Boogeyman 2

By Brian Sieve
All kids are afraid of the Boogeyman.
Henry and I were no different, even before that night.
- It's the one I wanted.
- You sure?
We can always return it, get something you want more, like school clothes.
I told them you wanted a dirt bike, but they wouldn't listen.
- Help me put it together, Henry, please.
- Sure, after I use the bathroom.
- Who wants cake and ice cream?
- I do.
- Great job, sweetie.
- Thank you.
Didn't you go to the bathroom, paI?
Yeah.
I thought we talked about this.
You're 11 years old now, bud.
The hallway light burned out again.
Will you fix it?
See? Nothing to worry about.
Dad.
Henry, I saw him.
I saw the Boogeyman.
He is real.
No, no.
No.
When the police came, he was gone.
But only for the time being.
Are you still afraid of the Boogeyman?
No, of course not.
I just meant...
What happened to my parents is still vivid to me.
I'm really sorry, Laura.
No one should have to go through that.
- Henry said that the intruder wasn't caught.
- Yeah.
- Do you and Henry ever talk about it?
- No, no.
We talk around it.
It's what people do, you know.
It's not easy admitting you're afraid
of the Boogeyman,
even to your own sister.
You know, the three months
that Henry's been here,
we've been able to help him.
- If you're open to this program...
- No, it's not...
It's okay, I'm 18 now. I'm fine.
Hey.
I hope I'm not interrupting.
Well, I'm gonna miss you.
- I'm here if you need to talk, okay?
- Okay.
- Either one of you.
- Thank you.
I can't even tell you how much I miss this.
Seriously, I have not had
Marsha Marsha Marshmallow
since you left for the clinic.
I meant you.
- You know, us hanging out.
- Yeah.
I knew what you meant.
I just missed Marsha more.
So tonight, your favorite TV shows
Tivo'd and ready to go,
your lasagna,
and I thought maybe we'd stop by the mall
and get you some shirts
that don't have paint
and sweat stains on them.
- I have a job interview tomorrow.
- Already?
- Where? When did you do that?
- It's a printing company in San Francisco.
- Yeah, I applied online at the clinic.
- Wow.
That's great, Henry.
Well, yeah, yeah.
I mean, it's perfect. They do lithography.
It's like silk-screen,
but for, you know, posters and stuff.
I mean, the guy saw my work
and he loves it, you know.
He said I could use some of his equipment for my own stuff if I wanted.
San Francisco's just so far away.
I mean, you would have to live on your own.
You're sure you could do that?
Well, yeah. Yeah, you know.
I mean, I can do it now.
The Hillridge Clinic, it, you know, really made me a different person.
It would've been nice if you included me in your decision.
I'm including you now.
No, now you're telling me.
You know, we should go.
I shouldn't have even had this ice cream.
It's freezing.
Look, I'm sorry, all right?
It's just an interview.
We can talk about it when I get back.
Just forget it, okay?
Want some help?
Look, I'm sorry about earlier.
What, now you're not gonna talk to me?
Henry?
Henry!
It's okay, it's okay. I'm here.
When did you do this?
While you were gone, it got really bad.
Every time I closed my eyes, I could see him.
He's been waiting.
- Waiting?
- For us to be apart.
I always told you that I could handle it, but...
That you were the one that needed help.
But the truth is, I don't want you to go, Henry.
I can't do this on my own.
You can call me whenever you want.
You know that, right?
Yeah, I have my cell phone.
That won't do you any good out here.
You're just gonna have to settle for what us old-timers call a landline.
Cut off from the rest of the world, no cell phone, lockdown every night.
I'm really starting to reconsider.
Laura, the lockdown is just an insurance precaution for the hospital proper.
It helps the administration sleep better at night knowing that the building is secure.
You mean making sure that crazy people aren't roaming the halls.
Got you.
The night staff is here if you need them, and you will have phone access 24/7.
What do you say?
You want to see your room?
Sure.
Look, I'll...
I'll check in as soon as my interview is done tomorrow, okay?
You promise?
On my life.
You know, the people here, they're just like you and me.
They're not as crazy as you think.
Stay away from me, you crazy bitch!
I'm just trying to urinate.
- Well, Nicky, this is...
- Complete bullshit!
You have to talk to Dr. Allen and make him call off his henchmen.
I'm sorry, Dr. Ryan.
