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Don ' t Hang Up

By Joe Johnson

Yes? Hello?
Mrs Kolbein?
What? Who is this?
This is the police, ma'am.
You need to listen to me.
What... police?
Listen, who
else is in the house?
Are you alone?
My husband's outta town.
My... my, my daughter, she's...
She's in her room.
Okay, good.
You both need to stay right
where you are.
We have your house surrounded.
What?
If you move
from your location...
you'll be putting your child
in danger.
Keep your lights off.
Do not approach any windows...
and stay where you are.
We need you out of our way...
so we can safely locate
the suspect.
What do you mean, suspect?
There is a man, possibly two.
Oh my god!
Inside your house.
Oh my god! My daughter!
I need you
to stay where you are!
Listen! Listen to me!
The best way to protect her
is to work with us.
We'll keep her safe,
but we need your help.
Can you help us?
Yes.
And I want
you to lock the door.
And don't hang up!

I can't. There's no lock.
Do what you
can to secure the room.
Stay put and let us do our job.
We will keep your daughter safe.
Now, she's good.
She's secure.
Do you hear anything?
Nothing. There's nothing.
You're upstairs, right?
Yeah.
Everything's
happening down in the basement.
If you can't hear anything,
that means you're safe.
Hold on.
Okay.
Ready to roll.
I-I heard something.
I can't hear anything.
We're going in.
No shot! No shot!
He has the kid!
No! No!
He's down! He's down!
Shit, we need a medical
for the girl now!
Mrs Kolbein, do not leave
that room.
The second suspect is coming
for you!
Mrs Kolbein? Are you still
there?
Mrs Kolbein?!
I have one last thing
to tell you.
I'm very sorry to inform you...
that you've been pranked, bitch!
Oh... fuck! Whoo!
Yes!
Oh, so much blood!
Argh!
Wait a minute, you got her
audio, right?

"I hope my little girl is okay!"

"No... no, I just wanna see
my daughter."

Woo!

That is how we do it.

Seriously, people.

All right, click me some
likes...

and let's make this bitch
go viral!

This is Prankmonkey 69...
out!

Like how mi have twenty two
inna mi somethin

Ten haffi use so mi get di
next dozen fool

Anytime they ready punahussy
start war

See who now fi spread it out
more pon di tar

My style is di bom
digi bom di

Deng di deng digigi you you
Carubvano peer with di digi

bom di deng di deng digigi

What's up, pussies?

My style is di bom
digi bom di

Deng di deng digigi you you

I think she actually believed us
for a second.

Deng di deng digigi you you

Punahussy siddung and a watch
how man a live

Watch yah man a own a own
roll big

What the fuck, man?

The bitches don't care.

He's still trying to get her
dumb ass out the door.

Carubvano peer with di digi
bom di deng di deng digigi

So the camera's all set,

I'm in Sam's bedroom. Yes.

Holy fuck, he's...
My style is di bom
digi bom di
Deng di deng digigi you you
What the fuck, Sam?
Babe, I'm sorry.
All right, Brady... I told him,
he's a frickin idiot.
Please, call me.
My style is di bom
digi bom di
This is Prank Monkey 69, out!
Carubano peer with di digi
bom di deng di deng digigi
When your legs don't work
like they used to before
And I can't sweep you
off of your feet
Will your mouth still remember
the taste of my love
Will your eyes still smile
from your cheeks
And darling I will be loving
you till we're 70
And baby my heart could still
fall as hard at 23
And I'm thinking about how
People fall in love
in mysterious ways
Maybe just the touch
of a hand
Well me I fall in love
with you every single day
I just wanna tell you I am
Hello?
Hello?
Okay, I'm hanging up
in about two seconds...
Argh! Yes! I got you!
Shit!
Got you! Argh!
Shit!
You're such a dick, Brady!
Oh, yeah, and you are

