

HOTEL BLOOD
(EXCERPT)

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Based on a story by Anthony Wood and Dan Herda

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FADE UP:

EXT. A LARGE, ORNATE VICTORIAN HOTEL - A VERY STORMY NIGHT

Lightning crackles a the sky above the dark and ominous Hotel. The building is a mass of spires, turrets and gaudy Victorian additions. The trees above the Hotel wave in the wind, their dried leaves flying into the air like confetti.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL

Inside the Hotel two men, PAREKNSON and JOHNSON, are chasing each other through he building's shadowy rooms and corridors.

Parkenson carries a crossbow. Johnson, a revolver.

Corpses of the unfortunate guests who were not quick enough to avoid the Hotel's fatal traps of spears, pitchforks and arrows are impaled about be rooms.

The men corner each other in the large living room. They hide behind pieces of furniture and call out to one another across the blackness.

PARKENSON

You're a vile, slimy dog from hell,
Johnson!

Parkenson picks up a vase and throws it across the room. It crashes against the wall, above the head of Johnson. Johnson leans back against the wan and wipes his brow with his sleeve.

JOHNSON

Better that than a low-down snake's
belly of a coward, Parkenson!

PARKENSON

I'm going a rip out your heart and
show it to you before you the, you
bastard!

JOHNSON

I'll chew on your brains first,
scumbag!

Johnson fires a round across the room.

PARKENSON

We can't keep this up for long,
Johnson! You know as well as I do
that only one of us is walking out
of here alive!

JOHNSON

Then it's going to be me,
Parkenson! For if there's any
justice in this world, you'll rot
in hell for what you did to my fair
Sheila!

As the men continue to shout and fire shots, the image starts to transform until we see that the scene is just a movie playing on a big screen TV.

The television is in the living room of a small house. The room is a mess, with beer cans and junk food wrappers lying everywhere.

On the couch sits BOYD DUNCAN, a handsome, lanky man in his early to mid-thirties with a mop of "surfer-dude" blonde hair. He wears jeans, a blue T-shirt and sandals. He calmly sips from a bottle of beer, smiling.

On the other side of the couch sits SPENCER HART, a shorter, edgy man with dark curly hair, also in his early to mid-thirties. He wears khaki shorts and an ill-fitting rugby shirt. He hugs a pillow and chews nervously on his lower lip.

They both sit forward with their eyes glued to the screen.

Between them sits JESSE BERRINGER, a woman in her early thirties. She is striking in a Renaissance painting sort of way. She has curly auburn hair pulled into a messy pony tail. She wears jeans, a light shirt and sneakers. She half-heartedly reads a magazine with a disgusted look on her face.

Gunshots, screaming and guttural moans continue to emanate from the television. As the noises reach a horrifying climax, music begins and an announcer's eerie voice is heard.

ANNOUNCER

*There is no checking out from...The
Hotel Blood! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!*

The music fades and the screen goes blank. They all sit in silence. Boyd and Spencer sit back, spent, as if they'd just had the world's greatest orgasm.

BOYD

(In awe.)
Wow! Holy shit, wow!

SPENCER
 (In equal awe.)
 Really, huh? What a masterpiece.

JESSE
 (Morbidly.)
 I think I'm going to be sick.

Boyd turns off the TV with the remote.

BOYD
 Do you realize just how wonderful
 that film is?

SPENCER
 It's a masterpiece.

Jesse gets up from the couch.

JESSB
 I know I'm going to be sick.

Boyd and Spencer get up from the couch and face each other.

BOYD
 (In a mock British accent)
 Mr. Hart?

SPENCER
 (In a similar accent)
 Yes, Mr. Duncan?

BOYD
 May I say, without fear of
 hesitation, that you are one half
 of the greatest film making team in
 cinematic history?

SPENCER
 As are you, Mr. Duncan.

They shake hands.

BOYD
 Thank you, Mr. Hart

SPENCER
 Thank you, Mr. Duncan.

BOYD
 No, no, thank you.

SPENCER
 No, no, no, no, thank you.

Jesse stands by a wall decorated with posters of the Duncan & Hart films. They include: *Blood Bath*, *Scent of Blood*, *Blood Scream*, *Blood Storm*, *Prom Night Blood*, *Holiday of Blood*, *Blood Basket*, and of course *Hotel Blood*. She watches them and shakes her head in disbelief.

