

USED

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LUXURY AIRPORT HOTEL - AFTERNOON

A sleek, high-end hotel. The hum of distant airport traffic.

HOLLAND CARTER (mid-40s, sharp-dressed but weary) strides through the lobby, rolling his suitcase. He holds his phone to his ear.

HOLLAND

(on phone, warm)

Flight was smooth, baby? Good. Kids are with Mom. It's nice for us to have a weekend alone for a change.

(listens, then chuckles)

Yeah. I'll see you at the hotel in a few hours.

(beat)

Love you too.

He ends the call, exhales. His smile fades as he heads for the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Holland enters a lavish suite—a plush king sized bed, hot tub, and kitchenette. He rolls his suitcase to the corner, loosens his tie. A sharp exhale.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

Holland, just toweled off from the shower in a pristine white hotel robe, stares at himself in the mirror. He slow blinks, CRACKS his neck.

The light FLICKERS. Just for a second.

He blinks again-exhales, shakes it off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

A closed laptop sits on the bed, whose sheets are so white, they almost glow.

Holland casually and quietly moves to the bed and opens the laptop. The glow illuminates his eager face as he types:

ON SCREEN:

"WWW.CHATOFF.COM"

A loading icon.

"YOU ARE NOW ENTERING VIXEN VICE'S PRIVATE ROOM"

BEEP. WHOOSH.

INT. VIXEN VICE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

VIXEN VICE (late 20s, sultry, submissive) appears, lounging on a queen sized bed in her bedroom, red and purple neon lights glowing along the walls with a soft spotlight overhanging giving her an almost angelic glow.

She strokes her skin lovingly, teasingly, running her fingers along the black lace of her underwear, stocking clasps, bra and choker that reads: "DADDY'S SLAVE".

Vixen's eyes soften with lust. She slinks forward in her bed towards her camera, as if trying to escape the screen and enter the hotel room.

VIXEN (ON SCREEN)  
(purring)  
Mmm. There's my Daaaaaddy.

Holland smirks, adjusting himself on the bed.

HOLLAND  
(to Vixen on laptop)  
Hey. Miss me, baby?

INTERCUT VIXEN:

VIXEN  
Sir, you know your little fuckbunny  
always misses her Daddy.  
(pouty)  
Hmph! It's been so long since we  
last spoke!

Holland sits up, places his laptop closer on his bed.

HOLLAND  
Now, Vix. It's only been a week.

VIXEN  
A week too long! I had so much fun  
meeting you at the convention. Oh  
my god, you are so much more  
handsome in person than seeing  
you...

(MORE)

VIXEN (CONT'D)

(waves at screen)

...Like this.

HOLLAND

I appreciate that, baby girl. Yeah, it was fun...too bad we had to take a raincheck on that "private" meet and greet planned.

VIXEN

Mmmm. I know! I was so disappointed, sir! I was so looking forward to finally...FINALLY after all these years teasing each other, feeling your hard, stroooong--

For a split second, the laptop screen GLITCHES—a flash of Vixen's face almost distorting into a different woman. It's gone just as quickly. Unnoticeable.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

...cock inside me...Inside all of me.

Holland loosens the cotton strap around his robe.

HOLLAND

Oh yeah? Tell me.

VIXEN

(hesitant)

Tell you?

HOLLAND

(firm)

Did I stutter?

VIXEN

(submissive)

...No, sir.

The laptop screen subtly GLITCHES again. An impossible shadow moves behind Vixen, again, unnoticed.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

Mmmm, Daddy...I wanted to be your free-use cum whore last week. I was gonna offer you *all* of my holes.

Holland inhales sharply, embracing Vixen's dirty talk. The hotel lamp behind him FLICKERS, just once. He adjusts his seat on the bed.

HOLLAND

Yeah? You gonna let me take your mouth?

VIXEN

My mouth, my tongue, my spit...EVERYTHING, my king.

HOLLAND

(raising an eyebrow)

That's right. I think I remember you even had a special treat I bought for you.

Vixen's seemingly innocent giggle has an edge to it. Almost knowing.

VIXEN

Mmmmm. Daaaaaddy...Can I tell you a secret?

HOLLAND

Aren't all of your secrets mine?

VIXEN

Mm. You're right. You own all of my thoughts, Daddy...The innocent ones...the dirty ones...*the depraved ones that only you know.*

Her expression darkens. The neon glow in her room FLASHES for a second. The SHAPE OF ANOTHER briefly visible behind her. Holland is too into the sensual moment to notice.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

But sir...you won't be mad at me if I tell you?

