**SCRIPT 2: SORRY DADDY: DILIGENCE**

**NOTES**

This is the script for E2 of Sorry Daddy. It takes place in a Catholic university – St. Justina’s.

Each episode imparts a moral lesson, centering around a cardinal virtue. This episode is “Diligence.”

This is all very seriously twisted. If you’re easily offended by perversion and corruption, this is not the script for you.

There is an underlying lore; the worldbuilding notes are kept separately. There’s extensive borrowing from some actual bits of religion in here. Some is general; some is specific to particular monastic orders.

PN is often used to mean Production Note. SFX means sound effect.

Bracketed instructions with neither are most often notes to the actors.

Yes – this is produced. It expresses real fantasy – but it’s obviously a curated performance as well. If script reading disrupts that for you, definitely feel free to take a pass!

CW: sexual servitude, humiliation, bondage, male dom, femdom, sacrilege, heresy, forced mechanical bondage including “suckmills” and “cunt cycles.” Forced orgasm, edging, denial. Mantric repetition. Belittlement. Frequent use of the terms “Daddy” “Mommy” and “Sister” (in the context of a kink or religious hierarchy.) Extreme insults. Class conflict (a Karen and a less upper-middle class character go at it, with no holds barred.) Some fourth wall breaking to include the listener.

#### CHARACTERS

Father Abraxas – The lead figure. Dominant. Often patronizing. Increasingly gentle in this episode as a point of contrast.

Krissy – the real protagonist. Painfully awkward and innocent; very gaslit.

Sister Catherine (Mother Superior) – stern and sneering. More relentless than Abraxas. Tends to drip contempt.

Charlotte – novice nun in the order. She is over-eager to impress and please, and slightly arrogant. She’s taken down a few notches.

Molly – super popular sorority president type. Mean Girl. Consider using some vocal fry

Magda – Magda is a local accountant brought on to help the students with their learning. She is not upscale.

**SCENE 1 Grow Up**

[PN scene opens with a harsh slap, and a whimper. There’s underlaid religious type music. Match a choral high with the slap, as the rest of the soundscape goes down in intensity]

CATHERINE [ intimdating, contemptuous]: Grow the fuck up!

KRISSY: [whimper]

PN [ruler hit]

KRISSY: What? I… what?

CATHERINE: I’m sorry – did I stutter?

CHARLOTTE [simpering]: You didn’t stutter. Nuh uh. I heard \*every\* word.

CATHERINE: Maybe she’s just… slow. I’ll help her.

CHARLOTTE: Yeah - she needs help. Just look at her.

CATHERINE: Then help. Hold her hands.

CHARLOTTE: [simpering] Yes, Reverend Mother.

CATHERINE: Grow!

[AN: Krissy whimpers with each ruler blow]

CATHERINE: The!

CATHERINE: Fuck!

CATHERINE: Up!

CHARLOTTE: Did you hear her this time, stupid?

KRISSY: Yes! Yes! I heard – I just….

CHARLOTTE: [continuing, gloating] Stupid BABY

KRISSY: I feel… I don’t feel…

CHARLOTTE: [mocking derpy voice] I FeEl … I DoNt FeEL….

CHARLOTTE: Which is it, stupid?

KRISSY: I’m sorry, I’m sorry – I just… [stumbling but manages to get this one out] I don’t feel very grownup

CHARLOTTE: [sneering] There’s a reason for that

ABRAXAS: [interruption] Charlotte! Quick to listen, slow to speak.

CHARLOTTE: [penitent, hamming it up a little] Yes, Daddy.

CATHERINE: [softer, this will run underneath the dialogue] scitis fratres mei dilecti sit autem omnis homo velox ad audiendum tardus autem ad loquendum et tardus ad iram

ABRAXAS: Let’s hear what the little whore has to say

ABRAXAS: She earned \*some\* mouth privileges back there.

CHARLOTTE: Thank Daddy when he praises you!

KRISSY: Thank – thank you, Daddy.

KRISSY: I’m just… it feels… I don’t feel grown up.

KRISSY: The – it’s like… everyone sees everything and ,,,you know, the ruler

KRISSY: I thought college meant no more ruler and… now I decide when to pull down my panties. I want to be grownup – I really do – I…

KRISSY: I don’t feel like that. I don’t feel grownup.

KRISSY: I feel small.

ABRAXAS: Remember, my child. With humility comes wisdom.

CATHERINE: [lower] ubi fuerit superbia ibi erit et contumelia ubi autem humilitas ibi et sapientia

ABRAXAS: It’s good that you feel small, Krissy.

CATHERINE: It shows us you’re learning.

KRISSY: [whimpering] Really?

CATHERINE: Yes.

KRISSY: I did good?

ABRAXAS: You did good.

CHARLOTTE: [harsh] For a baby.

ABRAXAS: [resenting the interruption anger flaring] No.

ABRAXAS: [back to gentle] You did good, Krissy.

CATHERINE: Yes

ABRAXAS: You show humility.

CATHERINE: You show us you can learn.

ABRAXAS: You need to feel small

CATHERINE: You need it to \*really\* grow up.

ABRAXAS: You \*felt\* grown up before, right?

KRISSY: [whimpers]

ABRAXAS: When you changed your uniform?

ABRAXAS: You remember

KRISSY: Yes

CATHERINE: When you hiked up your skirt

KRISSY: Yes, my skirt

CATHERINE: And hoped boys would look.

KRISSY: Yes, look

CAHTERINE: Look at your cunt.

ABRAXAS: Don’t be proud, my child. Say it.

KRISSY: [long pause] Yes, look

ABRAXAS: all of it

KRISSY: Look – look at my cunt

ABRAXAS: [chuckles, light spank] It looks good

CATHERINE: When you shrunk your uniform?

KRISSY: Yes

CHARLOTTE: Why’d you shrink your uniform?

KRISSY: To… to show off.

CATHERINE: What were you showing off, with a tight white top?

KRISSY: [pause] My tits

CATHERINE: You see? There’s hope for your redemption.