We just finished her weekly weigh-in and I found her sneaking in the bathroom.
Okay, let's talk about this later.
Nicky, I want you to stop by my office in a few minutes.
- But I didn't do anything.
- I know, but I want you to see me anyway.
This is Laura Porter. She's Henry's sister.
- She's going to join our...
- Whatever.
There's really a nice girl hiding inside
of Nicky.
Yeah, well, maybe one of them
should try eating a sandwich.
- I didn't realize bulimia was a fear.
- It's not.
She suffers from a fear of gaining weight.
So this is Henry's old room.
He painted this while he was here.
- Do you want me to take it down?
- No, leave it up.
He always said
when things were too dark growing up,
that you were the one to pull him out.
Funny.
I could say the same thing about him.
Laura, I'm very happy that you're here.
I'm gonna let you unpack.
Then you can meet the other patients
and Dr. Allen.
Dr. Allen?
He's head of the hospital
psychiatric department.
I'll see you in group.
Sorry, sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.
Your door was open,
so I just wanted to come in and say hi.
- Hi, I'm Mark.
- Laura.
And this charming guy behind me,
that's Paul.
- Hi.
- Hi.
- Germaphobe. Don't take it personally.
- Oh.
My light in my closet went out.
Would you mind taking a look?
I got it.
Thanks, bud.
So it looks like we have something
in common, huh?
It's the dark. He's terrified of it.
For me, it's not so much the dark,
it's what lives in the dark.
- You must be Henry's sister.
- Pretty stupid, huh?
 Everyone's afraid of something.
Hillridge Clinic, Santa Barbara County,
January 22nd.
Dr. Jessica Ryan's
severe phobia group therapy session.
Dr. Mitchell Allen,
hospital administrator, supervising.
I'm afraid of losing control of my life,
so I cut.
Cut? You mean...
Most people try to deal
with their emotions internally,
but Alison finds that overwhelming.
It's really more like impossible.
But with one cut,
all the internal stuff becomes external.
I can just deal with it, you know.
But then if I stop...
I'm afraid to stop.
- How about you? What's your deal?
- Same thing as my brother.
I saw my parents killed when I was a kid.
The police never found the guy.
Well, you can't catch the Boogeyman, right?
- He hasn't had a problem finding me.
- He?
You continue to see this "he"?
I don't always see him.
- Sometimes you just...
- You feel him.
I felt him. Here, in this place.
- Alison, that's not constructive in any way.
- What?
We're all here because we have shit
to deal with from our past, right?
Just because somebody comes
and gives it a name and a face
doesn't mean it's not real.
Laura's fear is less ethereal.
She fears a specific entity.
The clinical term is Bogyphobia.
- Bogyphobia? Are you fucking kidding me?
- Nicky.
And here I thought you were suffering from some serious ailment, like Easter Bunny phobia.
- You scared of Santa Claus, too?
- Okay.
All right. Are you guys finished here?
Laura? Laura.
- Laura!
- I'm kind of scared of Santa Claus.
What the fuck is wrong with you guys?
That's it?
You're just gonna throw in the towel?
Nicky's right. I'm wasting everybody's time. Shit!
You know, I've lived with this for 10 years and managed, you know?
But when you're really alone, there may come a time when you can't manage.
Because I know I didn't.
Look, Laura,
my mother spent her entire life in an institution battling schizophrenia.
And every month,
my dad would take me there to visit her.
It was different then.
It was electroshock therapy and sensory deprivation.
It turned her into a vegetable.
She would just stare at the wall and she'd mumble.
It's probably the worst sound in the world.
And then I found out that it was hereditary, and I was so scared
I was going to become her one day.
Until I faced my fear.
- How?
- By studying it.
I became a psychiatrist because I wanted to understand the illness.
Laura, you just have to expose the fear and really look at it, and you will get better.
But it's your choice.
Good night, Gloria.
Buzz me out.
See you tomorrow.
- Yo, Mark.
- Yeah?
- The package arrived.
- It did?
- You know, the one you've been waiting for.
- Halftime, all right?
- Thank you very much.
- Cool.
Hey, not on the floor.
I turned the basement lights on.
Yeah. Sure, no problem, man. Thanks.
Hey, ladies.
Fuck, fuck! Ow! Fuck!
Perry?
Hey, I'm still down here!
