

METAL MASTERS  
by  
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Original Comedy

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FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT (1996)

A HEAVY METAL MANIAC SCIENTIST in leathers, holding and listening to rock albums. He sits up fast with an exciting thought.

(NARRATOR'S VOICE overlaps ACTION)

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Detroit Rock City, January,  
nineteen ninety six, The Heavy  
Metal maniac scientist, Old Dr.  
Crazy Bones, has a brain storm  
idea. He would take claim of  
donated sperm seeds from the top  
rockers in the world, splicing them  
together and breeding them in  
nursery pods in his lab, to create  
the ultimate Heavy Metal band.  
They are to be called "KID  
SKELETON".

A SHOT of KID SKELETON the BAND.

Then individual SHOTS of the band members as Narrator announces names and seed donations.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Kid Skeleton is...  
On vocals. MICK MOLTEN. Seeds  
donated by, Rob Halford, Ozzy  
Osbourne, Alice Cooper, Axl Rose.  
  
On lead guitar. LES ERECTIS.  
Seeds donated by, K.K. Downing,  
Angus Young, Kirk Hammet, Eddie Van  
Halen.  
  
On rhythm guitar. RAUNCH ROCKER.  
Seeds donated by, Glenn Tipton,  
Mattias Jabs, Slash.  
  
On bass guitar. SILO. Seeds  
donated by, Nikki Six, Gene  
Simmons, Jason Newsted.  
  
On drums. CLUTCH BRODEE. Seeds  
donated by, Scott Travis, Lars  
Ulrich, Tommy Lee.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

OLD DR. CRAZY BONES congregates with COLLEAGUES. They are going over charts and graphs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 There is extensive planning, the  
 Scientists are all in preparation  
 for this historic task.

INT. SPERM BANK - DAY

Behind three separate curtains is a silhouette of the top rockers tossing off in a cup.

MR. ROSE has his jacket draped over the curtain; It has a patch that reads "AXL".

ROB's got his Harley parked next to the stall; License plate reads "HALFORD".

OZZY OSBOURNE is SINGING "FLYING HIGH AGAIN". They all hold out their hand to pass the filled cups to Old Dr. Crazy Bones.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 The project begins.

EXT. LABORATORY - DAY

Old Dr. Crazy Bones and colleagues are at a press conference.

Newspaper in hand. Old Dr. Crazy Bones is on the cover. Headline READS. FUTURE ROCKERS FOR FUTURE ROLLERS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 The media is alerted, the world of  
 rock awaits.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

The Heavy Metal babies lined up in a row, each in their own bassinets. They all have black leather diapers and spiked wrist bands on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 The heavy metal babies are born.  
 The world of rock waits for the  
 ultimate Metal Masters to come of  
 age.

INT. MUSICAL INSTITUTION - EIGHT YEARS LATER

Band members are eight years old. They are all in a sound room, INSTRUCTORS trying to show them a musical scale chart. The KIDS are screwing around, slapping each other upside the head.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As childhood progresses, the ongoing intensive training grows with anticipation, learning theories and relativity of Metal music.

INT. MUSICAL INSTITUTION - SIX YEARS LATER

The Metal Masters are fourteen years old. There is a team of three MUSIC INSTRUCTORS. One instructor showing Les Erectis, Raunch Rocker and Silo style, another teaching Clutch Brodee technique. Mick Molten is singing into a mic hooked up to a computer showing his vocal range. His instructor is shaking his head in disgust.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

CROWDS CHEERING.

INT. MUSICAL INSTITUTION - FOUR YEARS LATER

THE GRODES are eighteen years old.

Raunch Rocker has bolted skate board wheels on his guitar and is skating around.

Silo is dancing like an Egyptian with Clutch Brodee close behind, beating him on the head with drum sticks.

Les Erectis has been duct-taped to a chair, with a set of head phones on while Mick Molten is screaming into a microphone, deafening poor Les Erectis.

The instructors come in and start pulling out their own hair clearly in frustration.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Grodes are destined to be very rich, famous, and arrogant, but will always remain very, very stupid. Eighteen years the young Grodes have been living in this institution, never been able to leave, to live privately out of the public eye, so their music studies are not disturbed or distracted by society. They know very little of the outside world.

EXT. MUSICAL INSTITUTION - DAY

Grodes and music instructors holding a press conference out in front of the institution. Mick Molten is holding up KID SKELETON'S debut album, "EXTRA MEDIUM". They are all toasting. The press are all taking pictures. MTV and VH1 are among the press.

NARRATOR (V.O.)CONT'D)

After eighteen years of solitary study, the Grodes finally have wrote, recorded and released their debut album, "Extra Medium". With the album on the streets selling faster than Penicillin at a hooker convention, taking them to the top of the charts all across the globe, the time has come for these young Grodes to pillage the world, to be released from the Institution for the very first time. World tour debut is scheduled on their release date, January twentieth two thousand fourteen.

END NARRATION

EXT. DETROIT ROCK CITY STADIUM - NIGHT (1-20-2014)

"Detroit Rock City Stadium" marquee reads: KID SKELETON TONIGHT, DEBUT CONCERT, SOLD-OUT. Thousands of FANS storm stadium.

EXT. DETROIT STADIUM - NIGHT

Tour manager RICK STONE, Mid 20's, casually well dressed and clean shaven. He is chewing out the BUS DRIVER on a cell phone.

RICK  
 (on cell)  
 What the shit! What do you mean  
 you're lost? The show was supposed  
 to start an hour ago. The fans are  
 starting to riot. Now you get them  
 Grodes here now!

INT. TOUR BUS - NIGHT (MOVING)

Tour bus lost, driving aimlessly on the streets of Detroit. Grodes in the back of bus with the Driver at the wheel, he is a hippie throw-back from the Sixties, Driver on phone with Rick.

DRIVER  
 (on cell)  
 What in the hell is a Grode?

INT. TOUR BUS, ON THE GRODES - CONTINUOUS

The Grodes in the back of the bus slapping each other upside the head.

RICK (V.O.)  
 It's a groovy dude, Grode, groovy  
 dude... It's what the band likes to  
 be called.

INT. TOUR BUS, ON DRIVER - CONTINUOUS

RICK (V.O.)  
 Look! Never mind that. Just get  
 your worthless, Underachieving,  
 flunky ass down here now!

EXT. ON RICK - CONTINUOUS

Rick, standing at the backstage gate, hangs up the phone, he sees the tour bus coming down the street, Rick looks relieved, but the bus just rolls right by him. Rick freaks as the bus drives around the corner of the stadium.

RICK  
 Ah! Shit.

INT./EXT. TOUR BUS, ON THE GRODES - CONTINUOUS

The Grodes are just now noticing all the rioting going on but don't realize they are at the stadium.

MICK  
Hey! Old dude, stop the bus. What  
the hell is going on?

SILO  
I have no idea.

Raunch pops his face out the window.

RAUNCH  
Could it be? Yes, I think it is.  
RIOT! LET'S GO!

The bus pulls over and stops. All the Grodes pile out and immediately start to riot along with the crowd. Some ROCKERS are CHANTING.

ROCKERS  
(chanting)  
Sell more tickets, sell more  
tickets.

The Grodes start to CHANT along with the CROWD.

GRODES AND ROCKERS  
Sell more tickets, sell more  
tickets.

Rick and a couple of ROADIES walk up to the Grodes and drag them to the backstage door

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Entering through the door, Rick is walking the Grodes down the hall. He is handing them their backstage laminates, they reach the dressing room.

RICK  
Good to see you all again, well,  
Okay, this is it. You Grodes have  
been trained to kick some metal  
ass.

Rick smiles at the Grodes as they return a look confusion.

RICK (CONT'D)

We have a sold-out crowd out there.  
That's thirty thousand Metal heads  
waiting for the almighty Kid  
Skeleton to kick their ass!

MICK

We have to fight sixty thousand  
Metal heads?

LES

All at once?

SILO

And win?

RICK

Good God Grodes, it's just an  
expression. You really don't know  
anything but music, do you?

The Grodes are confused as they look at each other.

RICK (CONT'D)

You do know music, don't you?

The Grodes smile and shake their heads "yes". SOUND MAN  
enters, holding a clipboard.

SOUND MAN

Excuse me, are you Rick Stone?  
Fearless tour manager?

RICK

That will be me.

SOUND MAN

We're ready to run a sound check.

RICK

Great. I'll be right there.

Sound Man exits.

RICK (CONT'D)

(to Grodes)

Look, curtain drops in twenty  
minutes, I gotta go see if the  
stage is set, You can change into  
your stage clothes and put on your  
make-up here. I'll be right back.

Rick exits. The Grodes enter dressing room and proceed to put on their stage clothes, Mick walks up to the vanity mirror. He is looking at all the make-up.

MICK

How uh? What the? What I mean is,  
uh?

RAUNCH

Hey! How do you apply this crap?

MICK

Ya! That.

Les picks up a "Glamour Magazine" with a beautiful woman on the cover.

LES

Hey! Check this out. All we have  
to do is put it on like this.

Les pins up the magazine on the mirror. The Grodes gather around. They are scrambling. Make-up is flying everywhere. Arms are moving at top speed.

The powder has created a SMOKE SCREEN. When the powder clears, the Grodes are standing there with half inch thick globs of make-up on.

Rick comes back, stops in his tracks, puts his hands over his eyes, then removes them and shakes his head.

RICK

Have you got a brain? What, did  
you Grodes use it all?  
(walking out)  
Why me? Why me? Why me?

The Grodes are just now getting a good look at what they had done.

SILO

Hey Les! Smooth move Jack hole.

Rick exits out the door and quickly returns with a qualified MAKE-UP GIRL. She walks up to Silo, and scrapes off a thick chunk of make-up with a putty knife. Chunk falls to the floor.

RICK

Is there any hope?

MAKE-UP GIRL

I'll have them looking like sexy  
bitches in no time. You go take  
care of your business, I'll take  
care of mine.

Rick exits out into the hallway takes a few steps, then stops abruptly, takes a quick look at his watch, then turns back into the dressing room.

The Grodes facing the mirror. They all turn around. Their hair and make-up is perfect. Make-up Girl walks in front of them and smiles.

MAKE-UP GIRL (CONT'D)

Business is good.

INT. STADIUM STAGE, SHOW-TIME - NIGHT

Rick and the Grodes at the side of the stage, waiting to go on.

RICK

(supportive smile)

Before you Grodes infest that  
stage, I would like to give you  
some words of encouragement.

(loses smile)

Unfortunately I can't think of any.  
So just try not to fuck up, Okay.

The HOUSE MUSIC FADES. The house lights go out. The ROAR of the crowd goes up. The Grodes take their positions on stage, the stage lights come on. There stands KID SKELETON.

On opening notes, all strings break on both Les and Raunch's guitars and on Silo's bass. All of Clutch Brodee's drums collapse, while Mick Molten is being electrically shocked by his microphone.

Speakers are SCORCHING out feedback, all this happens simultaneously.

The fans are cheering.

Mick looks back at Clutch.

MICK

Bitchin' Brodee.

The ROADIES scramble to set everything back up, new guitars, reset drums, etc.

FILM SPEED CRANKED UP, taking eight seconds maximum. The Grodes play one song.

(NO BRAIN, NO PAIN)

MICK (CONT'D)

(singing)

No brain, no pain.  
Got everything and nothin' to gain.  
Don't ask cause I can't explain.  
I'm on vacation at Camp Insane.

I'm a loner, never really alone.  
My friends talk to me when I am at home.  
There's no one there, but I heard what they said.  
All my friends are locked in my head.

Look at me, tell me, what do you see?  
All the things that you wanted to be.  
If I don't use it, they say it will rot.  
But that's okay, they tell me I've got.

No brain, no pain.  
Got everything and nothing to gain.  
Don't ask cause I can't explain.  
I'm on vacation at Camp Insane.

SONG ENDS:

MICK (CONT'D)

Thank you! Detroit Rock City.  
GOOD NIGHT!

The Grodes waving to crowd as they start walking off stage. Rick runs on stage and turns them around.

RICK

You have to play for another hour,  
get back up there.

The grodes start another song.

FADE TO BLACK: Durring song. Song fades.

## INT. BACKSTAGE STADIUM - NIGHT

Concert over, the Grodes back stage where stands groupie babes waiting for the Grodes. WIGGY a fox with a black leather mini skirt, jet black hair, and a wicked, devious look on her face, prowls up to Mick, she puts her hands on his face and her tongue down his throat.

MICK  
(freaking out)  
Oh my God! She tried to eat my tongue! She's a cannibal.

Mick runs frantically down the hall as Les walks up to her.

LES  
Excuse me... Little Miss Leather Grode Groupie Babe, that tongue eating thing was like really creepy and gory. It made my skin crawl, I kinda liked it. Wanna eat my tongue?

WIGGY  
(GIGGLING)  
I'm not a cannibal. You've got a lot to learn, and I've got a lot to teach you.

SILO  
Hey Les! Better take her with you. God only knows how you got along this far without her.

## EXT. BACKSTAGE DOOR - NIGHT

Rick, the Grodes, Wiggy and her two friends, exit the Stadium and all pile into a limo and drive off.

## EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Limo pulls up. As the Grodes get out with the girls they see about fifty radical fans stampeding towards them, the Grodes grab the girls and run SCREAMING into the hotel.

## INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The Grodes and the girls walk through the door then down the lobby. Rick catches up.

RICK

Sorry about that, they were supposed to have the street blocked off. Now, when we get to the ballroom, there are going to be a few reporters from the press. Just humor them by answering a few of their questions. Everything should run smoothly.

The Grodes and Rick enter the ballroom, with girls trailing close behind. They are swarmed by an army of reporters shoving microphones in the Grodes faces. AD-LIBBING questions at a hundred miles an hour.

The Grodes are seeking shelter behind one another. Rick controls the situation.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey!... Chill out! Slow down... slow down, they will answer your questions, but only one question at a time.

JOE JOE, a Reporter at the front of the chaos.

JOE JOE (O.S.)

Can I ask you a question?

RICK

Step forward.

Joe Joe steps forward.

JOE JOE

Hi there, I'm Joe Joe from MTV in New York, My question is for Mick.

MICK

MTV sucks but, Go ahead, hit me.

JOE JOE

Well, since you're one quarter percent Ozzy Osbourne, were you born with the after-taste of a bat's head in your mouth?

MICK

Yea! But far better than the after-taste of a bat's ass! He could have bitten the other end you know.

The press gets right in the Grode's faces and take rapid-fire pictures of them. The Grodes take off SCREAMING deeper into the ballroom, dragging girls close behind.

After-show party in full effect, the Grodes and the girls are walking through the crowd, Grodes fist bumping people they pass. They end up on the dance floor with the girls, the girls dance great, the Grodes not so much.

INT. HOTEL, AFTER-SHOW PARTY - LATE NIGHT

With the party and the mingling winding down, some guests have passed out on the floor.

EXT. STREET - VERY LATE

Clutch Brodee is drag racing the limo up and down the street.

INT. HOTEL, AFTER SHOW PARTY - VERY LATE

Mick and Raunch are messing with the drunken Silo, who is passed out at the corner. With their backs turned, Mick and Raunch assume the position to pee on Silo.

Les and Wiggy walk past Mick, Raunch and Silo, they notice what is going on, they LAUGH in disgust. Les and Wiggy continue down the hall.

LES

You know... we've had six drinks,  
three dances, fell down two flights  
of stairs, and I still don't know  
your name.

WIGGY

They call me Wiggy.

Les and Wiggy arrive at his hotel room, Les takes out his key card, swipes it then opens the door, they enter. Les is very nervous like a lost puppy dog.

LES

So Wiggy huh?

Wiggy notices his dilemma and takes control, throwing him on the bed.

WIGGY

Now, just relax. Remember what I  
told you earlier. Well, the  
teacher is in.

She starts to slowly take Les's shirt and pants off.

LES

Hey! I'm gonna need those, are you a thief?

WIGGY

You'll get everything back in the morning, but not till then. Now, just strap yourself in, You're going for a ride.

Wiggy sexually attacks Les. His hormones kick in as he tries to retaliate, but is fumbling in the sheets.

INT. HOTEL, BALLROOM - MORNING

In the corner of the ballroom stands a three foot pile of left-over food and garbage. The pile starts to move, out pops Silo's head. He is deliriously dazed. He tries to recall last night's escapades and festivities.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK #1)

Opening of last night's concert when all hell broke loose during opening notes.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK #2)

Silo backstage with a hot blonde BIMBO. Silo in a silent state of confusion, Bimbo talking at a hundred miles an hour.