HOLLAND

Depends.

VIXEN

I don't wanna be punished.  
(giggles)  
Or maybe I do!

HOLLAND

(almost scolding)

Vixen...

VIXEN

Mmm...I have three surprises for you!

Holland raises an eyebrow.

HOLLAND  
Three surprises?

VIXEN  
You got me that little treat for my  
butt and I wore it around  
you...but...  
(whispers)  
Daddy...it's in my tight fucking  
asshole right now.

Holland fixes himself in his bed.

HOLLAND  
Yeah? You wanna show me?

Vixen leaps up in her bed, claps her hands.

VIXEN  
Yay! I thought you would never ask,  
sir!

Holland's eyes widen. He bites his lower lip at what he sees.

A KNOCK at the hotel door.

Holland stiffens, eyes flicking to the clock.

HOLLAND  
(suspicious)  
The fuck?

A giggle from Vixen emerges from Holland's laptop.

VIXEN  
(teasing)  
Well now, who could that be?

Holland squints at the laptop.

HOLLAND  
Vix--

VIXEN (O.S.)  
Trust me, sir. You will love it.

Holland rises, fixes his robe and reaches to close the laptop.

VIXEN (CONT'D)  
Daddy no!

Holland pauses.

VIXEN (CONT'D)

Please...I want to see this.  
Pleeeeeease, sir?

Holland purses his lips. Reopens the laptop and saunters to the door.

He looks through the peephole-light slicing through his eye. Confusion glimmers.

His hand reaches for the doorknob. Hesitates.

He opens the door.

VIXEN, in dark sunglasses, darkened makeup and and all black trench coat stands there in the flesh. She holds a medium-sized gift-wrapped box under her arm.

It is Vixen...but her dress, her demeanor, the confidence glimmering from her eyes - are all opposite of the Vixen on Holland's laptop.

The shock on Holland's face is palpable.

"Online" Vixen giggles. "Live" Vixen casually leans on the door frame.

Holland's eyes dart back and forth between the twin, yet opposite live and digital women.

LIVE VIXEN

If you could see your face right  
now.

Live Vixen barges in aggressively, slightly nudging Holland's shoulder, whose brows furrow.

He peeks his head out the door before closing and locking it behind him.

Holland shakes his head.

HOLLAND

(turning, breath catching)  
How did---

He stops mid-sentence, rattled.

Live Vixen's trench coat lies on the floor, revealing an all-black, oil-slick leather catsuit that clings to her sleek body like liquid shadow.

Online Vixen is hunched over on her knees over a pillow, grinding against it in slow, indulgent movements.

ONLINE VIXEN

(purring)

Mmm. Daddy. Do you like what you see?

LIVE VIXEN

(low, commanding)

Yes. Do you like what you see?

A moment of hesitation from Holland. A brief exhale.

HOLLAND

(measured)

I do.

He takes a step forward, eyes darting between the real and the digital.

Live Vixen raises a single hand. A silent command. Holland pauses.

LIVE VIXEN

(soft, deliberate)

If you want this...Say it.

(beat)

Say, "Yes, Mommy."

Holland's lips part, brows tightening. He eyes the laptop.

HOLLAND

(sharper, suspicious)

What is *really* going on here?

LIVE VIXEN

(laugh, mocking)

Hey-eyes on the one actually here.

ONLINE VIXEN

(urgent, needy)

Sir, it's okay! I wanna watch.

(breathy, coaxing)

Mmmm...this is gonna be so hot. You want this.

LIVE VIXEN

(echoing, firmer)

You want this.

BOTH VIXENS

(eerie unison)

*You want this.*



Holland's breath hitches—the slightest delay.

He exhales. Almost as if he's giving something up.

HOLLAND  
(quiet surrender)  
I want this.

LIVE VIXEN  
(watching closely)  
You want this...what?

Holland swallows. His Adam's apple bobs slightly.

HOLLAND  
...Mommy.

Live Vixen's smile deepens. Slow and satisfied.

LIVE VIXEN  
(purring, commanding)  
Good fucking boy.

Live Vixen squats down and places the gift-wrapped box on the floor between them.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)  
(low, coaxing)  
Mommy has another surprise for you.

ONLINE VIXEN  
(gasp, playful)  
Oh, Mommy! You're so giving.

