

Losers

by Aleksí Moriarty

Aron: (m) 30s

Zeb: (m) 30s

(two guys on stools at a bar nursing drinks; silent for a beat after they each take a sip)

ARON: So, how was your day Zeb?

ZEB: Same as yours. Get up, go to work, wolf down some fast food, meet you here, go home and watch TV. Livin' life to the fullest.

ARON: Another day in the life of two cogs in the system.

ZEB: Here's to being trapped by our perceptions.

(they raise & clink their glasses)

ARON: Cheers. *(spills a little on his shirt)* Crap! This is a new shirt! I can't do anything right! *(puts down drink, spills more)* Crap! Can't even put a drink down right! I'm such a loser! *(wipes his shirt with soggy napkin which tears into shreds)* Goddammit!

ZEB: You're not a loser, you're just a little stressed.

ARON: Yeah, not like usual, right? Sorry.

ZEB: S'okay, I understand. Just that you used to repress it better.

ARON: Yeah, shit. Usually kept it to myself, you know? But now it's spilling out the cracks.

ZEB: No, s'okay. Something's gotta give, right? I'm gettin' like that too.

ARON: Yeah? I'm not seeing it.

ZEB: Give it time.

ARON: That's too bad. S'no fun, is it?

ZEB: No, s'not.

ARON: Haha, you said snot.

ZEB: Haha, yeah... *(beat; they both resume their solitary drinking; Zeb puts drink to his mouth and misses, spilling some on his shirt)* Fuck!

ARON: You trying to make me feel better?

ZEB: I missed my mouth! Jeez, how pathetic is that! Aron, you can't hold a candle to me when it comes to being a loser... *(wipes shirt with a soggy napkin which tears into shreds)* Fuck me!

ARON: Oh, now you're doing it on purpose. You're making fun of me. S'okay, I deserve it.

ZEB: You wish! You're just stressed and absent-minded... I'm the loser!

ARON: I don't mean to correct you, but, seriously, I'm the loser here, not you. You just spilled a little.

ZEB: I missed my own mouth!

ARON: Happens to everybody. You were distracted.

ZEB: Yeah, right, it's an accident when I do it, but you're a loser when you do it.

ARON: Exactly!

ZEB: Don't think so. *(beat)* I like country music.

ARON: *(beat)* I can't quit smoking.

ZEB: Neither can I.

ARON: Well that's only natural, it's hard to quit. You slip. Big deal. Give yourself a break.

ZEB: You too. Why's it only natural for me, but not for you?

ARON: 'Cause I'm a loser, and you're not.

ZEB: I am so a loser!

ARON: No, my friend, you are not. You're just a guy who can't quit a difficult habit. You make mistakes. You're only human.

ZEB: Well so are you.

ARON: Dude, I'm sorry to break it to you, but you're just a neophyte compared to me. You aspire to my depths of loserdom, but will never attain them. Learn from the master. For instance, I can't solve differential equations in my head. Loser, right?

ZEB: Well I haven't won any Nobel prizes.

ARON: I don't have the love of a beautiful woman.

ZEB: I do.

ARON: That's wonderful!

ZEB: I'm gay.

ARON: Oh, right. *(beat)* Well I only got one gold medal in the Olympics.

ZEB: And I don't have any world records.

ARON: I do.

ZEB: Really? For what?

ARON: Being the world's biggest loser. No, seriously, if there was a contest for the World's Biggest Loser I'd come in second.

ZEB: *(beat)* Second? Why second?

ARON: 'Cause I'm a loser!

ZEB: Haha! Good one. Ok, you win, you're a bigger loser than I am.

ARON: Yep. *(takes a triumphant sip to himself; beat)* Hey...! No. You can't do that.

ZEB: I just did. You win. Which means I lost. Which means I'm a bigger loser!

ARON: Hah! So if you're the bigger loser that means you win and I lose! *(beat)* Which means I win! No... wait a second...

ZEB: You know what... let's just say we're both really big losers.

ARON: Good idea. That way we both win... Wait! No! Fuck!

ZEB: How the hell do we get out of this?

ARON: God, we even suck at being losers...

ZEB: Got that right!

ARON: Cheers! *(they clink glasses, which shatter)*