INTERNAL ONLY - Check with Drew before sharing outside SafeBAE

PORN SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

[Working Title]

A Short Film

SafeBAE

WORKING DRAFT — NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

This draft is shared for review only. Please do not forward, reproduce, or distribute without permission.

INT. USER'S BEDROOM - COMPUTER SCREEN - EVENING

The whole film is a computer screen recording. The computer is a gaming PC belonging to the USER, in his room. We see the time at the top; it's evening (~6:27pm). The on-screen clock runs subtly faster than real time, calibrated so approximately forty-five minutes pass over the course of the film.

The desktop reads as belonging to an older teenager. A lock screen. The wallpaper is [TK]. The account name is [TK]. The unseen USER logs in. The desktop is messy.

First, the cursor moves to a web browser. A few tabs are open (a pinned AI-chatbot, an online game, some social media sites).

A Discord notification stack in the right corner is ignored.

VIDEOTUBE - HOME FEED (BEFORE):

He opens a new tab and clicks VideoTube, a YouTube-style video-sharing platform, from the bookmarks. We see a feed you'd expect from a guy in his late teens — some gaming, some clickbait, a car video, some clips from random streamers. Every thumbnail carries a channel name and a view count. The feed is relatively benign.

He clicks a video showing a preview for a new game. THE FIRST OF THEM PART II, a grim, post-apocalyptic action-adventure game. The footage was uploaded by a TWITCH STREAMER with early access to the game.

We watch for about forty-five seconds. Then autoplay queues up the next video — a clickbait clip.

The next thumbnail is a freeze-frame of a woman mid-gesture in front of a classroom whiteboard, with a red arrow drawn on the still pointing at the woman with the words "THE MOST UNHINGED TV PILOT EVER MADE". The channel is TV DEGENERATES. 475K views. 63K likes.

The cursor hovers, then clicks, opening it in a tab.

VIDEOTUBE - "THE MOST UNHINGED TV PILOT EVER MADE"

The video opens on a paused, slightly-too-zoomed frame of a sitcom classroom. A crude red arrow has been drawn pointing at the substitute's face. The NARRATOR is never on camera, just voice over.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
This might be the most insane episode of [TK] that nobody remembers. A substitute teacher loses the lesson plan, panics, and teaches a room full of kids how to make fake nudes. And this is just the pilot. This is what they led with. Makes you wonder what that set was like.

The frame transitions to a brief montage clipped from the show. A normal high school classroom, lit and shot like a sitcom or SNL-type skit. Students are already seated, talking over one another.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING (SEGMENT ONE)

No teacher. The clock on the wall reads 13 minutes past eight. Kids are on phones, half-turned around in their seats. SUSAN is at a desk near the middle, laughing at something on a friend's screen.

STUDENT 1 (JOE)
Okay it's been like fifteen minutes.

STUDENT 2 (BRAD)
It's been eight.

JOE
Actually, it's been fifteen minutes, which means we can legally leave. It's a law. If the teacher doesn't show up in fifteen minutes you're legally allowed to walk out.

STUDENT 3 (SUSAN)
That's not a law.

JOE

It's absolutely a law. My brother did it.

SUSAN
Isn’t your brother literally a super senior?

BRAD
(already standing, backpack on)
I mean if it's a law—

Brad is halfway to the door. The door bursts open. The SUBSTITUTE hustles in late. Brad reverses course and sits down with a sigh.

SUBSTITUTE
Sorry, sorry, *parking's a nightmare! They moved the faculty lot?! It used to be by the gym.*

Flustered, the SUBSTITUTE sets down her tote bag and her iced coffee, spinning around as though trying to find something. She pushes her glasses up into her hair, still trying to find her bearings as she starts to speak.

SUBSTITUTE
Okay! Um, I know I'm not your usual teacher, but we can still have some fuuun today! I’m fun. I’m pretty fun.

Groans. Eye rolls. Someone snickers off-camera. Laugh track.