a giant pussy.
Ugh, okay? Which makes us a
perfect match, get over here.
Yeah, that's right, baby.
Oh, stop.
Oh! Show me what you got.
Work with me, bitch!
Look, man, stop. I'm not
in the mood right now.
Oh, trouble in paradise, I see.
No, a little privacy.
Please?
Shit, dude.
You and Peyton are like
"done" done?
Apparently, it's complicated.
Which means I have no idea
what's going on...
and she won't talk to me.
That is a fucking bummer, bro.
But look on the bright side.
Yeah, I'm listening.
This should be genius.
All right.
Your parents are out of town
for the weekend.
You have the house to yourself
and you are suddenly single.
No, I'm not single.
And ready to mingle.
We need to get a party going up
in here right now.
What?
That's not gonna happen, man.
Besides, I have a history paper
due Monday.
That's what Sunday nights
and caffeine are for.
All right, stop!
Let's go out.
I know a place that doesn't
card.
Not in the mood for that
kinda scene right now.

You're spilling the beer.
Who gives a shit?
Fine. Plan B.
I think you're up to plan C now.
I don't care what you call it,
just trust me.
This one's a winner.
Oh, yeah?
Can't wait to hear it.
Okay, stay in, get wasted.
Grab the beer.
Take the motherfucking beer.
And er... maybe make some prank
calls?
Agh!
Honestly, dude, if I don't
finish this paper I'm about to...
Then life will go on.
Fuck it, man.
You really... you've got a
serious case...
of I'm a pussy-itis
right now.
And good time Brady is here
with the cure.
All right, fine.
One beer and a movie all right,
but I'm not doing prank calls.
Last time we did that shit...
Was amaze-balls!
And when Prank Monkey gets here,
you're gonna shut the fuck up.
Whoa, hold on! What happened to
just you and me?
When you've Prank Monkey 69
in the house.
Dude is a genius at this.
Dude, you cannot be inviting
people over, all right?
If my parents...
Your parents are too busy
banging each other...
in some cheap hotel room, to
care what you're doing tonight.

Okay, thanks. Thanks for the
image, you sick fuck!
Do you think your mom
blows your dad?
She seems like a giver to me.
You are in for it!
Oh, Mrs Fuller! Oh, your
titties are so huge!
Agh! Ha-ha!
Turn it off.
Besides, Prank Monkey probably
won't even show.
Little fucker hasn't texted me
back all day.
Please do not be inviting
anyone else...
and forget about making
prank calls, all right...
that shit is absolutely not
happening.
What's that guy's name
across the street?
The one whose dog craps
on your lawn all the time?
No, dude, not on my street.
Dude, he deserves it.
Besides you need a reaction
shot.
You wanna see him freak out,
right?
It's Larry, but please...
Ju... ju... just...
Ginelle's
Pizza, Peyton speaking.
How can I help you?
Oh, there's a lot of ways
you can help me, honey.
Well, that may be, sir, but...
Asshole, not Ginelle's man,
hang up!
Shh!
Starts and ends with taking
your order.
I'm gonna need one large

pepperoni to 1357 Ashton Lane.
Your name please?
Larry and hey, you uh, bring
that pie over here yourself.
Oh! I guarantee you
a real big tip.
Yeah, 45 minutes.
Yes!
Are you kidding?
Relax, you have caller ID
blocked.
Well, you had to order
from Peyton?
When she finds out it's a prank
from right across the street...
she's gonna know it was me.
Isn't it innocent until
proven guilty?
I am guilty.
Then just do what I do,
deny, deny, deny.
All right, all right, all right.
Let's get this shit started.
Uh, sir, this is Sergeant
Whetherly from Highway Patrol.
Your number was listed as an
emergency contact.
Was your wife Brenda?
But last night was so much fun.
Why are you pretending
not to know me?
Is it the wife? Is she there?
Lemme talk to her.
There was a pile up on the 118.
Multiple vehicles.
No, there must be a mistake.
Brenda went to the movies.
She was nowhere near the 118.
Obviously you're in shock.
I'm gonna pass you off
to a grief councilor...
who can help you onto
the next step.
My condolences, sir.