JESSE

How can you guys be proud of that shit?

Boyd heads into the kitchen.

BOYD

Anyone for a snack? I've got fresh head cheese.

SPENCER

Pass.

Spencer looks over a table that has a 3-D chess set, a wooden maze and a black, half-finished jigsaw puzzle on it. He picks up a chess piece and looks at the puzzle.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hey, you finished the white one already.

Boyd pulls out a mass of sandwich fixings from the refrigerator, including head cheese, lettuce, tomatoes and bread. He starts tearing at the lettuce on he counter.

BOYD

Yeah, last night. Now I'm working on nine thousand pieces, all black.

JESSE

I cannot believe you guys can watch that crap over and over again.

BOYD

Well, ignoring her didn't work.

JESSE

Your movies are all the same; blood, violence, torture, brutality, dismemberment, impaled bodies...

BOYD

All the things that make life worth living.

JESSE

They're cruel and brutal and have
no redeeming qualities whatsoever.

BOYD

(To Spencer.)
And you said she didn't like them.

SPENCER

Jess...

JESSE

I can't help it, Spence. My stomach
churns every time I see that stuff.
I don't know how you guys sleep at
night knowing you make money off of
that crap. And each one is worse
than the last. But what scares me
the most is, I know you. You're a
sweet, kind, sensitive person.
There's so much more to you than
that.

He kisses her cheek.

SPENCER

And there's so much more you
haven't explored, my sweet.

BOYD

His vessel's huge.

JESSE

I'm just afraid if you work on this
trash much longer, you'll end up
like him.

She points at Boyd, half-smiling.

BOYD

Hey...

Jesse picks up a thick photo album from a coffee table.
Various bits of fur protrude from the pages.

JESSE

What normal person keeps a road
kill collection?!

Boyd snatches the album from her and hugs it to his chest.

BOYD

I like road kill, it soothes,me!

He opens the book and stares, lovingly.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Ahhh, putrid possum, May 2001.

He puts the album back.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Look, sure, I'll admit that some of our more recent ventures are a little weak. They could be construed as... what is the word?

SPENCER
Camel shit?

BOYD
Thank you. But you can't tell me that *Hotel Blood* is not one of the all time modern horror classics in cinema history. That film ranks up there with the works of Poe or H.P. Lovecraft or Roger Corman.

SPENCER
It is a masterpiece.

BOYD
A classic.

SPENCER
A work of art.

JESSE
Oh please...

BOYD
Why is the first one always the best?

Boyd takes a hatchet that is imbedded in the wall and starts slicing a cucumber.

JESSB
If that's art, then I'm Johnny Cash.

BOYD
Ooooooh! Do "Ring Of Fire"!

JESSE
(Smiling.)
Fuck you, too.

SPENCER

You know, you might want to come out of your ivory tower and remember that it's these pieces of "trash" that pay for your condo and keep your little art gallery's head above water every month.

JESSE

Yes, and I'm grateful. But all kinds of films make money, not just the hack and slash ones. You two are creative, you've got connections, you don't have to resign yourselves to keep chugging this shit out.

SPENCER

She's got a point there, Boyd. It might not be a bad idea to branch out and try something more, you know, legitimate for a change.

BOYD

Oh be serious! Who's defining "legitimate" here? Look, horror and suspense are very complex literary tools. Riddled with subplots and hidden motivations and double dealings; the greatest fucking puzzles in the world!

Boyd analyzes his 3d chess set and starts moving some of the pieces.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Who's really killing who? And why? And with what? And where? And how long? And how much gut hits the floor! Even the best films--*Citizen Kane* was crying for a good decapitation scene.

SPENCER

It was a little slow, yeah.

JESSE

Why do I even try?

BOYD

Beats me.

SPENCER

You're just going to have a face
the facts, Jesse. We're just a
couple of *The Hills Have Eyes* kind
of guys.

She puts her arms around Spencer's neck and kisses him.

JESSE

It's a burden I'll have to bear,
for now, I guess. You'll have to
admit, though, some of that
dialogue is pretty lame.

BOYD

Does she ever let up?

JESSE

"*You'll rot in hell for what you
did to my fair Sheila*" does not
exactly roll off of the tongue.

BOYD

Yeah, well...Spence wrote that
line.

SPENCER

I did not.

BOYD

You did, too.

SPENCER

I did not.

BOYD

You did, too.

SPENCER

Did not.