BIMBO

Oh my God! I love you, your music is the soul of my being and the inspiration of my nakedness. I changed three times tonight. Do you think my skirt's too tight?

(she pulls on her skirt)

Do you know Metalica? What's your favorite movie? I'm going to be an actress, Do you know Howard Stern? Do you have a beer?

INT. HOTEL, AFTERSHOW PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK #3)

After-show party going on strong in the ballroom. Mick watching Silo shift from leg to leg.

MICK  
 What's up? You look like a fish out  
 of water.

SILO  
 I gotta go.

MICK  
 Go where?

SILO  
 To the bathroom.

MICK  
 So go.

SILO  
 Okay.

Silo enters the bathroom. He has to go very bad. He walks up to the stall. He commences to pee. The pressure is equal to a fire hose as the back-splash is shooting everywhere.

INT. HOTEL, AFTERSHOW PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK #4)

A crowd of ROCKERS drunk off their asses, holding each other arm-in-arm, with the Grodes spread out among them. They are all staggering back and forth, having a sing along.

EVERYBODY  
 (SUNG TO THE TUNE, "WE ARE  
 THE WORLD")  
 We are real drunk,  
 But we will stand tall.  
 We're holding each other up  
 So we don't fall.

INT. HOTEL, AFTERSHOW PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK #5)

Very late, ballroom almost empty. Silo standing in the corner, drunk and delirious, his eyes roll to the back of his head. He slides down wall and passes out.

END FLASHBACKS.

Silo with a blank stare. Les and Wiggy once again pass by Silo on there way to breakfast.

LES  
 Hey Silo, ya hungry? We're going  
 for flap jacks.

Silos head flips back as he falls back into pile of garbage.

EXT. DETROIT AIRPORT RUNWAY - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Lear jet taking off from the runway.

INT. LEAR JET - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Lear jet in route to L.A. Mick is sitting in the window seat, looking out the window with Raunch sitting right next to him. The rest of the Grodes sit nearby. Rick is in the very back of the plane reading a book.

MICK

I don't know about this flying  
shit.

RAUNCH

What, are you nervous? Hey  
everyone, Mick here is nervous. Or  
should I say Mick Mouse.

MICK

Eat my fuck. I'm not nervous, I  
was just thinking of all the bands  
that have died in plane crashes.  
Just think, one minute at the top  
of your career, thirty thousand  
feet at the top of the world. Next  
you're a B.B.Q. for buzzards.

Raunch gets excited.

RAUNCH

Hey! I wonder if Ritchie Valens  
last words were;  
(sung to the tune  
("LA BAMBA") )  
La La La bummer, Planes goin' down,  
now I'm six feet under.

LES

Look, I'm a free bird.

Les gets out of his seat and starts flapping his arms,  
turning in circles and making DIVE BOMB SOUNDS. He crashes  
back in his seat then kicks out his feet and arms, then  
squawks like a dying bird.

LES (CONT'D)

Squawk, squawk.

CLUTCH

Note to Johnny D. Check gas  
"before" taking off.

MICK

Hey! Didn't Ricky Nelson die in a  
plane?

CLUTCH

Ya! But nobody cared about him.

MICK

Yea right, It's like, plane's goin  
down, don't worry it's only Ricky  
Neslon.

Rick decides to take a chance and break character.

RICK

Ya! And what about that long gone  
Stevie Ray Vaughan?

The Grodes are are all wearing Stevie Ray Vaughan hats. They  
look at Rick with disrespect. The Grodes take their hats off  
their heads and hold them to their hearts, Then toss their  
hats at Rick.

SILO

You shouldn't make fun of the dead.  
It will come back to haunt you.

RAUNCH

Hey, chill out! Go take an Ex-lax.

SILO

Why?

RAUNCH

Because you're retaining shit  
again. There's no such thing as  
karma. Dead's dead, so lighten up  
will ya Kid?

(SILO)

(grinning)

That's it, fuel the fire.

The Grodes laugh Silo off. This motivates him to go sabotage  
the plane. Silo sneaks into the cockpit (for no reason even  
being there.) Silo sees a bowling bag.

He takes the ball out of the bag. "Eerie Freddie Kruger,  
Jason, Halloween type MUSIC starts PLAYING." Silo holds the  
bowling ball over the PILOT's head.

Silo scrunches his face, then nods his head in a no-no fashion, thinking about the splatter.

MUSIC STOPS. Silo pulls back the ball.

SILO  
(to CAMERA)  
What do you expect? It's a fuckin'  
family movie.

INSERT - "Automatic Pilot Switch"

Which reads "ON".

Silo noticing plane on auto pilot, he puts the ball down and picks up the bowling ball bag, then sticks his finger in the pilot's back.

SILO (CONT'D)  
This is a Low-Jack.

PILOT  
A what?

SILO  
A High-Jack, just get your hands in  
the air and you won't get hurt.

The pilot raises his hands, Silo slips the handles of the bowling bag over and down his arms, bag over his head, and the handles under his arm pits, zips it tight under his chin.

Silo then pulls the pilot out of his seat and pushes him out of the cock-pit. Silo jumps into the pilot's seat, turns off auto pilot then takes the plane into a dive bomb.

Mick repenting about making fun of the dead, he is praying.

MICK  
Dear God, I'm so sorry, I  
never meant a word. Those other  
guys, they meant it. They hate the  
dead. Yea! Once I saw Raunch kick  
a dead man. Ya! Kicked him so  
hard I think he killed him. So  
take them, not me!

Pilot comes stumbling out with the bag on his head. Mick stops praying. They all notice Silo is nowhere in sight. They all SCREAM.

ALL  
(screaming)  
Silo!

The plane levels out. Silo comes walking out with a grin, hands the pilot a set of keys.

SILO  
Careful. It likes to pull to the left.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

As the Grodes are exiting the plane, they are once again greeted by a few members of the press. Joe Joe steps forward.

JOE JOE  
Welcome to Los Angeles.

RAUNCH  
Hey! It's that doggy dude again.

MICK  
Hey, doggy dude, I thought I stepped in your poop today, but it was just MTV.

JOE JOE  
(slightly defensive)  
That doesn't even make sense. Anyway, you're the talk of the rock. You guys are splattered all across the world. With no disrespect, what makes you Grodes so friggin' popular?

Les, Raunch, Clutch and Silo look at each other with confusion. Mick steps forward.

MICK  
What makes us so friggin' popular? I'll sum it up by saying this, I am he who that is. We are them that always were, and them that shall always be. We are intertwined with the metal geniuses who have dominated Rock and Roll and made it what it is today. We say we are Rock and Roll, thus our precursors preached, Rock and Roll will never die, so the question being...

(confusion sets in)  
If we are Rock and Roll, will we ever die? And if we don't,

(getting scared)  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

When I'm one hundred and fifty,  
will my wrinkled flesh peel off?  
Will I lose all sense of reality?  
Will my johnson fall off? Oh shit!  
Oh shit! Alice wants to come out  
and play.

SUDDENLY, the quarter percent of Alice Cooper inside Mick possesses him from the strain in his brain. Mick starts to SING the classic Alice Cooper tune. "EIGHTEEN". He is creeping around. Yes, Alice is inside him.

MICK (CONT'D)

(singing)

I've got a baby's brain and an old  
man's heart.  
Took eighteen years to get this  
far.  
Don't always know what I'm talking  
about.  
Seems like I'm living in the middle  
of doubt.  
Cause I'm eighteen.  
I get confused every day.  
Eighteen, I just don't know what to  
say.  
Eighteen...

Clutch sneaks up and violently slaps Mick in the face.

INT. STUDIO, VIDEO SHOOT - DAY

CREW and TECH'S busy working on the set.

The Grodes, Rick and the VIDEO PRODUCER are deciding which song would make the best video.

VIDEO PRODUCER

If I could get some cooperation  
here we can shoot this video today.  
So we've narrowed it down to three  
songs.  
(looks at list on paper)  
Psycho Sluts", "No Brain No Pain",  
or "Skin and Bones".

The excited Raunch jumps up and hollers out this really stupid idea.

RAUNCH

Hey! Let's do "She Cracks My  
Nuts".

(MORE)

RAUNCH (CONT'D)

It will be really cool, we can have some really bodacious Grode groupie babes with sledge hammers smashing hairy coconuts while we grab our crotches and double over while Silo is going thru the bass lines. What do you think, pretty cool or what?

Everyone gives Raunch a death stare. But Raunch is still looking quite proud for thinking of it.

RICK

We're gonna shoot "Skin and Bones". It's what the band is about and it's the only track you Grodes didn't fuck up on.

LES

Like, it was my fault that Mick left his beer on the floor for me to trip over. Besides, it was my tooth that penetrated the twelfth fret, when my face became one with my guitar.

MICK

Hey, how else were we gonna get that really cool down tone crunch at the end of track four, "Psycho Sluts"?

LES

With the whammy bar.

MICK

Oh Les, you're always taking the easy way out.

Mick sneaks off to go check out the set, he walks up to the PYROTECHNIC working on a spring board that's set up behind the drums.

MICK (CONT'D)

How's it going?

PYROTECHNIC

Mick, hey! How's it hanging?

Mick a little confused.

MICK

Uh, it hangs. So what's that?

PYROTECHNIC

I'm loading your spring board with  
T.N.T.

MICK

Toxic Neutron Titanium?

PYROTECHNIC

No. It's what we call dynamite.

MICK

Nice!

PYROTECHNIC

Just the right amount, and we'll be  
sending you up and over the drum  
kit and onto the stage, Not enough,  
and you will end up on the drums.  
Too much, and you will end up in  
the twelfth row.

MICK

Sweet!

The Pyrotechnic exits. Mick has a devious grin.

Rick and the rest of the Grodes, except for Mick are standing  
next to the Video Producer.

VIDEO PRODUCER

This video will premiere world-wide  
in three weeks, and will run  
nationally on all the major video  
channels every two hours for the  
first week. We are expecting a  
phenomenal response.

RICK

Sound's great. Are we all set?

VIDEO PRODUCER

That we are.

RICK

Where the hell is Mick?

(looking over)

Hey Mick! Get your ass over here.

We're ready to shoot.

Mick grinning as he is walking away from the spring board.  
It is leaking T.N.T. Obvious tampering. Mick walks up to  
the them.

RICK (CONT'D)  
They're ready shoot this thing, go  
get in your positions.

The Grodes walk over to the set and take their positions.  
Les, Raunch and Silo are front stage. Clutch is at his drum  
kit. Mick is behind Clutch on his over-loaded spring board.

The DIRECTOR is calling out directions.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Slate!

Grodes on stage as SLATE GIRL walks in front of the Grodes  
with the clapboard.

SLATE GIRL  
Kid Skeleton, "Skin and Bones".  
Take one!

She claps the clapboard, then moves out of the shot.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Roll video!

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)  
Speed!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Roll sound!

SOUND GUY (O.S.)  
Speed!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
And, Action!

Les, Raunch and Silo open up with their Intro, Clutch opens  
up with his. The first STRIKE of the DRUMS signals the  
pyrotechnics to go off. Two EXPLOSIONS behind Marshall  
stacks on either side of the stage, and a third under Mick's  
over-loaded spring board. Mick gets blown forty feet in the  
air, SCREAMING all the way, coming back down he hits the  
stage extremely hard. Mick gets up very quick and starts  
Singing.

(SKIN AND BONES)

MICK  
(singing)  
Late at night when all's asleep,  
That's when I live, that's when  
I creep.  
And when I'm out, I'm in too deep.  
(MORE)

## MICK (CONT'D)

If you want to play with me,  
Not just love but ecstasy,  
hot enough to make you groan,  
girl I'm just skin and bones.

I stake my claim then make my mark.  
I hit the spot long after dark.  
You won't be there, but you'll be  
back Giving sac-ri-vice to my  
attack.

Live beyond your fantasy.  
My lust controls your ecstasy.  
Hot enough to make you groan.  
Girl, I'm just skin and bones.

END SONG.

## DIRECTOR

That's a wrap. Call it a day.  
(flustered)  
I'm going home.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Rick and the Grodes are settled in. They are sitting on  
couches and chairs.

## RICK

Okay, we survived the video shoot.  
At the risk of swelling your egos,  
I would like to say you did  
excellent work. But instead I'll  
just say, so far so good.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Rick answers. There stands a  
POSTAL DELIVERY GUY.

## POSTAL DELIVERY GUY

Good evening sir, I have a letter  
for a Rick Stone.  
(peeks in at the Grodes)  
Hey Grodes! Awesome dudes.

## RICK

Do I need to sign for this?

## POSTAL DELIVERY GUY

Na, we lose all our important  
papers anyway. We're the Postal  
Service, you know.

RICK  
Ya, well thanks.

He holds out his hand for a tip. Rick shuts the door in his face. Rick sits down and opens the letter, it has return address on it.

On Rick and the Grodes as the letter is read by SENDER.

SENDER (V.O.)  
(reading letter)  
I give only one warning, so expect no mercy. I know of Kid Skeleton's plan to execute Heavy Metal into a revolutionary state, only I have a different plan, and you're fucking it up! Give heed to my warning. You will retire the Grodes and put an end to Kid Skeleton's career or they will all die! Signed,  
B.G.H.C.T. The Fifth.

MICK  
What you got there Rick?

Rick tries not to alarm anyone.

RICK  
(lying)  
Just junk mail.

MICK  
That didn't sound like junk mail. We all heard the voice over dude reading it.

All the grodes look into the camera eye with a wink and a smile.

LES  
Hey Rick, we're goin' downtown.

CLUTCH  
Ya! Gonna party on the Sunset Strip.

RICK  
I guess that will be all right, I gotta take care of some things here anyway. But remember, we're leaving for New York in the morning, so take it easy.

MICK  
Fellow Grodes, tonight we dress in  
proper attire. Let's go.

The Grodes race, screaming with excitement, out the door.  
Rick looks very worried.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

The Grodes are walking down the Strip. They are dressed in  
leather suits, and looking quite studly. They stop in at one  
of the Metal bars.

INT. METAL BAR - NIGHT

As the Grodes enter, they are being greeted by FANS, AD-LIB.  
They make their way to the bar where standing behind it, is a  
drop-dead gorgeous BAR MAID. She looks them up and down.

BAR MAID  
Well, well, no shit. Kiss my go to  
hell, it's the almighty Kid  
Skeleton.

The Grodes get temporarily confused.

SILO  
Uh, hello. Uh, can I  
get a beer?

CLUTCH  
Make mine a double.

MICK  
Can I get sex on the beach?

BAR MAID  
We can talk about that later, but  
for now, I'll just get you the  
drink.

Raunch indicates the Bar Maid to come closer.

RAUNCH  
I got a question for you. If I  
was to drink really fast, back to  
back, four Hot Orgasms in a row,  
would that be a multiple Orgasm?

She's not smiling, making Raunch uncomfortable, as he turns to walk away, three MONGOLOID Death Rockers are hovering over him, standing six foot five, combat boots (one with someone's jaw still attached to it,) ripped up jeans.

One is wearing a shirt that reads "Don't fuck with me, I'm still full from the last punk I ate", plus numerous body and face piercing's.

They all look down at Raunch and smile with about seven teeth between the three of them.

RAUNCH (CONT'D)

Can I just fall down, die, and save you the trouble?

The Mongoloids start laughing in a grunt style. One of them drools in his own glass of beer.

MONGOLOID #1

Don't worry little Grode. We're not going to kick your scrawny Skeleton butt. Your fearless tour manager, Rick Stone, hired us to be your body guards.

RAUNCH

I knew that. Hey Grodes, check this out.

Raunch walks away looking quit disheveled, but then notices a MOSH PIT in progress.

Mick leads the Grodes to the edge of the pit.

MICK

What the hell are they doing?

LES

Hey! I think I saw this somewhere before, Ya! They're playing football.

SILO

No, no, it's not football. They are all swinging their elbows, I think they are airing out their armpits.

Les and Clutch start smelling each others armpits.

RAUNCH

Hey, maybe they're blind. Look,  
they are all bumping into each  
other.

MICK

Who cares? Look's like fun. Last  
one in has to sing a duet with  
Kelly Clarkson.

Grodes freeze for a moment, then SCREAM in a frenzy as they  
proceed without caution into the pit.

We focus on all the injuries that occur in this dance ritual;  
An elbow in the face, a head gets stepped on, two heads  
collide, they wobble to the floor.

We now see body parts, arms, legs, ears, noses "no blood,"  
just an exaggeration of the brutality of moshing.

