

Bear Trap
written by
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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 frown 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 new age 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 wish I could go back in time. 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.

PATCH

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

Their debate is interrupted. Entering the house is SERGEY KROEGER (20s), a Bloody Hand super-fan.

His fandom is apparent by the makeshift bearskin hanging along his torso. He carries a rusty bear trap that's so ancient that it can't possibly work.

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

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'm your biggest fan. I can't believe that I found you.

AUSTIN

I'm sorry, how did you know we were here? This is a private event.

SERGEY

I sniffed you out. I'm a bear.

Kenton groans.

SERGEY

I was hoping that you could autograph my bear trap.

He rattles the old contraption.

SERGEY

How cool would that be? A bear trap autographed by the guys who made "Bear Trap."

KENTON

(to Austin)

Get this nitwit out of here.

PATCH

I'll sign your trap.

KENTON

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

Patch steps aggressively toward Sergey.

PATCH
I said, I'll sign it.

He turns to Austin.

PATCH
Get me a marker.

Austin scrounges one up, and gives it to Patch, who signs the rusty jaws with flourish.

Sergey can't contain his glee.

SERGEY
Thank you. Thank you so much. This
is the best day of my life.

PATCH
For sure.

Sergey whirls around with his newly-signed trophy.

SERGEY
You know what? This old thing still
works. Wanna see?

Without warning, he sets the rusty piece down and tries to pry the rusty jaws open.

KENTON
Aw, Jesus. This guy's gonna hurt
himself. Get him out of here,
Austin.

Sergey pries the jaws apart and sets them in place.

SERGEY
See, it totally works!

He searches the room.

SERGEY
If you hand me a stick, I'll set it
off for you.

On cue, Sergey steps in the trap. The rusty jaws clamp down into his leg, crunching bone, spewing blood.

Sergey writhes in pain. When Austin tries to help him, Sergey socks him in the nose.

Patch also comes to the rescue, but his eyes widen with surprise when Sergey clutches his hairpiece and pulls it off. The long locks fall into a pool of blood.

Patch's wispy hair trembles as he shouts at Sergey.

PATCH

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

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 smashed onto the porch.

Kenton shakes his head in disbelief.

KENTON

Fucking heavy metal.

FADE OUT: