

THE LAST HUMAN COCK ON ONLYFANS

Written by

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INT. PHONE SCREEN - DAY (3 YEARS IN OUR FUTURE)

Portrait-style phone display, black borders take up the rest of our screen. The bottom of the phone-screen is some MINECRAFT video playing to keep attention-span maintained, whilst we mainly watch the top part of the screen, which is a young man balanced upside down against a wall, masturbating so that when he orgasms the sperm will land on his face. All streamed over ONLYFANS. Just before he reaches orgasm - a message flashes up on the screen: "AI CONTENT DETECTED".

INT. JOSHUA'S BEDROOM STUDIO - DAY (3 YEARS IN OUR FUTURE)

A neat little OnlyFans set-up in JOSHUA'S (21, M) bedroom. Small camera. O-light. Bottle of champagne, fluted glass that bubbles away. Joshua naked except for long silky gloves, pillow jammed under neck. As he starts orgasming he sees the AI CONTENT DETECTED flash up. Falls sideways in shock. Ejaculates everywhere presumably. Jumps onto his swivel chair naked, balancing. Viewer numbers dropping. Msgs: "Another fake!", "Fucker", "Wot a l3r bie all", etc. Subscriber numbers start to drop as well.

JOSHUA

Ignore it! Ignore that! I'm not  
A.I. Content. Please. I'm real!

Almost in tears but calms himself, gets into character. Looks in the camera as numbers plummet. He picks up his champers - not noticing a stray white string of...something...in it.

INT. PHONE SCREEN - DAY (3 YEARS IN OUR FUTURE)

We see things from the stream point-of-view again, bit of Minecraft. A delicately civilised naked man toasts us.

JOSHUA

Come on darlings. You KNOW the O.F.  
detection algorithm's dodgy. Josh  
is the real thing! I'm...

TITLES: ...THE LAST HUMAN COCK ON ONLYFANS!

He swigs deeply on his champagne and chokes once he realises what's in it - sprays it all over the camera lens and our view of him and of the titles.

EXT. CORNWALL BEACH (PLYMOUTH) - DAY (3 YEARS IN OUR FUTURE)

Joshua stood at Cornwall Beach in Plymouth, in front of the Devonport Inn. Not a beach. Cobbles. Its own unique charm.

A dirty slipway outside of the military dockyard, going down under a raised barb-wired roadway which is INSIDE the dockyard. The Tamar River still looks pretty. There's something peaceful and isolated about this area. Joshua strolls up the past the tall Victorian part of the dockyard wall, to Holmans Buildings. Cheap places to live on "the beach", because they face the dockyard tall wall exterior. He goes to knock on number 33. Hesitates. Backs away. Opens his phone to his stream page. Still has a "MARKED AS AI CONTENT". Knocks, but each rap seems to be agony on his knuckles.

INT. FRONT ROOM (33 HOLMANS BUILDINGS) - DAY

Joshua sat with a tea, sips, frowns. His father PETROS (45, M) rummages through a desk. Despite their ages, they are peas in a pod. Except Petros wears JOHN LENNON GLASSES. He brings out a pill box with day names on it for each day's pill.

JOSHUA

Pops! Just come and sit down,  
you're making me nervous.

PETROS

Checking...Varma counts them out  
for me. I've had today's pill.

He sits, sips. Takes off the glasses.

PETROS (CONT'D)

Just wanted to check I had  
everything for our week.

JOSHUA

I might be here longer than a week.

PETROS

Perfect! NOW we can relax. I've  
bought in food, beer--

JOSHUA

Please don't spend money on me.

PETROS

Babe--

JOSHUA

Joshua.

PETROS

I can't tell you--

JOSHUA

Don't make me cringe!

PETROS

Last time I asked you to come for a long stay - you said "Not 'til hell freezes over".

JOSHUA

Not sure how long...

PETROS

I've already spoken to my supe, she's willing to--

JOSHUA

Pops - I don't want to clean fucking submarines!

INT. TRENDY LONDON JOINT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Flashback to Joshua with effervescent stylish GEEMAN (20).

GEEMAN

You can move in with me.

JOSHUA

No. It's too late. It's been weeks. My status means my subs are down 80 points. Got to get out for a while.

GEEMAN

Honey, you've worked so hard to make it up here. Why don't you--

JOSHUA

Don't you dare pimp me! I'm a performer. I'm proud of what I do.

GEEMAN

But Plymouth...

JOSHUA

I can't live up here AND pay for my dad's care. "NHS" equals "fucked".

GEEMAN

Ok, sit up straight! Let's think, the 3 options. One: call and email streamer support.

JOSHUA

Tried that. Support's all humans controlled by A.I. menus. And they don't want to ADMIT errors.

(MORE)

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I'm not the first streamer ruined by false positive detection. Two: take on other employment - but I have a drama degree, I'm useless.

GEEMAN

Three: trigger their "non-AI" proof tag by producing content no AI could've been trained on or thought of. But sweetie, AIs have been trained on EVERYTHING. And are FAR more imaginative than you!

INT. FATHER'S HOUSE (PLYMOUTH) - NIGHT

Joshua stood at open door - vaping staring at The Wall. A car pulls up. Out gets VARMA (50s), his father's partner.

VARMA

So. "Not til hell freezes over"?

JOSHUA

Hi Varma. Still dressing like a 20 year old Wrestling Model?

VARMA

Your father and I went to the pub. You need to be nicer. We're giving you a place to stay.

She's a bit close. Joshua backs away. She follows.

VARMA (CONT'D)

No vaping in the house. Not so much the cock of the walk now? I know things have been quiet for you.

Something about her emphasis makes him turn.

VARMA (CONT'D)

How are you for money honey?

She moves closer.

VARMA (CONT'D)

Want a tip?

JOSHUA

You..!?

VARMA

Be nice. I'm sure you wouldn't want daddy to know how you pay for his treatment. He's a prude.

She reaches out. Strokes his hair. He flinches.

VARMA (CONT'D)

Your daddy and I are happy here. Three's a crowd. You want to stay longer than a week? You're going to have to get into my good books.

She kisses him on the cheek. She heads off upstairs.

VARMA (CONT'D)

Doesn't feel like AI to me...Night!

EXT. THE SERPENTINE (LONDON) - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Joshua and Geeman in a peddle boat on the Serpentine. Geeman's doing all the pedalling.

JOSHUA

I've worked it. I stay with dad a few months, rent out my London pad.

GEEMAN

Will you pedal!?

JOSHUA

Then I can afford to to keep paying for him AND to fly to San Fran.

GEEMAN

OnlyFans central office? Crazy.

Joshua sighs. Starts to pedal. He gets his penis out. Huge.

JOSHUA

Does it look real to you?

Geeman can't take his eyes off it.

INT. KITCHEN (PETROS' HOUSE) - DAY

Petros cooking eggs in his Lennon glasses.

PETROS

It's been alright, yeah. But don't know what I'd do without Varma. My night shifts...can't tell you!

He glances at Joshua nervously.

PETROS (CONT'D)

But that's not...I mean...it's a good job. The yard even has amateur dramatics--

JOSHUA

I didn't study 3 years of acting and get 30,000 debt to push a mop.

PETROS

Honest work. I'm not ashamed. Your mother was proud.

They fall into silence. Petros quietly:

PETROS (CONT'D)

You didn't call me on--

JOSHUA

No! I don't want to talk about her. Wasn't a big anniversary pops. And it's five years now. Since. She... I've...I've gotta go.

INT. PHONE SCREEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We get the SPLIT PHONE SCREEN again. Minecraft on top. On the bottom is OLD FOOTAGE of Joshua with a series of objects, comparing them to his penis size. Top-half Minecraft digdig. Lower screen: Joshua compares his penis to a beer can, then to a deodorant can. Then to a long green cucumber (wrapped).

INT. FRONT ROOM (33 HOLMANS BUILDINGS) - NIGHT

Petros and Varma sat on the sofa cuddling. Joshua in the armchair. Petros takes off his glasses for TV.

PETROS

Now you'll see why I'm proud. Watch!

JOSHUA

I'm knackered.

VARMA

Be nice Joshua.

She gives him a look. All watch a doc on Devonport Dockyard.

NARRATOR

The largest dockyard in Europe  
maintains Britain's lethal nuclear  
deterrent, shrouded in secrecy.

Images of a nuclear submarine coming into the dockyard.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But one man has access to it all!

A shot of PETROS cleaning in a secure area.

PETROS

Been here 20 years, love it.

NARRATOR

Is they anywhere you can't clean?

Cut to old stock footage of Trident nuclear missiles.

PETROS (O.S.)

Nope. I even slop under the bombs!

The camera moves up the Trident SLBMs (Submarine Launched  
Ballistic Missiles) in a very 80s way: phallic, embarrassing.

VARMA

Gosh they're big.

Petros chuckles. All the time Varma stares at Joshua.

JOSHUA

Look just piss off will you!

He storms out.

LATER

Joshua stands vaping at the wall, Varma's words echo in him.

VARMA

*<Gosh they're big.>*

Until they're overtaken by Geeman's.

GEEMAN

*<But sweetie, AIs have been trained  
on EVERYTHING. And are FAR more  
imaginative than you.>*

The two phrases form a symphony of inspiration. Vape drops to  
the ground. Joshua stamps on it. In his eyes, CLARITY.



INT. DEVONPORT INN - NIGHT

Petros, Joshua sat in pub. Varma stood, held-out hand. Joshua sighs, hands her a £20 reluctantly. She goes to the bar.

LATER

It's lock-in time. People smoking. Petros, Varma drunk. Joshua jokes around - puts on Petros' glasses. Both giggle. Joshua walks round the back of his dad. To Petros' surprise, HUGS PETROS FROM BEHIND. But also SLIPS HIS HAND INTO THE POCKET of Petros' jacket. J leaves with a wallet+glasses.

EXT. DOCKYARD GATES - NIGHT

Joshua at the Dockyard Drake Gates in glasses. Him and his dad look so similar now... Soldier with a machine gun, yellow-jacketed policeman. Face tight with adrenaline, controlling his breath, Joshua shows a pass. He gets let through.

INT. PHONE SCREEN - NIGHT

We get a split phone screen again. The BOTTOM is footage of Joshua's stream but his London bed is empty. Top half of the screen is a digital avatar of Joshua (in a GRAND THEFT AUTO 5 game style) manipulating his way through the dockyard, collects as he goes - mop. Gets in through the second cordon. Gets through to Missile Decommissioning (collects a bucket). A delay at Decomm Entry by NPC security, who let him into ... MISSILE DECOMMISSIONING thanks to Petros' Pass. GTA \$\$\$!

INT. MISSILE DECOMMISSIONING ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua can't fucking believe it. And neither can we. A radiation sign on the wall. CCTV. And a seriously impressive TRIDENT MISSILE laid out flat on an iron scaffold. Admittedly it's flat-topped, pointless, no warheads in Plymouth. But still... Joshua does a bit of dry mopping. Takes a tablet out of his mop bucket, and taps a few times. A FIFA game stream comes up. Joshua gaffer-tapes the tablet over the CCTV cam. Brings up GEEMAN'S CONTACT on his phone and taps a msg, and sets up his phone in the corner with its flashlight.

INT. GEEMAN'S FRONT ROOM (LONDON) - NIGHT

GEEMAN IN BED, Joshua's OnlyFans stream is on a large curved TV screen. Joshua's naked. Jesus Christ! Big missile.

INT. VARMA AND PETROS' BEDROOM (PLYMOUTH) - NIGHT

Petros passed out on the bed, and Verma watches Joshua's live feed. Too stunned to do anything. Joshua is stood beside the trident, glasses off, clothes off. Seems to be pointing his penis in the same direction as the missile head. Compares.

INT. DOCKYARD SECURITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Out of the many CCTV screens, one flips to a FIFA game. Good graphics on FIFA. But the security guard doesn't even notice.

INT. MISSILE DECOMMISSIONING ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua's doing his normal thang rubbing himself to orgasm.

JOSHUA

Oh yes daddy, just like that. Like that daddy!

But it's not working for him. Nerves. Stakes too high.

INT. VARMA AND PETROS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Varma gives a little giggle, which wakes up Petros.

INT. GEEMAN'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Geeman is watching in disbelief. Pretty soon he starts to Snap and OnlyFans to people "CHECK OUT DADDYSBOY\_JOSH666 - no way an AI cudv done this?! Let's submitxx" Sends links. Also taps an option: <SUBMIT STREAMER FOR NON-A.I. DETECTION>.

INT. MISSILE DECOMMISSIONING ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua's phone dings with the sound of new \$ tips. On his phone, dollar signs and hearts flow up. His viewing numbers are rising - make a different click sound which Joshua knows well. This really does turn him on. The pleasure flows.

