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Fear, Inc.

By Luke Barnett

- (footsteps)
- (woman gasping, crying)
I told you I wanted
to cancel this thing.

Man:

Ma'am, you asked for this.

(metal scraping)
(panting, gasping)
(siren wailing
in distance)

Please, help!

Anybody!

Please, just--

please make it stop!

Okay, this is just

way too fucking much!

Okay?

This isn't

what I asked for.

- Man:

- (elevator music playing)

Seriously?

(door opening)
(gasps)

Ugh!

Ah!

Please cancel it!

Stop it!

(electrical buzzing)
(gasps)
(bell dings)

Oh, shit!

Whoa.

Every--

everything all right, ma'am?

Yeah, yeah, uh, no.

I'm-- I'm just, uh,

sorry, I'm just a little bit

flustered 'cause I-- I--

I basically, like,

paid for this thing

and then it just...

it turned out to be
a really bad idea.

Uh-huh.

But I'm just, uh--

I'm just trying

to get to-- to my car.

Yeah.

Listen...

if you see anything

strange out here,

my office

is right over there.

Don't hesitate.

'Kay.

All right?

Thank you.

Now, goodnight.

(door opens, closes)

(sighs)

(laughs)

Man on radio:

All right, I-- I don't have
eyes on her.

I haven't seen her.

Woman:

I-- I think she's headed
to the roof.

Man:

10-4, she took
the elevator.

- Where is security?

- Something's up with security.

- He just intercepted her.

- So she's headed to the car?

Man:

She's already in the car.

She's in the fucking car?

(gasping)

(gasping)

(rock music playing)

No.
Fuck, no.
Nope.
Nope.
Nope.
Nope, nope, nope.
Ah! God damn it, Sunshine!
Fuck you!
Fuck you, you 13-year-old
son of a bitch.
Don't you got algebra
or something?
God damn it!
Stick our fruit
in mason jars
Snapping peas
in the backyard
I've been a year now
with my hands in the dirt
Blood on my fingers
can't show it hurts so...
- (splat)
- (tire screeching, crash)

Woman:

What the fuck?!
I ain't gonna make it
if the workin' ain't done
- The workin' ain't done
till the setting sun ...
- (imitating cheering)
Yes!
Come on.
Come on.
(music continues)
(groans)
Boom!
Oh!
Mr. Davis says
I got a sporting right hand
We gon' see him
next Sunday comes
Oh
I can't keep a livin'

Livin' this hard.

Woman:

Seriously?

Oh, babe.

Get in.

Doesn't look like
the garage has been touched.

Oh, no, no, no, no.

I have had a very
productive day.

I just thought that this
was the perfect way to end it.

Joe, you said that you would
help out around here

while you were on
the hunt for a new job.

Oh, I am.

No, I am.

Babe, oh,
don't get pissed.

Uh, it's date night.

Date night.

Whoo!

You look great.

Hold on.

I'm coming over.

Woman:

It's not exactly
a candlelit dinner.

Joe:

I mean, how was I
supposed to know
it was gonna be
this lame?

Ah, check this out.

I guarantee you somebody's
gonna jump out and scare 'em
in three, two...

- Yah!

- (couple screams)

Hey, look at that.

Genius.

Ha!

No, okay, okay.

You go first.

No, thanks.

(hums "The X-Files" theme)

(man screaming)

Ooh, looks

like someone has had

a long night.

Joe, that's very rude.

(distant woman screams)

Joe:

Oh!

Ah, ha ha.

Okay,

we'll, uh...

we're gonna be

moving on.

Ooh, I read

about this online.

Okay, this guy

right here

in the beautiful cape

was, uh, thrown off

the Great Wall

right after

they finished--

finished

construction.

"Beware, Emperor Qin Shi Huang

was murdered by a builder

while overseeing

construction

of the Great Wall

of China.

Anyone who takes

a photograph of his body

- is killed within a week."

- (camera shutter clicks)

- Ah.

- Cool. Ah! No!

- Don't do that!

- Aw, it's so good.

I got the face
and everything.
Please delete it.
Thank you.

- Thank you.

- Yeah.

- Joe?

- Uh-huh.

I think I already
know the answer
to this question.

- You do?

- But...

did you ever
get back to my dad
about that job?

Oh--

It sounded like
a great opportunity.

No, I did not.

- But...

- I told you.

I was just, you know,
I'm gonna find one.

I just don't
wanna settle
for the first
opportunity
that-- you know,
that comes knocking.

The main thing
is I don't wanna be taking
advantage of my parents.

Look, the main thing
is this place is kinda--
I mean, it was fun,
but it just kinda--
it also sucked.

You know,
it's just not scary.

Okay, it's not fun,
and it is scary.

If you weren't scared,

I don't know how scared
you want to be.
I wanna cry.
I wanna cry like the--
like the last time
I watched
"The Notebook."
I want to just be
ripped to shreds.
I want James Garner
to destroy me.
Oh, baby.
I just wanna be
scared a little bit.
I just wanna
shake in my boots.
I'm pregnant.
(laughs)
Does...
No, you're--
don't even.
Hey.
May I help you?
This ain't
scary enough, huh?
Sorry?
Sorry, I'm not
trying to be nosey.
I just overheard you guys
saying this wasn't scary enough.
Couldn't agree more.
(laughs)
If you ever wanna be
really scared,
just call that number.
Custom scares
just for you.
I promise
you will not be
disappointed.
Okay, man,
uh, thanks.
- You're so welcome.
- Okay.

Have a good one,
buddy.
And you.
That was normal.
- (man yells)
- (patrons screaming)
Nice and normal.
Baby,
I'm positive
that man didn't
steal your phone
or your wallet.
He was at our table
for less than two minutes.
Well, I had it
to get funnel cake,
and now
it's not in the car,
and between that time
a weirdo in a clown mask
who was paid
minimum wage
to scare children
for a living
came into our lives.
- So...
- You know what?
I bet you left it
on the counter.
I'll call
them tomorrow.
Hey, Joe.
Joe. Joe.
It's me, Bill,
from next door.
I know, Bill.
Well, we sure have
missed you at the last,
oh, uh,
let me think, uh,
six neighborhood
watch meetings.
I know.
Tuesdays are tough.

You know,
work and such.
Well, Joe,
just think about it
like this.
Work is important, yes,
but you know what else
is important?
Being part of a team.
A team with the most
important priority--
safety.
Yeah, it sounds
dramatic, Bill.
Oh, just think
about it, Joe.
Oh, I will.
Scouts honor.
Oh, wait,
I didn't know
you were a scout.
Oh, yeah!
Oh, my gosh.
This neighborhood's so nice.

Joe:

It is insane.
It's insane
that it's 90 degrees,
and it's sunny
on Halloween.
I mean, come on.
Babe, that's weird.
Right?
Wow!
Check out the gate.
Look at that.
You got to keep
the paparazzi out.
- Hi.
- A Prius?
You drive
a fucking Prius?
- Are you-- hi.

