

Little Room, Big House

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First Draft

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A closeup of a girl lying in bed, mostly illuminated by candlelight, slowly widens. The bedroom is very quiet and VERY dark. This expressionless teenager, Penelope, lies on her side in a clean nightgown, awake. But for the depressing mood of the room, at least the bed looks quite comfortable.

As we just barely start to reveal more of this space obscured in shadows, we stop when a smiling Sarah comes into frame, sitting at the foot of Penelope's bed with her head propped up on the mattress.

She's roughly the same age as Penelope, but not dressed for bed. More like she's waiting to go to a Led Zeppelin concert. Full makeup and draped in band-merch.

Sarah smirks as she asks Penelope:

SARAH

Why are you even trying to sleep?

PENELOPE

(deadpan)

I feel like I don't know how to sleep anymore.

SARAH

I don't know why you hate it here so much. This must be better than... Sacramento. San Diego?

PENELOPE

San Francisco. And that's an interesting assumption.

SARAH

Don't be such a brat Penelope. Me and my mom didn't exactly have a choice between here or Hawaii either.

PENELOPE

I guess it doesn't matter...

Penelope looks down towards Sarah, her empty gaze pivots to make eye contact.

PENELOPE (cont.)

I probably would've ended up in this hell-hole eventually. Ten years, twenty years from now...

SARAH
 Ok, it's not exactly
 Pleasantville, California but I'm
 here--

A playful Sarah winks as she gets up and jumps to a seated position on the bed.

SARAH (cont.)
 At least you've got me in this
 hell-hole.

PENELOPE
 It's just not fair. You understand
 where I'm coming from, right? I
 move here, I lose my old friends--

SARAH
 Sure...
 (in the rhyming style of
 "Little Bo Peep")
 ♪ Pen-el-o-pee, has lost
 her sheep,
 And doesn't know where to
 find them.
 Leave them alone, and they'll
 come home,
 Wagging their tails behind them. ♪

PENELOPE
 (holding back a smile)
 There's something wrong with you.

SARAH
 (now in a silly
 Scottish accent)
 ♪ Pen-el-o-pee, fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard
 them bleating,
 But when she awoke, she found it
 a joke,
 For they were still fleeting. ♪

PENELOPE
 That accent is a joke.

SARAH
 All I'm saying is: the grass is
 always greener on the other side.

Sarah wags her finger and grins.

PENELOPE
That's not that what that
poem means.

SARAH
(angry)
Well what does it mean?

There's a sudden change of tone in the room.

SARAH (cont.)
Hits a little too close to home?

Penelope's smile shrivels.

PENELOPE
Why... what are you talking about?

SARAH
I'm just kidding.

PENELOPE
No...

Penelope sits up.

PENELOPE (cont.)
Now you have a problem with me?

SARAH
Why don't you ask your friends?

PENELOPE
I thought you were my friend?

SARAH
Now, now. There's no reason to be
upset with me. You've been here
two weeks. I've been here 26
years.

PENELOPE
What? You're only 19...

SARAH
Wake up little Bo Peep. You
haven't been listening to me, at
all!

Penelope closes her eyes and grabs her head as vague voices and
thoughts rush through her.

SARAH (cont.)
You just choose to ignore me.
(MORE)

SARAH (cont.) (CONT'D)
I don't care much for people like
you. I thought you would've
figured that out by now.

PENELOPE
(confused)
Don't say that--

SARAH
You're EVIL.

PENELOPE
Why are you saying this.

SARAH
I guess I forgot to mention...

Sarah's stretches her arm up. She's able to rub her hand across the damp ceiling. It's a dirt surface that hovers right over their heads, making the room seem much smaller now. Sarah is briefly distracted.

SARAH (cont.)
It's raining again.

A drip of muddy water hits Penelope's cheek. But there's no sound of rain, just the hollow room. Sarah continues her thought:

SARAH (cont.)
I guess I forgot to mention... Me
and my mom? We also MOVED here
because of someone JUST like you.

Penelope scrunches her eyes closed harder.

SARAH (cont.)
Stupid. Careless. Leaving a party
with friends.

Now Penelope opens her eyes and turns pale as she notices the low dirt ceiling.

SARAH (cont.)
(more angry)
You're not a victim, you have
nothing to complain about. You put
yourself here. My mom didn't have
a choice... the innocent
passengers you brought with you.
They didn't have a choice.

Sarah pauses briefly as Penelope looks on in horror. Then it becomes dead silent.

SARAH (cont.)

But as it turns out... we're not
all angels. Apparently none of us
here were.

Sarah grabs a handful of dirt from the ceiling and rubs it
between her fingers.

SARA (cont.)

I guess that's why you're here,
why we're all here now.

From a much wider shot we see a room full of more beds. Beds
resembling caskets, in a room of dirt, like a cavern of
coffins. The distant sounds of moans and screams intensify--

Cut to black.