

Bear Trap  
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FADE IN:

INT. OLD RURAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sunshine streaming through the window falls upon gray-haired KENTON FRY (60s).

He gazes into the nearby trees with binoculars. An open leather-bound sketchbook sits in his lap.

With awkward pencil strokes, Kenton draws the bird that he's viewing through his binoculars, but the feathers Kenton sketches have no fluff or life to them.

Instead, his bird looks more like a hairball yanked out of a drain pipe--if a hairball had a beak and eyeballs.

Much of this woeful sketch is due to Kenton's gnarled fingers and knuckles--the hands of an old hard-rock guitarist.

Kenton frowns grimly at his drawing but forges ahead.

He's interrupted by AUSTIN O'DELL (30s), a trim fellow holding a writer's notebook and a video camera.

AUSTIN

Are you ready, Kenton?

KENTON

I most motherfuckingly am not.

AUSTIN

Well...

Into the room clomps PATCH VON POPPEL (60s). His long rock-star hair is clearly a hairpiece. He wears an unbuttoned black shirt and tight pants stretched across doughy thighs.

PATCH

Don't ask Kenton to do something.  
He needs to be told.

KENTON

Let me tell you something, ace:  
There's a dead yak on your head.

PATCH

(tilts his hairpiece)  
Dead as your career.

AUSTIN

Guys, let's hold it together.

KENTON  
That's impossible.

INT. - OLD RURAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Austin starts up the camera and begins an interview.

AUSTIN  
I'm here with Patch Von Poppel and  
Kenton Fry, the surviving members  
of the legendary metal band Bloody  
Hand. We're sitting in the rural  
house where they wrote "Bear Trap"  
their renowned album. With your  
permission, I'd like to recreate  
the time when it all came together.

PATCH  
Austin, it was unforgettable...

KENTON  
Let's cut the shit. It was the  
worst fucking time of my life. It  
was like stomach cancer.

PATCH  
(frustrated)  
There he goes...

KENTON  
I'm not here to reminisce with old  
Sour Patch. I agreed to this  
interview to pay respects to Roy  
MacBain, who was a true genius of  
our group. But we ruined him. We  
smothered his talent, and that  
fills me with regret.

Kenton searches the old walls.

KENTON  
I came back here to remember him,  
and that's the only reason.

Patch laughs.

PATCH  
Well here's a memory for you,  
Kenton: Do you recall when you  
tried to slit Roy's throat with a  
broken bottle? It happened here.

KENTON

Why would you dredge that up?

PATCH

To remind everyone that you're not the peaceful Buddhist that you claim to be. All the ambient music you produce these days is a lie.

KENTON

I've moved on. I'm not stuck in the nineteen nineties like you.

PATCH

We thrilled so many people. You can't deny that.

KENTON

We made vile music back then that appealed to the lowest common denominator and I'm ashamed.

Patch waves his hands in the air.

PATCH

Stop the recording! Stop! Stop!

He stomps to the camera and shuts it down.

PATCH

You can't say things like that!

KENTON

It's the truth. I should have used our time here to clear my mind. There's so much beauty around this old house, but I was blind to it back then.

PATCH

Listen to yourself. You've become completely boring...

As Kenton responds, his gaze goes to the room's far corner. He spots a gnarly metal contraption propped against a wall.

KENTON

(pointing at it)

Hold on. What the fuck is that?

AUSTIN

It's a bear trap.

KENTON

Have you lost your minds? Did you come out here to kill and torture animals?

PATCH

It's a promotional item, you nitwit. Austin is going to snap some pictures of us with the bear trap as part of the marketing campaign for this video.

KENTON

I'm an animal rights activist, in case you didn't know. There's no chance in hell that I'll be pictured with that evil device.

PATCH

Evil device? Have you forgotten that there's a picture of a bear trap on our old album cover? We sold three million albums with three million images of a bear trap. You can't undo that.

KENTON

We should refund every last dollar. The only redeemable thing on it is the work of Roy MacBain.

PATCH

He slept with your wife!

Their argument is interrupted by a knock at the door. The visitor doesn't wait to be let in. Flinging himself into the house is SERGEY KROEGER (20s), a Bloody Hand super-fan.

His fandom is apparent by the makeshift bearskin hanging along his torso.

Sergey's hair is full of random leaves indicating that he's traveled through the woods to get here.

He enters so abruptly that nobody has the wherewithal to stop him from barging in.

SERGEY

I can't believe it!

Sergey's eyes are wild. He's clearly under the influence of heavy drugs. He points to Patch.

SERGEY  
 You're Patch Von Poppel!

Then he points to Kenton.

                  SERGEY  
 And you're Roy MacBain!

                  KENTON  
 I'm not Roy MacBain, you lunkhead.  
 Roy MacBain drank himself to death.

That doesn't deter Sergey.

                  SERGEY  
 I love your albums. I can't believe  
 I found you guys.

Austin finally takes action. He blocks Sergey from the two  
 old rock stars and guides him back to the door.

                  AUSTIN  
 This isn't a fan event, my friend.  
 It's private.  
                   (points to the door)  
 How'd you know we were here?

