

BEER PONG

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ACT I

Scene 1

An untidy living room in a house of feminine touch. Dale sits on a wooden stool, facing the tripod-propped canvas which he used as a surface to paint. He is a painter. Unshaven. Unfit. A caveman in physical appearance. Occasionally, Dale mixes colors on his palette as he paints with full focus. In the midst of this, the doorbell rings. Still, his focus is unbroken. The doorbell rings again for the second time. Still. The doorbell rings again for the third time. His focus snaps, and he reacts angrily by slamming his brush and palette to the floor.

DALE

(angrily)

Gosh

Dale rises from the stool and paces towards the door.

DALE

Who's got the guts to disturb me while I'm creating art?

Dale reaches the door, unlocks it almost peevishly. He opens the door. Annabelle stands in front of him. Casually dressed. Fair skin. Beautifully built. She wears an enchanting smile. On her hands, she holds a baked cake thrust at Dale's direction. Dale's anger subsides.

DALE

(looks at her; stunned)

Annabelle?

ANNABELLE

(similarly stunned)

Dale?

Both Dale and Annabelle's stunned faces turn into smiles borne out of long yearning. Dale embraces Annabelle.

DALE

Thought I'll never cross paths with the Wild Card again.

Dale lets go of his embrace. He takes the cake.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

Come in, come in.

Dale gives way for Annabelle to come inside. Like every gentleman, the man shuts the door for the woman, and goes to the kitchen to put the cake. Annabelle tours around the living room, gazing at one design at a certain area in fascination.

ANNABELLE

(fascinated)

I love the textures on your wall and ceiling. My house is still far from being done, and I'm already thinking about modeling my wallpapers just like this one.

Dale joins Annabelle to a certain area in the living room, looking at it together. He returns with two bottles of Budweiser in his hands.

DALE

Adele picked the design.

(pause)

You know me. If this was my crib, I'll paste it with one thing. C.J. Parker. Red, hot swimsuit. Baywatch.

Annabelle grins. Dale hands her a Budweiser. Annabelle takes it.

DALE

Adele's the dominant, I'm the submissive. She got the high salary, I scrapped for a buck. She wears fancy clothes, I wear trash.

(pause; turns to Annabelle)

The conclusion, she's the boss. The prodigal dame. I am just the servant to all her needs.

ANNABELLE

Isn't that what marriage is all about?

Now Dale grins. Their grins are almost on the verge of being platonic. Dale raises his Budweiser.

DALE

For marriage.

Annabelle joins in raising her Budweiser. The clink of glass. They each take a short gulp. Moments later, Dale leaves the area and returns to his painting stool.

(CONTINUED)

DALE

This calls for a celebration.

Dale sits on the stool, replaces the Budweiser with the brush and palette he slammed to the floor, and continues his painting.

ANNABELLE

(befuddled)

What?

Annabelle paces towards the sofa and takes a seat. Annabelle takes another gulp.

DALE

You coming back. I think the boys will be delighted to see the return of the Wild Card.

ANNABELLE

The boys? You mean the guys from the fraternity?

DALE

Yeah.

(reminiscing)

Not many girls come around the Delta Phi frat. Until one girl. Wild. Peculiar. A walking circus. One frat party, with one beer firmly in her hand, she strut towards the living room, just lay on the table, and poured some on her belly button. Dare men to drink out of it, her phone number's the million dollar prize. That's ... that's the Wild Card's trademark. Being the life of the party.

ANNABELLE

I find that strangely flattering.

Annabelle takes another gulp.

DALE

You should come tonight. There's a party. A couple of guys from the frat are coming. My house at 7.

ANNABELLE

(hesitantly)

I don't think Adele would like that. Remember Summer of '02?

DALE

Adele's on a business trip. She'll be back three days from now max. Don't worry.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE
Dale.

Annabelle holds his hand, immediately stopping him from his painting.

ANNABELLE
You remember what we were. We were a wreck back then. Setting fires on school properties, spray-painting obscenities at the dean's window. You'd moved on. You got a wife for god's sake.

Dale slams his brush to the floor.

DALE
(peevied)
Unbelievable. The Wild Card I know would not say no to a party.

ANNABELLE
(raises her voice)
I am not Wild Card anymore, Dale. For crying out loud, you are happily married. What more do you want?

DALE
Don't act all so pristine, Annabelle. This version of you, it's fake. Plain, this transformation into the goody-to-shoe girl, it's fake.

