

**Celeste Titbutter and The 50 Shades of Grey.**  
Katherine Knowles - from an original character by **Kaitlyn Carlson.**

BOOK SHOP. DAY

CELESTE

*"Oh Chestly!" she exclaimed, guiding his taut battering ram deep into her moist flesh tunnel as the battle raged below in the burning Citadel.*

Thank you. I know. Thank you. I do so enjoy giving readings. It's marvellous for my loyal fans to have the opportunity to meet me, Celeste Titbutter in the flesh, as it were. So if you have any questions about The Milkmaid's Shame, I shall endeavor to answer.

Uncomfortable shuffling, coughing.

CELESTE

Or our beloved hero Chestly Strongjaw, for example. I expect you're all a quiver to learn more of his daring adventures? Ask away.

More shuffling. Eventually -

PAT

Well, he's no Christian Grey is he.

CELESTE

I beg your pardon.

PAT

From 50 Shades of Grey.

SAM

We did it at bookclub last time.

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PAT

You should read it.

CELESTE

Oh. I am aware of That Book.

SAM

It's so erotic.

PAT

Yeah. Totally erotic.

CELESTE

Erotic? Oh. Erotic! I didn't realize you were hankering after a more Titillating reading. I shall endeavor to please. Let me turn to my latest exotic best seller, Shipwrecked Taboo: Loins Afire. Spoiler Alert, the taboo is twincest. *Sand buffed his juicy love eggs, but he paid it no heed. Lady Amelia Buttworthy moaned in delight as his rigid rapier plunged deep inside her glistening treasure cave. Tonight, they would sail on waves of desire!* Yes. Thank you. Thank you. How's that for Erotic. yes, Thank you.

PAT

That was pretty much straight up missionary sex, wasn't it.

SAM

Yeah. 50 shades has all this awesome bondage.

PAT

And fisting.

MARGARET

Ooh!! Yes!! Fisting!!

CELESTE

Um, actually. I hadn't finished reading yet. Things get pretty steamy aboard The Red Pearl. Let me see: *"Oh Daisy!" Lady Amelia let out a guttural cry as the Pirate Maiden's tongue explored a slippery path across her pert love mound.* How about that? Lesbians. Ha!

PAT

It's alright, I suppose.

SAM

It's no 50 Shades of Grey.

CELESTE

Of course. 50 Shades of Sodding Grey. You know, without brave and daring writers such as myself, there would be no 50 Shades of Grey! Knights of Passion - that's Knights with a K - tilled the path for everyone who came after. But am I bitter? Was I inexplicably refused a gun licence? Pah! I am Celeste Titbutter. That's my real name! So how come that fat fan fiction bitch is a millionaire with a movie deal, and I'm here in Scranton giving a reading? Why?

PAT

Did you ever think that maybe you should modernize? Switch things up?

SAM

In 50 Shades of Grey, Ana's a  
journalist. It's relatable.

PAT

You should go more contemporary.

CELESTE

Well, as it so happens, I Am  
working on a contemporary story,  
The Tip of The Iceberg, set on a  
Modern Day Modern Polar Expedition.  
I wasn't going to read it, but,  
alright! You've persuaded me: *As  
snow flurried through the velvet  
night around them, Arctic Explorer  
Sir Seymore Legg probed deep inside  
her silk igloo with his thrusting  
man tassel -*

PAT

Thrusting man tassel? Really?

SAM

She's right. That's not a thing.

CELESTE

Throbbing Spear? Pulsating Manhood?  
Jolting Love Stick? Fleshly Carrot?

SAM

And, seriously, nobody calls a  
vagina a silk igloo.

CELESTE

Quivering mound? Pink Canoe?  
Sashimi Sandwich? Jewel Box? Meat  
Muffin? Velvet dish? Precious Hole?  
Slippery Tube? Love Tunnel? Yogurt  
Factory?

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PAT

Yogurt Factory?

CELESTE

You know it's true ladies. Fuck you  
50 Shades of Grey!