"WORST CUSTOMER" by Alexander Lee-Rekers (StageMilk, 2024)

BEN and CHARIS work at a run-down local cinema. In the long breaks between screenings, they pass the time making meticulous, well-argued lists on every conceivable topic.

BEN: Okay: Worst Customer.

CHARIS: Of all time? That's too broad. We'll be here until we die of old age.

BEN: All right all right: Worst Customer This Year.

BEN: (Thinking.) There are so many-

CHARIS: (*Talking over Ben.*) -I was just thinking that. Here goes: Special Mention, because it's a group and not an individual, "parents who let their kids lick the glass of the candy bar counter".

BEN: Oh totally. They're worse than the kids themselves!

CHARIS: That thing is filthy. I mean, I wipe it down at the end of every day, but the amount of kids who just run their tongue along it like it's a giant lollipop... (She shudders.)

BEN: Third Place? The old guy who fills our bin with cigarette butts.

CHARIS: Butt Man! Yes. How? Why? Is he collecting them all day in his pockets?! That's a great one. I'll have to think to top that ... oh. Becky Rogers. Comes in here with her new husband and baby, just *happens* to remember I still work here...

BEN: Becky's not so bad. She's nicer now that she was in school.

CHARIS: Yeah, but it's that "fake nice". Trying to be all grown up and forget the past.

BEN: I take that point.

CHARIS: Okay, Ben: number one, gold medal. Who tops our list of Worst Customer This Year?

BEN: ...I'm going to go with that guy from the other night. Aaron.

CHARIS: Him? Worst Customer This Year?

BEN: Not obvious, I'll admit. But he was just so- so smarmy. Charming. Talk about "fake nice"...

CHARIS: I didn't mind him.

There is an awkward pause between the two of them. Suddenly, the game loses its lustre.