

SEX DOLL

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

DONNA MATRIX (30) smoking hot. A perfect 10 paces back and fourth on the front porch.

A delivery truck rumbles down the street. Stops in front of Donna's house.

She sprints down to the truck as fast as she can on her five inch spiked heels.

Excited she watches as the driver puts a big box on a hand truck. He turns to Donna. Stares at her with glassy expressionless eyes.

DRIVER

Where do you want it?

She impatiently waves him along.

DONNA

This way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The big box sits on the floor in the middle of the room. Donna kneels next to it. Clasps her hands in delight.

She rips the packaging apart.

Inside is a man bundled up in fetal position. He wears jeans and a tight T-shirt. He's buff. In his late 20's.

Donna pulls him out of the box. Lays him down on the floor. His eyes are closed. He appear to be sleeping.

Donna leans down. Inspects his face. Touches his cheek.

DONNA

Wow... you looks so real. You're beautiful. So handsome.

She reaches into the box. Pulls out a manual. On the cover is printed "Perfect Partners Inc.".

She flips it open. Reads.

DONNA

To activate your new partner follow these simple instructions...

She reads on for a moment.

DONNA

...Very important. You must start by giving your partner a name. If you skip this part, it might cause your partner to get confused and act irrational.

She puts the manual down. Studies him up and down.

DONNA

Hmmm... what shall I call you?

She feels his body all over. One hand glides over his crotch. Lingers then squeezes.

DONNA

Wow! I'm impressed.

Her bright glassy blue eyes stare at him.

DONNA

I will name you Peter!

She turns back to the manual. Reads on.

DONNA

...mumble... mumble... Here we go. Locate the intravenous catheter in your partners right arm.

She turns Peter over on his back. Checks his right arm. A catheter sticks out in the fold of his arm.

She turns back to the manual.

DONNA

Let's see... inject your partner with the liquid in the white syringe.

She peeks at a clear plastic bag inside the box. It contains one white and many purple syringes.

DONNA

(reads)

Do not use a purple one at this time as it might cause your new partner to become aroused.

Donna laughs.

DONNA

Duh! I didn't buy you so we could
play chess.

She takes out the white syringe. Injects it into Peter.

After a moment Peter moans. Stirs.

Donna's eyes widen as she watches Peter come alive.

Peter sits up. Glances around the room then turns to Donna.

PETER

Where am I?

Donna is speechless. Mouth agape. The tip of her tongue makes
a lap around her lips. She reaches her hand out to Peter.
He's reluctant, but takes it.

DONNA

I'm Donna... Donna Matrix.

PETER

Hi. I'm...

DONNA

You're Peter.

PETER

(confused)

Peter... yeah... what am I doing
here?

DONNA

You're my new sex partner.

He checks her out. Not too bad!

PETER

Oh okay... What do I do?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Donna looks down with contempt at Peter. She's dressed in a
short tight black latex dress, fishnet stockings and tall
spike heeled boots. A Cat o' nine tail in her hand.

Peter's on all fours in his birthday suit. A thick black
leather choker around his neck. A chain attached to the
choker is held by Donna's iron fist.

DONNA

Let's try this again shall we. Who do you belong to Peter? Who are you here to serve?

Peter's eyes well up.

PETER

You Donna.

Donna brings the whip down over his back. He cries out.

DONNA

Excuse me?

PETER

I'm sorry Mistress. I belong to Mistress Donna Matrix.

She bends down. Strokes his head.

DONNA

Good boy. Now come here and make me feel like a real woman.

Peter snuffles. Crawls up to her.

LATER

Donna sits in a chair. She wears a black leather bra and panties. She casually smokes a cigarette.

Peter is on the floor in front of her. His face is swollen and bruised. His back red. Raw with whip marks.

He snuffles.

DONNA

What's wrong Peter? You're not man enough to keep a simple woman happy?

She pulls him closer by the chain attached to the choker. Without any emotion she sticks a purple syringe into the catheter in his arm. Pushes down the plunger.

DONNA

I paid ten thousand dollars for you. Don't tell me five times is all you can do.

Peter's face contorts, turns red.

DONNA

Make me holler. Make me scream or I will make sure you do... except you will holler and scream out of fear and pain... Is that clear?

Peter nods. Tears stream down his face.

LATER

Peter is on the floor. Totally beat up in a fetal position.

DONNA

C'mon Peter. Ten times? That's it? That's one thousand dollars per time.

She spasms slightly. One eyelid flutters then she bring the whip down on Peter again. He shakes in pain.

She grabs another purple syringe. Plunges the liquid into Peter's arm.

Peter gasps. Struggles up on his knees.

PETER

Please Mistress. I can't do this anymore.

Donna's voice stutters.

DONNA

You do what I tell you!

Her eyes roll around in their sockets.

DONNA

Now come here and make me happy.

Peter cries.

PETER

Please...

LATER

A finger punches the number 911 on a phone keypad.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two male paramedics burst into the room.

Peter lies sprawled on the floor. Bloody and beat up.

The paramedics glance with vacant glassy eyes at Peter.

BILL

I don't understand why they are so popular.

MATT

I know. They freak me out. Too human like.

Donna lies on the bed spread eagle. Dead glassy eyes stare at the ceiling.

A hand checks her pulse on her neck.

BILL

Circuitry overload.

Matt pulls out some tools from a bag.

MATT

Everyone always overdo it.

Bill shudders. His mouth contorts. His foot shakes.

Matt smiles.

MATT

Looks like you need to reboot.

Bill chuckles.

BILL

I know.

Matt pulls a circuitry board out of a bag.

Bill peels the skin in the back of Donna's head aside exposing advanced computer wiring and circuitry.

BILL

She'll be fine. Should be up and running in just a few.

MATT

What do we do with him?

BILL

Who cares? He's just a human.