Hey. Hey!
Hey, I'm still down here!
Hey, I'm still down here!
Hey, I'm down here! Wait!
Jesus Christ! Help me!
I'm down here! Please! Help!
Anybody there?
Hello?
How did he... I mean, you just don't fall into an elevator shaft.
You do if it's dark
and you're baked out of your mind
on Perry's hydroponic pick of the day.
Sorry, I don't mean to state the obvious,
but wasn't Mark afraid of the dark?
The police think that Mark's fear instigated his fall.
He turned off the lights
to avoid being caught.
And once it was dark, he panicked.
Wait.
But I heard Gloria tell the police that he was
cut in half.
I mean,
that doesn't sound like an accident to me.
Apparently, he tried to climb out
of the elevator shaft, but he only got halfway into the basement before the car came down on him. Every time I think about it, and all the blood that... Whose chair is this? Doctor, this isn't my chair. This isn't my chair! Who stole my chair? PauI... Who stole it? PauI. Right over here. Is that it, there? You've got to breathe. You need to breathe. Okay, wait. Here, here, let me feel. Come on. Here's your hand soap. Get in your seat. Here, I've got it right here. Here, let me help you. Let me get that off there. Mark was the only one who actually believed I could get better. He made me believe it, too. We'll take as much time as is needed for you to absorb Mark's accident. No, don't. It doesn't sound like an accident to me. I think somebody else turned the lights off. Like who, Laura? Maybe it was the Boogeyman? Nicky. Maybe it was. This is counterproductive. Counterproductive? Laura has as much right as anyone to share her fear with the group. I'm sorry. Let's reconvene later today, okay? Hey, whoa, whoa, slow down. Who's dead? Mark fell into an elevator shaft. I think maybe somebody killed him. - Henry?
- Yeah, I'm here.
Look, I've been driving all night
and I just got to my interview.
I'll head straight back there
the second I'm done.
You don't believe me?
I didn't say that. I just...
Look, I've been there.
Whenever something bad happened,
I thought he was coming back to finish
what he started when we were kids.
Yeah, but now you're ready to leave
the past behind and throw me away with it.
- No, Laura...
- Yeah, I've got to go.
Look, if I drive through the night,
I'll make it there by 5:00 a. m.
- Just sit tight, okay?
- Hurry.
I had maintenance fix that for you.
I'm sorry if you were upset this afternoon.
- I didn't intend...
- I'm fine.
I'm leaving tomorrow morning, anyways.
What you fear doesn't live inside
that closet, Laura.
It lives inside you.
Can you remove it surgically
or do I need an exorcism?
You know, we've always struggled
to understand the darkness within us.
Fears and anxieties buried so deeply
that they're just too painful to face.
And you think my darkness
is the Boogeyman.
But how does that describe
what I've seen with my own eyes,
what other kids have seen
throughout history?
Well, it's a common scapegoat.
Our society will always find a way
to externalize.
Every culture around the world
has a name for him.
The words sound different, but they all describe the same being. How does your theory account for that? We're all afraid of the same thing. The Boogeyman, germaphobia, they're all masks. Masks that we create to hide what we're truly afraid of. What do you think I'm truly afraid of? Well, if you're willing to stay, willing to accept that your fear comes from within, maybe we'll find out. Hello, Jessica. I didn't know you were still here. I'm thinking about staying overnight, actually. We're short-staffed now that Perry's been fired, and I'm really concerned how everyone's been affected by Mark's death. Jessica, the board's gonna have a lot of questions about what happened here today. Mark's accident has nothing to do with my program. Your program? Your experiment. The board has always thought that putting this particular group of patients together was a mistake. And, quite frankly, I'm beginning to agree with them. I'm really sorry to hear that. I'm sorry. - Get the fuck out now! Christ! Watch where you're going. Do me a favor. Walk with me and follow me to my room. - No, thanks, I'll pass. - Come on, I'll owe you one. Common sense dictates I shouldn't ask, but what's the bucket for?
We all have our own way of dealing with Mark's death. Isn't that why you went off on Henry earlier? No, but thanks for listening in. Henry always said you were the reason he wanted to get better because he didn't want to hold you back.
- He told you that?
- Every day he was here.
I never meant to hurt him. It's just...
You and Darren?
Once upon a time.
