

PUSSY LOCKDOWN

Written by

Genevieve Gorman Deane

03/12/2020

"The best place to live is Nowhere.

Nowhere.

*It's only in Nowhere that you can be in the moment; in Nowhere
time has no objects nor movement to mark itself against.*

*Perhaps Nowhere is a fugue state, a state of primeval being, the flow state you
enter when you focus for so long your body doesn't exist and you're just
pure kneading or pedalling or fucking.*

*The worst place to live is Australia.
Or maybe that's taking it too far"*

- Elena Savage, Blueberries.

genevieve.gd.film@gmail.com
0466 517 620

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning sun dapples through a tiny stained window into a cozy attic bedroom. The air is brisk outside, trees dancing all slow and ballroom.

Inside, GIGI (30s, they/them) is twisted in warm sheets - hairs erect to the cool bite of winter on narrow bits of skin exposed. Their plump nipples graze against coarse linen. A bunny (sex toy) plays between the meeting of their thighs.

Gigi's eyes study an elder Eucalyptus tree swaying outside their window. Their head swings side-to-side with the flow of the breeze.

We become calmer and calmer as Gigi's head continues to rock subtly, from left to right to left, until -

A phone on the bed-side table BUZZES once. Gigi types a password into the phone and begins reading an unopened message:

DEAR GIGI,

YOU HAVE BEEN IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH A SUSPECTED COVID-19 CASE.

YOU ARE REQUIRED, BY LAW, TO ISOLATE IMMEDIATELY FOR 14 DAYS.

INCIDENT OCCURRED AT: THE SLIPPERY NIPPLE (16/10/2020)

NSW DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH WILL BE IN CONTACT WITH YOU.

(ETC).

GIGI
(whispering)
Fuck.

Gigi's fingers begin to pressing around the phone in a confused panic.

They click to call an unsaved number dialed a few days ago.

The phone keeps ringing and ringing, until,

SORAYA
Hello?

GIGI
Soraya.

The breeze is rubbing leaves together outside. Air is quietly whispering in through the window.

Over the phone a pipe of wind circulates between both lips. You can hear the wetness in Soraya's mouth shift as she begins to speak.

SORAYA
(whisper)
Gigi.

During the entire call we stay in Gigi's bedroom:

Their exchange is calm and slow. Plump, tranquil lips almost miming back and forth at each other. Finally -

SORAYA (CONT'D)
It's so nice to hear from you.

GIGI
Yeah. You too.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Did you just get a text?

SORAYA
Yeah.
I was about to call -

GIGI
- Where are you?

SORAYA
I dunno I just didn't think it'd
play out like this.

Soraya's mind is stuck somewhere.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
I just feel like I should have
taken you home that night or
something.

GIGI
Soraya, where are you?

SORAYA
My family's.

GIGI
Are they around?

SORAYA
They get back tonight. I haven't
seen them yet. Well, since we met,
I mean... like...

Gigi's long fingers massage their neck.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

I'm nervous, Gigi. What if we can't
ever get that drink -

Gigi cuts Soraya off mid sentence.

GIGI

- Yeah. Me too.

The moment evolves into a long un nourished silence. Time crawls along without words. Gigi digs into deprived lips and begins looking a little concerned.

The sound of rustling trees overtake and numb the remaining conversation.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The door swings wide open to SORAYA (20s, she/her). She's holding a backpack, a litre of cheap red, celery, and a motorbike helmet. Her hair is throttling in an exceptional storm. The rain is violent. The wind, Rock 'n' Roll.

Gigi's front living-room is dark except thin beams of sunlight bouncing from wooden table to wooden pot-plants to wooden floor like lasers.

Gigi and Soraya stand chest to chest. A speechless hello. Eyes slowly widening. An escalating toothless grin.

Then all too soon it becomes rushed.

GIGI

Come in come in come in. It's cold -

SORAYA

- Yeah I fuckin' know.

The two of them drop everything and bolt inside. Door slams shut on us. You can hear them BRR-ing and SCREAM-ing and short-sharp SHRILL-ing to warm-the-fuck-up. FUCK!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Gigi and Soraya inhabit the floorboards on either side of an open oven. The sound of the grill ON vibrates between them and keeps it sleepy. They're using the grill like a campfire and sipping on warm glasses of mulled red wine.

Their hands reach into the only heat of the room.

Their hands are begging to touch.

A pot is boiling above them. Finally -

GIGI

I hope this is nice for you.

Soraya smiles.

SORAYA

- Warm.
- Cozy.
- Good company.
Yeah, it's nice. For sure.

GIGI

Cool.

Gigi finishes the dregs of their glass.

Between fatigued chatter they continue to listen to the sounds of the grill buzzing. Their fingers bounce and connect, middle to pinky, pinky to thumb. Etcetera.

GIGI (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Why does my body feel so...

They both slowly walk their eyes from the oven to each other to the oven, back and forth. Eyes stroking the goosebumps off skin. Eyes tingling hairs below underwear.

SORAYA

(whispering)

...light with you.

GIGI

It's like -

Soraya burns her hand.

SORAYA

- Ow.

GIGI

Oh, you good?

SORAYA

Yeah for sure.

Soraya sucks on her burned flesh. Gigi's body relaxes further into the ground. Until -

The pot starts over-boiling and spilling onto their flesh.

GIGI
Ah shit-fuck! Shit.

Gigi flies up to save the pot.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The rain has stopped. A beam of white sunlight splits through dark clouds. Droplets melt from the window and drip - drip - drip into succulents chirping on a drowned window-sill.

Gigi and Soraya plonk on opposite ends of a small coffee table which hits the top of their knees. Sunset pinks form in a timeless sky.

Oozy fried eggs and untamed tomato. Mulled wine splatted over the table. The two seem now somewhat tipsy.

They chat between crowded, untamed mouthfuls and slurpy sips of black tea. Soraya is wearing a borrowed robe. Gigi, a thermal underneath a long tee-shirt dress.

GIGI
I'm sorry but this is fucking good.

SORAYA
(repeats)
Fucking good.

Food falling everywhere. Gigi begins pointing at different ingredients.

GIGI
- Garlic
- Tumeric.

SORAYA
Amazing.

GIGI
- Salt.

SORAYA
Yep.

GIGI
- Sage.

SORAYA
Truly.

Veggies spilling.

A violent chomp! Soraya's teeth POP one of the yolks. Egg exploding hard on her neck, yolk dripping. Liquid combining with the salts oozing from her cleavage to make another meal.

Gigi throws their meal down and jumps up immediately toward the sink. But Soraya catches a glimpse of Gigi's pussy hair and lips as they fly upward. No underwear.

Soraya is gawking, Gigi doesn't notice a thing.

Gigi returns with a warm wet sponge and begins wiping all the yolky bits from Soraya's neck. Soraya begins smiling under her breath, cannot believe what she just witnessed.

GIGI

What?

Soraya keeps to herself. Relishing.

Gigi's breasts are face-on with Soraya's salivating mouth.

GIGI (CONT'D)

I've got egg on my face don't I?

Coincidentally, they do.

SORAYA

Mhm.

Gigi awkwardly tries reaching underneath a section of Soraya's robe to dab the rest of the yolk.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Do you need me to...?

Gigi stops what their doing and glimpses down to Soraya.

GIGI

All good.

Gigi proceeds. Each dab sends a cold electric jab to Soraya's pelvis. Soraya's stomach twitches.

GIGI (CONT'D)

You okay?

Soraya nods. Exhales.

SORAYA

Yep.

Gigi nods back at her. They've stopped sponging and are now walking toward the sink with finished plates.

Gigi begins cleaning up. "Ouch"-ing and "Ah"-ing to the back and forward of boiling to freezing to boiling tap water.

Soraya watches Gigi sway heel to toe, up and down as they scrub. Their shirt rises and droops accordingly, hiding then revealing Gigi's lips and pubes singing between their round, smooth arse. Up and down and up and down, Gigi agonisingly hides and reveals.

Soraya is speechless. She crosses her legs. The floorboards creek below.

Gigi's head quickly jumps back to Soraya... and stays there.

Soraya spots a big blob of pesto in a little condiment bowl. She reaches, slowly fingering it up with her trembling hands. Gigi turns their body around to watch every movement, now. Their eyes are locked on each other.

Soraya slowly brings the pesto up into her mouth. Her palette explodes with salt. Gigi uses their body to spring up onto the kitchen bench while they continue to stare.

She pushes her forefinger and lodges it deep in her throat...

...Then slowly pulls it out.

