



KursedKlok

By
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FADE IN:

EXT. MORDHAUS - DAY

Klokateers are working on the scaffolding. One FALLS and IMPALES HIMSELF on a SPIKE through the brain.

OFFDENSEN (O.S.)
Pickles, you uhh, have a visitor.

INT. MORDHAUS - PICKLES' ROOM - DAY

OFFDENSEN stands in Pickles doorway. PICKLES, hungover, lays sloppily in bed. Pickles THROWS an empty glass liquor bottle at Offdensen, which smashes to his right.

PICKLES
Ehhh, tell them to go away.

OFFDENSEN
Oh trust me, I've tried, but he's very, very persistent. He claims to know a horrible secret about you.

The PAWN SHOP OWNER who sold Pickle's his first guitar pops in the doorway, hat in hand.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Pickles, I don't know if you remember me-

PICKLES
I remember you. You were the guy that's leaving now, okay bye bye-

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Well no, I own a-

PICKLES
Bunch of ear plugs or something! Take them out and listen to what I'm saying. Get. The. FUCK. OUT!

OFFDENSEN
No, Pickles, he owns the pawn shop where you bought your first guitar.

Pickles eyes the pawn shop owner up and down for awhile.

PICKLES
Oh, the Gibson Les Paul gold-top with the humbuckers? That's a great guitar. Somethin' wrong with it?

PAWN SHOP OWNER

It's cursed.

Long, awkward beat. Pickles leaps out of bed and looks through a CLOSET muttering to himself. He emerges with the GUITAR.

PICKLES

Do you accept returns?

PAWN SHOP OWNER

... No.

Pickles drops to his knees.

PICKLES

Nooooooooooooo!!!!!!

SMASH CUT TO: TITLES

INT. TRIBUNAL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Senator Stampingston stands before a screen that has a picture of Pickles' golden Gibson Les Paul with the word "CURSED?" above it in red block letters.

STAMPINGSTON

Gentlemen, it appears as if Dethklok is in possession of a cursed instrument. Specifically, a guitar owned by Pickles.

GENERAL CROZIER looks confused.

CROZIER

Isn't Pickles the drummer? Why would he own a guitar?

ORLAAG looks over at Crozier.

ORLAAG

How quickly you forget his origins as the frontman of Snakes 'n Barrels?

Crozier gives Orlaag some serious side-eye.

STAMPINGSTON

Gentlemen, please direct your attention to musical curse expert, Dr. Yvesllym Smalgmangyyujm. Dr. Smalgmangyyujm?

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM stands opposite the senator.

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM

Pickles unknowingly purchased a guitar that was dropped off at a pawn shop by this man-

The background changes into the mugshot of LEVINS COLGATE.

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM(CONT'D)

Levins Colgate. Levins gave up playing the guitar after years of bouncing from band to band in the cesspool that is... Los Angeles.

Everyone shudders.

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM(CONT'D)

Every time he thought he was going to make it big, something fell through.

The screen pops up each of the following items as said.

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM(CONT'D)

Drugs, booze, loose women, bad financial decisions. Lady Luck was never on his side. He gave it all up, but before he did, he muttered a phrase that would forever curse his trusted instrument.

ORLAAG

What did he say?

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM

Curse this piece of shit guitar forever.

CROZIER

What kind of damage can this curse do? Is there any way to lift it?

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM

Nobody knows what the curse can do, but it can only be lifted by returning the guitar to it's rightful owner.

STAMPINGSTON

So what's the problem?

DR. SMALGMANGYYUJM

He's dead. Overdosed after getting drunk with a prostitute he could not afford.

CROZIER

We have to get the guitar to his grave before the curse destroys the band.

SALACIA (O.S.)

No...

SALACIA leans back, looking contemplative.

SALACIA (CONT'D)

We wait...

INT. MORDHAUS - LIVING AREA - DAY

NATHAN, SKWISGAAR, MURDERFACE, and Pickles as sitting in the hot tub. TOKI plays DDR.

MURDERFACE

No way! I want a cursed guitar!

SKWISGAAR

You plays bass guitars.

MURDERFACE

So?

SKWISGAAR

Bass guitars already cursed.

