

# GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY

By  
Bryan Mora

[Bmbigwolf513@yahoo.com](mailto:Bmbigwolf513@yahoo.com)

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a darkened bedroom are quiet moans of pleasure.

A WOMAN, in her early fifties, emerges out of the halls, her pink platinum wig tied in a bun. She's dressed to kill, black satin all over.

Her long silken legs trail to metal platform shoes, CLANKING against the floor as she struts toward A SHIRTLESS MALE FIGURE(mid 30's), trussed to the bed, on his knees. He's bound to the headboard by pink furry hand cuffs.

She moves in, with a bottle of tequila in one hand, and a leather strap whip in the other. She releases her hair. Her curls descending near her breasts.

WOMAN

Who says older women can't have fun.

She bends herself to his level, pouring tequila onto his neckline. Then trails her tongue along down, across his back. The male smiles in ecstasy. She picks herself up.

WOMAN

Needs salt. What do you think Frank?

FRANK

(feebly)

It's cold... Mistress Molly.

MOLLY

Your heart racing?

FRANK

Yes.

MOLLY

I can hear it.

FRANK

Don't let it stop.

Mistress Molly CRACKS her whip against his back, watches as droplets of tequila recoil off. His voice STRAINS in ache, a pleasurable MOAN.

FRANK

Oh, god.

MOLLY

That help any?

FRANK

(faux aggressive)

Don't do it again.

She does. CRACK! He winces, a sinister smile appearing over his face.

MOLLY

Would you like another?

FRANK

Yes, please.

She lowers herself, grabbing at his hair, pulling hard.

MOLLY

Too bad! It's not about what you want!...  
You disgusting pig!

FRANK

(a mere child)

Yes Mistress Molly.

MOLLY

No, not just "yes mistress molly"... No  
one likes a suck up Frank. You  
always follow Mommy's orders?

Only whimpering is heard from Frank.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You must have had some sick fuckin  
child hood, you know that right.

FRANK

Don't talk about my mother.

She drops her bottle, backhands Frank from behind.

MOLLY

I'll talk about whoever I want. Mommy didn't love you, you know it. And I won't either. You're bad. You're so so bad.

FRANK

I'm so so bad. Please, just punish me. Stop me please, before I do it again. Please.

Molly goes for the dresser. On it rests a wedding ring, she picks it up.

MOLLY

You're my sultan, and I'm your queen.

Frank grimaces, restlessly pending another hit. But it doesn't come, Molly just circles around.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

No you're right. That's too good. I'm your bitch, that sweet cunt you'll hardly taste while you're out fucking your wife. That blonde bimbo of a woman.

FRANK

Stop it.

MOLLY

No.

FRANK

Stop it!

MOLLY

No!

She slams her hand on his sweaty back.

FRANK

Oh yes.

MOLLY

You like that?

Molly lowers to him, her breasts at eye level. Franks eyes gaze to a metallic button, holding together her sheer ensemble.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I don't really want to be a tease, but could you undo my button please?

Frank's tongue swaggers out. Pathetically tries.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh wait you can't.

His smile fades. Molly flings the ring to the side, and pulls a coin from her brassiere.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm a good mommy, which is why I'm here. To see that my new baby boy has a good time. So lets see, heads, we'll go back to the whip. Tails...I'll do so many different types of nasty to your body. That sound like a plan?...Great.

She flips it, watches it soar in the air. It lands... on heads.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

*Damn it.* Well, not the most original but... we have later to get to my many nasties.

(whispers in his ear)

I'll be getting your head and legs in the same direction. Forty five, locked and loaded baby.

Frank squeals in delight. Before Molly cracks the whip. CRACK! CRACK! CLOSE on Franks face. CRACK! He's sweaty, breathing heavily; on the verge of ecstasy. He whimpers:

FRANK

God Miss Molly.

MOLLY

What?!

FRANK

*Oh Miss Molly!*

MOLLY  
I can't hear you!

FRANK  
Yes Miss Molly!

MOLLY  
Again!

FRANK  
(cathartic)  
GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY!!

MOLLY  
Stop, you're making me blush.

HOURS LATER:

Frank's sitting in bed, un-cuffed, pulling on his shirt and wedding ring. He fixes his collar. Molly sits by him. Without the dominant attitude, taking off her wig, revealing a head of blonde hair.

FRANK  
You were kind of cheeky today.

MOLLY  
Ya think? I added some new material.

FRANK  
I liked it.

MOLLY  
Great... but I wanted to ask, because I worry. Since this is just another spice to our marriage. When do you think we can have normal sex? Without the games and hitting.

(off his silence)  
You think you might want to try that?

FRANK  
Nah.

FADE OUT.