Are you telling me she's dead?
Uh, that's right.
I said cancer, um...
dick cancer, in fact.
You do have a life insurance
policy, right?
Maybe that could be a silver
lining?
What the hell
are you talking about?
I thought you were supposed to
be a grief counselor?
I'm serious, man, you owe me
for two keys of blow.
If I ain't got that cash
tomorrow...
we're gonna have a serious
problem here.
Well, my daughter is as sure
as shit pregnant...
and she says that you're the one
that put that...
that demon seed inside of her.
It couldn't
be me I'm a virgin, I swear.
Oh my god!
Busted, you fucking liar,
Thornton!
I knew he didn't bang Christie.
Yeah! Ah!
Hang on,
there's somebody at my door.
She's here! Brenda's alive!
She's okay.
Is that you, Brady Mannion?
Oh, I'm gonna beat the shit
out of you!
Asshole, you hear me or what?
Are you having fun?
A little bit, yeah,
how about you?
Not yet,
but I have a feeling...
that's about to change.

What you got, big plans tonight?
It's all
one big joke to you, isn't it?
These phone calls you make?
You must feel so powerful,
sitting there on your couch...
laughing at the embarrassment
and pain you cause.
Yeah, it's pretty funny, yeah.
Maybe it's
time for someone like me...
to come over there and wipe
that smug grin off your face.
Okay. Well, uh, how about when
you get here, you suck my dick!
I guess some people really don't
like getting pranked.
Oh, dude, pizza time, come on!
You don't happen to have
Larry's number do you?
Why?
Let's take this shit up a notch.
What? Hello?
Well, hi-dee-ho there, neighbor.
This is uh... uh... Brad Gunderson
from over on Elm Street.
I'm with neighborhood watch,
don't you know?
Okay, so I care why?
Well we've had a bit of mischief
in our happy hood lately.
You know, teenagers and the like
pretending to be, uh...
gas company workers and even
pizza delivery boys.
You know, they knock on the door
and see if anyone's home...
and if no one answers,
they rob the place.
Well, holy shit.
I got a pizza guy on my front
porch right now.
And you didn't order one?
Hell, no.

Oh, dear. That's a pickle,
for sure.
Uh, just stay calm and...
And, uh, call the police.
I know how to take care...
of assholes like this,
don't worry.
Shit, is that Mosley?
What?
Dude, do you think Lar... what do
you think Larry's gonna do?
Hey, hey! You wanna find
out what...
Holy shit, dude, dude,
he's got a bat!
Yes!
Oh, my god!
Yeah, take the pizza and stick
it up your ass!
Oh my god.
Yeah, ah.
Fuck, fuck, fuck fuck!
Get down, oh, shit!
Do you think he saw us?
Not sure.
I know you're in there,
Fuller, come on!
Fuller!
What?
Shit's not funny, Brady.
The guy had a fucking bat.
I was about to knock
his old ass out!
Your skinny ass ain't gonna
knock nobody out.
Don't test me, man, I'm serious.
What are you gonna do?
You're such a dick,
you know that?
Aw.
You're lucky I'm working.
Oh, he's working.
And my fucking asshole manager's
docking my pay for these...

so, great.
Ah, fuck that, we'll take it.
All right, cool.
Hey, how's Peyton tonight?
Oh, come on, man, don't ask me.
I wanna know if she's
doing all right.
She seems fine.
We're really busy, man.
I gotta roll.
Hey.
Quit stressing, let's eat.
I really am sorry about what's
going on with you and Peyton.
Yeah. We'll figure it out.
And I know like Peyton
is obviously like...
the hottest girl you're ever
gonna be with.
Like ever.
So, it's gonna sting extra hard.
And you're still a dick.
Yeah? Semper Fi, bitch!
Dude!
The Marines?
Hoo-ah! Ship out right
after graduation.
But wait, what about film
school?
Dude, have you seen my grades?
Nah, man.
No, my only options are working
with my dad...
or getting as far away from here
as possible.
Shit!
Man, your parents, they must
have freaked.
That is gonna be one bomb going
off in the Mannion house...
and I am in no hurry
to light that fuse.
You haven't even told them yet?
And honestly, it's gonna break

my mom's heart.
But I really think this'll be
good for me.
It'll really give me a chance
to prove myself to them.
You know?
Damn, man.
Well, you know I'm always
gonna be here, right?
No matter what.
Brothers for life.
Brothers for life.
No, dude, it might be my
parents!
Hello?
You're not the one...
I was speaking to before.
I'm sorry, I have no idea
what you're talking about.
The one
who told me to suck his dick.
Er, actually that was me.
Got your lips all primed, buddy?
Where does that vile hate...
you spew come from?
Do you have Mommy issues?
Daddy issues?
Maybe I should speak to them
and find out?
Yo, ass-clown, listen up!
Aren't you
curious why I'm calling?
Why I've chosen you?
Your night is about to get
very exciting.
So I suggest you pay attention
and no matter what...
don't hang up.
Now you're just making me do it.
Fuck him! Let's just watch
a movie.
Okay.
So we've been trying to watch
a movie, but this ass-humer...

has been calling non-stop
for the last hour.
Yo, tiny dick, give it up
already.
That was very rude of you...
to hang up on me.
How did you even get this
number?
You should know...
I have a lot more
than your phone number.
Dude, just give it up already.
We're done with you.
Actually
we're just getting started...
Brady.
What did you say?
Brady Mannion.
That's you, right? You live
at uh, 437 Oak Street.
I love the American flag
out front.
But right now, you're
at Sam Fuller's house...
1358 Ashton Lane.
Honestly, sir...
Oh, it's sir now, is it?
Did you say sir to the others
you called tonight?
Like your neighbor Larry?
Who the hell are you?
You'll find out soon enough.
When we're face-to-face.
For now, you can call me Mr Lee.
Why do you even care who we
called, like what we said?
Don't you want the attention?
Well, that's why you post your
little videos online, isn't it?
So the world can see how
clever you are.
Well tonight I'm gonna give
you...
all the attention you deserve.

Get ready. 1... 2...
Argh!
What the hell?
Oh my god, are you okay?
Are you guys drunk?
A little bit, yeah.
Wanna join?
No, what I want is to deliver
this pizza...
and not hear from you guys.
So, did you guys cook up this
plan with Mosley...
to get me over here?
What are you talking about?
He texted saying he was sick
right after he left here...
which means I'm stuck on
deliveries...
and then all of a sudden,
you order another pizza.
No, we didn't order this pizza.
Would I do that to you?
You already did it once tonight.
Hang on, hang on.
Can we... can we maybe talk?
Sam, no, not now.
Five minutes. Just you and me,
upstairs in private.
Oh god, anchovies...
what a dick move!
Okay. 5 minutes.
No, I know, it's not my fault.
Brady cranked this guy for...
So you have no
responsibility here?
No.
Well, I mean, I mean yeah, but...
I have to get back.
Wait, hold on, hold on.
We're not finished.
Sam.
Why are you in such a hurry?
I can't do this right now.
I'm... sorry.

I shouldn't have come up here.

Please do not say that.

Sorry.

Fuck.

Hey, we will talk, but Mosley

really did screw me...

by walking on his shift

and I need this job.

What now, dick head?

Classy as always, Brady.

Yeah?

Well, this is the dong merchant
that ordered the anchovy pizza..

And made you drive all the way
out here.

Wait, don't leave yet.

Come on.

What dickface?

You guys are busy...

apparently.

MR LEE So that was

the lovely Miss Peyton was it?

I can see why you like her.

What did you say?

She seems

a little upset, though.

Trouble in paradise, Sam?

Look, I don't know who

the hell you are...

but this has gone on

long enough, all right?

You need to stop this right now.

I'm afraid

that's not an option.

Yes, it is!

All right, we're done

with your bullshit!

You know, I'm hanging up

for good.

Go ahead, but if you do...

be prepared to reap the

consequences.

Dude, I'm telling you, he's

probably just some 400-pound...

nerd with too much computer equipment for his own good. I don't know, man, this guy seems to know about stuff. No, dude, he's whacking off right now... in his mom's basement at the thought of us being scared. Forget him. What's wrong with Peyton? Still not talking. So... no details? About what's bugging her. Nothing? Nope. She said we'll talk later. Okay. Shit. Motherfucker. Sam, come here. Check this out. "Next time it rings, you'd better answer. Don't test me." How does he have your cell phone number? He has both our addresses, plus he knew Peyton was here. Maybe he called Ginello's to ask her. Shit. Dude, this is not funny. Ginello's. Think about it. What? Who would know that Peyton's doing deliveries... has both our addresses and loves making prank calls? Mosley. Called in sick, my ass. You saw how pissed he was when he left the house. He even said it. Yeah, he said, don't test me. Shit, dude, you're right. Great, he's using POPShot now. Gonna send us a dick pick.

What the hell?
"Not Mosley... guess again."
How does he know what we said?
Dude, what is this picture?
No idea.
Is that a person in a chair?
Yeah, it could be,
it's kind of...
No, no, shit, dude.
No, no, that looked like someone
was tied up or something.
Okay, this is getting really
weird, dude.
This is definitely beyond
Mosley.
You're right, Sam.
This is definitely beyond
Mosley.
Oh... holy shit!
What is it?
My parents.
Why the hell are you doing
this?!
Aren't we still having fun?
Don't you like my surprise?
I went through a lot
of trouble...
to make tonight special
for all of us.
Son of a bitch. I swear to god...
You're not
the one in control here, Brady.
I am!
So if you want your parents
to live, you will not hang up.
You'll stay on the line and
do as I s...
What the fuck are you doing?
He said don't hang up!
Brady, Brady, calm down!
He's at your house, all right?
Your parents are tied up in your
own living room.
I saw the clock and I saw the

chairs they were sitting on.
Listen, we call 911 and they'll
get to this guy...
before he can do anything.
Trust me.
Okay, just do it!
Come on, come on.
Come on, come on.
9-1-1.
Hi, yeah, we need your help
right away.
What's your emergency?
A fucking psycho has my parents!
Please
calm down, speak clearly...
and don't use profanity.
He's gonna fucking kill them!
Send the goddamn cops!
Brady, stop!
Son, I won't ask you again.
Control your language
or I can't help you.
Are you fucking kidding me?!
Listen, just send a police car
right away, all right?
The guy is in the house
with them.
Can you
describe the suspect?
No, we don't know, but psycho
covered the house in plastic.
That's right, Brady.
You have no idea what
I look like.
And yet I know everything
about you.
Gimme your phone now.
Come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on!
Afraid
it's not gonna be that easy.
Oh shit! Shit, shit!
Wait, wait, where are you going?
I don't know.

Just er next door 'cause... just
anywhere to use another phone.
Brady, wait, stop!
What?!
He's watching us.
What?
What do you want?
You like
manipulating people, don't you?
Playing god.
Well, tonight I'm giving you
boys the ultimate power.
You get to decide who lives
and who dies.
Oh, my god.
Oh, my god, who is that?
No.
Prank Monkey 69.
Say goodbye to your audience
for the last time.
No! No! No!
Stop it now!
Stop it!
How many
clicks do you think...
Prank Monkey will get
for this video?
That little fun was recorded
yesterday.
A warm-up for tonight's live
main event.
What the hell was that?
No. Please. Argh!
Why do that? Why?
Son of a bitch, he's here.
Mosley's either at the back door
or upstairs.
That was definitely upstairs.
Brady... it's okay.
I'll go.
I knew you'd be the one...
to stay, Brady.
Not quite the boy scout
that Sam is, are you?