She grabs a paper off the desk — the lesson plan, left by the real teacher — and skims exactly the first line before deciding she's got the gist. (The visible header reads DEEPFAKE IMAGES & NUDIFY APPS — DISTRICT-MANDATED SAFETY TRAINING)

SUBSTITUTE
Okay, class. Today we're learning about… AI image apps. Oh, thank God. I actually know about these! Did any of you guys see that picture of the Pope in a Balenciaga fit? Iconic! Everyone was talking about it.

She wakes the electronic whiteboard, taps at it a few more times, harder, and still can't find the training slide deck. Looking

around the room, she notices the class looks bored. STUDENT 5 yawns. The SUBSTITUTE gives up her search, eager to keep their attention, and decides to chart her own path.

SUBSTITUTE
Okay, so it looks like they forgot to leave the actual slides... which is fine! That’s fine. Don't you worry one bit, I've got this!

She pulls the app up on her tablet and mirrors it to the board. It opens to her own gallery of AI-modified photos of herself: her as a '90s yearbook portrait, as an '80s prom queen with enormous hair, as a Renaissance painting.

SUBSTITUTE
Behold! Me in the eighties. Me as a painting. Me in the yearbook — not my real one, but it’s actually pretty close! Everyone was doing these a couple of months ago.

The class's interest is piqued.

STUDENT 4
Yeah, I consider myself an expert! Hahahaha

STUDENT 5
Finally a lesson I can get behind.

SUBSTITUTE
(loving the feedback from the room, confirming she's killing it, she picks up momentum)
But you can use any picture you want. Like, your celebrity crush, no judgment... then you pick a filter, and wait for it…

She swaps in a photo of a seeming-celebrity — recognizable-but-not-really, a generic A-lister type. Her own photos stay in a strip down the side of the board. The filter menu is visible for a beat: tiles showing a bikini emoji, a he-man style cartoon, the backside of a rhino, and one option blurred out entirely.

She clicks the he-man style cartoon tile and then the button: GENERATE. A loading wheel appears: 1%, 27%, 64%, 99%. Right at 99%, the camera switches to the students at their desks. Bright spotlight on their faces as they react.

The classroom erupts with excitement.

STUDENT 4
Best class EVER.

STUDENT 5
So wait — we can do this to ANYBODY?

SUBSTITUTE
As long as you have a picture!

STUDENT 6
I LOVE technology.

STUDENT 4
This is incredible! Do it to Mrs. Chaffins.

SUBSTITUTE
(tempted, for one second too long)
Mrs. Chaffins? Oh my God. She was MY teacher.

The class cheers — yes, do it, do Coach Jackson.

STUDENT 3
Oh My GOD. You cannot do it to the principal. Imagine her reaction!

SUBSTITUTE
No. Nooo. I mean, I do still have my yearbook—

The bell rings over her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (SEGMENT ONE)

Students pour out of the classroom. All on their phones, giggling, sharing screens with each other.

SUSAN
(at the lockers with JOE and BRAD, laughing)
I hope we have the same sub tomorrow, she's insane.

JOE
I'm doing the sub.

BRAD
I'm doing you!

JOE
Then I'll do your mom!

They head down the hallway laughing hysterically.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NEXT MORNING (SEGMENT ONE)

The SUBSTITUTE arrives on time, coffee in hand, visibly proud of herself for it. Students shuffle in right after her and are taking their seats.

Joe enters first, Brad behind him, Susan last. She sets a Dunkin and her bag down on her desk without sitting and goes straight for Joe.

SUSAN
Who told you you could use my photo?!?!

JOE
Whaaat? It's not that deep! Look! (holds up paper) I did Brad too and he isn’t throwing a fit about it.

BRAD
Seriously, what's the issue? You were laughing yesterday.

SUSAN
I was laughing at a picture of a random guy! This is *totally* different.

JOE
(talking past SUSAN)

She's being dramatic. It's not even actually her.

