

# VICIOUS, ANNOUNCER (Sprite Exec)

*If you need to take an intermission, it goes here.*

## Vignette 2: D Vicious's Sprite Commercial

*(A small light comes up on NINA, hunched over a laptop or her phone on the side of the stage. It is a few days later. She is watching the outtakes of D Vicious's Sprite commercial on the internet.*

*Over the course of this Vignette, we will see how D Vicious went from an enthusiastic lover of the sport of air guitar, to the jaded buzzkill he is today. The outtakes of this commercial are a microcosm of his past year. In the first take, he is ten times happier than we've seen him. In the final take, he's the man we now know.*

*VICIOUS enters; he is in his full persona and costume.)*

*[#9: "Crowd Chant"]*

*(We hear an amped up crowd-pleaser played, Joe Satriani's "Crowd Chant," as VICIOUS runs around the stage performing. He's exuberant. He works the crowd like a master, using the song's built-in call-and-response. After 30-45 seconds, the song cuts off abruptly.*

*We hear the SPRITE EXEC's voice [but we don't see him/her], which seems to come from everywhere.)*

START —

SPRITE EXEC. So what am I watching here?

VICIOUS. This is something new I'm working on. "Crowd Chant." Joe Satriani? I have a few other cuts on my phone, too, if you want to see something different.

SPRITE EXEC. "Cum on Feel the Noize." That's what we want to see.

VICIOUS. But, I won Nationals with that song.

SPRITE EXEC. Exactly. And that's why we hired you.

VICIOUS. But everyone's already seen me do that song.

SPRITE EXEC. Look, if it works, work it. Don't mess with success, kid.

VICIOUS. But—

SPRITE EXEC. And stay in your box.

VICIOUS. My box?

*(A small square of light comes up in the middle of the stage.)*

SPRITE EXEC. Your mark. Stay on your mark, genius. Look down.

*(VICIOUS looks down at the little box of light on the floor.)*

VICIOUS. Oh. Um, okay.

SPRITE EXEC. Let's take it from the line. We'll just dub "Cum on Feel the Noize" over whatever he just did.

VICIOUS. Hey, I can—!

SPRITE EXEC. *(interrupting)* David Cooper Sprite commercial, take two.

*(VICIOUS centers himself and regains most of his enthusiasm. He takes a big sip from an imaginary can of Sprite.)*

VICIOUS. *(holding an imaginary can)* Take it from me, D Vicious: Sprite will *slay* your thirst!

*(VICIOUS does a mean air guitar lick, and looks deliriously happy to be here.)*

SPRITE EXEC. Okay, lose the air drinking.

VICIOUS. But it's funny!

SPRITE EXEC. Is it?

VICIOUS. Because I'm an air guitar champion.

SPRITE EXEC. Stick to the script, please.

*(VICIOUS looks annoyed. He resets.)*

SPRITE EXEC. David Cooper Sprite commercial, take ten.

VICIOUS. Take it from me, D Vicious: Sprite will *slay* your thirst!

*(VICIOUS does a sick power slide across the stage. Stands up. Looks defiant and pleased.)*

SPRITE EXEC. Don't do that.

VICIOUS. Come on, man! The power slide is my signature move.

SPRITE EXEC. You slid right out of frame.

VICIOUS. Well, follow me!

SPRITE EXEC. Stick to your blocking. This is not hard, here, "champ."

VICIOUS. *(crestfallen)* Whatever.

*(VICIOUS is chastised. He resets.)*

SPRITE EXEC. David Cooper Sprite commercial, take fourteen.

VICIOUS. Take it from me, D Vicious: Sprite will *slay* your thirst!

*(VICIOUS does a sweet double crane kick.)*

**SPRITE EXEC.** (*weary*) No power slides. No karate. No finger guns. No twirling. No death drops. No air guitar. Just say the line and look at the camera. Got it?

**VICIOUS. COME ON!**

**SPRITE EXEC.** Reset!

(VICIOUS is livid. He resets.)

**SPRITE EXEC.** (*weirier still*) David Cooper Sprite commercial, take twenty-five.

**VICIOUS.** (*grumpily*) Take it from me, D Vicious: (*he steps halfway out of his box of light*) Sprite will—

**SPRITE EXEC.** (*interrupting*) You're off your mark.

**VICIOUS.** (*stepping back into the light*) I need a break!

(VICIOUS storms off. NINA closes the laptop. She's actually feeling bad for Vicious, and she doesn't want to.)

STOP

**NINA.** (*sympathetic, in spite of herself*) Oh. Oh no.

(NINA exits.

Lights dim on the Vignette.)

#### Scene 4: Chicago, IL—Central Conference Finals

(Lights up on a large, but still dingy, venue in Chicago. Somewhere like The Metro. It is the next week. It is late afternoon, and there are no patrons here yet.)

(NINA sits alone at the bar. She got here very, very early. She wanted to catch people coming in the door. She waits. Eventually, FACEBENDER walks in.)

**NINA.** Bender! Facebender! Over here!

**FACEBENDER.** Ah. The Nina. (*pause, he turns to go*) If you'll excuse me.

(NINA stands and blocks his way.)

**NINA.** Please! Stay. I want to apologize. Did you get my messages?

**FACEBENDER.** I did. Thank you so much for your remorseful sentiments. (*pause*) I must to the green room now.

**NINA.** I apologized! Now forgive me!

**FACEBENDER.** (*dropping his façade*) You called us "second-rate undateable losers."