On stage is a crazed JUNK-ROCK BAND, gyrating with their  
guitars, Drummer viciously beating on his drums. "drumsticks  
are small baseball bats,"

SINGER jumping off a Marshall stack onto the stage SCREAMING  
out words of a SONG we can't understand.

Junk-Rock band finishes song. All the moshers are knocked  
out cold.

SINGER

(to CAMERA)

We lose more audiences this way.

ESTABLISHING: NYC AIRPORT SIGN.

EXT. PLANE - DAY (MOVING)

The plane is on it's final course heading for the landing  
runway. The Grodes are calling out stewardesses' directions.

MICK (V.O.)

You will now extinguish all smoking  
material.

CLUTCH (V.O.)

Please bring your seats to a full  
and complete upright position.

LES (V.O.)

Note! The exit doors to the rear  
and the front of the aircraft.

RAUNCH (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 Excuse me while I kiss the sky!

SILO (V.O.)  
 Thanks for flying Wing and a Prayer  
 Airlines. If you didn't make it  
 there alive, neither did we.

EXT. LIMO, NEW YORK CITY - DAY (MOVING)

Limo ride to hotel. Limo slows to a crawl. The Grodes are hanging out the window and YELLING to GIRLS who are walking the sidewalk.

CLUTCH  
 Hey baby! "Walk This Way."

SILO  
 Ya, give me some of that "Cat  
 Scratch Fever."

RAUNCH  
 Hey! Are your "Dirty Deeds Done  
 Dirt Cheap?"

MICK  
 Check it out. It's "Cold Ethyl."  
 Give me a Skeleton Kiss.

We see an obvious TRANSVESTITE walking along the sidewalk.

RAUNCH  
 Look at that? Hey Babe, "Come Out  
 And Play."

LES  
 Ooh! "Lick It Up."

TRANSVESTITE  
 Oh no you didn't. You think you  
 can get all up in my private stuff?  
 I'm a lady, so fuck you!

She takes off her high heel and throws it at the limo.

MICK  
 Lick my ding-a-ling you worthless  
 bitch.

RAUNCH  
 Ya, Lick my worthless ding-a-ling  
 you Bitch.

Limo speeds up.

INT. LIMO, NEW YORK CITY - DAY (MOVING)

The Grodes sitting back in seats cracking up and out of control.

RICK  
Quit acting like fools. This is New York City, Most of those things out there are transvestites and the other ones who know's. So get your ass in tact! This is not recess.

The Grodes give Rick a blank stare, then bust out in laughter.

FADE TO BLACK: During laughter. Laughter fades.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Limo pulls up. The Grodes and Rick get out, They proceed into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

They enter, Rick approaches the front desk, leaving the Grodes unattended, a CLERK behind the desk.

CLERK  
Welcome sir.

RICK  
Hi there! We've got three rooms reserved.

Rick looks worried as he turns to see that the Grodes are not behind him.

CLERK  
And what name would that be under?

RICK  
Stone, Rick Stone.

Clerk checking the register book.

CLERK  
Awe! Yes, here you are. And how will you be paying Mr. Stone?

RICK  
 Why, with my Metal Master Card, of  
 course.

Rick proudly displays The Metal Masters Credit Card. It has a picture of the promotional poster of this movie on it.

O.S. We hear a large CRASH. Rick turns to see the Grodes walking very swiftly away from a large shattered statue.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Why me? Why me? Momma wanted me  
 to be a proctologist, but no, Rock  
 and Roll is my life.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Rick is leaving his room. Heading down the hall, he sees Clutch and Les trying to set off a fire extinguisher.

RICK  
 What the shit? I can't leave you  
 Grodes alone for a minute, What,  
 did you lose your brain?

Rick lifts Les's hair and shines a flashlight in his ear. The light penetrates his head, shining a beam of light onto the wall on the other side. Rick looks dumbfounded.

CLUTCH  
 Every Rucker who's any Rucker lets  
 off a fire hose in a hotel. It's  
 tradition. It's mandatory. It's  
 anarchy. It's...

RICK  
 It's idiotic, you two boneheads are  
 going to get us kicked right out of  
 this hotel.  
 (looks at watch)  
 Now, we've got two hours till the  
 record release party. Go tell the  
 other Grodes to get ready, I've got  
 to fix this before anyone sees it.

Clutch and Les exit. Rick is trying to put the hose away as he breaks the lever, Water is flying everywhere.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Fuck, shit, piss, bastard, pig  
 fuckin' idiot hole, Arg! Arg! Arg!.

The water pressure shuts off. Rick is soaked and looking pitiful. Rick looks up, he sees the HOTEL MANAGER with a Fire Marshal.

HOTEL MANAGER

I would have expected this kind of behavior from them, but you, you're supposed to be more responsible. What, did you lose your brain?

RICK

(to CAMERA)

I hope there's no life after death.

EXT. MANSION, RECORD RELEASE PARTY - EARLY EVENING

The Grodes limo pulls up to the mansion and parks next to an army of other limos. The Grodes get out and enter the mansion.

INT. MANSION, RECORD RELEASE PARTY - EARLY EVENING

Upon entering, the Grodes are being greeted by other CELEBRITIES. They are paying homage to the almighty Kid Skeleton Band, AD-LIB. They are once again confronted by JOE JOE.

MICK

Hey dude, long time. What's up?

They shake hands.

JOE JOE

You know, same shit different smell. How you Grodes doin'?

Silo and Joe Joe shake hands. Silo tries to give him a cool name and only confuses himself.

SILO

Joey,, Joe,, Joe.....Joey,, boyeeee.

JOE JOE

Silo.

MICK

What brings you to New York?

Joe Joe gives him a weird look.

JOE JOE  
I live here. MTV is a New York  
station... Duh!

MICK  
Of course it is. Duh!

JOE JOE  
Ya! Anyway, seems that you Grodes  
were featured in a magazine.

MICK  
Really. Which one?

JOE JOE  
It's one of those tabloid  
magazines, "The National  
Blabber-Mouth". Their claim is  
that Kid Skeleton Band is really...  
K.C. and The Sunshine Band, And  
that after losing face in the music  
industry in the early seventies,  
they wanted a come-back, and  
they're saying that's what all the  
secrecy was about in the  
institution for eighteen years.

As no one wanted to answer this one, they all look at Clutch.

CLUTCH  
Well... As I barely heard of this  
K.C. or his Sunshine Band.  
(waves hand like a fairy)  
I have heard of the seventies, days  
of the disco, decade of the ten  
dollar lid, orgies in the park, Oh  
Yea! You caught us. We were  
planning a hostile takeover on the  
world and make all the teenagers  
listen to songs about BOOGIE SHOES.

Joe Joe walks away as Rick and a very well dressed Italian  
VINNIE RIZZARO, the President of Stoned and Stupid Records,  
walks up to the Grodes.

RICK  
Vinnie, I would like to introduce  
you to our Metal Masters, Mick,  
Les, Raunch, Silo and Clutch.  
Grodes, this is Mr. Vinnie Rizzaro,  
President of Stoned and Stupid  
Records.

They all shake hands.

VINNIE

OH-MY! And what a fine bunch of Metal Maniacs you are. We are very pleased at the progress we've achieved so far. You Grodes are the hottest ticket in the world. The reviews are phenomenal, and you've made us very happy, not to mention disgustingly rich. And you, Mr. Stone, are a very important key to this operation. Keep up the good work, and we just might buy you a beach house in Malibu. If not, let's just say you won't be working on the project, you'll be living in one. Now, I have a proposition for all of you. I've already spoken to Rick about this, so hear me out. We're holding a benefit concert. It's going to be an outdoor, all day festival. Kid Skeleton will headline over nine other acts.

MICK

What's this benefit for?

VINNIE

It is a problem that has taken over our youth. I call it "The New kids up the butt Syndrome". Ever since these wimps somehow got signed many years ago, they turned our innocent youth to follow in their footsteps. All money raised will help support youth awareness. We must fight this epidemic that is sweeping this country and the world. Are you in?

MICK

It's about time someone did something about this. Oh Yea! We're in.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Raunch standing by the fire place drinking a beer. He hears a softly spoken voice with a lisp.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello Raunchy. It's very nice to meet you. I'm Mr. Sticky Pants.

Raunch turns to see MR. STICKY PANTS, a transvestite looking like he is straight out of the "Rocky Horror Picture Show". Raunch is in shock.

RAUNCH

Aw! Aw!...Uhm? Bu!... Aw! Uhm?

MR. STICKY PANTS

That's easy for you to say.  
Listen, I really love your music.  
So, you've been playing guitar all  
your life? I would really love to  
watch you stroke it.

(staring at his crotch)

Your guitar, that is.

RAUNCH

Whoa! Uh!... Uhm? Sh!... Uh!

MR. STICKY PANTS

I can tell you're a man of many  
words.

Mr. Sticky pants looks deep into Raunch's eyes, flicks his tongue, bites his teeth and growls. Scaring poor Raunch.

RAUNCH

I got to know. Mr. Sticky Pants?

MR. STICKY PANTS

Yes?

RAUNCH

What makes a man want to gallop  
around town wearing attire such as  
this?

(pointing at clothes)

Why? How do, What, why?

MR. STICKY PANTS

Well, for me, I guess I could say  
I like the smell of flowers over  
cigars... The sound of ballet over  
basketball... And the flavor of  
Pecker over Poon-Tang.

Raunch is completely shell-shocked. Mr. Sticky Pants looking all hot and bothered, he puts one hand behind Raunch's neck and the other around his waist, pulls him close for a long wet kiss. Raunch frantically breaks free and runs away fast, leaving behind Mr. Sticky Pants waving goodbye and blowing kisses.

INT. MANSION, GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Les and Silo are playing pool. Raunch enters.

LES  
Hey! Raunch, what's up? Gettin'  
any nookie?

RAUNCH  
No, why? Just what the hell do you  
mean by that?

Les gives a slight concerned look.

SILO (O.S.)  
Come on Les! It's your shot.

He shrugs Les off and continues playing pool

Raunch gazing out in the crowd, he subconsciously starts looking at other mens butts as they walk by, then he turns away quick only to see more mens butts. Raunch freaks out, Everyone watches in wonder.

RAUNCH  
No! I don't like flowers, and I  
don't like ballet, and I definitely  
don't like... I need a woman, and  
I need one NOW!

A willing Grode Groupie BABE happily steps forward.

BABE  
Take me baby!

Raunch grabs her hand, they walk down a short hallway that leads into his hotel room then closes the door.

There is extensive GROWLING and wicked SCREAMS, a bright light is shining thru the edges of the door, the house is trembling, The NOISES get LOUDER, the lights get brighter. All at once there's DEAD SILENCE.

A moment later, there's a high pitched SCREECH. It shatters windows and breaks glasses in peoples hands. The bedroom door cracks right down the middle.

Raunch opens the door. He's wearing a woman's robe and smoking a cigar.

RAUNCH  
Oh Ya! I'm much better now!

INT. MANSION, PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Record release ceremonies. Vinnie Rizzaro at the podium. Everyone is gathered around.

VINNIE RIZZARO

Good evening Grodes and Leather Grode Groupie Babes, I am Vinnie Rizzaro, President of Stoned and Stupid Records, and damn proud to say, the record label for the almighty Kid Skeleton Band's debut album, "EXTRA MEDIUM"!

Vinnie holds up album. Crowd goes berserk.

VINNIE

This is truly a phenomenal piece of work, with nocturnal notions such as "SKIN AND BONES", the lobotomized "NO BRAIN NO PAIN", and the always slithering "PSYCHO SLUTS". And with this album at the top of charts, it was no wonder that this band was destined to be the best, but not without hard work, planning and preparation, extensive research, and long hours of unconditional dedication. We have fought many wars and won many battles, but now there is one more task at hand that needs immediate attention. I'm sure you've heard of this plague that has infested our streets. Earlier tonight I had a chance to speak to the young Grodes. They said they would agree to help!

The tension builds.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

So next week, in London, England. We will sponsor the long time coming, NO WIMPS FESTIVAL!

Crowd goes nuts.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

To support the head bangers of the free world, to rock free of trashy wimp rock, like N'SUCK and THE BACK DOOR BOYZ re-union tour, So, amongst nine other thrash rocking bands, Kid Skeleton will headline this event. I would like to bring up the bad boys of Grode Metal, here they are, MICK MOLTEN, LES ERECTIS, RAUNCH ROCKER, SILO and CLUTCH BRODEE. Grodes and Grodesses, I give you KID SKELETON!

Crowd going absolutely crazy as the Grodes approach the podium.

MICK

We thank you all for your support and dedication. I think I speak for all of us when I say that being in this band is about the most fun any one person can have. I would like to thank the music critics for all their support, and for not dragging us into the pit of failure like, well, let's say, "New kids up the butt", "Boys to Wimps", and "ninety eight Deceased".

Silo leans into the microphone.

SILO

Not to mention Justin Bieber!

MICK

And all the sucky bands that have been lost and forgotten. And I can safely say that, with all the combined talent in this band, that you will see many more bone crunching albums with many more tours to follow!

Raunch and Clutch step up to the microphone. Raunch is looking a little green from drinking.

CLUTCH

Also, we would like to thank Mr. Rizzaro, not only for having us here tonight, but for inviting us to headline the No Wimps Festival, so we can rid our nations of brain rotting wimp rock.

(MORE)

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

Which is to say that, this is music  
with a yeast infection, and we are  
the cure! So, with that in mind,  
party till you puke!

Raunch pukes, a Huge stream flies right in front of Clutch's  
face, but doesn't hit him.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

Too late!

EXT. AIRPORT, LONDON, ENGLAND. - DAY

Rick and the Grodes exit the Lear jet. They are greeted by  
MICK JAGGER and KEITH RICHARDS (look-alikes of course).

MICK

Hey! Look, it's those guys. They  
were the Flop Tops.

SILO

No! They were called Mop Tops,  
from the group The Cock Roaches.

CLUTCH

I thought they were called The  
Termites.

Mick Jagger and Keith look at each other confused.

LES

Are you sure it wasn't The House  
Flies?

RAUNCH

I think it was The Mediterranean  
Fruit Flies.

MICK JAGGER

I believe you're thinking of the  
Beatles. We're not The Beatles.

RAUNCH

(to Mick Jagger)

Are you that guy who used to call  
himself Ziggy Fartdust?

MICK JAGGER

No! We're The Rolling Stones. We  
came to greet you young grodes, We  
are quite gracious that you chose  
our community for your festival.

KEITH RICHARDS  
(incoherently mumbling)  
Ya! Grode gonna kick smash'em boom  
boom guitar face festival.

MICK JAGGER  
Shut your hole Keith. You see  
Keith and I will be in attendance  
at the festival, we have a booth  
set up where Keith here will be on  
display. One look at Keith and the  
kids will surely stray away from  
drugs, it's part of the scared  
straight program.

KEITH RICHARDS  
(incoherently mumbling)  
Scared straight me bumm. Last time  
they thought I was there for the  
needle exchange, talkin' high as a  
kite man. I'll tell ya, it's not  
the caffeine that makes my singer  
run around stage like a pecking  
rooster.

MICK JAGGER  
You can't prove that... At least  
not without a blood test. Besides,  
I'm not your singer, you're my  
guitarist.

Keith grabs a guitar from nowhere and starts to violently  
beat the shit out of Mick Jagger with it.

Rick, witnessing the very uncomfortable situation, sneaks the  
Grodes into the limo, and they drive off.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

Rick and the Grodes enter. They are greeted by a snobby  
HOST.

HOST  
Good evening gentlemen, do you have  
a reservation?

RICK  
No sir, we don't. I was hoping you  
would be able to seat us in your  
fine establishment. You see, we  
just flew in from the States.

HOST

I'm sorry sir. No reservation, no table!

RICK

These are the Grodes of the world famous Kid Skeleton Band. You wouldn't want them to have to go down the street and eat at Ren and Stimpy's Bogus Burger, now would ya?

HOST

Please sir, if you wish to wait, it will be about an hour.

RICK

Fine! Name's Rick, party of six.

HOST

I'll call you when your table's ready.

They step aside to wait.

CLUTCH

I gotta go drain my lizard.

Clutch sneaks out into the dining area, looks around and sees a family of six sitting at a table. He sees a tablecloth and puts it around his waist like a waiter, then walks up to the family, to FATHER.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

Excuse me sir, there's a telephone call for you.

FATHER

Thank you.

Father gets up from his chair and exits. Clutch sits in his seat next to the MOTHER, also at the table are two girls and two boys. Clutch gives them all a friendly smile.

