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# Death Spa

By James Bartruff

- Wasn't that something?

- That was great.

- Great class.

- Yeah.

Goodnight, Amber.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Oh God, Marvin...ha!

Don't do that.

Come on.

You're looking like

a pro, Laura.

Ah, I'll settle for the workout.

You're the last one out.

Make sure you lock up.

Okay.

- See you.

- See you.

Bye.

Oh...

Oh...oh...Help!

Help! Help!

Please, help!

Help! Help!

Help! Oh...uh...

[TV] Here you are.

Hey, Paulie.

Would you ever sign

one of them for us?

Oh, come on, shake.

Ah!

Dr. Davis, telephone, please.

Dr. Davis, telephone, please.

Excuse me.

Are you looking

for Laura Danvers?

I'm Dr. Southern.

My name is Michael Evans.

I'm the owner of the

health club where Laura works,

where the accident happened.

Fortunately, it's not

as bad as it looks.

But she has sustained burns

over portions of her body.

Burns?

Yes.

Chemical burns.

Chlorine vapor, to be exact.

It's low grade.

Hey.

Never work without

a spotter, Freddy.

The weight falls on you chest

- and you can really get squashed.

- Oh.

I better take a bit of this off.

Ah, that's cool.

This might be

a little bit much, but...

Us powerlifters like to

pump real iron.

Hey Marv, thanks for checking

out the new diving board for me.

I really appreciate it.

Marv...

- Did you try it out yet?

- No, not yet.

I will later today.

Be careful.

Uh, it's too late.

Yeah, nice work, Marv.

I specialize in isometric

crisis training.

Freddie, why don't you show

Darla some powerlifting methods?

I think you're the perfect

person to get her going.

Hey, no problem.

So, where do you

want to begin?

Well, that depends.

Well, lets try this one.

I got it, Freddie.

I got it.

I think we should

help these people.

What do you say we

increase the resistance?

I love it.

What fun?

Hmm, now there's something  
even I can't improve upon.

Can we see the manager?

Hello.

I'm Priscilla Wayne,  
the manager.

Can I help you?

Lt. Fletcher, LAPD.

Detective Stone.

We have an appointment  
with Mr. Evans.

Would you like  
something to drink first?

No, thanks.

Yeah, coffee.

All right.

Laura, one cup of  
carob coffee, please.

Here you are.

Right this way.

Quite an impressive layout  
you have here, Ms. Wayne.

It's a very  
competitive business.

It's these extras that  
bring in the clientele.

And a little gassing  
here and there?

Ooh...

You call this coffee?

She was rescued by  
city paramedics.

When they get called,  
we get called.

It was an accident.

Yeah, but this accident  
nearly dissolved a girl,  
like an Alka Seltzer.

Are you making any charges?

I'm Mr. Evans' attorney.

Ms. Wayne mentioned

the computer.  
It runs the spa?  
The computer helps us  
run the spa.  
The system is  
unique to Starbody.  
It controls all the  
automatic functions.  
Who installed the computer?  
Mike, you don't have to  
answer these questions.  
My programmer is  
my brother-in-law.  
My former brother-in-law,  
David Avery.  
Where is he?  
Probably in the computer room.  
Can we take a look?  
Michael, how is Laura?  
Less than wonderful.  
Who has access to  
this command center?  
I do.  
And David and Priscilla.  
But it's David's baby.  
What do you mean by  
former brother-in-law?  
My wife is dead.  
Good morning, Michael.  
Sleep well?  
We have visitors, David.  
Lt. Fletcher, LAPD.  
Tell him what you know  
about last night.  
I've been running  
all the programs.  
There's no breakdown anywhere.  
Could someone have  
reprogrammed it temporarily?  
It's not impossible, but you're  
looking at the only someone  
who knows the system well enough  
not to leave muddy footprints.  
Well, that sort of