What? And he's in here because he's afraid of being anything but an asshole? Agoraphobic.
Completely terrified of the outside world.
You'd never know by looking at him, though, right?
He's cute. I see why you fell for him.
Yeah, well, don't think that just because he pays you a little attention, he's actually interested in you.
- Nicky, I was just saying...
- Will you just leave?
- Nicky.
- I want to be alone.
- Just leave me alone, okay? Get out!
- I'm not even interested.
PauI?
- PauI, are you okay?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
- We missed you at dinner.
- Yeah, well, you see this mess.
Well, if you wanna talk, I'll be in my room, okay?
Hey, PauI?
PauI?
- Oh, God!
- Get help now!
Come on, buddy.
- Oh, my God!
- Oh, my God.
Oh, Jesus Christ!
Get help!
- I think he's dead.
- What happened?

Call down to the hospital.
I want some paramedics up here.
He must've swallowed it.
Like... What? You mean, like, on purpose?
You think he killed...
The phones are dead. I can't get a dial tone.
I can't get a pulse.
Jesus Christ!

Go down to the hospital.
- I want you to find somebody.
- No, it's not happening.

We can't buzz open the doors with no phones.
Well, doesn't somebody have a key?
- Dr. Allen has an overriding key.
- There has to be an emergency exit.

Do you know how much older this place is than the actual hospital?
I'm sorry, so you're telling me that we're stuck here until the morning, until Dr. Allen comes?
- No! No, there's no way! We have to get out!
- Alison! Alison!
I'm sure that the phones are only out temporarily, okay?
Hey, Henry will be here at 5:00 at the latest.
He will get someone to open those doors, okay?
Laura, take everybody down to the rec room.
Okay. Okay, come on.
Come on, come on, come on.
I need you to help me cover him up.
Okay, let's just...
Let's just leave him right here, okay?
Go ahead. You check on the kids.
Jesus, Paul, what the hell happened to you?
It's still out.
Somebody is bound to pass by sooner or later.
Why don't you go down to the basement and check the computer system?
It integrates the phone lines with the security system.
Maybe it just went offline.
- I'd really appreciate your help.
- Okay.
If I see someone, I'll flag them down.
How're you holding up?
What was it that Paul drank?
It was this mixture that he made out of industrial-strength cleaners 'cause he couldn't find one that was strong enough.
Why would Paul have a cockroach problem?
Oh, he wouldn't.
He kept all his food in one of those airtight things.
No, no, I know, but there was a cockroach.
It crawled under his bed.
I mean, there's food all over his floor.
Well, that's not like him.
No, food attracts bugs, and bugs have germs.
And he would've been terrified at the thought of it.
Just like Mark would've been terrified of a dark basement.
Wait. You actually think she makes sense?
Well, nothing that's happened in the past Jesus Christ, what does it matter?
Paul killed himself, someone killed Paul.
Either way, it's just one less person whining in group tomorrow.
You know, you might want to watch how hard you sell that!
And what the fuck were you doing in his room, anyway, Darren?
It was him.
I saw him in the hallway earlier, okay?
- He preys on our fears.
- That's it, I'm out of here.
It's what he does. He knows what scares us.
Gloria?
Gloria!
Hey, any luck with the phones?
Gloria's in the basement.
She's reconnecting the system.
- Have you seen Darren or Nicky?
- A few minutes ago. Why?
- It's not important. Get some rest.
- Okay.
Gloria?
Gloria?
God.
Oh, my God.
Who is that?
God, no, please.
Please. No!
Someone there?
It's just me.
- What the fuck are you doing in here?
- I don't know where else to go.
What are you talking about?
Mark and Paul are dead.
Yeah. I was there, remember?
I know you, Darren.
Come on, it must have been terrible
finding Paul like that.
But you can't keep shutting me out.
You're the only person here that I trust.
Why did you end up hating me so much?
- Huh? What did I do?
- You didn't do anything, Nicky.
Then it's the way that I look?
Did I... Did I get too thin?
- I'm the one with the problem, not you.
- Bullshit!
Nicky, what I'm dealing with,
it's not just being afraid
of the outside world. You know, it's...
It's the people out there, too.
So you don't think I'm disgusting?
I'm agoraphobic, I'm not blind.
Alison?
Hey, are you awake?
Oh, my God!
Alison, Alison. Oh, my God!