- Hi.

Do you hate
your freedom, Joe?

Is that it?

I mean, do you have any idea
how many people have died
for your right to be
gluten free or whatever?

It's great mileage,
you fucking asshole.

Wow,
give me the tour
before all
the kale salad

- goes bad.

- Uh-huh, yeah.

Thank you guys again
for letting us stay with you.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, of course.

There's no sense
in spending money on
an expensive hotel.

Wow!

Oh, man.

Your life is different
than my life.

Yeah.

You really
married up,
my friend.

- Hashtag blessed.

- Come on, man.

The "M" word.

Put a dollar
in the swear jar, man.

Ow.

No way.

Hey, honey.

They got tetherball.

(music playing)

I was born
in darkness.

- Oh.

- (gasps)
I wonder
what we break first.
Your spirit
or your body.
Time!
Oh, you suck!
That's eas--
I was Bane.
I was doing Bane.
He got it.
I was a good Bane.
That was a good one.
It's time for another round
of irresponsible drinking.
Okay, I wasn't sure
I was gonna do this.
A buddy of mine
gave me a special
birthday present last month,
and, let's just say,
you can sneak
anything on a plane
with just a little bit
of peanut butter.
- Eck.

- **As Bane:**

How dare you bring drugs
- into my house.
- That's Bane.
- Oh, Bane.

- **As Bane:**

like me to--
- that's Bane--
- That's Bane.
would you like me
to break your body
or your spirit?
- Oh, just hurt me.
- Oh, I will,
'cause this
is hardcore stuff.

Okay,
but in the meantime...

Chanting:

Shots! Shots! Shot! Shot!

- Oh.
- Oh, I never take shots.
- You ready?

- All:

- Woo!
- You're calling
the kids later.
Ahh, here I come,
the merchant of dirt
I'm here to convert
the worthless birds
that chirp
Come get your just desserts
and discuss your worth...

Uh uh uh.

You didn't say
the magic word.

Uh uh uh.

- Eddie Murphy?
- No.

And we don't have
any more time
I find myself
in truth and honor...

- Is that a cigarette?
- No.

When do you guys
think you're gonna
get married?

Oh, my God.

Pfft.

...For your
blue collar chains
Don't be afraid,
it's all make believe anyway
Yeah, we can leave
any day...

Kid, I sure heard

a lot about you.
What happened to Natalie
on that boat...
- Nothin' to do with me.
- Whoa ho ho!
Keep the faith
despite what you hear
people say...
Are you
goin' first or...?
No, I thought
it was your turn.
- Oh, shit, is it?
- It's your turn.
Okay, okay, okay.
Do you remember me,
Eddie?
When I killed
your brother
I sounded just like
this!
What movies
are you watching?
Christopher Lloyd,
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit?"
- Oh, there's wind!
- Going down!
- There's wind!
- Going down!
Winner!
Okay.
Favorite horror
movie death scene.
- Go.
- No.
Come on. Come on.
Come on. Come on.
"Nightmare
On Elm Street."
Johnny Depp.
- Ah.
- Ooh.
Well, "Titanic,"
because she let go of him.

- Ha ha ha!
- What?
"Final Destination"
shower scene.
That's the best one.
Over Johnny Depp
being killed by his own bed?
Yes.
Or you just love
Johnny Depp.
- Yeah, that's it.
- Yeah, see?
Red Wedding.
"Game of Thrones."
Mic drop.
Not a movie.
What?
It doesn't matter.
Okay,
it's the worst thing
you could ever see
with your eyeballs.
It's horrifying,
right?
It's the better
death scene than any movie
that I have ever seen.
And I have seen
a shit ton of movies.
Yeah, and when Joe
was actually living
with my family,
every weekend my parents,
they would buy us pizza
and we would watch
a different scary movie
every weekend
like clockwork.
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah, yeah.
"Friday the 13th,"
"Elm Street,"
"Halloween."
All the classics.

You know what I mean?
Just all of 'em.
I think that's what
started my love affair
with this time of year.
I mean,
you just can't beat
"Halloween."
I didn't realize
you lived with his family.
(Joe groans)
Yeah, yeah, you know,
well, don't, uh--
don't get all "Bambi" on me.
It's fine.
I'm fine.
I'm gonna--
I'm gonna go get
some party favors.
- Uh, God save me.
- Woo!
- What?
- What?
- What does that mean?
- Ah, every now and again,
he likes to take
the party up a notch.
- (foliage rustling)
- Did you hear that?
I don't know.
(labored breathing)
Ben,
what is that?
I don't know.
- Ben, go.
- All right, all right.
Be careful.
(labored breathing)
(labored breathing)
Yeah, it stopped.
I don't see anything.
- Yah!
- (screaming)
(laughing)

What is wrong with you?!

That's not funny!

That's not funny!

Holy shit.

That was incredible.

- Joe!

- What?

What?

Come on, man.

The "Halloween" talk?

The Jason mask?

I mean,

this was too easy.

- You're sick.

- You want a hug?

- Come on,

give me a hug.

- No, you're sick man.

You're a sick man

in the head.

Is that a real

butcher knife?

Come on,

give me a hug.

This has been

an ongoing theme for him.

He's been obsessed

with scaring me lately.

He even insisted

that we have our

weekly date night

at this haunted house.

- (scoffs)

- That's not creepy at all.

It wasn't.

But, uh,

this dude that's, uh,

that's working there,

uh, who said something

about this company,

uh, I forget his name,

but, uh, apparently,

uh, they create

these custom scares for you.

Yeah, but you're
also convinced
that he stole
your wallet.
Which is ridiculous.
Wait-- oh, fuck, wait.
Wait.
Custom Scare thing?
I-- I-- okay,
I am 99% positive
that that's the thing
that my boss just did.
Remember I was
telling you about that?
Oh, yeah.
Uh, the scare company,
or Fear, something, maybe.
- Is that...?
- Yeah, "Fear, Inc."
That's it.
Did they say how it was?
You're kidding,
right?
Yeah, people said
is was horrible.
You definitely
don't want to do this, okay?
You got a crazy look
in your eye right now
and someone as fucked up
as you in the head
would not like it.
- Okay?
- Why?
Why did they say
it was so bad?
Was it not worth
the money or something?
First off,
unless your sugar mama's
gonna pay for it,
you can't afford
something like this.
Secondly,

they, like, hurt you,
like,
physically hurt you.
I'm sure emotionally, too,
but physical-- like the--
the company,
it's not legit.
And they--
they find people
that, like--
people like you
okay, who--
who, like,
are looking
for something
more intense,
and then they just use that
as-- as an opportunity
to fulfill their own
sick fucked up fantasies.
What?
This is a fucking
haunted house, man.
You guys--
you guys can't
be serious, right?
No, dude,
you're not get--
you're not
getting this through
your head, man.
It's not a haunted house.
Okay, I heard
that these guys
chased my boss
through a parking garage
in the middle
of the night.
Okay, I don't know
what happened,
but, like,
she hasn't been
back to work since.
It fucked her up

that much.

