

BRUNO

(stopping her)

No!

CAROL

Bruno, I have to call the studio. Oh, and then maybe 911.

BRUNO

Just...hold up a sec.

CAROL

For what?

BRUNO

I'm putting on my director's cap.

CAROL

We have to call 911.

BRUNO

Do we though?

CAROL

I'm sorry, what?

BRUNO

Do we really?

CAROL

Bruno, yes we really!

LANA

Will there be no shoot, Bruno?

BRUNO

Of course, sweetie. Try running your lines.

CAROL

Bruno!

BRUNO

What if—and I'm just saying, what if...we finish the scene?

CAROL

What?!

BRUNO

Hear me out.

CAROL

I will not hear you out. This production ends immediately, right now. I'm calling 911!

*Bruno knocks the phone out of her hands again.*

CAROL

Bruno!

HAROLD

Bruno, what are you doing, we have to be realistic here.

LANA

(entranced, over Oliver's body)

I'm sooo in the moment right now.

BRUNO

Listen! Everybody just take a breath—something may have just occurred to me, something perhaps we should all consider. Let's all take a breath—

(to Oliver's body)

—pardon the metaphor, Oliver—

(back to the others)

—Panic never helped anyone. Carol, let me ask you. You have back-end points on this thing, don't you?

CAROL

What does that have to do with anything—

BRUNO

On the project. You have back-end points.

CAROL

And so do you.

BRUNO

More it grosses, the more you make.