INT. VARMA AND PETROS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Varma watches with half-begrudging smile. The phone is snatched from her by an angry Petros.

PETROS

What the hell are you doing?

He looks closer. Squints. No glasses. A blur.

VERMA  
It's your bloody so...

Something stops her. Her face softens. The kid.

VARMA  
...you're bloody wifi here.  
Connects me to random shit.

INT. MISSILE DECOMMISSIONING ROOM - NIGHT

The dinging of subs and tips is really speeding up.

JOSHUA  
Guys, what's going on? Oh God yes  
daddy yes daddy yes. Do me!

INT. DOCKYARD SECURITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Finally the guard sees the FIFA game come up on his monitor. But instead of panicking, he's confused. Assumes it's a glitch. SKY Sports 1? Starts to tap away at his keyboard.

INT. MISSILE DECOMMISSIONING ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua into it now. Subs / tips rise so fast he looks behind.

JOSHUA  
Thanks so much guys--

Then he notices the big message on his phone screen for the first time: "AI CONTENT FLAG REMOVED"!

JOSHUA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god oh my god!

This is too much for him - he orgasms - a long long way. Perhaps we see some land halfway up the Trident? Shot!

INT. GEEMAN'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Geeman's hand moving rapidly under the bed covers, gives a massive groan and funny face. Great synchronisation.

INT. MISSILE DECOMMISSIONING ROOM - NIGHT

The security guard enters missile decomm. Empty. But he notices something on the Trident SLBM. A white translucent goo. Touches it with his finger, sniffs it. Licks it. Frowns.

INT. PETROS' HOUSE (PLYMOUTH) - NIGHT

Joshua stood at open door of his father's - vaping, staring at The Wall. The birds have started up for dawn. A transcendent peace has overcome him. His phone still dings, quieter. He puts it on silent. A voice behind him.

VARMA (O.S.)  
How much do you get?

Joshua spins. Varma in her PJs.

JOSHUA  
Depends. Maybe Two fifty? Look I--

VARMA  
Your dad needs help. You help.  
Everyone's got secrets.

She motions for a puff of the vape. Gets one.

VARMA (CONT'D)  
But I don't know what you're so calm about, everybody's gonna see that video. Including the police.

JOSHUA  
The police haven't monitored streams for years. What's the point when you can fake anything?  
Well...almost anything.

EXT. DEVONPORT BEACH - NIGHT

The lights of Cornwall across the river. Joshua looking out under the barbed-wire bridge, onto the Tamar. From behind:

PETROS (O.S.)  
Have a good trip babe.

Petros HUGS JOSHUA FROM BEHIND slips something in his POCKET. Joshua reaches in and pulls out PETROS' LENNON GLASSES.

PETROS (CONT'D)  
You can keep those, just bought a spare pair. I'm long-sighted so the river looks nicer without them.

Joshua freezes up. Realisation of WHAT PETROS KNOWS.

PETROS (CONT'D)

Your drama teacher at school always  
raved about "*his distinctive voice*"

WHAT PETROS HEARD. Joshua humiliated. Relieved? He can't speak. Stuck in silence. Petros steps beside him. Gazes.

PETROS (CONT'D)

The river reminds me of her.

Joshua takes a deep breath, lets it out. On Petros:

FLASHBACK TO 2004 (23 YEARS EARLIER)

EXT. THE OCTAGON (UNION STREET - PLYMOUTH) - NIGHT (2004)

2004, 10pm and the exodus from bars to clubs begins. Kebab shops, taxis, people over-dressed, under-dressed. Shouts. The dockyard had started its decline but still...the sailors, matelots...marines came to the world famous Union street.

PETROS (V.O.)

We never told you how we met. On  
Union Street. She was...embarrassed.

INT. TEMPTATIONS CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK 2004)

Full of sailors, matelots and drunk Plymothians. ROBBIE WILLIAMS plays. You can smell how beery it smells through the screen. A coming-of-age for the 1990s Plymouth teen. On the tiny stage a woman in her 20s slinks on. Music changes: USHER's YEAH! The woman starts to take off her black gloves.

PETROS (V.O.)

You mother was the most beautiful  
sight I'd ever seen.

In the crowd, a YOUNG PETROS is hypnotised. FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. DEVONPORT BEACH - NIGHT

Joshua still stares at the reflected lights on the Tamar.

JOSHUA

Just find it so hard to talk about  
her.

PETROS

Would you like to now?