Okay?

Well, on that

delightful note,

I'm going to go to bed.

I think you should, too.

It was really nice

to have you guys here.

- Thank you.

- Good night.

Sleep well.

Good night.

Give up, woman.

You guys good?

- Yeah.

- Are great.

- Cool.

- You gonna tuck us in?

- I can tuck you in, buddy.

- No, not standing there.

- Old school.

- I'm all weirded--

no, get outta here.

- No? I remember.

- No, go to bed.

- Corner tuck.

- Thank you.

(both laugh)

(music playing)

The night

is always young

I hold grudges

with the sun

They're fewer

and far between

Been livin' in a dream

I wake and walk

this line

All balanced on my

I can't afford to fall,

I can't afford to crawl...

(line ringing)

- (receiver picks up)

- Man:

Uh, yeah,
is this, uh--
is this Fear, Inc.?
Yes.

Uh, okay.
Well, I got your--
your card at
the Hollywood
Horror House thing.
Um, I guess I--
uh, I just wanted
more information.

Muffled voice:

We got another one.
Muffled voice #2:
We can't do it right.

Muffled voice:

God, it's the third one today.
Uh, okay.
Um, well, uh
where're you located?
How do we get tickets?

- Man:

- (elevator music playing)
- (receiver picks up)

- Man:

Oh, okay.
When's your next,
- uh...
- (receiver clicks)
Hello?
(glass breaks)
That's bad.
You fucked up.
- I'll clean it up.
- That looks really expensive.
- Wake up.
- What're you doing?
You were just here.

You just come over
and break stuff.

You're getting sloppy.

- Take me inside.

- You wanna go inside?

- Mm-hmm.

- All right.

Yeah, we're gonna
take you away.

For years,

you can't break
anything else.

- You gonna lift me?

- Yeah.

See, look at that.

I'm too drunk to be
carrying you right now.

- Oh, I gotcha.

- Oh, oh, careful.

- I gotcha.

- Oh, stop there.

Yeah, let's take
a pit stop, yeah?

- (giggling)

- Okay, yeah, that's good.

- (sighs)

- Yeah.

- There we go.

- You're so bad.

You're so strong.

- Oh, whoa!

- Joe!

- Dude!

- Um...

Uh, I-- I heard a--

a crash,

so I thought

that I would come in

and see if you were safe.

You look very safe.

Yeah, dude, we're fi--

we're fine, dude.

Um, do you need anything?

Good night.

Are you
gonna tip her or...
No, don't wanna--
don't wanna give her the tip.
Or anything like that.
- Bye, good night.
- (clears throat)
I didn't even understand
what he was saying.
(Joe whistling)
He's creepy.
Bed?
He just fucked
that up for us,
didn't he?
Yeah.
He really
just fucked up
that whole thing.
- Thanks, Joe.
- I don't feel so good.
- I drank too much.
- (groans)
(sighs heavily)
Where're we going?
Which way? This way?
(door creaking)
(music playing)
(groaning)
Oh, Joe,
I'm gonna throw up
in your pool.
A terrible mistake
was made...
So this is what
you guys do on Saturdays?
You sit by the pool
in the hills
drinking margaritas.
By this point in the day,
I'm debating between
UPS or FedEx
to ship the kids to China.
Oh, you joke.

I'm sure it's an entirely
different kind of fun.
Babe, I'm feeling
like a real California.
I gotta be honest.
'Cause I am one
with the universe
right now.
I love tofu.
Namaste.
Namaste this.
You be nice,
motherfucker.
What're you...
Are you kidding me?
I'm not doing this.
Ah. Rules are rules, Ben.
And who made the rules?
You made the rules.
"It's the rule, Ben."
- Really, babe?
- Come on, come on.
For old time's sake.
For when we were young
and really, really stupid.
All right, okay.
Fine, fine.
Come on.
Come on.
Fine.
But this is for you, okay?
Chug! Chug!
Chug! Chug!
Come on!
Yea-ya.
Chug! Chug! Chug!
Woo!
Look at you go, boy!
(groans)
God, I can't believe
you just did that.
(doorbell ringing)
- Are you
expecting someone?

- Nope.
(knocking on door,
ringing doorbell)
Joe, were you out earlier?
No, um...
just been in the back
most of the day.
Got some friends in town.
Oh, where from?
Maryland.
Oh, home of the blue crab,
Cal Ripkin,
and Edgar Allan Poe.
Yeah, I once spent
six months there
doing an Agatha Christie play
out on Chesapeake Bay.
Now that
dinner theatre was--
What's up, Bill?
- Why'd you come by?
- Oh.
Joe, I tried
calling you earlier,
but you must not
have had service.
Now, don't panic,
but I saw a guy out front.
He had a van, but he
didn't seem to be climbing
any of the power line poles,
And he sure as heck
wasn't wearing an
official DWP uniform.
Okay,
that's-- that's nice.
Um, well,
I appreciate your concern,
Bill, but it's
probably nothin', so--
No, there's something
strange going on, Joe.
Keep an eye out.
Will do, will do.

I'm on it.

At ease, soldier.

(alarm blaring)

Ah, God damn it!

(beeping)

(alarm stops)

(crashing)

Ben, you fucking
around back there?

(rustling)

Okay, well,
whoever it is,
cops are on their way.

(heart beating)

Little pigs,
little pigs, let me come in.

(muffled shouts)

Not by the hair
of your chinny-chin-chin.

Well, then I'll huff
and I'll puff
and I'll blow your house in!

- (grunts)

- (shouts)

(laughing)

Help! Help!

(sirens wailing)

Police officer:

So, you didn't notice
anything strange before today?

No, the neighborhood
has been quiet ever
since we moved in.

Our neighbor actually
heads the watch group,
and we're probably
the youngest on this block
by about 30 years.

Oh, well, with age
comes affluence.

This area's very
attractive to robbers.

Yeah...

However, I'm sorta surprised
the guy was so ballsy.
This sort of thing
usually doesn't happen
during the day
with a car in the driveway.
But, you know what?
It's Halloween.
Halloween
tends to bring out
some undesirables.
Undesirables?
This wasn't some
random fucking robbery.
This guy
was fucking crazy.
- Okay.
- Honestly, that makes it
unlikely it will happen again.
It was probably
some homeless guy
who wandered down
the wrong street.

- Joe:

- Yeah.

Joe:

Insane people aren't
known to do the same thing
over and over
and over again.

- Okay.

- Well, look...

if anything else happens,
give us a call.

All right?

Gonna put some extra
units in the area
and we'll see
what happens.

Okay.

Well, thank you, Officer.
You're welcome.

Nice, Joe.

What?

I'm not fucking lying!

(rock music playing)

I can sleep tonight

The Devil's in the mood...

(retches)

Sorry, "Exorcist."

Did you just do that?

Yeah!

Wah!

Are you crazy?

You threw up all over my car!

