

THE LITTLE DEATH

by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRANDY, 20s, stares blankly up at the popcorn ceiling of her eclectically-adorned bedroom. Her breath hitches occasionally, eyes blink shut, twinge microscopically. Her sheets shift and sway rhythmically, but she remains still. She isn't alone.

TONY, 20s, emerges from beneath her bedsheets and flops onto the pillow beside her. He turns to her with a smile as he wipes his lips with a thumb and forefinger.

TONY

How was that? Did you...?

He smiles expectantly. She gives him a weak grin and a shrug.

TONY (CONT'D)

No?

BRANDY

I mean, I felt a little--

TONY

You don't have to sugar coat it for me. You didn't feel it.

(then)

Tell me what you'd like.

BRANDY

It's alright, really. I'm, uh, I'm good.

TONY

It's my Booty Call Duty to get you off, right? My Call of Booty?

Brandy playfully tosses a pillow at Tony's head.

TONY (CONT'D)

For real though, what can I do for you?

BRANDY

I don't know.

TONY

You don't know? No usual tricks? Tips? What usually 'gets you there'?

BRANDY

I've never... been 'there.'

TONY
You've never... cum?

Brandy shakes her head no.

TONY (CONT'D)
Not even solo?

BRANDY
Solo? No. I've thought of it. A lot, actually. But I, ah.. guess I'm... I'm afraid.

TONY
Of what?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Tight on Brandy's face, eyes closed as she reaches euphoria.

The sound of the door slamming open snaps her from her daze. Brandy jolts up, focus fixed on the door in a panic.

BRANDY
I didn't know you were home!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony nods.

TONY
Alright, that's a fair worry, but--

BRANDY
Not done.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Tight once more on Brandy's face, swathed in a bubble bath, surrounded by candles. A muffled buzzing is heard.

A thunk denotes the off-screen vibrator plunking into the tub, followed by a BBZZZZZZTTTT.

Brandy's eyes fly open. She twitches violently.

We see her leg lay limp and lifeless off the side, dripping with water.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony looks at Brandy with concern.

TONY
Dying.

BRANDY
Or worse.

TONY
Worse?

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Tight on Brandy's face as she grins in contentment, grinding against something unseen.

Her face suddenly tenses, tightens in pain.

Her hand reaches for her phone, brings it to her ear.

BRANDY
9-1-1? Yes, something's lodged in--

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony stares at the ceiling, dumbfounded.

TONY
That's worse than dying.

BRANDY
I'd rather die than live through how embarrassing that hospital visit would be.

The pair lay in silence for a long beat.

TONY
Okay, so, that last time, I was writing my name with my tongue. Should I have done your name?

BRANDY
It's not, dude, it's--

TONY
You do have a longer name...

BRANDY
Really, it's fine--

TONY

I could do your middle name too,
and all your last names...

Brandy takes a moment. Ponders.

BRANDY

We could, uh... maybe we could try
my name.

TONY

Full name?

BRANDY

Full... full name.

TONY

That'd be killer.

Brandy whacks Tony on the arm.

BRANDY

Hey. Too soon.

Tony and Brandy share a cheeky smile as he disappears back
under the covers.

END