BOYD

Did, too.

SPENCER

'Fraid not.

BOYD

'Fraid so. I remember because you
had to look up "eternity" in the
dictionary.

SPENCER

Such a lie.

BOYD
You did.

SPENCER
No, I didn't

BOYD
Yes, you did

SPENCER
No, I didn't.

Boyd takes his hatchet and throws it into the wall next to Spencer'S head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I've asked you not to do that.

BOYD
Lady, you'll be crying out of the other side of your hat when our Big Project gets off the ground.

SPENCER
(Concerned)
Boyd...

Jesse approaches Boyd and starts eating a carrot.

JESSE
Oh really? And what, pray tell, is the "Big Project"?

SPENCER
Can't tell. It's a secret.

JESSE
Oooh, now I *am* intrigued.

BOYD
I can say no more.

SPENCER
Under penalty of torture.

BOYD
But I will tell you this, when it's done we'll be known world-wide as the masters of horror and suspense. So there.

He sticks his tongue out at her.

JESSE

Ah, the mature mind of the creative
artist.

SPENCER

You wrote it.

BOYD

You wrote it.

SPENCER

You did.

BOYD

You did.

SPENCER

You did.

BOYD

You did.

Boyd slaps Spencer on top of the head.

Spencer tweaks Boyd's nipples.

Boyd gives Spencer a head butt.

Spencer pulls Boyd's ears.

Boyd rips Spencer's shirt collar.

Spencer pulls the buttons off of Boyd's shirt.

Boyd rips off Spencer's sleeves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT.

A young blond woman dressed a outlandish, lacy underwear
stands before a mirror, putting on her make-up. She stops for
a moment and turns quickly to look over her shoulder.

No one is there.

She shrugs and turns back to the mirror.

As she applies her lipstick we see a man in a hockey mask
reflected in the mirror, looming behind her. He raises a huge
knife above his head.

She turns and screams as he plunges the knife into her over and over.

The man stops stabbing for a moment and looks down at the knife, confused. The woman stops screaming and looks around nervously.

She starts screaming again and the man continues stabbing. We then hear Boyd's voice shout from off screen.

BOYD

Cut! Cut!

Boyd walks on screen.

We now see that the bathroom is a movie set in dingy warehouse studio. Make-up and technical people scurry about.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Arnie! Arnie, where's he fucking blood?! He's stabbing he co-ed over and over and we've got no fucking blood!

WOMAN IN UNDERWEAR

I gotta sit down, these garters are cuttin' into me.

MAN IN HOCKEY MASK

(Removing his mask.)

Are we on overtime?

ARNIE, a weathered old technician, comes out from behind the scenery smoking a cigarette. He is covered in stage blood.

ARNIE

I think we have a few bugs in the new blood pump, Mr. Duncan.

BOYD

All right, all right. Take five everybody.

Boyd walks to the camera where EVAN, the cameraman, cleans the front of the lens with a cloth. Evan is bald with an ornately trimmed fu manchu moustache. He wears tiny tinted sunglasses, a tight fitting T-shirt with a flaming skull logo and work pants.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Evan, do we have too many shadows in the corner to the left? I'm afraid we're losing detail there.

Evan stares blankly ahead. Then...

EVAN
Shadows...light...white...black...
up...down. Relativity, man.

BOYD
Okay, I'll take that as a no.

Boyd walks over to Spencer who is standing nervously by a snack table.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Well, another hold up.

Spencer wheezes, agitated.

BOYD (CONT'D)
You all right?

Spencer nods and wheezes again.

BOYD (CONT'D)
You got your inhaler?

Spencer takes an inhaler from his pocket and starts huffing on it.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Good boy. Look, it's not like we've
never been behind before.

Spencer pockets his inhaler.

SPENCER
It's not that. It's...

BOYD
What?

SPENCER
Can we talk?

Boyd points to the ears as if to say, "I'm all ears."

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I was in the bedroom, getting ready
to leave this morning and I found
this.

He pulls a plaid sock from his pocket.

BOYD
 (Taking it.)
 You must be going through hell.

SPENCER
 (Snatching it back.)
 It's not *my* sock! It's a strange
 sock! An alien sock! I knew Jesse
 was seeing somebody else.

BOYD
 (Grabbing the sock.)
 Don't be insulting! Your paranoia's
 running rampant again.

Boyd tucks the sock in Spencer's shirt pocket.