- Oh, sir, I can explain.

- Are you out of your mind?

I can explain.

He's been drinking, okay.

Apparently.

Who's gonna clean it?

- I don't know. Not me!

- Are you gonna clean it?

Babe, come on!

- Here, this is--

- (retches)

- Oh, my God!

- I'm sorry, man.

Five stars.

- Five stars.

- That's all I have--

I hope that's enough.

I can't sleep

tonight...

Ben:

Oh, whoa, whoa, dude,

slow down there,

Hasselhoff.

Put down

the cheeseburger, bud.

- Okay.

- How about

some water first?

- I've got a better idea.

- That's a good idea.

Better idea.

Uh, would anyone--

would anyone like some tea?

I would love some tea.

Some nice--

nice calm tea.

Oh, that kind of tea.

- Mm-hmm.

- That is a...

fantastic idea, Joe.

I'm full of great ideas.

Full of 'em.

Here you go--

oh, Joe.

Aren't you may be

done for the night?

Just evening myself out,

you know,

- I just wanna be a good host.

- Yeah, okay, well,

- now you're nice and even.

- That's all.

- You can just...

- It's great to have

you guys here.

- (groans)

- ...stop.

(static hissing)

We're live at

the Hollywood Hills

at the scene

of a tragic

quadruple homicide.

How'd you turn that on?

Three friends were found

murdered in their home.

- Joe, is that our house?

- Witnesses say they were

last seen

at a costume party

in the Pacific Palisades.

A fourth person, Joe Foster,

was with them

and is considered to be

the main suspect.
Foster is also suspected
of killing his neighbor,
Bill Peterson...
whose body
was found outside his home
earlier this evening.
- (static hissing)
- Joe Foster...
Main suspect...
...murdered in their home.
- (distorted voice)
Joe Foster...
- Killing his neighbor.
- (distorted voice)
Bill Peterson.
- Body was found-- Foster.
The motive
is still unknown.
And we'll be back
with more details
as they come in.
- (static hisses)
- (TV shuts off)

- **Ben:**

- **Lindsey:**

Joe, for God's sakes!
You have no idea
when to fucking quit!
This was really clever.
It's not fucking funny!
There's nobody
even out there right now.
That's crazy.
How did you do that?
What's happening?
Oh, fuck.
What did you do?
Okay, um...
Baby, you can't--
you can't be mad at me.
What the hell

is going on, man?
Fear, Inc.
What?
Ah... I
(stammering)
I think that's Fear, Inc.
That's--
that's Fear, Inc.
What're you
talking about?
Uh...
(chuckles)
Uh, so...
I, uh--
I maybe sorta maybe,
uh, called 'em a little bit.
And, uh,
when you were in the bath,
I found my wallet,
and, uh, it had
the business card in it,
and I went,
I don't know, I guess--
I guess my curiosity
got the b-- the best of me.
I mean,
that TV news reporter
was legit, man.
What're you doing?
Did you not hear
a fucking word
we said last night?
This company
is dangerous, man.
Okay, did you give them
your information?
Uh, no, no, but...
(screams)
Ah ho, shit!
They got the breakers.
Okay, this isn't normal.
Let's get out
of here.
Keep it together, okay?

Chill out.
Stay.
Come on,
it's just a power outage.
All we gotta do
is flip the breakers.
It's fine.
All right,
we can handle this.
This is...
Look, if this
is the company,
we're canceling
this right now.
Okay, I'll go take
a look at the breakers.
- Where are they?
- Fuck that, man.
Hey, hey, hey.
This is my thing.
I got--
I got this.
Can you
just be careful,
please?
Don't worry.
I'll be
super duper careful.

Man:

Don't...
Don't!
Hmm.
Joe?
Joe!
Joe, I've been
trying to reach you.
Bill?
What's going on?
I think there's
someone on your property.
Uh...
What?
(gasps)

Ahh!
Oh, shit!
Uh! Ahh!
Uh, fucking awesome!
(hissing)
Oh, ah...
They Barrymore'd Bill!
Holy shit!
They got Bill!
Wait,
what's going on?
Oh, I'm gonna
fucking love this.
What'd you mean,
"They got Bill"?
Ah, he's in on it,
too, okay?
Playing this old man version
of Drew Barrymore from "Scream"
and this guy with a knife
just fucking killed him
or fake killed him--
I don't know,
but it started.
We should lock the door.
What?
This-- this isn't
fucking funny, Joe.
Well, I'm not pranking you,
Ben, okay?
Fear, Inc.
has started.
The writing on the sauna,
"Little Pigs,"
"The Shining," all right,
Bill dying like from "Scream."
They're all horror films.
You're a fucking idiot, man.
I warned you.
You never take
anything seriously,
and eventually,
it's gonna...
Okay, we need to--

we need to cancel
this right now.
But...
ah-- ah...
Joe,
call and cancel it now.

Ashleigh:

Please, Joe,
I don't wanna be
a part of this.
- Are you serious?

- Lindsey:

Please, baby,
come one.
You can me,
we can just do
something on our own.
This just feels
like a bit much.
Okay, I can't believe
I am doing this.
- (click)
- Thank you.
- (beeping)
- It's a busy signal.
Now, hold on, hold on.
Maybe we just
go along with it.
I don't know.
And if it gets
to be too much,
we can just be like,
hey, we'll call 'em--
"Please stop.
We're a bunch of people
who don't like to have fun."
Okay, it's already
too much.
Joe, it's not
how this works either.
You can't
just tell the company--

I'm gonna
call the police.
Oh, not the police.
They ruin everything.
Hi, um, my friend
hired this--
this company
to come scare us
and it's gotten
out of control
and-- and--
and we can't get a hold
of them to stop it.
So we need your help.
Yeah, he thought
it was something different
and it-- it's confusing.
Okay, these people--
this company--
they're criminals.
All right, um...
rapists, you know,
who knows what else.
I don't think
I feel safe here.
You guys
are blowing this way out
of proportion.
Great, okay.
Yes, thank you.
I really appreciate it.
Thank you.
So, like what,
so like the fucking cops
are coming now?
Yeah, the cops
are coming now.
And we have to--
to lock up the windows
and the doors.

Lindsey:

What?

Well, what're

we waiting for?

Right.

(groaning)

Oh, please

let them kill us.

- You guys all right?

- Uh-huh.

Yeah? Okay.

Oh, you closed

the garage, right?

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I locked all the doors.

Did that.

Did that.

- (pounding on door)

- Oh, shit.

(deep voice)

It has begun.

Stop.

Oh-- oh, my God.

Get down, get down.

Get away from the door.

Get away from the window.

- We gotta get out of here.

- No, he's out there.

- I'm not going outside.

- But he went that way.

So he's going

towards the back

of the house,

so we should

go out the front.

What about

one of the bedrooms?

No, you don't go upstairs.

You'll get trapped in a room.

Haven't you seen

any horror movies?

It's our safest bet.

He can't get in.

"Our safest bet."

