



Scripts.com

Would You Rather

By Steffen Schlachtenhaufen

You're available to start
right away?

Yes.

I'm not really seeing a lot of restaurant
experience on the, uh, resume.

I've always had, um, summer jobs,
but, yeah, mostly retail.

So, did you drop out of
school, or...

Why'd you come
all the way back here?

Oh, no, um...

Well, this is my home, and there
was an accident, so I have to
take care of my brother.

Well, I'll tell you
what I can do, um...

I'll talk to the owner.

Uh, I know they were looking
for, uh, wait staff with
experience, but...

Obviously you're smart, so maybe they'll,
um, work with you, so...

Sure, that'd be, great.

Maybe you could do, um,
host, if nothing else.

Oh, sure, definitely.

OK, I mean, I can't promise
anything, but, um...

Oh, no, yeah.

Maybe I'll let you know
by the end of the day.

Thank you so much.

Nice to meet you.

Nice meeting you.

I can make you
some eggs if you want.

Yeah, I can make 'em, too.

I'm gonna go back to the clinic
for a little while today.

Will you be OK here alone?

Something wrong?

Dr. Barden thinks that he can
help us cut some of the costs.

How?

I... I have no idea.

But I'll find out.

So there'll probably be
some of this... Yeah?

Yeah, probably.

Thank you.

Oh, thank you.

Thank you both.

Um, Dr. Barden?

- The nurse said that I...

- Of course, come in.

Iris, good to see you.

Hi.

Iris, Shepard Lambrick.

Iris.

Dr. Barden's told
me much about you.

Iris, please, have a seat.

Shepard.

So... your brother.

He's quite sick, correct?

You can help him?

Well, let's just say that my
foundation has the ability to
improve his situation.

The Lambricks have funded
the building of clinics
all over the world.

Haiti, uh, Afghanistan...
schools, too.

Well, my brother
doesn't need a school.

You're right.

Absolutely right.

Because we're not talking
about that today.

Not at all.

My family also believes in
creating opportunities for...

Everyday people.

People who just haven't received
a fair shake in life...

People like you and your brother.

What do we have to do?
I'm hosting a dinner party
tomorrow night, and
I'd like you to join us.
Just me.
Just you... oh, but there'll
be other guests there.
Individuals that we'd
also like to help.
And the evening will culminate
with a game, of sorts,
and the winner...
will be taken care of.
Bills, school, house, everything.
A contest.
What if I don't win?
Well, then, you just don't win.
That's it.
Um, I'm sorry, Dr. Barden.
No, no offense to Mr. Lambrick,
but is this legit?
This is for real?
Very real, Iris.
Mr. Lambrick saved my life.
Not long ago, but before I met
you and your brother,
I was in the same position.
I'd already lost my wife.
I was on my way to losing
everything... this practice,
everything.
I had no place to turn.
I was invited to this
event, so I went.
You won?
He did, and I am proud to say
that the Lambrick foundation
came through on its promise.
Tenfold.
You see what we might
be able to do for you.
Well, money would definitely
help, but my brother needs a
bone marrow transplant.

So, do you mind if I think this over?

- Um, it's just...

- Short notice.

It is, you're right.

Of course, yes.

Think it over.

Do that.

Well...

But R.S.V.P. By eight o'clock tonight,
if you do decide to join us.

And my staff will make
arrangements to pick you up.

Thank you.

Mm-hmm.

When I say that we have the
ability to dramatically improve
your brother's situation,
Iris, it's not just the money
I'm talking about.

You win the game, and we can
bypass any waiting list and
locate a donor, immediately.
I will let you know.

Thank you.

She's perfect.

This is the special du jour,
is pasta a la vegetables.

Um, OK, wow.

Iris, um, that's a terrible
italian accent.

And if it's french, "monsieur"
is not pronounced "man sewer".

- Monsieur

- monsieur.

Monsieur.

Yes. Come on, seriously, like,
it's not gonna kill me to
have some protein now and then.

Hello?

Uh, speaking.

Uh-huh?

Oh.