NATHAN

Yeah. Why else would you get all this success, but no women?

MURDERFACE

I get women!

SKWISGAAR

Names one womans you'ves slept with since, oh I don't knows... this mornings?

MURDERFACE

This morning?! That's impossible! It's not even noon!

SKWISGAAR

Wells, let's see, there was Becca, Susan, Susanne, Lynn-

NATHAN

Erica, Diane, Caroline, Sarah, Lynn-

TOKI

You both slept with Lynn?

SKWISGAAR

Dah

NATHAN

Yeah.

TOKI

So did I!

MURDERFACE

Wait, YOU slept with a girl today?!

TOKI

Yeah, she was real pretty too.

MURDERFACE

Oh, what the fuck!

PICKLES

Sorry to interrupt, but could we focus on the CURSED GUITAR SITUATION HERE!

NATHAN

Well, we gotta get rid of it, obviously. I thought that was a given.

SKWISGAAR

Yeahs, puts it in the garbage cans and bingos, no mores problems.

PICKLES

It's not that simple. I have to return it from whence it came. You know, classic curse stuff.

The band murmurs in agreement.

NATHAN

Well just give it back to that fucking asshole who sold it to you and we can go back to having just one cursed instrument, right Murderface?

MURDERFACE

Fuck you! Pickles hasn't gotten any today either!

PICKLES

Oh no, I banged Amber, Erin, and Lynn before I got here. Had to, you know, work through all this "curse" stuff.

TOKI

Yous slept with Lynn toos!

NATHAN

Guys, not to sound gay or anything, but I've never felt closer to you in my entire life.

TOKI

I feels the sames way!

Muderface gets out of the hot tub. He flips off everyone.

MURDERFACE

Okay, seriously, fuck all of you forever.
Have fun with your curse, Pickles! Hope
you die horribly!

Murderface exits.

PICKLES

Oh, we have to go to LA.

NATHAN

Fuck!

SKWISGAAR

Fuck!

TOKI

I'lls grabs the SPFs 40!

INT. MURDERTRAIN - DAY

Everyone except Murderface is aboard the train. Toki is
applying sunscreen.

PICKLES

Okay, so all we have to do is find the
grave of the guy who pawned this, then I
think that's it.

NATHAN

I hope so. No offense Pickles, but LA is
just fucking filled with herpes and
overpriced drugs.

SKWISGAAR

Yeah, it's goods for like, a weekends,
but no mores.

TOKI

Do you knows wheres he's burieds at?

Pickles looks at his dethphone.

PICKLES

It says he's buried at the Hollywood
Forever Cemetery. That's pretty cool.

NATHAN

How did he die? Was it brutal?

Pickles scrolls down on his dethphone.

PICKLES

It doesn't say. Just that he was buried there.

The guitar glows red and vibrates. Everyone stares at it in fear. The glowing subsides.

PICKLES (CONT'D)

We gotta get there, now.

INT. MORDHAUS - MURDERFACE'S ROOM - DAY

Murderface lies face up on his bed, tossing his KNIFE up, catching it before it stabs his face. This continues.

MURDERFACE

What is wrong with me? I'm the bass player for the biggest band in the world!

Murderface catches the knife, then sits up. He looks at his bass, rage in his eyes.

MURDERFACE (CONT'D)

It's all your fault!

Murderface leaps over, SMASHING his bass to pieces. He stands over the wreckage of his bass, breathing heavily.

LYNN (O.S.)

Hello?

MURDERFACE

What?! Who goes there?

At the door is LYNN, a young woman in a Dethklok shirt (and nothing else).

LYNN

Are you in the band?

Murderface gulps.

MURDERFACE

Yes. Yes I am.

LYNN

What do you play?

MURDERFACE

Uhhhh....

Murderface slides the remains of his bass under his bed.

MURDERFACE (CONT'D)

The guitar! You know just... regular guitar!

Lynn walks over to Murderface and pushes him down onto his bed. Murderface slams his KNIFE into the bedpost with a smile.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - NIGHT

The train pulls up. The band gets out. Pickles has his now glowing red guitar in hand.

PICKLES

Okay, everybody split up. We gotta find this guy's grave and get the fuck out.

TOKI

Theres sos many graves! How dos we finds just ones guy?!

SKWISGAAR

Yeah, is theres likes, a dewsey decibals systems, but for deads peoples?

NATHAN

Over here!

Nathan points at a sign that reads "FORGOTTEN MUSICIANS".

PICKLES

Oh. That's convenient.

The guitar starts glowing red and vibrating. It PULLS Pickles nearly magnetically through the graveyard.

PICKLES (CONT'D)

Ieeee! Oww ow ow ow!

NATHAN

Follow that guitar!

The rest of the band chases after Pickles.

INT. MORDHAUS - MURDERFACE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Murderface lays shirtless in bed smoking a cigarette. Lynn snuggles next to him.

MURDERFACE

That was great. This'll show the rest of those guys. I'm not cursed after all.

LYNN

Why would you be cursed?

MURDERFACE

Cursed? Me?! No, I said... uhh...
nursed! Yup. Nursed. Never been nursed
a day in my life.

LYNN

Oh.

MURDERFACE

... Yup.

Uncomfortable silence.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - NIGHT

Pickles is still being pulled towards an unknown grave by
his guitar, tombstones hitting his shins.

PICKLES

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

The rest of the band chases after him.

SKWISGAAR

If theres is ONE spooky ghost out heres,
I ams goings RIGHT backs to the trains.

TOKI

Seconds!

The guitar stops. Pickles lets go, falling to the ground.

Pickles looks up as the guitar floats above an ivy-
covered grave that reads "LEVINS COLGATE: RUST IN PEACE".

PICKLES

Well, he had good taste.

The rest of the band catches up with him, out of breath.

NATHAN

You know... you could have... let go...
any time... right?

PICKLES

How would we have found his grave, idiot?

SKWISGAAR

Not... too hards... to finds... a
FLOATING GUITARS!

The ground shakes. Everyone tries keeping their balance.

TOKI

Oh wowwee! It's the bigs one!

NATHAN

I fucking hate LA.

The spirit of Levins Colgate rises from his grave and grabs his guitar. Everyone slowly steps away from the grave with fear on their faces.

LEVINS

THANK YOU FOR RETURNING MY GUITAR TO ME!

PICKLES

Oh, uhh... no problem? So... I'm no longer like, "cursed" or whatever, right?

LEVINS

WRONG!

PICKLES

So you're telling me we came all the way out here to give you your guitar back, and it was all for nothing!

NATHAN

Yeah, what gives!

LEVINS

THE ONLY WAY FOR THE CURSE TO BE COMPLETELY LIFTED IS...

Lightning crashes around them. The band is unfazed.

PICKLES

Out with it!

LEVINS

Is for you to let me play a show with you. It's... it's all I've ever wanted.

The band immediately go from enraged to empathetic.

PICKLES

Okay. But we don't have anyone on bass.

Levins looks up at the band with a glint in his eye.

LEVINS

Not a problem.

The earth begins to shake again as *METALDEADS* plays.

The ghosts of GIDGET GEIN, CHRIS CORNELL, BIANCA HALSTEAD, NATASHA SHNEIDER, AND JOHNNY/DEE DEE RAMONE rise, instruments at the ready.

TOKI

Wowie. Bunch of dead metalheads.

NATHAN

Metaldeads. Great song title!

An epic, creepy concert stage appears where Dethklok and their temporary ghost band mates take the stage to a HUGE CROWD OF CHEERING GHOST FANS.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Dead and gone, decayed and rotten/We will never be forgotten.

INT. MORDHAUS - MURDERFACE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Murderface is watching the concert on TV via news helicopter with the caption "HOLLYWOOD UNDEAD?".

MURDERFACE

No fucking way! They're playing without me! Those bastards! It's one thing to turn the bass amp off, but it's another-

LYNN

Wait, you play the bass?

Lynn jumps out of bed and looks around, terrified.

MURDERFACE

No! Babe! It's not like-

Lynn grabs the knife from the bed post and slits her throat. Blood spews all over Murderface and his bed. He looks horrified, then disappointed.

MURDERFACE (CONT'D)

Well. Guess that about proves it.

CUT TO: CREDITS

THE END

