

WORLD WIDE FANS

By John C. Havens

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**CAST: SPORTSCASTER #1 (S1) and
 SPORTSCASTER #2 (S2)**

Performers can be either male or female, as they will both be playing multiple characters of both genders.

AT RISE: Both SPORTSCASTERS are standing or seated in chairs center stage.

S1: Konnichi wa! And welcome to WWF!

S2: But not the one you're thinking of! This WWF stands for World Wide Fans, the network that takes you around the world in under ten minutes!

S1: Combing the globe for interesting sports events from every corner of...the globe.

S2: ***(turning to face camera)*** Let's get right to our first event, that age old favorite for nations around the world – staring contests. First, let's cut to a staring contest in Botswana.

(S1 and S2 turn their chairs towards each other and stare at each other intently.)

S1: Now let's cut to a second staring contest in Katmandu!

(They stare in exactly the same way they did before.)

S2: Scotland!

(Ditto.)

S1: Canada!

(Ditto.)

S2: And finally, Iceland!

(They stare for a moment before S1 says...)

S1: My eyes are frozen open.

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(They break and go back to their original positions.)

S2: And now for a brief commercial.

S1: **(stands and refers to his pants)** In this cotton? Because this underwear fits like a charm!

S2: Now to the U.S. where we go to rural Mississippi. Franklin "Beartrap" Pinesol holds the world's record for not being able to talk about the same subject for more than five seconds at a time.

S1: **(as FRANKLIN with a deep, southern accent)** Well, the thang about maple syrup. You need it to be sticky, or... **(his eyes glaze for a moment before HE changes subjects)** 'Cause a spark plug is not a transmission, I don't care WHAT those Yankees say. You can lube a spark plug but it'll blow up in yer... **(eyes glaze, etc.)** chocolate donut. Mmm, I like it all crusty on the outside with a creamy fillin' inside. Once't in a while I'll get one of the crullers, but not too often 'cause I'm an American!... **(eyes glaze)** Sure do like that TV show "Will and Grace".

S2: Just amazing. Let's get our correspondent Vince Skinsosoft to interview Mr. Pinesol. I do want to remind our viewers, however, that Vince can only speak using vowels.

(S2 spins around in his chair, or does something to indicate that HE will be playing VINCE.)

S2: **(as VINCE)** o, ieo. o oe o ee p e ep api **(means "So, MR. PINESOL, how does it feel to be famous?")**

S1: **(as FRANKLIN)** Oh, it feels great **(eyes glaze, etc.)** Did I mention I have the world's largest collection of sea monkeys?

S2: **(to "camera" as VINCE)** a o ou. **(means "Back to you.")**

S1: Now on to some really exciting stuff. You've all heard of arm wrestling? Thumb wrestling? Well let's get real down and dirty and explore the new thrilling world of Big Toe Wrestling. And this is a sport, interestingly enough, dominated by women.

S2: **(in a French accent)** Allo! This is Bridget, am I on?

S1: Hello, yes Bridget, you're on! Bridget Jammybunion is with us now, and she's the leading French big toe wrestler on the sports scene right now. How's your toe doing, Bridget?

S2: **(French)** Ah, well, it ees really, really BIG!

S1: And toe-like?

S2: Ah oui, it is very much a toe, oui.

S1: What's your strategy for the big fight?

S2: Well, ah, I weel show you. **(BRIDGET lies on the floor and puts her toe on the chair and demonstrates as SHE talks. It is not necessary to removes shoes and socks, but the performer can if**

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they like.) First, I psyche out my opponent by making a threateneeng gesture with my cuticle.

S1: It looks quite supple.

S2: Oui, merci. Then by pulsing the rest of my toes, I make my whole fut look like a...how do you say, penguin?

S1: Moray eel?

S2: Ay, yes, that is what I meant. The eel frightens my opponent's toes, thereby rendering them terrified.

S1: Marvelous. Now let's hear from Bridget's main competition, Angus Bareknickers from Scotland. **(S1 spins around and becomes ANGUS, speaking in a Scottish dialect)** Aluu! Well, ahm not too worried about Bridget, since I've got me secret weepoon.

(S1 lies on the floor and puts foot on chair; same instruction about shoes and socks.)

S2: **(as BRIDGET)** Mon Dieu! Ah, I weel have to fight hard!

S1: That's right, Frenchie!

(They start to wrestle with their feet as S1 announces in his own voice from the floor.)

S1: It's an amazing battle of wits and nails as Bridget and Angus take to it with all the vigor of a Brazilian Samba dance. Look at the blur of toes as these two competitors come nail to nail in a heated frenzy of stinky, stinky feet.

S2: **(talking in announcer voice)** And you'd think this punishment would end, but it just keeps going as Bridget pounds into Angus' pinkie toe with unrelenting force.

S2: **(as BRIDGET)** Thees little piggie went to market, and thees little piggie ate my big toe!

S1: **(turning over and facing the audience)** And now a word from our sponsor. **(gets up and holds a fake box)** Odor Eaters. Do you ever find yourself with occasional embarrassing foot odor? After a long day at the gym or Big Toe Wrestling with a huge Scotsman? Get some odor eaters and don't let the odor eat away at you.

S2: **(getting up off the floor, back to announcer voice)** Now let's hear from some fans!

S1: **(Yelling like an over zealous fan in absolute gibberish. The next two lines are spoken simultaneously.)** YEAH! Go Dolphinyankees! Kick some butt Redskinrangers! You rule Redandwhitesozmetsorioles!

S2: **(doing the same)** PATS! PATS, YOU ROCK! YOU'RE SO FREAKIN' COOL! YEAH! YOU RULE THE UNIVERSE! YOU CARRY THE EARTH'S SUN ON YOUR BACK AND CREATE EVERYTHING

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THAT THERE IS! I'D SHOOT MYSELF IN THE FOOT JUST TO BE WORTHY OF COMING WITHIN THIRTY YARDS OF YOUR DIRTY UNIFORMS!

S1: **(mindless noise)** YERAGLLMMAAA!

S2: SQUUUOOOOORRRRRRRRRMMMLLLLLIIIIIIFFEEE!

S1: And...we're back. Thanks, fans.

S2: And now we're off to California for the dumbest excuse "Why my homework didn't get finished" competition.

S1: **(as stereotypical California "dude")** Like, teacher, my dog totally did my homework, and then I ate it.

S2: **(doing the same)** Like, teacher, I did my homework, but then I decided not to finish it, and then I got caught up in "Baywatch". That's all.

S1: So this huge like, thing, was on top of me. Like all night. And I couldn't see, and like, for eight or nine hours it was like I was unconscious. Oh, yeah. That was just me sleeping in bed and my afghan fell on my skull.

S2: Teach, in all honesty, I don't have my homework 'cause I'm just a total slug.

S1: And, back to me.

S2: No back to me.

S1: I called it.

S2: Shut up!

(They start to fight, slapping and tussling one another.)

S1: **(as they fight)** Hey, shouldn't we be giving a play by play?

S2: Good call. Let's do it in slow motion.

S1: Right. **(they move in slow motion with exaggerated physicality)**
Winding up, Sportscaster One tries to punch Sportscaster Two on his enormous nose!

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