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**KARAOKE HERO**

BY  
BRETT ANDERSON

FADE IN:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

In a crowded bar, an average-looking guy in his mid-twenties, DAVE, is finishing the song "**Broken Wings**" by Mister Mister. The karaoke DJ praises his performance at which point two twenty-something girls and an older woman cheer noisily, hop on stage, and grope him like he's a rock star. These girls are dressed in 80's garb (crimped hair, heavy makeup, big-hoop earrings etc.) and are evidently trashy and unreserved in demeanor. The singer is repulsed by their attention.

DAVE  
(confused)  
What the hell?

The girls are overly-excited and affectionate.

GIRL 1 (G1)  
Whoo hoo! You're hot.

GIRL 2 (G2)  
You wanna party?

WOMAN  
Momma's got something he might  
want.

DAVE  
(not flattered)  
Uhh...no you don't. (turns his  
head away) Good god! Brush your  
teeth!

Dave exits the stage and the girls follow him.

DJ  
Wow, that was the weirdest thing  
I've ever seen. Might want to  
take a shower Dave. Okay, let's  
bring up your next singer,  
Paul...come on up here man...where  
is he?

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The crowd cheers for PAUL, an awkward, not so smooth guy, as he takes the stage. He grabs the mic from the DJ and begins the song "**I Can't Go For That**" by Hall and Oates. As soon as Paul sings the first few words (poorly) the girls immediately cheer excessively, jump on stage, and grope Paul.

G2

Hey gorgeous!

G1

Looking for a good time?

WOMAN

I think I know what he's looking for.

The woman unbuttons her top and flashes Paul. He starts crying and runs off stage.

G2

I think he peed his pants.

G1

Oh my God, that is so hot!

WOMAN

Yeah, I like that.

DJ

Okay, look sluts...I can't have you jumping on stage and attacking every guy that gets up here. It's not a *Poison* concert! If you guys want to sing a song, put it in. Otherwise, stay off the stage.

WOMAN

(excited)  
Ooooh, *Poison* rocks are they here tonight?

G1

Who's *Poison*?

The woman immediately slaps Girl 1.

WOMAN

(serious)  
How could you ask that? Don't ever let me hear you talk like that young lady.

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CONTINUED: (2)

G2  
Mom! She didn't know.

The woman slaps Girl 2.

G2 (CONT'D)  
What was that for?

WOMAN  
For talking back, and because I never wanted you.

G2  
I could have figured that out...you had me when you were fifteen.

DJ  
Don't worry, I got a feeling you're both gonna be slapped a lot in the future. Now get the hell off stage please.

WOMAN  
(needling, seductive)  
What's the matter? You don't like white women?

DJ  
Of course I like white women, I'm black. But you guys are foul and you need to go.

The DJ urges them off the stage. As Girl 1 blows a kiss to the audience:

VOICE (O.S.)  
You're filth!

The girls get down and blend in with the crowd.

DJ  
Okay...now that Satan's concubines are gone let's bring up the next singer...Diane!

The crowd cheers as DIANE takes the stage; the DJ hands her the microphone. We hear the slow intro music of Whitney Houston's "**Savin' All My Love**". After one bar of non-vocal music, the girls jump back on stage cheering and seductively groping Diane.

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CONTINUED: (3)

G1

Hey baby doll, wanna try something new?

G2

I'll do it with anyone.

WOMAN

(to G2, approving)  
Nice approach.

DIANE

Uhhhh...get off me you trash! I have a boyfriend, he's standing right there!

CLOSE-UP ON BOYFRIEND. MUSIC STOPS.

BOYFRIEND

I actually think it's kinda hot.

DIANE

Tom! They're whores!

BOYFRIEND

Wouldn't hurt you to learn a few things!

The girls continue to harass Diane, she fights them off.

DIANE

You guys are disgusting!

Diane breaks away. The DJ signals for the bouncer.

DJ

Rafe! Take these whores and bounce them the hell out of here. Might want to wear gloves.

The bouncer enters assertively.

BOUNCER

Alright ladies, let's go.

As he begins to escort them, the girls flirt with him.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Don't even try it unless you've been tested...twice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Not so fast!

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CAMERA pans in on a guy at the bar wearing "glam rock" garb. There are twelve empty shot glasses in front of him. He takes a shot of Jager and approaches the stage, posing glamorously along the way.

ROCK STAR  
These chicks giving you trouble?

BOUNCER  
Who the hell are you?

ROCK STAR  
(removes his  
sunglasses)  
I'm Mark Diamond...former lead  
singer of "Fire Soul."

The crowd is audibly impressed; as are the girls.

BOUNCER  
Well I've never heard of you or  
any band with a gay name like  
"Fire Soul."

A guy from the crowd speaks up.

GUY  
Hey man, that really is Mark  
Diamond. Dude, you guys rocked!

The girls start touching Mark.

MARK  
I'm not gonna lie to you, you're  
right. Keep heavy metal alive bro.

GUY 2  
Oh yeah, I recognize you...you  
guys had like one hit back in '89.

MARK  
I recognize you too man. Weren't  
you the bass player in "I Don't  
Know Jack About Heavy Metal Cuz  
I'm Gay?"

