

Demon Popstar

FADE IN:

INT. LOBBY- DAY

PASCAL is a fashionable demon who appears as a teenager wearing a dog hood and a pig nose. He holds a silvery kazoo and has another, golden kazoo strung around the folds of his neck. He is standing in the midst of a stream of students arriving at Walpole High school and he is chuckling to himself. After everyone clears out, he spots a random student coming into the doors and sneers at him.

PASCAL  
You're late!

STUDENT 1  
(barely looks up from his  
phone)  
You talkn' to me?

PASCAL  
(chuckles)  
Yes, you! I must ask you something-

STUDENT 1  
(eyes glued back to his screen)  
Maybe later okay?.

PASCAL  
Too bad!

He is cut off by Pascal's obscure tiptoe dancing and his chuckles. Pascal quickly toots his silver kazoo and the student begins to breakdance without control while they carry their backpack.

STUDENT 1  
Hey stop doing this to me!

Pascal just laughs and laughs.

PASCAL  
What fools these mortals are with  
their devices.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

FRED and ELEANOR walk through a crowded hallway during passing time. Fred is dressed casually in a Pink Floyd t-shirt and khakis. He is telling a funny story to his friend, Eleanor, as he walks. Eleanor is a neatly dressed nerd in a sweater and jeans. She carries a heavy backpack with all her books and walks beside Fred and his friends. Pascal steps off from

leaning against a wall with his kazoo in his hand and tries to block their path.

PASCAL

Well met travelers! Are you prepared to answer my riddles three? What carries its father on its back as...

ELEANOR

Not really. We'll be late for class.

PASCAL

Nevermind that. All you mortals are the same. Alas, I relish playing my tricks too much to let the opportunity pass.

FRED

What? What are you going to do to us? Please spare me!  
(motions to his friend Eleanor)  
Take her instead!

ELEANOR

Fred! You know I can't run fast with my backpack on.

FRED

Sorry Eleanor, but I'm out of here!  
This guy gives me bad vibes.

Fred takes off in the opposite direction; fighting the stream of students.

ELEANOR

(Assumes a fighting stance)  
Guess I'll have to fight you on my own, huh?

Pascal just takes out his kazoo and toots it slowly. He does a sort of foot shuffle as he plays. Fred and Eleanor's faces relax, their eyes roll around and they smile as they wave about.

FRED

Heyyy..look at my hand!

Fred's arm wiggles in the air.

ELEANOR

Cool! Mine is doing it toooo!

Pascal chuckles and dances away on his tiptoes down the empty hallway as the bell rings. Eleanor and Fred look like happy seaweeds blowing in the water.

A teacher begins walking towards them slowly, dressed in a collared shirt and khakis. This is MR SALMANS, he spots them and strolls over.

MR. SALMANS

(concerned)

Hey guys, what are you doing out here? I thought I heard a kazoo! I love kazoos!

Salmans looks down at them with his hands on his knees as Eleanor and Fred continue in their distant reverie. They look at each other.

ELEANOR

Who's talking to us?

SALMANS

(Stares at them)

Weird... are you two ok?

Slowly they become aware and their smiles disappear.

FRED

What just happened?

ELEANOR

I don't know, what are we doing on the ground?

SALMANS

You guys want to hang around? Maybe start a kazoo band?

ELEANOR

Sorry, Mr. Salmans. We gotta run. We're late for Bakale's class.

SALMANS

(waves bye to them)

Well, I am glad you guys are sane now. GOD BLESS

Salmans smiles at them and walks away. And Fred and Eleanor get to their feet.

INT. BAKALE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Fred and Eleanor walk into BAKALE's classroom. Bakale is a classy Latin teacher wearing a fancy hat, glasses and a tie. He crosses his arms and narrows his gaze at Fred and Eleanor as they enter and disturb the silence and concentration. Bakale accosts them from across the room.

BAKALE

Why are you two late to class?

FRED

We're late?

BAKALE

By twenty minutes! We're in the middle of the test here, you know! How dare you kids come in here and disrupt our test when you two are supposed to be in your seat taking it.

ELEANOR

It's not our fault!

FRED

Yah! This dude stopped us in the hallway and enchanted us with his kazoo. We were all loopy for a while, and then we saw Mr. Salmans, and came here immediately!

Bakale stares at Fred and Eleanor for a long, perplexed silence as the puzzle pieces fall into place.

BAKALE

A mischievous kazoo player?

ELEANOR

With a pig nose and dog ears too. I just remembered! And-

BAKALE

(eyes widen)

Hold on a second!

Bakale quickly gets the attention of the students at their desks taking a test with the snap of his fingers.

BAKALE

Hey everyone, taking the tests, get out of here.

STUDENT 1

Huh? When are we going to finish the test?

BAKALE

After school, get out, now. Go on.

The confused students shuffle out of the class, leaving just Eleanor and Fred.

BAKALE

Pascal and I go way back. Back to my prime. He's my oldest enemy.

FRED

The creepy kazoo player guy? He looked like a teen though! So... how's that possible?

BAKALE

He's actually a pig-dog demon. And he's basically immortal in this realm.

ELEANOR

How do you know all this?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Bakale and Pascal are onstage at the start of a big show.

BAKALE (V.O.)

We were partners you see, the greatest kazoo popstar duo of the early eighties.

A younger version of Bakale struts beside Pascal as fans cheer for them from both sides and try to get their attention from behind the rope. They are both clad in flashy eighties jackets and are signing people's hats and CDs as fans thrust things at them.

BACK TO SCENE

FRED

There are kazoo popstar duos? I have never heard of that before in my life!

BAKALE

Oh yes my pupil, we were the best. Until he ruined it.

STAGE - FLASHBACK

When Young Bakale comes onstage, the audience cheers so loudly, but when Pascal comes on the applause is sparse. By

BAKALE (V.O.)

I was the real star of the show. But  
Pascal was jealous...

Pascal looks over ominously at Young Bakale as they stand together on stage.

BAKALE (V.O.)

And that's why he turned on me.

Pascal tries to psych out Young Bakale. While Young Bakale is surprised, Pascal snatches the golden kazoo from Young Bakale's hands and flees the stage. The audience gasps.

BAKALE (V.O.)

(desolately)  
He stole my kazoo.

Young Bakale is left standing on stage with no kazoo, no friends, and no confidence to perform alone.

We see the audience's reactions as they realize they aren't going to get the show that they paid for.

BAKALE (V.O.)

He ruined my kazoo-playing career  
that night. It changed my life  
forever.

INT. BAKALE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Amidst the cluttered desks in the empty classroom, Eleanor and Fred stand in silence for a bit just looking at Mr. Bakale with newfound perspective after his heart-wrenching story.

BAKALE

And that's why I am a Latin teacher  
now. Because my kazoo career didn't  
work out.

(makes a fist)

But it's payback time now!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Lerner is irish-stepping. Pascal is standing off in the corner, tooting his kazoo to a jig with a devilish gleam in his eye. The students are staring in confusion at their wayward teacher.

STUDENT

(frantically taking notes and sketching the dance moves)

Is this going to be on the quiz, Mrs. Lerner?

INT. BAKALE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Eleanor and Fred sit in front of Bakale, who is at his lectern.

BAKALE

This will be a battle to the death, and I need your help.

FRED

We can help! This time Pascal won't make a fool of us. This time, I won't run.

ELEANOR

Yeah, right. Sorry Fred, but you run away from everything. No joke.

FRED RUNS AWAY - MONTAGE

- A teacher asks Fred to pass out some books. He panics and runs away.
- Two students ask Fred to take a picture of them. He panics and runs away.
- Fred bolts from a basketball during gym
- Fred runs from a jar of mayo

BACK TO SCENE

Bakale goes over to his desk and removes a case from the drawer. He carries it over to Fred and Eleanor and places it on the desk in the center of the room. He opens it up and removes three kazoos from the velvet.

BAKALE

You two need to take these. Our best chance at defeating Pascal is to send him back to his realm.