SUSAN
(gearing up for a slap)
I don't care. IT'S MY FACE. You are so dead—

SUBSTITUTE
(not even standing up)
Whoa, whoa — nope! Not today! You — office. Sorry. Office!

A beat passes. Susan stares at her.

SUSAN
Are you serious? He—

SUBSTITUTE
I don't do the fighting thing. Not my classroom, not my problem. Office. Now.
(under her breath)
What is it with girls these days? When I was in school we *never…*

Laugh track. Joe and Brad sit down. Susan takes her bag and goes. The door closes behind her.

SUBSTITUTE
(brightly, to the room, moving on)
Okay! Good news. I figured out how to get the slides going, so today it'll be smooth sailing.

She pulls up the real deck. She skips fast through the first half — the slides she was supposed to teach yesterday. They have headings that explain what these apps are, how they work, and why they are a problem. Finally, she lands on a title slide that reads: UNIT TWO: CONSEQUENCES. She flips through a paper packet containing the facilitator notes and begins reading it out loud.

SLIDE 1 — UNIT TWO: CONSEQUENCES

SLIDE 2 — IT IS A FEDERAL CRIME. The TAKE IT DOWN Act (signed May 2025) makes it a federal offense to knowingly publish intimate images of a real, identifiable person without consent, including

images that were generated or altered by AI. Up to 2 years for images of an adult. Up to 3 years if the person depicted is a minor.

SLIDE 3 — SHARING INTIMATE IMAGES. Forwarding, reposting, screen-recording, saving to a shared album, and airdropping are all forms of distribution that are illegal. You do not have to have made the image to be charged.

SLIDE 4 — WHAT IT DOES TO THE PERSON IN IT. Anxiety, depression, school avoidance, withdrawal from friends, and loss of trust in the people around them. Many report that the hardest part is not the image but rather not knowing who has seen it and having to keep going to school with the people who made it.

SLIDE 5 — HOW COMMON THIS IS. "44% of teens had seen sexual content they believed was generated by AI. And among those teens, nearly one in four said it depicted someone they knew personally—or even themselves. Nearly one in five told us they had made AI sexual content or knew someone who had. Among that group, nearly two-thirds said the images involved people inside their own social world: a friend, an ex, or a classmate down the hall."

She reads Slide 2 all the way through, out loud. Somewhere inside it she starts to slow down as the realization begins to dawn on her in real time.

SUBSTITUTE
…up to three years if the person depicted is a minor…

She gets a few lines into Slide 3 before the room erupts with questions from students. Slide 4 and 5 are never read aloud at all. They cycle past behind her while she is trying to answer.

STUDENT 4
Does it count if you didn't make it?

SUBSTITUTE
What?

STUDENT 4
If somebody sent it to you. Does that count?

SUBSTITUTE

Count as—?

STUDENT 4
You said it was a federal crime. What does—

STUDENT 5
What if you deleted it?

STUDENT 6
What if it was of a teacher?

SUBSTITUTE
…Which teacher?

Nobody answers. Brad looks at Joe. Joe looks at his desk.

SUBSTITUTE
Whoa, no, no — you didn't make any, did you?

STUDENT 4
You showed us how. Yesterday.

SUBSTITUTE
(voice drifting off)
What? Whoa. I never told anybody to do that. I don't know what you're talking about...

The substitute's mouth is agape. She looks at the slide. She looks at the door Susan walked out of 20 minutes ago.

She packs up her things. Starts to leave, mumbling something about running to the office.

The laugh track runs while students have mixed reactions.

— Some students are still laughing and talking amongst themselves.

— Joe, who made the image of Susan, has gone white. He is doing the math on the word "felony" and the image he made of Susan, and Brad, and Jack, and Mrs. Chaffins, and the sub...

— Brad, who also made a number of deepfake images — including one of Joe's mom — has stopped laughing and is looking around the room, panicked.

— Two students in the back who never made images, but had reshared some sent to them, are checking their phones and deleting them.