ABRAXAS: All cum to repentance.

CATHERINE: omnes ad pœnitentiam reverti

ABRAXAS: Thank her.

CHARLOTTE: [nastily, taking out her prior humiliation on an easy target] Yes, thank her.

KRISSY: Thank you, Reverend Mother.

CATHERINE: It’s the truth, child. You can grow.

CATHERINE: You can grow up.

ABRAXAS: You never really did.

ABRAXAS: It only seemed that way – but it was just pretend. You missed real growing up because of your errors

CHARLOTTE: Your fuckups

CATHERINE: Your sins.

ABRAXAS: Sometimes, we return to the place you strayed

CATHERINE: The times you strayed.

CATHERINE: Remember therefore from where you have fallen; repent, and do the works you did at first

ABRAXAS: [slowly] Going forward means going back first.

[pause]

PN ruler smack

KRISSY [yelp]

ABRAXAS: [irritated] Do you understand?

KRISSY: Yes! Yes!

CHARLOTTE: Then tell her.

CHARLOTTE: Tell Sister Catherine you understand.

[long pause, ruler clatters to floor, heel steps ]

KRISSY: Yes… yes… Sister…

ABRAXAS [anticipating what’s about to come, placing a finger over her lips]: Shhhh. No talk now.

ABRAXAS: Lips together. Just suck on this.

KRISSY: [light slurping through this scene] [speak with finger in mouth] mmmmkay

PN loud slap

CHARLOTTE [whimpers]

CATHERINE: You.

CATHERINE: [said like a slur] Novice,

 CATHERINE: Up on your feet.

CHARLOTTE: [terrified] Yes, of c…

PN Ruler swing, connect

CHARLOTTE [yelps]

CATHERINE: Less words

ABRAXAS: I taught you better than this,

CATHERINE: Quick to listen

ABRAXAS: Slow to speak.

CATHERINE: Now – all the way up. [pause to insert FX] Look in my eyes. I want to see you understand. This is important.

PN raising to feet

CATHERINE: You

[each line here is a slap, in the opposite direction. Whimpers from Charlotte punctuate]

CATHERINE: Are

CATHERINE: Not

CATHERINE: My

CATHERINE: Sister

CATHERINE: Do you understand?

CHARLOTTE: Yes, I just…

[slap interrupt, whimper]

CATHERINE: No excuses.

ABRAXAS: Remember your place, novice.

CATHERINE: [aside to abraxas] Which one is she again?

ABRAXAS: [stage whisper] Charlotte

CATHERINE: Well – she’s Cuntlette now.

CATHERINE: You need to be Cuntlette because you forget your station.

ABRAXAS: It’s an embarrassment

CATHERINE: It really is. Even the new whore knows it better than you

CATHERINE: [speaking to Krissy] New whore.

ABRAXAS: That’s you.

KRISSY: [mouths till full, attentively mmmphs] Yes, Daddy?

ABRAXAS: Listen to \*her\*

CATHERINE: Whore. What do you call me?

KRISSY: [said through finger in mouth] Mother Superior.

CATHERINE: See? She knows.

CATHERINE: She’s almost too dumb to whore, but she might know her place.

CATHERINE: Do you know your place, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE: Yes, I know my…

PN interrupt slap

CHARLOTTE: [whimper]

CATHERINE: Don’t contradict me.

ABRAXAS: You don’t know.

ABRAXAS: You \*say\* you know your place.

CATHERINE: You lie.

ABRAXAS: You always lie to get your holes filled.

[insert biblical quote about lying]

CATHERINE: With anything.

ABRAXAS: Your fingers

CATHERINE: That rosary

ABRAXAS: her tongue

CATHERINE: his cock.

ABRAXAS: her crucifix.

CATHERINE: Yes – even \*this\* crucifix. You’ve really been blessed – but you don’t deserve this sacrament.

ABRAXAS: Or this one.

CATHERINE: You don’t deserve to stand.

ABRAXAS: Not in the presence of your superiors. You call her Mother Superior for a reason.

CHARLOTTE: [nervous, stuttering] Yes… yes….. I…..

SFX lighter slap

CHARLOTTE: [whimper]

ABRAXAS: Use your body, not your words.

[SFX kneeling]

CATHERINE: Lower.

ABRAXAS: Four on the floor

CATHERINE: You lost your person privileges. For a week.

ABRAXAS: Thank her.

CHARLOTTE: Thank you, Mother Superior.

CATHERINE: Maybe you can earn back kneeling in a week. Maybe not. We’ve been lax.

PN sync these together for eerie groupthink effect

CATHERINE: She needs

ABRAXAS: She needs

CATHERINE: strict observance

CATHERINE: strict observance

CHARLOTTE: Yes

PN sync

CATHERINE: Strict observance purifies you.

ABRAXAS: Strict observance purifies you.

CHARLOTTE: Yes – I need it

CATHERINE: If you offer up your holes to Daddy – he might help you purify them.

CATHERINE: You’re very fortunate

PN sync

CATHERINE: It’s a blessing.

ABRAXAS: It’s a blessing.

ABRAXAS: It’s a blessing when I purify your holes with cock.

CATHERINE: Crawling is a blessing.

ABRAXAS: Repeating the words is a blessing.

CATHERINE: That’s what you do this week.

ABRAXAS: You crawl

CATHERINE: You repeat the Words of Union

PN sync

CATHERINE: you worship with your holes.

ABRAXAS: you worship with your holes.

ABRAXAS: Say it.

PN spanking

CHARLOTTE: [whimper]

CHARLOTTE: I worship with my holes

ABRAXAS: Again!

CHARLOTTE: I worship with my holes - I worship with my holes - I worship with my holes - I worship with my holes

CATHERINE: That’s an improvement. The Words are always better than your words.

ABRAXAS: The words are Union.

CATHERINE: The words are life.

ABRAXAS: The words are deeper than your inmost being

CATHERINE: Deeper than your inmost being

CATHERINE: Psalm 40. The REAL one. Show us you remember.

