

Fuck Donkey Kong

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BLACK

PERKINS (V.O.)
You fucking cunt.

FADE IN:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

A 9mm handgun is pointed at the head of GREG(20), boyishly good looks.

The gunman, PERKINS(18), is muscular and has a shaved head with crazy wild eyes.

PERKINS
We're going to give this one more shot and I swear...if you try anything funny or try to cheat me out of another one with your little Jewry ways...I'll kill you.

Perkins sits down beside Greg, hands him a Nintendo 64 controller. The video game Mario Kart 64 plays on the TV.

GREG
Perkins, I really think you're taking this too seriously.

PERKINS
I'm sick of this bullshit. Your winning ends here.

At the character selection screen, Perkins picks Mario. Greg picks Donkey Kong.

PERKINS
Always fucking Donkey Kong. Can't win with any other character.

GREG
Do you wanna be DK? You can be him if you want.

PERKINS
I'd rather shove my nut sack into my asshole than to race with DK.

The race starts. The level is Rainbow Road, a transparent rainbow-colored speedway against the blackness of space.

The race starts. Perkins grips his controller tightly. Greg takes a more relaxed grip.

Donkey Kong throws a half dozen bananas behind him.

PERKINS
Banana family!

Mario swerves over them and slips to last place.

PERKINS
GOD DAMN IT!

Mario obtains a trio of red turtle shells and fires them ahead like missiles. All three crash into barriers.

GREG
Having some issues there?

PERKINS
Fuck you, Craig.

GREG
It's Greg.

PERKINS
I don't care.

Donkey Kong instigates a flash of lightning across the screen; Mario shrinks to pint size.

PERKINS
God damn it, God damn it! Nice
fucking second place lightning
bolt!

A giant mutant dog on the raceway runs over Mario.

PERKINS
Why is there a dog on a rainbow
road?

GREG
Is that a serious question?

The dog topples Mario off the track and Donkey Kong easily coasts into first place. Race over.

Perkins slams the controller against a dresser.

PERKINS
You do something at the end of
every race and I don't like it!

GREG
I'm clutch, dude. Maybe I can show
you some strategies.

Perkins aims the gun at Greg.

PERKINS
Fuck you, Craig.

BANG! Perkins fires. Greg blocks the shot with his controller, which explodes into a thousand pieces.

GREG
Perk! What the hell?!

Greg grabs his cell phone.

PERKINS
Fuck tha police!

BANG! Perkins fires again, this time destroying Greg's phone. Greg holds his hands up, speaks in a calm tone.

GREG
Okay, let's just talk about this for a second. No need to do anything crazy.

PERKINS
You beat me every single fucking time by throwing bananas at me or getting lightning bolts or that damn fucking dog. I'm sick of it!

GREG
Mario Kart is just a game! But this here is real! You're gonna be throwing away your college education! Your life!

PERKINS
I'm about to flunk out, so fuck that.

Perkins aims at Greg's head.

GREG
Wait, wait, wait! How about one more race, man?

Perkins goes cross-eyed.

PERKINS
You're not serious...

GREG

Check it out; campus police is a mile away. I bet I can get there before you.

Perkins blocks the door, the only exit.

PERKINS

Whoa! How did that happen?!
You're not goin' anywhere, bro.

Greg looks out the window; they're on the second floor.
Looks back at Perkins.

GREG

Hey Perkins?

PERKINS

What Craig?

GREG

You'll have to catch me first.

Greg smashes through the window and dives to the first floor.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

He safely lands. A FEMALE STUDENT on a bicycle passes by.
Greg grabs the handlebars and forces her off.

FEMALE STUDENT

Hey! My groceries!

He rides off.

Seconds later Perkins lands in the lot. A MALE STUDENT walks his bike by.

Perkins punches the student aside and rides the bike off in pursuit of Greg.

EXT. BUSY AVENUE - DAY

Greg speeds down the right lane of a crowded rush hour street. Perkins catches up.

An eighteen wheeler enters an intersection. Greg rides around the cab with a loud HONK from the truck.

Perkins leans to the side and slides cleanly beneath the trailer.

PERKINS
Yeaaaaaaaah!

Greg searches through the basket on the handlebars; there's a bunch of groceries.

He grabs a half dozen bananas and drops them on the street.

Perkins sees this and goes wide-eyed.

PERKINS
BANANA FAMILY!

He rides over a couple, swerves around, regains control.

PERKINS
You'll have to do better than that,
Craig!

BANG! He fires a shot from his gun.

A pair of cars up ahead swerve at the sound, block the lanes.

Greg grips his handlebars and jumps onto the hood of one of cars, jumps down on the other side, rides off.

Perkins tries the same trick but instead crashes into the windshield of one of the vehicles.

DRIVER
You fucking asshole!

PERKINS
Fuck you!

Perkins kicks the driver in the face and rides off.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

On a neighborhood side street, THREE BOYS(7) dressed as the Ninja Turtles, play. There's a pile of red and green turtle shell-shaped water balloons before them.

WHINEY KID
I wanna be Donatellooooo! My mom
said sooooo!

BOSSY KID
Your mom's a shit eater and a slut.
I get to be Donatello!

In a flash, Greg blazes through their game, snatches up a trio of balloons.

Perkins follows, snatches a couple balloons of his own.

PERKINS
Fuck you, little kids!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Greg tosses one of the shell balloons back.

The balloon blows up on Perkins, who does an over-exaggerated fall to the ground.

EXT. BUSY AVENUE - DAY

Greg returns to the avenue, cutting off a car as he does. Perkins follows, throws his balloons way off target.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Greg leads the chase down an aisle of shops and restaurants. People dodge out of the way as Greg leans and jumps on and between objects.

AN ELECTRICIAN(110) fumbles with some sparkling wires from a fuze box. They wiggle around in his hands, like snakes.

ELECTRICIAN
Oh. Oh darn. Oh boy.

As Greg rides by, one of the wires sends an electric bolt into his back tire, effectively flattening it.

He has to stop and tends to the flat.

Perkins sees this from a distance.

PERKINS
Yeaaaaaaah! Sick, bro, sick!

Perkins pedals full speed toward Greg, who grabs a pack of gum from the basket, shoves several pieces into his mouth.

Perkins gets closer, closer, closer.

Greg patches the tube up with the gum, blows air into it.

PERKINS
AHHHHHH!

He finishes the job, gets on the bike, and smacks a balloon into Perkins just as he passes, sending him flying.

EXT. BUSY AVENUE - DAY

Greg rides back onto the street. Perkins returns a few seconds behind, drenched in water.

PERKINS
You're not making it to the cops,
bitch tits!

Greg takes a left through the next intersection, cuts off a car. Perkins does the same.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A major event is under way with decorative rainbows all over the place. Guys in tight shorts holding hands, women with shaved heads doing the same.

The sign at the entrance reads: JULY GAY PRIDE RALLY - WALK THE RAINBOW ROAD!

Greg rides into the park. Perkins follows, sees the sign.

PERKINS
Rainbow Road. Rainbow-fucking-
Road!

It's really crowded here. Greg barely avoids collisions at every second.

Perkins jumps onto a series of tables and rides over everyone's lunch, creates a huge mess.

Greg throws his last shell balloon at Perkins, misses. Perkins snatches up a slice of cake and throws it at Greg.

SPLAT! The cake hits Greg's face, blinds him.

Perkins pulls out his gun. A collective gasp from everyone in the area. Greg's bike swerves all over the place.

Perkins speeds ahead. The campus police department is in sight.

A PIT BULL awakens from its nap and growls.

GRRRRR! It takes off for Perkins, stays hot on his tail.

PERKINS
What the?...

Greg wipes some of the cake away, sees the dog.

GREG

Why is there a dog on a Rainbow
Road?

PERKINS

I don't know but it gets me every
fucking time!

The dog grabs at Perkins' shoes. Perkins speeds up, pulls
away from the dog.

Greg reaches into the basket, pulls out one last banana,
throws it ahead at Perkins' bike, but it misses.

PERKINS

Ha! You wasted your last banana,
Craig! It's over! I win!

The dog speeds up as if it were on crack. Perkins looks at
his wheel; the banana is stuck in the spokes.

Greg evilly grins.

The dog takes a few snaps at the banana.

PERKINS

You do something at the end of
every race and I don't-

The dog crashes into the bike, sends Perkins flying through
the air and smashes onto a table.

WHAM! The table collapses to the ground.

EXT. CAMPUS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Greg stops in front of the building, situated right beside
the rally.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Perkins is on the ground with the dog on top of him.

PERKINS

...like it.

The dog licks his face.

A COP comes over and handcuffs Perkins.

COP
What's the matter, asshole? Did
you get a flat?

Greg comes over. He and Perkins stare at each other.

GREG
Good race, Perk. If you show that
kind of clutch play in Kart then
you'd be one of the best.

PERKINS
Fuck Mario Kart.

Greg sighs.

GREG
You got a thing or two to learn
about sportsmanship, dude.

PERKINS
I did: Fuck Mario Kart. That game
is nothing but trouble.

The cop leads Perkins off.

GREG
Hey, at least I didn't beat you
with Donkey Kong.

PERKINS
Fuck Donkey Kong. Seriously.

FADE OUT.

THE END