

## Karaoke Psychosis

INT - Korean Karaoke Bar

Four friends hanging out together. Mike is singing Sweet Caroline; Ben, Katie, and Dave are sitting, Megan standing behind.

MIKE

Okay, you guys, last  
verse!

*All finish singing Sweet Caroline while  
poking fun at Mike for doing a shitty job.*

KARAOKE MACHINE

Your score, 95 percent.

*All react impressed and surprised.*

BEN

Look you guys, I just want to say  
thanks for bringing me out to have  
fun tonight. Jessica and I have been  
going through a rough patch, and it's  
just nice to have friends who care.

MIKE

That's what we're here for, man.  
Nothing cures a bad week like good  
Karaoke. I've got a good one for you.

*All cheer on Ben as he approaches the  
microphone. As Islands In The Stream comes  
up and Ben does poorly, they begin to rag on  
him. Ben, laughingly, asks that they stop.*

DAVE

Oh man, I wish there was something between my ears and that noise!

BEN

*Still laughing.*

You wish there was something between your ears and this noise like your wife wishes there was something between your legs, Dave!

*All others look a little disconcerted.*

MIKE

Just watch out for that key change, Ben.

BEN

*A bit more agitated.*

Should I watch out for the key change like your wife changed the keys on you and now you're sleeping on the couch in the employee lounge and showering in the bathroom sink?

*Others comfort Mike. Ben continues to sing, more angrily.*

KATIE

*Trying to lighten the mood.*

Man, where's that clown from the Apollo when you need him, eh?

BEN

*Really agitated.*

I don't know, maybe that clown is with that guy you called the N-word

and then beat up, Katie?

KATIE

That guy stole my purse and pulled a knife on me. It was self defense.

*Others comfort Katie and chastise Ben.*

MEGAN

Maybe you should just learn to carry a tune, Ben!

BEN

*Fucking pissed.*  
Maybe I should learn to carry a tune?  
Maybe you should learn to carry a baby!

*Song fades a bit, Katie jumps to comfort Megan. Mike and Dave wrestle the microphone away from Ben and force him into a group hug.*

MIKE

Let's just go home. Ben's clearly had enough.

*They begin to leave.*

KARAOKE MACHINE

Your score, 35 percent.

BEN

*Fucking pissed.*  
GODDAMN THIRTY-FIVE PERCENT?

*Blackout.*