



Scripts.com

Green Room

By Jeremy Saulnier

-Pat:

Shit.

Sam.

Pat:

-What's wrong?

- Fuck.

-What'd you do, tiger?

-When did we crash?

-Sam:

-I guess I fell asleep.

-Yeah...

With the engine running.

-Fully charged.

Did you kill the battery too?

-You hear the radio?

-There's a skating rink
about 11 miles from here.

Big parking lot.

-Ice skating
or rollerskating?

-Just says they're open.

Why?

-Reece:

Hockey players whoop more ass.

-I don't know, dude.

I've seen some pretty
bad-ass roller skaters.

At 7:

All right,

I'll come with.

-Sam?

-Sam:

-Tad:

Awesome.

Hey, I work nights,

but I'll catch up

with you guys for breakfast.

-Okay.

-I'm in 2-r up the stairs.

Just crash wherever.

Uh, park in the side lot.

Rear doors tight to the walls

so no one steals your shit.

-All right.

Yeah?

-Sam:

These all have mushrooms.

-This dude's legit.

-Reece:

Why? 'Cause he wakes up

at 5:

to put jizz in his hair?

-Tiger:

Mm...

No. He's true.

-Ree-ree.

Who you callin'?

-Is that your business?

-I get the bills.

-I'm going to bed.

-We're gonna drink.

Mornin'.

-Hello.

You were the first

to fall asleep?

-Okay, I'm with the ain't rights

from Washington, D.C.

-Uh, technically, we're

from Arlington.

-Tad:

Nice. Uh, and this is

for seaside hcfm.

-Not for the zine?

-Tad:

a print version for that,

but this will run
on our college station.
Uh, if that's cool.

-Sam:

Yeah.

-So, you guys working
on anything new?

-Sam:

Mm, yeah. A few songs.
Maybe enough for,
like, a seven inch.

-Tad:

Sweet. Will you
actually press one?

-Yeah, if we can afford it.

-Tad:

Yeah, no, I really dig
the analog style.
Uh, which brings
me to the fact
you guys are hard to find.
Why no social media presence?

-Reece:

That's because
booking more shows,
selling more records
would blow.

-It's not hard rock.

-No one wants to starve, but...

When you take it all virtual,
you lose...

The texture.

-What do you mean "texture"?

-Just... you gotta be there.

The music is for effect.

It's time and aggression...

-Technical wizardry.

-And it's shared live...

And then it's over.

The energy can't last.
-Unless you're iggy pop.
-Yeah, well good for him,
but I don't think I wanna
be in my 70's still listening
to minor threat.
-But tiger does.
-I won't live to be 70, so...
-Okay, so, uh,
this is a good seg
into one of my traditions.
Uh, for each of you,
name your desert island band.
-Only one?

-Reece:

If I were to
say black sabbath,
would I get
ozzy and dio?
-No caveats.
Just name the band.
-Okay.
-Misfits.
No, the damned.
-Um...

-Tiger:

-Sam:

-Cro-mags.

-Tad:

That's a good one also.

-Reece:

Why don't you say
something, dude?

-Tiger:

What about steely Dan?
-Hm. No, candlebox.
-He's a juggalo.
-Uh... uh...

-Tiger:

-Hey-- hey, you--
you-- you're gonna
edit this, right?
-I can chop it up a bit.

-Tiger:

let it go raw, man.
-Um, when is this gonna air?
Like, maybe we should
plug the show?
-Yeah. Um...
My last show
at the muni center
didn't end well.
Uh, lots of vomit,
some fecal matter.
County commissioner got wind
and pulled my permit.
You guys were
already en route.
-No, you gotta
give us a kill fee.
-We went 90 miles
out of our way.
-I've got a backup lined up.
Um, lunch,
50% cut on the door,
and you guys would headline.
-Is anyone still on the bill?
-No.
Turn that shit off.
-I gave you my cut.
Uh, the house got theirs,
but I didn't--
-split four ways,
it's six bucks each.
-\$6.87.
.88 if you just round up...
You dip-shit, fashion punk
clown motherfucker.
-Christ.
-Now easy there, jiu-jitsu.

-Yeah. We don't wanna
go to jail, too.
I think you just
ended this tour.
-Fuck yes. Let's call it.

-Sam:

All right, so we'd
have to beeline to DC.
We have enough
for one tank.
We'd have to siphon
the rest of the way.

-Reece:

That's not a problem.
We got rice and beans.
-We can head up north.
Take the 80 all the way.
-What the fuck
you doing, man?
-Let me call my cousin.
I can get you guys
a solid gig.
-Where? Here?
-Scene is dead.
You'd have to dip
down closer to Portland.

-Tiger:

I say we just gank his vinyl.
-All right, so all set.
Uh, matine tomorrow.

