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# Dark Feed

By Michael Rasmussen

Hello?  
Is somebody there?  
Who is this?  
- Cut! Cut!  
- Did I do something wrong?  
No, you were fine.  
Zeke, what are you doing back there?  
Sorry, I didn't know  
I was in the shot.  
Detroit?  
Yeah, go ahead.  
Tell Harry there's somebody  
in the lobby to see him.  
All right, I'm on it.  
Yeah, I think that eye shadow  
looked really really great.  
Hey, Harry? Sorry.  
You have a visitor  
down in the lobby.  
Yeah, right,  
I'll be right down.  
We will be watching you.  
It's pretty twisted, isn't it?  
Especially for this place.  
So how's my favorite writer doing?  
Still can't believe this is happening.  
I know.  
Well, believe it.  
Come on, I'll give you a quick tour.  
This building's almost 100 years old.  
It was the state's  
first psychiatric teaching hospital.  
Shut its doors about six years ago.  
Only six years?  
Looks more like 20.  
Yeah, when they shut the place down,  
they forgot to blow out the pipes.  
The first freeze, all the plumbing  
burst. There was water everywhere.  
We're the first ones in here  
since they let all the loonies out.  
Hey, Mitch, do you read me?  
Mitch, where the hell are those PAs?  
We're 15 minutes away

from wrapping this shot.

That basement needs to be ready.

- Watch the ball.

- Shut up, shut up!

Jurgen, come on, man.

- She's really fast, man.

- All right.

And you're 6'3".

Next time, stuff her ass, dude.

Listen, it is not polite  
to stuff a lady.

- Don't make excuses, okay?

- Okay?

- Play like a winner.

- Okay, guys.

That's game. I win.

What the fuck are you guys doing?

What? We're on 15.

Did you not hear my radio?

The break is over.

Get back to work.

Beth, I need some light stands.

The rest of you, downstairs.

Gimme that call sheet.

Whoa! Hey, baby, next time you're  
gonna reach your hand in my pocket,

- why don't you let me know?

- Yeah, all right, Darrell.

By the way, your boyfriend  
is a total douche.

Oh, no no no no!

Ex-boyfriend.

I don't believe it.

You guys are totally still doing it.

Oh my God!

No, long and over, my friend.

Or should I say short and over?

Oh, nice.

All right, I'll see you guys later.

Yeah.

So this is the pool.

What kind of pool is this?

This is where the doctor performed some  
of his more controversial therapies.

This pool has a bit of a history.  
So, um...  
we decided to change  
your ending a bit.  
We're gonna have the nurse and the  
detective confront the killer in here.  
Oh.  
Um, yeah.  
That could work.  
Good.  
Come on, I'll show you the main set.  
Oh! What's that smell?  
Ugh. They don't call it the bowels  
of a building for nothing, huh?  
All right, here we go.  
This is sort of our holding area.  
And here it is...  
our apartment set.  
This is, uh, Detroit.  
- Nice to meet you. Chris.  
- Nice to meet you.  
Nice to meet you.  
- Nice to meet you.  
- Yeah, hi.  
- This looks great.  
- Yeah, not bad, huh?  
Does this stuff work?  
Uh, it's all real,  
but none of it's operational.  
Whatever you do, don't use the toilet  
in here. It's not hooked up.  
- Gotcha.  
- But it looks pretty good, huh?  
We did it under budget.  
We did it on the cheap.  
Looks better than my place.  
This is where she kills him, right?  
- Yeah, you bet it is.  
- Nice.  
- Yeah.  
- Everybody stand by.  
The actors' dressing rooms  
are up here.  
Sorry to interrupt.

Just wanted to introduce  
our writer Chris.  
Hey. Great damn script, man.  
Fucking genius.  
I really love what you've written.  
Thanks.  
Uh, well, we'll let you get back  
to what you were doing.  
Take it easy.  
What's with the boxing ring?  
Oh, another actor's demand.  
They're a bunch of prima donnas.  
They wanted their own trailers.  
I told them we had a whole hospital,  
they threatened to walk.  
I had to build them  
these fancy dressing rooms.  
What are you gonna do, you know?  
- Ah.  
- Oh, hey.  
This is Jess,  
our production manager.  
And still photographer  
and set dresser.  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah.  
I'm just getting my money's worth.  
He's a pain in the ass.  
You can thank Jess  
for finding this place.  
- This is Chris.  
- Oh, the writer.  
Cool, nice to meet you.  
I really really like the script.  
Thanks.  
Yeah? What?  
Well, how much  
is that going to cost?  
Wait...  
Hold on, you're breaking up.  
Hold on.  
Guys, I gotta take this.  
I'll be outside.  
What the hell happened?  
I left you 10 minutes ago.