Eyes stuck on each other. Soraya fingers for more pesto.

Gigi is still. Their breath is slow and shaky.

Soraya lowers one side of the robe and exposes her shoulder bare. She begins gorgeously lathering her skin with streaks of pesto. Gigi salivates. Stuck to the cabinet and too far away for a taste.

Gigi puts their finger into a pool forming inside their mouth. Drowning in wetness.

Soraya reaches for more pesto. Gigi moans under their breath.

PRE-LAP: We slowly hear the spray of a shower louden.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY.

To the sounds of a shower BLASTING.

*[*The next two scenes mirror each other, where the frames are identical but replace Gigi with, later, Soraya]:*

1. *We sit on a wide of Gigi sitting on the couch alone, fully clothed. Gigi listens to Soraya slightly humming here and there to Mozart's *Requiem in D Minor*.

A door ajar. Devious eyes. Gigi slowly detects Soraya's naked body behind the droplets and fog of a translucent shower curtain.

Zoom in, like fast sucking: Our body evacuates the living room and falls straight into the depths of the cloudy shower curtain housing Soraya's fuzzy silhouette.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Shifting curves, dimples, pubic hair. Each movement is a dance, claiming itself organically in the space of window-light and spraying water and white tile. Droplets taste like air as we float in the ecstasies of celestial nowhere; as we marinate ourselves into Soraya's body, like in a dream.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Out of nowhere, Soraya brings her hand to the curtain and wipes the fog away. Her eyes fall straight onto Gigi, who's starring right back her.

Soraya bites her lip, then smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The shower stays consistently on.

[*Identical frame]:

2.*A wide of a wet Soraya sitting on the couch alone in a mini towel, oiling her body. You can hear Gigi BELTING the same *Requiem in D Minor* into the shower-head next door.

Soraya melts into the couch. Her freshly lathered pussy begins to ooze. She reaches for more oil.

PRE-LAP: *Requiem in D Minor*

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We watch Soraya and Gigi in birds eye blasting *Requiem in D Minor* on a wobbly record. Gigi is blowing air slowly into a camping mattress. Their eyes gaze up to Soraya, who's blowing up an identical camping pillow which is from the same box.

They go back and forth, taking turns for when they blow. Careful not to - oop - blow at the - oop - same time.

Their focus is intense, eyes preying on each other's eyes gorgeously.

Bodies so far away - yearning closer at every blow. Sharp pulses jab into knotting stomachs.

Though everything feels slowed down.

The record ends. They're blowing whispers above a calm and quiet scratching of finished vinyl, now. Each of their breaths escape their core deeply as if in meditation. Gigi's pussy becomes warm. They can see Soraya's nipples swell through her tee.

Mouths are quietly salivating and everything continues to slow down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Soraya is tucking herself away under confused sheets of the air mattress.

Gigi is climbing up a ladder into their attic bedroom.

SORAYA

Wait.

Gigi stops climbing.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

I've taken all your blankets.

GIGI

It's all good.

SORAYA

You're not gonna be too cold?

Gigi smiles.

GIGI

Maybe I will be.

SORAYA

Take one.

Gigi continues up the stairs.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Or...just... Come down later in the night? If you need one then?

Gigi stops again. Takes a moment to think.

GIGI

Sure.

Gigi slowly eyes over to the small entrance of their bedroom. Eyes then flick back to Soraya.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Though, you might get cold down there, too.

Soraya struggles to inhale.

Gigi climbs up the ladder and crawls through a small opening into their bedroom.

Soraya lays close to the cold floor. The full moon whispers through the window like ice and makes the living room a dark blue.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Greyish dusk and graining thoughts. Soraya is shivering under blankets alone. We watch her from bird's eye. She cannot cease starrng at that little attic hole.

There's a stark difference in tone: Downstairs is grey and cold while the small entrance hole bleeds 70's oranges and browns, pinks and warm yellows.

Eventually, Soraya hears Gigi getting up from their bed. Dim fairy-lights turn on through the hole and Gigi walks on quiet eggshell steps, pattering about softly upstairs. The sound of a lighter sparks, here and there.

The little hole pulls Soraya in like a magnet. Her nipples are erect toward the light...

...She slowly climbs up each step...

...Eventually crawling into Gigi's room on her shaking knees. It's everything gorgeous and cozy up here. The smell of melting candles.

Soraya turns her head left toward the bed - nothing.

Then, looks to a Grande Single lounge chair at the right of the room -

Where Gigi sits...

...Wearing nothing but 2 nipple clamps chained together and a pair of long black gloves. They're sitting cross-legged to mask their throbbing pussy.

GIGI

Finally.

Soraya bites onto her bottom lip, hard. Gigi glides slowly toward Soraya on her knees, drawing their motions out slowly, walking with fluid ease as they slip off two long gloves.

Gigi pulls Soraya's frame upward with the single lift of fore-fingers to a chin. Soraya's now standing on both feet.

Nose to nose, breast to breast. Gigi's lips skim Soraya's lips. They breathe in and out together, back and forth calmly as if sharing one airway. Eyes gaping slightly open as if stoned. Fingers circling areola's, sliding up and down each other's bodies like the incoming storm.

Soraya's lip's bleeding, now. She can't keep her eyes off Gigi's vacant neck. She doesn't notice Gigi tie the gloves around her wrists until it's too late.

GIGI (CONT'D)

(whispering)

This ok?

Soraya nods and her muscles droop, her pussy tingling like the stars. Gigi yanks and twists the gloves hard around Soraya's wrists.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Good.

Gigi guides Soraya to the bed and pushes her onto all fours. Her body is clothed with -

SORAYA

- Rip them off.

Gigi pauses to consider what to yank off first.

Gigi guides Soraya's big tee-shirt from her navel to up over her head, twisting the shirt inside-out to blindfold Soraya and lock in her head to pull gorgeously back. Neck bent, a face toward the ceiling.

Soraya moans: Gigi's right hand is holding Soraya's wrists behind her back with the gloves. Their left is holding the tee-shirt.

GIGI
Is this still oka -

Soraya moans loudly through the cotton.

SORAYA
- MORE.

Gigi's got no hands left so must pull Soraya's thong off with their teeth. Soraya continues to moan at each slip and movement.

GIGI
Hey.

SORAYA
Yeah?

Gigi gently let's Soraya's head rest to the bed to let go of the tee-shirt. The tee-shirt loosens and we can now see bits of Soraya's eyes, lips and nose seeping through the material holes.

GIGI
So I'm pretty comfy with my sexual health.

SORAYA
Mmm...yeah?

Soraya moans. Gigi's fingers are lightly massaging Soraya's pussy.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Mmmm me too. I checked two weeks ago.

Gigi's mouth dives into Soraya.

From the back, Soraya jolts when Gigi tastes her pussy for the first time. They slide their tongue from Soraya's clitoris to the end of her arse-hole, and Soraya's wetness tastes uniquely sweet. Gigi sucks onto Soraya hard, begging to drink her pussy dry with yearning lips.

GIGI
Good.

Gigi fully lets go of the glove-cuffs, now. They begin circling Soraya's clit and pressing their tongue hard onto Soraya's oozing pussy opening.

Gigi moves their other hand from crumbled sheets up to Soraya's trembling thigh. Their hand finally reaches her right arse-cheek and squeezes shaking fat and flesh. Gigi walks their middle two fingers right into Soraya's -

SORAYA
- Wait wait wait. Gigi.

Gigi stops.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
I have my cup in.

GIGI
Oh.

Gigi pulls back.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Yeah no worries.

Soraya begins to stroke her own pussy with her middle finger...

SORAYA
But... how about...?

...then glides it toward her anal opening.

Gigi beams with enthusiasm. Nods like a puppy.

Gigi begins lubricating Soraya's arse-hole hard with their slipping tongue, instead. Soraya moans hard.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Mmmm....Exactly.

Gigi is still circling Soraya's clit with drippy fingers.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
I want your fingers in there.

Gigi's face pulls back and takes a wider look from behind. They begin biting their lip, panting harder and deeper.

Their middle fingers slowly drags up to Soraya's gaping hole, replacing Soraya's middle finger with their own.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Please. In there.

Gigi drowns in pleasure. Their right finger massages Soraya's throbbing anal opening.

GIGI
(whispering)
Sorry, I can't hear? -

SORAYA
(begging, louder)
- Please!

A little bottle of lube comes out of nowhere. Gigi starts squirting all over Soraya. The lube is dripping over fingers and holes, from Soraya's spine down to her trembling thighs.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Yes.

Gigi is slow but strong, inserting their finger deep inside of Soraya's opening arse-hole.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Mmmm...YES!!

Gigi's finger slowly pumps in and out and in and out and eventually deep. Meanwhile Soraya's pussy is sucking in and out, begging for attention.

GIGI
(whispering)
Soraya.

SORAYA
Yes?!!

Soraya closes her eyes and moans.

GIGI
(whispering)
Let's get messy.

SORAYA
(begging)
Ok. Anything.

Gigi kisses Soraya's pussy with their mouth, now.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Okay. Take it out.

Gigi begins passionately sucking Soraya's pussy lips, their finger still in her arse.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Pull on it.

Gigi hides a smile. Their tongue slides into her slippery opening and begins breathing hard from their lungs onto Soraya's tingling pubes. Soraya wails at the feeling of breathing and lube pressing deeply inside of her.

Gigi's teeth finally reach deep enough to grab the end of Soraya's menstrual cup. Their head slowly pulls back...

...POP! They cup blasts. Blood explodes all over Gigi's chest and tits.

Soraya gasps and turns around. Gigi pulls away and their jaw drops to the ground in shock.

They face each other like opposites of a mirror, staring at eye level. Speechless.

We watch their fast breathing get deeper and shift through to the nostrils. Each body listening to the other, attempting to realign the harmony of the way they once took breath together.

Then they fucking kiss! Hard. Lips smashing together. Mouths dribbling. A saliva cocktail which falls down onto bare stomachs and arms twisting around each other's body's like a vortex.

Soraya throws Gigi to the head of the bed - erect nipples to the stars. She grabs both of Gigi's arse cheeks, first. Then slowly shifts her hand up to their knee, pushing it forward toward their elbow. Soraya slowly moves on top of Gigi and kisses their neck. She nibbles at Gigi's trembling ear lobes and Gigi's oozing pussy begins to marinate in their own newly pulsating wetness.

Soraya begins moving down Gigi's body - from tits, to naval, then starts sucking hard onto their clit.

Gigi moans!

GIGI

(commanding)

Touch yourself.

Soraya gazes upward as her dripping mouth continues to suck, eyes smiling.

SORAYA
 (submissive)
 Yes Gigi.

Soraya begins simultaneously circling her masterfully plump clitoris.

They're both moaning hard at each other, uncontrollably. It feels too good, Soraya can't control her body and almost sucks on Gigi too hard.

Gigi guides Soraya's head with their hands, trying to spin her around. Soraya listens to Gigi and suddenly they're doing the exact same thing but now in 69.

Gigi's free hands fill themselves with mounds of lube and begin fucking Soraya's pussy hard and deep. More lube spills over Soraya. Wet fingers slipping and pumping into parts Gigi has never felt before.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
 Yes! Yes.

Gigi fucks deeper. Soraya's mouth falls off Gigi's pussy.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna...

Soraya loses control of her body. A jug of saliva slips out of her mouth and straight onto Gigi's pussy and arse.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
 CUM.

Gigi laughs. It's all too yummy.

Soraya screams. It sounds like she's about to cry. Gigi's nostrils flair and their pussy throbs.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
 Go deeper! -

GIGI
 - Ok.

While still in her pussy, Gigi's other finger enters into the opening of Soraya's arse. Gigi's fingers don't move once inside.

SORAYA
 Yes!!

Gigi sits up to fill Soraya deeper.

Soraya begins to wail like a choir. Her holes are slippery and full. Her orgasm shifts around her body like brain fluid.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
(orgasm)
Yes. Yes.

Soraya's skin shivers off her body and melts into the bedsheets. Her hair dances with liquefying organs to an orchestra of rattling bones.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
(final orgasmic scream)
YES!!!!!!

Her body explodes into billions of pollen specs now floating around the room.

Floating pollen specs transform into planets and stars.

Planets and stars - floating electric worm static - a grainy ISO - millions of nowhere's we can almost taste...

...Drifting in space...

... electric worm currents pulling away from your eyes...

...pollen pulling backward into the abyss, faster and faster...

...our gaze moving backward, separating further and further away from the infinite pollen...

...pulling backward from the galaxy...

...until we fall back into darkness...

...fall back into the sheets...

... and open our eyes...

...to look up and Gigi, who's starring downward, right back at us.

