

Fifty Shades of Impact

By

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A TV illuminates beer bottles on the floor. An old movie plays on screen. A romantic 40s couple - squeaky clean.

A man GROANS from a nearby bed. His hand fumbles at the night table; past a copy of Fifty Shades of Gray. He grabs a black handkerchief, and a shiny pair of cuffs.

Another GROAN. This one's female. CASSANDRA (20s) writhes under GABE (30s). Both are scruffy and tattooed. Gabe pauses to tie the handkerchief in a knot.

CASSANDRA

What are you doing? Don't stop!

GABE

Gonna make this interesting.

He positions the silk over her eyes.

GABE

Pretend you're Anastasia, and I'm Grey.

Gabe locks her left wrist to the headboard, and reaches around for her right. The TV signal melts into static. Cassandra lifts the blindfold and peeks at the screen.

CASSANDRA

Damn it. I like that movie!

GABE

Fuck TV. You're supposed to focus on *me*.

CASSANDRA

But I *like* Casablanca. Rick's sweet.

GABE

You're gonna like this way better.

Gabe runs a feather down her stomach. Further. She GIGGLES - then stares at a REPORTER on the TV screen.

REPORTER

We've just received word. Impact's in two minutes. An earthquake will follow...

Gabe's not listening. He pulls a candle and nipple clamps out of a drawer. Puffs on a cigarette, sets the wick ablaze.

CASSANDRA

Gabe, did you hear what he said?

GABE

Come on. That's just the press - being sensationalist bullshit pricks.

He drips hot wax onto her breast. She wriggles.

CASSANDRA

Ow. That burns!

GABE

But then it's gonna feel *so* good.

He nibbles her neck, then pinches open a clip and heads for a breast. Cassandra kicks him away. Gabe grabs an oversized dildo from the drawer.

CASSANDRA

Don't even think of using that. I don't wanna walk sideways for a week.

GABE

What good is reading that stuff, if you're not gonna experiment?

CASSANDRA

I don't wanna leave a mark. Is that so hard to understand?

Gabe opens his mouth to object. The TV SQUAWKS, displays panic in the streets. The reporter runs for cover. Horrifying images follow... Suddenly, the room shakes. The TV screen CRACKS down the center. Dies.

CASSANDRA

I think the Earth moved.

GABE

Yeah, but it wasn't me.

They stare at each other, the truth sinking in.

CASSANDRA

...two minutes?

GABE

That's what he said.

Cassandra SLAPS the clamps into Gabe's hand. Grabs the dildo for herself.

CASSANDRA

Okay, then. Let's make this count. Gabe, roll over. This time, we're doing things *my* way.