

A LOSER LIKE YOU

A short dramedy by
Julia Edwards

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

KADE

J.J.

TOMAS

LULU

SOFIA

AUTHOR NOTES

When you see a word in brackets [], feel free to substitute another word/prop/reference.

I have made choices about genders and names but feel free to sculpt the gender breakdown as needed.

When a character is BLEEPED out, feel free to solve this how you choose. He can actually say "bleep" as written or someone else can "bleep" him from offstage. Or, if that seems too risqué, you can choose to nix the bleeps altogether and simplify the sentences.

The last moment of the play calls for a rendition of Beck's tune "Loser." Feel free to substitute another raucous self-effacing song or even a battle cry from the entire cast. After all, we need a place for our rage to go.

SCENE 1

(A school bell. KADE stands alone, his foot propped on a ball. He looks like a statue of a pissed-off person. J.J. sprints in, out of breath.)

J.J.: Hey, are you using that ball?

(Kade doesn't acknowledge J.J.'s existence.)

Uh... Hey! Can we use that ball?

(Kade continues his statue routine. J.J. shouts and gesticulates as if talking to a hard-of-hearing elderly person from a foreign country.)

DUDE! BALL! CAN I USE YOUR BALL?

KADE: Nope.

J.J.: Oh, sorry. I thought you were deaf or something. All the other balls are flat, man. Can we use that one?

KADE: Nah.

J.J.: Why?

(Kade shrugs his shoulders.)

Come on. You're not even using it.

KADE: Says who?

J.J.: Well. It's a [soccer] ball and you're not playing [soccer] so...

KADE: I'm using it.

J.J.: Come on, dude. This is literally the best ball in the bin.

(J.J. plops a sad flat ball on the ground.)

Hey. You want to join us? We could use another player.

(Kade turns slowly, stares.)

KADE: You really want this ball?

J.J.: Yeah.

KADE: Here.

(Kade pretends to whip the ball at J.J., who flinches; Kade smiles.)

J.J.: You know what? Forget it. You suck.

KADE: No. You suck.

(Kade whips the ball at J.J. for real. Ouch.)

SCENE 2

(A clock ticks loudly, but strangely. Perhaps something is wrong with the time continuum? Yes, that's it! The previous scene replays on über fast rewind until J.J. sprints backward out of the scene and Kade disappears. Rewind, rewind, rewind until an earlier school bell rings. Kade and TOMAS race out of class with books [Kade] and ball [Tomas] in hand and jockey playfully for the best spot at the table.)

TOMAS: It's mine, man.

KADE: No way! I was here first.

TOMAS: Accept it. Or pay the consequences.

KADE: In your dreams.

(They continue to wrestle, but Tomas is bigger and stronger than Kade.)

TOMAS: Mercy?

KADE: Never.

TOMAS: Don't say I didn't warn you.

(Tomas grabs Kade in a half nelson. Kade fights to get free, to no avail.)

This is your last chance to lose gracefully.

KADE: I...was here...first.

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(Tomas stomps wicked hard on Kade's foot. Kade crumples and Tomas lays claim to...his favorite homework spot.)

Agh! I think you just broke my toe!

TOMAS: I'm awesome? I know! What page are we on?

(Kade limps and curses under his breath.)

KADE: Fifty-two.

(Tomas turns to the page in Kade's book. Hm... Uh... Huh?!)

TOMAS: WHAT THE BLEEP IS THIS BLEEP?? We've never done this BLEEPin' BLEEP!

KADE: Yeah. That is if you don't count the last hour we spent doing them.

(Tomas shrugs his shoulders.)

TOMAS: Mr. Oslo's a BLEEP! I wish he'd choke on page BLEEPin' fifty-two and BLEEEEEEEEEEP.

KADE: It's actually pretty easy. You want help?

TOMAS: From a loser like you?

KADE: You're the loser.

TOMAS: I'm not the one on the F team, bro.

KADE: It's not the F team!

TOMAS: What am I even doing here? I have practice. Here, why don't you play with your balllllllz?

(Tomas jets, leaving Kade and a bouncing ball in his wake.)