CHARLOTTE: [repeat this four times; it recurs throughout the scene. Deeply spacey, automatic repletion, hornier each time] I rub myself – I go durr – thoughts are for Superiors. I rub myself – I go durr – thoughts are for Superiors. I rub myself – I go durr – thoughts are for Superiors. I rub myself – I go durr – thoughts are for Superiors.

ABRAXAS: Now – face down.

ABRAXAS: Ass up.

ABRAXAS: I need to inspect your observance.

PN scraping sounds

CHARLOTTE: [for this part, do five breaths normal then five faster then five panting]

ABRAXAS: Higher.

ABRAXAS: HIGHER

CATHERINE: Lucky Cuntlette. Inspection is a blessing.

CATHERINE: Don’t get too distracted, Daddy. Remember - the new whore needs inspection too.

ABRAXAS: She does.

CATHERINE: Maybe you can be a postulant. I’m not sure that cuntlette’s working out

ABRAXAS: Would you like that?

KRISSY: What – what’s a postulant?

ABRAXAS: It’s the next level of training

CATHERINE: I was a postulant once

ABRAXAS: I trained her myself

KRISSY: [incredulous] So – you mean like…. um, like – a Sister?

ABRAXAS: Exactly

CATHERINE: One of us

KRISSY: [overwhelmed] I’m – I’m yes thank you I’m so grateful – I’ve always looked up to ,,,,

[slap]

KRISSY [whimper]

CATHERINE: Too many words, cunt

ABRAXAS: It’s unbecoming

CATHERINE: Quick to listen

ABRAXAS: Slow to speak.

ABRAXAS: Quick to listen

CATHERINE: Slow to speak.

ABRAXAS: It isn’t easy to be a postulant

CATHERINE: You work for it

ABRAXAS: Are you ready to work?

KRISSY: Yes

CATHERINE: You earn your place

ABRAXAS: Are you ready to earn?

KRISSY: Yes

CATHERINE: We’ll see about that

ABRAXAS: It’s a challenge

CATHERINE: You’re going to have to pass quite a few tests – starting today

ABRAXAS: You have to prove ALL your virtues for us to even consider you

KRISSY: Yes – yes Daddy - I – I accept

ABRAXAS and CATHERINE both laugh

ABRAXAS: I thought she might

CATHERINE: She really has NO idea

ABRAXAS: We’ll see how you feel about that in a few hours. I’m holding you to your word

CATHERINE: Before all that, though - vestments.

ABRAXAS: [to krissy, patronizing] That means your uniform.

KRISSY: [distressed a bit][through finger in mouth] But Father

[spank slap]

KRISSY: [do five spanked whimpers for insertion]

ABRAXAS: Not Father anymore. [spanking with each word] Not. For. Whores.

KRISSY: [with finger in mouth] Daddy – daddy [coming up off sucking] Daddy – daddy I… Uniform?

ABRAXAS: Yes, my child. You need it.

KRISSY: I – I know I’m dumb, um… but I like - I have a uniform. We – we talked about it

CATHERINE: Wrong again, cunt.

ABRAXAS: [gentler, patronizing] That’s not real. It’s a fake uniform

CATHERINE: It’s false. It’s part of your false face.

ABRAXAS: A false face

ABRAXAS: For a false world

CATHERINE: A false church.

ABRAXAS You’re past that now.

CATHERINE: You’re blessed

ABRAXAS: You’re blessed that we brought you here

CATHERINE: You can see the real world here.

ABRAXAS: The real church behind the church.

CATHERINE: The world behind the world.

ABRAXAS: You can wear your real uniform now.

CATHERINE: There’s a reason we brought you to the sacristy

**SCENE 2 Dressing**

KRISSY: Sac- sackree?

ABRAXAS: Sa – cris – ty.

CATHERINE: For your vestments.

KRISSY: Ummmm

CATHERINE: The words aren’t important. Not to you. You know what your words are for.

ABRAXAS: She knows. Remember? Daddy showed you.

CATHERINE: [scoffs] She probably forgot.

CATHERINE: Don’t go soft on the whore, Abraxas. [eye rolly] Not again. They’re holes. Mouth – cunt – ass – mind. All holes.

CATHERINE: They’re either dripping juice or dripping lies.

ABRAXAS: Of course. But you know what we do with whore holes.

ABRAXAS: Right? You know, fuckmeat.

KRISSY: Ummm

ABRAXAS: You know this. [deliberate, very condescending] What do we do to your holes?

KRISSY: You…. ummm… fill them?

ABRAXAS: [relieved] Exactly. Daddy fills your holes.

CATHERINE: Awwww! She finally got something right!

CATHERINE: Charlotte. [claps] Make yourself useful. 141.

CHARLOTTE: [spacey, slow, repeats through scene – repeat three times, deep spacey and hornier each time]

 Whores say words/ we get ignored.

That’s not what our mouths are for

Our mouths are holes/ mouths are toys

 We don’t say thoughts / we just make noise

ABRAXAS: Good cunt.

ABRAXAS: Are you gonna be a useful cunt too, Krissy?

KRISSY: I… I think…

ABRAXAS: [slap]

KRISSY: [whimper]

ABRAXAS: [annoyed] THAT’S not your first mistake, but it’s your worst one.

ABRAXAS: Now STOP. Stop thinking –

ABRAXAS: grab that table edge – like that – and don’t let go.

[drawer clattering – rummage]

CAHTERINE [arch] Consider your trials pure joy, Father.

ABRAXAS: [ruefully] I rejoice in my sufferings.

CATHERINE: The numeraries know. They say you like them stupid.

ABRAXAS: They’re not wrong. They’d enjoy my mortification now.

CATHERINE: I’m sure. She is \*remarkably\* stupid,

CATHERINE: \*Here’s\* something she can understand.

PN this scene is Foley to tell us that she’s strapping heels onto Krissy

CATHERINE: Left foot up.

ABRAXAS: [finger snap] Cunt.

ABRAXAS: It’s not hard. Left foot up.

