

DEFEND CRABCORE

Written by

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INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM-DAY

A messy teen boy's room covered in pizza boxes and band posters, mostly for a band called "I Love Cancer." A video of a joke metal band in crab costumes, playing while squatting on the ground, plays on a laptop.

JAMES (17), grungy and serious, and ELI (15), impressionable and passionate, rock out to the video. The frontman, MOZZ CLAWS (Late 20's), beats on the microphone.

CLAWS

Alright everybody, I hope y'all enjoyed this

(sarcastic)

Wonderful, hardcore music.

I have an announcement to make; we were just forced by management to add an extra spot on our tour. We will now be appearing in Salt Lake City in a week, because they hate us and we're under contract. I hope to see somebody there; have a crabulous night!

James and Eli look at each other with wide eyes.

JAMES

Dude! I cannot believe this!

ELI

Dude! I didn't even know there were any other crustaceans out here!

JAMES

Dude, there aren't! Trust me, I've looked, none of these Chads have seen the light!

ELI

Oh my God, dude, this is a problem. We cannot put I Love Cancer through the disrespect of an empty house! We need to get people to join the brotherhood, man. How the hell are you supposed to get the Mormon Chads around here to do anything?

James pauses for a moment, then lights up.

JAMES

I have a crabtastic idea, dude.

EXT. CHAD'S HOUSES-DAY

A series of front doors (14) slam in succession, the slammers revealing emotions from raw confusion to disgust. A non-diagetic "Chad House: #" counter is displayed on the screen, adding up the number of slammed doors.

EXT. OLD CHAD'S HOUSE-DAY

Eli and James are dressed in Mormon missionary outfits, paired with studded belts and band pins. James has a torn-up backpack, and Eli is carrying a vintage boombox. They approach the door of a house and ring the doorbell. An old man, CHAD, answers the door.

JAMES

Hello, sir! Have you heard the news of our salvation through crabcore?

CHAD

(confused but friendly)
No? Are you two boys missionaries?

ELI

Well, yes sir!

CHAD

Ah, ok then. Hmm, I remember my mission days, feels like an eternity ago! Well, I'll have you boys know that I'm already a devout Latter Day Saint, but-

JAMES

Oh no sir, we're not religious missionaries!

CHAD

What?! Then what are you?

JAMES

(stilted)
We are devout lovers of the musical stylings of I Love Cancer, and we humbly ask you to consider paying pilgrimage to their concert in a weeks time. But first, a demonstration of our rituals.

Eli hurriedly sets down the boombox and presses play. They glance at each other excitedly, watching each others' legs. The beat drops and they drop with it, falling into an extreme crouching position and furiously air-guitaring.

The track ends, and they stand back up, looking to Chad with excitement. Chad is fundamentally confused.

ELI

So, what do you think? Do you want to come to our concert now?

Chad slams and locks the door.

ELI (CONT'D)

Have a barnaculous day!

JAMES

And great, we lost another one! How many have we lost so far, 15?

ELI

I'm sorry dude, I really thought we had him! He even talked to us!

JAMES

This is what happens when you disrespect crabcore by not squatting hard enough! It's time for the claw.

James reaches into his backpack and grabs a giant plastic crab claw. He bitch slaps Eli with it, then pinches and twists his nose with the pincer. Eli cries in ecstasy.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(solemn)

Your sins are forgiven, my dude.

ELI

Thank you.

They walk away.

JAMES

(while walking)

Note to self, man, avoid elderly chads. They'll lead you on man, make you think you're getting somewhere and then BOOM! Rip your heart out just like that.

EXT. CONCERT VENUE-DAY

There is a line of people in hipster clothes waiting in a line outside of a ticket booth. A sign reads, "Rotten Gutter Whales tickets on sale TODAY!" Eli and James approach them.

ELI

Dude, what are we even doing?

JAMES

We're going to talk to the hipsters. There's Rotten Gutter Whales tickets going on sale in 10 minutes, they'll all be here.

ELI

Dude, I don't wanna talk to them! They scare me, and they always make fun of us!

JAMES

Pull it together Eli! I don't like them either, but I Love Cancer *must* have a full house! The Chads won't listen to us, but maybe these guys will. It's the last thing I can think of. Do it for crabcore!

Eli starts jogging in place.

ELI

Okay, okay, you're right. Let's do this thing!

They walk over to the hipsters. Upon seeing Eli and James, a few of them begin to groan and roll their eyes, including their leader, JARED (21).

JARED

Oh, you two again. Hi boys.

