

Loch Ness Monster

by

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A dingy hotel room. ARLO and BECKETT burst through the door, mid-argument.

BECKETT

...because I was there! I saw it. We're not talking about a rumour, or some kind of legend passed down the generations. You took the shot, you missed the shot, you lost! And here we are.

ARLO

I'm not saying that I didn't miss the shot.

BECKETT

Oh? What are you saying, Arlo?

ARLO

I'm saying that-

BECKETT

And say it very carefully.

ARLO

I am simply saying ... that sometimes ... there are other factors at play.

BECKETT

Factors such as what?

ARLO

You're going to make fun of me.

BECKETT

I absolutely am. I can feel that coming on.

Pause.

ARLO

Belief. Sometimes, you don't believe in me. And I can feel that, standing at the table. If I look over at you in the crowd, I can see it on your face. Everybody can. It's very distracting. And a little embarrassing for me. *(Pause.)* Shall we go to bed?

BECKETT thinks. And then they start throwing clothes at ARLO.

BECKETT

(Throwing.) You're moving out. I'm evicting you.

ARLO

(Dodging.) Stop!

BECKETT

(Throwing.) “Belief.” “Embarrassing.”

ARLO

(Dodging.) I just folded those!

BECKETT

How *dare* you blame this on me. I don't believe in you enough? What are you, the Loch Ness fucking Monster? Get out!

BECKETT finishes with a suitcase, which ARLO barely manages to catch.

ARLO

You know what belief is? When you're with someone? It's like a load you share. You share it between you: you take the load when the other person can't. You support one another.

BECKETT

Yes, but Arlo: the load of your belief is crushing me. Because it's always mine to bear, and all on my own.

Silence.

ARLO

I'm sorry. About the money.

BECKETT

Forget the money.

ARLO

We might have to have to make some changes to our itinerary.

BECKETT

We can cut the trip short, if we need to.

ARLO

Some honeymoon I gave you ... do you still want me to go?

BECKETT

Moment's passed. *(Pause.)* Toss me your clothes.

ARLO puts the suitcase by the door and throws the clothes over to BECKETT. BECKETT begins to fold them in a neat pile on the bed.

ARLO

Sometimes you make it hard. It's sometimes tough believing in myself when I stand next to you.

BECKETT

Why?

ARLO

Because you're better than me, Beckett.

BECKETT

Maybe. What did you think I saw in you?

ARLO

I honestly don't know.

BECKETT

Ask yourself. And come up with an answer quick, okay?

ARLO nods. BECKETT moves the clothes and lays down on the bed. They pat the space beside them on the bed. ARLO joins them. The light goes out.

ARLO

My love? I don't think I wanna be a pool hustler anymore.

BECKETT

My love? I don't think you were ever a pool hustler.

ARLO

Did you think it was sexy when we first met?

BECKETT

Not for a split second. *(Pause.)* I liked your hands, though. How they held the cue.

ARLO

(Faux sleazy.) Kinda like-

BECKETT

Don't ruin this moment being crass.

Silence.

ARLO

I don't know what the hell I'm going to do.

BECKETT

We'll figure it out. We got time.

ARLO

Tomorrow?

BECKETT

Starting tomorrow.