Door's at 1:

you guys are on at 3:00.
I texted the addy.

-Sam:

-Uh, \$350.
Minus your tab.
And, um, just so you know,
it's mostly boots
and braces down there.

-Skins? There's some
at every show.
-What? D.M.S.? Sharp?
-Uh, right-wing,
or technically ultra-left,
but not affiliated.
-And your cousin's cool?

-Tad:

Uh, don't talk politics,
but stick with Daniel.
-I'd tag along,
but he and his girl are
coming here to crash.
Gotta vacuum and shit.
-So they're not,
like, burning crosses
or anything, right?
Like, we just play rock?
-Uh, I'd play
your earlier stuff.
Heavier stuff.
I usually keep the originals,
but since this one
never happened...
Can I still
run that interview?
-Yeah.
What station is it on?
-Uh, fm 85.5.
Breakfast with champions.
Thanks.

-Reece:

I'm sorry I almost
obliterated you, man.
-Not a problem.
Take it easy.
-At least the dude can draw.
-Yeah, it's pretty sweet.
-Yo, pat...
You know, there's something
I've never told people...
Or anyone,

for that matter.

-What?

-Was that real? Ew!

-Tiger:

Open your window.

-Sam:

Good.

-You tad's friends?

-Uh, he sent us.

Are you cousin Dan?

-Daniel:

Daniel.

You guys look hammered.

-Tiger:

One night at tad's
will do that to you.

And if your girl's
gonna be crashing--

-don't mention that.

-Okay, I was just--

-yeah, no worries whatsoever.

Just shut the fuck up
about it him and me and her.

-Yeah.

-Drummer? Drummer?

Using the house kit

or are you using yours?

-I'll use mine.

-Okay. Load in's here.

-Sam:

That's bullshit.

-"Aren't rights"? Yeah.

-Stage rest in here.

Don't block the hallway.

The owner doesn't fuck around
with the fire codes.

Sound check in 15.

You're on in 20.

-Got it.

-Pat:

Hey, tiger...

Are you okay?

-Yeah, I'm fine.

-Sam:

Are these guys not creeps?

--They run a tight ship.

-Except it's a u-boat.

-Hey, y'all...

I got a dumb idea.

-Stagehand:

Where'd you say

the power supply was?

-It's like a mini-transformer...

-Testing, testing one, two.

Meow.

-Stagehand:

-Pat:

There's no guitar.

-Or not.

-This was your fucking idea.

You back out now,

i tell them you're Jewish.

Go.

-Evening, ladies and gentlemen.

We are the ain't rights,

or the aren't rights.

Either one...

Two, three, four!

-Crowd:

Fuck off! Come on!

-Thank you.

That was a cover.

What should we do next?

-Sam:

Coronary.

-Tiger:

This one's a treat.

-Sam:

to fire code?

-Yeah, sorry guys.

We have to make room
for the headliner.

-Cowcatcher, right?

-Big Justin:

Yes. You gotta clear out, okay?

Here you are.

-Thank you.

-Big Justin:

And you guys follow me, okay?

All right.

I'll get you one more
two liter for the road.

Okay, come on.

-You all right with that?

-I'll be careful. I understand.

-Aw, shit. My phone...

-Pat:

My phone. I--

I'll catch up with--

-i got you.

-Sam:

-Excuse me, y'all.

-Oh shit.

-Can you call the cops?

-Guitarist:

-Hey, stop!

What the fuck?

-I told you to follow.

-No!

Go, go, go!

Uh, yeah. I-- i--

i guess I am. I don't know.

There's been a--

there's been a stabbing!
She-- whoa! Whoa!
Whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa.
--Goddamn it!
-They didn't lock the door.
You didn't lock the door!
-No! Don't talk
and don't touch them!
Stay put!
It's fine.
-What the fuck happened?
-Just give me a minute!
Something terrible.
Stay with them.
-Okay.

-Sam:

- It's okay. Don't worry,
don't worry. Get back inside.
-What the fuck is going on?

-Gabe:

Up. In the room.
Hey! Go! Go!
Up the stairs.
It's okay. Let's go.
Just go. Come on, guys.

-Tiger:

-Gabe:

--Oh, what the fuck, man?

-Gabe:

It's okay. It's fine.
Turn that pa down.
-You didn't lock the door.
-You were right there!

-Big Justin:

-Gabe:

Hello?

- Woman:

emergency services.

-Yeah, we got cut off.

I was calling to report
a stabbing.

-Gabe:

Yes.

Yes, ma'am.

-Did you call Darcy?

-He's on his way.

He knows about that...

Not this.

-You can't keep us here, man.

You gotta let us go.

-Gabe:

You're just staying.

You're up.

-What the fuck is
that supposed to mean?

-Just relax!

Everyone, just relax.

Cops are coming.

-See how easy that is?