But then again, that's what
I'm counting on...
because I have a deal for you.
One that will let your parents
and you escape tonight alive.
Do you wanna hear it?
You'll need to give me
something in return.
A life for a life.
Son of a bitch. Brady! Brady!
Mosley's at the back door.
He's at the back door!
Brady! Brady, he's at the back
door!
Fuck!
Come on!
Mosley! Mosley!
Mosley. Mosley?
No. Come on.
Mosley's still alive, Brady!
Brady! Brady!
Brady.
Brady, help!
Stay with me.
Brady help me!
Hold on. Don't... please.
I'm taking it off. I'm taking it
off. I'm taking off.
No! No! No! No!
No, no, no, no!
No! No, no, no, no!
Please stay with me, please?
No. No.
Bra... Brady. Brady. Brady.
Close the door.
What?
Close the fucking door!
I can't stay here.
Do not answer that.
Hello?
Hey! Hey, put it on speaker,
so I can...
No. I can't.
Put it on speaker,

goddamn it, now!
He's gone, okay?
Yeah, he told you something.
What was it?
He said it's time to decide
who lives and who dies.
What the fuck does that mean?
I don't know.
We should run, Sam.
You and me.
This is our chance.
Yeah, and he's gonna kill
your parents.
Like he said, it's a choice.
Us or them.
They would want us to save
ourselves.
Wouldn't your parents?
We have to try. I mean, there's
gotta be a way outta this.
What did that guy say
on the phone?
Nothing.
You're lying, tell me the truth.
If we stay here,
we're gonna die, too.
Come on.
Wait, wait, wait,
that's my house.
Whatever it is, it's bullshit,
just don't watch.
Yeah, but what if that's
a live shot?
What if he's out there
waiting for us?
No, no, no, no, no.
She's not there,
I can't see her.
Oh, my god.
You son of a bitch!
No.
Look, we have to get out.
Now, Sam!
Is that what he told you?

Did you know he went
after Peyton?
You did, man, you knew!
What, you expect me just to walk
away from them?
This is the only way you and I
both make it out of this.
No, man, you're not leaving!
Stop!
Come on.
No, dude, we have to save them.
Listen to me.
Agh!
Fuck him and fuck you!
They could be dead for all
we know.
No, Brady, stop you're not
leaving!
Get off!
Brady! Brady.
Brady, come on, wake up!
Brady, wake up, come on!
No, Peyton! Peyton!
Oh, my god!
Peyton, can you hear me?
It's gonna be all right,
I promise to you I'm gonna...
No! Hey, come back!
Okay.
Please, what can I do to make
you let her go?
Tell me!
In order to save Peyton...
you'll need to give me
something in return.
I'll let her go...
if you kill Brady.
A life for a life.
I offered Brady the same chance
to save himself...
and his parents.
He tried to save you, instead.
He begged you to leave,
but you stopped him.

I wonder if his choice
would be different now?
Of course, you can walk out the
door any time you want...
you'll be free.
But everyone else dies.
Time to decide what's more
important...
yourself or the people you love.
Dude, dude, come on.
Ah, come on.
Ah... ah.
I'm sorry, but you can't leave.
Let me outta this right now.
Right now!
Ugh! Fuck!
Ugh! You asshole!
Lemme loose! Lemme loose!
If you leave now, your parents,
they're dead, all right?
Peyton is dead.
So if this is what it takes to
keep you here, then fine.
Fine.
Just... let me out of this.
We'll figure it out together.
No.
I can't risk you making a break
for the door.
What the fuck are you gonna
do to save them?
I don't know, man, but what are
we supposed to do, huh?
What, take him up on his offer?
Yeah, he made me the same deal.
Your life for mine and Peyton's.
And you fucking believe him?
I don't know what to believe
right now.
This guy's doing all of this
for a reason, man...
and we have to figure out
what it is.
Oh, my god.

