



How do you escape from a prison that doesn't exist?

A JORDAN BARKER FILM

# NEXTWORLD

"A virtual reality without parallel. Just shy of photo-realistic. Users "plug-in" for the ultimate escape in entertainment, commerce, and debauchery."



## SYNOPSIS

Even with NextWorld's unlimited potential for access and connectivity, Alex MacKenzie (25) runs alone--and that's just how he likes it. Alex logs his time in NextWorld posing as a SkyTrain tour photographer, swapping government sanctioned passports and credits from the very few who still travel this way.

When a cyber bomb detonates in NextWorld's elite Buena Vista Casino, Alex narrowly escapes with his life. After a harrowing chase across the nexus, Alex jolts awake in the real world to discover he's been framed. A nefarious crime boss forces Alex into Abbraxas, the future's solution to the world's overflowing prison population. Prisoners are put to sleep in morgue-like drawers and do their time in a virtual prison.

Alex is injected with a digital bomb and is told he has three days to find a man named Lenny Wise, a mysterious prisoner who is thought to be hiding "off the grid". As Alex enters this strange new world, he discovers that nothing is quite as it seems. He must uncover the true reason for why he was framed, why Lenny Wise is hiding, and what is truly at stake. NextWorld takes us across unbelievable new landscapes as Alex unravels the web of secrets and tries to escape across NextWorld, back to reality.

NextWorld should be considered for 3D production and will use state-of-the-art green screen, motion tracking, and virtual world immersion. (*Avatar, Tron Legacy, Alice in Wonderland, Sin City, 300*)





TRANS  
S. MITHROUM

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INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

Dark. Quiet. As our eyes adjust, we pick A FIGURE out from the shadows. Standing perfectly still. Like a statue erected in the center of the platform.

Suddenly, he TWITCHES. His eyes POP open.

He is ALEX MACKENZIE (25). Lithe. Cool. Clothes of a theme park wage slave; smirk of a professional troublemaker.

A GUST OF AIR ushers in the coming train.

INT. SKYTRAIN

Ultra-modern. Clean. ADVERTISEMENTS play on every window and seat back -- all marketed directly at Alex as he moves through the deserted train.

Passing a TOURGUIDE -- she blinks with the efficiency of a computer program and begins to speak:

TOURGUIDE

-- NextLabs guarantees a fully secure experience, with price points to suit every swipe card. Remember, all users are required to keep a regulated passport on their Avatar at all times --

Alex reaches up, touching the woman on the cheek. Her face begins to CORRUPT --

TOURGUIDE (CONT'D)

-- NextWorld is home to over three-hundred million destinations and over two -- two -- two...bill-ion in-hab-i-tentsssssss--

-- Followed by the rest of her body, until she evaporates into DIGITAL DUST.

ALEX

No one's listening, sweetheart.

The train SPEEDS out of the tunnel into BLINDING SUNLIGHT.

EXT. METACITY (NEXTWORLD) - DAY

Where it is immediately apparent we're not in Kansas anymore.

This is NEXTWORLD: a virtual reality without parallel. Just shy of photo-realistic. Users "plug-in" for the ultimate escape in entertainment, commerce, and debauchery.

(CONTINUED)









# EXCESS<sup>2</sup>

EXT. BUENA VISTA CASINO - DUSK

This zone of NextWorld is in constant sunset. An opulent casino is built at the center of a lake. Fountains spray thousands of feet into the air.

INT. BUENA VISTA CASINO - NIGHT

This place is excess squared. The kind of casino Steve Wynn would build if he had an extra trillion dollars lying around.

Unlike outside, the casino is in perpetual night. Skylights cover the raised ceiling, with a collection of CONSTELLATIONS, PLANETS, and SHOOTING STARS visible from every angle.

HIGH ROLLERS strut. COCKTAIL WAITRESSES glide. Everyone here is dressed to the nines. No funny avatar costumes or masks allowed. No NextWorld nonsense.





"You need to leave with me right now Alex!"

SAVANNAH

INT. CASINO VIP AREA - NIGHT

Alex SWIPES his forged passport through the host's podium. The man's eyes go wide as it registers on his screen. \*

POKER HOST  
One moment, Mr. Lincoln. I'll find you a seat.

Alex steps to the rail. Watches the game.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)  
Heads or tails?

Alex turns to find SAVANNAH (25) standing beside him. A classy prostitute, she has a charm you don't typically get with a professional.

ALEX  
Come again?

SAVANNAH  
Oh, I plan on it. But what I meant was -- which end would you like? \*

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Heads?

She turns around, pressing her ass against his crotch.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Or tails? \*

ALEX  
Hell of a choice... \*

SAVANNAH  
(giggling)  
I'm Savannah.

ALEX  
Jerry -- Jerry Lincoln. Houston, Texas.

SAVANNAH  
Funny that.

ALEX  
What?

SAVANNAH  
(fake Texas accent)  
You got no draaawl in your pa-tois -  
- Jerry Lincoln from Houston,  
Texas.

(CONTINUED)







-- KA-BOOM!!!

The jumble of static EXPLODES outward. A DIGITAL BLAST ripping across the casino floor. The electronic fabric of the casino has been breached, leaving a strange, broken landscape...

Alex, is tossed backward, into a bank of slot machines...  
A terrifying, uneasy silence...

Then... SCREAMS. Horrible, ear-piercing screams. Screams of panic and pain and terror and death.

"Somebody set me up!"

\_ALEX



INT. ALEX'S HOVEL (THE REAL WORLD) - NIGHT

Alex SNAPS awake. In the real world he's gaunt, unshaven, fragile. Deep, dark circles highlight his sunken eyes.

Sitting up in a recliner, pulling the C-TEX DEVICE off his ear -- about the same size as a blue tooth headset, this is his connection to NextWorld.

Alex's joints are stiff. They crack and pop back into place as he stands. He stops. Touches a finger to his bleeding nose. That's not good...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As bad as the tenement was inside, the world outside is worse.

BYSTANDERS gather in front of a VIDEOTRON, watching the news. It's bleak. Crime and poverty up. Food rations down.

Alex walks briskly across the square. Passing BUMS.

BUM

Spare pass? You got a spare pass, mister? Looking to log for just a few hours.

ALEX

Not tonight pal.

EXT. BUZZ'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Built under a highway overpass, the kitchen has a line out the door. Alex bypasses the line, heads straight inside.

INT. BUZZ'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

BUZZ (50), hobbles through the room on a pair of canes. His eyes twitch without warning, a souvenir from the wars. He supervises as soup and bread are served to the huddled masses.

He greets Alex at the door. They stand apart from one another for a moment. We're not sure where this is going...

BUZZ

You look like merde.

ALEX

Better than you, old man.

They both smile. Shake hands.

(CONTINUED)



\_THE REAL WORLD





CONTINUED: (4)

He turns in his chair -- only it isn't Buzz that's come into the room -- it's Doherty. Looking just as fit and evil in the real world as he does in NextWorld.

DOHERTY  
Long time no see, Mac and Cheese.

ALEX  
Son of a --

-- KER-ZAAAP! Doherty juices Alex with a TASER. He crumples.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

And slowly wakes up, his head on a table, his hands cuffed to the chair.

The door opens. A MAN in a burgundy suit steps inside. A monocle to his eye and an opera length cigarette holder to his lips, he looks completely out of place.

MAN  
Hello, Alex.

ALEX  
Goldstein...

This is MYRO GOLDSTEIN. Evil to his core -- the kind of evil that only comes with infinite money and power.

GOLDSTEIN  
That little stunt you pulled today. Have you heard, three people died -- in real life. Brain hemorrhages. \*

ALEX  
-- I didn't do anything!

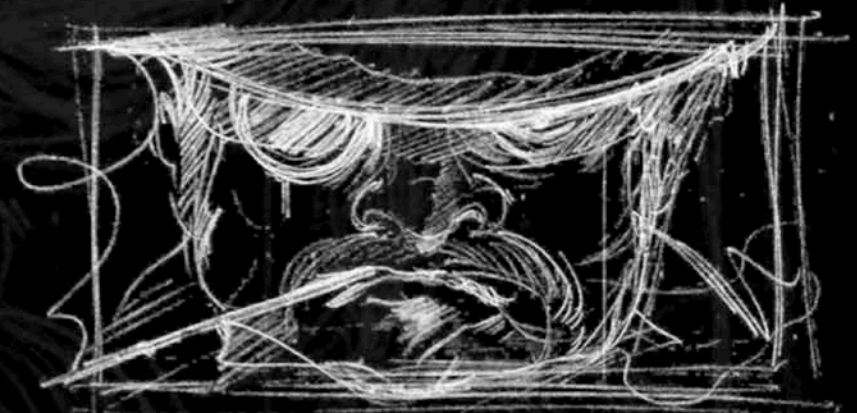
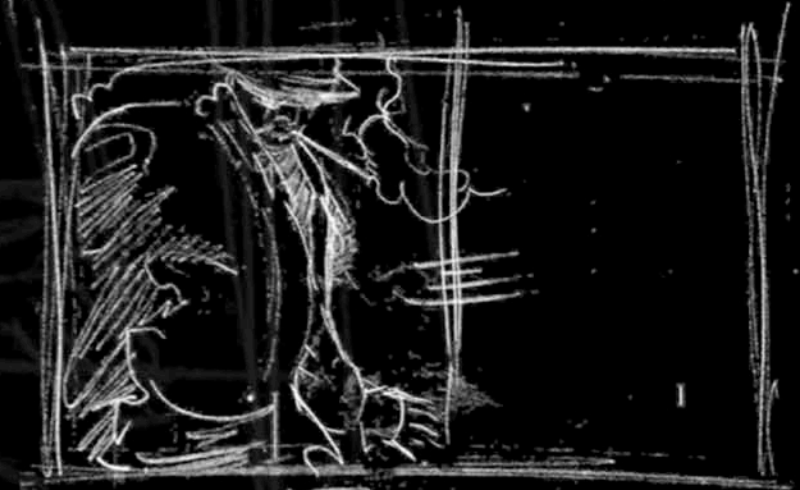
GOLDSTEIN  
Security tapes and command logs say you did.