OK... Well, uh, wait, um,
what about the hostess position

that you, you...
Oh.
OK, well, thank you.
Thanks again.
You mad at me or something?
Why would I be mad at you?
I thought I would be a match.
I feel like I let you down.
You can't always be the hero.
Sometimes you have to let go.
Like let go of you?
Get down, get down!
Give me cover!
Killing lots of aliens?
Nope, terrorists.
Killing lots of terrorists?
Straight up murderin'
these terrorists, yo.
What's up?
So, um, I'm gonna go out tonight.
With who?
I... I ran into a couple of
friends from high school and,
and I thought, you know what?
I should go and unwind.
Yeah, let your hair down and shit.
Yeah, just go crazy.
Yeah, cool.
So, you're gonna be OK
here alone for the night?
Yeah.
Got my meds, emergency contact.
I'll just play video
games or whatever.
I could really use the quiet.
Great.
Cool.
Love you.
Aren't you sick of this?
Taking me back and forth to the clinic.
Bills, taking care of me,
like, don't you want a life?
No.
I mean, yeah, I...

It's hard. But...
Raleigh, you're my brother.
This is my life.
It's gonna be fine.
We'll get through this.
This way, please.
Thank you.
Pretty.
Yes.
Does the Lambrick family live here?
Not exactly.
Property's owned by the Foundation.
It's used for holidays and
special events like this.
Dinner will begin shortly.
You can wait in here with
all the other guests.
And please, help yourself to any
of the provided refreshments.
Our eighth and final guest.
Lucky number eight.
Does everyone get an
introduction like that?
Oh, yeah, it's been very formal.
It's nice to meet you guys.
I'm Iris.
Lucas, and this is, uh...
Cal, how you doin'?
Hi.
Have you guys been here long?
Not long.
Couple minutes for some.
Hour or two for the rest of us.
Are you both from the area, too?
No, they flew me in from Seattle.
Iowa.
Would you like a little
something to drink?
Um, no, I'm OK, not yet.
So, what do you know about the others?
Anything?
Mm, a little. As you can see,
they're not exactly gregarious.
Big guy over there is Peter.

Supposed to be some sort of
high stakes gambler from vegas.
Not that any of us have
actually heard of him.
It's the way he made it sound.
Yeah.
Lady in the wheelchair is Linda.
She barely speaks.
Kid in the corner is Travis.
He's an Iraq vet.
Yeah, he's got that
thousand-yard stare.
What about the girl?
Her name is Amy.
And, yeah, she's a real charmer.
And the older gentleman?
I don't think I'd call him that.
- Older?
- "Gentleman".
Why?
Conway's a bit of a sourpuss.
Yeah, he's, um, he has some
conspiracy theories about
the Lambrick foundation.
Don't get him started.
Maybe I will have a drink.
Good.
My very own specialty, B.L.T.
Thank you.
To the Lambrick foundation.
Salud.
She's perfect.
Case?
Case.
I'm not sure she's right for this.
What?
She couldn't be more perfect.
She's fighting for her brother,
herself, she has no
relatives, no family.
No one to ask questions.
Shep, she is not right.
Let's just say I've appreciated your
discretion over the last couple of years.

Should I be concerned about this moment of weakness on your part?

...Of course not.

I'm fine.

Bevans has informed me that the last guest has arrived.

We ought to get downstairs soon.

Do we have to sit through an entire dinner?

Why can't we just get it over with?

Julian!

That's not the way it works, as you know.

There is a process involved.

Of course.

I trust that you will be on your best behavior tonight.

I'm not even drinking.

I'm serious.

The integrity of the game requires minimal participation on our part.

We must remain an objective observer, even if one of these people is eliminated.

Do you understand?

And if one of them has to be removed from the game, Bevans will be the one to handle it.

Your job, as a Lambrick, is simply to observe.

You can engage these people with questions and conversation, but you will not so much as touch any of these people tonight.

I know.

Julian.

Look, I appreciate that you've taken an interest in the foundation... I do... but what happened last year was unacceptable.

For the last time,

I understand.

OK, OK, OK.

I won't bring it up again.

And you're underdressed again.
We have one small matter to
clear up before we begin.
In the interest of discretion,
and eliminating distraction and
unfair advantage, we ask that
you leave all possessions
here during the game...
Phones, keys, et cetera.
I don't like this.
I don't like it.
I assure you they will be safe.
These are the rules.
Right.
If you're ready,
I'll escort you through
to the dining room.
This way.
Please, take a seat.
Place cards have been provided.
- Thank you.
- Of course.
And... good evening, everyone.
I apologize if I've
kept anyone waiting.
Welcome to the Lambrick house.
Oh, this is my son, Julian.
Hello.
Now, you've all met our butler,
Bevans, and his staff, yes?
Bevans.
Let's start with some wine, shall we?
Dinner tonight is seared foie gras and
rib eye steak with a
red wine reduction,
served with asparagus and
garlic leek mashed potato.
Enjoy.
Haven't had a meal
like this in so long.
Never had a meal like
this, you kidding me?
Mm, yes?
I probably should have

mentioned this before.
Um, I'm a vegetarian.
Well, this is interesting.
We don't have anything
else in the kitchen, Iris.
OK. I, I don't mean to be a bother.
Uh, the potatoes are fine.
I'll be fine.
So, have you always been a vegetarian?
Most of my life, yes.
Long time.
I just can't imagine eating...
I think... that we have just
found our first opportunity
to award some money tonight.
Iris.
I would like for you to eat
the steak and the foie gras.
I really would.
I can't do that.
You can...
But you won't.
Yet.
No, I really, I can't do it.
I'm not trying to be rude.
I just, I won't do it.
Listen, I, I understand that
it's not going to be easy.
But I refuse to accept...
that you don't have a price.
\$5,000 to eat the steak
and this decadent foie gras.
Mmmm!
Make it 10,000.
\$10,000.
What could you do with that?
You should eat it.
Just close your eyes.
It's a lot of money.
Eat it with some of the liver.
I can't believe I'm doing this.
Yeah, but \$10,000 though.
A lifetime of discipline and
commitment to cause wiped away

by a mere \$10,000.

Well...

...that is nothing
compared to what's
really at stake tonight, I
can assure you of that.

You don't like the wine?

Well, no, it's not that.

We can get you something else.

We have some wonderful scotch.

No, no thanks, I don't drink.

Oh...

Oh, I see.

You're a recovering alcoholic.

Aren't you?

It's not your business.

On the contrary.

You are here essentially
begging me for money.

How is that not my business?

How long has it been?

It's been 16 years, and

I turned everything in my life around.

But you haven't.

Look at you.

You're still mired in a pit of
poor health and crippling debt.

I'd hate to see what you
looked like 16 years ago.

I mean, really.

What's the point?

Please.

Why are you doing this?

Because I want to help you.

Look...

It's safe to say that drinking
is what ruined your life in
the first place, isn't it?

So what if... drinking again
could help you save it?

- What?

- I will give you

\$10,000 if you drink that
glass of wine.

Oh.
No.
No, no way, no.
You don't understand.
You have no idea how hard I've worked.
Ah, but Iris here, uh, she
just devoured a pile of meat,
and she's a devout vegetarian,
and you won't drink a little wine.
It's totally different.
Why are you doing this to me?
\$50,000.
If you won't drink...
this decanter of the finest
scotch that money can buy,
right now.
This is what, a test?
It's not real.
Oh, no...
I am deadly serious, Conway,
and you know that I am.
The glass of wine or the
whole damn decanter.
Now, it seems to me that the
wine is...
That's pretty simple, isn't it?
But the scotch.
Well, we could consider that a,
a momentary lapse to...
change your life.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
So what would you rather do?
That's a good man.
Thanks.
Bevans.
That was brilliant, as usual.
My compliments to Marcel.
Regarding tonight's game.
Please allow me to alleviate
any concerns you have.
We haven't already been playing?
Oh, no, the game has yet
to officially begin.