Sam, dude, come on, help me out.
Get me out of this, okay?
He's in the house.
Come on, man! Come on.
Hush little baby
don't say a word
Papa's gonna buy you
a mocking bird
And if that mocking bird
won't sing
Papa's gonna buy you
a diamond ring
Will you send Daddy this
video tonight?
Sure. Go on.
Okay. I miss you, Daddy.
Can't wait till you get
back home...
and I love you 'til
the end of time.
What?
I got a friend request earlier.
It's the same user
from his POPShot. The picture.
Dude, it's that girl he just
showed us.
Holy shit.
It's photos of us.
Mosley, Prank Monkey, Peyton.
Man, some of these pictures
are from at least 6 months ago.
This one's from last summer.
He's been watching us
for almost a year?
Why?
I don't know, but hold on,
there's a video here.
It says, Peyton Video 3.
Oh, shit... no, that's
from my computer, Sam.
Sam, don't watch that okay.
I, I, I... Sam!
Sam!
Look, I don't even know how the

fuck he got it, it's just...
Fuck! Come on!
Happy birthday to you!
Okay, hurry, no wax.
I don't think I can keep
doing this.
We should talk to him
about what happened.
Wait, why?
It'll ruin our friendship.
You wouldn't do that
to me, would you?
I... I don't know, Brady.
How can I not talk
to him about it?
Where's my other shoe?
What the hell is this, Brady?
What?
Did you...
Did you record us having sex?
Oh, my gosh.
This is not fucking funny,
Brady!
It's not that...
How could you violate
me like this?
It's not that big a deal...
I mean, you came over here
to be slutty anyway.
Fuck you, Brady!
Fuck you!
Have you done this before?
No, no, I swear...
Oh, my god! Fuck!
We are so done!
Oh, Peyton, come on!
Don't you dare get up!
Don't ever speak to me again.
Don't even acknowledge me.
You know what, fine, go, slut!
Fuck you, Brady!
Yeah, always got my number two
camera in the corner.
Ah, get that pussy, yeah.

You fucking dick!
What was that, huh?
You're supposed to be
my best friend.
What happened to brothers
for life?
Me? Fu...
What about her?
She's the one that cheated
on you.
What was that, huh?
What was that? Tell me.
Fuck you!
Agh.
I wanna see Peyton right now!
I wanna know she's still alive!
Don't worry,
she's perfectly safe.
Yeah, well let me talk to her,
you asshole! I want proof.
If you really want to see her,
then you'll do what I asked.
Come on, Sam.
I can tell you want to.
It must be very tempting.
Punish him to save her.
I'll gladly let Peyton
go as soon as you...
give Brady what he deserves.
Wouldn't that feel good
right now...
considering what he's
done to you?
Please, just... will you listen
to me really quick...
You need to shut up!
This is what he wanted
the whole time.
To turn us against each other.
What about Brady's parents?
If I do what you say,
what happens to them?
I get what I want.
I suppose you can be their

savior, too.
Where are you right now, Mr Lee?
I wanna see you and Peyton
on the screen right now...
before I do anything.
Wait, why, what is it?
The video isn't live, man...
the clock on the wall
is almost two hours behind.
What did you do with my parents?
You're in no position...
to ask questions, Brady.
Seems to me, Sam's the one
in control.
So, what'll it be, Sam?
Last chance.
No, Sam, please, no.
No, no, no, no no, no, no!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no!
I'm done with this bullshit.
Okay, that is enough, all right?
Your little game to turn
us against each other...
to hurt each other, it is
not gonna happen.
All right, I'm not going
to do it.
Now, turn the video back
on in real time.
I wanna see Peyton and I wanna
see Brady's parents right now!
I'm sorry, boys.
I haven't been entirely
honest with you.
In fact... you've been pranked.
Yo, tiny dick,
give it up already.
That was very rude
of you to hang up on me.
Dude, just stop,
we're done with you.
Actually, we're just getting
started, Brady.
What did you say?

Brady Mannion, that's
you, right?
You live at 437 Oak Street.
Love the American flag
out front.
Honestly, sir...
Oh, it's sir now, is it?
Did you say, "sir" to the
others you called tonight...
like your neighbor Larry?
Who the hell are you?
You'll find out soon enough...
when we're face-to-face.
For now, you can call me...
Mr Lee.
No! Please, no, no, no!
Agh!
Brady.
Brady, get up!
Peyton's probably dead, too.
I'll stay and cover your back.
You go out the front, get as far
away from here as you can...
and call for help.
No, no, no, I'm not
leaving you alone.
Brothers for life, right?
Now, I screwed up.
Maybe this is my one chance
to make it right.
Go... get the fuck out of here.
No man, I'm not leaving
you alone.
All right, we can leave
together.
Your parents are dead, right?
And you're right, most likely
so is Peyton.
So, the best way to get to this
guy is to escape now...
and we go to the police, okay?
Right.
Come on, come on.
Come on. Let's go.

Okay, looks clear.
All right, let's hurry.
Brady, open up!
Brady get out here!
You go.
Brady, open the fucking door!
I'm not done here.
Brady, open that fucking door
right this second!
Brady, please open the door.
Man, come on out here, come on.
Get the fuck out here, Brady!
Brady, I'm not kidding,
get out here!
Damn it, Brady!
Peyton.
Oh, my god.
Fuck! Okay, hold on!
Hold on, I've got you,
all right?
You're safe. You're safe.
Come on, Peyton, come on.
You're safe.
I've got you, come on.
Let's go, all right?
Mosley?
Oh shit.
Agh! Agh!
Shit!
Listen to me, all right,
you need to call the police...
then hide until they get here.
Trust me, you can do this.
All right?
Where is he?
Brady?
Brady?
Baby hush little baby
Hush little baby
don't say a word
Brady?
Brady?
Brady?
Fuck.

I miss you, Daddy.
Gonna buy you a mockingbird
Agh!
Peyton!
Peyton!
Peyton!
Agh! Sam, watch out! Sam!
Agh!
Agh!
Sam!
I wanna see him.
Are you okay?
I'm okay. I'm okay.
You're safe.
It's over now.
He can't hurt us anymore.
No!
No!
No, no, Brady!
No, Brady!
Brady, no!
Brady!
Brady, please!
Peyton... Peyton, get it off
of him, please!
Brady, stay with me, man!
Brady, stay with me!
Okay, open your eyes!
Come on.
Brady, I'm sorry.
Brady, I love you, I'm sorry!
Brady, please!
Brady, come on!
Brady, come on!
Brothers for life.
Come on, man!
Brady, I'm so sorry.
Brady.
I don't understand why
you're doing this to us.
Why?
I'm simply returning the favor.
Payback for the night you and
your friends called my house.

Mrs Kolbein?
This is the police, ma'am,
you need to listen to me.
Tell me what's happening.
Please, I can't hear anything.
We're going in.
No shot!
No shot! He has the kid!
Agh!
Mrs Kolbein, do not leave
that room!
The second suspect is coming
for you!
Mrs Kolbein?
Are you still there?
Mrs Kolbein?
Izzy?
Izzy? Izzy?
No!
No! No!
We never meant to hurt anyone.
I'm sorry!
But you did hurt people.
Agh!
Agh!
No! Don't kill him, please!
He has to understand.
He has to suffer.
The same way I have.
No!
Did you record us having sex?
What we're doing, it's wrong.
Did you record us having sex?
What we're doing, it's wrong.
Did you record us having sex?
What we're doing, it's wrong.
Did you record us having sex?
What we're doing, it's wrong.
Did you record us having sex?
What we're doing, it's wrong.
Did you record us having sex?
What we're doing, it's wrong.
Did you record us having sex?
No, Peyton, no!
No!
No! No!

Drop the weapon!
Drop the fucking gun, right now!
No!
I'm only gonna
say it one more time...
drop the fucking gun!
We have the suspect!
I repeat, we have the suspect!
We need back-up!
Drop the goddamn gun right now,
you son of a bitch!
We are just receiving some...
incredible images from a
Los Angeles suburb tonight...
where police are reporting
a multiple homicide.
18-year-old Sam Fuller, enraged
over an internet video...
depicting his girlfriend having
sex with his best friend...
allegedly killed both of them...
and one of the victim's parents.
There are also reports
of connections...
to a double homicide
of two further teenagers...
who may have played a part
in making the film.
Details are still emerging,
but we...