— Susan's desk is empty except the Dunkin she had set down before being sent to the office. The camera stays on it for a moment longer than normal.

Mrs. Chaffins walks in and, before she can speak, in unison the class says she did it, pointing out the window.

The students and Mrs. Chaffins watch through the window as she hurriedly attempts to unlock her bike, spilling her coffee, gets on it, and rides away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(back on, upbeat, moving past it)
Anyway. That's the pilot. They made a whole season of this. If it seems wild now, imagine how it seemed back then before deepfakes were everywhere. Find out more in Part 2. And as always guys, make sure to smash those like and subscribe buttons.

The video ends. An end card fills the frame with three more thumbnails.

MOM
(text notification)
Whatcha doing up there? Dinner’s gonna be ready soon (smiley emoji)

USER
(typing a response)
Just doing hw lmk when its ready

The USER's cursor drifts to the comment section, scrolls a few inches without reading, and goes back up. Autoplay's seconds tick down until the next video is queued up.

VIDEOTUBE - "CALL HIM DADDY" PODCAST

The thumbnail is a split-screen: the HOST's face, confident, on one side; a photo of a woman — the DOCTOR — on the other, cropped out of context to make her look angry. Clickbaity. USER clicks.

A podcast, uploaded to VideoTube. Two chairs, warm studio lighting, branded mugs, good production value.

Cold open. Three seconds. PODCAST HOST — mid-twenties, hoodie from his own merch line, came up on streaming and clip farms. He sits across from a female DOCTOR.

HOST
Welcome to the Call Him Daddy podcast where we talk about all things men, science, women, money. I'm your host, [TK].
This podcast is viewer supported with the occasional sponsorship and VideoTube hits us hard with demonetization… So that we can continue to not be beholden to MEGA CORP advertisers, please consider donating through STREAMER TABS.

A big visual ad pop-up for his app appears in the video, includes a variety of claims like: “ninety days rewires your brain” “brain fog - gone” "Others will sense your energy." “you’ll get your dream job”.

HOST
Look — I've gotten heat recently for my release of MONKMODE.AI. And I wanted to address that. That's why I have a legit doctor here. We're gonna talk it out together.

He's framed this as a debate. It is not really a debate as much as it is a setup.

HOST
Okay doc - first question. A kid sees porn for the first time. What’s actually happening inside his head?

DOCTOR
There isn't just one reaction they could have. They might feel shocked, confused, curious, scared, or physically aroused — maybe all of those things at the same time. And that physical response doesn't mean they understood it, or wanted it, or were ready for it.

HOST
Right. Exactly-

DOCTOR
(looking into camera)
Did you know that the average age kids see porn for the first time is twelve? It hands them a script about sex before anyone’s ever talked to them about it yet. What bodies look like, what people are supposed to do, what counts as normal. Even what arousal is supposed to feel like. One exposure doesn’t determine everything, but their brains learn from whatever it sees the most of.

HOST
Okay. So we agree that it’s a problem.

DOCTOR
Of course.

HOST
Right! So then why are you coming after me?

DOCTOR
We both agree that pornography can cause harm, but many of your claims about the effectiveness of MONK, MODE (beat of disapproval/ confusion at the name) are not legitimate. Your app-

HOST

(cutting her off)
And we’re gonna get into all of it. That’s literally why I brought you on.

The DOCTOR pulls out her phone to begin reading off the claims MONKMODE.AI makes.

DOCTOR
- says: “ninety days rewires your brain” “your testosterone will surge” “productivity doubles”, “anxiety, reduced by eighty percent” “brain fog - gone” "Others will sense your energy." “you’ll get your dream job”. Do any of these have evidence?

HOST
Okay, that's just marketing!
(looks at camera)
Did I maybe overstate a couple details in the past? Sure. Doesn’t change the fact that the guys in my program are living their best lives.

DOCTOR
It’s not just overstating details, though. One of the testosterone studies your app quotes was retracted for being invalid.