SCENE 3

(Tick, tock. We march backward in time. The previous scene fast-rewinds until both Kade and Tomas disappear. An even earlier school bell rings. Tomas dribbles his ball right into LULU'S path and does some fancy footwork around her.)

TOMAS: Hey, fancy meeting you here.

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LULU: You're in my way.

TOMAS: Oh, that's a nice way to greet someone.

(Lulu tries to get by Tomas.)

Wait. I was wondering, you know, did you get a chance to, you know, ask her?

LULU: Ask who?

TOMAS: You know.

(He looks around to make sure the coast is clear, then sotto voce:)

Sofia.

LULU: Ask her what?

TOMAS: You know what, forget I asked.

LULU: Ooh. Touchy, touchy.

Why don't you ask her?

TOMAS: Cuz I don't want her to laugh in my face.

LULU: You'd rather have me laugh in your face?

TOMAS: Did you ask her or not?

LULU: Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. Sources say...try again later.

TOMAS: I guess they were right.

LULU: Who?

TOMAS: They.

LULU: About what?

TOMAS: You.

LULU: Fine. I guess that means you don't want to know what she said.

TOMAS: *(Desperation shines through:)* No! Wait! *(Remembers to act cool:)* What'd she say?

LULU: Well. When I told her you might like her, she got really red and then...

TOMAS: Yeah?

LULU: Then she said...she really wants to...punch you repeatedly until your face looks like...puke on a sidewalk!

TOMAS: Oh yeah?

LULU: Yeah! In fact, she said she'd rather kiss every zombie in the freakin' apocalypse than be caught dead with a loser like you.

TOMAS: You're the loser!

LULU: That was a good one.

Loser.

(Lulu struts away. Tomas slams his ball down.)

SCENE 4

(Tick tock goes the clock as the scene fast-rewinds back through time until Tomas and Lulu are nowhere to be seen. An earlier school bell. SOFIA storms in, lugging her [bassoon] instrument case. Lulu bounds in.)

LULU: Hey, Sofe! Where've you been? I've been looking all over for you.

SOFIA: Oh. Hey, Lulu. Here I am.

LULU: I was at Little Dom's before school.

SOFIA: Yeah?

LULU: I thought we were going to meet there?

SOFIA: Oh. Sorry. I was uh...running late.

LULU: I texted you like a hundred times. Did you not get them?

SOFIA: No, sorry, my phone kind of died.

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LULU: Oh. Is that why you didn't like my cake last night?

SOFIA: Huh?

LULU: I made this amazing lemon chiffon cake and posted it. And guess what? Tomas liked it.

SOFIA: Sorry. My phone is super wonky. I need to, you know, go to the Idiot Bar and have them fix it.

LULU: That's cool. But weren't you in that group text from Mia?

SOFIA: Which one?

LULU: The one about that pug video she made? Yeah, I'm sure I saw you in the likes.

SOFIA: Oh yeah?

LULU: You know who else liked her post? Vivienne. She never likes my posts. And do you know what? I couldn't find her on my subscriber list. I think she unsubscribed! Oh, did you see my post of my neighbor's cat singing "Yellow Submarine"? I swear, it's funnier than the no-no cat.

(Lulu meows something that may or may not sound like "Yellow Submarine." Sofia tries to get a word in...and finally snaps.)

SOFIA: I don't think I— Actually, I need to— LULU, would you SHUT UP!

I'm sorry but. But since you're so up on every single "like" on every single post known to man, maybe someone should let you know that you don't actually need to post every time you take a bite of food or see a cute cat. It's like every five minutes: bing! there's a new [instagram] from Lulu, bing! there's a new [instagram] from Lulu, bing! there's a new [instagram] from Lulu. And if I don't like every single one of them, you're like: *why didn't you like my panini? Why didn't you like my goat?* I mean, from one friend to another, people are unliking you because you're draining our freaking will to live. So, sorry I

didn't like your chiffon cake or whatever the hell. It's probably really nice but Jesus! If I've got to see another thirty posts from you today, I'm seriously gonna puke on the sidewalk!

(A phone rings. It's Sophia's. Busted.)

I've got to go!

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