

No Safe Word Required

Written by

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**INT. ALPHA-IN LOVE HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY**

The lobby is light on furniture, favoring instead naked mannequins in bondage gear. Latex masks and leather whips dangle from industrial hooks like a pervert's coat rack.

MIKI, 50s, tacky rubber kimono, stands behind the functional check-in desk. She looks up from her laptop as a man sneaks through the front door and approaches.

She sighs when she sees him.

KENJI, 70s, smart, but threadbare, suit, points excitedly at the item under the glass counter.

Vibrators, dildos, and latex fists vie for space with lube, pumps, condoms, and flesh-lights - more sex toys than Diddy had (allegedly).

MIKI

This one?

She pulls out a dildo so large and weirdly shaped it looks like a prop from Alien vs. Penetrator.

12 inches, give or take, almost as thick as it is long, red-black ribbing, and definitely not modeled on anything human.

Oh, and it is attached to a large syringe.

KENJI

(in awe)

What is it?

She sighs again.

MIKI

A Black Dragon Ejaculating dildo.

Kenji's eyes light up.

KENJI

That one.

MIKI

(surprised)

Really?

He nods so enthusiastically that his comb-over comes close to becoming a comb-under.

She puts the dildo down on the glass counter.

MIKI (cont'd)  
And which ro --

KENJI  
601.

MIKI  
The Cave?

He nods.

She types into her laptop.

MIKI (cont'd)  
Yep, its free.

He's already trotting off down the corridor.

She shakes her head, grabs a key, and follows.

#### **INT. ROOM 601 - CONTINUOUS**

The room is large and predominantly red, a cross between a cave and a medieval prison cell.

Behind black bars is an unmade bed in its own mini cell, sinned in rather than slept in.

Suspended from the ceiling are two leather love swings side by side, swinging slightly in the breeze from the air-con.

Against the back wall, a padded cruciform cross stands proudly, next to an assortment of leather straps that look sturdy enough to restrain a T-Rex.

One corner holds a rocking horse, though if you let your child near this, Child Protective Services would have questions.

Many questions.

In the opposite corner, a freestanding toilet.

All the mod torture cons really.

The door creaks open, and Miki steps aside to let Kenji in first. She follows and closes the door.

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MIKI  
You know this is the most expensive  
room we have?

He nods.

KENJI  
It's fantastic.

He approaches the furniture reverently, running a hand over the cross like Jesus appreciating the carpentry.

He moves from item to item, eyes wide.

KENJI (cont'd)  
What's this for?

He picks up a wand type device connected by wires to a car battery.

MIKI  
Homemade electro-stim.

He points to the toilet.

MIKI (cont'd)  
Water sports.

He looks briefly confused.

MIKI (cont'd)  
So people can piss on each other  
without it getting over the floor.

His eyes positively twinkle.

KENJI  
In there?

He points to a door at the far end.

MIKI  
Jacuzzi, shower and standard toilet.  
Cleanup room, for, you know... *after*.

He nods and lets his eyes roam from one item of sweaty BDSM 'fun' to the next.

He turns to Miki, a grin almost as large as the erection now bulging his trousers.

MIKI (cont'd)  
Are you sure you want this room? And  
with this?

She waves the massive Black Dragon at him.

He nods enthusiastically.

She smacks the dildo into her palm.

MIKI (cont'd)  
We have others, smaller ones, *human*  
ones?

Kenji shakes his head like she just suggested giving up on his dreams.

He moves to the rocking horse.

Miki sighs, grabs a leather harness from the wall, stainless steel spikes, black straps. She pushes the Black Dragon monstrosity through the harness hole.

Straps herself in.

MIKI (cont'd)  
Lube?

He shakes his head.

KENJI  
That'd be cheating!

Kenji unbuckles, drops his pants to his knees, and bends over the horse, ready for his date with destiny.

MIKI  
Last chance.

KENJI  
You got the MMF threesome session  
last year, now it's my turn.

He braces as his wife advances, Black Dragon swinging and ready for action.

Miki stretches, cracks her knuckles, and plants her feet like she's about to swing for a home run.

MIKI  
Happy Valentine's my love!

She grabs his hips and...

FADE OUT

SCREAM OF PLEASURE

THE END