CLUTCH

Hello... Now, I don't wish to alarm you, but I'm a certified food and health inspector, and, well... We've had some complaints about the food that is served here.

MOTHER

Would you happen to have any credentials? Do you have a name?

Clutch leans in and looks at her real serious.

CLUTCH  
Yes, I do!

She holds back from asking to see them.

MOTHER  
So, Inspector. What do you need from us?

CLUTCH  
Well... I need to inspect your food for toxic substances, foreign objects and MSG.

MOTHER  
Monosodium Glutamate?

CLUTCH  
No mam! Midget Show Girls.

Clutch starts grabbing food then crams it down his mouth making a pig of himself. The kids are laughing, while the mother is in shock.

Clutch then grabs a bowl of pudding and looks at one of the kids.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)  
You can't have any pudding if you don't eat your meat... Well, maybe just this once.

Clutch pours the pudding down the kid's throat, then grabs a piece of steak. He takes a big bite then flops himself on the table and pretends to choke.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)  
(spitting out food)  
The food... It's contaminated. Go quickly. It's too late for me. Save yourselves... Go now, before it's too late. Go! Go!

Clutch flops one last time like he died. She gets up and gathers her children, they quickly leaves. Clutch then jumps up, takes off the apron then starts to call out orders to the busboys.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)  
Why, I never! Clean this mess up! I have respectable colleagues meeting me here in two minutes.  
(MORE)

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

I'm going up front to see if they have arrived. Have this table spotless before I get back, and I just might have a nice tip for you.

Clutch goes back up front to talk to the Grodes.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

Well, seems as though there was one open table after all.

Host Steps forward.

HOST

That's impossible!

CLUTCH

Hey! What do you know? I've done the impossible!

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE theme plays; Grodes look all around to see where music is coming from.

Rick is shaking his head, They all go and sit at the table.

The father comes back.

FATHER

Excuse me, weren't my wife and kids sitting here?

CLUTCH

She told me to tell you that she doesn't love you anymore, and she wants a divorce! She'll be taking the kids, the house and the dog.

FATHER

But we don't have a dog!

CLUTCH

Cat?

FATHER

No!

CLUTCH

Horse?

FATHER

No!

CLUTCH

Sheep?

FATHER

No!

CLUTCH

The tied up prostitute in your trunk?

FATHER

Yes! Yes, I can't believe she really left me. Why! Why!

Father runs after her.

FATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Baby, I love you! Please don't leave me!... Please!

RICK

What the hell did you... Never mind. I don't even want to know.

The WAITER comes to the table.

WAITER

What happened to the other party that was just here?

CLUTCH

Oh! I just saw them run out on the bill.

(pointing)

They went that way.

Waiter shouting out to the kitchen, which is O.S.

WAITER

Okay boys, we got a dine and dash. Go get 'em.

From the kitchen comes running three buffed-out BAD BOYS holding baseball bats. They run past the Waiter and exit O.S. To the other side and catch up with the father.

ON THE GRODES AND RICK.

Loud deafening sounds of the CRACKS from the bat, and SCREAMS of the Father. The Grodes and Rick cringe at every whack! The Waiter hands them their menus and smiles.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Would you like some time to look over you menus?

RICK  
No! Just get us some steaks, some  
salad and plenty of beer.

WAITER  
Coming right up.

The Waiter walks O.S. for two seconds, then returns with the  
food and drinks.

RICK  
You Grodes had just best mind your  
manners and behave!

LES  
Okay Momma!

MICK  
Hey! Maybe we oughta give Rick  
here a break, and act mature. See,  
here I am acting maturely.

Mick sits up and proper, acting all snobby.

SILO  
(extending his pinky)  
Ya! Here I am eating maturely.

RAUNCH  
(spilling beer down his  
chin)  
Hey! I've got a drinking problem.

They are now stuffing food up each other's noses and down  
each others shirts, then start pouring beer on each other.  
Other PATRONS are watching in disbelief. Rick gives up and  
exits.

EXT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rick exits the restaurant and walks up to the limo, DRIVER is  
leaning on the hood.

RICK  
Why me? Why me? Why me?

DRIVER  
Better By You, Better Than Me!

Rick gives him a death look!

RICK  
Who asked you anyway?

DRIVER

Okay, what's wrong? What did they do this time?

RICK

It's what haven't they done? I've known these Grodes less than a week, and already I've had more stress than Rush Limbaugh's pants. I think I've lost five years of my wretched life. I mean, I feel more like their Mother than their manager. I can't decide whether to work their careers or to ground them!

The restaurant doors fly open, one by one the Grodes are being thrown out onto the ground.

DRIVER

Well, they're grounded now!

INT. HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

Mick, Silo, Raunch and Rick are watching television, Clutch and Les in the kitchen area making drinks and a lot of noise.

A NEWS FLASH catches Rick's attention.

RICK

Quiet! Quiet! Listen... Grodes get in here!

Clutch and Les enter.

ON THE GRODES AND RICK.

As they listen and watch intently to ANCHOR MAN on the television.

ANCHOR MAN (O.S.)

(on television)

Seems as though a coalition of protesters are marching with banners and blow horns outside the grounds where the massive No Wimps Festival will take place in just two days.

ON TELEVISION.

A News Reporter ANNA TELLHANNA on location. Behind her are many PROTESTERS.

ANCHOR MAN (V.O.)  
 And here to tell you more about it,  
 on location, is Anna Tellhanna.

ANNA TELLHANNA  
 Thank you! Frank Loo. Yes! I'm  
 here at the site of what will... Or  
 should I say might be the most  
 phenomenal concert event of our  
 lifetime! I say might, because if  
 these hundred or so protesters had  
 their way, there will be no' No  
 Wimps Festival.

WIMPS start Cheering.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

ANNA ON LOCATION:

ANNA TELLHANNA  
 There will be no Pay-Per-View  
 special. That bimbo that finally  
 started accepting your phone calls  
 because you have front row tickets,  
 gone! Well, let's go talk to some  
 of them now, shall we?

Anna walks up to a Swedish guy in a trench coat named SVEN.

ANNA TELLHANNA (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me, sir? What's your name?  
 And why have you personally come  
 here today?

SVEN  
 My name is Sven, and I come here to  
 show you this!

Sven opens his trench coat, Anna's eyes bug out of her head.

ANNA TELLHANNA  
 Oh my!

Anna turns to a total suburban yuppie couple, both late 30's,  
 prissy WIFE holding a small dog. Her HUSBAND a.k.a.  
 B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH. Holding a cigar, a blow horn and  
 wearing Gucci loafers and a Tiger shirt, (dog has on a Tiger  
 shirt as well.)

ANNA TELLHANNA (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me, sir. Why are you here  
 today.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Well... I am the organizer who  
organized this organization!

ANNA TELLHANNA  
And what organization did you  
organize? Mr. Organizer!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Let me properly introduce myself.  
I'm Bryer Greer Hanson Chase  
Thorntonhall The Fifth. I am the  
Senior President of this rally. We  
are called "Lyric Overthrow Society  
Editing Rock."

ANNA TELLHANNA  
LOSER. Oh, ya! I've heard of you.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Yes... Well, that's us. We have  
many members in many places,  
HIGH and LOW! We will not allow  
this desecration of this... Heavy  
Metal, thrash, CaCa to go on!  
(getting sentimental)  
We love our Boy Bands!

WIFE  
See! Now you've made my Bunky Bear  
upset!

Bryer gets embarrassed, catches himself.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
At this very moment we are setting  
up an appointment with the courts,  
we will show them justification as  
to why this festival should not  
take place!  
(into blow horn)  
Heavy Metal is the devils  
playground!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick is on the phone trying to resolve the situation, AD LIB.  
The Grodes are freaking out, AD LIB. Rick hangs up the phone  
and looks at the Grodes real serious.

RICK  
Well, there's nothing we can do  
about it tonight.  
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, we will play on Saturday, but we might have to bring in reinforcements. Go get some sleep.

The Grodes enter the bedroom, Rick starts to write a letter.

INT. HOTEL/BEDROOM - MORNING

Rick opens the bedroom door to see the Grodes sleeping all about the room. He enters, Mick is on the dresser, Silo upside down in the corner, Raunch halfway out the window, and a big lump under the blanket on the bed.

RICK

(yelling loud)

Get-The-Hell-Up!

(to Mick)

Where the hell is Les and Clutch?

Mick tries to talk, but too incoherent, he points to the bed. Rick walks to the bed and pulls off the blanket, revealing Les sleeping on his back.

RICK (CONT'D)

Time to get up Playboy.

Les gets up, revealing Clutch sleeping underneath him on his stomach.

LES

Whoa! How long has he been there?

INT. HOTEL/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick, the Grodes, Vinnie Rizzaro and TWO LAWYERS are having a meeting.

LAWYER #1

Alright... This is where we stand. The LOSER geeks are a strong and respected organization here in England. They are serious and are to be reckoned with only for the fact that they donate a lot of money to local charities; and with Mr. Thorntonhall The Fifth at the helm, being backed up by all his money, the courts have decided to cancel The No Wimps Festival.

Grodes start to freak, AD LIB. Rick tries to calm them down, AD LIB.

LAWYER #2

All's not completely lost. We do have an appointment with the courts.

Vinnie and the two Lawyers get up to leave.

VINNIE

We'll keep you informed.

Vinnie and the Lawyers exit.

RICK

(to the Grodes)

I hope you know about corporate Lawyers. They talk out their ass and shit comes out their mouth. Now, what we are trying to achieve is very important for our dedicated fans. We will play tomorrow. This I vow!

MICK

Well, what about the reinforcements you mentioned?

RICK

All in good time.

INT. L.O.S.E.R. ESTATE/OFFICE - DAY

Wimpy music is playing. Mr. Thorntonhall is with THE SPHINX, mid 20's, dressed in a way overcompensating suit, he is a producer from Stoned and Stupid Records.

Also standing in the room are HIP and HOP, two hit-men, early 20's, They look like Milli Vanilli. They think they're bad.

Mr. Thorntonhall starts dancing like a wimp to the wimpy music, he thinks he's good. He stops dancing, and turns to The Sphinx.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

So, what do you think Sphinx?  
Ready for the big-time or what?

THE SPHINX

(humoring him)

Great. Really, just great, Mr. Thorntonhall.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Yea, well I practice a little every  
 day. The young ladies just love  
 this stuff, eat it right up. Ha!  
 Ha!

(he laughs snobbishly, and  
 he laughs alone)  
 Well, maybe we oughta just take  
 care of what it is we came here to  
 take care of.

THE SPHINX  
 Kid Skeleton!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Oh yes! Kid Skeleton. I've waited  
 a long, long time, but in a short  
 time I will have their Metal balls  
 in a vice.

Thorntonhall clenches his fist while reminiscing in his mind.

THE SPHINX  
 Yea! Well, I cringe at the thought  
 of how successful Kid Skeleton is.  
 I've been a producer at Stoned and  
 Stupid records for five years. It  
 was all set up for me to lead them  
 as Tour Manager, not that little  
 weasel, Rick Stone. I know damn  
 it, I forged the papers.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Eighteen years ago, when my father  
 was still alive, the money wasn't  
 all mine yet, my father would only  
 give me an allowance of twenty  
 thousand dollars a week. That  
 stingy bastard! So I would  
 embezzle millions out of his  
 Australian accounts, did it every  
 time I got bored. Oh! I got bored  
 a lot. I learned about this  
 project at a lab in Detroit with  
 this crazy scientist. I was in  
 charge of the finances, Old Dr.  
 Crazy Bones took care of the lab  
 work. Eight months later, he tells  
 me about the Kid Skeleton project  
 that was already in progress. I  
 told him I will not sponsor a  
 project of rockers tossing off in a  
 cup!

THE SPHINX

So These two hit men take them out,  
and we take care of business?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

You catch on quick my friend.

THE SPHINX

I love a gamble. Put your cards on  
the table!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

I've got fourteen new Boy bands  
ready to go. You sign them, prep  
them and package them. My money  
will get them air-play and  
promotion. And with Kid Skeleton  
out of the way, we both get what we  
want, a monopoly on the market!

THE SPHINX

The sweet taste of money and  
revenge!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

(snapping his fingers)

Hep! Herp!

Hip and Hop step forward. They speak with a heavy cockney  
accent.

HIP

That's Hip and Hop!

HOP

Yea, he's Hop, and I'm Hip.

HIP

No! Your Hop and I'm Hip, no wait,  
Hip, and your....

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

Yea, well just get your hippity  
hoppity asses out there, and don't  
forget our plan. And give The  
Sphinx a ride back to the studio.

The Sphinx exits followed by Hip and Hop. Mr. Thorntonhall  
sits at his desk with a drink, smiling.

INT. LABORATORY/CAVE - MORNING

Heavy Metal paraphernalia is scattered about. Old Dr. Crazy opens the door, on the other side is a SPECIAL DELIVERY DUDE holding an envelope.

DELIVERY DUDE  
Got a delivery for an Old Dr. Crazy  
Bones.

Crazy Bones is drifting in his own mind.

DELIVERY DUDE (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, are you Old Dr. Crazy  
Bones?

CRAZY BONES  
Huh? What? Uh yea! That's me.  
Who?

DELIVERY DUDE  
Please, just sign here and I'll be  
out of your way.

Crazy Bones signs for the letter.

DELIVERY DUDE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Delivery Dude exits. Crazy Bones closes the door, sits down and opens the letter. It has only one big word on it that reads: READY!

Crazy Bones is smiling.

INT. SMALL CAFE - MORNING

Rick and the Grodes are sitting at a table. They have just finished their breakfast, and are now working on their plan of attack!

RAUNCH  
(to Rick)  
Let me get this straight. We go  
downtown to the Radio Station to  
promote that the No Wimps Festival  
is still in effect.

RICK  
Right.

SILLO  
 (to Rick)  
 And you're not even gonna be there?

RICK  
 Don't worry about me, I've got plenty of work. Just remember at two o'clock on the dot I will be calling into the radio station, At that time I will have a special announcement for you and all the listeners. I'll be incognito so don't tell them who I am.

MICK  
 Why even bother calling in if you can't make it there in person? What the hell could be so important that you would need to take time off your busy schedule to elaborate on this crisis? Or haven't you noticed there is a crisis? The show is officially canceled, and you want us to go in there and tell everyone that the show will go on! What are you, the Metal Masters Miracle Man?

RICK  
 Are you done breaking out in assholes? I would tell you more of my plan.  
 (looking at his watch)  
 Unfortunately, we're burning daylight. Remember, two o'clock.  
 (To waiter passing by)  
 CHECK PLEASE!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NOON

We see the back of Rick, he is dressed in baggy pants that hang halfway down his butt along with the entire rapper attire from head to toe. Rick puts on a wig and then a red leather jacket. The back of the jacket has stitching that reads, WURD 2 YO MUTHU. He turns around, he looks just like Vanilla Ice. Rick does a spin, then a howl.

RICK  
 Hoooowl!

Rick walks out the door.

INT. M.E.L.T. ROCK RADIO STATION - ONE THIRTY

The Grodes enter the station. They are greeted by a female receptionist named TINA.

TINA

Hi there! Welcome to Ninety Eight Point Six, M.E.L.T. Rock Radio, where our music is Hotter Than Hell. How can I help you?

MICK

Hi! We have an appointment with the General Manager.

TINA

And your na... Oh my! It's you, isn't it? You're, you're, you!

MICK

Yes, and you're you!

TINA

(real nervous)  
I'm Mick, I mean, you're Tina, I mean, I don't know what I mean, You know what I mean?

MICK

Believe it or not, I think I do.

SILO

So Tina, is the General Manager in?

TINA

Yes, he is. I'll page him for you.  
(speaking into intercom)  
Jim Sparks, your one thirty appointment is here.

The General Manager replies through the intercom system.

JIM (V.O.)

Tina, I thought I didn't have anymore appointments today.

TINA

(into intercom)  
Well, you do now!

JIM (V.O.)

I'll be right there.

TINA

You'll have to forgive him. He's quite forgetful at times.

MICK

You'll have to forgive me, I lied. We don't really have an appointment.

General Manager, JIM SPARKS enters and walks up to the Grodes.

JIM

(shaking all their hands)  
Kid Skeleton, no shit! Tina, why didn't you tell me that it was the Grodes out here. Tina, hold all my calls, will ya dear? Come on back. We'll sit around the bullshit table and have a beer.

They exit to the back of the radio station.