narrows it down to you,  
then, doesn't it?  
Were I interested in  
a life of crime  
would be in computer espionage,  
electronic blackmail,  
and credit card fraud.  
Assaulting women isn't my style.  
Where were you last night  
between 9 and 11 ?  
At home, hacking.  
Hacking?  
Hacking.  
Experimenting with  
computer programs.  
Are you sure?  
These are the computer  
printouts from last night.  
You will notice the time, date,  
and terminal number  
on the upper left-hand  
corner of each sheet.  
Will that suffice?  
I'll check it out.  
I'd like those back  
when you've done, Miss.  
Sergeant.  
Ah!  
It just came off.  
- The board came loose.  
- Hey, somebody help!  
There's been an accident.  
Get in here quick.  
Darla...  
Thanks.  
- The board--  
- Are you all right?  
It just came loose,  
sprung off it,  
nearly hit me on the way down.  
How does a goddamn diving  
board just break loose?  
Stone.  
Are you all right?

- Ah...

- Look at me.

Somebody messed with the bolts.

That's just speculation.

You don't mind if

we dust for prints,

do you, counselor?

Shh. It's all right.

It's okay.

A word, David.

Can we keep it to that?

You're here because

you know the system

and because you're

Catherine's brother.

Both circumstances must be

terribly trying for you.

If I thought for one moment that

you put chlorine in the steams--

You'd resort to the only weapon

in your pathetic arsenal.

Jock violence.

I think there's a glitch

in your precious system.

That's impossible.

Why are you so full of hate?

You found some comfort

for your sorrow, I noticed.

But then Laura was always

there for you, wasn't she?

She and others. Huh?

I loved Catherine.

She never wanted that child.

How do you get things

so twisted up?

We shared thoughts

you'd never understand.

Twins...you know?

I just heard about

the diving board.

What the hell is

going on around here?

So, what do you think?

I think they ought to

give you a roll big enough  
to hold the damn chili.  
No, about the  
Starbody Health Spa.  
I think they ought  
to level the place.  
You think this  
Evans guy is clean, huh?  
I don't know.  
My money is on the wacko  
in the computer room.  
I don't see David clambering up  
there and unbolting that board.  
This all could be coincidental.  
It could be.  
37 deep.  
You got it.  
What quarter is it?  
That was the winning touchdown.  
Great.  
Flea market special,  
two for the price of one.  
I figured I could be  
Tweedledee  
and you could be Tweedledum  
Fantastic.  
I'm going to check out  
that diving board.  
Marv...  
Thanks.  
Did you read the printout on  
that Evans guy? About his wife?  
Made the front page  
of the Times.  
She crisped herself.  
She was burned to  
unrecognizable ashes.  
Now, does that suggest  
anything to you?  
Yeah.  
I've got to tell my wife  
to start smoking in bed.  
Race you to the finish.  
You got it.



Mike, I just figured out  
what was bothering me  
about Laura's accident.  
When I left the club,  
I know Laura was the  
only one left in the place.  
So?  
Well, how did Priscilla  
happen to find her?  
Maybe she was working late  
and you missed her.  
Then I also missed her car  
in the parking lot?  
You think Priscilla has  
something to do with this?  
You know her better than I do.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Well, how many reps  
can you do?  
Uh, 15 or 20.  
More if I'm showing off.  
Well, why don't you  
show off for me?  
I never waste effort  
in the gym.  
Besides I'm Beta,  
you're VHS.  
Hey, hop aboard.  
We're due to make land  
in a week.  
Thanks.  
We're like two ships  
that pass in the night.  
And one...  
And one, bounce it out.  
And one, come on now.  
All the way down.  
Come on, stretch it out.  
To the side, one...  
And up.  
Then back and up.  
Here we go.  
And up and back, come on.

