



Hostel II Screenwriters Meeting

by James Seidler

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"All I know is that we have to keep moving forward. The last thing we want is a dead shark on our hands."

"We've all seen *Annie Hall*, Jerry. Give me a break."

"I wasn't implying I came up with the concept. It was clearly an homage."

"Calm down guys, let's focus on what we're doing here. Although...maybe we could work a shark into the story. Like, it could tear someone up while they're still alive. Maybe one of the hostellers could use the intestines as bait, and they could spool out of the stomach as the shark grips them in his teeth and shakes them around like a dog with a rope."

"Doesn't that seem like a bit much, Phil? No one wants to make the same movie twice, but I don't think it's a good idea to get too far from what brought us here. Anyway, the whole shark connotation...jump the shark...I'm not sure."

"What do you suggest? A dog?"

"How about his: we went with guys in the last film, so we could up the ante this time around by going with female leads. If there's anything better than having men beg for their lives in agony, it's having women do it."

"Or children."

"That reminds me, Janie just did the cutest thing the other day. I was sitting on the couch watching *Saw II* with her, and when it got to the scene where the guy's head is crushed in the steel trap, she just started bawling. I had to tell it was just make-believe twenty times before she'd calm down."

"So you're saying you think child actors would be harder to work with?"

"I was just telling a story, Tom. You're the one who has to make everything about work."

"Well, that's where we are, right? Work? I didn't know I'd walked into a Precious Moments convention. Do you have some porcelain figurines you want to sell me?"

"No, but I got something I'd like to give you..."

"Guys, come on, let's focus here. If we don't think kids will work, we'll bank them away for the third one. How about the women angle? What do you think?"

"It could work. Women's screams definitely take it up a notch—way more desperate than a man's."

"Ok, but why would women want to go to a sex hostel? I'm not talking down the prospect of some girl-on-girl, but it seems unlikely."

"I don't know—maybe it could be a candle shop that lures them in? Or a purse store?"

"I'm not even a woman, Tom, and you've just offended me."

"The sex hostel still works. Women do that kind of stuff these days."

"Get the fuck out of here, Phil. You're just hoping to get invited onto the set."

"I'm completely serious."

"How do you know?"

"I...look at a lot of porno, all right? You should see some of the bachelorette party photos they put up"

"You can't believe that—the stuff's all fake."

"Fake or not, it's a definite theme in the industry."

"Ok, ok, ok, assuming the women do go to the sex hostel—what happens then?"

"I get a boner when I'm writing the scene, that's what happens then."

Laughter.

"Oh...oh man. Seriously though, what kind of torture are we looking at? Belt sander? Meat slicer? Power sprayer filled with acid?"

"The power sprayer sounds sort of groovy. Maybe we could make it an airbrush, and the hosteller could use it to burn a picture in someone's flesh. Something ironic...like John Lennon...or Jesus."

"How about just 'mom'—one of those old-timey tattoos? We could even get some backstory going; the guy doing the torturing has his own 'mom' tattoo burnt into him with acid."

"Or it could be branded onto him—we could terrorize the victims with flaming metal rods. They could have them rubbed across their

lips to seal them together.”

“Which ones?”

“That’s gross.”

“Disgusting.”

Laughter

“Hey, we were all thinking it; I just said it. Anyway, it would definitely up the ante.”

“Yeah, we’d be wagering every sex opportunity for the rest of our lives.”

“I don’t think anyone’s done it before—we could be pioneers.”

“It is something new...”

“Look, I’m going to need some time to process this one—what do you say we call it a day and start back here tomorrow? I’ll sleep on it, and the scene should write itself.”

“Sweet dreams, buddy.”

“I’d rather have lucrative ones.”