

One Nightstand

A Parody of One Night Stand by a Person Who Never Played One Night Stand

Endings

1. Immediately attempt to kick the stand for no valid reason. Break your foot because it's a much tougher nightstand than it first looked. Die slowly because no one comes to save you.
2. Try to sneak out without saying anything to the nightstand. Trip over the nightstand and smash your head into the door. Die alone because no one comes to save you.
3. Attack the nightstand with a baseball bat. The bat bounces off the nightstand and smacks you in the face, killing you instantly.
4. Have a pleasant chat with the nightstand. Leave with hopes of a second date.
5. Have an OK chat with the nightstand. Leave knowing you'll never talk again.
6. Have a terrible chat with the nightstand. Storm out, fall down the stairs of its apartment, and break your neck, dying instantly.

Characters

You: hungover, in an unusual place, wanting to leave but be polite doing so

The Nightstand: is a nightstand, says nothing

Required Graphics

Foreground

A nightstand - IKEA stock photo, drawn over to look like One Night Stand

Background

A bedroom - probably a photo of own bedroom stylised as in The Ric Cowley Dating Simulator

Engine

Ren'py

Script

(Black screen)

...

.....

.....

Ugghh...

My head...

(Fade into bedroom)

You slowly open your eyes. You're in a bed. It's in a room. You put the pieces together. This is a bedroom.

Only, it's not your bedroom.

...where am I?

You look around the room, trying to adjust. You see a chest of drawers, a big wardrobe. You see the bed. You want to vomit.

Jesus Christ...

Your head swirls. You try to remember something, anything about last night. But nothing comes.

(Fade to black)

You lie back down and close your eyes again. Everything hurts. But you're alive. Right at this moment, you really wish you weren't.

Creeeeeak

And then you hear a strange creaking sound.

(Smash to bedroom)

H-hello?

You glance around the room again. Nothing jumps out at you.

And then you see it.

(Fade in nightstand)

The most beautiful nightstand you've ever seen.

Oh... uh... hi there...

And you can't remember its name.

...

.....

You lie in silence a while longer. The nightstand eyes you cautiously. At least it would if it had eyes.

You can't stay like this forever. Time to make your move.

- **Sit up in bed**
- **Climb out of bed**
- **Lash out at the nightstand with your foot**

Lash out

Instinctively, wildly, you thrash your leg out of the duvet at the nightstand. You don't even know why. An unknown force seems to have made you do it.

Your foot connects, and there's a millisecond of a pause, and then you hear it crack a full second before it shatters completely.

Whatever this nightstand is made of, it does not play nicely with flesh and bone.

Unable to walk, you scream for help, but none comes. The nightstand does not assist you.

It just watches as you scream, and bleed, and grow tired, and breathe your final breath, and die right there in a bedroom you never knew, with a nightstand you don't remember.

(roll credits)

Climb out of bed

You feel awkward in the bed, so you decide to get up. You shuffle your feet out, slide from under the duvet, and land on the floor, teetering slightly.

You are also almost totally naked, aside from your underwear.

Oh! Oh, oh God...

You feel incredibly awkward. The nightstand doesn't seem to mind.

- **Get back into bed**
- **Try to flee**

Try to flee

With sweat pouring from your forehead and your cheeks burning with shame, you decide the only smart move is to bolt for the door and get the hell out of here.

Unfortunately, your foot catches on the nightstand, and you hear a loud crack. For a second you think it could be the nightstand.

Then you see the blood.

Nightstands don't bleed.

Well, you're pretty sure they don't. And anyway this blood is absolutely pouring out of where your foot used to be before you tore it off on the nightstand.

As you lie screaming and waiting for the sweet release of death, you wonder if the nightstand meant for this to happen. Maybe it's a psychopath that kills its victims through their own stupidity.

It provides little solace as you finally drift off into your eternal sleep.

(roll credits)

Get back in bed

You sheepishly slide back into bed, grinning maniacally as if that will offset the awkwardness. The nightstand stays silent throughout.

