

THE LOSERS CLUB

By

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28 Plays Later 2019

Day 2

February 2, 2019

ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP - A LIBRARY

SEVERAL STUDENTS (GEMMA, RYAN, DOUG, SARAH AND CLINT) SIT AT TABLES IN A LIBRARY. THEY ARE SILENT AND LOOKING NONE TOO HAPPY TO BE THERE. GEMMA PLAYS WITH HER PHONE. AFTER A MOMENT, MR. HEMSWORTH ENTERS WITH A CLIP BOARD.

HEMSWORTH: Douglas Baker.

DOUG: Here.

HEMSWORTH: Sarah Jackson.

SARAH: Present.

HEMSWORTH: Gemma Larusso.

GEMMA: (not looking up from her phone) Here.

HEMSWORTH: Clint Richards.

CLINT: You know who I am.

HEMSWORTH: Say "here."

CLINT: Here.

HEMSWORTH: Ryan Underwood.

RYAN: (meekly) Here.

HEMSWORTH: All right then. All present and accounted for. Ladies and gentlemen and those who have not yet decided, welcome to Saturday school, better known as Advanced Detention. For those of you who have outgrown after school blackboard cleaning and locker room laundry duty, or have committed more serious infractions, this is your new reality. You get to spend all day here in

absolute silence, thinking about what you've done.
Just like The Breakfast Club.

CLINT: The what?

HEMSWORTH: The Breakfast Club.

THE STUDENTS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, OBVIOUSLY
CONFUSED.

HEMSWORTH: Seriously?

HEMSWORTH SIGHS.

HEMSWORTH: It's a great movie. Netflix it sometime.
(to GEMMA)
Ms. Larusso, please put your phone away.

GEMMA RELEASES AN EXASPERATED SIGH AND
MAKES A BIG SHOW OF DROPPING HER PHONE INTO
HER PURSE.

HEMSWORTH: Thank you.

HE GETS SORT OF A "BITE ME" FACE IN RETURN.

HEMSWORTH: All right, then. Your time starts now, at 9:03 AM. I
will return at 12:03 so you can eat your lunches, and
then again at 3:03 to release you into the wild. If
there is an emergency... well, don't let there be an
emergency.

HEMSWORTH LEAVES.

DOUG: Shit.

SARAH: What?

DOUG: I forgot to bring a lunch.

CLINT: How the hell do you forget that? Or did you think the
cafeteria was going to be open on a Saturday?

RYAN: SHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

EVERYONE TURNS TO STARE AT RYAN.

GEMMA: (snapping her gum) Really?

RYAN: Yes, really. Not only is this a library, it's detention. We're supposed to be silent.

GEMMA: You're talking.

RYAN: Only because you made me!

SARAH: Pretty sure she didn't make you do anything, loser.

DOUG AND CLINT HIGH FIVE.

RYAN: Just be quiet, please? I can't do another one of these.

CLINT: If you shut your pie hole, we'll let the warden know you were quiet if we get busted for talking.

RYAN: Really?

CLINT: No.

RYAN FURROWS HIS BROW AND TURNS BACK TO STARE AT THE TABLE HE IS SITTING AT.

SARAH: What did you do, anyway?

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF SILENCE, RYAN LOOKS UP.

RYAN: Who, me?

SARAH: Uh, yeah... who else would I ask? The four of us got busted together vaping during lunch.

GEMMA: Again.

SARAH: Again.

RYAN STAYS QUIET.

DOUG: Well?

RYAN STAYS QUIET.

CLINT: Dude. Come on. We're in here all day, and I know everything there is to know about these losers already.

DOUG: It's like we're in some sort of a cult.

GEMMA: Nah, it's more of a club.

SARAH: The Losers Club.

EVERYONE LAUGHS EXCEPT RYAN.

RYAN: You guys aren't really losers, though.

GEMMA: Well, that's true.

SARAH: It's like when Tyra Banks calls all her model friends fat whores. Self appreciating humor.

RYAN: Self Deprecating.

SARAH: Yeah, that.

CLINT: So what did you do?

RYAN LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE.

RYAN: I'd rather not say.

DOUG: (mimicking) I'd rather not say. Nyeah...

GEMMA: Was it really embarrassing?

RYAN: Yeah.

DOUG: Even better!

CLINT: You've got to spill now!

GEMMA: Come on!!!

RYAN LOOKS DOWN AT HIS HANDS, AND SQUIRMS
AS IF HE WAS TRYING TO DISAPPEAR. EVERYONE
STARES AT HIM FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

SARAH: (whispering) I know.

RYAN'S HEAD SNAPS UP AND HE FIXES SARAH
WITH A PLEADING STARE.

RYAN: Please, no.

CLINT: Spilllllll!

DOUG: Spill! Spill! Spill!

GEMMA AND CLINT JOIN IN THE CHANTING. RYAN
STARES AT SARAH WITH HORROR IN HIS EYES. HE
SHAKES HIS HEAD BACK AND FORTH, BEGGING.

SARAH: I heard Principal Richards say something when I was
working in the counseling office during my study
period.

DOUG GEMMA CLINT: Spill! Spill! Spill!

SARAH: I didn't realize it was you... but it makes sense.

RYAN: (whispering) Please...

DOUG GEMMA CLINT: Spill! Spill! Spill!

SARAH: Shut UP, losers!

THE OTHER THREE QUIET DOWN. RYAN STILL
LOOKS HORRIFIED.

RYAN: (whispering) Please...

SARAH: Okay, fine, I won't.

RYAN NEARLY CRIES WITH RELIEF. THE OTHER THREE LOOK DISAPPOINTED, BUT BEFORE THEY CAN SAY ANYTHING...

SARAH: They caught him naked in the art supply closet on Tuesday.

THE ROOM ERUPTS INTO CHAOS AND LAUGHTER. RYAN, MORTIFIED, JUST STARES DOWN AT THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM, FIGHTING BACK TEARS.

GEMMA: Miss Winter's art supply closet?!

SARAH: Yup.

DOUG: That's FANTASTIC dude! She's hot! I've always fancied having one off in there...

GEMMA: Eww, gross much?

DOUG: Awwwww yeah...

CLINT: Wait...

DOUG STANDS AND STARTS TO MAKE ASS SLAPPING SEX MOTIONS AS HE DANCES.

DOUG: That's RIGHT! She is totally one for the wank bank!

CLINT: Wait...

GEMMA: (to RYAN) That's just sad, dude. Really?

CLINT: WAIT!!

EVERYONE STOPS AND LOOKS AT CLINT. EVEN RYAN.

DOUG: What, dude? You're killing my rhythm.

CLINT: Tuesday.

DOUG: Yeah?

CLINT: Isn't that the day you...

DOUG'S EYES GROW WIDE.

DOUG: Ho. Ly. Shit. No.

DOUG AND CLINT SLOWLY TURN TO LOOK AT RYAN
WHO ONCE AGAIN LOOKS TERRIFIED.

SARAH: What?

GEMMA: What?

CLINT: That's amazing.

DOUG: Seriously amazing.

CLINT: We need to make him president of The Losers Club.

DOUG: (to RYAN) Dude, do you vape?

SARAH: WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

CLINT: Tuesday afternoon, Dougie here got a glimpse of Miss
White's tiddys through the art supply closet windows.

DOUG: I thought she was changing clothes, but maybe she was
just putting them back on...

THE ROOM ERUPTS IN CHAOS AGAIN AS DOUG AND
CLINT HIGH FIVE EACH OTHER AND GEMMA AND
SARAH EXPRESS THEIR SHOCK. RYAN, HOWEVER,
STAYS FROZEN, STARING AT THEM.

RYAN: (whispering) No.

THE CHAOS CONTINUES.

RYAN: No.

THE CHAOS CONTINUES.

RYAN: NO! NO! FUCK YOU! NO!

AS RYAN STARTS TO SHOUT, THE OTHERS STOP,
SHOCKED.

RYAN: JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP! NO!

CLINT: Bro, settle down...

RYAN: FUCK YOU, RICHARDS! AND YOU, TOO, BAKER! JUST SHUT THE
FUCK UP! NOTHING HAPPENED. NOTHING! NOTHING!!!

RYAN BREAKS DOWN IN SOBS ON THE FLOOR. THE
OTHERS STARE AT HIM FOR A WHILE.

DOUG: Bro...

RYAN CONTINUES TO SOB. GEMMA MOVES TOWARDS
HIM.

GEMMA: Ryan?

RYAN: Stay away from me...

SARAH: Are you...

RYAN: Shut. Up. Nothing. Happened.

SARAH: Okay.

RYAN: It was me. It was just me. Being a degenerate in
Julie-- Miss White's supply closet. I was alone. By
myself.

DOUG: But...

RYAN LOOKS UP WITH MURDER IN HIS EYES AND
STARES RIGHT AT DOUG.

RYAN: ALONE!

DOUG: Okay, man. Chill.

RYAN CURLS BACK UP INTO A BALL ON THE FLOOR
AND SOBS SILENTLY. THE GIRLS MOVE TOWARDS
HIM AND SARAH LAYS A HAND GENTLY ON HIS
SHOULDER. RYAN DOESN'T REACT.

SARAH: I'm sorry, Ryan.

GEMMA: Yeah. Sorry.

THE GIRLS HELP RYAN UP AND BACK INTO HIS
CHAIR. HE BURIES HIS HEAD IN HIS ARMS AND
CONTINUES TO SHAKE WITH SILENT SOBS.

DOUG: So...

CLINT: Yeah...

RYAN LOOKS UP, EYES RED.

RYAN: Please don't say anything. Please. She'll get fired.

EVERYONE NODS.

DOUG PULLS A VAPE PEN OUT OF HIS POCKET AND
OFFERS IT TO RYAN.

DOUG: Watermelon Surprise?

RYAN NODS AND TAKES THE VAPE. HE INHALES
AND BLOWS OUT SMOKE AS THE LIGHTS FADE TO
BLACK.

END.