KRISSY: Yes F.. [checks herself] Yes, Daddy

CATHERINE: Ohhh… she can learn! Now step into it

KRISSY: Yes, Mother Superior.

CATHERINE: Now…. right foot.

KRISSY: I – I hope I um, do OK ? I can’t – I don’t usually wear heels. I might not…

CATHERINE: That changes today.

ABRAXAS: You need these heels.

CATHERINE: A POSTURE of humility matters more than words of humility.

ABRAXAS: Whore mouths lie

CATHERINE: Whore flesh is true.

ABRAXAS: These keep your flesh true.

CATHERINE: And if you’re REALLY untrue, well [SFX lock click] you won’t get far. Not with silly little steps.

ABRAXAS: You look better with silly little steps.

CATHERINE: Your whole body looks better this way

PN sync

CATHERINE: Show us.

ABRAXAS: Show us

ABRAXAS: Hands off the table.

CATHERINE: Stand.

ABRAXAS: Face your betters.

CATHERINE: Back arched

ABRAXAS: Tits out

ABRAXAS: Tits out further!

KRISSY: Yes – yes daddy

ABRAXAS: Say it. Say what you do.

KRISSY: I put… I put my tits out.

CATHERINE: We’ll make sure you remember.

CATHERINE: Cuntlette!

SFX crop swing and connect

CHARLOTTE: [whimper]

PN cut the chanting

CATHERINE: Cuntlette! The clamps.

SFX starts to stand

SFX crop blow

CHARLOTTE: [whimper]

CATHERINE: No – no standing for the Cuntlette. They’re in the low drawers – you fetch with your mouth

CATHERINE: Better

ABRAXAS: You’ll need your dress before your clamps.

ABRAXAS: I’ve already lubed it – few more squirts - so just put your arms up

SFX latex stretching and zippers

KRISSY: [five breaths, five gasps] [these noises are for background to narrate dressing her in latex] oh. Ohhh. Oh! That’s – it’s slippery

ABRAXAS: Only way to get it on you. You’ll learn to lube it up; that’s later

SFX crawling

CHARLOTTE [eager panting as she delivers the nipple clamps]

CATHERINE: [softly, this is away from the action] Thank you, Cuntlette

KRISSY: [slightly whiny] Daddy – this shows… EVERYTHING – it doesn’t even cover

ABRAXAS: [interrupting, impatient] That’s the point.

CATHERINE: We need you available.

ABRAXAS: Cuntlettes don’t get hidey holes

CATHERINE: Besides – if nobody’s using your holes, you might as well be good decoration.

ABRAXAS: You don’t get vestments to cover up.

CATHERINE: You get vestments to show off.

ABRAXAS: Cuntlette. 45

CHARLOTTE: [brainlessly repeat 5 times; horny enough to imply edging] No one cares / what cuntlettes say / we’re just trophies / on display / I’m a trophy / I’m a doll / I need them / to see it all

CATHERINE: Of course – you aren’t WORTH showing off if you don’t look good

ABRAXAS: Cuntlettes have to look good.

CATHERINE: You don’t look good yet

ABRAXAS: Not quite. But it’s a good start!

CATHERINE: She needs – well – she needs a lot of things

CATHERINE: We’ll start with accessories

SFX clamps jangle

ABRAXAS: Arch that back again

ABRAXAS: Tits out

KRISSY: [sounding scared] I put my tits out for Daddy

CATHERINE: You do – but you forget

ABRAXAS: You forgot again

CATHERINE: That’s why you need these

KRISSY: [gasps]

KRISSY: [she’s reacting to nipple clamps – feel free to ad lib some] Owwwwwwww! Ow! Ow! Ow – they’re so cold

CATHERINE: I suppose you’ll just have to warm them up then

ABRAXAS: Keep whimpering, cuntlette. See what happens. I haven’t even started adding weight

CATHERINE: No touch – no touch tits. Hands by your sides, tits out

KRISSY [ten deliberate slow breaths]

ABRAXAS: [aside] She does look better

CATHERINE: Almost presentable

ABRAXAS: A miracle of healing

CATHERINE: Not yet

SFX heels approach

CATHERINE: Left wrist out

SFX cuff click into place

KRISSY: Ohhh

CATHERINE: You always did fidget with that rosary – you get a new one now

ABRAXAS: It’s a shepherd bracelet – you’ll never get lost

CATHERINE: And you can still fidget. See the beads?

KRISSY [dazed] They’re - they’re me

CATHERINE: The new you – doing new you things

ABRAXAS: They’re made special for the new girls

CATHERINE: Now if you forget – just look down. You can see your place

ABRAXAS: Well – your places

CATHERINE: Here’s one. Head down

KRISSY: (say with head bowed) Yes Mother Superior

SFX necklace collar clicks into place

CATHERINE: You get a rosary necklace too

ABRAXAS: You’re a lucky cuntlette

CATHERINE: Everyone can see your devotion

ABRAXAS: Your piety

PN SYNC

CATHERINE: Your observance

ABRAXAS: Your observance

ABRAXAS: And when you’re needed somewhere – well, you don’t have to understand our words

CATHERINE: You’re bad at that,

ABRAXAS: We just have to… take your crucifix…. And – tug

SFX simulate tugging, pull through – Abraxas leads, Catherine follows, charlotte in rear

ABRAXAS: This way. Remember – small steps

CATHERINE: If you fall down, well… I know I’ll laugh

ABRAXAS: But you might not see the stations for a while

CATHERINE: And our cute little cuntlette has so much to learn!

SFX door open to S3 soundscape, perspective stays with Krissy. We get Abraxas enter – Krissy enters which changes room tone and sound

**Scene 3 Suckmill**

PN There’s a mechanical blowjob competition going on throughout this scene. It’ll underlay much of the start. Both MAGDA and MOLLY should do :

a solid 15 seconds of sucking normally

a solid 15 seconds of sucking as if it sped up – getting facefucked

a solid 15 seconds of facefucked to the point of gagging

PN the machine will periodically bzzzzzzz

KRISSY: [gasps] I – I know her. I KNOW her

MOLLY: [say with two fingers in your mouth; very gagged] I know you. Krissy. It’s me, Molly

KRISSY: She was – that was my roommate- then she – I thought she – transferred …

SFX Nipple pull

KRISSY: [clamps pulled] Oh! Owwww! Oh!

ABRAXAS: That’s not important. Not now

CATHERINE: It was never important. None of it

CATHERINE: Your gossip

ABRAXAS: Your flirtations

CATHERINE: Your social media

ABRAXAS: It never mattered

CATHERINE: All idols – all false

ABRAXAS: You learn what’s real here

CATHERINE: If you’re good

PN SYNC

CATHERINE: You need to focus

ABRAXAS: You need to focus

CATHERINE: [snaps finger] Cuntlette. Here.

SFX crawlup

CATHERINE: Do your part. Help her focus. 37

SFX finger snap

CHARLOTTE: [loops through scene- deeply spacy] No one wants a lazy whore – good whores always work for more.

CATHERINE: You need to focus

ABRAXAS: You need to focus

CATHERINE: The stations. Focus on the stations.

ABRAXAS: Do you remember them?

KRISSY: Ummmmmm

ABRAXAS: The stations? From church?

KRISSY: Ummmmm

CATHERINE: [scornful] Of course not.

[this section is mostly Catherine tugging at Krissy’s nipple clamps – so SFX accordingly and different “ows” from Krissy]

CATHERINE: She’s a whore. Whores don’t remember words

KRISSY: [clamps pulled] Oh! Owwww! Oh!

CATHERINE: The Word isn’t for whores

KRISSY: [clamps pulled] Oh! Owwww! Oh!

CATHERINE: We made them like this because we understand you.

KRISSY: [clamps pulled] Oh! Owwww! Oh!

CATHERINE: We know whores. You only understand the word when it’s made Flesh

KRISSY: [clamps pulled] Oh! Owwww! Oh!

ABRAXAS: We make the good girl words into flesh – so whores understand.

CATHERINE: Even the DUMBEST whores remember their flesh.

ABRAXAS: They’re for virtue. Every station’s a virtue – every station shows you a virtue, in flesh

CATHERINE: Do you understand at all?

KRISSY: I – I hope so, Mother Superior

CATHERINE: Tell me – why did we make your stations?

KRISSY: [gasping – attempting to avoid another clamp pull] It – yes. It’s good girls. It’s for good girls- good girl things

ABRAXAS: I see. Good girls. So – is your friend Molly a good girl?

KRISSY: Um…. Yes! I mean – I think so. She always got good grades and you know – everyone likes her…. She’s like the president of her sorority and like – the squad - but – nice and…. nodest – so yes. She’s a good girl – so she’s here to be a good ,,,,

SX FACE SLAP

KRISSY: [whimper and gasp]

ABRAXAS: No – she’s NOT a good girl.

CATHERINE: She’s the opposite. That’s why she’s on the suckmill

ABRAXAS She’s bad.

CATHERINE: The worst of sinners

ABRAXAS A prime example of our patience

KRISSY: How – how – what did she sin? What sin did she do? [lamely] She - she seems nice

ABRAXAS: [giving her a bit of praise] That’s actually a good question

KRISSY: Thank you, Daddy

CATHERINE: It \*is\* a good question…with a simple answer

SFX heels – channel crossfade, Catherine to Molly

CATHERINE: Molly is the WORST kind of whore

CATHERINE: She’s a LAZY whore

CATHERINE: Isn’t that right, Molly?

MOLLY: [this whole section is muffled; do it with two fingers in your mouth, up to the second knuckle. That’s signified by [m]

MOLLY: [M] that’s right that’s right

CATHERINE: SAY IT

MOLLY: [M] lazy whore lazy whore

CATHERINE: We can’t even trust her to suck a fucking cock right

CATHERINE: We have to hook her up to a machine that MAKES her suck cock

CATHERINE: and EVEN with a machine – she STILL needs a ponytail handle

CATHERINE: You just can’t do anything right by yourself, can you?

ABRAXAS: Show her, sister. The hand of the diligent will rule.

CATHERINE: Do it right – and admit it. [pause – each word is a gag as she forced her head down] You’re Too Fucking Lazy.

CATHERINE: SAY IT

MOLLY: [M] [each word is a suck stroke] too – fucking – lazy – too – fucking – lazy – too – fucking – lazy – too – fucking - lazy

KRISSY: No!

[long pause]

CATHERINE: [icy] I must have misheard

CATHERINE: WHAT did you say?

KRISSY: I – I – I – I’m sorry- I just – she’s my FRIEND – you’re HURTING her

CATHERINE: I knew she was stupid – but even I’m surprised that she’s THIS stupid

ABRAXAS: That was really stupid

KRISSY: Daddy – I

ABRAXAS: No.

CATHERINE: Don’t look at him. He won’t help you- no matter how much you cry

ABRAXAS: The more you cry, the less I care

CATHERINE: even your FRIEND doesn’t care

CATHERINE: Tell her

MOLLY: nnfffmmmmf mmffff mmmmmfff

CATHERINE: Oh –you’re losing anyways – head up. Just take the shocks

MOLLY: [ten shocked sounds to scatter - there will be timed shocks throughout so do ten or so “shocked sounds”]

MOLLY: [coming up off cock] Yes – yes Mother superior

CATHERINE: Today is special. We actually want your opinion!

CATHERINE: Your cuntlette friend thinks you’re too good for the suckmill. Is she right?

MOLLY: Nuh uh Nuh uh Nuh uh – never too good for the suckmill

ABRAXAS: So she’s wrong?

MOLLY: Yes. Wrong

ABRAXAS: I have to correct her

MOLLY: Yes. Please. Show her, Daddy

ABRAXAS: She deserves it

MOLLY: Yes, she deserves it

KRISSY: Molly! What? How? Aren’t we friends?

[off main spanking . slapping sequence with Abraxas]

CATHERINE: Your “friend” won’t save you, cuntlette.