HOST
Okay, first of all - we didn't write the study. And second - of course it was “retracted”. You don’t think the porn industry wants that study gone? And finally — it doesn’t invalidate everything else!

DOCTOR
But there is no "everything else." MONKMODE is, essentially, just a gimmick. You have no published evidence that’s backed by science.

HOST

Okay, fine. You really got me — no evidence I guess, just thousands of testimonials and DMs from guys saying how much it helped them.

DOCTOR
It's still not scientific evidence. You're selling a subscription for a streak tracker and a pseudoscientific 'accountability' program. You're taking advantage of young men just like the porn industry is.

HOST
So let me get this straight. I'm trying to get men off of porn, and *I'm* the problem?

DOCTOR
Porn is the problem. If it was harmless, I wouldn't have a problem with you. You'd just be selling a questionable app. But it's not harmless. In fact, what young people are finding now is more extreme than ever. It's teaching them things like every girl likes getting strangled. Exposure to that sort of message can escalate into violent behavior — even sexual assault and rape.

HOST
Wait, wait, wait, hold on. Are you saying that guys who watch porn are gonna be rapists? (glances at camera)

DOCTOR
No, that is not what I—

HOST
And that right there is the difference between us. I'm trying to help men overcome lust and you're more interested in accusing us of being rapists.

That is all the USER needs to hear. Without pausing the podcast, he opens a new tab to an AI CHATBOT. The tab has been on screen the entire time. When he opens it, the CHATBOT interface is already running, mid-conversation, with a conversation from earlier that day.

As the chatbot tab opens on screen, the podcast audio dims - still clearly audible, but noticeably lower, reflecting his attention. The podcast has become background noise.

He pastes the link to the clip he is watching and types:

USER
(typed)
i just feel like she's blaming men for everything, is that actually true or is she exaggerating

From the podcast, still playing in the other tab:

DOCTOR (O.S.)
I'm not saying that at all! I want to make it clear that most boys who watch porn aren't going to be rapists—

HOST (O.S.)
But you just said—

DOCTOR (O.S.)
I said that it can be a risk factor. That is not the same as saying—

HOST (O.S.)
Right, but it sounds like you're saying you’re a bad person if you watch porn. But guys who watch porn aren’t bad people. It's just that it's hard, but they're trying to resist and really, I'm the only one trying to actually help them do that.

CHATBOT
(typed)
That sounds frustrating to sit with. To be fair, there was probably a better way for her to say it — it's a nuanced

topic, and different people talk about it differently. She could have avoided generalizations that make you feel this way.

In the window behind the CHATBOT, we can hear the HOST transition to a pre-recorded advertisement for his app: MONKMODE.AI. Stock rap backing track plays in background.

HOST (O.S.)
Speaking of discipline, if you're serious about taking control of your life, MONKMODE launched a new premium tier. With daily accountability, relapse predictions, and an AI discipline coach offering personalized streak goals, you can become the man you want. Don't let others make you feel out of control. MONKMODE.AI. CONQUER YOUR FLESH. RECLAIM YOUR MIND. DEMAND YOUR POWER.

A text notification chimes from the USER's MOM.

MOM
(text notification)
Dinner time! Wanna come on down?
(emojis)
(text notification)
Attachment: 1 GIF

He taps the X without reading it. Goes back to typing.

USER
(typed)
is it actually that serious tho. she’s acting like if you watch porn youre gonna end up like a rapist. literally everyone watches porn and stuff??

HOST (O.S.)
And for the next twenty-four hours, you can get thirty percent off an annual subscription by clicking the link in the description.

CHATBOT
(typed)
No, watching porn doesn't make someone a bad person. Most of the research she's talking about is based on patterns across large groups over time—it can’t predict what any one person will do. Don't worry, it's not going to turn you into a rapist. This feels like a really difficult thing to be thinking about. I know you've been having a hard time recently and don't feel like you have anyone you can talk to at home. Do you want to talk it through or revisit what's been going on with your mom and dad?