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - ONE THIRTY

Rick enters the station. He is greeted by a somewhat gay RECEPTIONIST. Rick is in his Vanilla Ice get up.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello there. Welcome to BBC.WOOS Radio. Hey! Aren't you, ya, Vanilla Ice. I just love your music.

RICK

Thank you. I appreciate that, I Was hoping to talk to the General Manager.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sure we could arrange that.

RICK

That would be great, thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

(speaking into intercom)  
Miss Sylvia Spanner, we've got a very special guest here to see you.

The general Manager replies through the intercom system.

SYLVIA (V.O.)  
I'll be right there.

RECEPTIONIST  
She will be with you in a moment.  
Would you like anything, anything  
at all?

RICK  
No thanks. I'll just sit here and  
wait.

Rick sits in a chair.

INT. M.E.L.T. ROCK RADIO STATION - ONE THIRTY FIVE

The Grodes in Jim Sparks office, sitting around his desk.  
The Grodes are playing with stuff on his desk, and with  
pictures on the wall, Jim trying to ignore their ignorance.

JIM  
Your presence here is truly an  
honor. Do you think we could get  
you Grodes on the air for an  
interview? Maybe tell us how you  
feel about the cancellation of the  
No Wimps Festival?

MICK  
Well, Jim, that is essentially why  
we came here today. You see, we  
have an inside source that says the  
No Wimps Festival will commence as  
scheduled.

LES  
He will be calling in at exactly  
two o'clock.

JIM  
Can we get him on the air?

MICK  
That's the plan.

JIM  
(looking at watch)  
Well, It's one thirty-five now,  
I'll go check to see if we can get  
you in the studio by two. Will  
that work for you?

SILO  
Bitchin'!

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - ONE FORTY

Rick is greeted by SYLVIA SPANNER, mid 20's, very beautiful, sophisticated, dressed very professionally. Rick is head over heels in love at first sight.

SYLVIA  
(shaking his hand)  
Good afternoon Mr. Ice.

RICK  
(with puppy dog eyes)  
Hello. How are you?

SYLVIA  
I'm fine. Is there something in your eye?

RICK  
Yes there is, but I'll get over it.

SYLVIA  
So, Mr. Ice, how can I help you?

RICK  
Well, I was hoping I could promote my latest project.

SYLVIA  
I'll have to check with the Program Director maybe there will be an open spot next week, If you give the receptionist here your number we will surely get back to you.

RICK  
Oh no! That will be too late!

SYLVIA  
Excuse me?

RICK  
Well, what I mean is, I'm doing a show tonight, and we haven't sold very many tickets. So I was hoping I could plug the show.

SYLVIA  
 (thinks about it)  
 Okay, but only for a few minutes.  
 We are very busy today.

RICK  
 Great. Thank you, you're a  
 sweetheart.

Sylvia gives him a defensive look.

INT. M.E.L.T. ROCK RADIO STATION - TEN TILL TWO

The Grodes are in the studio with headphones on. The Dee-Jay's name is SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY. He is a Shock Jock.

They are on the air.

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY  
 (into the mic)  
 Ninety eight point six MELT Rock  
 Radio. That was Dead Fetus with  
 their classic hit single, "After  
 Birth". I'm your mother's next  
 husband, and your future  
 Stepfather, Sergeant Rock Fowl  
 Cheesy. Won't you welcome me to  
 your little family.  
 (laughing like a madman)  
 And we definitely do welcome some  
 very special guests here in the  
 studio today. Now, before I  
 introduce them, I just wanna say  
 that our guests have some very  
 exciting news for us, and  
 considering who they are, and the  
 fact that they came in on their own  
 recognizance, tells me that, well  
 you better hang onto your pooper  
 scooper as we dig into some Brown  
 Eye witness news. I give you  
 the Grodes of Grode Metal, KID  
 SKELETON!

MICK  
 Hello!... Hello everybody out  
 there... Hello?... Why aren't they  
 answering back?

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY  
 It's a one-way transmission. Don't  
 you understand the concept of how  
 radio works?

MICK

(hasn't a clue)  
Ya sure! I'm on it all the  
time. You guys do play our stuff,  
don't you?

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY

Every chance we get. Now I would  
like to ask you a few questions  
before we take the phone call from,  
what is it, your publicist?

SILO

Let's just say he's a partner in  
crime.

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY

Good enough. So, word is you  
Grodes have been in London one  
week, and already you've been cited  
three times for indecent exposure,  
banned from four night clubs, two  
pubs, a restaurant, and the dog  
pound?... I don't even want to  
know! So, my question is, are you  
having fun yet?

RAUNCH

We will let you know as soon as we  
fuck your studio up!

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY

Hello! And with that note floating  
thru your cranium, we'll be taking  
a short break. Don't go away or  
I'll hunt you down!

The Dee-Jay starts a metal song.

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - FIVE TILL TWO

Rick is in the studio with headphones on, still dressed like  
Vanilla Ice. Dee-Jay's name is DANNY DART.

They are on the air.

DANNY DART

(into mic)  
One O Three Point Three BBC.WOOS  
Radio. This is Danny Dart on your  
dial. It's one fifty five on your  
clock.

(MORE)

DANNY DART (CONT'D)

That was The Panzees, with their self-titled hit, "The Panzees", from the album, "The Panzees". If there was anybody listening to our signal last week, you'll remember they were in our studio. What a lovely group of guys. And today is no exception, we have another very special guest in the studio. Would you like to introduce yourself?

RICK

Sure! I'm Vanilla Ice. Word to your Mother!

DANNY DART

Well, that's a name we haven't heard of for awhile.

RICK

Tell me about it.

DANNY DART

So, why don't you tell us just what you've been up to.

RICK

If I may, I would like to call my backup band and have, well sort of a press conference here on the air.

DANNY DART

That would be great! I would love to find out who is backing your play these days.

(addressing the listeners)

I'm Danny Dart. This is One O Three Point three BBC.WOOS Radio. We'll be right back with Vanilla Ice and his Posse, right after this.

The Dee-Jay starts a wimpy song.

INT. M.E.L.T. ROCK RADIO STATION - TWO O'CLOCK

The Grodes and Rock Fowl Cheesy are off the air but almost ready to go back on. The studio phone line lights up. Dee-Jay patches the call over speaker system.

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY

Rock Fowl Cheesy, Speak your piece.

RICK (V.O.)  
Ya, let me speak to Mick.

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY  
Hang on. I guess this is your guy.  
He wants to speak to you. Hurry  
up! We hit the air in ten seconds.

MICK  
Hey man! I sure hope you know what  
you're doing. It's our ass that's  
gonna fry if this doesn't work. Oh  
wait! That's your ass! Never  
mind.

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - TWO O'CLOCK - CONTINUOUS

RICK  
Listen here you little shit!

Dee-jay looks at Rick with concern. Rick catches himself.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Now we're on in two seconds, just  
let me do most of the talking.

MICK (V.O.)  
Gotcha Boss.

Both radio stations go back on the air at the same time.  
Neither one of the Dee-Jays knows they are broadcasting each  
other's signal thru the patched in phone lines.

CUTTING back and forth from M.E.L.T. Rock Radio station to  
BBC.WOOS Radio Station.

STILL AT BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION.

DANNY DART  
(on the air)  
Welcome back to One O Three Point  
Three BBC.WOOS Radio. I'm Danny  
Dart, and we're here with Vanilla  
Ice, and on the phone line is his  
Posse. Would you like to introduce  
them to our listeners?

Danny dart patches in the phone call from M.E.L.T. Rock radio  
station into the sound board for on air broadcasting.

RICK  
 Absolutely. But before I give that credit, I would like to hear a Shout-Out from my "Posse". Are you there? And are we live?

INT. M.E.L.T. ROCK RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Grodes are going nuts, SCREAMING and HOWLING. Rock Fowl Cheesy foresees trouble.

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY  
 (turning away from the mic)  
 I smell serious B.B.C. Fines, Oh God! Not again.

Rock Fowl Cheesy drops his head on the console.

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Danny Dart is kicking back in his chair, thinking everything is fine.

RICK  
 Good! Good. Looks like we're all set. So now I would like to say something about this music that is played on this dial, One O Three Point Three BBC.WOOS radio. It sucks. It blows. It swallows.

Danny Dart sits up with concern.

INT. SYLVIA SPANNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia is listening to the BROADCAST thru an intercom. She is smirking.

RICK (V.O.)  
 And as for that Vanilla Ice hole, I'm not him.

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Rick is taking off his wig and Vanilla Ice get up. Rick is smoking with energy.

RICK

I would now like to introduce to you, from across town, broadcasting simultaneously on Ninety Eight Point Six MELT Rock Radio, the Grodes of Grode Metal! KID SKELETON!

MICK (V.O.)

Ya Baby, get some.

SILLO (V.O.)

Got some.

CLUTCH (V.O.)

Get some more.

All the Grodes go nuts shouting and hollering.

DANNY DART

I, I don't think... This is not a good... I'm going to have to cut you off.

Danny Dart reaches for the switch to cut Rick off. Rick slaps his hand.

RICK

I don't think so Danny Dork! I've got something to say, and that is, Mr. Bryer Greer Hanson Chase Thorntonhall Jimmy Jack Flip The Fifth.

INT. M.E.L.T. ROCK RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Grodes are cracking up and going ballistic.

RICK (V.O.)

I've done a little research. Seems that the grounds where the No Wimps Festival will be held is privately owned and operated. So we have legal rights there, but the courts still think we are breaking some sort of civil code, act, section Fifty One Fifty, I don't know.

INT. L.O.S.E.R. ESTATE/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Thorntonhall listening to the broadcast clinching his fist.

RICK (V.O.)  
 But I do know that you, Mr.  
 Thorntonhall, are a very crooked  
 man, backed by all your crooked  
 money. But even that will not stop  
 the No Wimps Festival.

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Rick has Danny Dork in a death grip, pinning him to his chair  
 to keep him from getting cut off.

RICK  
 So I say to all of you Ninety Eight  
 Point six MELT Rockers, that Kid  
 Skeleton will honor their promise  
 to you, our faithful fans. This is  
 a sold-out event. You already have  
 your tickets. Do not, I repeat, do  
 not return them, they are still  
 valid. Show up tomorrow. I, Rick  
 Stone, Record Producer and Tour  
 Manager for Kid Skeleton, will make  
 good on this promise.

(Rick is on fire)

So go ahead Mr. Thorn In My Butt!  
 Bring your rally of protesters and  
 your LOSER Organization.

BUILDING SECURITY enters to throw Rick out.

INT. M.E.L.T. ROCK RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

We hear the RUCKUS of Rick being escorted out of the studio.  
 His dialogue is FADING as he is being pulled away from the  
 microphone. The Grodes eyes and mouths are open wide.

RICK (V.O.)  
 Go ahead and picket. We will play  
 this I vowwwwwwww!

THE TWO SIGNALS DISBURSE.

Rock Fowl Cheesy tries to reclaim his air-waves.

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY  
 (on mic)  
 Well, if you weren't expecting  
 that, you're not alone. But it's  
 nice to know that the show is still  
 on, and that BBC.WOOS are still  
 Little woosies.  
 (MORE)

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY (CONT'D)

So save those tickets. The No Wimps Festival will go on as scheduled. And that just leaves me to thank our studio guests, Kid Skeleton, do you have anything to add before you Grodes go?

SILO

Show up. Let's party!

CLUTCH

Yea! Let's party!

SILO

Shut up Dick Weed, I'm talking.

LES

Why don't you both shut up.

MICK

Why don't you all three shut up!

RAUNCH

Why don't you all four...

Mick, Silo, Clutch and Les give Raunch a death look.

RAUNCH (CONT'D)

Keep arguing, I love it.

All at once, Mick, Silo, Clutch and Les dive on Raunch. There is extreme chaos in the studio.

SERGEANT ROCK FOWL CHEESY

Kid Skeleton, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you for coming in and witnessing what will probably be my last broadcast for this company. We'll be right back.

INT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION/LOBBY - DAY

Rick is being escorted out. He sees Sylvia being chewed out by her BOSS. Rick breaks free and stops for a moment and watches.

BOSS

Your job is on the line lady! I'm holding you personally responsible for this.

SYLVIA

I understand your concern sir. But I've been working very hard for this company, and I don't feel I deserve...

BOSS

And if you wish to continue your career here, you'll watch your step.

The Boss exits. Rick walks up to Sylvia.

RICK

I'm very sorry. I really didn't mean to get you in trouble. Is there anything I can do?

SYLVIA

(somewhat politely)  
No, I think you've done enough.

RICK

No, really, I would like to make it up to you. I would really love to take you out to dinner.

SYLVIA

I don't think that would be a good idea.

RICK

No! It would be a great idea... You see, those Grodes are driving me nuts. It would be a great therapy. And I think you are a living Goddess...

(handing her his card)

Please call me, anytime.

Security takes ricks arm and escorts him out of the building.

EXT. BBC.WOOS RADIO STATION - DAY

Rick is walking to his car. Sylvia comes out a side door and gets into her car. As she is driving away, Rick notices a Kid Skeleton bumper sticker on her car. Rick starts grinning.

INT. LABORATORY/CAVE -DAY

Old Dr. Crazy Bones is opening the door again where stands the same Delivery Dude.

DELIVERY DUDE  
Got another delivery for Old Dr.  
Crazy Bones.

CRAZY BONES  
Who? What? No, I don't want to  
get stoned!

DELIVERY DUDE  
No... Delivery, mail for you Old  
Dr. Crazy Bones. Please just sign  
here.

Crazy Bones signs for the letter.

DELIVERY DUDE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Delivery Dude exits. Crazy Bones Closes the door, sits down and opens the letter. It has another word on it that reads "SET!"

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Grodes enter. They are howling and hooting about tomorrow's concert.

MICK  
This concert is gonna kick ass!

RAUNCH  
I'm gonna smash every fucking  
guitar I own on that stage!

LES  
Yea? Well, I'm gonna...

Hip and Hop come out from a back room. Hop is pointing his gun at the Grodes. Les is pissing in his pants.

SILO  
(pointing)  
Woosy! Woosy! Couldn't hold his  
pussy!

Hop walks up to Silo and sticks his gun up to his nose.

HOP  
Ain't nothin' funny about piss in  
your trousers, I know... Got it!

Silo shits his pants making loud farts sounds. There is a large lump in the back of his pants. Hop pulls back the gun.

HOP (CONT'D)  
I think he dropped a clanker. Much better.

HIP  
If you're done sharing and caring,  
can we proceed to kill them, so we  
can talley on out of here.

HOP  
Not here you blooming twit! We  
gotta take them for a ride... or  
something?

Hop hands the gun to Hip then pulls out his ANTHONY HULLIGAN'S HIT-MAN'S HANDBOOK (the beginner's edition) Hop opens it, looks at it, closes it, then puts it back in his breast pocket inside his suit.

HOP (CONT'D)  
Ride! Take them for a ride.

MICK  
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! I don't remember  
this being in the contract!

HIP  
Well, this here is a special kind  
of contract, right, the kind we  
make up as we go along. Now won't  
you come along with us.

Hip waves the gun, indicating for the Grodes to exit. Silo opens the door, then all the grodes exit with Hip and Hop following close behind them, then close the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, DAY BEFORE FESTIVAL - DAY

Rick is sitting in his room. There is a knock at the door. Rick answers. Vinnie Rizzaro and the two Lawyers are standing on the other side, drunk off their asses. They enter.

VINNIE

Well, we're back from our mission,  
and I think I can safely say that  
it was most...

(belches )

Successful!

RICK

You got the courts to let the  
Festival commence?

VINNIE

No! We found a Tiki bar that  
served Mie Ties, chicken thighs,  
curly fries, mud pies, and a Jewish  
style circumcise.

LAWYER #2

That wasn't very funny guys.  
I think I'm still bleeding.

RICK

So, did you even make it to the  
courts?

VINNIE

Oh! I haven't played tennis in  
years.

RICK

That's not what I meant! Have you  
seen or heard from any of the  
Grodes?

VINNIE

No, why?

RICK

They were supposed to meet me back  
here, and...

VINNIE

Ah! They're probably out and  
about. Let them have their fun.

RICK

Look! I got a plan. The Festival  
will go on as scheduled. Kid  
Skeleton will play, But right now,  
I don't know where they are. We've  
got twenty hours till the Festival  
starts, and their equipment hasn't  
even arrived yet.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

You say my job is on the line! All the while, I'm out there busting my balls.