Soraya's panting slow and deep in Gigi's cross-legged lap. Gigi's concealing their wild smile, stroking their fingers across Soraya's tingling chest.

A moment together in silence as Soraya comes back into reality.

Meanwhile, Gigi takes note of their surroundings: Candles spitting oil with light that illuminates the floating dust circling around the room.

Outside their window, the world emerges at an orange dawn. Trees still dancing ballroom. Bats escaping trees. Birds diving back into them. A new day.

Gigi marinates in a world of gorgeous details. Until -

SORAYA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry I didn't. Umm...

GIGI
Good morning.

Gigi and Soraya are stroking each other in different places with their softish-light finger pads.

GIGI (CONT'D)
What are you possibly apologising for?

Gigi's cheesing. Their eyes are hooked on the gorgeous figure they've just made love to.

SORAYA
I just wish we did that together.

GIGI
We can. There's always other times.

Soraya exhales heavy tension.

SORAYA
Yeah? Ok. Good.

Gigi nods. Biting onto their bottom lip for the millionth time.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
When?

Gigi's shoulder's jump up and down.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Now?

GIGI
Yeah?

SORAYA
You have any toys?

Gigi smiles and nods.

They reach over to a small box under their bed which is filled to the brim with sex toys. Gigi hands over the box.

GIGI

Pick.

Soraya begins sorting through them all. Her eyes light up.

SORAYA

Which one is your favou -

GIGI

- All of them.

Gigi's playful sternness turns Soraya on.

SORAYA

Ok. Then.

Soraya grabs a piece of fabric hanging from Gigi's bed-side table and slowly places it over Gigi's eyes.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Can I do this?

Gigi accepts the blindfold.

GIGI

Of course.

SORAYA

Good.

Gigi I'm going to fuck you now.

GIGI

With which one?

SORAYA

These three.

GIGI

Which three? Together?

SORAYA

Together.

Gigi whimpers.

GIGI

Ok.

For the rest of the story, the frame stays locked on Gigi in a tight MCU. They're lying on their back, facing upward to Soraya.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Wait wait wait. Lemme watch.

SORAYA
Not yet. Not yet.

Soraya begins crossing the frame with dildo's and vibrator's and hands. Setting up all the things she's about to fuck Gigi with.

Soraya finally sets everything up...

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Ok. We're ready.

She rips the blindfold off. We see Gigi's tears have formed in their ducts. They're overjoyed.

GIGI
That tickles!

Laughing.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Slowly slowly slowly slowly slowly.

SORAYA
Ok Slowly. slowly slowly slowly slowly.

We watch Gigi gasp and laugh then gasp over and over as:

- Soraya ties a waist-belt around Gigi's wrists. Their wrists are locked behind their head. Gigi tries yanking, yet they cannot possibly come undone.
- Soraya brings a strap-on into the frame. Soraya puts the tip of the cock into Gigi's wet, moaning mouth.
- A squirt of lube enters the frame and lands onto the cock and Gigi mouth. Gigi smiles.
- The dildo moves away. All of a sudden Gigi is being fucked, hard. Gigi's head and body bounce up and down in the frame. Soraya jumps in and out of the frame as she thrusts.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Ok. Ok.

Soraya fucks deeper.

SORAYA (CONT'D)
Use this.

- Soraya places a lubed-up clitoris vibrating toy onto Gigi's neck, just inside the frame. Soraya is panting hard.

GIGI

I can't!

SORAYA

Oh fuck. Right. Your hands.

Gigi smirks. Bulbs of sweat dripping from their forehead and underarms. Soraya's head still bouncing in and out of the frame.

SORAYA (CONT'D)

Ok.

- Soraya's hand moves up into the frame. She's trying to turn the vibrator on.

BUZZ.

Soraya rips the clit vibrator out of the frame. We assume she's placing it straight onto Gigi's clit.

GIGI

Uuggggghh....

Gigi is drooling. Their skull is buzzing between bone and flesh. Their teeth quivering.

GIGI (CONT'D)

Mmmmmmm...!

We watch as they shift into a deep and wet climax.

GIGI (CONT'D)

(climaxing)

Yesss.....YES!!!!!!!

Gigi's eyes squint closed. Their moans and screams wake up the world into a new day.

On Gigi's final orgasmic **CRY:**

CUT TO BLACK.