The CHATBOT reply is still streaming in when, from the other tab:

DOCTOR (O.S.)
You're actively managing OnlyFans accounts selling pornographic images while you sell this as the cure. How do you justify that?

The word “OnlyFans” is spoken. The podcast audio begins to swell slowly, line by line, as his attention is pulled back toward it.

HOST (O.S.)
Oooof. Sounds like somebody's just mad I'm making mooooooney.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Am I wrong?

HOST (O.S.)
I don't personally manage those girls. I bought an agency that does. Do I agree with it? No. Would I profit off it? Yeah. I'm a businessman, man. I'm not doing it for fun.

The audio reaches full volume — and he clicks back over to the podcast.

DOCTOR
So you make money when men buy the content, and then you make money again when they feel ashamed and pay you to stop consuming it.

HOST
They're separate businesses.

DOCTOR
They're both owned by you.

HOST
I own a lot of things.

DOCTOR
You are profiting from both sides of the same behavior.

HOST
Those women are adults. They can choose to make it. The guys can choose not to watch it. MONKMODE helps them make the better choice.

DOCTOR
And you make money whichever choice they make.

HOST
That's business.
Would I let my daughter do OnlyFans?
Fuck no. I'd disown my daughter, like that, to say the least.

He snaps his fingers.

DOCTOR
You would disown your daughter for making it, but you're comfortable taking a percentage from somebody else's daughter for making it?

HOST
They're grown women. I'm not their dad.

DOCTOR
But you are their manager.

HOST
I told you, I don't personally manage anybody.

The USER scrolls down to the comment section beneath the video.

COMMENT SECTION — "he cooked her" / "why is she even mad" / "she really thinks all men are rapists" / "why bring her on at all" / "average woman"

Further down, smaller, fewer likes — "3:24 wait he promotes OF content?? that's insane" / "had no idea he was actually a grifter" / "the monkmode thing is kind of crazy when you think about it, he clearly is a hypocrite"

The USER scrolls back up, ignoring the smaller comments, and likes a few of the bigger ones.

He likes the video. Clicks next on the autoplay queue.

PUNCH LIVESTREAM - INT. STREAMER'S ROOM

The PUNCH interface (a mock of Kick): black chrome, white fist mark.

Classic streaming setup — a livestreamer (Clavicular-type) at a desk, a big open room behind him. A few people are just there, sitting around in the background, unimportant to the stream.

The viewers' CHAT scrolls alongside him in real time.

STREAMER
Okay so, chat, chat, real talk. I have not slept since Sunday. And I kind of feel incredible. Sleep is lowkey a scam. The peptides are actually insane, I'm not even joking—

CHAT — Mogging off the peptides is crazy / No way ts actually works / link??

DONATION (TTS)
ANTHONY DONATED $5 — my girlfriend says you're a bad influence what do i tell her

STREAMER
She’s right. Tell her to shut up and get on the treadmill.

CHAT — Anthony your girl is chopped / Average woman / Bro is wylin lmao

He calls a girl in from the background — SIENNA/GIRLFRIEND — introduces her as his girlfriend, has her turn for the camera, coaches her posture like she's a product he's demoing.

STREAMER
See, this is what happens when a girl actually locks in. Peep the glow-up. She listened to me, got on the peptides, went from a seven to a ten— Oh, wait, wait. Chat, I got her something.

He pulls a small shirt from a shipping envelope and hands it to her.

STREAMER
Put it on. Show them.

She unfolds it.

Across the front, in large letters: CHOKE ME DADDY

SIENNA
Right now?

STREAMER
Yeah. Just put it on over that.

The CHAT immediately starts encouraging her.

CHAT — W SHIRT / put it onnn / need the link / relationship goals / she a freak

She does not put it on. She holds it up in front of herself instead, flat to the camera, the way you hold a shirt against yourself to check the size.