VINNIE

(patting rick's back)  
And you're doing a great job! Keep busting them. Well, we gotta run. Gonna meet Mick Jagger and Keith Richards at an A.A. meeting. It's bonus chip week, don't you know.

Vinnie and the two Lawyers exit. Rick shows aggravation and concern about the Grodes. His tension is building. It peaks. The phone RINGS. Rick answers abruptly, somewhat rudely.

RICK

Hello.

SYLVIA (V.O.)

Hello?... I'm looking for Rick Stone?

RICK

Ya! Hello, um, hi, Sylvia?

INT. SYLVIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SYLVIA

Yes! Rick?

RICK (V.O.)

How are you?

SYLVIA

I'm fine... Did I call at a bad time?

RICK (V.O.)

No! Well? No, no I was just talking to my boss.

SYLVIA

They can be a pain in the rear, can't they?

INT. RICK'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RICK

Ya! Listen, I really feel terrible that I got you in trouble today.

SYLVIA (V.O.)  
 Don't worry, I'll get over it.  
 Although, it was almost worth it  
 just knowing it was burning my  
 boss's ego as he listened to it.

RICK  
 Well, I was kinda worried that you  
 would lose your job. After today  
 I'm sure your ratings will go  
 downhill.

INT. SYLVIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SYLVIA  
 What ratings? That station  
 couldn't get ratings if we shoved  
 our antenna in the ear of every  
 Englishman in London, besides  
 wasn't that your plan?

RICK (V.O.)  
 Well, partially yes. So you're not  
 mad at me?

SYLVIA  
 No, I'm not mad at you.

RICK (V.O.)  
 Great. I'm glad you called, also a  
 little surprised.

SYLVIA  
 Ya? Me too.

INT. RICK'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SYLVIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But I got to thinking about what  
 you said back at the station, and,  
 well, I think I could use a good  
 night out. So if you're not doing  
 anything tonight?

Rick holds up a press photo of Kid Skeleton, then tosses it  
 down.

RICK  
 Nothing! Nothing at all.

SYLVIA (V.O.)  
Then it's set. Can you meet me in  
one hour?

RICK  
Absolutely, Where?

INT. SYLVIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia has a devious grin.

SYLVIA  
Stone Henge Mid-Evil Mealtime.  
They have a delightful menu.

INT. L.O.S.E.R. ESTATE/OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Thorntonhall sitting behind his desk with a hot BRUNETTE  
on his lap. His wife is on the SPEAKER-PHONE.

WIFE (V.O.)  
Feminine powder, not the spray! Two  
bottles of Summer's Eve, plugs and  
napkins, Monostat Seven, bon bons,  
and a T.V. guide. Got that Dear?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Yes Dear!  
(looking at the Brunette's  
cleavage)  
I'll be gettin' it! Got another  
call coming in. I'll see ya when  
I get home.  
(switching to the other  
line)  
Talk to me!

HIP (V.O.)  
Hi Boss, Hip here!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
I told you not to call me on this  
line. Well... Did you take care of  
our special guests?

HIP (V.O.)  
Not yet Boss. We got'em here in  
the trolley with us now.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Tell me, were you two just born  
 imbeciles, or did you have to  
 practice? Now go take care of the  
 dirty deed, and don't contact me  
 again till it's done. Got it!

HIP (V.O.)  
 How do you want us to do it?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Surprise me!

Mr. Thorntonhall hangs up, then looks at the Brunette.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH (CONT'D)  
 What can I say? I got 'em at a two  
 for one sale.

INT. HIP AND HOP'S VAN - DAY - (MOVING)

The Grodes tied up in the back of the van.

MICK  
 Hey man! You aren't really gonna  
 kill us are you?

HOP  
 You mean really, really?

MICK  
 Yea. Really, really!

HOP  
 Ya! Really!

MICK  
 That really sucks!

Clutch, excited.

CLUTCH  
 So, have you decided who you're  
 gonna kill first?

The other Grodes look at Clutch with hostility.

HIP  
 Just shut your chin wag and get  
 ready to die!

CLUTCH  
 Are we almost there?

HIP  
Not yet.

CLUTCH  
I'm hungry.

HIP  
Starve!

CLUTCH  
Now I've got to go to the bathroom.

HIP  
Hold it!

CLUTCH  
Hey! Let's all do a sing-along!

HIP  
Bloody Bugger, I don't believe  
this!

They pull up to an old abandoned cemetery.

HIP (CONT'D)  
Okay, we're here.

CLUTCH  
Yea! We're here, we're here!

They park. Hip and Hop get out and open the side door of the van.

MICK  
Where are we?

HIP  
You're at your own funeral. Sorry!  
We forgot the flowers.

Hip and Hop pull the Grodes out of the van.

HOP  
Did you bring the pistol?

HIP  
(pulls out his gun)  
Right here!

Hip opens the chamber of the gun, it is empty.

HIP (CONT'D)  
 You bloody Wanker, you forgot to  
 load the pistol. Did even you  
 bring the bullets?

HOP  
 Of course I did, I just cocked it  
 up on putting them in.

Hop reaches in his pocket and pulls out four bullets and  
 holds them out for Hip.

HOP (CONT'D)  
 Got'em right here.

HIP Looking at the four bullets in Hop's hand.

HIP  
 What's this? Four bullets?

Hop counts the bullets with his finger, then counts the  
 Grodes.

HOP  
 One, Two, Three, Four bullets...  
 One, Two, Three, Four, Five blokes.  
 Oops!

HIP  
 Well, what do we do now, pick  
 favorites?

Hip and Hop look at the Grodes. They are trying to make  
 themselves look lovable to save their own skin.

HIP (CONT'D)  
 I got an idea. Get them buggers  
 back in the trolley.

They put the Grodes back into the van and drive off.

EXT. STONE HENGE'S MID-EVIL MEALTIME - DAY

Rick in the parking lot, gets out of his car. The restaurant  
 is the remnants of a very old medieval castle.

Rick walks up to the entrance, where on the wall is a plaque.  
 Rick reads the plaque.

RICK

(reading)

"1664, A Royal Subject named Sir Funguli took a solid silver axe and dismembered The King. He then took command of the Throne. During his three year reign, Sir Funguli personally tortured and killed 999 Men. His goal was one thousand. Although he took his own life in the Iron Maiden, some say that he never counted The King or Himself as the one thousandth man. He is still seeking one more victim. Enjoy Your Visit."

Rick shivers in a cold chill, as if a ghost just passed thru him. Rick walks to the entrance, then enters.

INT. STONE HENGE MID-EVIL MEALTIME - DAY

The restaurant was once the torture chamber of the late Sir Funguli, it is almost the same as he left it hundreds of years ago. Rick passing thru he notices that it has been converted to an S & M restaurant. MEN and WOMEN in the iron maiden, the rack, the body stretcher, and the guillotine. They are using prongs, probes, whips and chains on each other, along with other numerous, nasty torture devices.

Rick stops at the very axe that Sir Funguli used to kill the King. Rick gets the creeps again.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Rick! I'm over here.

Rick turns to see Sylvia sitting at a table. He walks over and sits down.

RICK

Wow! This is quite a place.

SYLVIA

You like it? My mother and father used to come here.

RICK

Ya! It's pretty wild. I think we have this back at the States, but this is some serious stuff!

SYLVIA

I hope you don't mind, I took the liberty of ordering for you.

RICK  
No, not at all.

The WAITER comes and serves their food. On Rick's plate is some kind of alien-looking creature.

It has tentacles, two tiny feet with seven toes on each foot, wings, fins, two mouths, and is making WEIRD NOISES. Rick is disgusted but tries not to show it. Sylvia has the same.

RICK (CONT'D)  
This looks... great? What do you call this?

SYLVIA  
It's a Mongoloidis fishy bird. Try it.

Rick not too sure. He pokes the thing with his fork. It moves. Rick is startled.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
Try again.

Rick takes a little better stab at it. It SQUEAKS. Rick looks at Sylvia with concern.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
You've gotta take control. Show it who's boss! Go ahead, try again.

Rick takes both his knife and fork, and plunges them into the thing. Thinking it's dead, Rick is happy.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
(snickering)  
It's gonna take a lot more than that if you wanna defeat your dinner.

Rick looks down. His Main-Dish is laughing at him. Rick then gets up, walks over to Sir Funguli's axe, takes it off the wall, goes back to the table, holds the axe over his head. The Thing is shivering, scared. Rick shows pity. He puts the axe down and calls out to a passing Waitress in skimpy leathers.

RICK  
Can I get this to go?

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY

The van pulls up to a five-man hanging tower. The nooses are tied and ready for use. Hip and Hop get the Grodes out of the van.

CLUTCH

Alright! An old fashioned hangin'.  
Some Heads Are Gonna Roll, Beavis!

HIP

Just settle your ass down.

HOP

Now, this is how this is gonna work. You're all gonna walk up these stairs, we're gonna hang you, and you're gonna die. So don't give us any trouble, or I'll box your ears.

CLUTCH

Excuse me! Yoo hoo, over here...  
In that order?

HIP

(in Clutch's face)  
You know, it's gonna be kinda fun to kick the shit out of your floppy dead carcass. HUH! Doesn't that sound like fun?

CLUTCH

(military style)  
Sir. Yes Sir. Fun Sir? Sounds like fun, can't wait! Sir!

Clutch bolts up the stairs to the nooses as he picks his favorite one.

CLUTCH (CONT'D)

This one's mine! I called it first. I called it first!

HOP

See! Now that's cooperation.

MICK

No. Just an idiot.

HIP

Can we just keep the line moving  
Please?

The rest of the Grodes proceed up the stairs, followed by Hip. Hip puts the nooses around the Grodes necks. Hop stays down below.

HIP (CONT'D)  
Do you have any last requests?

CLUTCH  
"Gallows Pole", by Led Zeppelin.

HIP  
I don't think so.  
(looking down to Hop)  
Ready Hop?

HOP (O.S.)  
Ready Hip.

The Grodes are all set to hang, nooses around their necks. Hip is up top with the Grodes. Hop still down below, manning the trap-door lever.

HIP  
Dead men walking!

Hop Pulls the lever, the grodes go through the trap door, all ropes break as they hit the ground very hard.

Hip on the platform looking down to Hop.

HIP (CONT'D)  
(to Hop)  
Don't even say a word.  
(to the Grodes)  
All of you, back in the trolley!

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

Rick and Sylvia are walking hand-in-hand by a small pond.

SYLVIA  
That was really nice of you to  
release your dinner back to the  
wild.

RICK  
Well, he got so excited when we  
walked by that Punk Rock club, and  
the door was open. So...

SYLVIA  
Well, you can't get any wilder than  
that.

RICK

No, I guess not. I wanna tell you, this is really great. I mean, you would not believe the hell I go thru each and every day, managing a Heavy Metal band the caliber of Kid Skeleton.

SYLVIA

Pretty rough huh?

RICK

Beyond belief... But I don't think I would change it for the world. They kinda bring the kid back into me, but the responsibility of trying to keep them out of trouble is a full time job.

SYLVIA

Sounds like a fun job.

RICK

Well, ya' it's just this is the first time in days that I've had any time to relax.

They sit at a bench by the small pond.

RICK (CONT'D)

And I'm very glad to be spending it with you.

SYLVIA

That's very sweet.

It's one of those moments where they should kiss, but Rick is kinda shy. There is an awkward moment of silence.

RICK

By the way, I noticed you have a Kid Skeleton sticker on your car. You work at a wimpy station, yet you seem to have a more creative style than that.

SYLVIA

To tell you the truth, I never wanted to work there, it was the only open position, and I love working at radio stations, although there was an opening in the States, in Seattle.

RICK  
So why didn't you go to Seattle?

SYLVIA  
I guess at the time it didn't seem like a good idea.

RICK  
And now?

SYLVIA  
I don't know, I try not to think too much of the past, it seems to leave more room for the future, you know?

RICK  
I think I know what you mean.

SYLVIA  
Ya! You know, I've seen pictures of you in the press with the band. Even then I thought you were kinda cute. It's just, I'm usually attracted to the wrong kind of guys.

RICK  
Ya me too. Sorry just kidding.  
(looking in her eyes)  
Your very beautiful you know.  
Funny, I have to travel across the globe to find someone special, like you.

Rick slowly leans in and they embrace in a soft kiss.

Across on the other side of the small pond, and over Rick and Sylvia's shoulder. Hip and Hop's van pull up to the waters edge.

Hip and Hop are getting the Grodes out of the van. Rick and Sylvia do not see them as they get up and walk away.

EXT. PARK/POND - SUNSET

The Grodes are out of the van. They approach the water, Hip and Hop notice an old wooden boat.

HIP  
Here we go! This will be easy peasy. Hop get them in here.

CLUTCH

Yea! We're going for a boat ride.

HOP

Ya! A one-way ride.

Hip and Hop get the Grodes into the boat and tie their hands and legs to the seats.

Hip takes a rock and throws it thru the floor board, creating a small hole, water is rushing in the boat, they push the Grodes out into the pond to sink.

Clutch is laughing, the rest of the Grodes are crying.

The boat hits the bottom with the water only up their necks. The Grodes are looking all around.

CLUTCH

Hey! We're the Talking Heads.

All the Grodes start singing the chorus from the classic Talking Heads song, "Once in a life time", from the album "Remain In Light".

ALL GRODES

(singing)

Let the days go by, let the water  
hold me down.

Let the days go by, water flowing  
underground.

Into the blue again, after the  
money's gone.

Once in a lifetime, water flowing  
underground.

Hop looks at Hip.

HOP

This is not good is it?

HIP

Just go get them, will ya?

Hop starts his walk of shame into the water to retrieve the Grodes.

INT. STONED AND STUPID RECORDS - NIGHT

The Sphinx is in the studio, recording one of Mr. Thorntonhall's SINGERS. He is singing a love ballad.

SINGER

(singing)

Babe, I've been in misery.  
 Since the day that you left me.  
 Sometimes, I think I'll die.  
 So I cry!  
 Wa! Wa! Ooo! Ooo! Wa! Wa! Ooo! Wa!  
 Snivel! Snivel! Wa!... I cry.

Mr. Thorntonhall enters.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 I'm loving it... I am loving it!

THE SPHINX  
 Mr. Thorntonhall, come on in. We  
 were just wrapping up.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 What did I tell you, top shelf or  
 what?

THE SPHINX  
 We are going to make a killing!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 A cereal killing!

THE SPHINX  
 A musical massacre!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Money will run thicker than blood,  
 and the blood at the cost of Kid  
 Skeleton.

THE SPHINX  
 We better not talk about that here.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Well, I was on my way back to my  
 office, you better come along. We  
 got a few details to work out, now  
 that our competition is,  
 (looking at his watch)  
 by this time, deceased.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Rick and Sylvia enter. They approach the front desk in the  
 lobby. Standing behind the desk is a BELL-BOY.

RICK

Excuse me. Have the Kid Skeleton band come back yet?

BELL-BOY

No sir, they haven't.

RICK

Are you sure?

BELL-BOY

Quite sure. I've been here most of the day. You see, I've been waiting for them to get back so I can get their autograph. I tried to get it when they left, but they seemed to be in an awful hurry!

RICK

So you saw them leave?

BELL-BOY

Ya sure! Earlier today, about four o'clock. They were with a couple of their friends, two guys looked like them Milli Vanilli characters. They were shoving the Grodes, yelling at them with a gun to their heads... You know? Now that I think about it, they weren't all that friendly.

RICK

(to Sylvia)

I think we got a problem. Look, why don't you go home, and I'll call you tomorrow.

SYLVIA

That's it, go home! I don't think so. I want to help.

RICK

It could get ugly.

SYLVIA

Then let's get ugly.

RICK

Okay. Come on, I got to send a letter.

Rick and Sylvia exit down the hall.

INT. THORNTONHALL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Thorntonhall and The Sphinx are going over some charts. The intercom starts to BUZZ. Thorntonhall answers.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
(into intercom)  
Ya! Hello.

HIP (V.O.)  
Hey Boss! It's us, we're here.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Come on in Boys. Well, Sphinx, I think we're in business.

Thorntonhall clicks the button to buzz them in.

THE SPHINX  
So uh, how do you think they disposed of them?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
I don't know, I told them to surprise me.

Hip and Hop enter the office with the Grodes.

HOP  
Surprise!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
You gotta be fucking kidding me. Why are they still alive? And why did you bring them to my office? Help me out here. Now, where did I get you two again? Oh ya! Out of a fucking Cracker Jack box.

HIP  
We're awful sorry, Boss.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
You got that right! Now tell me what went wrong.