-Motherfucker!

Look what you did!

-Amber, chill the fuck out!

- Yes. Please.

-Darcy here?

-Not yet.

-I need \$600 cash.

-You just signed out \$350.

-Somebody's dead.

-Still gotta keep the books.

What else do you need?

-A true believer.

-How 'bout two?

- Maybe she's not dead.

-Sam:

I'm just saying.

Like, there's not

a lot of blood.
You know, so, like,
maybe she's just...
And who are we
to say that she's...

Sam:

-Big Justin:

Come on, man.
What are you doing?

Tiger:

-There it is.
-Oh, my god.

-Reece:

We gotta fucking
go right now.
-Now we didn't see shit.
We-- we--
we were so drunk.
-All right, just wait, okay?
Cops are on the way.

-Gabe:

Above and beyond, gentlemen.
You need me to do it?

-Twin 1:

-Won't even be the first time.
--Hurry up.

Twin 1:

-All right, that's it.
-Okay, let me see it.
The knife.
It's an inch too short
for felony possession,
so you don't have to worry
about the...
Actually, give me
that money back.

-Twin 2:

What?

It's like vouchers
and shit.

We'll hold it for you.

Come on.

If you do any time,
we'll double it.

Now talk to 'em.

-You the victim?

-Twin 1:

-Officer:

Kneel down.

Both of you,
ankles crossed.

-Gabe:

That's the owner.

I called him too.

-Darcy:

All right, let's give them
some room to work, folks.

-Are you the owner?

-Darcy:

Yes, ma'am.

-Cowcatcher, clear out.

-Hey, where are the cops?

-Gabe:

-Tiger:

-Amber:

What are you doing?

-We're sorting it out.

Just hang tight, Amber.

-Your set was pretty good.

-What?

-What was the name
of your second to last song?

-Uh...

To-- toxic evolution.

-It's fucking hard, man.

That's the one

i did her to.

-All right, he's got

six bullets...

-For real?

-...If we all go at once--

-tiger:

-For what?

-Sam:

-It doesn't matter.

-Okay.

They're called cartridges.

The bullet is the part

that enters your brain

if you keep talking shit.

And this gun only has

five cartridges, not six,

'cause they're big as fuck

and only five fit the cylinder.

So, please shut the fuck up

and don't test me.

-Reece, you're making it worse.

-We sit and we wait.

-And we die?

-Not if you sit

and you wait.

-It's just the one

to 911 at 3:

and then mine

was at 3:

-You called?

-911 called back

and I answered.

-Be clear.

Who else knows besides--

you said Daniel's cousin?

-Tad.

There was a text from him
last night with our address,
but he doesn't know anything.

-Except who they are,
where they are...

Maybe where
they're supposed to be next.

Fuck.

Check emails.

-They played their set
to the crowd.

-Then we'll assume
the wide world knows
and they'll be tracking that.

-Give it to me.

I was trying to
buy some time
and contain this
until we could--

-contain?

-It was pretty rapid fire.

-I appreciate your initiative
and we all love werm.

-He's a brother.

-And you might have
visited him in prison.

Makes a difference.

Now we're all
in the stew
for an impulsive act,
for a selfish act,
under my roof.

You see a way
out of this?

-Gabe:

For them?

No.

-We still have to find one.

Okay. This is good.

-No guns.

You have a "no trespassing" sign
posted at the residence?

-We got

"beware of dogs."

-That's better.

-Does anyone even
know we're in here?

-No one who cares. Tad?

-I think we go.

-I think we go too.

- Big Justin:

person that moves--

-Gabe:

Everyone okay?

-Just about.

Gabe?

-Gabe:

-No!

-Where are the cops?

-Big Justin:

Do you want

me to open the door,

or do you want me to blow

your fucking head off?

Back the fuck off!

-Gabe:

-They're trying to run at me!

-Gabe:

Do not shoot them!

-Big Justin:

You know what?

That's on them.

-Where are the cops?

-Gabe:

Give them the gun!

-Say again?

-Gabe:

It's over!

Give them the gun.

-Okay, I told you
they just tried
to run at me--

-Gabe:

Then take the bullets out!
Just hand it over now!
Do not shoot them!
-Is Darcy here?

-Gabe:

-Darcy:

Gentlemen, I'm the owner.
-Okay, why the fuck
didn't you just tell me?

-Darcy:

Truly sorry about this.
Playing catch-up here myself.
-They're playing
a fucking show.

-Pat:

Uh...
Thank you, but...
We open the door
for the police,
or we keep the bullets.
Uh, the cartridges.

-Darcy:

I've got no problem with that.
-Okay, I handed them the gun.
I'm gonna head out now.
-No, you're not.
-Let him open the door.
-Hang on.
-No, he gave us the gun,
he gave us the gun--

-big Justin:

Letting me do anything.

