

Kings  
by  
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Scene 1

D.C.'s apartment the morning after a big college party. D.C. has a nasal voice and deadpan delivery.

D.C.

Last night I played this new game everyone said was awesome. I beg to differ. But there was this hot bitch I wanted to bang so I obviously sucked it up and played anyway. That said, it was a game called Kings. They told e each card has a different thing you have to do when you get it. I got how it worked. 2 is you, where you point to someone you want to drink. 3 is me, so I drink. 4 is floor, so you touch the ground. 5 is guys, 6 is chicks; that's my favorite. I got all these cards and what you should do. But then when we got to the card for categories, which was a queen, they didn't seem to like the categories I chose. They told me categories were like, 'Cars' and you have to name Toyota or Honda and so on. I fucking got it. When I got the queen, I said the first category that popped into my head that would throw 'em for a loop: Belt sizes!

Pause.

They all laughed instead of fucking listing belt sizes. I said, 'What the fuck?' and they said, 'Belt sizes was too easy.' People could just pick any number, so I made a new one: 'Level 300 courses you took in college.' They started laughing again. Fuck that! That game was fucking stupid anyway. I left. And those bitches were ugly when I sobered up anyway. I'm glad I left the party when I did. I probably saved myself some embarrassment... from sleeping with those ugly hoes.

End Scene.