HOP  
Well, it was during our birth. Hip here was on his way out first with me trailing close behind. It was awful dark, and I didn't notice that he had stopped half-way out. As I kept going my head got fancied up his...

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Too much information... tonight.  
 What the hell went wrong tonight?

HIP  
 I told you not to tell that story  
 ever again! Mr. Thorntonhall,  
 please Sir. It was beyond our  
 control. The fact of the matter  
 is, these blokes are hard to kill.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 This was supposed to be a job that  
 a monkey could do. What do we do  
 now, get a monkey? Listen, we'll  
 just keep them for a little while.  
 Maybe they can become useful yet.

CLUTCH  
 Hey! I can be a monkey.

Clutch starts hopping around like a monkey.

THE SPHINX  
 What's up with him?

Clutch is now picking out small bugs from Mick's hair.

MICK  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Can we just go to the next scene  
 please?

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Hundreds of FANS are camping out overnight for tomorrow's  
 Festival. They are parting, doing bong-hits and banging  
 their heads to Kid Skeleton playing on the radio. A good  
 time is had by all.

INT. RICK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rick and Sylvia are in Rick's room. Rick is sealing an  
 envelope.

RICK  
 As soon as I mail this, the play is  
 in motion. Are you sure you're up  
 for this? It could get thick.

SYLVIA

Ooh! I love it when you talk  
dirty.

RICK

Hold that thought. I'll be right  
back.

Rick gives Sylvia a kiss, then exits out the door with the  
letter. The phone RINGS. Sylvia answers.

SYLVIA

Hello, Rick Stone's room.  
(no response)  
Hello?... Hello?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH (V.O.)

Where's Rick?

SYLVIA

He'll be right back. May I take a  
message?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH (V.O.)

Listen here, Little Miss Muffet.  
I don't know who you are, but you  
tell that little twerp I'm not  
shitting around. I got the Grodes,  
they're unharmed for now. I also  
have demands, I want all rights and  
royalties of the Kid Skeleton brand  
and contracts in my name, plus full  
control of their touring and  
recording schedules.

INT. THORNTONHALL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Thorntonhall is peering wildly at the Grodes.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

And Oh! Did I mention I'm going to  
cut off all their hair and turn  
them into a respectable band.  
I will call them "Mamma's Boyz".  
Now, you tell Mr. Stone to meet me  
out on the hill near the Festival  
grounds tomorrow night at nine  
o'clock. Or the last he'll ever see  
of Kid Skeleton is their skeletons.

Mr. Thorntonhall hangs up.

RICK'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick enters the room, Sylvia has a concerned look.

RICK  
What's wrong?

SYLVIA  
It's worse than you thought.

RICK  
It always is.  
(into CAMERA)  
Good thing I used express mail.

INT. LABORATORY/CAVE - NIGHT

Old Dr. Crazy Bones is once again opening the door where stands the same Delivery Dude.

DELIVERY DUDE  
Good evening sir. I've got another delivery for you. The sender said it was urgent, that's why I'm here so late.

CRAZY BONES  
Yes, I'm the late Dr. Crazy Bones.

DELIVERY DUDE  
Oh, right! That explains a lot.

CRAZY BONES  
(deliriously)  
Haven't I seen? Do I know? Hello!

DELIVERY DUDE  
Could you just sign here please?

As the good Dr. is signing the form, the Delivery Dude is getting a peek inside the cave.

DELIVERY DUDE (CONT'D)  
Wow! This is quite a place. You live here? Work here? What?

CRAZY BONES  
Live, work. Actually, this is my life's work.  
(grinning)  
Come on in, I'll show you around.

DELIVERY DUDE

Well, I do have a lot more work to do.

(holding up more mail)  
Which means I have plenty of time.

Delivery Dude enters.

CRAZY BONES

Sit down here. I'll be with you in a moment.

Delivery Dude sits. Crazy Bones sits and opens the letter. It has another word on it that reads. "GO!"

Crazy Bones jumps up. He is excited! He is dancing around like a little boy.

DELIVERY DUDE

Is everything okay?

CRAZY BONES

Okay?... Okay? Why, everything is a disaster!

DELIVERY DUDE

Disasters are cool.

CRAZY BONES

Yes, Yes! You see, I finally have a chance to try out my latest...  
Why don't I just show you.

They walk around a corner to a big object that has a large canvas cover over it. Crazy Bones grabs the corner of the canvas.

CRAZY BONES (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what. If you like it, I need someone to help me operate it. I think you'd do fine, what's your name boy?

DELIVERY DUDE

My name is Sherman, but my friends call me PUKE!

CRAZY BONES

Good enough. Tell me what you think of this, Puke.

Puke looking intent as the heavy sound of a canvas being pulled away. Puke is absolutely mesmerized. He smiles from ear to ear.

DELIVERY DUDE  
When do we start?

INT. HOTEL/ROOM - MORNING

Day of Festival. Rick and Sylvia are awakened by pounding on the front door. Rick gets up and answers the door. Vinnie and the two Lawyers enter.

VINNIE  
I got some good news.

RICK  
And I've got some bad news.

VINNIE  
Well, good news is, our defense team here got the courts to legally let The No Wimps Festival commence.

LAWYER #1  
Seems we were able to find a clause in the ruling.

LAWYER #2  
Since it is on private property, and used none of the peoples tax money, they really have no hold over us.

LAWYER #1  
Leaving them no choice but to lift the ban.

VINNIE  
Now, the stage is all set, the Grodes equipment has arrived safely, all the other bands have been notified, and we have thousands of fans in line, most who have been there all night. It's the calm before the storm. What possible bad news could you have?

RICK  
The Grodes have been kidnaped.

VINNIE  
Hm. I liked my news better. Let me guess, Thornton-fuck?

RICK  
How did you know?

VINNIE

Hunch really. This morning I was informed he was seen in one of my studios last night, hosted by another one of my producers, The Sphinx.

RICK

The Sphinx? He's still there? I thought he would have been fired by now for all his shenanigans.

VINNIE

He will be, word is he's been backstabbing the company, bringing in unsigned, Wimpy bands into the studio, recording C.D.s. Oh! And Rick, watch out, I hear he's got some sort of personal vendetta to settle with you.

RICK

Don't worry about me. My plan of attack is in the mix, I have an appointment with the Almighty Douche Bag, so I'm sure his little Troll won't be far behind. And Uh! Vinnie, does he know he's fired yet?

VINNIE

No.

RICK

Legally the company has to notify him in person, do you not?

VINNIE

Yes.

RICK

May I have the honor?

VINNIE

Why not?

Vinnie and the two Lawyers head for the door to leave.

RICK

Thank you much, Sir. Kid Skeleton will be there to headline the show. Just run the other bands on schedule, I'll do the rest.

VINNIE  
And Rick.

RICK  
Yes Sir?

VINNIE  
You know what this means for you if  
this is a success, don't you?

RICK  
(grinning)  
Yes Sir!

VINNIE  
And you know what this means for  
you if it is a failure, don't you?

RICK  
(not grinning)  
Yes Sir.

Vinnie and the two Lawyers leave. Rick closes the door, then leans his head on the door.

INT. THORNTONHALL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Thorntonhall unlocks a door and swings it open, he turns on the light. The Grodes are in a large closet, scrunched all together on the floor sleeping. They awake to see Thorntonhall standing over them.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Well, well, well. Did we have a  
pleasant sleep?

Mick, Raunch, Silo and Les are all stretching with pain. Clutch gets up, yawning and smiling.

CLUTCH  
That was great, I haven't slept  
that good since we started this  
tour. Hey! Do you have weekly  
rates?

MICK  
I don't know what you're thinking,  
man. Rick will never go along with  
your plan.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Ah! But that's where you're wrong.  
He will have no choice.  
(MORE)

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH (CONT'D)

You see, I've insured the deal.

(snapping his fingers)

Hippie, Herppy.

Hip and Hop come forth. Hip hands Thorntonhall an envelope. He opens it, and hands Mick some pictures.

MICK

What's this?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

Insurance! A little bit of trick photography at a lab. Some detailed pictures of Rick Stone and Vinnie Rizzaro at a cocaine factory testing the product. Pretty good, huh!

CLUTCH

Hey! Where was I?

MICK

(into CAMERA)

Kids, just say No to blow.

SILO

So what's your plan?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

Well, let's just say that if these pictures fell into Federal hands along with samples planted in their studios, they're going to be asked a lot of questions that they have no answers for. Thus Stoned and Stupid Records will be no longer... Or they could hand over your contracts, take a loss, call it a day, and we'll call you "Mama's Boyz".

The Grodes cringe at the thought of being called "Mama's Boyz".

EXT. FESTIVAL FRONT ENTRANCE - MID/MORNING

Many FANS in line to get in. SECURITY is searching for and confiscating all contraband items.

EXT. NO WIMPS FESTIVAL - MID/MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The Festival is just now starting, but going on strong. The Head-Bangers are up against the barricade with the Mosh Pit in full force behind them, while the first BAND takes the stage.

EXT. FESTIVAL BEER GARDEN - MID/MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Lots of ROCKERS drinking beer and partying.

EXT. FESTIVAL LAWN - MID/MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A GUY and a GIRL making out. Somewhat near them, TWO GIRLS making out.

EXT. FESTIVAL CONCOURSE - MID/MORNING - CONTINUOUS

GIRLS are going into the guys bathroom because the line at the girls bathroom is too long.

EXT. FESTIVAL MERCH BOOTH - MID/MORNING - CONTINUOUS

FANS buying up Kid Skeleton shirts, plus other Grode paraphernalia.

EXT. FESTIVAL BACK STAGE - MID/MORNING - CONTINUOUS

BANDS are tuning their guitars. A DRUMMER is spinning a drum stick in one hand, a BIMBO is standing right next to him staring at the stick, She is hypnotized.

There is a lot of partying going on. Others are running around trying to keep the Festival up and running.

Vinnie Rizzaro is backstage looking at his watch with concern.

INT. CAR ON DESERT ROAD - NOON (MOVING)

Rick and Sylvia are driving down some desert-looking road.

SYLVIA

It sure is desolate out here.

RICK

(looking up at sky)  
Up ahead, about a mile, there will be an Albino Eagle flying very high. We won't be able see it, but when we get to him, we'll have to follow, He will take us to where we gotta go.

SYLVIA

But if we can't see it, how do we follow it?

RICK

I'm told it will give us some sort of signal. We'll just have to wait and see.

SYLVIA

So, Rick. What do you want to be when you grow up?

RICK

(laughing)  
Funny. Actually, I never really gave it much thought... But you know what I don't want to be?

SYLVIA

What's that?

RICK

Old... Alone, without someone to take care of, someone to come home to everyday.

(holding her hand)  
Sylvia? I think I love you! And I think what I want to ask you is, will you...

SUDDENLY. A raw egg and a massive bird turd hit the windshield.

RICK (CONT'D)

Blow my load! What the hell is that?

SYLVIA

I think your Eagle has landed, is that the signal?

RICK

Ya! I think so. Now all we have to do is stay under him, and we'll be on the right track.

EXT. FESTIVAL - AFTERNOON

Vinnie Rizzaro at the side of the stage. A BAND is playing. He is calling Rick on his cell phone. Over his shoulder WE SEE a Crazy Rocker climbing a twenty foot tower.

VINNIE

Rick! Hey Rick! Speak up.

RICK (V.O.)

Ya! Vinnie, what's up?

VINNIE

Bring me up to date. Where the hell are they? And where the hell are you?

RICK (V.O.)

Can't disclose that info Sir. Gotta keep our allies secret.

VINNIE

Well, we've got five hours till Kid hits the stage. I don't have to tell you that there will be a hell of a riot if Kid Skeleton is a no-show, and I'll be one of them. Got it?

RICK (V.O.)

If all goes well, we'll be there in four.

They hang up. The crazy rocker is at the top of the tower. The crowd cheers him on to dive. Vinnie turns around to see this happen.

Crazy Rocker dives, the crowd opens up leaving nothing but the hard ground. After landing very hard, he gets up smiling and very proud giving the thumbs up.

VINNIE

Oh! We're havin' fun now!

INT. THORNTONHALL'S OFFICE, CLOSET - LATE AFTERNOON

The Grodes are still locked in the closet of Thorntonhall's office.

MICK

Mama's Boyz? I don't think so.

SILO

Ya! Fuck that, we gotta get out of here.

LES

We gotta get to that Festival is what we gotta do.

CLUTCH

Ya right! We're in a friggin' shoe box the size of my left nut, no windows and a locked door. We ain't goin' nowhere. Use your head, will ya?

MICK

No! I think we'll use yours, Silo?

Mick and Silo pick up Clutch and use his head for a battering ram against the door. Clutch's head penetrates a hole thru the door, just enough for his head to stick out the other side, Clutch is stuck in the door up to his shoulders.

SILO

Hey Clutch! What do you see?

Other side of door, Clutch is face-to-face with a vicious pit bull. They get locked in a stare. The Pit Bull starts drooling, Clutch starts drooling. They are now drooling at full force, Clutch gives a brutal bark and the Pit Bull runs away.

INT. THORNTANHALL'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Thorntonhall is in conference with his lawyer, MR. FOWLER. They are going over legal documents. Sitting across from each other. clutch is wacthing with his head still stuck in door.

MR. FOWLER

I've already shredded all documents connecting you with that faulty nuclear power plant.

(MORE)

MR. FOWLER (CONT'D)

As of now you're in the clear, But  
this, this, I think even you are in  
over your head.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

I don't pay you to think!

MR. FOWLER

As a matter of fact you do. I'm  
your lawyer, remember?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

Okay, but remember this, Mr.  
Fowler, I also pay you to do! So  
you do your job, and get me those  
papers.

MR. FOWLER

(shuffling thru papers)

Oh! What a tangled web we weave.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

What?

MR. FOWLER

(passing papers)

Make sure Mr. Stone signs in  
triplicate. Give him the pink  
copy, you keep the yellow copy, and  
bring me back the original so I can  
process it.

Mr. Fowler stands up.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

(standing up)

Thank you, Mr. Fowler.

(shaking hands)

It's been a pleasure. I'll be in  
touch.

MR. FOWLER

Probably sooner than you think.

Mr. Fowler exits.

INT./EXT. LABORATORY/CAVE - EARLY EVENING

Rick and Sylvia pull up to the secret cave and park. The  
Albino Eagle drops its last turd on the car as it has been  
doing the whole way. The car is completely covered with bird  
turds and raw eggs.

They get out and approach the entrance of the cave, Rick knocks on the door. Crazy Bones answers. He sees Rick, and starts to jump up and down, laughing with excitement. Crazy Bones stops in his tracks, giving Rick the evil eye.

CRAZY BONES  
Can I help you?

RICK  
It's me, Rick, Rick Stone!

Crazy Bones is confused.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Stoned and Stupid Records?

Crazy Bones, even more confused.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Kid Skeleton?

Crazy Bones is excited again, jumping up and down.

CRAZY BONES  
Kid Skeleton! Kid Skeleton!  
(snapping into serious  
mode)  
Come inside, won't you?

INT. LABORATORY/CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Sylvia enter.

SYLVIA  
Very interesting place you have  
here... Dr.

CRAZY BONES  
Yes! Yes, thank you.. you... you

RICK  
This is Sylvia, she's been helping  
me.

CRAZY BONES  
(giggling)  
With many things I hope.

RICK  
Excuse me?

CRAZY BONES

Where's that boy now? I took on an assistant. Good boy, name's Puke.

RICK

So, what now? Where do we go from here?

CRAZY BONES

From here?

RICK

From here? I followed all instructions contained in the Kid Skeleton's endangerment handbook. You got my letters, right?

CRAZY BONES

(brain strain)

Letters? Letters? Letters! Yes, letters. Ready, Set, Go! Ready, Set, Go! Ready, Set...

RICK

Yes! Yes, those letters.

Rick and Sylvia look at each other with concern. Puke enters from around the corner of the cave.

PUKE

Almost set Dr. All I have to do is set the over trigger two wave lengths past the under flapper to decrease any overloaded amps in the consolidator to create the exact resistance needed for split termination during an irreversible, reversible polarity procedure.

CRAZY BONES

Good!

(to Rick and Sylvia)

Come on back here. I'll show you just what I've been up to.

They all walk around the corner till they can see it. Rick and Sylvia stop in their tracks, mesmerized.

CRAZY BONES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Rick, my good man, this is I.R.R.P. INSTA-REVERSE-ROCK PROCESSOR.

RICK  
Judas Priest!