Do you wanna die horribly?

No, we can't stay inside.

Ben's right.

We gotta get to the car.

Follow me.

Hyah!

Come on.

- A bit dramatic.

- Let's go, come on.

Okay.

Come on.

(grunts)

- Go, go, go, go.

- Okay, okay.

(car alarm chirping)

(whispering loudly)

Everybody in the Prius!

Ben:

Shut up, Joe.

Lock the doors.

Lock the doors.

(locks clicking)

I see dead people.

- Joe!

- Dude, come on, Joe!

(snorts)

Okay, okay. Wait.

Do you think

they'll be able

to follow us?

Let's fucking

hope not.

(clicking)

- What the fuck?

- Start the car!

I'm trying!

This is why

you buy American, Joe.

Joe!

Oh, holy shit!

They jacked up my car!

Ashleigh:

This company is no joke.

We have

to get out of here.

- Could we go to the neighbors?

- Yeah, great idea.

- Okay.

- Okay, come on, babe.

Come on, come on.

You-- you child locked us.

Joe, you child locked us in!

Joe! Joe,

we're child--

We're child locked, Joe!

- How do you not

know how to open a door?!

- Dude, you child locked us in!

(gasps)

Oh...

- Come on, come on.

- This way. This way. This way.

- Holy shit.

- Oh...shit.

- Ah, it's a fucking ax.

- Let's get back in the house.

- Joe, come on.

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Come on, come on.

- Uh, fuck! Fuck!

- (alarm beeps)

Okay.

The outside

was a terrible idea.

To the bedroom.

- Oh, my God.

- Where are the police?

They're supposed

to be here by now.

Oh, fuck.

Wait. Wh-where's Ash?

I thought

she was with you.

Oh, shit.

You think they

got her?

Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck,

fuck, fuck, fuck.

Lindsey,

get out of my way.
- Okay, get out
of my way right now.
- Oh, come on.
They're
weeding us out
one by one.
Every horror movie
needs to stretch out
the suspense.
I wonder
which one of us
will be next.
Guys, whether or not
this is a part of it,
we shouldn't
go back out there.
No, oh, no, no.
Open the fucking door.
- Open it right now.
- Ben, she's gone.
Okay,
we can't go back
out there.
My wife
is out there, okay?
I'm gonna help her.
I'm gonna find her.
Listen, listen, listen.
Just please think about it.
Okay, we cannot separate.
We have to stay together.
Going out there
and leaving us
- isn't gonna bring her back.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah, man.
Number one rule
of horror movies.
Stay together.
If you say horror movie
one more time,
I will fucking
kill you myself.
Do you understand?

Get out of the way.
I'm gonna find my wife.
- (rattles doorknob)
- What did you--
- Just open it.
- Sliding-- sliding...
It's a sliding lock.
No, no,
you're not going
- back out there.
- Oh, come on!
Can you please
call the police again?
They're supposed
to be here by now.
Lindsey,
I am trying to tell you
that all of this
- is Fear Inc.
- I don't fucking care.
- Call them!
- Okay, I will, I will.
Uh...
No, I got no bars.
Okay, I can't call out.
- Would you...
- Look, look, look, um, uh...
Have you--
have you seen
"The Game"?
What the hell
is "The Game"?
From the '90s.
"The Game."
- No!
- Holy shit.
Okay, uh, okay.
Sean Penn buys
Michael Douglas a game--
an experience,
and he has to try
and figure out
what's real
and what's part

of the game.
In the end,
it's all part
of the game.
Yeah, okay,
but this isn't
a fucking game!
Did you hear anything
Ben said yesterday?!
Come on, it's
David fucking Fincher, man.
Joe...
I get that you
are having a good time,
but I am not,
and I don't
want to get hurt.
Okay, okay,
like let's just breathe
for a second.
Let's just breathe,
okay?
I mean, this--
this is turning out better
than I ever hoped it would be.
- (sighs)
- I know, I know, I know.
I love you.
Okay, I'm listening.
I love you.
You know?
I gotta say, like,
isn't this fun?
Seeing you get
all passionate.
This is great.
Come on, this is fun.
Are you hard?
Uh, look, I just-- ah!
You're being
such an asshole!
Sorry, sorry,
I just...
The-- the mood,

the lighting,
the murder.
It just felt right.
I don't know.
I got carried away, okay?
The point is
is that this--
this is a game.
And out there,
that's our best chance to win.
Right now, in here,
I mean,
we're missing
the whole thing.
We are missing everything.
Either way,
we're white, we're rich.
The cops are gonna
be here any second.
The cops were supposed
to be here ages ago.
I don't think
they're coming.
Okay, look, um,
if this is real,
all right,
they know we're in here
and we are--
we are just sitting
and waiting to die.
All right,
and I don't want to do that.
But if this is a game,
and I think it is,
then-- then they
probably want us to go
out there and play.
Either way,
we shouldn't be
sitting here
in this room, okay?
Okay.
- Okay?
- Yes, fine.

Really?

Oh, that is--

that is great.

That's so great.

Oh, we need a weapon.

- Yeah.

- Okay, well,
just be careful.

Do you know
what you're doing?

Yeah, I've seen
a lot of movies, Lind's.

I think I know
what I'm doing.

- All right.

- Check this out.

Ah! Fuck!

Ah! Oh, my God!

God! Fuck!

Well, I hate to say

I told you so.

Not now!

Not now, okay?

Ah! God!

Ah!

Whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa.

- Come here.

- Ah! Ah! Ah!

Fucking nice,
MacGyver.

Okay.

Where is...

Why are there
so many bottles in here?

Ah, I like to pretend

I'm in Narnia.

Sometimes the drinking helps.

You might need a therapist.

- Okay.

- Okay.

You ready?

Whoa, ho ho.

Oh, nice, babe.

Okay, here's the plan.
We stay together.
You and me no matter what.
Also, we should probably
try to be
as quiet as possible.
So, my bad on the yelling.
Now, we go outside.
We get to the door,
we should be safe.

- I love you.
- I love you.
- Um, uh...
- Yes?
- Do you wanna...
- Yes.
- Okay, thanks.
- Here.
- Thanks.
- After you.
- I love you.
- I love you.

Let's fucking do this.
Yeah.

Okay, clear.

Come on.

- Stay calm.
- Can't we just do
normal things?

Yeah, next year.

Come on.

Shh, shh, shh.

Joe, I don't like this.

(doorknob rattling)

What?

This is actually
pretty scary.

Good job, guys.

Very impressive.

(doorknob rattling)

(door creaks)

What the fuck?

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

(woman screaming)

- Did you hear that?
- Yeah. It came from
the backyard.
Shh, shh, shh.
- (woman screaming)
- (gasps) Oh, Joe, Joe, Joe!
Shh, shh, shh, shh.
Come on.
Please, please,
let me just...
Come on.
(door creaking)
- Jesus Christ, any louder?
- Such a loud door.
I know.
I know.
K-k-k...
Ha-ha-ha...
Sorry.
Ah!
(gasping)
Oh, this is so...
- Fuck! Fuck!
- Lindsey.
Quit. That's too much.
This is just too much.
It's "Friday the 13th."
I don't fucking care.
Where are these
psychos coming from?
Man, these prosthetics
are so real.
- Will you stop it?
- Right, right, right, right.
Okay,
this guy could be
anywhere.
So look alive.
Oh, I'm so sorry.
Joe, she's pinned
to the tree?
- We can't just leave her.
- Right, hold tight.
We are gonna get you

down from here, okay?

(wheezy voice)

Yes.

Just--

just calm down,

all right?

Just focus on slow,

steady breathing.

He's here.

- Hmm?

- Run.

No, okay?

We won't leave you.

Go.

- Okay, sorry.

- Come on!

Come on.

- Back inside.

Back inside.

- (screaming)

- In the door! In the door!

- I know! I know!

- Close it! Close it!

- I know!

No, no, no.

I think they can

be out there.

- That's where they got Bill.

- Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

- Oh, shit, look!

- What're we gonna do?

Uh, don't worry.

He can't get inside.

- Ah, fuck!

- I thought you said

the doors were locked.

Hey, man,

let's just take

a timeout, okay?

There's a bat

in the bedroom.

Go get the bat.

- Why?

- Hey, man, let's just--

let's just
calm down, okay?
We've all had fun.
You have watched one
too many horror films, man.
Okay.
We cool?
Hug it out?
(choking)
- (grunts)
- Ugh!
(groaning)
What the fuck, man?
(thud)
Yes.
Holy fuck, man.
Are you good?
(labored breathing)
Gosh, this is intense.
Ben, this looks...
fucking amazing.
(static hissing)
Hello, Joe.
Hello...
Jigsaw?
Unfortunately
for you, Joe,
I'm not a puppet
on a tricycle.
I'm very real.
And so is this experience
you are so sure is a game.
But, hey,
who doesn't enjoy games?
Here is yours.
Oh, man.
This is too good.
This is too good.
(static hisses)
This is your
girlfriend Lindsey.

- **Joe:**

- (moaning)

Did you know
they were gonna do that?

Man:

In order to save her,
your friend Ben here
has volunteered to play
a game with you.
On this table,
lies the necessary tool.
Phase one,
the clue
isn't in seeable form.
In the original,
his right foot led to freedom.
Today, her life
depends on his left hand.
You have two minutes.
Does she live or die?
Ah, okay, okay, okay.
His right foot.
Ben's left hand.
His right foot.
Ben's left hand.
Ah...
Ah...
Original.
Original.
Ah...
Ah...da, da, da.
Fuck!
Oh, shit!
I need to--
I need to cut his leg off
for the first one.
Do you want me
to cut his arm off?
Um...
Uh, the blade is real.
Hey!
There's a real blade
on this!
Uh, Joe.
Okay.

Okay, it's a game.
It's a game.
It's a game.
Hey, man.
You gotta tell me.
Is this real?
(groaning)
Or is this part
of the game, man?
Just give me anything.
Blink at me.
Give me something.
Ah, fuck.
I don't know
what that fucking means.
Joe. Joe.
All right,
no time, no time.
Okay, um...
Left arm, left arm,
left arm.
Right.
David fucking
Fincher, man.
- (blade screeching)
- (grunting)
(yelling)
Ah, hey.
This is--
this is a fake hand
It's a fake hand, man.
Holy fuck.
Oh, this is fucking intense!
Ah! Hah hah!

Man:

Phase one.
Complete.
Phase two.
The key to your freedom
lies within your friend.
(panting)
(gasping)
Where's

the fucking key, man?
Where's the fucking key?
Where's the key, man?

Lindsey:

Joe? Joe?
Oh, shit.

Lindsey:

Joe?
(gasping)
Oh.
Key's inside, huh?
Clever girl.
Clever girl.
All right.
Let's open her up.
Joe, don't do it!
No, Joe!
Joe!
(muffles screams)
Fuck!
No!
Uh!
(muffles screams)
Easy peasy.
All right.
All right.
Hold still, Ben.
Oh.
Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.
That's enough.
That's enough.
That's enough.
That's real blood, man.
Joe? Joe?
Joe?
Ben?
Ben, Ben, Ben, Ben.
No, no, no, no!
Come on, come on, Ben!
No, no, no, no, no!
Ben!
(electrical surging)

Ben.
(music playing)
Ben!
Ben!
I'm sorry.

Lindsey:

Joe? Joe?
Joe?
Lindsey?
Lindsey?
- Joe?
- Lindsey?
Joe?
- Lindsey?
- Joe?
- I'm coming!
- Joe?
Lindsey?
Oh, fuck, baby!
What did they do to you?
(moaning)
Oh, shit.
What the fuck...
I'm gonna call somebody.
I'm gonna
call somebody, okay?
(ringing)

Woman:

9-1-1, what's your emergency?
Yeah, w-w-w--
Someone was supposed to be
here awhile ago, okay?
My-- my fucking
friends are dead!
- My girlfriend...
- Okay, You need
to calm down, sir.
Don't tell me
to calm down, all right?
Did you fucking hear me?
My-- my fucking friends
are dead, all right?

Officers are on their way.
Is there anyone
in the house with you?
I-- I don't know.
I was a couple guys outside
or something like that.
Uh, there's--
I don't think that there's
anyone in the house anymore.
Uh, my-- my girlfriend--
my girlfriend is here.
She's-- she's alive, okay?
She's alive,
but hurt.
Okay, okay, good.
She's alive.
Okay?
Listen,
just-- just, uh,
just send help,
okay, please, please?
Please just--
just send help.
Help is on the way, sir.
Are you sure
no one else is in the house?
Yeah, I-- I-- I mean...
I don't see anyone.
I think they're all gone.
I think
they're all out
of the house.
- Yeah.
- (door creaking)
Ahh!
Ugh!
Yahh!
You're making a mistake!
Fuck you,
you piece of shit!
You asked for this!

911 Operator:

Sir, are you still there?

Sir, what happened?

Sir, talk to me.

Hello?

Hello?

What's happening, sir?

- Hello?

- Hello?

Uh, no, no, no, no, no.

Uh, there's a...

There was

a man in the house,

but he's, um...

He's gone now.

Um...

- Baby, what did you say?

- Operator:

You need to tell me

what just happened.

Baby.

- Oh, my God.

- Sir? Hello?

Okay, okay.

Don't worry, all right?

- Help is on the way.

- What did you do?

Operator:

Sir, where is the guy

in your house?

There is a guy

still in the house.

So, uh, I-- I-- I--

- I killed him.

- Oh, fuck.

Oh, fuck.

Are you still on the phone?

Yeah, it--

it's the police.

Hang up the fucking phone!

- What're you...

- Operator:

Hang it up!