Still in the bed by whatever means

The bed feels warm and safe. You decide to stick it out in here for a while, until you feel a smidge more comfortable about getting up.

The nightstand does nothing.

- **Ask the nightstand its name**
- **Ask the nightstand how it's feeling**

- **Act like you totally know what's going on and are super cool with this entire situation**

Ask name

You're clearly suffering from a little memory loss, but who doesn't after a big night? You decide on the upfront approach.

So, uh, I don't, like, remember much about last night... can we start over? What's your name?

The nightstand says nothing, but you can tell that you slipped up. This nightstand remembers everything.

Whoops.

Ask how is

You decide it's best not to make a fool of yourself too early and start with a softball.

How are you feeling this morning?

The nightstand says nothing, but you get the feeling that it appreciates your concern, and can see you're not doing so well yourself.

Heh, can't say I'm doing too good. Must've had a fair bit to drink last night...

The nightstand seems sympathetic. You smile sheepishly.

Act totally cool

You decide to fake it until you make it. Not like, make it with the nightstand. You couldn't make it with anything right now, you're in such a state.

Like seriously you are feeling ROUGH there is absolutely no hope of "making it" so you better clean up your act.

...sorry, got distracted. You're playing it cool. Go do that.

Man last night was awesome, right? Absolutely off the chain! Gonna be telling the lads about this one for months!

The nightstand says nothing, but you can tell that you've over-egged the pudding slightly, and it sees right through you.

You begin to sweat slightly. You're really bad at this, aren't you?

- **Hey shut up this isn't easy**
- **Lol I guess**

Lol I guess

No worries, we've all been there. Like how the nightstand is right there. In front of you. Looking as quizzically as a nightstand can now that you've made it very obvious that you don't remember a thing.

Shut up

Hey pal it ain't my fault you ended up in this situation so why don't you keep the sass to yourself eh?

- **Sorry I'm just a little on edge**
- **I'll be as sassy as I like**

Sorry

Nah it's fine, I get it. We've all been there. But we'll get through this together, s'all good.

- **Thanks**

Don't mention it.

I'll be as sassy as I like

Oh you want to play that game huh? Bring it on then bud, let's see where it gets you.

- **No, actually, I'm good**
- **Oh you wanna go huh???**

I'm good

Yeah that's what I thought. Now get back to flirting with the nightstand.

You wanna go?

Alright pal, try this one on for size.

You jump out of the bed and directly onto a piece of Lego that someone's left lying around.

- **Ow! Hey!**

Then you stumble around the room which is, uh, hold on... it's... it's covered in Lego! And boy, it really stings your feet!

- **Wait**

And then, uh, you, uh, go out the door, and uh, there's a HUGE piece of Lego there! And you walk into it and, hoo mama, this one's a real stinger, let me tell you!

- **...Maybe we should just get back to the story?**

...That's probably for the best.

Whatever happened after the first set of questions

- **Ask the time**
- **Ask for a coffee**
- **Pretend like your phone is going off and it's an emergency**

Ask the time

Among all the confusion, you realise that you probably shouldn't outstay your welcome. But first you should work out when you ever began your welcome.

Hey, do you know what time it is?

The nightstand says nothing and does nothing, but a voice in your head says "check your phone, fool".

You stick a hand out from under the duvet and rummage around the floor for a while, trying to grab anything you recognise.

After a few failed attempts, you finally get your phone. It's 11am. And it's a Sunday. You should probably get out of here.

Ask for coffee

All this "waking up in a stranger's bed and being super confused" is making you thirsty, you realise. Nothing a bit of beanjuice won't cure, though.

Hey, uh... do you have any coffee or anything?

The nightstand doesn't budge an inch, but you get a sense of pride from it, as if it enjoys experimenting with different bean blends from time to time and knows a good cup of joe from your average mug of brown slop.

This isn't helping you out much. Maybe you should just find a coffee place nearby.

You instinctively reach out to the floor and somehow, despite not being in your own bed, manage to pick up your own phone.

Your eyes widen slightly at the time. Since when was it 11am? You should probably bounce, and fast.