The crowd is confused but Mark thinks his comeback was funny; the girls laugh.

GUY 2  
Yeah, your right I just forgot to  
put on my lipstick this  
morning...oh wait, I'll just  
borrow some of yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARK

Sorry man, I don't have any gay lipstick.

Again Mark laughs at his own comment; the girls echo.

DJ

Dude, that doesn't even make sense.

MARK

That's cuz making sense is for gay people. Besides, I don't expect you to know about heavy metal...you're black. You guys only like black people music...like Hall and Oates.

DJ

They're white, idiot!

Woman slaps Mark hard on the ass.

WOMAN

Sorry. It's just so tight. I wish I was tight.

MARK

Whatever. Look, if these sluts are giving you trouble, why don't I take them off your hands...and put 'em in mine? You can take "Chewbacca" (gestures to Woman).

Mark puts his hands around two of the girls' waists.

BOUNCER

If you want syphilis, be my guest.

MARK

Syphilis? Please. I still have it from our tour back in '89. Plus I've got hepatitis from this needle I've had in my arm for the past fifteen years.

Mark reveals a syringe stuck in his arm.

G1

Ooooooh, can we share?

DJ

Bitch, are you completely gone?

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CONTINUED: (6)

BOUNCER

(to Mark)

How bout your vest, is that made  
out of AIDS? You need to go man.

GUY (O.S.)

Sing a song!

GUY 2 (O.S.)

Yeah! Rock on douche bag!

MARK

The people have spoken. Why don't  
you just keep the frat boys in  
line and leave the hard stuff up  
to me.

BOUNCER

Maybe I'll come back when you've  
died from Aqua Net fumes.

WOMAN

Hey, that's Mark Diamond you're  
talking to.

G2

(to Mark)

Can we make out?

G1

Okay.

G2 pushes G1 in the face to show her disdain for her  
sister's idiocy. The bouncer gives up and walks off.

MARK

(to Bouncer)

Yeah, that's right...it's Diamond  
time.

Mark whispers to the DJ. Reluctantly the DJ gives him a  
microphone; Mark gets mad and throws it on the ground.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ah, thanks a lot man. Not that  
piece of crap! Gimme the  
wireless!

DJ

We don't have one.

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MARK

This sucks, this is worse than when I opened for *Stryper*. Alright ladies daddy's gotta go to work. But after the show you're more than welcome to try and scratch this Diamond.

GUY 2 (O.S.)

That's friggin' lame dude!

Girl 1 jumps on Mark and wraps her legs around his waist.

G1

I love you Mark!

MARK

Alright, get off me. Seriously, don't ever get on stage with me at the same time, do you understand? Now you two meet me in the dressing room after the show. We'll find a homeless guy for your mom.

DJ

Dude, there's no dressing room. Kill yourself.

MARK

Alright fine, meet me outside by my car...it's the red Chevelle next to the dumpster.

WOMAN

(poking Mark in the chest)

I'll be there.

Excited, the girls get off stage.

MARK

(into the mic)  
Are you guys ready to rock!!!

VOICE (O.S.)

No!

MARK

Alright let's do this...wait, where the hell are the monitors? Dude, the levels suck, there's no back-line amplifier, and you have no pyrotechnics!

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CONTINUED: (8)

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

Look around you dumb-ass!

MARK

(to DJ)

Look just play the friggin' song.

A generic 80's metal song begins to play. Mark lets out some lead singer-esche wails and throws some leg kicks. He's not as flexible as he once was so he can only kick about waist high; he grabs his hamstring like he pulled something. Mark begins to sing the song only to have people booing him thirty seconds into it. The DJ finally pulls the plug and signals for the bouncer. The Bouncer comes on stage and forcefully throws Mark over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and carries him off stage.

MARK (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing, black guy? What are you doing man? I'm Mark Diamond! I'm Mark friggin-Diamond, man!

The groupie girls follow as the Bouncer takes him out of the bar and dumps him on the street.

G1

Are you okay Mark?...I love you!

MARK

Course I'm okay, those people just don't know good heavy metal when they hear it.

WOMAN

Mark, if you ever want me to come on tour and be your personal whore, I would do it.

G1

Me too! Let's smoke some grass!

Woman slaps Girl 2

WOMAN

"Smoke some grass?"...no one says that anymore, you're embarassing me!

G2

Yeah stupid, (to Mark) let's do some coke!

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CONTINUED: (9)

Woman slaps Girl 1.

WOMAN

Oh...oh, I'm sorry, that was right. You said the right thing.

MARK

Coke sounds good, I guess the only question is...whose chest are we snortin' it off of?

WOMAN

Mine of course!

G2

Not yours! I think we should do it off mine!

G1

No, we did yours after the *Spin Doctors* concert at the fair!

The girls start fighting over who it should be. It gets somewhat physical. Mark steps in to diffuse the situation; as he does, his hair gets pulled in the confrontation and off comes a wig to reveal a handkerchief. Mark is embarrassed and the girls just stand there in awe for about ten seconds.

MARK

So...you guys just want to go to Starbucks or something?

WOMAN

That's fine, I'm pretty tired anyway.

G1 & G2

Sounds good. Okay.

End of Sketch