open, flooding the room and his vision with bright light.

13 EXT.ATLANTA T.V. STATION-DAY-CONTINUOUS 13

WESLEY exits while shielding his unadjusted eyes from the bright sky.

The sky is an odd orange color and the clouds that pass possess a strange silver glow.

(CONTINUED)

It's much hotter than WESLEY ever remembers it being and he wipes away a bit of sweat that has already built on his forehead.

Weeds grow in abundance through the many cracks in the large parking lot. The trees in the distance bear no leaves telling WESLEY it must be winter, but the extreme heat says otherwise.

WESLEY stands in a daze, trying to make sense of it all when an old newspaper blows in front of him in tumbleweed fashion. He steps on it before it can get away and picks it up. It reads:

-VIRUS SPREADS TO NORTH AMERICA

-GOVERNMENT USE OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS TO KILL VIRUS FAILS

-EVACUATIONS TO OFF EARTH COLONIES TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK

WESLEY looks up from the newspaper, the panic on his face evident.

The world has ended and he's been forgotten, stranded on a dead planet...