Pretend your phone is going off

This is all too much. You need to leave, like, now. But you panic, and the only thing you can think is to say:

Oh! My phone! I think someone's ringing me!

Your phone is totally silent, and you don't even know where it is. You lean out of the bed and find it buried in a pile of clothes.

Completely committing to the bit, you grab the phone, hold it to your ear, and start yelling wildly.

Hello?! Yes, speaking! What's that?? My lizard?!! Three car pile up?!?! The end of human civilization as we know it?!!!! I'm on my way!!!!

You glance up at the nightstand to see if it's buying your act. It really isn't.

But you've come this far now. And you weren't raised to be a quitter.

You start rushing around, picking up clothes and throwing them on various body parts. A t-shirt ends up on your leg. Your jeans are now a fashionable hat. It would be hilarious if it wasn't so utterly tragic.

Well... bye!!!!

You yell as you run out the door... (if pissed off narrator) straight into an ENORMOUS PIECE OF LEGO THAT KILLS YOU INSTANTLY. YEAH. HOW'D YOU LIKE THEM APPLES. BET YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D DO THAT TO YOU.

- **Oh come on really??**

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET. ROLL CREDITS.

(roll credits)

(if narrator fine) and that was the last thing you ever yelled, because you immediately tripped on your own misplaced t-shirt and went tumbling down the stairs, breaking every bone in your body as you went, you actual muppet.

(roll credits)

Still alive, and now aware of the time

- **Politely make your excuses and bail**
- **Make a wild excuse and bail**
- **Nah you know what I'll stick around a bit**

Be polite, but bail

You decide to make a break for it, but in a polite fashion. You smile at the nightstand as you rise out of the bed.

Well, thanks for having me, but, uh, I really should get going...

As you gather up your clothes, you sense a sadness from the nightstand, like it wouldn't mind if you stayed a little longer.

But no, it's time to go. You dress, make sure you have everything, then turn to the nightstand once more.

But... I'd love to see you again some time.

The nightstand doesn't show any emotion, but that's just ol' nightstand for you. Poker face to the end. You know deep down that it can't wait for another chance to jump your bones.

Presumably. You still don't really know what happened last night.

And with that, you bail. But not before taking one last, longing look at the nightstand.

(roll credits)

Make a wild excuse

You gather up your clothes as you think of something to say, but your mind is almost totally blank. What could possibly be convincing enough to warrant your rapid departure?

I need to go, my, uh... mother...

Strong start!

...has a surgery...

Dark, but suitably urgent.

...on her lizard...

Careful now.

...who has a broken VCR...

Oh dear.

...and I said I'd pick her up from the cat café afterwards!

The nightstand looks about as done with you as I am.

You dress, walk out of the bedroom, stumble out of the house, and begin running at full speed.

You done messed up big time, that's for sure. But hopefully in, say, ten years, you'll have forgotten all about this idiotic moment in your life.

(roll credits)

Stick around

It's definitely time to leave, but for some reason you decide that you'll hang around a while longer.

The nightstand seems a little peeved that you're not making a move. It feels like the nightstand may have plans which you're getting in the way of.

But you decide to press on.

So, you want to get some breakfast?

The nightstand clearly doesn't want breakfast. It wants you to leave.

I could go for some pancakes... oh, or a waffle!

Yeah you certainly like a waffle don'tcha.

You ever been to The Wood Lodge? They do the absolute best maple bacon waffles.

The nightstand is starting to emanate something which feels a lot like anger.

And yet you still refuse to budge.

Or maybe something a bit healthier? Nice bowl of granola? I'm sure we can find something.

Seriously now. It's time to leave.

Oh, what about...

Oh for...

Suddenly a mysterious force pushes you out of bed!

- **Hey wait a minute!**

Oh no looks like you're throwing your clothes on and heading towards the door!

- **Don't ruin this for me!**

You shout a quick "bye!" and leave! You'll never see the nightstand again! Whoops! Get their number next time!

- **Why...**

Oh is that the time??? Looks like it's the end of the game bye!!!!