What's going on?  
So are you ready for a long night?  
How late are you guys shooting?

**Uh, 5:**

It's just like pulling  
an all-nighter in college.  
Well, that was a while ago.  
Cute dog.

Yeah, he's the director's.  
His name's Rusty.

- I get to babysit.  
- Fun.

Oh, hey.  
I didn't know you were still here.  
Yeah, I'm just finishing up.

- See you in the morning.  
- Okay. Good night.

Good night.

That's Marissa.

She's the editor.

She actually cut together  
some footage today.

- You want to take a look?  
- Yeah, sure.  
- Yeah?  
- Okay.

All right, there you go.  
Oh, that dog is making me mental.  
I'd better go check on him.

Do you want anything  
to drink or anything?

- No, I'm fine.  
- Okay.

I'll be back in a minute.

What took you so long?

I was painting my nails.

I had an accident, okay?

The fucking ceiling collapsed.

Don't believe me, Mitch?

Why don't you have  
a look for yourself?

So...

what do we do now?

Well, I was gonna take a shower.  
But I don't know about you.  
A shower sounds good to me.  
Is there...  
room for two?  
Hey.  
Uh, they're setting up  
a shot downstairs.  
I can take you down there.  
Yeah.  
So here I'm supposed to say,  
"Mono grammed. "  
- I don't understand what that means.  
- "Monogrammed. "  
You're not supposed to say that.  
That's a stage direction.  
Why are you asking me  
about "monogrammed"?  
That's not even...  
this part has been cut.  
- I'm sorry, I didn't know.  
- It's okay.  
- Do you have any other questions?  
- But how do you pronounce it?  
Don't worry about how you pronounce it.  
You don't say it.  
Oh.  
So this is where  
we're shooting the next scene,  
in these stacks over here.  
And it looks like  
they're about ready to start.  
Am I gonna be in the way?  
Uh, no, you'll be fine.  
Just stay there for a second.  
- Hey.  
- Hey, Jess, how you doin'?  
Good good.  
I brought the writer down.  
Oh, hey.  
So how's it going?  
I'm Chris. We met during  
the table reading, remember?  
Oh, right.

- Ah! Fuck!

- I'm sorry. Are you okay?

- I'm sorry. L... I didn't see it.

- Chris, let's...

"Is that how you want  
the brains, director?  
That's how you want it?"

"That's how I want it.  
'Cause I want my motherfuckin'  
brains on the wall. "

Okay, why don't you  
just stay here for a minute?

- I'll be back in a bit.

- That's what I'm talking about.

Yeah.

Very nice.

Fucking brains on the wall  
is my favorite thing to do.

Sneak up on me.

Oh ho ho! No way!

Those brains are so fucking cool.

Damn right,  
they're so fucking cool.

Ho!

Will you excuse me for one second?

Hey.

Hey.

Brian?

- Hi.

- Hi.

What are...

please keep that fucking mike  
away from that wall.

Sorry, I...

I heard something back there.

I don't care.

We're filming in the hallway...

- Yeah.

... not behind that wall.

- Yeah.

- Good?

Bye.

Do we need some more  
black magic marker, though, on the gun?

No, no one's gonna see that.

- Okay. Okay.

- It's way too far away.

You're just going to walk down  
from up here with Rachel.

She has the flashlight.

You have the gun.

Okay, let's get  
the actors into place.

- Okay, so just go over here.

- Yep.

All right, last looks, everybody.

Hold on.

I'm picking up some footsteps.

Can you have Detroit tell them  
to stop moving around up there?

Hey!

We need you to stop moving.

We weren't.

Yeah.

Douche.

And action.

Cut! Cut!

What's your problem, Rachel?

Can't you walk in those shoes?

Okay, let's try it again.

Darrell, you've got to check this out.

Oh, dude, what is that?

It's like a head shot!

- Blah!

- Dude, I'm fucked!

Oh, what do you think  
they made it out of?

I think he said it was a cinnamon-raisin  
bagel or something like that.

Really?

I don't know, dude.

The raisins are important  
because it looks like brain matter.

Mm. That was a doughnut.

- Can I help?

- No, you shouldn't.

- Union rules.

- I just feel kind of useless.

You could steer clear of those cables.

Hey!

You sure you don't need help?

Yeah, no, it's really okay.

I'm Chris, by the way.

Oh, I know.

You're the screenwriter. Jess told me.

- Nice to meet you.

- I'm Beth.

So you wrote this thing, huh?

Yeah. Please don't say it's brilliant.

- If one more person tells me that...

- I haven't read it.

Sorry. I mean yet.

I was literally just brought on today  
as, like, a last-minute replacement.

I guess some girl  
got sick or something.

Beth, you're up.

We need you for a stand-in.

Okay.

Well, looks like I gotta go.

But it was really nice to meet you.

I'm sure I'll see you around.

Hey, sweetheart,

can you move a little to the left?

Yeah, that's better.

- Hey.

- Hey.

So... he's pretty cute.

- Who?

- The writer.

Like you didn't notice.

Okay.

He's single.

- Jess!

- I'm just saying.

- I'll talk to you later.

- Okay, bye.

Hey.

Mr. Screenwriter, how are you?

Whoa. Hey, man,

you're a little tight there.

Just a... what?

A guy can't give  
another guy a massage?  
Well, hey...  
Don't worry about it.  
Don't worry about it.  
I'm good at this.  
I know what I'm doing.  
Hey, what do you think?  
You think those puppies are real?  
Man, I have some serious doubts.  
Well, there's only one way  
to find out.  
Hey, no charge on that massage.  
Just make sure you got a part for me  
in your next script, all right?  
- What's going on?  
- Oh!  
God.  
What the fuck, dude?  
Oh, did you see that, dude?  
That guy just grabbed my balls.  
You should get those autographed.  
Whatever, dude.  
That guy's a giant tool.  
I don't know, maybe he was  
just trying to get into character.  
I heard he's method.  
I don't think his character is  
an oversexed Hollywood actor.  
I don't know, but Harry said  
he slept here last night...  
just trying to get  
the vibe of the place.  
Weird.  
What's the "method"?  
Really?  
Let's get Rachel in place.  
Okay.  
Wait for us to call it down.  
Hey!  
Somebody open the doors.  
Open the doors!  
Please open the doors!  
Roll camera.

- I'm rolling.

- Action.

Cut. What, did she get off  
on the wrong floor or something?

Well, someone go find her.

- I'll go.

- No no, send what's-her-face.

We have to handle this one  
with kid gloves. She's very fragile.

Come on, let's go.

This place is so disgusting.

Rachel?

- Rachel?

- Don't!

- Are you okay?

- Someone was in there.

In where?

In the elevator.

- I can't go back in there.

- Okay. Okay.

I won't do it.

Hey, Jess?

Yeah, we'll just have to  
figure something out.

What the hell is going on?

She is, like, pretty shaken up.

Beth's taking her back  
to her dressing room.

And I think we should  
just give her a minute.

All right, all right.

I'll go talk to her.

What time is it?

**Uh, like 10:**

All right, it's as good a time  
as any to break for lunch, okay?

- All right.

- All right.

Thanks.

Do you have any water?

Just the juice.

This is the native food  
of Denmark, by the way.

- No, it's not.

- Frozen lasagna.

Did you guys put corn  
in my coffee?

- Ja, Jurgen. Zat was me.

- Oh, ja, ja.

Zat's how zey drink it in Copenhagen.

- This seat taken?

- Oh, no, go ahead.

Thanks.

- What's up, man?

- Hey.

- You with camera?

- No, I'm, uh...

- He's the writer.

- No shit.

You know we're just a bunch  
of below-the-line grunts here, right?  
Yeah, the creatives are at that table,  
over there.

Hey, just ignore that.

Oh, by the way, don't tell him  
how much you like his script.

He hates hearing that.

Hey, did you guys check out that weird  
filtration system in the basement?

Jurgen thinks that's how  
they administered the wacky juice.

- In the water?

- Yeah.

It's like they did  
with fluoride in the '60s.  
The government just slipped it  
into the water supply  
without anybody noticing.

What do you know about that?