What the hell is going on,
Lindsey?
He's dead.
Yeah, he's dead.
Okay?
You were right,
you guys were right
all along.
These people
are fucked up.
They killed our friends!
They didn't!
They didn't! Okay?
Okay.
Lindsey,
what's happening?
What's happening,
I thought this was--
I thought
this was a game.
Look at Ben.
Did I kill--
Did I--
No, no, no,
you didn't--
Hey, hey,
this is what you wanted.
This isn't what I want.
This is not what I want.
It was Fear, Inc.
Fear Inc. happened.
That's what's
been happening.
Then why did you guys
keep trying to stop it?
Because we wanted you
to believe it was real!
Heyo! Oh, hey!
Wait, wait!
We're done already?
I thought we were going

till like 4:

I'm not complaining,

but this thing was really
digging into my leg.
What, really?
I thought you
were dead, man.
- No, you didn't.
- I thought you were dead.
No. What?
So, what, you guys
were in on this?
In on it?
I convinced them to do it.
We knew that
you'd love it.
It's fucking awesome,
wasn't it?
- That's--
- Um, we have a problem.
Oh, no,
what happened?
Um--
What did you do?
Oh, fuck.
Is that guy dead?
Oh, my God.
I thought you two
were dead, you know.
What?
We're fine.
The only person that's dead
is this fucking actor,
you fucking idiot,
what is wrong with you?
How was
I supposed to know?
This all didn't seem
a little too much to you?
All the horror movie shit.
This, this, you believed this?
Yeah, I did think
it was fake, okay?
That's why
I wanted to do it.
But then it started

to happen and it was so real.

I thought I was doing
the right thing!

You guys are good actors!

- (phone buzzes)

- Oh, Jesus.

Oh, fuck, they're calling.

What are we gonna do?

Ash, we're getting
out of here, come on.

- But--

- Come on, baby, let's go!

What? No!

- Come on.

- You can't leave us here!

No, these people
are actually crazy, Joe,
and you just took
this shit to a whole
different level now.

Yeah, but we're
in this together!

No, we're not.

You fucking killed
one of them, Joe!

I mean, what do you think
they're going to do to us
when they find out, huh?

(phone buzzes)

I'm sorry, but these guys
are going to come back
and we have a family
to think about.

- Come on, baby.

- Let's go.

No, you can't leave!

We have to call the cops.

Why the hell aren't
the fucking cops here?

That's because--

Hey, hey, that's because
they weren't

the cops, all right?

I'm sorry, what?

Joe, this wasn't
a little gimmick,
this was a big
fucking deal.
Last week
they reconfigured
our entire
electrical system.
They even reprogrammed
your phone
so that all of your
911 calls go directly
to Fear, Inc.
So you're telling me
that this whole time
I was talking to one
of their employees?
You didn't think
it was at all strange
that nobody
showed up here?
You're right.
You're right.
This is my fault.
I'm gonna turn myself in.
I'm gonna turn myself in.
And I'm gonna
tell them that you guys
had nothing to do with it.
That this was on me, okay?
And that they'll leave
you guys out of it.
What did
this company expect?
What did they expect?
Okay, Joe, listen.
This company.
They're not exactly
a part of the Better
Business Bureau.
Okay?
They're not gonna let
us get away with this.
So are you saying

that we shouldn't
call the police?
Lindsey,
we're not gangsters!
We're not gonna
dump the body!
No, that's exactly
what we're gonna do.
That's what
we have to do,
we have to get rid
of the body.
We say it ended at 3:00,
we had a great time,
and then he left.
We just-- hey,
we just have to pretend
that we have no idea
that something went wrong.
Ben and Ashley,
they will vouch for us
because they
don't want this to go
any further either.
Who would hire
a company like this?
You would!
Okay, listen.
My uncle,
he has this plot
of undeveloped land
in the desert just
outside of San Bernardino,
we're gonna take the body
there, we're gonna dump it
and then we're gonna
come back here and pretend
like nothing happened, okay?
I can't believe
this is happening.
I just can't believe
this is happening.
I know, but it is.
And I have to try

and get us out of it.
(struggling, straining)
Careful, careful,
careful, careful.
Watch out
for the roses.
Oh, fuck,
the car!
Fuck!
Okay, let's go!
He's gotta have
the keys on him!
Okay, hold him.
This is disgusting!
Awesome!
Okay!
(car beeps)
Okay, great,
you're gonna get the van,
you're gonna reverse
it into the driveway,
and then I'm gonna
go get a shovel, okay?
We're gonna
take their van?
(brakes squeak)
Stop, stop!
Holy shit!
These people
take their jobs
fucking seriously.
That's why we have to
get the fuck out of here.
Okay, come on.
(grunting)
- Okay.
- Oh, man.
Jesus Christ.
What?
Oh, my God.
They've researched
us for weeks.
They have phone numbers,
pictures, receipts...

They know everything
about us, Joe.
Fuck!
It's Fear, Inc.
It's fucking them.
It's fucking them!
Okay, fine,
just look ahead.
Just look ahead.
Don't look at them.
(all cheering)
- Oh, fuck!
- Fucking shit!
Okay, see?
Just some fucking teenagers
on their way home
from a party.
It's fine.
Okay,
just drive slowly.
Be safe, be calm,
it's fine.
It's fine.
(siren wails)
Fuck! We're being
fucking pulled over!
Joe! I told you
to not do anything stupid!
How fast were you going?
Oh, fuck!
(siren stops)
(knocks on window)

Officer:

In a rush, are we?
I'm really sorry,
Officer.
You had anything
to drink tonight?
Uh, no, no.
Not at all.
I've been at home
all night.
It's the middle of the night,

driving recklessly...
Yeah, it's
'cause we're actually
late for a flight.
We were supposed
to be going to Hawaii.
It's a second
honeymoon of sorts.
Wow, Hawaii.
I'm jealous.
Yeah.
(chuckles)
All right,
license and registration
and I'll make this
as quick and painless
as possible.
Thank you, Officer.
I guess it's--
Shit, um, actually
it looks like
I forgot my wallet
at home, Officer.
How were you planning
on getting on a flight
with no ID?
A young couple,
driving an unmarked van
with no license plates
toward the desert this late?
You got a body
in the back of this thing?
I'm just yanking
your chain.
(laughing)
I'm gonna run
this registration.
Mind if I grab
your license, honey,
just to have something
to put in the file?
You know,
you won't believe this,
but I think