CATHERINE: She won’t put in the effort – because just like we said – she’s a lazy cunt

MOLLY: Yes. I’m a lazy cunt

CATHERINE: She’s the next level of lazy. Sloth

ABRAXAS: Acedia

CATHERINE: She isn’t just a whore who happens to be lazy. She’s a whore BECAUSE she’s lazy

ABRAXAS: It’s from her pride. Corrupt fruit from the evil tree

 CATHERINE: Is that right? Yeah? You’re a PROUD lazy slut?

MOLLY: uh huh – I’m a proud lazy slut

ABRAXAS: Why? Tell us

CATHERINE: Show your cuntlette bestie what you learned

MOLLY: It’s -it’s cause I’m pretty

MOLLY: Everyone always says I’m like – pretty – you know? I just have like – a really good body. You know, like big tits and the right kind of ass, so like – people just do things for me. It’s automatic. It’s like Sister says – I got lazy. I thought being pretty was enough

ABRAXAS: Enough for what?

MOLLY: I guess – everything? Like – I just never figured I needed to try hard cause some man would like – take care of me and buy me things and I dunno – do my math

MOLLY: It’s just easier, you know? That stuff is hard, and so – I can just look cute and say uwu daddy and someone will like – take care of it

CATHERINE: Try it

MOLLY: uhhh…… try?

CATHERINE: TRY IT

MOLLY: What?

CATHERINE: You talked about saying uwu daddy so

MOLLY: I mean…

CATHERINE: SAY IT

MOLLY: [hesitantly] Uwu? Daddy?

[shock sequence]

MOLLY: [shocked whimper] It hurts – it hurts – you’re hurting my cunt

CATHERINE: LOUDER

MOLLY: [slightly louder] Uwu Daddy

CATHERINE: Don’t make me ask again

MOLLY: [GOES THROUGH ABOUT FIVE SHOCKS, SAYING UWU DADDY AND YELPING AS SHE’S PUNISHED]

CATHERINE: Why didn’t it work?

MOLLY: What? I…

CATHERINE: You said UWU DADDY – no one fixed ANYTHING for you – why not?

MOLLY: I don’t – ummmm

CATHERINE: Because you don’t GET an UWU DADDY. You never will. You don’t DESERVE an UWU Daddy. You’re spoiled and you’re worthless and everyone knows it. Everyone smells your sloth – and it’s disgusting

ABRAXAS: Isn’t she disgusting, Krissy?

KRISSY: Um – yes. She’s… disgusting

CATHERINE: Lazy – disgusting – slut. Say it

ABRAXAS: You too – tell Molly what she is

MOLLY: Lazy – disgusting – slut

KRISSY: Lazy – disgusting – slut

ABRAXAS: She is. Really, Molly. I work with the sick and the haunted and the desperate – and you are really a new level of grotesque

CATHERINE: Your soul is SICK

ABRAXAS: We are merciful, though

ABRAXAS: Every girl at St Justina’s can redeem herself

CATHERINE: You just have to work for it. Like – her

ABRAXAS: Like Magda

SFX heels move to Magda position

CATHERINE: You work for it, don’t you Magda?

MAGDA: [mfff mfff fff]

CATHERINE: Head UP – you’ve already won, dear. Good girl.

CATHERINE:: Now tell me. You work for it, don’t you?

MAGDA: Yes, Mother Superior – I work for it

ABRAXAS: That’s why she’s here.

CATHERINE: She’s always had to work.

ABRAXAS: In parking lots –

CATHERINE: truck stops –

ABRAXAS: on the pole –

CATHERINE: On the day we found her

ABRAXAS: [affectionately] She ALWAYS works hard – isn’t that right, Guzzles?

MAGDA: Yes, Daddy – I work hard

ABRAXAS: She doesn’t uwu Daddy for attention. That’s WORTHLESS

CATHERINE: She doesn’t put on cat ears and whine.

ABRAXAS: She works

CATHERINE: She shows she has value

ABRAXAS: She makes Daddy cum

CATHERINE: What about you, Molly, can you make Daddy cum?

MOLLY: I… I try

[SFX slap]

MOLLY: [whimper]

CATHERINE: Not acceptable

CATHERINE: We don’t care about “trying” – that’s whore words

CATHERINE: And what are whore words?

MOLLY: Mouth noise

CATHERINE: Whores don’t learn from The Word

CATHERINE: You learn with flesh

ABRAXAS: You’re both going to learn today

CATHERINE: We’re going to teach your flesh. You’re going to learn real virtue – you’re going to learn - diligence

**Scene 4 Cunt Cycles**

ABRAXAS: You’ve seen the suckmill

CATHERINE: Strap in two whores

ABRAXAS First to twenty sucks gets the good buzz-

CATHERINE: but only if she sucks it right

ABRAXAS: Good sucks

CATHERINE: Deep sucks

ABRAXAS: You have to touch the button

MAGDA: [chipper] With my nose!

ABRAXAS: That’s right. With your nose. You always suck it good, my child

MAGDA: Thank you, Daddy

CATHERINE: No lazy half sucks here

ABRAXAS: And no fucking teeth. Teeth get the bad buzz

CATHERINE: Lazy gets the bad buzz

MAGDA: [giggling] That’s her – she’s lazy - she always gets the bad buzz

MOLLY: [humiliated, defensive] Not ALWAYS – I won twice today

MAGDA [sarcastic] Wow – two whole buzzes - ohhh

MOLLY: [scoffs] Ugh – maybe not all of us were like fucking truck stop hookers and…

SFX electric shock and whimper

CATHERINE: Molly!

ABRAXAS: We told you already

CATHERINE: Don’t make us repeat just because you’re too lazy to remember

ABRAXAS: Not if you want to cum this month. Do you?

MOLLY: [cowed] I’m sorry Daddy

CATHERINE: No jealous talk

MOLLY: But she…

[electric shock]

CATHERINE: [mocking] but she…. But she….