Up and back.  
How about a vegi shake,  
Rhonda.  
Sure.  
I mean, it's kind of  
creepy and all.  
On Monday,  
Laura gets gassed  
and on Tuesday,  
the diving board collapses.  
Oh, this thing.  
Ah!  
Oh my God.  
Ha, I got you.  
It's just a tomato.  
That's sick.  
Here's your shake.  
Uh, sorry.  
I lost my appetite.  
Back and forth, come on.  
Yeah, that's it, all right.  
Up in the air.  
Yes, come on.  
Good jumping today.  
All right.  
All right. Let's do  
the combination,  
center floor, first group.  
Come on.  
Yeah.  
What's with the  
goddamn bird's nest?  
It's a pretty sick joke  
considering she's your sister.  
What are you talking about?  
Whatever you're trying to pull,  
you're not going to  
get away with it.  
You know, Michael,  
you need medical attention.  
Just watch yourself  
or you're going to need  
medical attention.  
What are you wearing

for Mardi Gras?  
Do you think Snow White  
might be pressing my luck?  
Hey, turn the  
goddamn lights back on.  
Ooh, not bad, honey.  
Can you get us some  
men in here, too?  
Ah! Ah!  
Ah!  
Ah! Ah!  
Are you two all right?  
Yeah, but to tell you  
the truth, Michael,  
this place could use  
better maintenance.  
Yeah, who needs weight  
reduction through terror?  
I'm sorry about the showers.  
I want to extend your  
memberships for three months,  
no charge.  
Drop by my office and I'll  
take care of it personally.  
Do you think you can  
handle both of us  
after jazz class tomorrow?  
Well, I can sure  
have fun trying.  
Alright,  
I'll see you tomorrow.  
What's it look like in there?  
It's calming down.  
Darla's cut isn't serious  
and Marci should be  
out in a second.  
She's pretty shaken up,  
but she's going to be all right.  
Why did you come back to the  
club the night Laura got hurt?  
I forgot my purse.  
Lucky for her you did.  
Ahoy there.  
How's it going, Freddie?

- Hello, Robert.  
- Sparta.  
Resistance is set  
at 1 20 pounds.  
Anyone seen the white whale?  
Increase to 1 30 pounds.  
Increase to 140 pounds.  
Increase to 1 50 pounds...  
Help...come here, somebody!  
Help me!  
Help!  
- Let go of it!  
- I can't!  
Increase to 350 pounds...  
Increase to 360 pounds...  
Ugh...ugh...  
Tom, the guy is  
torn to pieces.  
You put those  
machines on manual  
and you're going to end  
what's unique about the club.  
The computer had nothing  
to do with the accident.  
That system of yours  
means more to you  
than people's lives,  
doesn't it?  
This system is a marvel.  
It made the club a success.  
You can't blame the computer for  
tiles flying off shower walls.  
The computer doesn't  
control tiles for Christ's sake.  
All right, all right, all right.  
Mike, the other partners and  
I agree that it is vital that  
nothing ruin the success of the  
Mardi Gras party Saturday night.  
I mean, we had a 20% increase  
in membership last year  
due to that party.  
Now, you put these  
machines on manual

and half the stuff  
isn't going to work.  
I say we shut the  
system down now.  
I'll make a bargain with you.  
The day after the party,  
you want to shut down  
the whole damn club  
for remodeling,  
I'll back you 100% .  
That won't be necessary.  
Mike, it's going to be okay.  
You got to trust me  
on this one, buddy.  
All right.  
Aren't you supposed to  
be picking up Laura  
at the hospital?  
Come on, let's go.  
Come on.  
Hmm, sure beats hospital food.  
Oh, thank you, sir.  
Hmm, that's not fair.  
I can't see a kiss coming.  
I may never take  
these bandages off.  
I want you to  
move in with me.  
Only on one condition.  
What?  
We take a drive by the club  
so I can pick up my things.  
See you, have fun.  
What are you doing tonight?  
You want to come with us?  
- Yeah.  
- Goodnight.  
- What time?  
- Oh, about an hour or so.  
See you later.  
I'll come over  
and pick you up.  
- I'll meet you.  
- Okay, great.