I've left it at home, too.
With his.
Doesn't look
like you two
are gonna be going
to Hawaii this morning.
Oh, we're fucked.
We're totally fucked.
I knew we should have gone
to cops when this all started!
Hey, calm down!
Aside from speeding,
we haven't done anything wrong.
He has no reason
to search the van,
all right?
What if he's
Fear, Inc.?
Joe, he's a fucking cop.
Oh, I don't know,
my head is all
screwed up from
this whole thing.
What if he's one of them
and he wants to take us back
to his warehouse
and kill us or something?
Okay, you have
to stop.
This is just gonna
make things worse.
We're going
to be fine,
we haven't done
anything wrong.
All right?
Okay, stay calm.
Tell me, Mr. Foster,
what is Customized Events, LLC,
and why are you driving
their van to the airport?
It's my brother's company.
You know, when I--
My car's in the shop

and he let's me borrow
one of their vans.
How did you--
how did you know my name?
Sir, you need
to calm down.
I never told you
my name and I never
gave you my license.
Calm down, sir.
Hey, what precinct exactly
are you working with?
I'm gonna need you
to step out of the vehicle.
(splattering)
(gasping, shouting)
Go, go, go!
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!
Hey, ready?
Yeah, yeah.
Joe-- Ooh.
Okay.
All right, um, on three,
I guess, okay?
Yeah. Oh, God!
It's okay,
it's okay, it's okay.
Real quick.
(car tires screech)
Did you hear that?
- Is that--
- What?
How the fuck
did they find us?
Oh, my God, there's
gotta be GPS in the van.
- Uh,
- Joe, what do we--
This way, run, run!
Get down!
Get down!
(muttering, sobbing)
Shh, shh, shh.
What are they gonna do,

What are they gonna do,
What are they gonna do?
Joe!
We know you're
out here, Joe!
I'll make you a deal.
Come on out,
we let the princess live.
(rustling)
Abe, you hear that?
It's getting late
and I need my beauty sleep.
What do you say?
Just turn yourself over
and she goes home,
safe and sound.
Last chance.
Show her you still got
those tiny little balls
she first
fell in love with.
What's it gonna be, Joe?
I'm gonna go.
I love you.
- No!
- Hey!
Joe!
(both struggling)
No, man--
fuckin'--
No, don't--
Wow, Joe.
Boyfriend of the year.
Look, man,
it was an accident.
- Quiet!
- It was just a mistake.
Check him.
(shouts)

Abe:

Easy, Cat.
You people.
You think you can do

whatever you want,
with no repercussion.
No, it's not true, man.
We thought he--
(shouts)
We thought the guy--
Tom, his name was Tom!
Did you know he had a wife?
That he had
a fucking daughter?
I thought he was
gonna kill her, man.
I thought he was
gonna kill her.
That's the service
you paid us for.
You called us!
No, we tried!
I tried!
But you guys said
it was sold out.
All right,
when it started,
yeah, I played along.
What kind of fucked up
company do you guys run?
You made me think
that I killed my friend.
It was a fucking plastic hand.
You're the horror buff, Joe.
You should have known!
(shouts)
Please, man you
gotta stop, okay?
It was just
an accident, man.
- Tie him up.
- It's a fucking accident!
(muffled)
You took my friend's
last breath.
Now we're gonna
take hers.
(Lindsey choking)

(Joe, muffled)
Lindsey!
(Lindsey coughs)

Joe:
Lindsey!
(gunshot echoes)

Joe:
Lindsey!

Abe:
Let's go!

Joe:
Oh, God!
(Joe sobbing)
(grunts)
Oh, God!
(sobbing)
No, no, no, no.
Please, no.
(sobbing)
(sobbing continues)
(grunts)
(whimpering)
(grunting)
No.
(grunts)
(shouts)
I'll go
Down this road
To find my brother
I'll go
Down this road
To find a friend
I'll go
Down this road
To find a sinner
In myself
I'll go down
Down
This road
Again.

(knocking)
Can I help you?
Do you have a phone
I could use?
Yeah, we got a phone,
but I'm gonna first need you
to tell me who you are
and what happened.
Some guys,
they-- they killed
my girlfriend
out there in the desert.
I walked here, I just--
please-- just please
can I use your phone?
Phone's on the counter.
(dial tone)
(dialing)

Woman on phone:

Was that scary
enough for you?
What?
Hi.
Uh--
Oh, my God, baby.
You're-- you're alive.
You're all--
you're all right.
I am.
And you are.
And you did it,
you did it.
Oh, I missed you, too.
Wait, wait,
what do you mean?
What did I do?
What did I--
what's going on?
This all part
of our package.
I'm sorry.
What? What--
Are you fucking serious?

Yeah, I told them
how obsessed you were
with horror movies,
and they took
it from there,
they've catered this
whole thing to you!
Okay, so, um...
Oh, that means
that everything--
that was--
that was planned?
- That was--
- Hey, Joe.
Fuck!
It's okay.
Welcome
to the wrap party.
How you feeling, dude?
Pete, turn up the lights
and get some brews,
cast and crew
is on their way.
After 48 hours of this,
we need to decompress.
(chuckles)
- Uh.
- Come on, sit down.
Right there.
This is--
this is crazy.
Does that mean
that Ben and Ashleigh,
they were in
on everything, too?
- (shouts)
- (shouts mockingly)
Are you kidding me?
Look at you.
He's still scared!
What is wrong with you?
You know
what hand this is?
This is my

lovemaking hand, Joe.
Oh, my God.
I fucking hate you.
(laughing)
Aw, well that
was an experience.
An experience?
This was a fucking nightmare
is what it was.
Surprise.
- (chuckles)
- Oh.
I said please,
baby, please
Won't you just
stop jacking with my head?
So, um, you guys
knew everything
that was gonna happen?
Uh, kind of.
We had this, like,
bullet-point version,
but most of it
was just improv.
Not knowing everything
probably made it
all much more
believable, right?
Even when I knew
when something
was going to happen,
it still ended up
scaring the shit out of me.
Yeah.
So you guys just
made up all that stuff
about them being crazy?
What? No. Dude.
These people are
really fucked up, man.
But I knew you'd
love it, all right?
Come on, these people
are fucking degenerates.

You gotta be
a little off to do this.
Yeah, to be honest,
I'm just glad
that it's over
and that no one got hurt.
There's a time where
I definitely started
to question them.

Yeah.

And to think, these guys
do this every fucking week.

(glass clinking)

Ladies and gentlemen,
we meet here once again.
For the past eight years,
all over the country,
a few of the privileged
have hired our little
gang of misfits
to create an experience
they'll never forget.

And you know what,
they never have.

No matter
what the situation,
or how big the project
we're working on,
you all give it
110 percent every time.

Tonight's victim,
Joe Foster gave us
quite a fight.

Yay!

It's impressive to make
it out of a horror movie alive.

But to make it
out of several,

Well,

that's quite a feat.

I'll leave you
with a quote from one
of my favorite movies.

"You are the disease,

and I'm the cure."
Whoa, all right.
Oh, I get it.
is this time
for the gangbang,
is that what's
about to happen?
Wait, why do I know this?
(gunshot)
(screams)
Let go!
Lindsey!
Joe, Joe!
(screams)
Joe,
you didn't think
we'd let you leave
without experiencing
your all-time
favorite death scene?
Joe!
Please let her go!
No!
(choking)

Abe:

Cut to black, bitch.
(phone ringing)
(music playing on radio)
Hello?
Oh, well,
I'm so sorry,
we're sold out.
Got another one, boys!
(music playing)