CATHERINE: But SHE knows how to suck

CATHERINE: But SHE demonstrates value

CATHERINE: But SHE learned how to do service right while you were picking Instagram filters and dreaming of your uwu daddy

CATHERINE: So until you learn to earn – Molly – you respect your betters

MOLLY: Yes Mother Superior. I’m sorry, Magda

CATHERINE: No, Molly. I know I’m your Superior already. You tell Magda

MOLLY: I – she’s…

CATHERINE: NOW

MOLLY: I’m sorry [clearly hating it] Superior

MAGDA: [vicious] Thanks Karen! I’m sure you’ll be worth something – someday. Probably?

ABRAXAS: That’s better. Thank you both

ABRAXAS: If you feel spiteful that way in the future, Molly – just work it out in the game.

CATHERINE: Speaking of which, we need a new game. I think Magda’s proved her point on the suckmill

MOLLY: I – I was getting

CATHERINE: No, Molly. We’ve talked about whining. You lost and we’re moving on

CATHERINE [claps] Novice! Stop rubbing for just ONE minute. Be useful. We need your help

CATHERINE: Get them ready for the next game.

KRISSY: What – what game?

CATHERINE: Oh – it’s a fun one! We’ll watch them put all that hard work to use

SFX button click, raising platforms

CATHERINE: It’s time for…. Cunt Cycle

SFX begin music – this is gonna be either Carmina Burana style or chiptune style – this will be a looping intro section

SFX begin a robot voice TTS countdown – and electronic metronome

CATHERINE: Novice - lube them up

CHARLOTTE: Yes, Reverend Mother

KRISSY [stage whisper to Abraxas] What’s a cunt cycle?

ABRAXAS: [normal voice] No need to whisper, my child

CATHERINE: We know you’re ignorant

ABRAXAS: It’s a race

ABRAXAS: See those bikes? The ones rising up?

KRISSY: Yeah! I see them! We have those in the gym – Molly and I used to….

ABRAXAS: Mmmmm hmmmm – these ones are…. A bit different

KRISSY: [normal, clueless] Oh [catching on as she sees the dildos on the bikes] ohhhhhh

KRISSY: So, they um – those – go inside?

ABRAXAS: You got it. You fuck when you ride – and the sensors know exactly how well you’re fucking

CATHERINE: You can’t cheat the Cunt Cycle – so remember girls – cumming’s not allowed

MAGDA: [to Molly – very hostile] Too bad for you, cumpig – that Karen cunt always cums and [delivered like she’s air snapping] cumming’s not allowed

MOLLY: [scoffing, slow to comeback] YOU shouldn’t be allowed. I bet they didn’t even *have* bikes in your trailer park

KRISSY: [stage whispery] They’re so mad!

ABRAXAS: [dismissive] Just healthy competition. Motivation’s important

CATHERINE: Remember the sensors, girls. if you’re lagging, just give the cycle a… squeeze. Hard squeeze only. You get to reap all the work you’ve put into keeping your cunt tight

MOLLY: Hear that, skank? TIGHT. Like ME – and Arby’s pussy? off the dollar menu? just doesn’t qualify

MAGDA: Your Daddy likes it just fine

MOLLY: Priests always do help the unfortunate

MAGDA: Nuh uh, honey – not that Daddy

CATHERINE: [claps] Girls! Girls! Under a minute. Dress up – you don’t want this without lube

SFX [latex creak]

CATHERINE: Stop staring, Krissy – dress up

KRISSY: Me?

CATHERINE: [mocking] MeeEeeeEeeeE?

KRISSY: I…

CATHERINE: Yes – you. Count the bikes – I know you can do this

CATHERINE: 1…2…. Three! That’s you. Now you either get lubed or you take it dry. It’s up to you

ABRAXAS: Dress up, my child – let Charlotte do her job

SFX [latex creak]

KRISSY: [louder, panicking] I – Daddy I don’t know how….

MAGDA: Yeah – you sure don’t. Look, Karen – mini-Karen’s as dumb as you are

KRISSY: Daddy – how- what do I

MAGDA: they putting extra dumb juice in the [bear down on the X] Expresso machine?

MOLLY: Nahhhh, they ran out when they refilled the slurpees

KRISSY: Daddy!

ABRAXAS: You can do this – it’s very simple – you just ride and squeeze – ride and squeeze

KRISSY: What do I squeeze?

ABRAXAS: You squeeze your cunt. Like when you touch yourself – and you’re very close. Remember – I always see

KRISSY: Yes Daddy

ABRAXAS: Charlotte Help her – you can use your words for this [to Catherine, half apologetic] She’s new

CHARLOTTE: Yes Daddy

CATHERINE: Mmmm hmmm. Time’s almost up

SFX Countdown close

CHARLOTTE: There you go, honey

KRISSY: My heels….

CHARLOTTE: We all have them – that’s just part of the race. Just one foot after the other

CHARLOTTE: Good – now raise up – UP – all back down. That’s right – you’re lubed enough. All the way inside

SFX final beep – start up cycling sounds and accelerate

[PN – this will be assembled largely in post production. Do the lines – with pauses between lines –I’ll assemble]

[PN core narrative – the girls bicycle race. Molly is disqualified by cumming and she’s sent away. Krissy comes from behind to win the race]

MOLLY: [ten breaths normal. ten breaths hard exercise. Ten breaths gasping, Ten moans – quiet. Ten approaching edge sounds. Ten edging sounds]

MOLLY: Fuck! Fuck! Close. So close. Too close. Oh fuck. Oh… fuck. So deep. So deep. So fucking deep. So fuckping deep. Gotta cum. Can’t cum. Gonna cum.

MOLLY: [insult lines delivered as nasty asides, still gasping] Trash. Trailer trash. Can tell you didn’t have bikes. Can’t fit a bike in the double wide. Dumpster cunt. Arby’s cunt. You’re fucking garbage. Floppy. Try harder, floppy. Of course you’d take my Daddy. It’s what you do – cause guess what? Your Daddy never loved you. I bet you never met him. Yeah – maybe we are sisters. I AM a princess – and you’re just the dirty secret.

