

THE WHEEL

Written by

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BLACK FRAME
QUOTE APPEARS:

"The ultimate game show would be
one where the losing contestant was
killed."

- CHUCK BARRIS

QUOTE FADES OUT

TELEVISION SCREEN -

The host of Wheel Of Fortune charms the contestants.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN

CLOSE ON: The FEMININE HANDS of an unseen player grip the
handle of a CLAW HAMMER.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN -

A contestant spins the wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN

The WOMAN begins SLAMMING THE HAMMER INTO HER OWN FACE.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN -

The wheel stops spinning; landing on a large sum of money.
Everyone cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN

The hammer gratuitously sprays blood as it lacerates her
face.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN -

The contestant wants to solve the word. (It's something subliminal to this story).

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN

The berserk hammering continues, but HARDER.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN -

The contestant wins. The crowd cheers.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

TITLE APPEARS:

"THE WHEEL"

Queue cheesy game show music...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The CAMERA does a 360 pan around a damp warehouse. As it conveys the room we see the people inside.

First, a BODY OF A WOMAN, A WINNER, lays face down in a pooling circle of blood on top a plastic sheet, next to a CLAW HAMMER...

Pass a DISPLAY BENCH with an assortment of TOOLS AND WEAPONS...

Then, FOUR MEN, THE CONTESTANTS, looking queasy, sit side-by-side on plastic chairs towards the back wall...

Onto, a MAN in a black tuxedo and a two dollar smile, THE HOST, standing beside an upright SPINNING WHEEL (like the wheel seen on Wheel Of Fortune)...

Also, TWO ROAMING CAMERAMEN shoulder portable cameras outputting long cables networking into a LAPTOP, monitored by a seated guy, THE IT GUY...

And...

Lastly, an overseer of the event, THE FLOOR MANAGER, who stands at a vantage point out of sight. HANDGUN on his hip. He uses a two-way radio to queue someone:

FLOOR MANAGER

Clean up.

End the cheesy game show music.

The host steps forward into the cameras.

HOST

Wow. Congratulations Suzie. How about that gracious effort? The pinnacle of what this show is about. Her mother can now be proud of her gay daughter - once the money goes into her account, of course. That really took some balls. Well done Suzie, a gallant diligence indeed.

The remaining contestants are sickly pale and disturbed by what they just witnessed.

The WAREHOUSE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. A MAN IN BLACK enters. THE CLEANUP GUY. He walks towards Suzie's corpse.

HOST (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya guys, she really set the standards there.

The clean up guy wraps Suzie's body in the plastic sheet and drags her away towards the exit.

CLOSE ON: One contestant, WALKER, spies the proceedings. He keeps a vigilante eye on the FLOOR MANAGER, and his holstered HANDGUN.

HOST (CONT'D)

Our next contestant to play The Wheel is a man who has been repeatedly given the bad end of the stick. He's lost his job, no one's hiring. He's lost his family, they're not coming back. He needs a break, no one's caring... But we are. The Wheel can help. With his winnings going to his terminally ill brother who desperately needs the money for treatment, please welcome to The Wheel, Blake.

BLAKE is sweating bullets. He raises out of his chair and paces forward.

HOST (CONT'D)
That's the way. A man with spring
in his step... Ah, over here please
Blake...

Blake begins running towards the exit.

Walker watches as the floor manager PUSHES A BUTTON on a
handheld device.

Blake stiffens mid-stride and falls face first on the
concrete floor. A METAL BRACE is revealed strapped to his
ankle. We see all the contestants wear one.

BLAKE
(mumbling)
I'm sorry! I'll do it! I'll do it,
please.

The floor manager presses the button again. Blake convulses.

HOST
Ohhh, Blakey. Why do a thing like
that? You just broke the first
rule. Abandoning The Wheel means
you forfeit. You know the outcome.
You are now property of the
company. You're sick brother will
no longer be eligible for the
money, and he will never know what
happened to you.

BLAKE
NO! Please, just let me do it! GOD-
DAMN-IT! Just, please, let me kill
myself.