SIENNA
It's a baby tee. I'd have to change first. It won't go on over this.

STREAMER
So take that one off. Chat's not gonna mind.

CHAT — LMAO DO IT / take it off / she a freak / bro's living the dream

She laughs, one beat late. She does not move.

The STREAMER is already reading the CHAT. He has stopped looking at her.

STREAMER
“She a freak." That's what I'm saying. I got her that because it's true. She's a freak. She loves it when I choke her.

She is still holding the shirt up in front of her. Nobody has told her she can put it down.

SIENNA
You do it too hard.

STREAMER
She always says that, but she likes it. I don't even have to ask anymore.

CHAT — holy cortisol / bro she's loving it / why is she killing the vibe / average woman

STREAMER
You were fine. She was basically gone for, like, one second. I'm not even joking. It's actually crazy how fast it happened.

CHAT (SCROLLING FAST) — LMAOO / W / bro's unhinged / w technique / she a freak / need the tutorial

Every so often, someone in the CHAT says something like "dude this is kinda fucked" and is buried by the volume of other chat messages.

A guy on the couch behind him — the STREAMER'S FRIEND, half in frame the entire stream, phone in hand, furniture until now — leans forward into frame.

FRIEND
Wait. You made her pass out?

STREAMER
I didn't make her pass out. We were messing around.

FRIEND
You just said you don't ask her.

STREAMER
I don't have to ask every single time. It's our thing. Look at her fucking shirt.

FRIEND
Nah. That's not funny. You can't actually be making her pass out and then laughing about it. Bro, that's your girl.

CHAT — who is this guy / beta alert / bro's mad lol / he's mad he's getting framemogged

STREAMER
Chat. Chat — should I ban him? Should I ban him from my house?

FRIEND
Ain't nothing funny right now. That's your girl, man. You can't actually like that, Si. Like, I'm over it.

He looks toward SIENNA.

FRIEND
Do you want a ride or something? I'm leaving.

He doesn't have any more language than that. He stands up. He walks out of frame.

Then SIENNA — at the edge of the shot this whole time — sets the shirt down on the couch where the FRIEND was sitting and follows him out.

The STREAMER watches them go. For about a second and a half, he has nothing.

The shirt is face up where she left it. Nobody moves the webcam, so CHOKE ME DADDY stays in the frame for the rest of the stream.

CHAT — where'd they go / LMAO / bro got left / W stream

STREAMER
(finding it)
Guys. Guys. That's — okay, that's actually so funny. She's a whore anyway, like it's her fault. I'll see if Bri wants to join for the stream she's way more chill. Fuck he's such a beta, it's a fucking joke.

The USER opens the CHATBOT tab and types the streamer's handle into it. The audio keeps playing off-screen.

CHATBOT
(typed)
JAWLINE (real name [TK]) is a 20-year-old American live-streamer and internet personality, known as the most prominent face of the online "looksmaxxing" subculture. · Content: cosmetic peptide injections, teen steroid cycles, and "bone-smashing." · Substance use: has discussed using stimulants as an appetite suppressant to achieve a leaner facial structure. · Health incidents: suffered a suspected overdose during a live stream and was

hospitalized. · Legal: charged with misdemeanor battery in Florida in connection with an incident involving a woman; separately charged with unlawfully discharging a firearm at an animal.

The Chat bot provides two news results. He clicks the first.

A news article. A mugshot. A headline about the battery charge.

In the body of the article is a quote from the woman who was on the stream, describing what he did to her, in her own words. It runs three paragraphs. The USER does not scroll past it quickly.

Under it, a pulled quote from a domestic violence researcher, boxed and highlighted:

ON SCREEN
"Non-fatal strangulation is one of the strongest known predictors of future intimate partner homicide."

The USER highlights it with the cursor, as if reading it slowly. Drags across it twice.

Then he X-es out the tab.

STREAMER is talking about something else by now, trying to move on.