Help! Nicky!
Somebody! Help!
Nicky!
Somebody, help!
Nicky!
Let me in!
Come on! Is somebody out there? Please!
- What was that?
- I don't know.
Anybody!
Laura! What's wrong?
Somebody killed Alison.
Come on, we have to find Dr. Ryan.
What are you talking about?
- What's going on?
- Alison's dead. Somebody cut her open.
- Where's Dr. Ryan?
- I don't know. Everybody's gone.
Come on, I'll show you!
Right here.
There was blood everywhere.
- He must've cleaned it up.
- Who cleaned it up?
- It was...
- Who, Laura?
Alison was lying in this bed.
Her arms were cut to shreds.
She was probably in the middle
of one of her cutting sessions,
and you interrupted her.
There were maggots crawling out
from underneath her skin.
It was like she was trying to cut them out.
You know what? Just stop. Where's Alison?
- I just told you.
- No! No, where's Alison, really?
Hello!
I already checked up here.
Everyone is missing.
She's right. I don't see anybody.
Gloria went down to the basement
a couple of hours ago
to fix the phone system.
Maybe she's still down there.
It doesn't take a couple of hours
to restart a computer.
Hey, guys, Dr. Allen didn't sign out.
Hey, what Laura said about people being forced to face their fears, who did that sound like?
You don't think that Dr. Allen could be behind this, do you?
He's been fucking sadistic lately.
Look at the way he treated Laura.
No. He was just afraid we'd all start buying into her theory.
Maybe he was afraid I was right.
Okay, what about the time he locked Henry in the closet?
What?
He refused to let him out until he faced his fears.
Come on, you know him and all of his "darkness within" bullshit!
Look. Okay, I'm the first one to bash on Dr. Allen, but he wouldn't do something like this.
What else did he make Henry do?
Help! Somebody get us the fuck out of here!
Keys, keys, keys, keys.
"Patient suffers from delusions and hallucinations related to his childhood fear."
"Experiences blackouts similar to those of previous patients, in which she has no recollection of her violent behavior."
"Patient is once again unable to differentiate his own personality from the one he has created for the Boogeyman."
"Refuses to accept blame for the crimes he has committed."
Oh, my God.
Shit!
Who's there?
Nicky?
She's out here, Darren.
- What's that?
- I found it in Dr. Allen's office.
- Any keys?
- No.

But you're right
about Dr. Allen being sadistic.
Before he came to the Hillridge Clinic,
his treatment others like me.
- One was this guy, Tim Jensen.
- So?

One night, Jensen killed a bunch of people,
claimed the Boogeyman did it.
What?
Like a split personality or something?
That's what Dr. Allen thought.
Jensen ended up killing himself
under Dr. Allen's care.
I mean, he almost lost his license over it.
He's just as afraid as the rest of us.
He's terrified that he's been wrong
about the Boogeyman all along.
And then you show up.
Allen's bad memories resurface
and people start dying, right?
Fuck this!
Darren, wait!
Darren! Darren, stop it!
Both of you just get the fuck
away from me!
Darren!
Darren, calm down!
- Leave me alone!
- Darren! Listen!

We need to fix the computers
in the basement so we can get out of here.
You think someone wants to kill us?
It could be Dr. Allen
or it could be either one of you.
I'm gonna lock myself in my room
until the morning staff gets here, okay?
- Problem solved.
- I want to stay with you. Okay?
You guys, please.
I can't go down there by myself.
What are you doing?
The second somebody shows up,
I am out of here.
You can't just leave.
Watch me.
- Where are we gonna go?
- "We," Nicky?
I've got news for you, there's no "we".
I thought things were gonna be different this time.
Darren, look, I know what happened between us scares you, okay?
No, no, no! You don't know.
See that's the problem is you think you know.
You think you know me. You think you have me all figured out, right?
You have no idea what kind of person I really am.
You know, Nicky, you're always so worried about fixing me.
Why don't you try fixing yourself first, huh?
- Take a good look at yourself.
- Don't!
- Try fixing yourself!
- Don't, Darren!
You know what?
Just get the fuck out of here.
- Just get the fuck out.
- What?
Just get the fuck out of my room!
- And stop being so fucking pathetic!
- You're hurting me!
Deal with it!
You're Ilying to yourself, Darren.
You'll end up dead on the inside.
One day, your heart's just gonna shrivel up and rot away before you ever have the chance to share it with someone.
Fuck!
I didn't want to hurt Nicky.
I was just so fucking scared.
She said that she loved me and...
And I just... I felt like I couldn't breathe.
Well, this is how we do it, Darren.
We conquer our fears
by facing them head-on.
No fucking way.
Your reaction, I think,
tells us something about your illness.
I suspect what you're truly afraid of
is opening up.
Fearful that if you do,
she'll rip your heart right out.
Darren!
No!
Help!
Dr. Ryan? It's him.
He is real.
Oh, my God.
What did he do?
He is real.
- He is real.
- Just like your mother.
He is real.
He's real.
You have to be quiet.
You have to be quiet. Please.
You have to be quiet. He's gonna find us.
He is real.
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Dr. Allen, how did you...
What are you doing?
Laura, everything's gonna be fine.
The police are on their way.
Now you and me are gonna go upstairs
- and have a nice little talk, Laura.
- No, no, no, no.
The Boogeyman, he's here, okay?
- We have to go.
- No, Laura. No, he's not, Laura.
You should of seen what he did
to Nicky and Darren and Paul, too.
I found them.
- What is that?
- It's just a sedative, Laura, that's all.
It's a sedative, all right? Now, come on.
Wait. Wait, do you think that I did it?
Now, Laura, please, don't make this difficult.
Stop! Okay, listen to me.
Listen to me, okay?
If you'd have listened to Tim Jensen,
he'd still be alive.
To Tim Jensen?
He's right behind you!
He's right behind you. Look! Look!
- He's not behind me!
- Yes, he is!
- He doesn't exist!
- Yes, he does! Look!
In time you'll see that I'm right.
No! No! No!
- It's okay, Laura. I'm here.
- No!
No, it's not you!
Henry!
Don't hurt me, please.
- Laura, I would never hurt you.
- You hurt the rest of them.
No.
- Not me.
- Henry!
Stop it!
Leave her alone!
Try to remember, Henry.
Try to remember what actually happened
the night that your parents were killed.
He was waiting for me.
He was hiding from my family in the closet.
The Boogeyman wasn't there, Henry.
He wasn't there when you were 11,
and he isn't there now.
See?
- No, no, no. I can't do it. I can't do it.
- You don't have a choice.
Stop! Hey!
No! What're you doing?
- You stay right there. Right there.
- Please, help me!
This is how you do it.
If you want to conquer your fears,
you have to face them.
Face them head-on.
Face the darkness on your own.
Look him right in the eye.
He's not real, Henry.
- He's only in your head.
- Oh, no. Help me. No!
He has power over you because you allow it.
He's in here! Help me! Oh, God.
Help me!
Help me!
Help me!
He's hiding. I saw the Boogeyman.
He's... He is real.
He's not real, Henry.
He's only in your head.
The night mom and dad died,
I should've done something.
What could you do? You were 11.
- I can help you.
- Help me?
- Yeah.
- Like you always have?
I'm your older brother.
I should've been taking care of you.
I was always so scared.
But the Boogeyman,
I looked into his eyes,
and saw that he's afraid of nothing.
You killed them. Mark, Paul!
Alison.
- He forced them to face their fear.
- Henry.
You thought the Boogeyman
was your greatest fear. You're wrong.
- He'll show you your true fear.
- Henry!
Stop it, Henry! Stop!
Stop!
Henry!
Now, you listen to me.
I hurt you much more than I helped you.
I'm sorry for that.
You suffered a psychotic break.
But you did help me.
I'm completely cured.
Dr. Allen, let go. No, no!
Dr. Allen's records indicate that
your brother was released several days ago
in positive mental health.
Did you find her?
You're the one currently being treated
for Boogeyman-related delusions.
Is that correct?
- Dr. Ryan? Did you find her?
- I told you. We searched twice.
Except for you, we didn't find any survivors.
Detective, there's something in here
I think you need to see.
Good morning.
Well,
I think we found the last body.
No.
I think you're gonna have to come with us.
- No.
- Okay, we're gonna need some help in here.
Henry, he's still in here, okay?
You have to listen to me, okay?
Henry's still in here!
Henry's still in here!
You have to find him. He's still in here.
Henry's still in here!
Listen to me! Listen to me!
Henry's still in here!