Walker has never left his spying eyes from the floor manager.
As if waiting for an opportunity.

HOST
Time to go, Blake. Breaks our
hearts.
(into cameras)
Here's a quick word from our
sponsor.

On the LAPTOP a commercial plays.

The WAREHOUSE DOOR SWINGS OPEN and the cleanup guy steps
inside. LIGHTNING lights up the exterior environment. He
walks towards Blake, gripping a SHORT WOODEN BAT, the type
you use to knock big fish on the head with.

BLAKE
Get away from me you PISS-ANT!

The wooden bat KNOCKS Blake on the head. He is dragged outside semi-conscious.

The floor manager follows.

Walker gets excited and is about to spring out of his seat, but, the floor manager turns back around. Walker rests back into his chair.

HOST

Guys, don't do what Blake just did. That's not why you're here. Remember, we have the utmost respect in your fortitude. But, tough it out, think of the people you are offering your winnings to. Think about how it's going to help them get out of their troubles. You guys are basically Jesus Christ to them. True saviours.

The floor manager counts down:

FLOOR MANAGER

Five... Four... Three...

With his fingers... Two... One... Go.

Queue cheesy music and the host comes to life.

HOST

Okay, we're back, and our remaining contestants are eager to win some money. Next to The Wheel we have a true believer. A man who desires repentance. Accused of child molestation, he has chosen The Wheel instead of the judicial system, which is known to fail. Let him be judged by God, not man. Peter. Come on up.

The room is ripe with disgust towards this man.

PETER walks to the wheel with his head lowered in shame.

HOST (CONT'D)

Let's see what the verdict will be, and most important, how much money you will be winning for your church. Grab that wheel, Peter.

He grips the side of the wheel.

This is the first time we really see THE WHEEL up close. It's exactly like the layout of the wheel on Wheel Of Fortune;

except, above the amount of money to be won is a thumbnail picture of the way you must kill yourself - chainsaw, hammer, syringe, fire, ect.

HOST (CONT'D)
Do you think God will show mercy?

Peter sobs as he gives the wheel a spin.

All eyes on the wheel as it slowly comes to a halt. It lands on \$60,000: THE CHAINSAW. Peter cries.

HOST (CONT'D)
Now, that is a nice prize there, Peter. Sixty thousand dollars. Think about your church, and what they could do with that money.

Peter looks over at the chainsaw on the display bench. He winces.

HOST (CONT'D)
Peter? You do have one more spin if you are unsure. -- What will it be?

Peter scans the wheel for a truncated moment.

PETER
(whisper)
I'll spin again.

HOST
What was that? We couldn't quite hear you.

PETER
I'll spin again!

HOST
Peter, unsure about the prize, will spin again. Go ahead.

Peter gives it a fickle spin.

The wheel slows down. The pointer landing on \$90,000: GASOLINE AND MATCHES.

Peter slumps in demise.

HOST (CONT'D)
Niiiiice spin, Peter! Ninety thousand dollars. Wow-wee, the church might save a prayer for you after all.

He looks at Peter and puts a hand on his trembling shoulder.

HOST (CONT'D)

You know, Peter, they say fire is the purest way to cleanse a soiled soul. This is a good thing. This is God reaching out to save you...
Come with me.

In shock, Peter follows the host to the "suicide area".

A contestant seated on the last chair, VERN, speaks his mind,

VERN

Burn slow you sick fuck!

Peter whimpers.

HOST

Come on, Peter. You've done some bad things. Disgusting things. But look, you're here, you're trying to make amends. This is the best outcome you could have taken.

They stop at the designated area.

The floor manager places a JERRYCAN of petrol at his feet, along with a box of MATCHES.

Walker studies the floor manager's actions.

HOST (CONT'D)

Keep the church in the front of your mind. You are doing something great here. Good luck, your twenty minutes starts -- now.

The host walks away. The CAMERAMAN moves in for the shot.

Peter looks around the room behind tears. No sympathy for him here. He looks down at the jerrycan. Slowly he picks it up with the matches.