ELI AND JAMES

Hi Jared.

JARED

How are you doing, how's life?

JAMES

Just crabnificent, thank you.

JARED

Oh my God, are you still into that stupid fucking crab thing?

ELI

It's not stupid, it's poetry, dude!

JARED

Oh really, is it now? You know what, pull up a video of this poetry of yours. Gather 'round children, we're about to see some modern fucking Keats here!

The rest of the hipsters gather around Jared. James pulls out his phone and begins to play the video clip they were watching in his room. Jared laughs indifferently, and his friends copy him. Eli and James are very confused. Jared notices their outfits.

JARED (CONT'D)

Wait why are you dressed like that?

ELI

(mustering confidence)
Well, sir, I Love Cancer is having their first ever concert in Salt Lake next week, and we were trying to show people the light and convince them to pay tribute by attending the show.

Eli does not think this will work, but has to at least try..

ELI (CONT'D)

Would you like to consider attending? We'd buy you all tickets.

Jared shifts in place and his eyes widen.

JARED

Oh my god. This would be the greatest of all ironic appreciations. Our dispassion would be the stuff of legend. I'd love to attend.

He gestures to his friends.

JARED (CONT'D)

We would all love to attend!

His friends dispassionately nod in lockstep.

ELI

Wait, really?

The line begins to move; the ticket booth has opened.

JARED

Never doubt it, crabcake. Seeya!

Jared and the hipsters walk away.

JAMES

Wait, are the actually gonna come dude? This is amazing!

ELI

I don't know about this, dude. The hipsters cannot be trusted. They kept saying that they wanted to come "ironically," what the hell does that even mean? Should we Google it? Maybe something terrible is gonna happen and we just have no idea bro.

JAMES

Dude, it's ok, it's just secret hipster slang. I think it mean that they're actually super stoked! We can make this work. As long as everybody shows up, I Love Cancer will have their packed house.

EXT. CONCERT VENUE-NIGHT

The venue is covered in I Love Cancer posters. Many hipsters are standing around, wearing t-shirts with "#defendcrabcore" written on them. Eli and James are wearing crab suits.

JAMES

It's happening, dude, it's all really happening!

ELI

Oh my God, there they are!

Mozz Claws, in a crab costume, emerges from a broken-down mini van. Eli and James run to him.

ELI AND JAMES

Claws!

ELI

Oh my God, it's really you! We are like your biggest fans. I can't believe it's actually you!

CLAWS

(sarcastic)

Well, believe it, folks. The legend himself! Jesus, how the hell did we manage to get a decent turnout? We're in fucking Salt Lake City of all places, and we just announced this concert last week.

JAMES

We did it, sir! We knew that you in your infinite glory deserved nothing less than a full house, so we went on a mission to spread the crabs to everyone in town!

CLAWS

(laughing)

Wait, what?! Christ, y'all are more dedicated to the joke than we are.

Eli and James look at him, wide-eyed and confused.

CLAWS (CONT'D)

Wait ... no. Don't tell me- don't tell me y'all are actually takin' this seriously. No, there's no fucking way.

JAMES

(scared)

Well, of course we took it seriously.

CLAWS

Holy shit! Guys, guys- look at these assholes. They like totally drank the Kool-Aid! Do y'all even know what irony is?

All the hipsters turn toward them and laugh.

Eli and James run away.

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Eli and James are distraught, sitting in silence.

JAMES

I just can't believe it, dude. I just can't believe it was nothing but a joke to them.

ELI
I feel so betrayed.

JAMES
Goddammit, what do we do now?! Our life is a lie! Crabcore is nothing but a joke, dude. The hipsters and their stupid "irony" were right.

Beat. James tears up.

ELI
No. You know what, no it is not. We are not giving up on crabcore.

Eli stands up and turns to face James.

ELI (CONT'D)
James, crabcore is not owned by the Chads who claim to represent it; it's owned by the dudes who love it. People like Claws or Jared will never actually love anything. They can laugh all they want, but they don't MATTER, dude. You were the one who taught me to always defend crabcore, the thing we love more than anything else, no matter what. Maybe now, we just have to defend it from the Chads who created it.

JAMES
You're right, dude. Shame on me for ever giving up on crabcore.

Eli grabs the claw and slaps and pinches him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Thank you. What do we do now?

ELI
I have a crabtastic idea, dude.

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM- DAY

The I Love Cancer Posters have all been replaced with homemade merch for "We Caught the Crabs." Eli and James wear matching crab suits. They are badly but passionately playing instruments in the crab squat.

FADE OUT