I gave you the goddamn
gun, okay?

-Darcy:

-He's right.

Pat, do the math.

Where are the police?

-Darcy:

a while out here.

-Stay back.

-Darcy:

that no one else gets hurt
in the meantime.

- Big Justin:

you the damn gun...

- Tiger!

-Reece:

-Darcy:

-Reece:

Get him down!

-Darcy:

What's happening?

-Shh!

Darcy:

Shouldn't have locked the door.

-Shit. Sam!

-Get the bullets!

All right, load the gun.

-Darcy:

-Big Justin:

-Fine, but we would rather
wait for the police!

-Darcy:

Justin?

-Reece:

He's fine...

But he's gonna wait too!

-Understood, gentlemen.

Hold tight.

-You think they know?

-I think they're
smarter than you!

-Darcy...

Man.

-I apologize.

We'll do it here.

Stage it up the road.

-Okay.

-Pat:

that Gonzo shit, man?

-So in a tournament,

I snap his arm or he taps out
and we all go get burgers.

-Snap it.

-Come on.

-Look, we've got the gun.

Why don't we just let him--

-wait, wait. I don't want it.

All right? I don't--

i don't feel good with it.

Who wants it?

-Not me.

-Sam:

-No. I can't shoot.

-I can.

-No, not you.

-Then fucking keep it.

-Reece:

I'll take it

when I'm up.

When I let go...

What are you gonna do?

Butt-fuck everyone

in the room.

-You're gonna sit
criss-cross applesauce.

Say it.

-I'm gonna sit
criss-cross apple sau--

-nice.

-Now lean against the chair.

-Hey, is there another
way out of here?

-No.

-You fed 'em yet today?

-It doesn't matter.

They're professionals.

-Darcy:

You might lose
a couple by morning
maybe a bunch.

-Clark:

Like I said, they're pros.
They earn.

-You'll be compensated.
Christ. How many people
are on that list?

-Clark:

It's 1,200 for a prospect,
two for a bait dog.
No studs, no champs
unless you wanna pay
20 grand a head.

-Darcy:

This might cost you
your livelihood, Clark.
As long as it doesn't
cost me mine, you're covered.

-There are gonna be cops,
so clean up the residence.

Maybe leave a roach
in an ashtray.

Put Daniel on that door

and bring the Van around.

Shit.

The keys.

-They're with them,
i guess.

I don't know.

-We need them.

-I got a ton
of shit to do.

-Go on.

This is a fire hazard.

-I wouldn't put
Daniel on the door.

-Fine. Plenty to do.

Where's Daniel?

-He stepped out.

I'm covering.

Everything okay?

-Meet me
at the utility shed.

-Darcy:

This a new ride?

-Yeah.

Just turning it over.

I think it's getting choked.

Wrong filter.

-She's a beaut.

-What's up?

-Need some
of the squad.

Red laces only.

-Tonight?

-Darcy:

The list.

This is everybody
who knows?

-Yeah. Including the band.

-Knows what?

-Manageable.

From here on out,
not a single name gets added
unless they have red laces.

-There's 80 people in there.
-You plus four.
Give Gabe the keys
in case we have to play valet.
We're losing light.

-Tiger:

-Sam:

Whoa, watch out!
That could be asbestos.

-Tiger:

-You don't have
a phone, do you?
-They took it.
Hers too.
-I'm gonna search her, okay?

-Sam:

Careful. That one
could be a live wire.

-Tiger:

It's a speaker wire.

-Sam:

What'd you find?

-Pat:

Uh...
"Fleisch wolf"?

-Sam:

Uh... Fleisch means...
Uh, flesh.
Or meat.
Like a fleisch salad.
It's German.
-So "meat wolf"?

-Sam:

Yeah.
-This shit's solid.

-Great.

-Pat:

Okay. Empty out your pockets.

-Come search me, faggot.

-Just shoot him.

-Come on.

-Can I get up?

-Reece:

On the chair.

Slowly. Slowly.

-Turn 'em out.

-Come on, man.

Other one.

-Oh fuck.

Good call.

-Turn it out,
for fuck's sake.

-Pat:

What is that?

Give that to me.

Hand it over!

Big Justin:

- Wait, was that a phone?

- Pat:

point it at the door.

Point the gun at the door.

-Sam:

It's a raid.

-Amber:

-Pat:

-Sam:

-Reece:

Justin, don't move.

-Pat:

-Reece:

-Pat:

-Reece:

-Careful now.
Smoke this.

-Big Justin:

Deal.
-And if the cherry does
something that you don't like...
Shoot.

-Reece:

Thank you, Amber.
-Get comfortable.

-Sam:

Pretty smart for a Nazi.

-Amber:

I'm not a Nazi.

-Pat:

How do you fall
for this shit?

-Amber:

the people who were gonna
hurt me weren't white.

-Pat:

Any of them women?

-Amber:

It's a problem
where I grew up.

-Reece:

-Pat:

I think we got
a white people--

-Reece:

-Amber:

Oh, fuck you.

- It looks like
we tripped our main.

-Our back-up gennie is fired up,
but we're gonna to have to
call it a day
and do some troubleshooting.

--We'll try again on Sunday.

No door charge.

Hell, free drinks

from 2:

-Those of you attending
the racial advocacy workshop
on Wednesday,
assume it's on
unless you hear otherwise.

And remember...

This is a movement,
not a party.

--All right.

Stay safe!

Godspeed.

-Who hasn't smoked yet?

All right, you guys are
gonna come with me.

-You're not
worried they'll talk?

-They've got priorities.

Tell them the party is
on us if they hole up
for a couple of days.
Put this fire out first.

-Grove street?

-My dope nigger stamps
in case one of these meat-heads
gets booked
for possession.

All right.
Let's get y'all
somewhere safe.

-Sam:

Treasure?
-Daylight. Underneath.
-They're moving our gear.
-Yes?

-Darcy:

We're loading you out.
-Are there cops here?

-Darcy:

They've come and gone.
It got a little complicated.
-We're so fucked.

-Darcy:

Uh, I'm getting hoarse.
Can you hear me
if I speak at this volume?
-Yeah.
-Yes.

-Darcy:

Good.
Um...
And can we please
elect just one voice?
-Yes.

-Darcy:

Okay. Now, you're trapped.
That's not a threat.
It's a fact.
-Well, we have a loaded gun.
That's also just a fact.

-Darcy:

Oh, we have plenty
more guns on hand.
We just want you out.

Not harmed.

Now, the firearm you have
is not registered.

I wanted it out of the picture
before the authorities arrived,
but you refused,
so here we are.

-Bullshit.

-Yeah.

Here we are.

-Darcy:

for my associates.

They panicked.

-Yeah, no shit! Man, we're--

-Darcy:

No one is trying
to wipe the slate clean.
Whatever you saw or did
is no longer my concern.
You tell whoever you want
whatever you want.
All I ask is that
you understand
you were held here
for your own safety
before you were released.

-Okay.

Yes. Thank you.

But just...

Just to be clear...

The police are coming back?

-Darcy:

They've come and gone.

-Well, that's what
concerns us, man!

-Darcy:

I just want that gun
out of the picture.

-Okay.

-Reece:

-Sorry.

-What do we do?

-We dig through
the fucking floor.

-While we just wait?

They could shoot us
at any time.

-Yeah, but they haven't.

How do we even know
that they have guns?

-They have guns.

No question.

-We're gonna trust you?

-We've got zero leverage.

-Ask for a phone...

For the gun.

-All right.

-What about him?

-Yeah, I mean,

the minute we give it up,
what if he just, like, attacks?

-Then I'll wrap him up.

-Okay.

So we see what they think?

-Mm-hmm.

-All right.

Uh, we'll give you

the gun for a cell phone.

-Darcy:

Sorry, no.

-Okay, well, how about
a registered firearm?

-Darcy:

Justin, you alive and well?

-I'm alive.

-Darcy:

Gentlemen, I hope
you appreciate the situation.
Things have gone south,
no doubt.

But you know if you don't
hand over that gun,
it won't end well.
You see...
For all I know, i--
i come to my place of business
and there is
an out of town band
locked in a room
with an unregistered firearm.
-Oh, come on!

-Darcy:
inside there
and maybe there's
a hostage, too!
So what do I do?
Am I within my rights
to intervene?
Should I kick down the door
and start shooting?

Darcy:
Can we just remove
the guns from the equation?
These are my questions.
You've got
30 seconds to answer.
-Okay, hold on. Hold on.
Great. Anyone got
any smart ideas?
-Justin, get on the floor.
Get on the fuckin' floor
right now. Go.
All right. Sam,
come around here.
Slowly, I want you
to take the gun from me.

-Sam:

-Reece:

-Sam:

-Okay. Nice and easy.

Play nice,
and I'll be nice.

-Sam:

Please.

Don't do anything.

-This is fuckin' retarded.

-Pat:

but we either hand over the gun
or we open fire with it.

-I vote for that.

-You don't have a vote, okay?

--I mean we're taking
chances either way, so--

-tiger:

So we're fuckin' dead, guys.

-At least this way,

we find out

if all we're doing now
is buying time.

-For them.

-Reece:

At this point,

I'm just fucking curious.

-Okay...

We'll give you the gun.

But we're gonna

keep the ammo.

-Darcy:

Fine. Safer for everyone.

-All right, let's move

this fucking couch.

-Sam:

Okay.

-All right, keep still.