SYLVIA  
Hell's Bells!

INT. THORNTONHALL'S OFFICE - 8:00PM

Thorntonhall and The Sphinx are escorting the Grodes out the closet door.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
(snapping his fingers)  
Hubble! Hobo!

HIP  
That's Hip and Hop! Hip and Hop!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Ya! Whatever. Go get the chains  
and meet us at the van. It's time  
to greet Mr. Stone.

SILO  
Chains? Hey! I'm not into that,  
alright!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Don't worry, neither am I.

THE SPHINX  
We're just gonna chain ya to the  
front of the van. Figure you  
Grodes like the front row!

Hip and Hop return with the chains. They all exit.

INT./EXT. BACK STREETS, ON VAN (MOVING) - 8:15PM

The Sphinx is driving, Thorntonhall is passenger, Hip and Hop are in the back. All five Grodes are chained to the front of the van. Mick, Silo and Les are chained upright. Clutch and Raunch are chained horizontally across and in front of Mick, Silo and Les. Clutch is loving it. The others are hating it.

At a stop sign are standing two MONKEYS holding signs that read. WILL WORK FOR BANANAS.

HIP (O.S.)  
So Boss, did we do good?

HOP (O.S.)  
Ya! Do we get some kinda bonus?

INT./EXT. OUTSIDE VAN/STOP SIGN - 8:20PM

The van stops, the back-side doors fly open. Hip and Hop come flying out. The two Monkeys hand Hip and Hop their signs and jump into the van.

They drive off. Thorntonhall looks back at the Monkeys.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
I don't provide medical or dental,  
is that okay with you? The two  
Monkeys shake their heads "Yes!"

EXT. FESTIVAL/BACKSTAGE - 8:30PM

Vinnie with a ROAD CREW TECH for Kid Skeleton.

VINNIE  
What have we got, a half hour?

ROAD CREW TECH  
If that, These guys got two more  
songs, then we set up for Kid  
Skeleton.

VINNIE  
I sure hope Rick knows what he's  
doing. Okay, just tell your guys  
to set the stage, but don't let on  
that the Grodes are not here yet.  
Business as usual, alright? We'll  
hit the lights on schedule, and  
hope like hell that they make their  
curtain call.

EXT. HILLS, OVER-LOOKING FESTIVAL - 8:35PM

The van pulls up to a secluded hill over-looking the Festival. The Grodes are still chained to the front of the van, they park.

Thorntonhall and The Sphinx get out, along with the Monkeys. The Monkeys walk to the front of the van and start picking at Clutch and Raunch's hair, looking for gnats and other bugs.

CLUTCH  
Hey! He likes me.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
That's good, because he's the one  
who's gonna cut your hair.

That shuts Clutch right up.

MICK  
We're not gonna sing no woosy songs  
for you, and you're not gonna cut  
our hair! You can't do this.  
We're the almighty Kid Skeleton,  
damn it! Now get us the fuck down.  
Arg! Arg! Arg!

With Mick going ballistic, the other Grodes are squirming  
with pain from the tight chains.

SILO  
Chill out man! You're making the  
chains tighter. Ouch!

The Sphinx steps forward.

THE SPHINX  
Yes, we can do this, and yes you  
will sing. And when your Fearless  
Tour Manager, Rick Stone, gets  
here, I'll show him some fear.  
(pulling out a gun) )  
I'll show him God!

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Nobody called your number you Dial-  
A-Dip Shit, put that thing away...  
Go pour us a couple of drinks.

INT. INSIDE VAN - 8:40PM

The Sphinx gets into the van and pulls out a briefcase inside  
is a bottle of wine and two glasses. He fills the two  
glasses, and sets them on the dash. He is now reading the  
wine label.

The two filled glasses of wine get a small JOLT from a  
vibration in the ground, then another, and another.

The Sphinx watches with worry. He hears thundering music, it  
is getting louder and stronger. The glasses are now  
VIBRATING to a BEAT.

EXT. OUTSIDE VAN - 8:42PM - CONTINUOUS

The Sphinx gets out and stands next to Thorntonhall. The Monkeys are freaking out. The Grodes are slowly starting to bang their heads. The VIBRATION has now turned into a RUMBLE.

Thorntonhall and The Sphinx stare to see what's coming from over the hill. Their eyes bug out of their heads.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
Good God all mighty!

Coming over the hill, we see for the first time, Old Dr. Crazy Bones's arsenal. The Insta-Reverse-Rock-Processor.

A converted Sherman Tank! Custom chrome all around, full Marshall stacks built into the frame. The tank has a black leather bra with large spikes. The standard cannon has been replaced with a space-age looking laser. The glass casing of the laser has bolts of electricity running thru it.

The music is blasted so loud that when they pull up to Thorntonhall and The Sphinx a solid GUSH OF WIND is hitting them like a tornado. The Grodes are now full-fledged rocking out and head banging so hard that the chains break, they all fall to the ground.

The Tank pulls up to them and stops, the hatch on the tank opens up. Ricks heads pop out.

Music lowers a little.

RICK  
(shouting over music)  
You're a bad man, Mr. Thorn In My Ass! As a toddler, you've stolen out of the collection basket at church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK #1)

A SHOT of YOUNG THORNTONHALL, stealing out of a basket at church.

END FLASHBACK #1

EXT. ON TANK/RICK - 8:45PM

RICK  
As a Cub-Scout, you would help  
little old ladies only half-way  
across the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK #2)

Little Thorntonhall as a CUB-SCOUT, helping an Old Lady cross the street, then in the middle of a busy intersection he takes off running and LAUGHING, leaving Old Lady behind to fend for herself. Traffic is rushing by on both sides of her. She's freaking out.

END FLASHBACK #2

EXT. ON TANK/RICK - 8:47PM

RICK  
And your teenage years? All the  
property damage you did, putting  
all those circles in people's  
crops.

EXT. CROP FIELDS - DAY (FLASHBACK #3)

Teenage Thorntonhall making crop circles.

END FLASHBACK #3

EXT. ON TANK/RICK - 8:48PM

RICK  
Why, you even make your grandma  
sick!

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK #4)

A SHOT of his GRANDMA looking at him as a little boy. He picks his nose and pulls out a long hairy booger and shows it to her. She starts puking.

END FLASHBACK #4

EXT. ON TANK/RICK - 8:49PM

RICK

But most of all, swindling all your father's fortune. He was a good and respected man. But you took the Thorntonhall name and good fortune, and turned it into something bad. Shame on you! The police know everything! Kidnaping, attempted murder, embezzlement, tax evasion. But I'm afraid that with all your crooked money, you will get off with only fines. Then you will still be the same old ass bite that you are now, Mr. Thorntonhall, you need to change your evil ways, and we're here to help. It's all yours, Dr.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

(nervous)

What is that thing? What are you gonna do?

Dr. Crazy Bones sticks his head out of the tank, joining Rick.

CRAZY BONES

Hello Bryer, my old business partner. Remember me?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

Crazy Bones, is that you?

CRAZY BONES

In the flesh. I'm so touched that you remembered me. For yes, I remember you.

RICK

(to the Dr.)

You know this asshole?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH

Eighteen years ago, you pissed me off, and you're pissing me off again. This doesn't concern you. I have a deal with Rick.

CRAZY BONES

Deal's off douchebag. Now be a good patient. The Doctor's here now, time to take your medicine.

RICK  
 (to Dr.)  
 You really know this asshole?

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 I should've taken care of them  
 while I had the chance.

RICK  
 What is he talking about?

CRAZY BONES  
 Not that you didn't try.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 What?

CRAZY BONES  
 It was a long time ago, but I still  
 remember a lot of things.  
 (getting lost in his own  
 mind)  
 Okay, so I can only remember one  
 thing, and that is when you  
 sprinkled my special batch of Idiot  
 Powder on my Egg Pods. Oh yes!  
 I knew it was you.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 How did you know? Why didn't you  
 say something then?

CRAZY BONES  
 At the time, that certain batch was  
 still at an experimental state,  
 which is to say that was highly  
 neuro-toxic and volatile. You see  
 when the residue from the Powder  
 soaked into your skin. It was  
 quite obvious when you blew your  
 ass gas in a fan and called it an  
 art fart, But it seemed like the  
 perfect element to add. Why create  
 rockers who want to be serious all  
 the time? This way they will be  
 more fun.

RICK  
 That explains a lot.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 Fun? You want fun? This is not  
 over. I'll get you yet. Then  
 we'll have some fun.

The Sphinx sneaks around to the side of the tank, climbing up behind Rick then pulls out his gun. Without even looking, Rick gives The Sphinx a serious elbow in the face. Sphinx flies to the ground. Rick looks at him.

RICK  
 (to Sphinx)  
 Oh yea! By the way, you're fired!

CRAZY BONES  
 (to Thorntonhall)  
 And you're processed. Hit it Puke!

Puke and Sylvia down below. Puke is hitting switches and turning knobs.

The laser starts blasting Thorntonhall. He is smoking and smoldering and gyrating. The smoke thickens. We cannot see him. The laser stops. A quick brush of wind blows all the smoke away.

Mr. Thorntonhall is sitting on a Harley Davidson. He is wearing lots of leathers, spikes, chains, and biker boots. He is banging his head to the Metal music. Mr. Thorntonhall has been converted.

The POLICE show up, and start dragging Thorntonhall and The Sphinx away.

B.G.H.C.T. THE FIFTH  
 No! No! I don't wanna go. I  
 wanna see the show, I wanna see Kid  
 Skeleton. Let There Be Rock, I  
 wanna rock!

The police place Thorntonhall and The Sphinx in the cop car and drive off. Rick is looking at his watch.

RICK  
 Grodes! We got five minutes till  
 your curtain call. Get on now!

All the Grodes pile on the tank. They drive over and down the hill, out of sight.

EXT. BACKSTAGE/FESTIVAL - SHOW TIME

Vinnie Rizzaro is standing at the side of the stage, looking at his watch. The house lights fade, the ROAR of the crowd goes up. The CROWD is now chanting for the Grodes to hurry up and hit the stage.

CROWED  
 (chanting)  
 Skeleton! Skeleton! Skeleton!  
 Skeleton! Skeleton!

VINNIE  
 Son of a bitch! I guess I  
 could always go back to selling  
 housewares.

Vince hears the voice of a SECURITY.

SECURITY (O.S.)  
 (shouting)  
 Fuckin' A, Skippy!

Vinnie looks to see the Security throwing the backstage gates wide open.

SECURITY (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Coming thru!

The tank comes rumbling in. The Grodes are hanging all over it.

VINNIE  
 (looking upward to God)  
 Thank you. Let's get some guitars  
 in their hands people.

The Kid Skeleton ROADIES scramble towards the stage.

The tank pulls up to Vinnie. The Grodes get off. The hatch flies open as Rick and Sylvia pop their heads out, Rick looks at the Grodes, gives them a big encouragement type smile and a wink.

The Grodes take off running to the side of the stage.

VINNIE (CONT'D)  
 You almost made me pee-pee in my  
 poo-poo! Damn, that was close.

RICK  
 We do what we can, Sir.

EXT. FESTIVAL STAGE - 9:05PM

Grodes run onto the stage, Roadies throw Les, Raunch, and Silo's guitars for them to catch.

They get scared and step aside, guitars take a fatal crash to the stage, shattering in pieces. The Roadies grab three more guitars and walk them over to the Grodes and hand them to them.

ROADIE #1  
We'll have to work on that one.

The stage lights go on. The Grodes open up with their intro to. "PROCEED WITHOUT CAUTION INTO THE PIT."

Mick opens up with his lyrics.

MICK  
(singing)  
So much crime, so little time.  
Sabotage, I cross the line.  
Aggression from depression will do  
just fine.  
Stampede with passion charge with  
shame.  
Royalties are awarded, yes I'm to  
blame.  
Never gonna lay-off, 'cause my pay-  
off is pain.  
In this life, I'm forced to be  
Busting thru my enemy.  
Fallout shelter fell thru the shit.  
Proceed without caution into the  
pit.  
Proceed without caution into the  
pit.

Les goes into a heavy lead break as he is going ballistic all over the stage.

The fans are eating it up, going absolutely nuts, moshing and banging their heads. The concert is a success.

EXT. SIDE STAGE - NIGHT

Kid Skeleton on stage. Vinnie, Rick, Sylvia, Dr. Crazy Bones and Puke are watching the Grodes.

CRAZY BONES  
They sure grew up to be a fine  
bunch of Metal Maniacs.  
(wiping a tear)  
They make an old Dr. proud. Well  
Rick, I thank you for everything.  
Take good care of the Grodes now,  
and take good care of her, she's a  
keeper.

RICK  
 (shaking Crazy Bones's  
 hand)  
 Take care of the Bones, Dr.

CRAZY BONES  
 (Shaking Vinnie's hand)  
 Mr. Rizzaro.

VINNIE  
 Thank you very much Dr., Dr.?

RICK  
 (to Vinnie)  
 This is Dr. Crazy Bones. The  
 founder...

CRAZY BONES  
 I prefer... God Father.

RICK  
 God Father of Kid Skeleton. After  
 creating the Grodes, he was forced  
 to be an unseen, silent consultant  
 of the Kid Skeleton Project.

CRAZY BONES  
 It was shortly after Thorntonhall  
 went berserk over the project. I  
 paid him back in full, by selling  
 all my lab equipment. But he vowed  
 revenge, my work is my life, so  
 I moved the whole project to the  
 institution, where they would get  
 their training in privacy and  
 safety. The Ready, Set, Go,  
 endangerment plans were designed to  
 be warning stages.

VINNIE  
 That's some fine work you did, if  
 you make it back to the States by  
 all means look us up.

Crazy Bones and Puke start to exit.

CRAZY BONES  
 Thanks just the same, but me and my  
 assistant have just a little more  
 work left here.

Crazy Bones is grinning real weird.

RICK  
Thanks Puke.

SYLVIA  
Goodbye Dr. Crazy Bones. 'Bye Puke.

PUKE  
(waving)  
Bye now.

CRAZY BONES  
Tootle loo.

Crazy bones is babbling all excited and incoherently to Puke about next project as they exit. AD-LIB babble.

VINNIE  
(grabbing Rick and hugging  
him hard)  
What can I say. You did it you  
son-of-a-bitch. You really did it!  
Have you decided what color?

RICK  
Color?

VINNIE  
Your beach house. Hold on, don't  
think about that. Think about  
this. I'm doubling your salary.

Sylvia is displaying proudness for Rick.

RICK  
Thank you Sir.

VINNIE  
No, wait. Don't think about that.  
Think about this. I'm making you a  
partner.

RICK  
How much have you had to drink  
today?

VINNIE  
Not nearly enough.  
(pulls out a flask and  
takes a swig)  
I need a partner, and you know the  
business.  
(MORE)

VINNIE (CONT'D)

Hell you helped me build this record company, that was a ballsy move you made, taking on the Kid Skeleton contract, and you made it work. Kid Skeleton has sold over twelve million copies of their debut album, "Extra Medium".

RICK

Extra Medium" sold twelve million copies?

VINNIE

They're the hottest Heavy Metal band EVER! So what do you say?

RICK

Twelve million copies?

Rick falls like a stiff board straight back to the ground and bounces stiffly straight back up again.

VINNIE

Tell you what. You and your lady friend here take a week off for good behavior, go somewhere nice. When you get back, we'll have it all in the mix.

Vinnie winks at them, then exits.

Rick looks deep into Sylvia's eyes, takes her hand, gets down on one knee, pulls out a ring and puts it on her finger.

RICK

I love you, and I can't see myself living without you.

The chorus of "Without you" starts playing.

SONG

(playing)  
I can't live if living is without you.

RICK and SYLVIA give the camera bad looks. "Song stops"

RICK

Sylvia... will you marry me?

A tear of joy runs down Sylvia's face.

SYLVIA

Oh Yes!

Rick stands up and they embrace in a soft kiss.

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

The Grodes finish their song.

"PROCEED WITHOUT CAUTION INTO THE PIT"

MICK

(singing)

Wait for dead, He's almost here.  
One less life, one more tear.  
All the dreams that you fear,  
Fallen nightmares you hold dear.  
In this life, I'm forced to be  
Busting thru my enemy.  
Fallout shelter fell thru the shit.  
Proceed without caution into the  
pit.  
Proceed without caution into the  
pit.

The song ends. The Grodes then stage dive into the crowd.  
They are FREEZE FRAMED in midair, with fans getting ready to  
catch them.

CREDITS ROLL:

With the Grodes in MIDAIR;

FADE OUT: