

Flip Cup

July 12, 2019

Prompt: Party Scene Dialogue & Conflict

The brown amber liquid sloshed, in the red solo cup, as Barry quickly downed the contents and slammed it down on the edge of the table.

Quickly now, nice and easy.

He reached under and tipped the cup, up and over. The cup teetered on its' lip and toppled over.

Damn, too fast, always too fast.

Across the table, Clark had already flipped his cup starting the cascading wave with Bruce to his right. Clark was wearing one of those t-shirts with a super hero logo, a red S emblazoned on a field of blue; ironic if, as Barry, you knew his secret.

"Take it easy, not so fast, there, see!" Clark encouraged; as Barry landed his second attempt, his hands a blur.

"Yea, easy, just needed some practice."

Clark winked knowingly, his eyes didn't miss much.

"It's sick you could make it, you're always so busy with school."

"Yea needed to take the edge off, I could use another."

"Let's walk"

"Are you writing anything new?"

"For the newsletter? Not really, same story, Gotham High wins third pennant in a row, the usual"

"I still don't get how no one sees past that disguise, those glasses are obviously fake."

"It's the camera, tell them to smile then blind them with the flash."

"Heh yeah, what about your *other* investigation?"

"Not much to say, everyone I ask is scared"

"Well wouldn't you be? Guy shows up, dressed in black, breaks some bones, vanishes."

"They're all criminals anyways, fuck em, seems like somebodies finally on *our* side."

"But he's not like us, he's not... you know..."

"Awesome? Talented?"

"He could get hurt!"

"And is that your fault?"

"Well yea, we started something! Everyone wishes they were Superman!"

"I doubt he's like everyone else."

"What makes you say that?"

"Why else do you think Bruce invited us to his party?"