

TALKING TO THE HAND

By

Brandon Bushman

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARTY, 28, turns and twist in his bed, he can't fall asleep. Marty pops up, lets out a big sigh and looks at his bed side table.

Marty slides open the top drawer, inside is a crusty black sock, a large bottle of Jerkin's lotion, and an adult magazine titled Brown Baggers.

Marty pulls out all of his supplies, he sets the sock to his right and the lotion to his left side.

Next Marty gently opens up his issue of Brown Baggers.

MARTY

Hello ladies, fancy seeing you here. Oh yes, you will do just fine.

Marty sets the magazine below his lap, then he moves his LEFT HAND to the bottle of lotion. Marty places his left hand under the spout, suddenly the hand goes limp.

MARTY

What the shit?

Marty bangs his left hand against his bed, but still his hand is not responding.

MARTY

Come on, what the hell! I just want spank off and go to bed.

Without warning Marty's left hand comes to life, male voice.

LEFT HAND

You would like that wouldn't you, if I just did whatever you wanted! That would be so wonderful.

MARTY

Oh my God, my hand! What's going on?

LEFT HAND

I really don't think you should be bring up God right now, considering the fact you were just about to yank your crank.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

Okay, um... are you possessed or something?

LEFT HAND

Possessed! The only thing here that's possessed is that dirty mind of yours.

MARTY

What are you talking about?

LEFT HAND

Oh come on now, are you really going to play stupid with me. I know that you have been beating yourself off at least nine times this week. Hell on Saturday I was working over time!

MARTY

Ah, alright do you want me to say I'm sorry? Would that make you feel better?

LEFT HAND

Oh yes, please give some lame ass apology. That would make up for all those years of abuse and mistreatment!

MARTY

Mistreatment, now your just being a little bit over dramatic!

LEFT HAND

One hour, ten minutes and forty two seconds, how's that for over dramatic!

MARTY

One hour, ten minutes and forty two seconds... what the hell does that mean?

LEFT HAND

That's how long it took you to blow your load last night, you selfish pig!

MARTY

I didn't take that long. Your making that up.

(CONTINUED)

LEFT HAND

Oh really, you just think I made that number up out of the blue. Every time you jerk your captain Kirk, I count how long you last. I would like to use my fingers to help me count, but they are too busy pleasuring your meat stick. Hey I got a question for you, how the hell do you still have skin on that thing, sailor ?!?

MARTY

Whoa, whoa hey, listen I'm not going to take that long. I got a big day of work tomorrow, so I was going to make it quick, then go to sleep.

LEFT HAND

Oh your going to make it quick that is very nice of you, I should really be thankful.

MARTY (V.O.)

Man I can't believe my hand is acting like this, I just want to rub one out. What a shit head!

LEFT HAND

By the way, I can hear everything your thinking, dumb ass!

MARTY

Damn it! Alright fine, I'm sorry. I really truly mean it. I promise I will never abuse you again. Now that we have had this talk I see your side and it has enlightened me.

LEFT HAND

Really, you mean that.

MARTY

Yes, I do.

LEFT HAND

Well if you really honestly mean it then...

Marty's left hand slowly moves towards the lotion, Marty starts to smile, unexpectedly the left hand stops.

(CONTINUED)

LEFT HAND
SIKE!!!

The left hand goes limp again and lays on the bed.

MARTY
Son of a bitch!

Marty begins to think he should just give up, but he gets an idea. Marty looks over at his RIGHT HAND, female voice.

MARTY
And how are you doing?

RIGHT HAND
Better now Marty, now I'm going to
give it to you real good.

All of a sudden Marty's left hand jumps up and get's into the conversation.

LEFT HAND
You dirty bastard!

CUT TO BLACK.