

PONG WARS

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"PONG WARS"

EXT. PONG SCREEN - DAY

The familiar (to those old enough to remember) Pong game screen.

The conversation goes back and forth between the Pong players/paddles.

BRAD, player one to left of screen.

SCOTT, player two to right of screen.

Both voices -- mid-20s males.

BRAD  
Hey, Scott.

No reaction from Scott.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Hello?

No reaction.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Hey! Fuckstick!

SCOTT  
Oh, hey, Brad.

BRAD  
Hah! You responded to "Fuckstick!"  
(a beat)  
What are you doing over there?

SCOTT  
I'm stretching.

BRAD  
Stretching?

SCOTT  
It helps prevent injury. I don't  
want to pull a pixel.

BRAD  
Just -- serve the damn ball. I got  
a lunch date.

SCOTT  
OK, OK. Always a rush with you. As  
if the ball's going to move any  
faster.

BRAD  
Some of us have a life.

With a GRUNT of effort, Scott serves the ball straight  
across.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, man. Real heater there.

Brad returns the ball and the ball continues to go back and  
forth until noted otherwise.

SCOTT  
So lunch date? Are you a glutton  
for punishment?

BRAD  
What? Why?

SCOTT  
It's pointless. All you do is spend  
some money... for what? An  
exclusive chance to not get laid.

BRAD  
You're just hating because you have  
no game on the court or in life.

SCOTT  
Off-the-wall shot? Whooooaaaa.  
Didn't see that one coming.

BRAD  
That move is why you lost to me  
last time.

SCOTT  
I had a virus!

BRAD  
Excuses, excuses. I sprained a  
binary but I still played.  
(a beat)  
And won.

SCOTT  
Yeah, yeah, yeah... who's the date  
with?

BRAD  
Oh, Peach.

SCOTT  
PRINCESS Peach?

BRAD  
You know her?

SCOTT  
I fucked her.

Brad stops and the ball goes by.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Point.

BRAD  
You did NOT fuck her.

SCOTT  
You're right, I didn't. I just  
wanted the point.  
(a beat)  
We used to date, though. She was on  
the rebound. Didn't go very far.

BRAD  
Hmm... Rebound, huh?

SCOTT  
She "broke up" with Mario, then  
decided she loves him. Again. Girl  
needs to make up her mind.

BRAD  
Oh, jeez...

Another ball goes by Brad.

SCOTT  
What?

BRAD  
Nothing.

SCOTT  
Is this the Special Olympics?  
Serve the ball.  
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Wait, did she break up with Mario again?

BRAD

I don't wanna talk about it.

SCOTT

Oh, man, she did, didn't she?

BRAD

Did I not just say--

SCOTT

You gotta be careful with that. She'll break your heart with that.

BRAD

(exasperated)

Can we just play?

Silence for a while as the ball goes back and forth.

SCOTT

Just to clarify... I didn't FUCK her. It was more of an insertion thing.

Another ball goes by Brad.

BRAD

What?!

SCOTT

Have you seen what we look like? We're glorified dildos. Just the right size and shape for being put into various orifices. Orifi?

BRAD

I don't want to know how you found this out.

SCOTT

What do you think my job is? Playing this lame-ass game all day?

BRAD

What are you saying?

SCOTT

I am employed as a--

BRAD  
Say no more! Ugh!

SCOTT  
See, that's your problem. You're such a prude. How'd you get a date with Peach with that disposition? She's going to be grossly disappointed.

BRAD  
I think I'll be fine.

Silence again for a while as they ball goes back and forth.

SCOTT  
She's damaged goods, you know.

Brad misses again.

BRAD  
You bastard.

SCOTT  
I'm serious. You know the big gorilla we see at the 8-Bit with the tie? Used to date her.

BRAD  
That monster dated her?

SCOTT  
Well, it was more of a prisoner/captive thing. Kind of kinky, if you ask me.

BRAD  
Jesus Christ.

SCOTT  
Anyway, Mario swept in and stole her away. Like a romance novel or something, man. You have a lot to live up to.

BRAD  
How the hell does a girly-girl like Peach date a monkey and a fat Italian? I've never even seen her wear pants!

SCOTT

You've never played tennis with her, then. She's got some short-shorts.

BRAD

Could you stop? I'm going on a date with this girl.

SCOTT

Hey, I'm just making sure you're aware of her reputation. She's fucked up, man.

BRAD

You know what? I was gonna invite you on a double-date with her friend Daisy one of these days, but forget that now.

(a beat)

You're such a dick, you know that? Something finally comes up for me but you ruin it with all this crap about being inserted in someone's vagina and -- god, giant monkey dicks. I can't take it anymore!

Amidst Brad's ranting, he misses a ball again.

SCOTT

Hey, Brad.

BRAD

WHAT?!

SCOTT

Hey, I win.

End.