- See you. Bye-bye.

- See you later.

They're going to  
lock you in, Marci.

Don't worry about me.

I'll get out.

Ah!

Ow...

I'm not much help  
to you, am I?

Do you see the one with  
number 22 on the door?

Oh yes, here.

Okay.

Give me a minute  
to get to my office  
so I can turn the  
security lock off  
and then you can open.

I'm not going anywhere.

Michael?

Who is it?

Michael?

Hi, Michael.

How do you like my costume?

Bad taste, Darla.

Whenever I'm in the club  
and even sometimes  
when I'm in this house,  
I feel a presence.

It's Catherine.

Even in death,  
she still has a hold on you.  
I feel like she's  
reaching out somehow  
and causing all this trouble.

It's the dreams,  
the accidents,  
and those messages  
on my computer.

I don't know.

Goodnight, sweetheart.

This cigarette case  
was found in the rubble

of the mansion  
in upstate New York that  
burnt to the ground  
under mysterious circumstances  
at the turn of the century.  
It belonged to the  
matriarch of the family  
who had come over from Europe  
in the middle 17th century  
and built the first  
house on the site.  
Oh, she was murdered by  
her youngest daughter,  
beheaded with an ax.  
Four subsequent houses  
have burned to the ground.  
There is no longer a house.  
The present owner has tried to  
farm the land on which it stood  
but nothing will grow.  
It is a barren,  
dead piece of earth.  
Cigarette?  
I don't smoke.  
What I've just demonstrated  
is called psychometry,  
the ability to acquire,  
while in contact with an object,  
paranormal knowledge  
of its history  
or facts about its present  
or previous owners.  
How does this all help me?  
You did bring an object  
belonging to your late wife,  
Mr. Evans?  
Ah, Catherine.  
Ah, and a beautiful  
marriage it was, too,  
until she went into labor  
with your child  
and something happened  
to her lower spine,  
a cripple growing

progressively more bitter  
and depressed.  
Jealous, too. Of you?  
Without justification.  
After she lost the baby,  
I couldn't reason with her.  
And then, one day,  
she went into the garden,  
doused herself with gasoline  
and set herself on fire,  
burned to unrecognizable ashes.  
All of which was in  
the news a year ago.  
You're going to have to do  
better than that, Dr. Moray.  
Ah...  
A bird's nest.  
That's what she thought  
of your family,  
like a bird building its nest,  
the mama bird,  
the papa bird,  
and the baby.  
Then why would  
she kill herself?  
You work in this  
business long enough,  
you see things.  
After she died, I didn't  
give a damn about anything.  
Laura came along, pulled me  
out of it, but it just--  
But afraid to build  
another nest.  
Exactly.  
But now, you think that your  
late wife is trying to kill you?  
Well...somebody could be  
trying to drive me crazy.  
For what purpose?  
My brother-in-law,  
Catherine's twin.  
He hates my guts.  
Hmm.



Why don't I come  
down to your club?  
You can say I'm an  
insurance investigator.  
You need one.  
I'll hang around  
until after closing  
and see what I can find out.  
Do you need me for anything?  
One of the reasons that  
I left the seminary  
for parapsychology,  
Mr. Evans,  
was the desire to separate  
true spiritual phenomena  
from fraudulent deception.  
There is more to this job than  
things that go beep and buzz.  
I'll see you at  
the club tonight.  
You love me, don't you?  
I can't do this anymore.  
Catherine, we're hurting people.  
Yes, you can.  
No.  
[moaning]  
There, that's better.  
They're so weak,  
and together we are  
so strong.  
Mr. Evans, a woman  
named Marci Hewitt,  
a member of your  
club is missing.  
- Marci?  
- Yeah.  
Her boyfriend said he  
hadn't seen her for two days.  
The last he knew she  
was going to your club.  
Her car was found abandoned in  
the neighborhood this morning.  
I haven't seen Marci  
at least for two days.

What a fantastic  
weight reduction program.  
People get so thin,  
they disappear.  
How's the investigation going?  
It's going.  
Hi, Michael.  
Ready to make good  
on your promise?  
Of course.  
Okay, we'll see you  
in an hour then.  
- All right.  
- Okay?  
Linda, come on.  
The security system  
will be off at night,  
so you can roam about freely.  
Fine.  
Enjoy the evening.  
Fine.  
[crosstalk]  
Linda.  
Here's a note for you.  
You know, what do  
you need, a raise?  
No.  
Almost ready?  
Actually, it's so late.  
I've got to run.  
Do you think you can  
handle Michael for both of us?  
- With pleasure.  
- Okay.  
Hey, let me borrow  
your hairspray.  
Yeah, here. Okay.  
Michael?  
Michael, are you here?  
This isn't funny, Michael.  
I'm leaving.  
Ah!  
What is it?  
Turn it off!

Ah!  
Oh, my head!  
Oh...  
Help!  
Help me!  
Ah! Help!  
It's burning!  
My eyes!  
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Michael?  
Did you forget your keys?  
Laura, it's David.  
David?  
What's wrong?  
Michael asked me  
to drop by  
and check out  
the home terminal.  
One of the programs  
keeps hanging.  
He never said anything to me  
about you coming by.  
He's had a lot on  
his mind lately.  
Laura, it's nice to see you.  
I was so sorry to hear  
about your accident.  
Thank you.  
Well, I know my  
way to the study.  
Wasn't it sweet of Michael  
to bring you here?  
Yes.  
Yes, it was.  
It was nice.  
How strange for him though  
having a woman here so soon  
after my sister's passing.  
That...That was over  
a year ago, David.  
It was that long ago,  
wasn't it?  
A man must get on with  
the business of living.

How long will you be?  
Do I make you nervous?  
David, I know you have  
some kind of crazy idea  
that Michael  
and I were involved  
while Catherine was still alive,  
but that couldn't be more false.  
Laura, I'm deeply hurt.  
I have no such suspicions.  
And I really liked your sister  
even when she was  
so mean to me.  
I know.  
Don't. Don't.  
I'm sorry.  
I guess I just  
want to be alone.  
I understand, dear.  
I really do.  
Huh...  
Would you please...  
Would you please answer it?  
Of course.  
David, I didn't expect  
to see you here.  
Michael asked me to drop  
by with the groceries.  
I'll take care of it.  
Have you seen David?  
Oh, no.  
Laura?  
Are you all right?  
Sure, just sleeping.  
David came by.  
David?  
What the hell  
was he doing here?  
Fixing your terminal.  
I didn't tell him  
to come here.  
What's that little  
bastard up to?  
What is it?

Hmm?

What's wrong?

You're upset.

I saw a parapsychologist today.

God, I am a nervous wreck,  
alright?

I'm almost done,  
almost done.

Give me a...

Just making sure the computer  
no longer controls  
the air conditioning.

So, tomorrow night  
instead of Mardi Gras,  
we're going to have  
a summer hothouse.

Huh, huh...

[sinister laughing]

Ah!

Michael?

Michael.

Come to me.

Come to me.

I need you.

It's so easy. Then we can  
be together forever.

Jump, jump, jump.

Moray!

Dr. Moray!

Moray!

Tom!

Open up!

- Is that you, Mike?

- Yo.

Morning, Tom, old buddy.

Morning, Mike.

Why all the good cheer?

Why shouldn't I be cheerful?

My club's being sabotaged.

Laura is temporarily blinded  
and my lawyer has got the  
cutest shorts I've ever seen.

We don't know it's

sabotage, Mike.

Where did you find this?  
Do you know that I've been  
looking for this watch  
for the past two days?  
You don't know when  
to quit, do you?  
Mike, I don't know what finding a  
lost watch has to do with any...  
Are you helping Tom  
destroy our club?  
What?  
I found his watch this morning  
in the utilities room.  
Are you involved?  
Michael, I was...  
Which one of you put the  
chlorine in the steam system?  
That could have killed Laura.  
That steam room door doesn't lock.  
She should have been  
able to get out.  
And Robert?  
And the broken diving board?  
Those messages  
on my computer?  
I didn't know anything  
about any messages.  
Mike, I think the strain  
of the last week  
has been getting  
to you, buddy.  
It all fits.  
The computer system fouls up.  
I take the blame and you  
and your partners buy me out.  
Who else is in on this?  
It's just the two of us.  
Michael, I really am sorry.  
David isn't involved with you?  
No.  
Priscilla seems to know  
more about this than I do.  
Have a nice day.  
We could still get the club.

We just need to  
adjust the spa's books.  
I've known some real pricks,  
but you're the king.  
Priscilla, baby.  
Take it as a compliment.  
Just stay the hell  
away from me.  
We should stop now.  
I see their faces.  
I hear their screams.  
It's horrible.  
Their flirtations annoyed me.  
I am tired of  
waiting for Michael.  
No, please.  
I can't.  
I don't want to.  
We've only just begun.  
Oh, please, please, no.  
No, no!!!  
Looking for me?  
Have you seen David?  
No.  
Are you all right?  
Have you seen a guy  
named Moray?  
Who's he?  
Come on.  
The minute you find David,  
I want you to grab him.  
What's up?  
Just grab him  
and sit on him.  
Then find me.  
I'm stopping his  
bullshit right now.  
What do we need? Stereo?  
- Lights? Security system?  
- Yeah.  
We have generator  
power for that, right?  
Right.  
I'm putting the

machines on manual.  
And that's the end of that.  
I like it.  
- Here's my ID card  
- Yeah.  
If David gets in here,  
I want you to be able  
to get him out.  
That thing stays off.  
You got it.  
I'm going to break in.  
Are you sure this guy  
still lives here?  
Yeah, he lives here.  
He doesn't live here alone.  
Yeah.  
Lt. Fletcher, homicide.  
I want an APB on David Avery.  
Male Caucasian,  
29-30 years old,  
slight build,  
about 6 feet tall,  
135 pounds,  
reddish blond hair,  
probably a psycho.  
Oh, and get this.  
He might be in drag.  
Yeah, right.  
I knew this guy was a wacko.  
I'm going to the club.  
Starbody.  
Jeffery, Michael Evans.  
Oh, hi, Michael.  
Has David shown up yet?  
No, no.  
I haven't seen him.  
Go to the computer  
room and stay on guard.  
Don't let anybody in  
except Marvin and me.  
Tell Marvin to come to the  
front desk and watch for David  
or anyone that's dressed like...  
like Catherine.



What?

David might be dressed  
like his twin sister.  
Just get the message  
passed on to him.

Okay...

Well, like, I thought he was going  
to be here a half-hour ago...

This place ought to be lousy  
with good-lookin' bimbo's.

I'm sure they'll go crazy for  
garlic and pepperoni breath.

Got any gum?

Hey.

Excuse me.

Sorry. I, uh...

I thought you were a friend.

Excuse me.

Sgt. Stone?

Lt. Fletcher?

Michael should be in  
at any moment.

There's a bar  
in the aerobics room.

Uh...

Uh...ah.

Excuse me, miss.

Hey, how did you do that?

You know, you're not supposed  
to be in the computer room here.

How did you get in anyway?

The door was locked?

Well, um, maybe you could  
stay for a little while.

Nice, uh, arms.

Uh...You know,

I really could get in a  
lot of trouble for this.

What's your name?

Ah!

- Laura, my God, look at you.

- Oh Marvin, hi.

- You look fantastic.

- Oh, put me down.