Walker keeps an inconspicuous eye on the floor manager who stands watching the laptop screen.

CLOSE ON: The laptop screen. Online gamblers bet huge amounts of money on: How the contestants will kill themselves - If they will go through with it - How long it will take to die, etc.

Peter twists the lid off the jerrycan. He begins sobbing gibberish as he raises it above his head.

PETER

I'm sorry. You're so pretty, so sweet...

He tips the can. The petrol pours over his head and shoulders.

PETER (CONT'D)
I never meant to hurt you, like
daddy hurt me. I'm not the monster.
I'm sorry...

He empties the can and drops it.

PETER (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

Everyone watches on, in this contestants case, they look on as retentionists. Favouring this man's punishment.

He takes a match out of the box. The rattle of matches seems to resonate through the warehouse. Sobbing, he strikes the match. It breaks. He takes out another and strikes. It snaps. Trembling, he takes out another. The anticipation captivates the onlookers.

He turns his head away. Closes his eyes. Strikes.

WHOOSH!!! Peter goes up in a blaze of glory.

The contestants lean back feeling the heat of the ignition.

Peter screams as he flails around.

Slowly he begins to wilt. Dropping to his knees. Then all fours. Finally on his belly. Hugging the floor while the flames deplete. It is obvious he is dead.

The host breaks the vortex of silence.

HOST
A blue-chip effort, Peter. Really,
a heady performance. People say
it's weak to take you're own life.
A broken reed. I think you have to
be unimaginably strong to take it
all the way. To our contestants; we
here at The Wheel salute you. I'm
sure Peter has paid his
transgression. A blazing victory
for his church.

The warehouse door opens. Once again the cleanup guy does his job.

Back to the show.

HOST (CONT'D)
Our next contender has lost the
will to subsist in this callous
world.

(MORE)

HOST (CONT'D)

His only loved one taken from him by, what he says, a nefarious organization. Also saying "I have one last mission in this world, and I will devote every last drop of energy to complete it". Please welcome, Walker!

Walker stands from his seat and approaches the wheel. He carries a pale look of animosity.

HOST (CONT'D)

Since Walker has no one to tender his winnings to, he has decided out of kindness to donate his winnings to a charity of his choice. Marvelous. -- So, let's see how much you can give away. Give it a whirl, son.

Walker grabs the wheel's edge and gives it a hearty spin. He looks around the room inconspicuously. Observing people's positions.

Finally the wheel comes to a halt. Landing on \$10,000:
CUTTHROAT RAZOR.

HOST (CONT'D)

Okay. The lowest on the wheel. Ten thousand dollars. Is it enough, Walker?

WALKER

It's fine.

HOST

Are you sure? You can have another spin.

WALKER

I said, it's fine!

HOST

Alrighty. Let's head on over.

Walker takes the lead. Anxious for something.

HOST (CONT'D)

Here we are.

They stop at the designated area.

The floor manager walks over with the cutthroat razor.

HOST (CONT'D)

So, Walker. What is this "last mission" you want to achieve?

The floor manager places the cutthroat razor at their feet.

Suddenly, Walker grabs the HANDGUN from the off-guard floor manager's hip and POPS A ROUND into his chest POINT BLANK. Then points the gun at the host:

WALKER
REVENGE! You fucking pig!

BLACK SCREEN.

CREDITS BEGIN -

GUNSHOT.

CUT TO:

VERN, the last contestant, jumps up out of his seat. Yelling at Walker:

VERN
Don't you dare ruin this for me!

BLACK SCREEN

GUNSHOT.

CUT TO:

The IT GUY gets shot in the neck.

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

The WAREHOUSE DOOR SWINGS OPEN: The CLEANUP GUY walks straight into a BULLET.

BLACK SCREEN

TWO GUNSHOTS.

CUT TO:

To our surprise, the HOST is still standing, unhurt. Walker holds the gun on him.

WALKER
Now, take me to your boss! Take me to my sister!

THE END