What exactly is the game?
Well, it is not a quiz or a
trivia contest, nor is it a test
of brute strength or athleticism.
At its core, it's just a
children's game, and I would
wager that some of you
here this evening have played
"would you rather?" at some point.
So, how do we play?
In each round, each player
will be given a choice between
"a" or "b", uh, and usually, uh,
neither choice is very attractive.
Let's see if I can give

you an example:

Travis, would you rather...
kiss Iris or Peter?
Guess I'd kiss Iris.
Very good.
Now, this is where our version
of the game is different.
Whatever you choose, you must
act upon, so in this case,
Travis, you must walk
over and kiss Iris.
You're gonna make us kiss each other?
No, no, no, nothing
like that, my dear.
No, that was just off
the top of my head.
Now, as the game continues,
with one dilemma after another,
eliminating players as we go
until we have a winner.
And how are players eliminated?
Well, if a player is no longer
capable of continuing...
Well, for whatever reason...
then they are eliminated.
What if someone refuses
to make a choice?
Like, if Travis didn't

want to kiss either of us?
Ah, if you refuse to choose.
Well, I am afraid that that would
be grounds for elimination.
And one more thing.
The dilemmas are timed.
And you must make your decision
in 15 seconds or you
will be eliminated.
Hold up.
Is all this necessary?
I mean, couldn't you help all of us?
Why does this have to be a game?
Because, as simple as the
game is, it's all about
decision-making in its rawest form.
And there's no better window
into a person's character than
the decisions that they make
and how they make them and how
one applies rationale and ethics
and reason while under duress.
Tonight...
will test your limits.
And ultimately, prove...
whether you deserve our help.
If anyone no longer wishes to
play, now is your opportunity
to leave.
We have cars waiting outside.
Anyone?
Mm-hmm.
All right.
We have a full house.
And so.
Here...
we...
go.
Our man Bevans, ladies and gentlemen.
Did you know he was formerly
an agent with M.I. 5?
Many years ago.
An interrogator.
Is this one of your old toys, Bevans?

It is, sir. Car batteries with
some after-market configurations.

Ah.

What, what the hell is this?

Oh, no, I see where this is going.

Conway?

I knew this was too good to be true.

This is a joke.

You just wanna hurt us.

You people, you're gonna sit
here and you're gonna let this
sick, perverted son of
a bitch debase you?

Be my guest.

Someone's had a little
too much to drink.

That's right!

That's right, and I'm going home.

No, you've already been
given that chance.

I don't care!

I'm done with this!

Ah, you were warned.

You go to hell, you sick motherfucker!

I would like to go home.

Well, obviously, participation
is no longer voluntary.

I believe we just made
that perfectly clear.

Bevans, shall we?

What's this?

What are we doing?

Cal, you're up first.

So, Cal.

Would you rather...

electrocute yourself or

would you rather

electrocute Amy?

The blue button is for you.

Press the red button if you'd
rather zap Amy.

And you have... 15 seconds to
decide, beginning now.

- W-wait.

- Wait.
Stop, stop, don't push it.
OK, wait, wait, stop.
Don't push the button.
Wait.
Moving on.
You're not serious.
No!
- Oh, no.
- Oh, come on!
Blue is for Linda.
No, no, no, no, no, please!
Amy.
You're next.
Would you rather electrocute
yourself or...
Wait...
Oh!
Take it easy!
We're competing, right?
No timer needed.
Linda.
Linda!
Bevans, is she ready?
Linda.
Can you hear me?
Your turn.
I can't do this.
Well, you have to do it, Linda,
you must make a decision.
It's the game.
Red is for Peter.
I don't think I can do this, either.
All right.
What was that?
Christ.
Would you rather electrocute
yourself, again, or shock Peter?
Fuck!
Well done, both of you.
Next.
Are you OK?
- Stall 'em.
- Are you OK?

- I can do one more.

- What?

I said stall 'em.

I'm not gonna shock you.

Iris.

What have you seen in the last
believe you don't have to
perform in this round?

Keep... Still.

Much better.

Red is for Iris.

Now, Lucas, what would you rather do?

Red is for Cal.

Iris, would you rather
electrocute yourself, or Cal
for the second time?

You do what you gotta do.

Go.

That's an interesting choice.

Right.

Well done, everyone.

Very well done.

Now...

I'm gonna give you a moment,
all, to compose yourselves
while we prepare for the next round.

Listen, we just need a moment,
some kind of distraction...

If we all move at once,
we can overpower 'em.

It seems like they're all packing,
so that's not much of a plan.

If we can disarm one,
I can shoot... that'll even the
odds pretty fucking quick.

But what about the doors?

They have us locked in.

I saw a couple of 'em
with sets of keys.

Here comes another set right now.

Hi, everyone.

Game's getting pretty intense
already, right, hmm?