ELEANOR

So, what do kazoos have to do with that?

BAKALE

I've thought long and hard about this, and I believe that the mystical song of the kazoo will banish Pascal.



ELEANOR

Alright, but I thought you said your kazoo career was over.

BAKALE

It's true. I haven't touched these kazoos since we toured together. But this is an emergency, so considering the circumstances, I'm ready to do this.

Bakale carefully hands a cloth wrapped yellow kazoo to Fred.

FRED

But- Mr. Bakale, how'm I supposed to-? I mean, I've never even held a kazoo before. I don't think I can do this!

BAKALE

Fred, we're counting on you.

INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

The hallways are relatively deserted as Fred, Eleanor, Bakale stealthily stalk down the quiet halls.

They hear an ear-splitting scream coming from inside one of the classrooms.

ELEANOR

What was that?

They walk closer and closer and the music gets faster and louder until Bakale turns the knob- and they all peer inside.

INT. SALMAN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Inside the classroom Pascal is playing his kazoo and making Salmans do crazy dance moves. There is n Salman's eyes.

BAKALE

Pascal!

PASCAL

(Squints in confusion)  
Huh? You know my name?

Bakale's eye's flash and his glasses glint in the sunlight.

PASCAL

(eyes widen in recognition)  
It's you! Bakale.

BAKALE

(steps forward with hands on hips)

PREPARE! To be banished back to the realm you came from!

Bakale lets loose a blast from his kazoo. Pascal covers his ears and cringes.

PASCAL

That sounds awful! What are you even trying to do? You sound even worse than you did all those years ago!

Bakale angrily steps towards Pascal and snatches his kazoo from Pascal's neck. The string snaps.

BAKALE

I believe this belongs to me!

PASCAL

Wait. Are you planning to send me back to the mystical plain whence I came?

BAKALE

Um, yah.

PASCAL

Well, you can't banish me, you idiot.

Bakale is a little taken aback by this astounding truth.

FRED

But... then, Bakale, how will we defeat him?

Bakale is deep in worried thought.

PASCAL

I'm going to be blunt here. I know that I'm a pig-dog demon from a magical alternate universe, but suggesting that I can be cast out with mere THREE kazoos is a super offensive stereotype. You all should be ashamed of yourselves.

Fred, Eleanor, and Bakale look ashamedly at the floor.

BAKALE

You traitorous cheat! You ruined my whole kazoo career! I was never the same.

PASCAL

You had it coming all along, Bakale!

BAKALE

Oh yeah?

(nods to Eleanor and Fred)

Take this!

Bakale toots some sort of note on his kazoo.

Eleanor does the same.

Fred takes out his, but panics! He immediately runs for the door!

Eleanor grabs him and blows her kazoo yelling at him to get back.

Fred steels himself, looks from Bakale to Pascal.

FRED

This is my moment. I have to try!

Fred puts the kazoo to his mouth and blows a solid note.

Nothing happens.

Pascal laughs!

PASCAL

Silly, Bakale! The prophecy has changed! It's no longer THREE kazoos...it's FOUR!

Pascal continues to laugh maniacally!

Salmans, who is curled up in the fetal position on the floor, looks over at the commotion. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a kazoo!

SALMANS

I've always wanted to join a kazoo band! This is my moment!

He blows a solitary note on the kazoo.

Instantly Pascal scream in anguish!

PASCAL

Nooo! I'm melting...Damn Bakale...God  
Bless, Salmans...

Pascal shrieks and disintegrates into sand.

All four kazoos slowly die away as the group comes in to  
inspect the sandy remnants of Pascal.

BAKALE

And that, my friends, end the epic  
tale of Pascal the Krazy Kazooer.

ELEANOR

We did it! And Fred, you didn't run  
away!

FRED

That was epic!

SALMANS

Wow! Does this mean we can start our  
own kazoo band?

BAKALE

No, Salmans, you're a horrible kazoo  
player!

SALMANS

You're right. God Bless.

FADE OUT: