

Heavy Metal Singer

by

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INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Here is a small, well-lit area. 'Bill's room' is written on the closed door. On the table is a variety of sandwiches, crisps, etc. as well as a large helium canister. A roaring crowd is heard from outside. A JOURNALIST (25) holds a sizeable camera on his shoulder as he stands. He is filming an also standing BILL, (30) the spandex-wearing heavy metal frontman of the band, Pantteri. 'Pantteri' is tattooed on his forehead and neck.

JOURNALIST

Hi there, Bill. I bet you're really buzzing after that performance. I believe you've just performed at you're biggest venue yet with your band Pantteri...

BILL puts his hands on his hips.

BILL

(with an intentionally super-deep voice)

Oh, I sure am, dude, it was awesome. And yeah, 10,000 heavy metal maniacs are in that crowd you hear...

JOURNALIST

That's a very deep voice you have there. I noticed you hit some pretty high notes when singing. Was that a problem?

BILL

I guess you could say that.

JOURNALIST

You have a bit of a reputation for being I guess 'manly'. Do you find your quite girly singing style to be a bit wussy?

BILL does some impressive flying kicks then headbutts a wall, cracking it.

BILL

Does that answer your question?

The JOURNALIST backs away.

JOURNALIST

Point proven. What is the helium canister for?

BILL

Oh yes, I forgot. That's for you.

JOURNALIST
I'm sorry?

BILL
Just try it. I'll stop this interview
if you don't.

BILL points to the canister. With one hand, the still filming
JOURNALIST unscrews its top, sucks on its spout then screws it
shut.

JOURNALIST
(in a high pitched
voice)
Are you trying to show you're more of
a man than me?

BILL rips the spandex off of his body, revealing an ultra-
muscly torso. He then does a dozen or so pushups.

JOURNALIST
That's very impressive.

BILL
I want you to punch me in the balls.

JOURNALIST
What?

BILL
Do it.

In a daze, the JOURNALIST kneels down and does so. BILL
doesn't even blink.

BILL
See? No reaction.

JOURNALIST
Wow. Where did you learn to take so
much pain?

BILL
A Buddhist monastery. The monks there
kicked me all over. In the face, legs,
and of course, the balls.

The JOURNALIST screws his face up in vicarious pain.

JOURNALIST
Do you find your monastic experiences
aid your performances?

BILL

Oh sure. When I get the crowd to kick me in the balls one by one, and when they see I'm not in pain, it sends a very strong message.

The JOURNALIST scratches his face, awkwardly.

JOURNALIST

And what is that message?

BILL

Just that you can't hurt me if you kick me in the balls.

JOURNALIST

Badass, right?

BILL

Exactly.

A 50 year old MAN in jeans enters the room, hands BILL a filled up water bottle and leaves.

JOURNALIST

I bet you're thirsty after all that jumping around in the stage lighting, huh? How much water a day do you drink?

BILL

This isn't water, this is alcohol.

JOURNALIST

Oh, ok. Vodka I'm assuming?

BILL

Girls drink Vodka. This is PURE alcohol.

JOURNALIST

Isn't that dangerous?

BILL

Here's another thing I learnt in the monastery...

BILL chugs all the drink down in seconds. The JOURNALIST puts his hand over his mouth and widens his eyes.

JOURNALIST

(finally back to his normal voice)

Bill, that's not healthy...

BILL wobbles a bit as he stands.

BILL
 (slurring)
 Another... Helium... Canister...
 Please...

JOURNALIST
 Bill, you're going to die. I'm
 serious. You've gone too far.

BILL
 Look... At... This...

BILL attempts a front flip, but tumbles on the floor.

BILL
 Didn't... Hurt... At... All...

JOURNALIST
 I'm going to call an ambulance.

The JOURNALIST puts his camera on the ground, retrieves his mobile from his pocket and makes a call.

JOURNALIST
 Hello? Some guy has just drank a litre
 of pure alcohol and I don't know what
 to do... Right, I told him he was
 going to die, but he didn't listen!...
 Ok, Bill, an ambulance should be here
 in a few minutes...

BILL attempts more press ups, but he can't lift himself.

BILL
 One... Two... Three...

JOURNALIST
 Bill they are not press ups. Just lay
 on your stomach so you don't choke and
 sick yourself to death...

BILL passes out.

JOURNALIST
 Oh God...

The JOURNALIST looks around the room shiftily.

JOURNALIST
 Good. All alone.

He gives BILL a light kick. The fifty year old MAN from before enters the room, whilst talking loudly.

MAN
 Hey Bill! I have some great news for..

The MAN looks at an unconscious BILL and scratches his head.

MAN

What's wrong with Bill?

JOURNALIST

He drank that stuff YOU gave him...

MAN

But he said he could take it... After I punched him in the balls, he said he could take anything...

JOURNALIST

I guess not. Do you mind if I eat a sandwich. Got nothing to do until the lunatic gets his stomach pumped...