Why are you doing this?

"Why are you doing this?"
You're fucking crazy.
You know...
You agreed to be here.
You're basically asking my
family for a handout.
The least you could do, pig, is
show a little fucking respect.
Psycho little bitch.
- Excuse me, what?
- Shh, shh.
You heard me, bitch.
I'm sorry, we didn't get
formally introduced.
Well, now we have.
How 'bout you show us a
little respect, huh?
Stop.
What's your name?
Name, pig!
What's your name?
- Travis Schulke!
- OK, Travis.
Travis.
You're the soldier, right?
Well, allow me to thank you for
your bravery and your service.
Really.
But, um, yeah, that said...
opening your mouth was a big mistake.
Easy, easy.
So.
Cover the walls and the...
area around the table.
Wait, what are you guys doing?
That was incredibly stupid, Travis.
I will fuck that guy up
if I get the chance.
But you won't.
Cool it.
They want us to turn on each other.
If we stay logical, we can
turn the tables on 'em.
She's on her own.

Look around you.
Yeah, we're fucked.
And so we begin again.
Oh, does anyone need to
use the restroom or anything?
I'm just joking.
I know you're probably all just as
eager to keep playing as we are.
Now in this round, you will each
get 30 seconds in order to
make your decision, all right?
So, let's begin with...
Iris.
Iris, would you rather...
stab Cal in the thigh
with an ice pick?
What?
Or
strike Travis
three times with this african
whipping staff, a sjambok?
Oh, my god.
They're gonna kill us!
Look, Iris, three whacks
from that, I'll be OK
If I stab him, I could
kill him, right?
And it's only three.
It's gonna hurt though, man.
I know, just get it over with.
The clock is ticking.
The sjambok it is.
Now, Iris,
you have to put
your back into this, hmm?
There's no just tapping him.
That doesn't count.
And, uh, Travis.
This is going to hurt, so
make yourself comfortable.
Like this, ma'am.
Across the back.
Travis?
Go ahead, Iris.

No, no, no, no, no, no.
That won't count.
Fuck.
All right.
That looked like it hurt, Travis.
Well, it did.
Are you OK?
I've been through worse.
Lucas.
You're next.
Would you rather stab
Iris in the thigh...
Or...
give Travis three more strikes?
Oh, come on!
Look, it's a really dangerous
place to stab somebody.
There's a major artery there.
You know what I'm saying?
I do.
Let's just get it over with.
The sjambok again.
Sorry, man.
Travis...
you're probably relieved
to find out that it's your turn.
Something like that.
All right, then.
Let's get it over with.
Travis...
Would you rather... stab Lucas,
the man who just whipped you,
or...
a drum roll, please...
Take three more lashes, this
time administered by Bevans?
Ser... seriously, man.
I can't...
I can't do this anymore.
I wonder why you're being singled out.
What the fuck is the
matter with you people?
What did I ever do to you, huh?
What?

That's, that's what I thought.
Travis, we need a decision.
Yeah.
Yeah, fucking whip.
I'm not stabbing anybody.
We have to stop this, we have to.
Yeah, wait.
Wait, stop... stop.
Travis, just stab me in the thigh, OK?
We can't watch this go on.
I'm not stabbing anybody.
Travis, come on.
Lucas, this is admirable,
but it's against the rules.
But I'm OK With it.
He can't go back.
His first choice is final.
Just hold on a second,
I said I'm OK With it!
It's OK
- Come on.
- Lucas.
- It's OK.
- This is all very admirable.
His decision.
It's OK
It's just like life, isn't it?
There's no do-overs.
Travis, Travis, Travis, Travis.
Hey, hey, hey.
He's in trouble.
He needs medical attention.
Peter...
I'm awfully sorry,
but I'm afraid it's your turn.
You know the drill by now.
The pick...
or
give Travis three more.
If I do the pick, who
does it have to be?
I'm sure you've already worked the
angles on that one, haven't you?
Well...

I don't wanna stab a lady.
I'm not Mr. Manners or anything,
but I think there's some common
decency considerations here.
On the other hand, Travis
is in real bad shape.
We can't really hit
him anymore, can we?
Honestly, Linda.
You're paralyzed, right?
Your leg wouldn't feel this, anyway.
No, please.
If I whip him with this
thing, he's going to die.
And haven't we all been saying this whole
time that we have to work together?
Well, unfortunately, you're gonna
have to take one for the team, Linda.
I'm sorry.
You're gonna be OK, I promise.
Just close your eyes.
In and then out, OK?
Don't push it too far.
Fuck.
- Oh, shit.
- Holy crap.
- I think I hit that artery.
- Do you have a belt?
Tie it, tie it, hurry.
What happened?
You're OK, you're OK
Can we not take her to a
hospital or something here?
- This isn't good.
- People, we're playing a game.
Linda, it's your turn.
Now, would you rather whip
Travis or give your neighbor Amy
down there the old in and out?
What?
Can we not give her a sec?
Peter, what's going on, man?
Is the tourniquet supposed to
go above or below the wound?

- Above, above!
- OK, OK
- My god, tighten it!
- I got it, I got it.
Tighter!
Linda has not made a decision yet.
Linda!
Travis or...
Ugh, bitch!
Fucking scratched me.
Linda.
Stupendous.
Well, then, come to think of it,
she didn't have another choice.
She couldn't whip Travis
even if she wanted to.
She can't walk.
So let's...
Change things up a little bit here.
Amy.
Would you rather whip Travis or
stab any player
of your choosing.
In case any of y'all haven't
figured this out yet...
This game isn't about
helpin' each other.
It's about eliminating
the rest of you.
Bevans.
Huh.
This one's probably
gonna bleed to death.
You're OK
Duck.
Duck.
Goose.
Hey, hold on a second.
OK, OK
She's made her decision.
Don't do this.
Please don't do this.
Can I stab her anywhere?
That's a new one.

Just from the shoulders down.
- Ooh!
- No!
Let me see, let me see.
Can you breathe?
I think she missed the lung.
Put some pressure on it.
Can you breathe?
Tighter.
Tight.
Travis?
Bevans.
Still breathing, sir.
Remarkable.
Guys, she hasn't moved for a while.
Stabbed an old woman, Peter.
Linda.
See, she's unconscious.
She's not unconscious.
She's dead.
You guys saw what happened, right?
I tried to help her.
Oh, yes, Peter, we all
saw what happened.
You made a decision and
there's a consequence.
And now...
Cal is the one to make a choice.
Finish off Travis here or...
stab Lucas.
Stab Lucas like the others?
Like Linda, that's what you're saying?
OK, come on.
Let's get it over with.
Maybe Amy is right.
Eliminate a player.
That's what this is about.
No, Cal, Amy's crazy.
Well, maybe he wants to end it, too.
That's not your choice to make, man.
But it is.
They're making it my choice.
Cal, come on, I'm giving
you an opening here!

Time.
OK, I choose...
God, no, Cal, don't do this.
Don't do that.
You can't do this.
No.
No.
- Don't look.
- Oh, Jesus.
Nicely done.
And now...
On to the next round.
It had to be done, right?
Right?
You didn't have to do that.
So, how long would you say?
He may live for several more
hours, days even, I don't know.
But he's in no shape to continue
play, that much is certain.
All right, let's move him out.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I regret to inform you that Travis
is unable to continue playing.
Aww.
Do not do that.
Keep your sarcasm to yourself.
I'm thinking...
we don't have much time
here with these delays.
Can you run?
Now!
Iris, run.
Get back!
All right, everyone back to the table.
Get up.
Everyone, get up.
Julian, get up on your!
Back to your seats.
Well, that was some unexpected
excitement, wasn't it?
- Everyone, sit down.
- Where's Iris?
- What?

- Iris!
Bevans!
The door was unlocked?
Stay here!
- Keep an eye on them!
- Bring her back to the game!
I should help him.
Fine, go, go.
Remember what we spoke about.
I believe I said sit down.
Little pig tried to
run away, didn't she?
What, you gonna go tell on us?
Well, no one is gonna believe you, OK?
No one.
Iris.
Get back.
I'm getting you out of here.
I made a mistake.
I should've just told...
Shoot her, Bevans.
She attacked me.
Your father will be
disappointed.
After all she did,
she doesn't get punished?
I need to take her back to the game.
Take him upstairs and leave him there.
I'll inform his father.
I'm sorry, Iris.
But we're not through playing.
Ahh.
Welcome back, Iris.
Bevans, what took so long?
Where's Julian?
Your son tried to rape Iris.
- She...
- What?
Stabbed him in the thigh.
He's been taken upstairs, sir.
Let me handle that.
Excuse me for a moment, everyone.
Lock that behind me.
Where's Cal?