SPENCER
 Is it?

BOYD
 Of course. You're just going buggy.
 You do this every time we get near
 a deadline.

SPENCER
 (Grabbing the sock.)
 What about this?!

BOYD
 (Grabbing it again.)
 Forget about this! There's probably
 a perfectly good explanation. Snap
 out of it, dude! You and I have got
 a lot more important things to
 worry about than a stray sock.

GLENN, a rail-thin production assistant with a gnarly beard,
 blond Rasta braids tucked under a knit hat and an AC/DC T-
 shirt approaches them.

GLENN
 Boyd, Spence, Mr. Pitlik wants to
 see you up in his office.

Boyd tosses the sock on to a nearby chair.

BOYD
 Such as...
 (Shouting.)
 Okay, that's lunch, everyone!

A VOICE calls from off screen.

VOICE

We had lunch.

BOYD

Well have another one!

Boyd and Spencer head off. Evan walks over to the chair. He picks up the sock, feels it, smells it, then puts it in his pocket and hurries away.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY.

Two brawny men stand a the hallway arguing. They push one another in the chest as they speak in thick, Bronx-style, New York accents.

MAN 1

Who he fuck you think you're talkin' to?

MAN 2

I'm fuckin' talkin' to fuckin' you, who did you fuckin' think I'm talkin' to?

MAN 1

You fuckin' talkin' to me? Is hat what you fuckin' think, you fuckin'- fuck-head?

MAN 2

I know who the fuck I'm fuckin' talkin' to. What the fuck do you think?

MAN 1 holds up a script and speaks ma standard, Midwestern accent.

MAN 1

Wait, I think you're supposed to say, "I fuckin' know who I'm fuckin' talkin' to."

MAN 2 hold up a script and speaks in a proper British accent.

MAN 2

Does it? Oh, so terribly sorry. Let's take it from the top, shall we?

Boyd and Spencer pass the men in the hallway and walk into the office of MORRIE PITLIK, film producer. Morrie is an intense, nervous, fast talking man in his mid-forties with an addiction to candy raisins. He has an obvious comb-over and a thick moustache. He wears a rumpled suit and tie.

The office is covered with film posters with titles like *Nuclear Beach Party*, and *Boob Brigade*. Morrie is speaking on the phone as Boyd and Spencer enter.

MORRIE

No, no, no, no, no, no! Look, god damn it, you said delivery by Friday, that means Friday! Not Wednesday, not Sunday, and I don't want to hear about any Tuesdays!

He gestures for Boyd and Spencer to sit. They do. He pops candy raisins into his mouth from a cellophane bag on his desk. He chomps at them nervously.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

No! Look, you give me the delivery, in full by Friday, or I'm gonna come down there personally with a dull potato peeler and scrape you out a new poop canal! You follow me?! Good!!

He slams down the phone.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

(To Boyd and Spencer,
calmly.)

Boys, thanks for coming. Candy raisin?

They decline.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

So, let me get right to the point, fellas. I called you up here 'cause I wanted to ask a favor.

BOYD

Uh...sure, Morrie.

SPENCER

Yeah, no problem.

MORRIE

Good, good. I knew I could count on you.

He sticks out his hand to them.

MORRIE (CONT'D)
Smell me.

BOYD
(After a pause.)
Pardon?

MORRIE
Go ahead, smell me. Go ahead.

They pause another moment, then give in and smell his hand.

MORRIE (CONT'D)
What do I smell like to you? Any
guesses?

Boyd and Spencer look at one another, curious and confused.

SPENCER
Uh, I'm not quite sure...

BOYD
Pitchoulli?

MORRIE
Come on, what do I smell like? No?
Like shit. Don't I smell like shit?

He smells his own hand, deeply.

MORRIE (CONT'D)
Ahhhbhh, oh yeah! That's the shit
all right. Smells just like good
old, down home, chicken fried shit
to me. And do you know why I smell
like shit? This is fascinating. Do
you? Well, I'll tell you. I smell
like shit because I'm buried up a
my fucking eyeballs in it!

He starts tossing papers around on his desk.

MORRIE (CONT'D)
This! All of this is shit! And
where did this shit come from, you
may ask? All from an over-budget,
lame excuse of a movie called *Tub
O' Blood*, written and directed by
the two putzes who are leaving
their ass-prints in my new, faux
Mission-style chairs as we speak!