You're, like, 16

- and from Denmark. Ja. Oh, ja.

- Ja, ja.

Jurgen's like our resident conspiracist.

Hey, Jurgen,  
how'd you get this job anyway?

My dad's a friend of Harry's.

They used

to be business partners.  
Let me get this straight.  
You gave up your entire summer break,  
flew over here from Denmark  
just to work on this low-budget  
piece-of-shit movie?  
No offense, dude.  
Hell yeah, man.  
I love the movies.  
Oh.  
Dude, tell them about that snake  
they found in the basement.  
Yeah, okay, so when  
they were building this set,  
they found this snake  
in the basement.  
Yeah, and it was all coiled up,  
trying to swallow its own tail, man.  
How screwed up is that?  
Oh, you only wish  
that you could do that, Darrell.  
Yeah, I do.  
- Yes, all day.  
- That would be awesome.  
- Just...  
- Sit there on my couch.  
- Ouroboros.  
- What?  
Ouroboros...  
the snake devouring its tail.  
It's an ancient symbol,  
a Jungian archetype.  
It represents cyclicity...  
the sense that something  
can constantly regenerate itself.  
Yeah, like I said, you might want  
to sit at that table over there.  
Hey, don't be such a dick.  
Whatever, man.  
That basement creeps me out.  
Have you been down there, dude?  
It's fucked up, man.  
So's this lasagna.  
She's not getting back

in the elevator.  
What are we gonna do?  
We can move back  
into the apartment,  
pick up some of the shots  
with Jack and Rachel.  
The DP's gonna need  
some time to relight it, though.  
Okay.  
Andrei, what do you think?  
Andrei?  
- Yeah, that sounds good.  
- All right, I'll go talk to her  
and see if I can't  
whip her into shape.  
- Hey, can I talk to you?  
- Yeah, what's up?  
It's the writer. I don't want him  
getting in the way, you know?  
- Distracting the crew.  
- Okay.  
He can watch the video feed.  
I just don't want him on set.  
That's fine.  
I'll take care of it.  
- How's the hand?  
- It's all right.  
Fucking playwright,  
whatever he is.  
Yeah.  
You okay?  
It's the air in this place.  
Yeah, it's probably the mold.  
It cannot be healthy inhaling this shit.  
- Can I bum a smoke?  
- Yeah.  
Hey, Jess?  
- I need you to do me a favor.  
- Yeah?  
Babysit Chris for a while.  
Andrei is acting funny.  
Besides, I need more photos anyway.  
Go explore. Take him with you.  
- All right?

- Okay.  
All right.  
Thanks, babe.  
Yes. Okay, let's go.  
Yes, it's all under control.  
Not an issue.  
Yes, I completely understand.  
When can I start?  
Don't worry about anything.  
Everything is completely under control.  
Yes. Don't worry about me.  
Oh, okay.  
Oh, hey.  
I didn't know you were down here.  
What are you doing, following me?  
No. Sorry, I got lost.  
Who are you talking to?  
Chris?  
Beth and I are gonna take  
a walk around the building,  
if you want to come...  
just explore a little bit.  
- Sure.  
- Okay.  
Wait. Hold up.  
Dude, check that out.  
- Oh, dude.  
- Yeah, what! Whoa.  
Shit, dude.  
What is this?  
What is all this?  
- Whoa!  
- Where are we?  
I don't know.  
How many people  
do you think died here?  
I don't know.  
People die everywhere.  
They don't just come  
to the morgue and keel over.  
No, I mean how many people  
do you think died in this hospital?  
A lot.  
Look at all this stuff.

Hey, look at this thing.  
What is that?  
I think it's like  
an ice-cream scooper,  
but for brains.  
Give me that, dude.  
I'm gonna scoop your brains.  
I'm gonna scoop yours.  
Blah blah blood!  
Hey hey hey.  
Check out that thing.  
What do you think that's for?  
They probably put something  
in here, you know?  
What if that's where  
they keep the bodies, man?  
Do you think there's bodies in here?  
I don't know, dude.  
I hope so.  
- Open it up.  
- No, I'm not gonna open it up!  
I'll give you 10 bucks.  
Deal.  
- Okay, ready?  
- Yeah yeah yeah.  
- All right, three...  
- Two...  
one.  
Oh ho ho!  
Nasty. Nasty.  
Look at that tunnel.  
Where does that go?  
I don't know. Hello!  
Is there anybody alive down there?  
Is anybody alive in there?  
Dude, what the fuck was that, man?  
Did you...  
you heard that, right?  
Yeah, dude.  
Let's get out of here, man.  
- Okay.  
- This place is really creepy.  
Come on.  
I have to admit,

you're not what I expected.  
Oh? And what's that?  
I don't know.  
The writer type...  
dark, moody and complex.  
You're just so...  
Simple?  
I was gonna say "nice. "  
Ah, the nice-guy curse.  
Yeah, I've been trying to shake that.  
That's not what I meant.  
This must be  
the water-filtration system  
that Jurgen was talking about.  
Do you think that's true,  
what he said?  
That the doctor slipped  
something into the water?  
I don't know.  
But I did find this casebook  
upstairs in the library,  
and it had pictures of the doctor  
forcing the patients to drink  
this vile-looking liquid.  
Pretty scary stuff.  
It's creepy.  
- Can we get out of here?  
- Yeah, let's go.  
What a mess.  
What do you think these files are for?  
Old patient files, I think.  
- I love this.  
- What?  
The doctors, they cover  
these girls' eyes with black bars,  
but it hardly conceals their identity.  
Plus all their information  
is right here.  
- What's up?  
- I thought someone was just...  
Is it Jess?  
Oh! Whoa, whoa!  
- You okay?  
- Yeah, I'm okay. Are you okay?

- Yeah.

- Oh, shit.

- Are you guys all right?

- Yeah.

Somebody needs to fix the hole.

What's the holdup now?

The union says we need seven guys.

- Seven guys? How many do we have?

- We've got five.

Five? Well, where are the other two?

- They're coming.

- When?

- I called them and...

- We need them here now.

We only have an hour before...

Oh, Jesus Christ, what's that?

Shit. I got it.

- Oh!

- You okay?

- Yeah.

- Ha! Don't fall.

Why was this place shut down?

Funding, mostly.

And the fact that

the hospital director killed himself  
after he...

drowned his wife and kids  
in the pool downstairs.

Jeez.

Apparently, he blew

his brains out in my office.

Oh.

That's comforting.

This is it.

This is the end of the line.

What is this place?

Some sort of observation deck?

I saw a bat in here the other day.

I know. If anything comes out,

I am going to freak out.

I really don't like

furry flying animals.

Yep, that's the apartment set  
right through there.

Oh.  
Beth, they need you  
over here as a stand-in.  
That is if you and Jess  
are done babysitting that writer.  
Yeah, okay.  
I'll be right down.  
All right, well, I guess  
they're ready for my close-up,  
so I'll see you guys later.  
- See ya.  
- Bye.  
"Babysit"?  
If it's any consolation,  
you're better trained than the dog.  
Yeah?  
Yeah, hello?  
Hello?  
Oh! Fuck!  
Ha! Got you.  
- Was that you on the radio?  
- Yes. What took you so long?  
I've been back there squatting  
for like half an hour.  
- I got lost a little bit.  
- I think my ass is asleep.  
- That is so unfortunate.  
- Work it out.  
- Totally worth it. Back to work?  
- Yeah.  
Hey, Jurgan?  
Yeah, I totally got her, dude.  
Ha ha! Did she wet her pants?  
I don't know if she peed.  
Let me check.  
- Shut up!  
- Yeah, she peed.  
You are such a son of a bitch.  
You know that?  
Oh, yes!  
Oh, so cool! So cool!  
Awesome! I mean it.  
Oh.  
Ha! This is so cool.

What is this?  
What is this?  
Oh, it's the fake blood.  
Oh, man!  
Oh, man, oh!  
Ha ha ha!  
This is so cool.  
Ha!  
What is this?  
Oh!  
Oh, nasty! Nasty.  
Oh! Oh, man.  
Hi.  
Is there something  
I can help you with?  
Um, no, I just...  
I was just looking around.  
Oh.  
Hey, um...  
you're the one who did  
those head shots from before, right?  
- The ones with the blood on the wall?  
- Oh, yeah, I know.  
Yeah, those were  
fucking awesome, man.  
Yeah, you like that shit?  
- Yeah, I like that shit.  
- I love that shit.  
- Yeah.  
- Want me to show you how that works?  
- Could you?  
- Absolutely.  
- I'd love that.  
- Yeah, just go sit down over there.  
- Awesome.  
- Yeah yeah, go ahead.  
- Um...  
- Right there, get a bench.  
Okay.  
Close your eyes, just like that.  
Okay, so what's it gonna be?  
- Just sit tight.  
- Come on, man.  
All right.

