

Ping Pong Dialogue vs. Descriptive Dialogue

Ping Pong Dialogue

“Did you see that?” Tony asked excitedly.

“I sure did,” Janet replied quickly.

“I have never seen anything like that before,” Tony firmly said.

Janet responded, “Me either. What do you think we ought to do?”

“The first thing we should do is get our butts out of here!” he yelled.

“I agree with that.”

They took off in the car back toward the town away from the lights they had just seen.

Descriptive Dialogue

“Did you see that?” Tony yelled as he slammed on the brakes of his Mercury. Janet was nearly thrown into the windshield, but Tony’s strong hand against her sleeve held her back. The bright lights from the night sky lit up the car like a neon sign.

“How could I miss it?” she stuttered. Both of them stared out the window toward the hillside. Covered Bridge Road was mostly farmland and hills; it wound like a black ribbon from Prospect to Crestwood. Few cars ever traveled it, especially at night. Now, with bright lights hovering mysteriously over the hill and the car, it was as bright as daylight. Every crook and crevice of the road was illuminated.

Tony pulled Janet across the seat closer to him. She could smell his aftershave and feel the vinyl of his varsity basketball jacket against her bare arms.

“I have never seen anything like that before,” he whispered.

“Me either,” she replied. Her voice was high pitched from fear. “What do you think we ought to do?”

Suddenly Tony grabbed the gearshift next to her leg. “The first thing we are going to do is get our butts out of here!”

Janet agreed. Tony quickly shifted into reverse and the car began to move backwards. Janet could smell the burning rubber of the tires as Tony turned the car around and headed back toward town.