

The Curse of Room 150 (Part 2)

(for part one go to www.themenus.org/drummersDesk/drummer.html)

“You got our room key, Jimi?”

“You’re in 150”.....

“I’ll take that” John belched from the middle seat, his long pale arm swiping as he spoke. “If I gotta sleep on the cot, at least I’m gonna hold the key” he continued, missing Jimi’s hand low by five or six inches. Tim and Spike’s eyes rolled simultaneously, and they smiled vaguely, for what would be the last time for a while.

“Are you sure you know where the fuck we’re going?” Spike asked fearfully, the booze affecting his volume.” We definitely do not need to get lost; I know that for a fact.”

“Heeeyyy, I told you I got a shortcut from...um you know, he was at the party, the guy.....moustache...we’ll be there in thirty minutes. Guaranteed.

Two hours passed and our Caravan was now filled with screams and ear piercing “I told you sos”, “I can’t believe this shits”, and a whole lotta “It’s your goddamn faults.” Chaos and anger, fueled powerfully from the booze, bounced from the walls of the van slapping the members with a vicious cruelty. Spike and John went at it the hardest, their shouts beginning to entice Tim to join in as well. We were indeed lost, with no relief in sight. In the front seat Steve and Jimi were relatively quiet. Steve probably shaking in his head in silent disgust (damn drunks) and Jimi was just enjoying the drive.

A few days later, we finally saw the hotel sign illuminate through the blood stained windows, bruised flesh and torn vocal chords hanging from the interior of the van. Spike, John, and Tim emerged first, their bladders overflowing with urine and hatred. John toppled at first, his long shorts blowing in the breeze. Tim staggered as well, the weight of the unneeded 12 pack too heavy for his frame.

That was a fucking joke Spike thought to himself as he rushed towards 150, fury still rising in his gut. *I knew I’d get us here* John beamed to himself, his beard much thicker now.

I hope they still have the coffee on was Steve’s main concern. He lit two cigarettes simultaneously, wishing he had another hand, and headed towards the lobby. Jimi walked towards his room. It was at this point that he glanced at his tattered watch. *Made pretty good time. Damn good time.*

As the rickety door creaked open, the three bickering booze buddies entered the room, obvious that this carnage was far from over. Spike whipped his bag against the wall, causing a loud thud, still screaming at John for his great directions. Tim was also screaming, from the bathroom, his loud stream muting most of his vulgarities. The ruckus rose as did the tempers, and finally John had enough. “I don’t need this shit. I’m outta here. I’m going to sleep with the crew.” He then grabbed for his cot, folded in its frame, and proceeded to try to wheel it out the door. Although it would have been quieter to have thrown it through the window, he finally managed to get it to the parking lot. The creaking wheels echoed in the gravel, as the tall bass player pushed his bed away, muttering and cussing as he did. It was then Tim emerged from the bathroom, a large round stain on the front of his khaki shorts, and slammed the still open door. The battle in 150 continued, with a mirror and desk lamp becoming a few of the casualties. After a half an hour, Spike and Tim continued to go at it with the usual array of drunken gibberish and harsh insults, when they both kept being distracted by a familiar noise outside.

“What in the fuck is that?” Tim questioned. It was then he yanked back the curtain only to see John still pushing his cot, now apparent he had no idea in which room the crew was staying. The look of determination was still on his face, along with quite a bit of perspiration. It was at this point that Tim decided it was time for him to get some air. He dropped the broken towel rack in his left hand, put his hair in a tie, and turned the doorknob to exit. The doorknob would not turn. Apparently whatever demon had entered us that evening had now made a home in the room. Spike and Tim both tried to dislodge the stubborn door for about five minutes, but to no avail. They were trapped. It was then there was a slight knocking and for the second time Tim pulled back the curtain.

“Heeeyyy, what room’s the crew in?” John asked, his words muffled through the glass, his normally neat hair now quite tussled.

“Who gives a shit?” was Spike’s angered retort, now trying to explain their situation.

“Call the desk” John suggested, unsympathetic to Spike and Tim’s entrapment, just sad his dental floss was locked inside. Tim then picked up the phone and dialed the front desk. Once. Twice. Three times. No reply. The horrid night was unfortunately not yet over.....