Oh!

- This is so cool.

- Now...

don't look.

Right. Not looking... got it.

That's kind of cold.

- It sort of tickles.

- Shh.

Jesus.

Hey, you hear that?

What?

Who the fuck said  
you could listen to music?

- We're holding.

- Ah! I don't care.

- You understand me? I don't care.

- "I don't care. "

- Yeah.

- I hear you.

We're supposed to be working here.  
We're not supposed to be  
listening to fucking music.  
We're not supposed to be giving  
the wall a boom-mike rubdown.

- Well...

- We're supposed to be working.

- You understand.

- Yeah, yeah.

- Get rid of these fucking things.

- Okay.

Jesus fucking...

So this is where  
the good doctor killed himself.  
You're serious?

I mean, there's probably a couple  
splatters left behind there, but...

That is messed up.

Okay, let's get you to where  
you need to be going.

- So this is where we are now.

- Right.

- This is where you need to go.

- Right.

And this is the elevator

to the third floor.

- Third floor.

- Third floor.

- Think you can find your way?

- I think I can handle it.

Besides, I wouldn't want you to babysit me any longer than you have to.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- Oh, Chris?

- Yeah?

- The elevator's that way.

- Right.

You have a little accident there?

Get the fuck out of here!

Do you need some help?

Okay.

Hey, you made it.

Grab a seat.

Yikes, what happened

to our lead actress?

Somebody better get makeup

down there and quick.

I did not sign up

to pick up your crap.

Wait, did you see that?

You want some coffee?

Um, no.

No, I'm gonna go down

to the offices, I think,

and lay down for a little while.

Okay. I'll let you know

if anything interesting happens.

Hey, Darrell.

Is anybody listening to me?

For God's sake, am I the only one

who's going to do work around

here right now or what?

Cut. Rachel, can you hit

your fucking mark, please?

What? Do you want me

to act or hit my mark?

- I want you to do both, okay?

- Okay, well, I can't.

- Do you see this? This is ridiculous.
- You can't?
- How do I look?
- You look good.

Thanks.

Action.

God. I'm sorry.

On the floor... you see that?

How was the rest of your tour?

It's pretty creepy over there.

Yeah, I can imagine.

- I have to pee.

- Can I get a fucking TA?

Beth, Rachel needs a 10-1.

All right, I'm on my way over.

Yeah, it's a bathroom break.

I don't really know why they give it  
a code. Everyone knows what it means.

Is there a 10-2?

Mitch, I need you to start  
cleaning out that pool  
for the next shot.

Yeah, I'm on it.

God damn it, Darrell.

A six-year-old leaves less of a mess.

Can't you have done  
something right for once?

I'm putting that kid on fire duty.

Rusty, you just went out.

Hello?

Hello?

Hey, are you okay?

- You married?

- No.

Boyfriend?

No.

Lesbo?

You are unbelievable.

Do you want to go make out?

Are you for real?

I guess you'll never find out.

I guess I won't.

Did I just interrupt something?

Not hardly.

Oh, Jack, you need to be  
stubble-free for the next scene.

- Go and shave. Okay.

- You got it.

Hello?

Quit fucking around up there.

This place is creepy enough as it is.

Yeah, we need a little more up here.

Okay.

- Whop! Wham.

- Great, yep.

- Some up here.

- Face? All right.

- Oh, yeah.

- Perfect.

- That was a good one.

- Yeah.

Yes. More, more.

Harder! Cut.

Rachel, that was perfect.

- Can I go clean up now?

- Yeah, go wash up.

Thank God.

So are you guarding the food table?

No, it's just not much  
seems to be happening.

They're still setting up the shot.

So where have you been hiding?

Nowhere.

I've been moving things  
from one place to the next.

That seems to be what my job is...  
just lugging stuff.

Why?

You been looking for me?

Shit.

- Do you want one of these?

- Thanks.

I used to work  
in the corporate world...  
as an office manager.

Really?

Yeah.

Like, it wasn't fulfilling at all.