Annabelle rises from her sofa, outraged by his remark.

ANNABELLE
(furious)
What's that supposed to mean?

Annabelle is about to leave the room when Dale holds one of her hands, stopping her way.

DALE
Wait. Okay, I'm sorry.

Dale leads her back to the sofa.

DALE
Look. I know you're trying to rebuild yourself. But for one night, I need you to throw that angelic image of yours out the window. I want that beast. One who's willing to stomp what's beneath to get what it wants. That girl who pour alcohol on her belly button.
(pause; squeezes her hand)
The guys craved for one last show from the Wild Card. That's the least you can give to them.

They stare a bit longer. Then, Annabelle takes another gulp of the Budweiser without taking her eyes off Dale. She smiles seductively.

ANNABELLE

(seductively)

I'll fetch my best dress.

[BLACKOUT]

At night, the living room is filled with frat crowds in red fraternity jackets here and there. There is a flurry of activities going on this instance. Some breaking into conversations. Some filling up red plastic cups with beers on the refill station in the kitchen. Some dancing to a cheesy 90's one hit wonder song heard in the background. Some already flat out, drunk.

Amidst the crowd, Dale sits on his painting stool, a canvas ahead of him, painting with full focus. Bones, one of Dale's friend, lumbers from behind Dale with two cups of beer on his hands. He watches the painter in action.

BONES

(Scottish accent)

You horny bloke.

Bones hands Dale a cup. Dale sets his brush and palette down to the table. Dale takes the cup.

BONES

If your wife finds out, she'll be absolutely livid about this.

Dale takes a small gulp.

DALE

Relax. You can take this home as a gift if you want.

Dale puts the cup to the table. He picks up the brush and palette, and continues painting.

BONES

The party's there, mate. Why don't you put the brush down and we'll drink some more in the kitchen?

A loud whistling and shouting sound suddenly breaks out from the dining room. Bones turns and sees the frat guys flock into the dining room for the excitement.

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BONES

Just like I said.

Amidst the loud noises, the doorbell rings faintly. Dale hears this, rises from his stool.

DALE

(jauntily)

She's here.

Dale starts going to and fro in a hurry. Then he picks up the canvas from the tripod, and thrust it towards Bones.

DALE

(to the point)

Stuff it in a closet. Dump it. Whatever. I don't want this on sight when she's here.

Bones nods. The doorbell keeps on ringing as Dale rushes towards the door, unlocks it, and then opens the door. Annabelle arrives, scantily clad, drunk, staggering on her way inside. She stumbles, resting into Dale's arms for balance.

DALE

Hold your horses there, Annabelle.

Annabelle presses her finger to his lips.

ANNABELLE

(seductively)

Annabelle is not gonna be in the party. The Wild Card is.

Dale grins.

DALE

(jauntily)

She's back.

(raises his voice)

Guys, the Wild Card's back!

FRAT CROWD

(shouts synchronously)

Wild Card!

The shouts grow into a chorus of Annabelle's moniker being chanted. Annabelle A.K.A. "The Wild Card" leaves a smiling Dale and strut towards the dining room, basking in her glory. Dale follows soon after.

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The living room becomes empty. On the living room's table, Dale's cellphone suddenly begins to ring and shudder. However, the sound is drowned out by the deafening whistling and shouting of the frat crowd.

[BLACKOUT]

The dining room is packed with frat guys circling around the table area, buzzing with excitement. On opposite ends of the table are sets of red plastic cups containing alcohol lined into triangle formations. Dale and Annabelle are standing on those ends, trading stares at each other. A frat guy, Arabian descent, stands in center stage, rolling a ping pong ball along his fingers. The crowd falls into silence.

ARABIAN FRAT GUY

This is something I learned from my lineage in Beirut. A game of the same name as my lineage. But this is America, so it's most famously called "the Beer Pong". A little test of endurance against the lure of alcohol. It's real simple.

The Arabian frat guy stops rolling the ping pong ball, and flashes it in front of the crowd for everyone to see.

ARABIAN FRAT GUY

This here is a ping pong ball. And on opposite ends of the table ...

The Arabian frat guy points both hands on the triangles of cups.

ARABIAN FRAT GUY

*(gestures the rules of the game)
... are the alcohols. All you have to do is throw the ball across and land it into one of the cups. Once you 'make' that's the term, then the opponent will have to take a shot. Same thing vice versa. The one who gets wasted or vomits first loses. I think that should be clear.*

Both Dale and Annabelle nods.