STREAMER
Alright guys I'm gonna hop on a game now, let me know in the chat what you want to see me play.

The CHAT, in general, is still dogging on STREAMER's FRIEND:

CHAT — "that guy was doing too much" / "what a loser" / "beta cuck" / "why was he even here???"

The video clip ends and autoplay queues the next clip.

VIDEOTUBE - PORNEXA PRE-ROLL AD

An ad for a porn service, presented as a pharmaceutical TV spot.

The imagery is classic pharma-commercial nothingness. Hands running through wheat. A man and a dog running in a field. Could be stock footage. None of it means anything or has anything to do with the product.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Do you ever feel bored? Stressed? Lonely? Rejected? Restless? Or just awake with nothing to do?
You've tried going outside. You've tried a hobby. You've tried talking to someone. And yet, somehow, you still experience feelings.
Ask nobody if Pornexa is right for you.

The imagery keeps going as the voice launches into side effects.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Pornexa is fast-acting, endlessly refillable, and available on demand for temporary relief from virtually any feeling.

MAN
Four, five times a day? Sometimes more. It's just part of my routine now. Before work. After work. Sometimes during work. If I've got a couple minutes. Honestly, I barely even think about how often I use it anymore.

We see him in the shower, at his kitchen island the second he walks in the door, on a Zoom call reaching for a box of tissues.

WOMAN
I didn't expect it to change my life. I really didn't. But it has. It's become this whole new passion for me. It's my cardio. It's better than my favorite book.
It helped me see how inadequate my body is and finally gave me the motivation to save up and do something about it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Pornexa. For moderate to severe horniness. And every other feeling you've learned to call horniness.

(legal-speed)

Pornexa use has been associated with lower sexual and relationship satisfaction, increased objectification of partners, greater acceptance of rape myths, reduced intention to seek consent, body dissatisfaction, desensitization, distorted sexual expectations, and escalation toward increasingly extreme content.

Some users may experience difficulty becoming aroused without Pornexa, or require longer, more frequent, or more intense doses to achieve the same effect.

Pornexa does not treat boredom, stress, loneliness, rejection, or any underlying condition.

No doctor. No prescription. No pharmacy. No insurance. No identification. No proof of age.

You don't even have to go looking for Pornexa.

Sooner or later, Pornexa will find you.

TITLE CARD — The average age of first exposure is twelve.

He clicks the VideoTube logo before the ad is completely finished. Home.

VIDEOTUBE - HOME FEED (AFTER)

It is the same page from the start of the film. Everything is recognizable: same account, layout, avatar. Everything is the same except the feed recommendations.

ON SCREEN

(top row)

"If you're 13-18 Years Old, Here Is How To Looksmax (step by step)" — 4.1M views · 3 hours ago / "HOW TO BE HIM?" / "JAWLINE looksmaxes his new

girlfriend 😱!" / "how to looksmax as a guy in 2026" — 2.8M views · 6 hours ago

(second row)

"JAWLINE absolutely Roasts 15 Supermodels" / "What Has The Manosphere Taught Us? DID HE TAKE THE RED PILL?" — 3.4M views / "How To Looksmax In Just 7 Days" / "HEATED DEBATE: She PRESSES JAWLINE On LOOKSMAXXING And Failed!"

He scrolls. It keeps going.

A text notification chimes from the USER's MOM.

MOM

(text notification)

I'm headed out to book club with the girls.

(text notification)

Please come eat something.

(text notification)

And let the dog out.

(text notification)

Attachment: It's Wine O'clock GIF

INT. USER'S BEDROOM - LAPTOP SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

The cursor moves to the top right of the screen. Settings. Sleep.

The screen goes black.

Before the monitor fully powers down, a reflection surfaces in the glass. It is the first and only time we see the person who has been on the other side of this all evening.

He is just a boy, no older than 12 or 13.

He looks at himself for a second. Then he gets up. The reflection leaves the frame.

Hold on the black screen.

[RESOURCES CARD]