And now you lug gear around  
and you find that fulfilling.  
Actually, yes, I do.  
Beth?  
Yeah?  
I need you down in the basement.  
We got a major clusterfuck  
on our hands.  
- It's all flooded.  
- Shit. All right.  
All right, I'll be right there.  
Well, duty calls.  
Catch you later.  
Don't get lost.  
All right, Darrell,  
let's get as much stuff  
up to the lobby as we can  
and then we can account  
for it up there.  
Okay, you got it.  
Hey, Mitch?  
Mitch?  
That's weird.  
Where the hell is he?  
Mitch.  
Oh, God, water everywhere.  
Argh, matey!  
We're sinking!  
Darrell, will you please  
stop screwing around?  
Okay.  
What the hell was that?  
Darrell?  
Come on, that's not funny.  
Darrell?  
Darrell?  
Let's get you out of that skin.  
Does anyone have eyes on Zeke?  
Zeke?  
He's not answering.  
And where the hell is Jack?  
Okay, 10 minutes, everyone.  
- Where's Bruce?  
- What?

- Where's Bruce?  
- I don't know.  
Everybody's fucking AWOL.  
All right, we're taking 10.  
It was the worst movie  
I ever worked on.  
The whole thing was a waste of time.  
- The whole thing was a waste of time!  
- Mm, yeah.  
- You say that every time, Mark.  
- Hey, sweetheart.  
Could you whip me up one  
of those protein smoothies of yours?  
Sure.  
Thanks, doll.  
You're a peach! Love you.  
Mmm.  
I mean, we're jammed up  
through September  
and then squat, nothing.  
- You always say that and then...  
- Yeah.  
- I know. Thanks.  
- Looks like your smoothie is here, bud.  
Oh! This thing tastes like shit.  
Hey, Detroit?  
What is it?  
Yeah, have you seen  
Mitch or Darrell anywhere?  
No, I can't find anybody.  
Everybody's missing.  
Un-fucking-believable.  
Bruce?  
Bruce? Jesus Christ, Bruce,  
what the hell are you doing?  
Stop!  
Bruce, stop.  
Hello?  
Hello?  
God damn it!  
This is a closed set!  
Rachel?  
I told you they were fake.  
What?

It is not every day that  
you get to rub your nose  
in some young starlet's hoo-has!  
Yeah.

What do you think?

I think that you've  
lost your fucking mind.

I know that, silly.

I mean, how do I look?

Like you need some serious help.

Help?

Have you...

looked around this place lately?

You're the one that needs  
to join the club.

There's something about this place...  
something about it.

What are you doing?

See, we've been breathing  
this shitty air in for days  
and you just got here. That's...  
that's not fair.

You want to be difficult.

I like that.

Where are you going?

Stay right there.

Ha!

The doctor will see you now.

Ah!

Whoa!

Zeke? Zeke, don't come any closer.

- Oh, it itches.

- No!

Ah ah! It itches.

Darrell! Zeke was just back there  
and I don't know what...

Darrell, is this your blood?

What happened?

- Ah!

- Beth!

- We need to get out of here.

- What happened to you?

There... there was an accident.

Jack's dead.

What?

He attacked me!

Listen, we can talk about this later.

Come on!

Chris!

Harry?

Hold on a sec.

Where are you guys going?

Give me the phone.

But I'm on a call with somebody.

Give me your phone!

Come on, this place is  
making us very sick, okay?

- We need to get out.

- I don't feel good.

I know.

We need to get out.

- What about the movie?

- Come on, we need to get outside.

- I lost my shoe!

- Get it later.

- Hey.

- Harry.

- My shoe.

- Harry!

Hey, going somewhere?

Mitch.

Beth! Beth, where are you going?

Come on,

you can't leave now.

I'm just starting to have a good time.

Mitch, no!

Come on.

Give me my girlfriend back!

No!

- It's not working! What do I do?

- I know!

Chris.

Here, lift me up.

Here, give me your hand.

Yeah.

- Got it?

- Yup.

Okay.

How does this thing open?

You're not getting away  
that easy, bitch.

Ah!

Is he dead?

Chris, hurry!

Go!

Let's go!

Jeez.

The door doesn't lock!

Help!

Help! Help us!

Somebody help us!

Ah!

No! No!

No! Ah, no!

No!

Hello?