MOLLY: What – what the fuck. Clit tickle? There’s no – no one told me. She’s cheating! She’s cheating! Oh fuck

MOLLY: Oh – oh fuck. Fuck! Gonna cum. Gonna cum. Oh no – no no non no nonononon. [involuntary loud orgasm]

MOLLY: No no no – I’m sorry – I’m so sorry Daddy. No Mother – No Mommy. Please no Mommy. Please Daddy no! Not there! Not there. I can’t – I can’t – nooo [crying]

MAGDA: [ten breaths normal. ten breaths hard exercise. Ten breaths gasping, Ten moans – quiet. Ten approaching edge sounds. Ten edging sounds]

MAGDA: Fuck! Fuck! Close. So close. Too close. Oh fuck. Oh… fuck. So deep. So deep. So fucking deep. So fuckping deep. Gotta cum. Can’t cum. Gonna cum.

MAGDA: [insult lines delivered as nasty asides, still gasping] Lazy. Lazy whore. Spoiled. Pampered. Stupid. You probably cum frappucino. No self-control. Pathetic. Weak. Princess. Countess Cunt. Cuntessa. Daddy won’t bail you out now, Cuntessa. Daddy never bails you out anymore. He’s too busy – fucking his FAVORITE.

MAGDA: Should have paid attention. Always so fucking lazy

MAGDA: Beginner’s luck. Awww – that’s cute. Cute little cunt. Aren’t you cute? That’s what you do. Act cute and fucking innocent and hope someone takes care of you. Just another fucking uwu. Uwu princess. I’ll make you say uwu. You gonna go uwu to Daddy? No uwu daddy here. No more uwu daddy. I’m gonna fuck you up. Gonna fuck you up so bad you go in the cage for a month. All alone - all alone in the Pink Room. Maybe they’ll let you bring a stuffie. You like that? Crazy little uwu humping her stuffies. Babbling to her stuffies. I’m gonna love it when they break you

MAGDA: No! No! Oh fuck. Fuck! Gonna cum – gotta cum. Fuck! So close. So close. No – it feels too good. Too good – no. Nuh uh. Nuh uh.

KRISSY: [ten breaths normal. ten breaths hard exercise. Ten breaths gasping, Ten moans – quiet. Ten approaching edge sounds. Ten edging sounds]

KRISSY: [remember – Krissy is trying NOT to swear] Fuck! Flip! Close. So close. Too close. Oh fuck. Oh… flip. So deep. So deep. So fucking deep. So flipping deep. Gotta cum. Can’t cum. Gonna cum.

KRISSY: Which – which button?

KRISSY: Nuh uh. Nuh uh.

KRISSY: [five cute HMMMPH! And MMMPHS! For deploying boosts

KRISSY: It’s so fast. So fast – oh my god.

CHARLOTTE: You’ve got it – you’ve got this! You’re doing good. You’re doing great! Don’t let her get to you. She’s just jealous – you’ve got the tightest cunt. You’re the tightest cunt here. Let her talk. No one cares about her mouth. Just focus on your cunt. forward-down-down forward! [slower] Forward – down – down – forward. You got it!

CATHERINE: I’m sorry. The clit tickle is a legitimate part of the game. We talked about it last week. You should have paid attention. Right handlebar – on the control pad. forward-down-down forward.

CATHERINE: That’s all, Molly. We all knew it – after everything – you’re still a lazy whore. Stop your crying. You know the right door. No whining. Right now – it’s a week in the Pink Room. Every word adds a week. That’s two weeks. Any more words? Good. Now get the fuck out.

CATHERINE: Just two left. Let’s see if you have any actual talent, Krissy. Let’s see if you’re Sister Material.

ROBO VOICE: Cunt Cycle Begin. First target – achieved. Second target – achieved. Molly. Magda. Krissy. Squeeze – detected from. Cunt critical. Cunt is in danger. Cunt is overheating. Is close to cum. Is cumming. Is speeding up. Disqualified. Magda and Krissy remain. Speed boost – deployed by. Clit tickle deployed on. Winner: Krissy.

KRISSY: Wait – did I – did I win? Really?

CHARLOTTE: Yes

KRISSY: [woo hoo and celebration, ad lib for 10 seconds or so]

CHARLOTTE: We did it! We did it! We did it! We did it!

CATHERINE: Very impressive, Krissy.

ABRAXAS: I told you – she has talents

CATHERINE: It’s true. You’re right. Not brain talents – but –talents.

ABRAXAS: Manners.

KRISSY: Oh! Thank you so much, Reverend Mother. I’m just – I’m still really excited

CHARLOTTE: We did it! We did it! We did it! We did it!

CATHERINE: Well done. But Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE: Yes, Reverend Mother?

CATHERINE: Time for silence. You’ve served your purpose. Back on all fours.

CATHERINE: As for you – what’s her name again?

ABRAXAS: Magda

CATHERINE: Really? Not Krystal or Britney?

ABRAXAS: [chuckles] No – it’s really Magda

CATHERINE: For now. That can always change. We’ll see if you remember after a month in the Pink Room.

MAGDA: [gasps] But – I was second, and she was – Molly….

CATHERINE: No more whining, Crystal. We’ve been too kind and you’ve misunderstood your place. Let me correct any confusion

CATHERINE: You are a cheap whore.

CATHERINE: You will always be a cheap whore

CATHERINE: We brought you here as an example. For a specific kind of work

CATHERINE: We value that work – but that work is your value. And that is all. When you fail – you’ll be treated like exactly what you really are

CATHERINE: You will never be anything but our help – and you will never one of us

CATHERINE: Understood?

MAGDA: Yes, Mother Superior

CATHERINE: Better. Now see yourself out

CATHERINE: Now you – [breaking fourth wall] yes YOU – you could be one of us

CATHERINE: Maybe. Just maybe

CATHERINE: You have to focus. You have to remember EVERY lesson

CATHERINE: You have to listen every day

CATHERINE: And you can never – ever -ever – let yourself get lazy.