PONG WARS

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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? Whoooaaaa. 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.