BOYD

Morrie...

Schedule over-runs! Equipment breakdowns! Football uniforms! Fucking blood pumps! This ain't a movie, it's a god damn three ring circus! It's all of your bullshit, and you're burying me alive!

SPENCER

Morrie...

MORRIE

Why don't you just kill me and get it over with, huh? Why don't you just shoot me the fucking head, or stab me a the fucking throat, or run me over in a crosswalk?

He takes a pen from his pocket.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

Here, here's my good pen, just stick it a my heart and put me out of my god damn misery! No, no, no, no, that's not good enough for you. You gotta slowly suffocate me in all of this *Tub O' Blood* bullshit! I've got a premier scheduled for this turkey in two weeks! We're still not finished re-shooting five botched up scenes, the T-shirts and posters are a week behind 'cause the printer's out of red ink, and I've got investors breathing down my neck so hard you could use my ass as a bun warmer!

His intercom buzzes. He slams his hand down, answering it.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

What?!

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Mr. Pitlik, it's time for your thing.

MORRIE

Ahhh, shit. All right, all right, all right.

He starts taking off his jacket.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

Look, granted, I know this isn't a big budget production, there's a lot of stuff out of your control, but your pictures are gettin' to be one major pain in the anus after another. I know, I know, I know, you did *Hotel Blood*, and it was a great flick, did big money, we all did good on that one. There's no question about that.

He takes out a ThighMaster-like exerciser from his desk, puts it between his legs and starts exercising as he pops candy raisins.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

But let's face the facts here, boys and girls. We've worked together what, four years? I've busted my ass for you on eight pictures in that time...

SPENCER

(Sadly.)

God...eight pictures in four years.

MORRIE

...and except for *Hotel Blood*, which was a keeper, we all did good on that one, no question, except for that one film your movies have done dick. I can't even buy an open faced cheese sandwich with the profits I turned from your movies. And that's after video distribution.

He takes the ThighMaster and tosses it across the room.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

This is bullshit. Look, I don't know what went wrong after *Hotel Blood*. Maybe you just had one decent movie in you. Or maybe it's me. Maybe it's my fault. That's it. Maybe I just love this business too god damn much and I just try too hard. I shouldn't have played around with the titles. You wanted *Tool Box Mayhem*, I went with *Blood Beach* instead, and it sucked. Now we got *Tub O' Blood* instead of *Revenge of the Dead Janitor*. A hit?

(MORE)

MORRIE (CONT'D)

A flop? Who the flying fuck knows? We could sit and ponder it till we're blue in the balls, am I correct? But the point I'm making is...this is it. This is the end of the fucking gravy train. I can't keep doing the dog-paddle trying to keep my head above all of your bullshit, it's just not worth it. I got a thousand Wes Fucking Cravens lining up outside my office wanting to direct the next big horror epic who, I might add, could do the job a million times better than you. And I have to say, quite honestly, I'm tempted. So I'm dead to nuts serious when I tell you, if we don't come out ahead on this one, you're out.

He gestures over his shoulder with his thumb.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

If *Tub O' Blood* dives into the crapper like all your other flicks and we end up clearing thirty-five cents, you two are o-u-t out. Out, out, out. Out on the street, and on your ass. You get me? Out.

He gestures harder with his thumb. The intercom buzzes again

MORRIE (CONT'D)

What?!

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Mr. Pitlik, Sam Habermann is on line three.

MORRIE

Ahhhh, shit. Tell him..tell him...tell him I'm in a meeting...with my tailor.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

He insists it's urgent.

MORRIE

Shhhhit! Okay, okay, okay, okay.

He ponders for a moment chomping on more raisins.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

Uhhh...shit...goddammit...shit.

He picks up the phone. His voice is suddenly calm and warm.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

Sam, good to hear your voice, how are you?...What?...No, everything's spectacular...look, Sam, I'm in the middle of something here, can I put you on hold for two minutes? I promise I'll be quick...Yeah..No, just two minutes...yeah, I promise, two minutes..Okay...Okay.

He quickly puts the phone on hold and resumes his manic persona.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

Dick-wad.

BOYD

Look Morrie, we know you're upset, but Spence and I have got a new project coming up after *Tub O' Blood*, and we just know it's--

MORRIE

(Cutting him off.)