-Okay, stand back!

-Darcy:

You've got it.

-Here we go.

-Darcy:

May I approach?

-Pat:

No!

No. I'm gonna throw it.

-Careful. It was a gift.

-They're killing us!

-Keep the gun!

- Get the fuck off of me!

--Okay, okay!

Okay, okay, okay, okay!

-Fuck you!

Tiger:

Keep it up! Pull it up!

-Oh fuck.

-Yo, help me

move the couch.

-Reece:

Help me move it!

-Pat:

Oh, shit!

--This will be over

soon, gentlemen.

-I'll fuckin' crush you.

-Reece:

Get the box cutter!

Get the fucking box cutter

out of his hand!

-Tell me when he's out!

-Okay!

Tiger:

Look at me,

look at me, look at me.

Shush! Shush!

Shush!

-He's out. He's out!

- Oh, fuck.

-Put pressure on it!

Put pressure!

-I know, I know, I know.

Just breathe.

Breathe. Breathe.

-Sam:

He's not out!

He's not out!

-You got this?

-How long does it take...

Until we know... for sure?

What the...

-Oh, Jesus.

Oh, Jesus.

-Darcy:

Any and all firearms,

Clark will handle it

from here on.

He give you an e.T.A.?

-You said no calls.

-Right. Good.

Phones too.

-What happened in there?

-Darcy:

Set Neal up for tomorrow
new drywall, pour a floor.

Tell him we had a leak.

Door with a frame, too.

-What happened?

-Uh, a bit of
a maelstrom tonight.

Visiting band hurt

one of ours.

-Daniel:

Who?

-Emily.

-Darcy:

Maybe big Justin, too.

-What the fuck

are we doing then?

Let's get in there.

-We're not coming apart

is what we are doing.

We're saving questions

until this pig fuck is

transferred off-site.

--Darcy.

-Okay. Last chance

if anyone needs to take a leak.

-I lost the gun.

-You held on longer

than I would have.

Hey.

I'm going.

There's no air shaft,

there's no sewer system...

No nothing.

-Tiger:

There it is.

-Sam:

What time is it?

-It's not daylight.

-It's something.

-Out the way.

-Tiger:

Oh, fuck.

-Look for a door.

-Pat:

Just let me know.

Hey...

I'm sorry

about your friend.

Reece:

-Okay, move.

-Tiger:

Fuck!

-Sam:

Is there a lock?

-Other side, maybe.

We're burning time.

-Wait, but...

Look! There's--
there's ventilation!

-Reece:

Six inch ducts.

Good luck.

-Sam:

Shouldn't we look around more?

-Reece:

We just did!

Go. Go, go. Push.

-Amber:

Heroin.

It's not about her or us.

-It's a-- it's
a big ass bunker.

-Tiger:

-Reece:

-Tiger:

Give it to me.

Hold it up, up, up.

--All right.

Look away, look away.

-Maybe we can use this
to our advantage.

-Reece:

We're done.

I'm done.

Okay? You can

close the door behind me

if you want to strategize.

-We're not ready!

-What do you think

they're doing out there?

-That's just it.

We don't know.

-We fucking know

they mean us harm!

- Sam:

if have guns,

okay, why haven't

they mowed us down already?

-We can't just go missing.

They need us found.

-All right.

Grab some shit

and get ready to run.

-Then we die.

- Yeah, but the longer we wait,

the surer that is.

Tiger, you ready?

-Tiger:

-Pat:

We can't take it so seriously.

We gotta...

Treat this like paintball.

-What?

-Rick silva...

Helped organize the paintball

for skate-o's bachelor party.

And we were short a few players

to book the whole field,

so they paired us up

with these ex-marines.

And the first few rounds,

these guys just...

Tore us to shreds.

I mean, zero casualties

on their side.

And I just cowered

behind these trees

till I got shot.
Covered in paint. But Rick--

-Reece:

Tiger, you done?

-Okay.

Pat, you're done, too.

-I'm sorry, man.

We gotta go.

-That's okay.

-Was that a pep talk?

-Tiger:

-Reece:

Now we won't all live, but...

I don't know.

Maybe we won't all die.

-Here.

-No, I'm just gonna run.

-Tiger:

I got it.

-All right, fuck it.

Simon and Garfunkel.

Desert island band.

Prince.

-I, uh...

-I'm still the misfits.

-Reece:

-Are we going?

-Sam:

Yeah.

-Madonna and... slayer.

-Here we go.

-Watch it!

-What the fuck?

-They're letting us out.

-Reece:

How many exits are there?

-Uh, the main, the back,

maybe the kitchen.

I always--

-what about windows?

-See for yourselves.

-Sam:

Fuck.

-Quiet.

-Oh, shit.

-Should we hide?

-Uh, whatever you want, man.

-Sam:

We-- we should split up.