Holland eyes the box. A flicker of something passes through his face. A methodical smirk rises from Vixen's lips.

LIVE VIXEN  
(mischievous)  
You know what I want you to do.

A pause. Holland inhales through his nose. Without breaking eye contact, he lowers himself slowly onto his knees.

HOLLAND  
(chuckles to himself)  
This is so fucked up.

Live Vixen tilts her head.

LIVE VIXEN  
(a whisper to herself)  
Men like you always say that.

Holland flicks his gaze up at her, like he half-heard something.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)  
(smoothly, to Holland)  
But you're doing it anyway.

Holland closes his eyes. Smirks. Then crawls forward on all fours.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)  
(satisfied)  
Yes, that's it, my good boy...

ONLINE VIXEN  
(breathy)  
...Crawl for Mommy.

Holland arrives at Live Vixen's feet. A tense pause.

HOLLAND  
(soft, hesitant, testing)  
...Can I open this...Mommy?

LIVE VIXEN  
(smirk)  
Look at you, my fast learner. Good boy.  
(to Online Vixen)  
Do you like seeing Daddy submit?

ONLINE VIXEN  
(whimpering)  
Mmm. Yes, Mommy. Jesus, I'm getting so wet.

LIVE VIXEN  
(soft, indulgent)  
Good fucking girl. Keep grinding.  
(to Holland, firmer)  
You can open your gift.

Holland exhales and carefully peels back the wrapping—a slow, reverent act.

He lifts the box's lid. His breath catches.

A sex doll torso.

HOLLAND  
(almost laughing)  
...You didn't.

LIVE VIXEN  
(smirks, watches his  
reaction)  
I did.

Holland runs his hands over the torso, adoring.

HOLLAND  
...Exactly...?

ONLINE VIXEN  
(breathy)  
Yes, Daddy. All my measurements.  
You paid for it. It's all of me.  
(quieter-almost eerie)  
*All. Of. Me.*

Holland's smile lingers, his fingers over the synthetic skin.

Live Vixen pats on an empty spot beside her on the bed,  
breaking the moment.

LIVE VIXEN  
(cheery)  
Come, sit beside your Mommy.

He does.

Live Vixen pulls out a sharpie marker with a smile. Holding her powerful gaze on Holland, she POPS open the cap of the marker. She signs the side of the torso, making it look like it just received a fresh set of ink on its synthetic skin.

Holland cocks his head at Live Vixen with a grin. Live Vixen strokes his chest, examining him like a specimen.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)  
Look at you...You've been waiting  
three years for this.

Holland leans in for a kiss.

HOLLAND  
(baited breath)  
I have, Mommy.

CLANK.

The sound of handcuffs dangling from Live Vixen's hand,  
complete with a devilish smirk.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Holland's hands are high above him, cuffed on the bars of the king sized bed-only in his boxers. The tie he was wearing serves as a blindfold. He attempts to adjust to the cuffs.

Live Vixen saunters around him in her catsuit like a predator. She casually twirls a braided flogger in her hand almost like an extension of herself.

HOLLAND  
 (breathing deeply)  
 ...This is so new for me.  
 (half-laugh, vulnerable)  
 Sort of exciting, actually. How  
 much longer are we playing this  
 game?

INTERCUT ONLINE VIXEN:

Online Vixen continues to grind on her pillow.

ONLINE VIXEN  
 (moaning)  
 Mmmm. Daddy, you look so fucking  
 sexy bound like that. Mmmm. It  
 makes me wanna...Mmmm...

Online Vixen begins to pout.

LIVE VIXEN  
 Baby girl, do you want to touch  
 yourself?

ONLINE VIXEN  
 Yes, Mommy! Please!

Live Vixen turns the laptop screen towards the exposed and cuffed Holland.

LIVE VIXEN  
 (to Holland)  
 Watch her. Watch her get herself  
 off, my good boy.

Holland eyes the monitor. He struggles in the cuffs.

HOLLAND  
 Yes-

CRACK.

A sudden, brutal WHIP across his chest from the flogger.  
 Holland caves in.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)  
 (sharp inhale, startled)  
 What the-!?

Live Vixen grabs Holland aggressively by the cheeks.

LIVE VIXEN  
 (suddenly cold)  
 Are you a fucking brat?

Holland's breath stiffens. His body tenses against the cuffs.  
 His chest rising and falling just slightly faster now.

Live Vixen's fingers tighten around his face, holding him still.

Online Vixen's moans pulse rhythmically in the background—a constant, hypnotic loop.

HOLLAND  
 (stammering)  
 N-N-N-No... Mommy.  
 (breathes in, swallows hard)  
 No, I am not a brat. Please, please  
 don't punish me.

Live Vixen doesn't move.

Holland can't see her. The blindfold is still on.

The weight of her silence hangs.

ONLINE VIXEN  
 (drenched in pleasure)  
 Mmmm...  
 (breathy, suggestive)  
 Maybe you should punish him,  
 Mommy...  
 (a delicate pause,  
 whispers)  
*I think he wants it.*

Live Vixen's breath is warm against Holland's ear now.

LIVE VIXEN  
 (murmuring, pointed)  
 Oh...do you?

Holland shudders. A sound escapes his throat.

Not an answer. A moan.

ONLINE VIXEN

Tell me, Daddy...

(beat)

What would your children think if  
they knew what you were into?

Holland tenses.

HOLLAND

Wa--What?

Live Vixen straddles him. SLAPS him in the face. HARD.  
Holland's eyes widen.

VIXEN

(aggressive)

You like watching women get abused,  
don't you? Taken advantage of?

(SLAP)

That's what gets you off, little  
boy?

The mood has shifted as Holland's cheek and chest are growing  
beet red.

Online Vixen GLITCHES just slightly - revealing another  
shadowy silhouette of a SHADOWED FEMALE INDIVIDUAL behind  
her.

LIVE VIXEN

(slow, eerie)

You think control is just a game.  
Something to tame people.

Holland lowers his head. A slow realization.

HOLLAND

What is this?

Holland begins to tug on the handcuffs, CLANKING against the  
top of the metal headboard.

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Let me go. Vixen. Vixen...

LIVE VIXEN

Oh...are you waiting for me to  
follow an order for you...Daddy?

Holland does not know how to respond. He struggles in the  
handcuffs.

ONLINE VIXEN  
 (whispering, dark,  
 glitchy)  
 You. Never asked. About her...Did  
 you?

Holland's head darts around, trying to decipher what is going on.

Live Vixen removes the blindfold tie, glares directly into his eyes.

LIVE VIXEN  
 Barbie Kendall.

Holland's gaze freezes, eyes stark against his paling face. He eyes his laptop.

A GLITCHY Online Vixen is now upside down on the monitor, moaning-grinding her pillow.

HOLLAND  
 (confused, frantic)  
 What...what are you talking about?  
 Who—?

Holland continues to struggle in the tight handcuffs. No use. Vixen pulls out her phone and holds it close to Holland's face.

ON LIVE VIXEN'S PHONE:

A photograph of Vixen with BARBIE KENDALL (early 20's, absolutely stunning) on a hiking trail. Their smiles and physical closeness suggests a very deep bond.

LIVE VIXEN  
 (sharply)  
 You know exactly who the fuck I'm talking about. My best friend. The one BRUTALLY murdered a year ago. The one you've strangely never asked about. You follow me on Insta. You saw the post. You saw her tribute. And you never said a word. Not once did you ask, "How are you holding up, Vixen?"

Her voice is cold now.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)  
 (quiet, simmering rage)  
 You know everything about me. You  
*know everything about my body.*  
 (MORE)

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)

But you never once asked about the  
one thing that mattered most to me.

ONLINE VIXEN

(voice glitching)

You...never say...anyth-Daddy...  
Not once. Barbie.

Holland's eyelids flutter, struggling to process.

LIVE VIXEN

(cutting, relentless)

I spent months after her murder,  
watching you. Watching your  
patterns. I saw how you fixate on  
certain girls and boys. How you  
attach yourself to them. You obsess  
over us-over me-but I began to see  
something...deeper.

She pauses, her tone dripping with venom.

ONLINE VIXEN

You've been hunting us all along.  
Daddy.

Holland's eyes dart along the room.

LIVE VIXEN

I found it such a coincidence that  
so many of the performers you  
admired have ended up dead. A  
coincidence that they all seem to  
have personal videos stored on your  
hard drive.

Holland's chest tightens. He feels the weight of the truth -  
and Live Vixen on his body, settling in.

HOLLAND

(panicked)

No...no, that's not...I never hurt  
anyone! This...this isn't me...

Live Vixen leaps off Holland, disappointment in her eyes.

LIVE VIXEN

(to Online Vixen)

Baby girl, will you help me out?

ONLINE VIXEN

Of course, Mommy!

Online Vixen snaps her fingers...



ON LAPTOP SCREEN:

A blue File Folder titled "DO NOT OPEN" appears like an icon beside Online Vixen.

LIVE VIXEN

Ugh. Why are these "hidden" folders  
always so obvious with you pervs?

The folders open up, Holland reviews all the damning evidence provided by the Vixens.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN:

Several provocative images of male and female adult performers, along with FLASHES of their mangled, shredded bodies.

...Including a provocative picture of Barbie herself, before displaying a gruesome image of her in a body bag.

Holland's eyes are bulging out.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)

(quietly, dangerously)

You think you've fooled everyone,  
Holland. Maybe your family. Maybe  
the cops. Maybe even the industry,  
but not me. You're a pathetic  
addict gooner masquerading as The  
Flesh Editor.

Holland freezes.

HOLLAND

(feigning shock)

Wha--???

A web browser magically opens on Holland's laptop.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN:

An online news article:

"FLESH EDITOR SERIAL KILLER STRIKES AGAIN"

ONLINE VIXEN

*12 years. 22 souls. Barbie...*

The room spins. For a brief moment, Holland's vision blurs.

HOLLAND

(pleading)

This...this isn't real. This has to be. Some kind of...of game...

LIVE VIXEN

(disgusted)

Everything to you is just a hollow fantasy, isn't it?

Holland stumbles over his words, sweat beads rolling down his red head and chest. He struggles to escape the handcuffs. He is going nowhere.

He eyes the two Vixens.

HOLLAND

(panicking)

How are you doing this?

(breathless)

Are you twins? Is this some kind of trick?

Live Vixen leans in close, her breath cold against his skin, her voice a low whisper.

LIVE VIXEN

(slow, deliberate)

We're done turning tricks for you.

She stands tall, her gaze unflinching, as though she's risen from some deep, ancient place of rage. Her eyes burn with grief—and something far darker.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You think you know true evil? You don't know what I sacrificed just to get here.

A dark smile crosses her face, almost a knowing grin.

Online Vixen now a GROTESQUE DEMONIC ENTITY: unnaturally long tongue, glowing red eyes, emaciated skin, grey hair that is falling out—the opposite of what one expects from typical adult entertainment.

This does not deter her, as she grinds and moans against her pillow in an upside down, macabre glitchy scene.

LIVE VIXEN (CONT'D)

(soft, satisfied)

And now, you're going to understand what it feels like to be helpless.

HOLLAND  
(pleading, broken)  
Please...I'll do anything. I'll do  
anything!  
(beat)  
I HAVE A PROBLEM.

ONLINE VIXEN  
You had the same number of years  
your oldest has been alive to work  
on that. Admit it, you don't wanna  
change.

LIVE VIXEN  
Yes, Holland. Admit it.

Holland's face crumples in despair. He knows it's over.

HOLLAND  
(soft, broken)  
No...No....  
(a beat)  
Mommy...I've been a bad boy.  
(soft)  
Yes...I'm a pathetic gooner addict  
and I deserve to be punished.  
Mommy.

Vixen's eyes flicker with cold satisfaction. She nods, her  
expression unreadable.

LIVE VIXEN  
Good. Fucking. Boy.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - EVENING

HOLLAND'S WIFE (Mid-40s, no-nonsense business class) strides  
down the hallway with a major smile on her face.

She arrives at the suite door. Pulls out her key card.  
Applies it to the door. BEEP.

She enters, the door creaking behind her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Holland's wife saunters inside, a breathy whisper escaping.

WIFE  
(flirtatious)  
Hey, Daddy, I'm-

Her smile and tone vanishes as she looks into the bedroom.  
She freezes.

WIFE (CONT'D)  
(gasping)  
Oh-Oh...my god-

She stumbles backward, doubles over and IMMEDIATELY VOMITS  
onto the floor.

Above Holland's wife's crumpled, defeated body, rests  
Holland's decapitated head on the bed, eyes rolled back,  
blood soaking the pristine white bedsheets-grotesquely  
between the thighs of the sex doll-a twisted tableaux.

His opened laptop-cracked screen is also covered in blood.

Written in thick, black Sharpie across Holland's forehead:

"FREE USE SLUT".

FADE TO BLACK.