

VIC (20's) dances in a bedroom as if they were swimming at the bottom of the ocean or in the vast emptiness of space. They aren't classically trained aside from a few ballet classes during the elementary school days, but they improvise and move with the rhythm of the tune distantly playing in the background. It sounds like it's playing off an old portable radio from the early 2000s or maybe earbuds when they're resting on a coffee table and are playing at full volume. As they dance, they take turns mouthing and singing the lyrics. Their voice is a little raw, a little broken, but you can tell they had childhood dreams of becoming a singer once, even if they were never good enough.

VIC

Heading downtown with my rainboots on
Swinging around every street sign at dawn
Never really knowing how to sing this song
Feeling heavy-hearted that I'm almost gone

Counting down every hour, moment, minute, day
Waiting for you to come my way
There's not much time before I clock out, love
I'll try writing down everything I'd say

Vic is growing tired but continues their dance. A man drunkenly finds the door and tries opening it. It doesn't budge.

MAN

(banging on door, drowning out music):

Vic!! Come on!! Open the fucking door, Vic!! Open up!!

VIC

This is too hard for me to do
So I'm trapped in this stilted hue
I know I'd never amount to much
So this is what I must see through

Leave me a cup of coffee, even if I end up a zombie.

The music cuts out like nails scratching a chalkboard. A door is broken through, but we never see Man's face. The dance is over. Vic stands frozen in place and stares out into the audience, into the void.

END OF PLAY.