ALEX  
You set me up.

Goldstein pushes Doherty out of the chair and sits.

GOLDSTEIN  
I can make the charges all go away, if you want...

(CONTINUED)







"You're talking about a virtual prison with nearly three million inhabitants. It'd be impossible for me to find any one man. Especially if he's hiding in there on purpose."

    ALEX

INT. PRISON BLOCK Z - NIGHT

PRISONER DRAWERS stacked nearly three hundred feet high.

TECHNICIANS push Alex all the way to the end of the hall. A ROBOTIC ARM lowers on a track, carrying an ELONGATED BOX.

The technicians transfer Alex from the gurney into the box and close the lid. They lock it once at every corner, and again at each of the hinges.

Still -- ALEX'S EYES -- constantly moving. Scared.

The robotic arm grabs the box, lifting it up. We FOLLOW it, all the way to the ceiling, a few rows shy of the top.

The arm SHOVES the box inside an open drawer -- CLOSES it -- LOCKS it tight three more times.

The robotic arm drops away. The technicians exit, their words barely a whisper this high up.

The lights shut off, one by one, until we're in nearly complete darkness.

A DIGITAL READOUT on Alex's drawer flickers on:  
MACKENZIE, ALEX L. QUADRUPLE LIFE SENTENCE

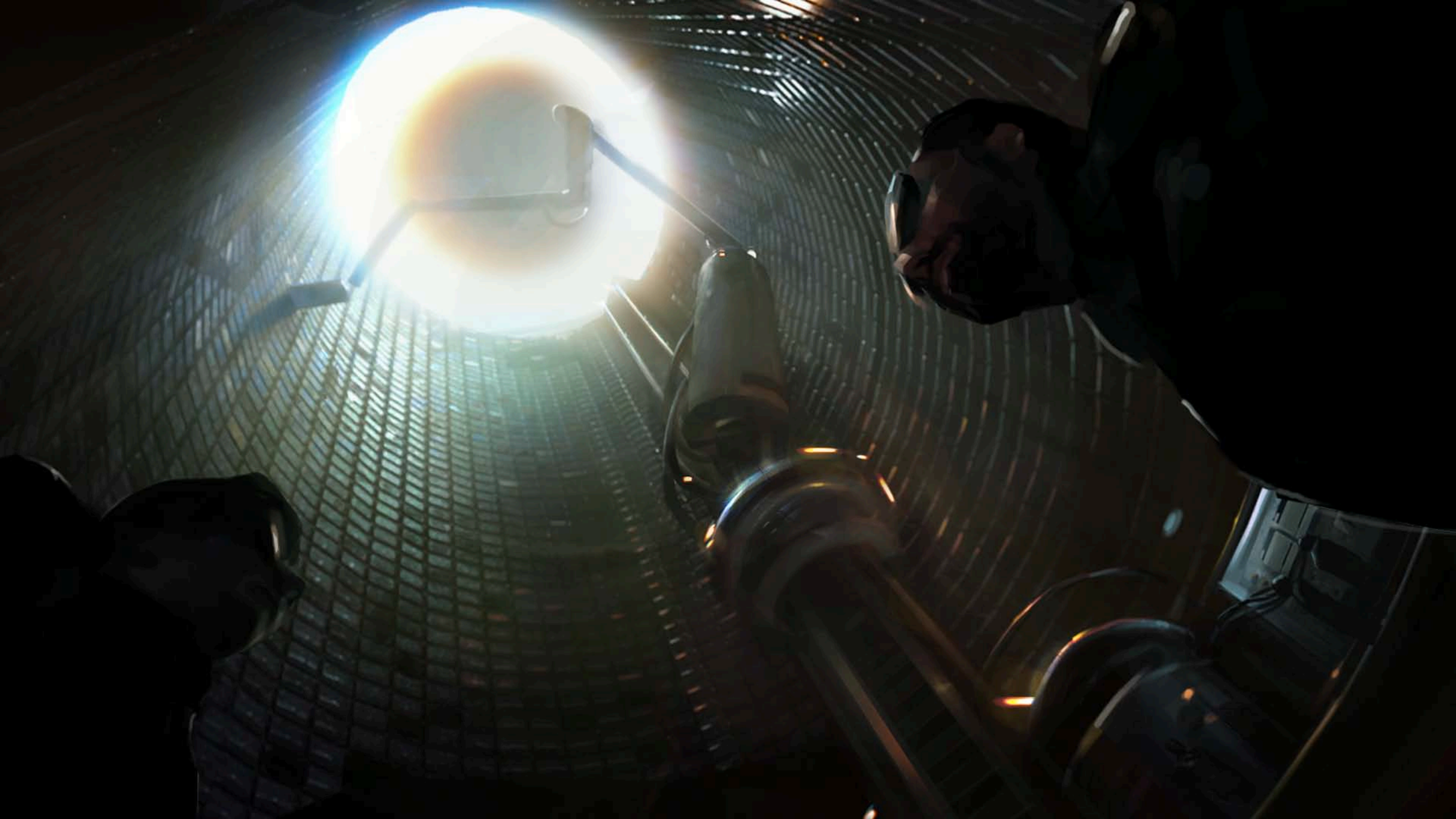
IN THE BOX

Alex tries to scream -- his eyes wide -- silently screaming.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

PenCorp International: building a better reality -- virtually.









ABBRAHAS  
virtual penitentiary



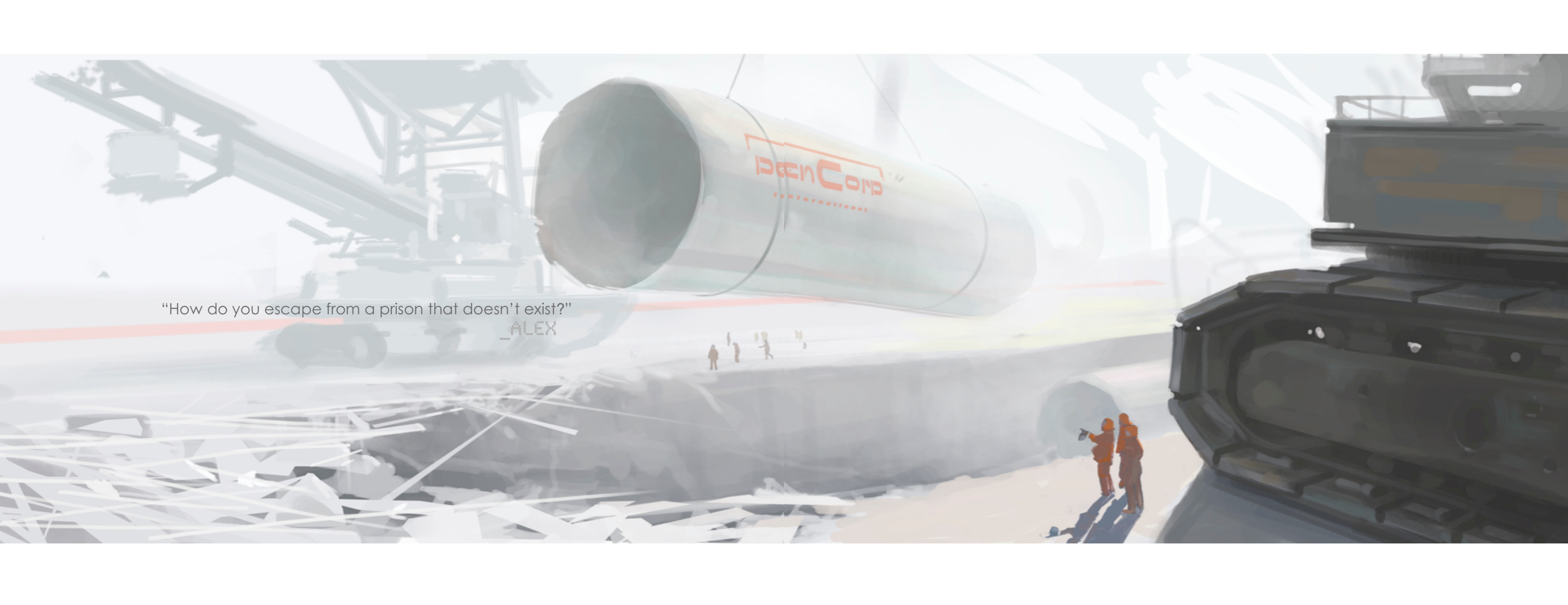
“There will be no more running, no more hiding. I assure you that in here, you will look reality in the face and see what you have become.”

THE WARDEN









"How do you escape from a prison that doesn't exist?"  
\_ALEX











[nextworldmovie.com](http://nextworldmovie.com)