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 you’re 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.
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 gets into the conversation.

LEFT HAND
You dirty bastard!

CUT TO BLACK.