--No! No, no, no, no, no, no, no. No new projects, you get me? There is nothing else in your measly little futures but *Tub O' Blood*. That's it. No big projects, no new scripts, nothing else in your life exists until the premier of *Tub O' Blood* in two weeks. If we do okay on *Tub O' Blood*, which I highly doubt seeing that it's following on the heels of all the other dogs you've cranked out, I promise we'll chat. If not, the only things you two will be directing is cable access commercials in Peoria, Ohio...

BOYD

Indiana.

SPENCER

Illinois.

MORRIE

Whatever the fuck. Now get out of here and make me a movie. I love you guys.

Boyd and Spencer head for the door. Morrie picks up the phone and resumes his sweet voice.

MORRIE (CONT'D)

Sam, sorry about the delay. What can we do for you?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WRITING OFFICE - DAY

Boyd and Spencer's writing office is situated at the end of a rundown strip mall. It is small and confining, yet they've somehow found the room to house enough horror film gadgets to make a prop man's mouth water. Everything from collapsible knives, hatchets and spears to mock decapitated heads and limbs. As in Boyd'S house, posters of their films cover the walls.

Boyd sits at a writing desk, talking on the phone.

BOYD

No, if you want three thousand, you'll get three thousand. What's the matter, don't you trust me?... Hey, he's my partner, not my mother. He doesn't have to know everything I do.

In the background Spencer appears from the shadows with a maniacal look a his eyes. He slowly walks behind Boyd as the conversation continues.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Why do you assume I tell him anything?...Sure, we work together, but...No, I don't have to, just relax, everything's going according to pla--!

Spencer, in a fit of rage, has grabbed the phone cord and is now strangling Boyd. They struggle violently. Chairs are kicked over and papers are scattered into the air.

Spencer throws Boyd to the floor and pulls on the cord with all of his strength.

Boyd looks up at Spencer, his eyes pleading for mercy. After one last gasp, his eyes shut. His body goes limp and a thin stream of drool drops from his lip.

Spencer releases the cord and starts rummaging through the papers on the desk.

As he searches the papers, the office door opens and Glenn, the production assistant, pokes his head in.

GLENN
Spence. What's up?

SPENCER
(Turning quickly.)
Hi, Glenn.

BOYD
(From the floor.)
Hey, Glenn.

GLENN
(To Boyd.)
Hey, Boyd. Hope I'm not interrupting.

Boyd gets up from the floor.

BOYD
Nah, we're just finishing up.
(To Spencer.)
Okay? What do you think?

SPENCER
It's not bad. I think we should have a pair of scissors or something on the desk, just to heighten the suspense.

BOYD
Yeah, good.

Boyd makes some notes on his laptop computer sitting on a corner table. GLENN hands Spencer an envelope.

GLENN
Pitlik wanted me to drop off your passes to the premier. I wish I could be there for it, but I'm taking the old lady to a microwave convention in San Diego. Their unveiling a NASA designed oven that will automatically brown pork.

BOYD
She sell microwaves?

GLENN
No, why?

Boyd shrugs as Spencer takes the passes from the envelope.

SPENCER

Fourteenth row balcony? What the hell kind of passes are these?

OLENN

Gotta fly. Ciao, people.

Glenn leaves.

SPENCER

Fourteenth row balcony?

BOYD

I think it's Morrie's way of saying, *Out, out, out!*

SPENCER

What about the project? If *Tub O' Blood* flops, we're screwed.

BOYD

Take it easy. We're just going to have to move up the deadline.

SPENCER

(Staring to wheeze.)

I don't like this. Maybe we should just cancel it and move on. It's probably for the best, right? I could start writing that home repair book I've always wanted to.

BOYD

Cancel it? After all the work and planning we put in, you want to walk away from a sure thing because of a few little snags?

SPENCER

We don't even have a script yet! I don't know, it seems too risky.

Boyd grabs two beers from a small refrigerator situated under a desk.

BOYD

(Hands one to Spencer.)

Fuck risky! Look, I can't do it alone, Spence. I'm the plot guy, I know how all the puzzle pieces fit together. But I need you for the characters, the dialogue. We'll finish the script in a snap, just like always.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

Now I don't want to hear any more talk about canceling, not when we've come this far. Here, let's get this thing started on the right foot. A toast to the biggest thing to hit the business since Vincent Price.

SPENCER

Boyd...

BOYD

Come on. To the project.

He holds up his beer. Spencer slowly holds up his.

SPENCER

To the project.

CUT TO: