

# Foreversnuggles: Forgetting that It's Actually a Bank Holiday and You Don't Need to Go to Work

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❖ **Tags:**

[F4F] [GFE] [waking up together] [cuddling] [forever-snuggles] [clingy] [I don't want you to go] [cute] [silly] [wholesome] [sapphic]

❖ **Date:**

20 January 2025

❖ **Words:**

1,722 spoken words

❖ **Summary:**

*It's early in the morning, and your alarm has just gone off for you to get up and start getting ready for work, but as you start to get up, your girlfriend grabs your arm, pulling you back to bed. She says you always leave for work too early and she wants to spend that extra time this morning snuggling—well, she'd like to snuggle \*forever\*, but she's willing to concede that's not really possible and to compromise on just 5-10 extra minutes. But as you're getting ready, you realise something: today's a holiday and you don't actually have work today and can stay home... and you know what's going to happen with this extra time ^\_^*

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❖ **Editing:**

Small changes to the scripts are okay, but please ask before making any major line changes, additions, deletions, gender swaps, etc. Vocal cues and sound effects are suggestions, so feel free to be creative with those!

❖ **Other notes:**

I find it easier to write the listener's dialogue rather than keep track of half of a conversation, so their lines are given for context but aren't meant to be voiced. The word counts given only include the spoken text.

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## **Characters:**

- **Emma (speaker)** — The listener's girlfriend, whom she's been dating and living with for a while, and the two share a very comfortable, playful dynamic. Emma is easy-going and cheerful. She's very affectionate toward the listener and perhaps a bit clingy, though she exaggerates this clinginess in a playful way because she and the listener find it fun—though she's also careful to stay within boundaries and would never try to genuinely guilt the listener into leaving if she actually had to go to work (the only reason she does here is because she knows the listener still has time). Because the listener has to leave for work earlier, it's her alarm that goes off, and Emma spends much of this script sort of groggy and half-asleep, and she generally speaks more quietly, slowly, and comfortably as a result, and it emphasises some of her more affectionate nature.
- **unnamed listener** — Emma's girlfriend. Like Emma, she's easy-going and playful, and the two share a very comfortable and natural bond. Although she does quite enjoy cuddling as well, it's more often Emma who initiates it, and the listener is more inclined to simply humour Emma's shenanigans—though she's also quite playful and teasing as well.

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## **Formatting Guide:**

### **spoken text (Emma)**

*(tone marker)*

[...] = a short pause

*[This is a stage direction and/or SFX.]*

*« example listener dialogue, not intended to be voiced »*

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*[Emma's and the listener's bedroom, early morning. The two are sleeping together. After a moment, the listener's alarm goes off. She turns it off, then starts to get out of bed to start getting ready for work, but Emma groggily grabs her arm, stopping her.]*

*(half-asleep, almost whining)* **Nn, don't go... Stay.**

« *(gently)* But I have to get up and start getting ready for work. »

**No... no work. Just... stay here and cuddle with me...**

« *Come on, sweetheart...* »

*(pouting)* **...do you not want to cuddle with me?**

« *N-No, of course I want to cuddle with you. You know that. But—* »

**Exa~ctly, then what's the problem?**

« *(simultaneously giggling and exasperated)* The problem is that I have work, and I need to go get ready. »

**Nn... there's still time. You leave too early anyway...**

« *Sure, but I leave early so I don't get caught in traffic, and even if I do, I'm not late.* »

**Yeah, but...**

« *(warmly)* I promise we can cuddle as much as you want when you get home. »

**Mm... but we'd have cuddled when I got home anyway. *(giggling)* That's not a very good bribe, dear.**

« *I... But...* »

**Just lay back down with me, all nice and warm and comfy under the blankets...**

*[The listener, realising that she isn't going to escape this situation, sighs and acquiesces, getting back under the covers.]*

*(softly)* **Good girl...**

« I really do have to get going soon, though. »

Eventually, maybe. But definitely not right now. You always set that alarm of yours too early. You still have at least ten or fifteen minutes, hm?

...Just let me nuzzle into you... just like this...

*[Emma nuzzles into the listener's chest.]*

« (giggling) What am I supposed to do with you? »

*(mischievously, just above a whisper)* You, my dear, can do whatever you want with me... *(giggling)* except leave and go to work.

« Hm? What's gotten into you this morning, sweetheart? Why are you so clingy? »

Hm? What do you mean? I'm always clingy—*(faltering, aside)* or, well, not always always: I'm careful to stay within boundaries, and I wouldn't actually stop you if you needed to go, but—

*[The listener quiets her with a kiss.]*

H-Huh? A kiss to shut me up, hm?

« (warmly, sweetly) Mhm. »

*(giggling)* A bit cliché, isn't it? *(kiss)*

« But it's cute, isn't it? »

Mhm. It is cute. I won't argue with that.

But... what did you mean? Am I not usually kinda clingy? I love you and I love spending time with you and I love being close to you—both emotionally and physically, of course. *(kiss)*

« Nn, you are pretty affectionate and *(giggling)* maybe a bit clingy. »

Mm... I suppose that's a fair point. "Affectionate" and "clingy" aren't quite the same thing.

« Mhm. And I certainly don't mind you being affectionate, or even the occasional bits of clinginess that come out. But you do seem more clingy than usual. Is everything okay? »

**Mhm, I think so. I just... I don't know. I usually play up the clinginess because we both think it's fun in the right circumstances. Does it seem more... "genuine" this morning?**

*« I'm not entirely sure. You seemed a bit more forceful, maybe? »*

*(softly)* **I'm sorry. Did I hurt you when I grabbed your arm?**

*« No, you didn't. »*

*(relieved)* **Okay. Good.**

*(quietly, weakly)* **But I don't know. I just don't want you to go... I like this, I like sleeping together—having you next to me like that makes me feel warm and relaxed and safe, but... we're asleep for most of that, and when we're like this... awake and snuggled together, my head nuzzled against your chest, our arms wrapped tightly around each other, the way I can sometimes feel your breath against my ear when you're looking down at me... this is nice... and I don't ever want it to end.**

*(quietly, shyly)* **As I said, I usually play it up a bit more dramatically, but some days it's more of an act than others, for one reason or another. And today, I guess... *(trails off)***

*« (giggling) You just want to snuggle forever, hm? »*

*(giggling)* **Mhm. I would love to just snuggle here with you forever. *(warmly)* Just one long, cosy forever-snuggle. ^\_^**

*« Forever is a very long time, sweetheart. »*

**Forever is a very long time, but that's okay. I want to snuggle for a very long time, dear. Doesn't that sound lovely?**

*« It does, but it unfortunately doesn't sound very practical. At some point, we'd have to get up to get food or use the bathroom or something. »*

Sure, it might have its logistical difficulties, but that doesn't mean it's not worth wishing for. There are lots of impractical things I wish for—I wish we had a million dollars, that neither of us ever had to go to work, that we didn't get mistaken as sisters so often, that my bad knee didn't hurt anymore, that no one would ever get stuck in traffic anymore, that your coworkers were better at get their jobs done, that making dinner didn't mean having to do dishes afterward, that everyone was always nice to everyone else... *(sweetly, slowly and drawn out)* and that you and I could snuggle forever~

*« Yeah, those are all wonderful things. I'd love for all of those to happen. »*

Right?

*(comfortably)* But for now... we can just continue to lay here and just enjoy this little bit of time together like this... make the most of it. *(kiss)*

*(softly)* How much time is left until you have to get ready?

*« Um... five minutes? Maybe a little bit more? »*

...and if you were to push it?

*« (giggling) Maybe about ten minutes? »*

*(comfortably)* Mm... ten minutes seems okay... I guess I can live with that.

*« Good. Me too. »*

*[There's a bit of a lull in the conversation as Emma and the listener lay together comfortably. After a few moments:]*

What do you want to do for dinner tonight, dear?

*« Um... I'm not really sure. I can help pick something out, but did you have something in mind? »*

Mm. I was thinking about doing that pasta dish we both really like. The one with the—

*[The listener fills in some of the ingredients.]*

Yeah! That one. *(playfully)* I was kinda hoping to have it be a surprise, but you must have seen that I got the ingredients for it when I went shopping last night.

*« Mhm. I did. Sorry. »*

Nn, that's okay. And we still have those leftover vegetables from last night which we can do on the side.

But... does that sound good? There are plenty of other options if—

*« Nn, that sounds good. I like that plan. »*

Alright, then. Sounds like a plan. *(kiss)*

*« Do you want me to start it when I get home and have it ready when you get home, or would you rather I wait and we can make it together? »*

Um... that's a good question. I know we both really like working together, so... how about we plan on making it together after I get home, but *(giggling)* if you're getting hungry before then, then you can go ahead and start on it if you'd like? Up to you.

*« Sure, that works for me. How long does it take to make? »*

It's been a while since we've made it, so I'm not 100% sure, but... I think the recipe says it takes 30 minutes, including prep... or something like that? maybe it's 40 minutes? *(giggling)* But I honestly don't think we've ever done it in under an hour.

*« (giggling) Maybe just under. »*

*(laughing)* Yeah, exactly. Maybe 58 minutes or something. Too easily distracted, always a bit disorganised, and I am so bad at chopping things quickly—especially the garlic. But it's not like that matters too much if we're having fun~

*« Mhm. But if you're hungry, then it matters a bit. »*

*(giggling)* True, though that's what snacks are for.

*« (giggling) That's fair. »*

That said, I did get fewer snack things from the store yesterday, though.

*« (playfully whining) Aww, really? But why? »*

I know, I know. We both love our snacks, and I think that's okay. I did still get some, don't worry. But remember that conversation we had... a week or two ago? *(giggling)* I'm worse about it, but I feel like we both have a habit of snacking in the evening after work and then not being hungry for dinner.

« *(giggling)* We do do that, don't we? »

*(giggling)* Mhm. But the snacks are generally more expensive, and besides, I like doing dinner together, so... yeah. At least for me, them just being in the pantry or whatever is most of the temptation.

« Yeah, I guess that makes sense. »

*(yawns, nuzzling into the listener)* **Worst case scenario, we buy more snacks next time. And if that's the worst case, then I think that's okay.**

« Well, what about—? »

**Shh... we don't talk about those so-called possibilities, okay?**

« *(lightly)* Alright, alright... What do you want to talk about, sweetheart? »

**Well... we can talk about whatever you want to talk about—*(giggling)* as long as it's not that. Or we can just lay here, all snuggled together like this.**

« This is pretty nice, yeah. »

**Right? See what I mean? All warm and cosy, let's snuggle forever, enjoy our wonderful forever-snuggles, hm?**

« Mhm. I like this plan. »

*[There's a long lull—perhaps 45 seconds to a minute?—in the conversation as Emma and the listener continue laying there together. Throughout, Emma's relaxed, gentle breathing, the occasional rustling of fabric, or similar may be heard. Eventually:]*

*(quietly, resignedly)* **Alright, it is actually time for you to start getting ready, isn't it?**

« I— »



**Nn, I know it's not been 10 minutes, but I don't want to make you have to rush.**

*[The listener hesitates.]*

*(softly)* **It's alright. You can go. I'll be fine.**

« *But...* »

*(laughing, more firmly)* **It's alright. Go. I don't want you to be late, okay, dear? Genuinely, I'll be fine.**

« *Yeah? You promise?* »

**Mhm. I promise. *(kiss)* You're so cute and silly sometimes.**

« *(giggling) Only sometimes?* »

**Nn, fair point. You're always cute and often quite silly. But go, get ready.**

« *Alright, alright. I'll go.* »

*[The listener gets up, out of bed.]*

*(warmly)* **Good girl.**

*[The listener goes over to the closet to get dressed, putting on a cute dress. Once she's changed:]*

**Oh, is that that cute little blue dress of yours?**

« *Mhm. It is.* »

**Ah. *(lightly)* You know, I appreciate you not turning on the light, but it does make it a bit harder to be sure about colours.**

« *Yeah, that's fair. But you're right: this is that dress.* »

**You know how much I love that dress on you, but... are you sure that you want to wear that one today?**

« *Hm? Why wouldn't I?* »

**Isn't it supposed to be quite a bit chillier today with a good chance of raining?**

*« Oh, is it? I've not looked at the weather forecast this week. »*

**I could be wrong or have the days mixed up or maybe the forecast has changed since I looked a few days ago. But it might be worth checking, just in case.**

*« Mhm. »*

**Do you want to check or do you want me to?**

*« I can look. Don't worry about it. »*

**Do you have your phone over there with you?**

*« Yeah. Just give me a second. »*

*[The listener opens her phone to the weather app to check the forecast, and it is much as Emma described.]*

*« Ah, looks like you were right. Thanks for the heads up. »*

**Of course. Don't get me wrong: you look absolutely gorgeous in that dress, but I don't want you to get out there and regret it or anything.**

*« (warmly) And I appreciate that. »*

*(affectionately)* **And I appreciate you, my dear.**

*[The listener looks back to her phone, then starts laughing. Emma doesn't realise that her laughing is because of her phone.]*

**Hm? What's so funny? Did I say something weird?** *(she pauses to remember exactly what she said)*

**Yeah, I do appreciate you. What's so funny about that?**

*« (giggling) I appreciate you too, of course, and you are pretty cute and silly too, but that's not what I was laughing about. »*

*(giggling)* **Hm? Then what are you laughing about?**

*« Do you know what today is? »*

**Um... it's... Tuesday? Wednesday? something like that?**

« *(giggling)* It's {day of the week}. »

*(giggling)* **Days of the week are hard, okay?**

« *Do you know the date?* »

*(playfully, laughing)* **Girl, if I don't know what day of the week it is, do you really think I'd know what day of the month it is?**

« *(laughing)* Touché. If I told you that it was the {day of month, e.g., 16th}, would that mean anything to you? »

*(slowly, in thought)* **The...** *(trails off)*

*(with realisation)* **Wait, it's a bank holiday, isn't it? So neither of us actually has work today?**

« *(giggling)* Exactly. »

*(laughing)* **How did we both forget that?**

« *I have no idea. Or... (laughing) maybe it's the "days of the week are hard" thing?* »

**Ah, perhaps. But...**

« *Hm?* »

*(slyly)* **You know what this means, right?**

« *Hm? What does it mean?* »

**That you, my dear, need to take that dress off, put those pyjamas back on, and get back in this bed and under these covers with me.**

« *(laughing, slightly exasperated)* That is what that means, isn't it? »

*[The listener changes back into her pyjamas, then rejoins Emma in bed. Once they've settled:]*

« *You just won't be denied, will you?* »

Well, if the universe is going to be nice like this, then I'm certainly going to take advantage of the situation.

**That—***(giggling, booping the listener's nose)* **boop—**would be foolish, and I hopefully am not a great fool.

*« No, you're certainly not. »*

*(warmly)* **Nor you.**

**Do you want to stay awake and keep talking, or do you want to get some more sleep? Do you have a preference?**

*« Um... I could definitely go for some more sleep, but I was already planning to be awake, so I'm fine with whichever. What about you? »*

**I think if we keep snuggling like this, all cosy and comfy, we can probably chat for a little bit before one or both of us falls back asleep, like we often do at night.**

*« Yeah, that makes sense. I'm good with that. »*

**Mhm. If we fall back asleep, then more sleep is nice... if we don't, then we get to just snuggle and chat and hang out, *(giggling)* which I certainly complain about... and worst case scenario, only one of us falls asleep, but since the other person still gets to be all warm and cosy and cuddled and all of that, *(slightly slyly)* that seems a rather lovely worst case scenario—and you've even less ground to stand on this time if you're going to try to convince me otherwise.**

*« *(giggling)* I'm not going to try to convince you on this one, don't worry. »*

*(giggling)* **Good. I didn't want to.**

**I'm not awake and alert enough for complicated arguments or anything like that. *(nuzzling, comfortably)* No big thoughts, only comfy and snuggles...**

*« *(giggling)* You really like snuggles, don't you? »*

*(giggling)* **Yep... Look, I like snuggles and it's not like I'm going to lie or pretend otherwise, you know?**

*« I honestly wouldn't expect anything else from you, sweetheart. And fortunately for you, I happen to like cuddling too. »*

**Which is why I don't feel quite so bad being a bit more selfish about it.**

*« (after a moment, comfortably) And it seems like your wish came true, at least somewhat. »*

**Hm? My wish?**

*« (sweetly, slowly and drawn out—mimicking Emma's tone from earlier) "that you and I could snuggle forever~" »*

**Ah, right. How could I have forgotten? (softly) You're right. It might not be a literal manifestation of that wish, but this is certainly a step in the right direction of those (giggling, mischievously?) forever-snuggles, hm?**

*« Mhm. »*

*(yawns, softly but playfully)* **You're not going to be able to get up from this bed... unless and until you have a good reason to... And I expect you to hold me to the same standard. Alright, my dear? We can take turns being each other's weighted blanket, making sure whoever's on the bottom isn't entirely squished...**

*« (giggling) Alright. I'm okay with this arrangement. »*

**As you said, eventually one of us will have to get up to pee or get food or whatever, but for now...**

*[Emma nuzzles into the listener.]*

**Let's just stay like this... okay?**