

THE FIRST/LAST KISS

Written by
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MR. PEANUT

It's okay. It's my first time, too.

They close their eyes and kiss; it's the smallest, most innocent of teenaged kisses. After a long beat, they break their embrace and CHUCKLE, embarrassed by their inexperience.

MR. PEANUT (CONT'D)

That was nice, wasn't it?

LOUISE

It was. It really--

(screaming)

GAAHHH!!!

Suddenly, Louise's face starts to swell as her airway closes. She violently grasps at her throat as she struggles to breathe. Mr. Peanut jumps up and frantically looks around.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

(gasping)

Heelp.... Can't... breeeathe....

MR. PEANUT

Goddamn it! I always forget to ask if they're allergic!

(screaming)

Help! Does anyone have an EpiPen?

Louise's body flops to the ground, her growing tongue bulging out of her mouth.

MR. PEANUT (CONT'D)

This happens every time!

LOUISE

You said... it was... your first... time.... Liarr....

MR. PEANUT

Louise, there's no time for semantics. We've gotta get you to--

Louise's body shakes violently as she goes into anaphylaxis.

MR. PEANUT (CONT'D)

Shit!

Her shaking body flops around, then falls off the bluff. Mr. Peanut stands up, wide-eyed and terrified. He looks around, then picks up his cane and runs off.

THE END