

BRUNO

And you're here to keep him alive! You wanted Oliver Bainesworth to come back because you loved Oliver Bainesworth. And don't think it escaped my notice that you weren't dropping him off at the airport. You were taking your dear "Ollie" to the airport and getting on that plane with him, weren't you?

CAROL

It's true. And he loved me! I was going to meet the queen. I was going to hobnob with royalty. I was going to live in London. I was going to have the good life. The life I deserve. Is that so wrong, Bruno? I was going to make real movies—no, films. No more B-rated sarcasm. Ollie was my way to that.

BRUNO

Did you want Oliver? Or the life style?

CAROL

I'm not sure.

BRUNO

We got here together, Carol. I never stopped you from moving on.

CAROL

You're sabotaging a sixty-million dollar film because you don't want a sequel. This whole bit about getting out of the slasher horror movie business was just a smoke screen.

BRUNO

Because I hate this movie!

*Beat. The room freezes.*

BRUNO

(cont'd)

I hated making this movie! I'm sorry my friends, but this was all a mistake. Here I was thinking I wanted mainstream, that I wanted Big Hollywood. Truth is...my whole life, I thumbed my nose at the establishment. But I got too greedy and fell prey to it. And now I miss those hungry years.

My god, this movie is so pedestrian we run the risk of getting an Oscar. I hate the Oscars! There I said it. That's the real zombie junk! How does anyone know out of tens of thousands of movies which one was THE BEST? I've been making movies about the great American zombie apocalypse and it is here. With

all the crap that's programming us into lethargy everyday. Let's give 'em more candy!

And yes, Carol, there were talks of a sequel when they saw the dailies. I can't risk that. Winslow Napier has to die. I don't want to be typical anymore.

It all started with *Silent Souls*, which was perfection. It showed us that we are all zombies. And Winslow is just who this is for. Just another superhero movie, another 70s TV reboot, another biopic, another goddamned Pixar animation that's so real, pardon me, but what's the point again?! It's as if they think there's nothing left to write. Like there aren't stories left to tell. This movie is not the treatment I wrote. They poisoned it from day one.

And yeah, I get it, and everybody wants me to do the same damned thing. Why can't he do it more like *Silent Souls*?

I want to to be a respected as a filmmaker. Not as a guy who just makes movies. A filmmaker. Capturing the human condition, and the nuances of a life spent on this god-forsaken planet before it's over. But it turns out—I already am a filmmaker. No special effects, no CGI, and by God, nothing digital! We use actual celluloid. And we have to be creative with reading an illusion with squirting blood and wounds and makeup.

(beat)

I love the quirky wacky wild people that I get to work with. I like that I can get financing from a low level production company that doesn't have the staffing to watch me every second of the day and just says, Hey, go be Bruno Parker.

I love that I can write my story and not have producers who can't afford to send nine other writers to come in and have there way with my script.

I wanna go back to what I was doing—telling stories. That show the way I see the world.

I miss the hungry years, Harold. I miss when we struggled in your old dingy apartment on 7th and Commercial trying to come up with an idea, trying to finance something, to cobble some money together, to get a camera at a couple of lighting fixtures to make a totally B-rated movie and oh, that thoroughly beautiful feeling we felt when it finally got canned.

Carol, I love that you wanted to be an actress but realized you weren't very good at it. I'm sorry but it's true, that you decided that you wanted to be a show runner that you wanted to produce it and put everything together. You filled in something that we needed terribly.

We were hungry and it was so much more fun. I missed the hungry years. I miss the liberty that hunger gives you. Now I just wanna be me. If Wilson Napier lives, I die. Please help me kill him.