Oh God, it's great to  
see the world again.  
Where's Michael?  
- He'll be along in a minute.  
- Oh, okay.  
Come on, Laura.  
Let's go get a drink.  
- See you later.  
- All right, see you--  
Did you see that guy?  
He looks great.  
Oh...  
Want some of that?  
How's it going, Jeffrey?  
So you're okay?  
Hi, Jeffrey.  
- Where's Laura?  
- Headed for the bar.  
- How's her eyes?  
- Beautiful.  
Okay, great.  
Priscilla's looking for you.  
Who are you?  
Where are you taking me?  
Ha!  
Say goodbye to  
your club, Michael.  
- No--  
- No.  
[speaking Japanese]  
Need some help?  
Huh?  
I asked if you could use a hand.  
Ah, sure. Why don't you  
help with these.  
What a hot party, Tom.  
What do you think?  
Yeah, but it's  
hotter in the sauna.  
What do you say?  
What a shock, poor dear.  
The dead past  
returning to haunt you.  
Hello, Michael.

Resistance is set at maximum.  
Hello, sweetheart.  
Welcome to my party.  
Where's Laura?  
Working on her tan.  
Careful.  
One flick of a button  
and she's fried chicken.  
What do you want?  
Haven't you been  
getting my messages?  
I'm lonely.  
I want you with me.  
Killing yourself  
isn't so hard really.  
And besides you'll be  
saving all your friends.  
I will destroy this place  
and I'll kill them all  
unless you do as I say.  
Get away from there, Michael.  
Oh, this is a great, Tom.  
Ah...  
Tom!  
Ah, ah!  
Ha, ha, ha...  
Oh God! Oh...  
Ah! Ah!  
No!  
David?  
Ah...  
David, I need your help.  
No!  
You have to go the way I did.  
And if you don't,  
you're going to  
watch Laura burn.  
All right.  
But let her go first.  
Don't give me ultimatums!  
If you kill her,  
you'll never have me.  
You'd kill yourself for her.  
You love her that much,

don't you?  
David, fight back.  
Ooh.  
No!  
Oh, God.  
No!  
Michael.  
No!  
David.  
Ah...  
That weakling  
is gone forever.  
And your time is running out.  
No!  
Ugh.  
Now is your chance, Michael.  
Come with me into the inferno.  
Let's die together  
and live forever in hell.  
Uh...  
Marvin...  
What's the matter?  
Is he okay?  
Everyone in this place  
is going to die.  
We're out of booze here.  
There's more in  
the aerobics room.  
You know,  
this stuff isn't bad.  
Keeps you skinny, too.  
All it needs is, uh,  
a little vodka.  
Now what?  
- Ah!  
- Miss.  
Why don't you try--  
Ah!  
Give me it...Give me it...  
Ah!  
Stone!  
I can't...stop!  
I can't get it off!  
It's unplugged!

Oh, God...  
Ah!  
Come on, get off!  
Get off!  
Come on.  
Oh my God.  
No, I can't get it off!  
Stone!  
- Somebody!  
- Ah!  
Come on, get off!  
Help!  
Jesus Christ, get in here!  
Stone!  
Come on...  
I can't...  
Oh my God.  
Ah!  
Help, help!  
Ah!  
Oh, Jesus Christ!  
Ah!  
Help! Help me!  
Ah, help me!  
What the fuck?!  
Stop! Ah!  
Somebody help!  
Help!  
Ah!  
Fletcher.  
Oh...  
Oh, I feel sick.  
Fletcher.  
Are you there?  
Hey, Fletch.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha...  
I got to get to the power.  
Can you walk?  
Are you okay?  
I'll survive.  
I'll go get Fletch.  
Fletch...  
Oh...  
Ah!

Hey.  
Run! Run!  
Alright, bitch.  
I'll show you fried chicken.  
Michael!  
Ah!  
Michael!  
Ah...  
The computer locked it.  
Aw, fuck this computer shit.  
What the hell happened?  
It's Catherine.  
She took over David's body.  
Oh...oh...  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Marvin.  
- Jesus, you finally got it.  
- Thank God you're all right.  
Nice try, Michael.  
Ah...