-Totally.

-Sam:

What the fuck?

-Tiger!

- Tiger!

-Oh, shit, oh, shit.

Shit.

Oh, shit!

-Save it.

-Oh, shit.

-Fass! Fass!

Voran! Fass!

Fass!

-Hey.

-They're everywhere!

Where's Reece?

-Pat:

It's us.

Come on. Move.

Sam, look.

-Fleisch wolf.

-It's a song.

It means "meat grinder."

-Clark:

Up! Up!

So ist's brav.

So ist's brav.

-You're retiring him?

-Clark:

He's worked up.

-Send in another.

Send two.

Finish it.

-Kill that feedback first.

And if I send in two fight dogs,
what do you think they'll do?

-Send me in there.

I'll finish up.

Just give me the rules.

-All right.

Blades only.

Sloppy is fine.

Try not to hit the bone.

-Okay.

-Darcy:

Take Jonathan.

-Brute squad.

-Keep him caged
until we tag out.

-He breathing?

-A little bit, yeah.

-Let him bleed.

Later is better
for time of death.

Keys?

-No.

-They're coming.

-I can't do this.

-Pat:

Get back!

-Sam:

No!

-Where's Emily?

-What the fuck
are you doing?

Hey!

-Which one did it?

-Werm did it.

-Daniel:

Which one?

-What did they tell you?

What? You want to know?

You want him to know?

-Know what?

-Werm found out

that she was leaving...

But she didn't say

that it was with you.

"Meat grinder."

That song was their cue.

-You should go.

-Clark:

Here we go.

-This is taking too long.

Gabe?

You didn't want Daniel

on door duty.

Why?

-Nothing concrete, he and...

And Emily...

-Little lovebirds.

Recognize this?

-No, sir.

-Of course not.

You were still handing out

leaflets when these boys

made their bones.

It's from last easter.

Supposed to disappear

after the boot party.

-He just started talking.

Amber's alive

saying werm did it.

-Never mind that.

You...

Werm saved us all.

-Sam?

It's okay.

I mean,

it's not okay.

-You didn't know either?

-Pat:

-Not where.

-Pat:

We gotta split.

-This has a wider duct, I think.

-Pat:

We're not gonna
fit through there.

Sam:

-Daniel, um, he can help.

-Why?

Who's he?

-A traitor. If they don't
already know, they know now.

I can get us out of here.

-Wow. A conspiracy.

-No, just a cluster-fuck.

-There is still blades
and fangs for the visitors,
but we are getting
lean on time.

Now, if you have
to shoot, shoot once.

If more than once,
keep it a tight grouping
'cause you'll be digging
the slugs out yourself.

As for Daniel and Amber,
they can...

What did we forget?

-There's a river on two sides.

The quarry's on another.

We can parallel
the main road back,
go for help.

-Well, how do we get
past the door?

-I know something you don't.

-Sam:

Good. What?

-I know where we keep--

--too slow.

-Should we go?

Now?

-We have the gun.

I guess.

-Yes.

-Sam:

Yes!

-Give me two.

-Easy! Not her!

--Don't fire!

-Clark:

Fass! Fass!

Fass!

-Sam:

Go!

-Sam!

-Sam!

-We're never getting out.

-Fuck.

-You know, I'm lucky.

I guessed at least

they were gonna shoot me.

-Three'll do, gentlemen.

The fourth can disappear.

It's time to start

the clean-up.

I'm gonna need

a push broom.

This is supposed to

have happened already.

Time to sprint.

-All:

-Darcy:

Well done.

-Thank him.
-Nearly got away
from me. Us.
-Shouldn't we be panicking?
-I'm hungry.
-I can't die here with you.
-So don't.
You know, feel free just to...
Hey, I want the rest
of your pep talk.
-Oh, no.
It no longer applies.
-Oh, come on.
I'm curious.
It was paintballing...
You were cowering...
-Yeah, Rick silva.
We were getting slaughtered
by these legit Iraq vets.
-It totally applies.
-Full camo, thousand-dollar
automatic paintball guns.
They knew real war
and they played real war.
Tactics, hand signals, flanking.
Just wiped us all out.
So Rick gets fed up
and says, "fuck it."
Didn't care
about getting shot.
Didn't care about taking cover.
It was hopeless, man.
So the last match,
the whistle blows,
and he just
tears out there,
full jackass, in--
in sneakers and cut-offs
and he... wipes out
their whole team.
Doesn't stop.
Just keeps running
and laughing and shooting...
Until they're all dead.

-Pretend dead.

And we're up
against real guns.

-Yeah.

Either way,
we can't play real war.

-Let's pretend.

-For you.

We're just mopping up tonight.

You already earned these.

Maybe push Neal,
depending on the mess,
to start looking
for a new house band.