                  SERGEY  
 I sniffed you out. I'm a bear.

                  KENTON  
 Get him out, Austin!

                  AUSTIN  
 You heard him. Back to the woods  
 with you.

That doesn't deter Sergey one iota.

                  SERGEY  
 Are you guys recording a new album  
 or something?

Austin keeps guiding Sergey towards the door, but Patch  
 intervenes.

                  PATCH  
 Leave him alone, Austin. We always  
 have time to talk to our fans.

                  KENTON  
 Don't indulge this guy. He's  
 trespassing.

Sergey's eyes widen as he spots the bear trap in the corner.

SERGEY

Holy crap! Is that the bear trap  
that's on the cover of "Bear Trap"?

Patch whirls toward Kenton and gloats.

PATCH

See! What did I tell you? The bear  
trap is brilliant marketing. It's  
our symbol.

Sergey bounds to the bear trap and tries to pry it open.

He pulls back the hinges and...Snap! His fingers barely  
escape getting caught in the sharp jaws.

AUSTIN

Whoa. That's not a toy!

SERGEY

Is it okay if I get a picture of  
this?

Sergey pulls the jaws back again and sticks his nose close.

Snap! The ferocious trap nearly takes off his face.

KENTON

That's it. I'm going to the woods  
so I don't have to watch this idiot  
trap his dick your fucked up  
marketing prop.

He points to Austin.

KENTON

You're welcome to join me with your  
camera. I won't discuss Bloody Hand  
or the "Bear Trap" album, but I'll  
be more than happy to discuss  
nature and philosophy with you.

Patch steps forward.

PATCH

You'll do no such thing. You're not  
going to hijack my filmmaker.

KENTON

Nobody's hijacking nothing.

PATCH

I'm the one who's financing Austin for this project, and I'm not paying him to film some bullshit nature walk.

KENTON

So nature is bullshit? Do you realize how much your soul has been compromised?

KENTON

Here's your problem. You think you're the only person in the world who has feelings. You think you're more profoundly attuned than the rest of us, but you're not. My feelings and thoughts are just as deep as yours. But I don't reject fun and wildness and hedonism.

Kenton grabs Austin by the forearm.

KENTON

Don't listen to this. Get your camera and follow me.

Patch lunges and pulls Austin back.

PATCH

You're staying here.

Sergey, hunched over by the bear trap, senses the raw physical energy that's materialized in the room. He pulls back the jaws of the bear trap until they click and then bounds over to the trio.

SERGEY

Mosh pit!

Like a whirling dervish, Sergey shoves Austin to the ground and elbows Patch.

SERGEY

I'm moshing with Bloody Hand! I can't believe it!

Patch wraps his arms around Sergey.

PATCH

Hey! Stop!

Sergey laughs and hip-tosses poor Patch to the ground.



Kenton springs into action. Like a man who's been in dozens of barroom brawls, he grabs Sergey by his bear skin and deftly punches him square in the nose.

Sergey skitters back and nearly falls into the bear trap.

Kenton studies the knuckles on his punching hand with surprise, like he was reintroduced to a long-lost friend.

A smile flashes on his face: pure hard-rock passion.

And then it fades.

Patch and Austin are back on their feet and they rush over Sergey.

AUSTIN

You're fucking out of here!

PATCH

What are you thinking, brother?  
You're gone balls-out crazy!

Patch looks over at Kenton.

PATCH

Nice punch, Nature Boy.

A half smile from Kenton. A shrug.

PATCH

Hey, Austin. Did you film any of  
that? Why didn't you have that  
fuckin' camera rollin'?

Patch takes a big step towards Austin and...snap! He steps into the bear trap--almost on cue.

The jaws clamp down into his leg, crunching bone, spewing blood.

Patch writhes in pain. Austin and Sergey rush over to him and remove his leg from the trap.

Austin is immediately on the phone, calling for an ambulance.

In trying to help Patch, Sergey knocks loose Patch's hairpiece. The long locks fall off Patch's head and into a pool of blood.

Patch momentarily forgets his leg pain and grasps his fallen hair. His bald head has only a few wispy locks.

PATCH  
(screaming at Sergey)  
What the hell, you fucker! That's  
my hair!

Amid the screams and cries, Kenton walks out of the house.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY.

Kenton sits on a rusty lawn chair and stares up at the birds.  
He lets the sunshine fall upon him.

The cries inside continue, but Kenton shuts them out by  
communing with nature.

He mutters softly--half to himself and half to the spirit of  
Roy MacBain.

KENTON  
I'm sorry, Roy, that you aren't  
here with us anymore.

The birds sing in the trees.

KENTON  
Don't worry about old Patch. He's  
gonna be just fine. He always is.

A deep breath.

KENTON  
Roy, you should know that writing  
songs with you in this house was  
the greatest moment of my life.

He rubs his cheek.

KENTON  
Just don't tell that to Patch,  
okay?

The screams in the house get even louder. A chair flies  
through the open doorway and smashes onto the porch.

Kenton shakes his head in disbelief.

KENTON  
Fucking heavy metal.

FADE OUT: