

Haven's Self-Bondage Adventure

videoplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE -- DAY

Haven pulls into the garage. She takes out her cell phone, presses several buttons.

HAVEN

Thanks for calling. I won't be able to return any calls until Thursday morning. Please leave a message with your name and phone number.

She presses End and leans back on the seat with her eyes closed. She keeps her eyes closed for about ten seconds. Then a smile forms on her face, she opens her eyes, and then opens the door. She enters her house and walks up the stairs into her room.

HAVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'd been trying to arrange things for weeks where I'd have a whole afternoon to myself. I've been so busy lately. It seems like I'm always taking care of somebody else.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Haven goes up to her bedroom room and takes off her dress. She changes into a lingerie outfit and black pump heels. She walks back downstairs.

HAVEN (V.O.)

I set up my escape already. The key is frozen in ice, and it will take about 6 hours for it to thaw.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

She takes a cord attached to an ice cube and hangs it on a chandelier.

HAVEN (V.O.)

I guess I could always call 911, but that would be pretty embarrassing!

She goes over to the door, and makes sure it is locked, then she goes over to a drawer, and pulls out handcuffs, leg irons and a ball-gag.

HAVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Six hours in bondage! I just can't wait!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

She goes over to the couch, and locks on her leg irons and connector chain. Then, she puts on her ball-gag and is about to put it on.

The telephone rings. Holding her connector chain, she walks over to the phone. She waits to answer it. The ringing stops.

HAVEN (V.O.)

Damn phone. I'm like a slave the phone! Well, not this afternoon.

She goes over to a mirror. Looking into the mirror, she arranges the gag straps under her hair, and makes sure it looks tight in her mouth.

Satisfied, she goes back to the couch, and locks the handcuffs behind her back.

The telephone rings. She starts and gets up to answer the phone. She looks over at the handcuff key in ice, suspended over her head. Shaking her head, she goes over to the couch.

She takes the remote control, and starts to watch TV. There's nothing on, so she turns it off. She leans back, relaxing, breathing deeply. Her eyes begin to close as she falls asleep.

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Haven is wearing a bikini. She is in a tight elbows-together hogtie, ball-gagged. She struggles as much as she can to get free.

HAVEN (V.O.)

One of the great things about being in bondage is the daydreams. I dreamed that I was tightly tied up in a bikini in my bedroom. I didn't know how I got there. I just wanted to get free.

After several minutes of struggle, the ropes just seem to give way. They are still looped around her wrists and ankles, but she is able to extricate herself from the bondage. She unties herself and takes off her ball-gag and throws it onto her bed with disgust. She rubs her wrists and gets out of the bed.

She tries to open the door to leave the bedroom, but it is locked. When she turns around, her wrists and elbows are tied behind her back, and she has been re-gagged. She moves around the room, trying to free her wrists, then she finds that her ankles are tied as she is there standing. She hops around a bit, but lowers herself down to the floor.

The PHONE RINGS, and she turns her head, startled.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

She starts up, realizes that she was dreaming, and looks over at the key, frozen in ice. It is dripping into the pan below it.

HAVEN (V.O.)

Was that really a dream? My wrists
and ankles sure feel like they've
been tied up in a hogtie!

She tests her own bondage and finds that her handcuffs are on tightly. She relaxes, and closes her eyes.

EXT. BACKYARD -- DAY

Haven is wearing a sexy outfit. Her wrists are tied behind her back, and her ankles are tied by tethered cord. There is a rope going from her waist, under her middle and is tied to her bound wrists. She is staying along the fence, paranoid that she will be seen.

HAVEN (V.O.)

Have you ever had the kind of dream
where you are out in public, dressed
inappropriately, or even totally
undressed? Maybe you got the feeling
that everyone knew, but was pretending
you were dressed, just to be nice,
but they knew?

Haven comes up to a gate. She struggles to open it. Since her wrists are tethered between her legs it's difficult. She looks out the gate. Car go speeding by outside. She quickly closes the gate, and leans up against the fence in fear.

HAVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Here I was, outside, dressed up like
a waitress in a topless club, and
with my wrists tied, no less!

The PHONE RINGS, and she turns her head, startled.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Haven is lying on her stomach, holding her leg-iron with her fingers, like she's in a hogtie. She stirs, groans and looks over at the ice. It's still dripping. She closes her eyes.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

Haven is wearing a white bra and panties, and is barefoot. Her wrists and elbows are tied behind her back, and she is ball-gagged. Her ankles are locked in irons.

There is a noose around her throat, and she can barely move. She is up on her tip-ties.

HAVEN (V.O.)

I've had dreams where I's suffocating. Where I couldn't breathe. Where I'm under water, or wrapped up and tied in plastic or something like that. They weren't really dreams, they were nightmares. Like my lungs wouldn't move, or when they did move, I didn't get any air.

She struggles more, carefully breathing. She is groaning in misery.

The loop around her throat comes loose. She takes a step out and begins to struggle with her bonds and the plastic bagging around her. Her elbows come loose, giving her some leverage against the plastic bags, and she begins to tear them off. She gets the bag down over her face, and shakes her hair free. She is breathing hard and she is sweaty.

Suddenly, the rope is looped around her throat again, and she again tether up by the neck with her toes off the floor. The ropes are now tighter around her body. After several minutes of difficult struggle -

The PHONE RINGS, and she turns her head, startled.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The ice which holds the key is dripping into the pan. Haven moves from her side to a sitting position. The ball-gag is irritating her. She tries to push the gag out with her tongue. It is too hard, and she gives up, it sinks back into her mouth. She tries to reach it with her hands but cannot.

She walks over to the ice, and looks up at it. It hardly seems to have come unfrozen at all. She picks up her cell phone, pushes a few buttons and looks at the display. She puts it back down on the counter.

She shakes her handcuffs behind her back, and goes back to the sofa, arranges herself, and closes her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Haven is wearing a black gown, and kid leather gloves. She puts on her heels, like she's about to go out. She takes her cell phone, dials a number.

HAVEN

I'm ready! Let's go!

She dabs on a bit of perfume. Suddenly, her wrists are in handcuffs in front of her, chained to her waist, and her ankles are in irons.

HAVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Once I dreamed I was getting ready to go out, and nothing seemed to go right. Dress didn't fit, couldn't find my shoes, couldn't control my hair. Here, everything was going great, except, I was in handcuffs!

She starts down the stairs and sees that the front door is open.

The PHONE RINGS, and she turns her head, startled.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Haven is in her bed, wearing bra and panties, and opera gloves. There is a ball-gag around her throat. Her wrists are handcuffed above her head to the bed, and each of her ankles is bound spread to each bedpost. She pulls at her legs, and tries to turn over, but has to lie on her back to relax.

HAVEN (V.O.)

Sometimes in dreams you just feel vulnerable. Like if someone wanted to, they could do just about anything! Tease you, tickle you, or worse! Or, maybe worse, they could just watch you, knowing that you didn't like it. Knowing that, but also knowing that there was nothing you could do about it.

After shots of Haven's ankles and wrists, we see that she is ball-gagged. She struggles against her bonds, and tries to push the ball-gag out of her mouth.

The PHONE RINGS, and she turns her head, startled.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Haven pulls herself up. She looks over at the ice. It's dripping rapidly. She begins to walk over, and it falls with a plop and a splash into the pan. She gets up on a chair to fish for it. She winces at the cold water, but finds the key and pulls it out.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

She has the key as she goes into the kitchen. She undoes on latch, then the other. The handcuffs fall to the ground. She sits down, undoes her leg shackles they fall to the floor with a clatter.

She reaches up and unbuckles her ball gag and throws it onto the floor.

The PHONE RINGS.

HAVEN

Hey, Hey Bobbie. No, sorry, I haven't returned any calls. I just took the afternoon off. - pause- Yeah, it was great, I really need to do this more often!

FADE OUT