We've really gotta get
back to a routine.

-You think cowcatcher's
gonna talk?

-I'm more worried
about their habits.

Really have to stay away
from that nigger dope.

There's a bad batch
doing the rounds.

-We're good to go.

We're set.

-Darcy:

This all hinges on nothing
having happened here.

Now, let's be clear.

-Clark:

This should keep him alive
for another hour.

I would consider it
a personal favor
if he dies with meat
in his teeth.

Come on. Come on.

-Bite command is "fass."

It's all you'll need.

-Disregard. Just shoot
who is left.

They don't have to
be accounted for.
Forensics is
no longer a concern.
We call this in late,
all is for naught.
-You guys got
any 12 Gauge?
-Not in the office.
Try the bar.
-How many shots you have left?

-Kyle:

-So you have one extra.
-No shells.

-Jonathan:

Behind the bar.
Better get started.
--Shit!

-Jonathan:

Easy! Easy!
Easy!
--No buckshot!

-Gabe:

What's happening?
-Dog freaked.
And turn this shit off!
-I tried! It's not coming
from our mixer.
-Go! We got this.
And don't tell Darcy.
Or Clark.
We going?
-Yeah.
Hey!

-Pat:

Down there, you dip-shit fashion
punk clown motherfuckers!
-Turn around!

-Pat:

-What? What--

who is that?

-Odin himself.

-Give me the shotgun.

-No, I got the shotgun.

-Then you go down

this fucking hole.

-Three shots?

-Yeah.

You hear me fire twice,
you come down no matter what.

-This is a trap.

-Yeah, no shit.

You wanna go tell Darcy?

He's gonna be pissed.

Watch my back.

Fuck this.

Get Gabe, man!

We need two down here
and one up there.

Who's got the nine?

-I think Alan does,

but I'm not sure--

--oh, fuck! Block it!

-Amber:

Pat!

He's got three shots left!

-Bitch.

Gabe!

-Pat:

Amber!

-Yeah?

-Uh...

Never mind!

-Amber:

Two shots left!

-Nice fuckin' try!

Go fuck yourself!

-Shit. Shit.

Oh, shit!

-Amber:

Pat!

One shot left!

-Fuck.

-Zero.

-Oh, shit!

-Get off of me!

-Got him.

-Totally.

Flabbergasted that motherfucker.

-If I had any idea...

-Amber:

Anymore dogs?

-People?

-No. Not here.

They're... up the road.

I don't want to go to jail.

-Does anyone know

how to hotwire a car?

-No.

-I'd stay off

the road anyway.

-Are you gonna shoot me?

-Where's werm?

-We sent him home--

-stay quiet till we're out.

- It's the residents.

-What are they doing?

-Something you don't

want to see.

-We can call the cops

when we get to the orchard.

-Did you see them die?

-Two.

Not the third.

-I think I'm going.

-You can call the cops

when you get there.

If you disappear,

I'll find you.

-I will.

I promise.

-You should go, too.
Just hedge our bets.
-You got three rounds...
And I've seen
you pump a shotgun.
- Fair enough.
Do you believe him?
- Shh.
Nimm futter!
Nimm futter!

-Clark:

Nimm futter!
Nimm futter!
Nimm futter!

-Alan:

- Nimm futter!

-Alan:

That ought to be enough.

-Clark:

Lass es! Lass es!
Lass es!
-So ist's brav.
Aus. Aus.
Wipe it down!
-Do you think they'd
leave the engine on?

-Clark:

Yeah. It'll run
the Gauge down too.
Let's call this in.
Aus. Aus.
-You got the dog?
-I got the dog.
Tie him up.
-Give me your gun.
-I don't have one.
-I'll shoot you either way
if you don't hand me one.
Throw it.

-They're making it our fault.

-You were trespassing.

-Pat:

It looks fishy to me.

The cloth is
to make it seal.

I wouldn't do it like that.

-They got my gun.

-Shut up.

-Clark:

-so we're doing that?

-Why else would
we walk up here?

-Pat:

I don't know.

And I was gonna...

Ruin the crime scene.

-Oh.

I thought we'd
leave a new one.

-This...

Is a nightmare.

-For us all.

-Tell me those stupid fucking
words are his last.

-Do you have a phone?

It's funny.

You were so scary
at night.

-We need the police.

-Tad on radio:

Okay, I'm the ain't rights
from Washington, D.C.

-Sam on radio:

Uh, technically, we're
from Arlington.

-Tad on radio:

Nice. Uh, and this is

for seaside hcfm.

-Reece on radio:

Yeah, if we can afford it.

-Tad on radio:

Yeah, no, I really dig
the analogue style.

Uh, which brings me
to the fact that you guys
are hard to find.

-I know what it is.

-What what is?

-My desert island band.

-Tell somebody
who gives a shit.