

Nothing....

written by

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INT. POOL TABLE ROOM - DAY

WIDE SHOT BEGINS

Two character hanging out on a day off, having an oddly deep yet pointless conversation.

Character A is already in the room, sitting side the pool table chair, doing his homework with his MacBook.

Character B enters dramatically, walking stiffly and exaggeratedly, mimicking Kendrick Lamar's Super Bowl halftime performance.

A

Why are you walking like that?

B

(stops, looks at A like it's obvious)

Bro... you remember Kendrick at the Super Bowl? That was Gass.

A

(deadpan)

And now you're... auditioning to be his backup dancer?

B

(ignoring him, still in character)
Man had that movement. That rhythm. Like, if I could walk like this all the time? life would hit different if I walked like this.

A

Yeah, you'd probably get kicked out of class for looking possessed.

Character B finally breaks character, flops onto a chair. He start to watch his TikTok (or Insta reel).

B

Alright, hater. Just admit it- Kendrick's the GOAT.

A

Never said he wasn't. Just saying.. not sure your pool game is gonna win me by moving like an NPC glitching out.

B
(mock serious)
I see. I see. A lack of vision.

Character B picking up a ramen pack from someone's. Pause and think for few moment, suddenly ask.

B (CONT'D)
(randomly, while lazily spinning a pool ball)
Yo, real question—what's the superior way to eat noodles? Chopsticks? Fork? Spoon? ..Hands?

A
(offended, horrified)
Spoon?! What are we, cavemen?

B
(casually)
**Cavemen.
 Innovators. Survivors. Legends.**

A
(scoffs)
No way, man. Chopsticks are the correct way. The technique. The tradition. The respect.

B
(nodding slowly)
Right, right. But what if the noodles are extra slippery? And you drop them mid-air? Doesn't that make you less efficient than a fork?

A
Yeah, but if Kendrick was eating noodles, you know he'd use chopsticks. Mad precision. See, that's where you gotta respect the slurp. The slurp is the real MVP. You drop the noodle? You just slurp it back up before gravity wins.

B
(considering)
That's fair. But counterpoint—what if you're in a high-stakes business meeting, suit and tie, and your slurp is too aggressive? You lose credibility instantly.

A
Bro, if the slurp alone can ruin your business deal, you are never winning that negotiation.

B
(nodding, conceding)
True. "Slurp confidence" is key.

Character A still looks his MacBook. Continue studying.
 Character B still looks his phone.

A
Alright, what about the official number of times you gotta knock on a door before entering?

B
(without hesitation)
Three. Any more and you sound paranoid.

A
Nah, two feels just right. Three is like... you're overcompensating.

B
Two is too casual. You just hit 'em with a 'knock-knock' and barge in? Disrespectful. Three gives them a second to prepare.

A
(grinning)
But what if you're delivering bad news? Do you go up to four? Just to soften the blow?

B
If it's bad news? You don't knock at all. You just yell from the hallway and run.

A
(grinning)
Yeah, that tracks.

Character A closes his MacBook. Character B grab his pool cue and prepare to shoot.

Character B absentmindedly chalking a cue.

They begin casually playing, the conversation shifting into the absurd questioning phase again.

B
You wanna break?

A
Nah, you break.

Character B breaks balls. Pool game begins.

They take turns shooting, the silence settling for a moment before Character B randomly speaks up.

B
By the way, why do we have a pool table if none of us are any good at pool?

A
It's about the aesthetic, dude. Makes us look sophisticated and cool Frat house.

B
Right. Because when I think of Harvard, I think of guys missing all their shots.

A
It's not about making the shot. It's about the intention.

B
Yeah, that's what losers say.

A
Okay, Mr. Philosophy. Tell me, why is a pool table blue?

B
(surprised, then smug)
Oh, easy. It's modeled after grass. You know, like the British gentry used to play outdoor billiards.

A
(blinks, sarcastic)
Wow. That's the most useless fact I've ever heard and unless this grass looks green.

B
(lining up a shot)
Still smarter than missing a shot from two feet away.

Character B misses his shot.

B (CONT'D)
Nahhhhhhhh!

A
That's what I want to see.

Character A clap. They both nod in mutual understanding as Character B takes his shot and misses.

A (CONT'D)
So, how was your midterm exam thing?

B
(shocked)
Oh god, I forgot my exam due tonight.

Character B rushing to walk away...

Character A looks B to dumb face.

Character A taking an effortless shot and sinking the ball, standing up triumphantly.

Scene ends with Character A ask about of Character B's midterm exam. Character B conscious and suddenly exit without he never saw he is win or lost.

CUT TO BLACK.