ARABIAN FRAT GUY

Then let's play Beer Pong.

The silence is drowned out with the chorus of loud whistling and shouting breaking out from the frat crowd. The Arabian frat guy hands the ball to Dale first before joining the buzzing frat crowd.

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Dale attempts an intimidating gesture on Annabelle. The crookedly formed smile on her face suggests it doesn't work.

DALE

(trash talks)

For your information, I used to score all the key three pointers for the basketball team. Prepare to get wasted, girl.

The crowd roars, reaching delirium. Dale throws the ball dunk-style across the other end of the table. The ball misses the inside and bounces off the rim of one of the cups. Dale puts his hands in his head in agony. The crowd also puts their hands in their head in agony as well. The crowd then responds in a chorus of boos.

DALE

What? What? It's just one shot. I am just going soft on her for the first round.

Annabelle picks up the ball from the floor. When she's back facing Dale, she smiles crookedly.

ANNABELLE

My turn.

Annabelle fixes her eyes firmly on the triangle of cups. Finding her aim, she throws the ball across the other end. The sound of the ball plopped into the alcohol on the cup is heard. The ball had landed into one of the cups. Dale stands frozen as Annabelle launches herself into celebration. Ecstatically, she turns behind and starts high fiving a section of the crowd behind her.

DALE

Damn luck.

Finished with her celebration, Annabelle turns to face Dale again, rubbing it to his face.

ANNABELLE

Quit complaining and start chugging, Dale.
(starts a chant)

Chug. Chug. Chug. Chug ...

The frat crowd begins to join into the chant. Chug. Chug. Chug. Chug. Dale forms a little forced smile before picking up the ball-filled cup. He takes the ball out of the cup, and like a sport, drinks it until its very last drop. The frat crowd

(CONTINUED)

responds with more uncontrollable whistling and shouting.

Dale shakes the alcohol effect off and regains his composure to counter his female opponent with a throw straight into one of the cups. Now Dale launches himself into celebration. Mimicking Annabelle's high-five routines.

Annabelle takes the setback lightly. She picks up the cup, takes the ball out, and presses it halfway to her lips. Seeing the crowd whistling and shouting growing louder, she raises her cup.

ANNABELLE

(shouts)

To Delta Phi!

The whistling and shouting gets further uncontrollable. Annabelle forms a smile on her face. Like a sport, she drinks her cup to the very last drop. The whistling and shouting gets further deafening. Annabelle squishes the cup to the table with full energy after she finished, sparked up by the raucous sounds of the crowd and the alcohol surging through her veins.

[BLACKOUT]

The night flies by quickly. Dale and Annabelle are still taking in more shots playing "Beer Pong", being resistant to the alcohol effect surging through their veins, trying to throw them off-balance. A psychedelic rock song is heard in the background. A soundtrack of their trance. The frat crowd is still on their feet, whistling and shouting them on.

Moments later, Dale suddenly falls off-balance from the alcohol. Annabelle is staggering around her end, but still on her feet. Standing on his knees, he throws up on the floor.

FRAT CROWD

(disgusted)

Oh!

After the shouts of disgust subside, the frat crowd begins to create a chant to celebrate Annabelle's victory.

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FRAT CROWD

Wild Card! Wild Card! Wild Card!

But, Annabelle is too drunk to celebrate her victory. She drops to the table, the rest of the cups falling off it. She is crawling her way over the table as Dale tries to gather composure from his vomiting.

Dale is slowly up on his feet when Annabelle is already in a touching distance in front of him. She lunges from the table towards him. Wrapping herself around him. Kissing him passionately. Driven by passion, Dale slides her over to the top of the table. They shift closer to each other, continuing the kiss. The crowd can do nothing but whistle and shout, approving what they are seeing now.

When all of a sudden, the frat crowd feels a bustle from someone on their shoulders. They give way to ADELE, Dale's wife, all business wear. Adele is there to see as an affair of two drunkards unfolded.

ADELE

Dale!

Annabelle is suddenly thrown back into consciousness by Adele's voice. She slides away from Dale's arms, shocked at the sight of Adele. Dale turns back and sees Adele amongst the crowd, a witness to his unfaithfulness. He collapses to the table.

D

DALE

I think I've drunken too much.

A sigh comes out of his mouth.

[END OF SCENE]