They shot him.
You gonna be OK, Iris?
Iris, talk to me.
How far did you get?
Is there a way out?
Do you get it now?
They're not gonna let us just leave.
She's right.
She's absolutely right.
Iris.
I am dreadfully sorry for what
took place in the basement.
Since the loss of his mother,
my son
lacks...
restraint.
Well, please.
My apologies.
All right.
Let's continue.
That's it?
Why is this bitch allowed
to stay in the game?
You're lucky you didn't
get us all killed.
Crazy girl has a point.
This is my game.
I make the decisions here.
Keep your petulant mouth shut.
She will play.
The game will continue.
Final.
Now...
My son, Julian, is unable to continue.
What a shame.
Excuse me?
Thank you.
So, on to the next round.
Now, when all of you were
deciding whether or not to
accept our invitation to play
the game, you were, in essence
making a choice between the
known and the unknown.

You could continue to deal with your problems, the known, or possibly solve your problems in the unknown, our game.

This round uses that same concept.

What's this for?

You gonna let us clean up?

Uh, no, Peter.

I'm sorry.

The barrel of water is for the next round.

Envelopes are being placed randomly in front of you.

They each contain a card with a punishment on them.

Some of them, quite harsh.

Others, relatively harmless.

You must decide between what lies inside the envelope or the barrel.

The known or the unknown.

What's with the barrel?

Two minutes.

Two minutes held underwater.

That's the barrel.

And you will have 30 seconds in this round to make your decision.

Let's begin, shall we?

Peter.

Fuck.

We will begin with you.

So what will it be?

The barrel...

Or...

what is in that envelope?

Huh, well, I already

know what I'm choosing.

Do you?

Really.

Do tell.

This is gambling 101 right here.

You just gotta look for the patterns.

It's all patterns,

it's psychology.

And drowning does sound pretty bad.
So, I'm guessing you think
I'm gonna choose the envelope to
avoid "duggins" holding me
underwater for two minutes and
drowning, is that it?

Bevans.

Whatever.

If you were facing a normal player,
that's exactly what you'd do.

Put something really shitty in
that envelope, so all the other
players think twice.

But I know you.

You've looked into my past.

So you know all about
my gambling experience.

So you probably have anticipated
that I was gonna figure this out.

Come on, come on, come
on, make a decision.

Your time is running out.

The envelope.

Obviously.

And the envelope says?

What is this?

Oh.

You have to light off a
firecracker in your hand.

That's it.

Good.

See?

Gambling 101.

Why are you pointing a gun in my face?

I'm agreeing to this.

What the hell is this?

You have to light it, Peter.

It's what the envelope says.

But it's not a firecracker.

That's a quarter stick.

You know, you're right.

Maybe you ought to move
away from the table.

You're gonna make an awful mess.

Let it go before it goes off.
Don't hold it too tight.
No, he must hold it tight.
Bevans?
Secure it to his hand,
if you would, please?
Fuck.
You know, Peter, maybe it's a dud.
Did you think about that?
Did you consider that?
And of course, we won't know
that until you light the fuse.
Use the lighter!
And light the fuse!
Now!
If this is a dud, do
I have to go again?
Nah.
- Oh, god.
- Oh, god.
Oh, my god.
Wow!
That was loud.
We're lucky we didn't
break any windows.
And see what we have here.
Ooh.
I think he's having a
heart attack, sir.
Really.
Peter?
Peter?
Peter.
Now he's dead.
Oh, well.
Lucas.
It's your turn.
So, what is it?
The barrel or the card?
What would you rather do?
Two minutes held underwater.
I don't think I can do that.
I don't think I can.
We're running out of time here.

No.

I'll take my chances with card.

OK:

What do we have?

What is it?

- Ooh, well, that's...

- Well, what is it?

This, this is, um...

is very interesting.

You...

must...

slit open your eye.

You can use this mirror, if it helps.

No.

- That's it.

- That's it?

No, that's not it.

No, I can't do this.

- Lucas.

- I can't.

You made your decision.

This is how the game is played.

Pick up the razor blade.

Please.

- Pick it up.

- Please don't.

You sick fuck!

I will give you...

I can't do that!

I can't do it!

I can't do it.

Or Bevans...

I can't do it!

...will dispatch you.

Do you understand?

And, by the way, you can
pick whichever eye you want.

It's completely up to you.

Go.

Ha!

- 20 seconds.

- Fuck!

I can't do it.

Listen, Lucas.
He will eliminate you,
I am telling you.
Five, four, three, two, one.
There.
All done.
Iris.
Are you interested in seeing
what's in your envelope?
No.
Oh... Of course.
You're not the gambling type, are you?
Oh, no, no, no.
No, you prefer the sure thing.
Thank you.
Lovely.
So.
Two minutes, yes?
Go.
I keep having this dream
that I'm on a boat.
Suddenly, the boat tips over
and throws me into the water.
You and all these people
are pinned under it...
And you're drowning.
Come on, come on.
And I keep trying to pull myself
up, but the more and more I do...
The more the boat comes down with me.
And you are trying to grab my
hand, trying to help me, but
we're sinking faster and faster
and faster until...
I just finally...
- Yes!
- Whoo, two minutes!
Iris!
Very impressive.
You know...
this is designed to
actually drown people.
What was in her card?
I have no idea.

Find out.
Set of lungs.
Oh.
Oh...
that was a close call, Iris.
All your teeth extracted.
Sorry, Bevans, maybe next year.
Is Amy ready?
So, how long can you
hold your breath, Amy?
How long did it take your
husband to hold your little girl
while he drowned her?
What is this?
It's another barrel. With a four.
Well, that four stands for, uh,
four minutes.
That isn't possible.
No, technically, it is possible.
Not even close to the
world record, by the way.
Well, I guess...
Beggars can't be choosers.
I guess so.
Four minutes.
Ready, Bevans?
Go.
She wasn't ready!
Shh, shh, shh.
At the beginning of the night, I would have
pegged her as the odds-on favorite to win.
You never know, sir.
And then there were two.
Iris, I would like for
you to sit across
from Lucas, if you would, please.
Thank you.
We're in the final stretch now.
Now...
Before we begin the
final round, I'd like to
say a few words, if I may.
I know that this evening
has been difficult.

For all of us, really.
But it has also been
one for the books.
And I speak, not only for
myself, but for Bevans and his
staff and the entire Lambrick
family when I say, "well
played, both of you. "
Personally, I'd be happy
if either one of you won.
Truly.
To the final round then.
Now, in all likelihood, the game
will end with the very first
question in this round.
We have found that the player
who goes first in the final
round has a decided, uh,
advantage.
Therefore, we will flip a coin.
Bevans.
Heads, Iris.
Tails, Lucas.
Bevans, if you would, please.
Heads it is.
Iris...
You're up.
The final question.
Would you rather...
"a"...
end the game, right now,
you and Lucas free to leave.
Empty-handed.
But alive.
Or "b"...
with this dueling pistol
with a single round in its
chamber...
eliminate Lucas.
Claim victory and salvation
for your brother.
Which?
Iris.
Iris.

It's over.
We're done.
We can...
we can go home.
Iris.
I never told you why
I came here tonight.
I think you should hear it, OK?
I think we have some things in common.
You're here for someone else, right?
Your brother.
I'll bet you'd do anything for him.
I know exactly how you feel.
I have three sisters...
Oh!
We have a winner.
Brava!
Bravo!
Bravo!
This is yours.
There should be enough in there
to cover any debts that your
parents left behind you, plus
enough for you to go back to school.
We had previously located a
suitable donor in Romania.
Arrangements are already being
made as we speak, and your
brother will be undergoing the
procedure before the week is out.
You see?
We keep our word.
I believe a "thank you" is in order.
Thank you, Mr. Lambrick.
Oh, please.
No, no, no, call me Shep.
Raleigh.
Oh, my god.
Oh, my god, oh, my god...
What did you do?
What did you do?
Oh, my god.
What did you do?