

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A seven-story brick building in the outskirts of town. Several teenage boys play basketball in the street.

Lights are on inside of the building. We move closer towards the building, moving over the teenage boys and we eventually:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A dark hallway, lit by a few lights on wall. The red carpet on the floor is dirty, covered in stains.

We move in front of APARTMENT 412, focusing on the room number and we finally:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - JIM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A large open apartment. Every neat and in place. We hear the distant sound of a classical musical coming from down the hallway.

We move slowly through the apartment, heading down the hallway towards a bedroom, with the lights on.

Someone moves inside of the bedroom.

We reach the doorway, stopping for a few beats and then:

Jim (late twenties) opens the door, wearing only a pair of dress pants. He's an average looking young man with dark brown hair. A pair of glasses resting on his nose. He heads by the camera, heading down towards the bathroom.

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim stands in front of the mirror, bear-chested, looking in the mirror at his reflection. He scratches and wipes away something from off his face. After a few beats, he smiles.

He turns off the lights, leaving the bathroom.

We stay for a few beats in the darkness as Jim walks out and then:

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We are now in the bedroom. A nicely put together bedroom with a large bed and the normal bedroom furniture.

Jim is standing at the his OPEN closet. He looks through the huge collection of fancy HIGH COLLAR dress shirts, hanging in his closet.

He runs his fingers over the fabric of each - as if having a connection to them. He reaches a dark BLUE shirt with white stripes and HIGH WHITE collar, with white CUFFS.

He sighs at the touch of the fabric, eventually taking out the shirt, putting it on. He takes his time buttoning up the shirt, gently connecting each button with its hole.

He stands back, looking into a full length mirror connected to the closet door. He tucks the shirt in, perfectly, making sure that everything appears as it should. He stares at himself, liking what he sees. He smiles, and then:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Fits walks across the parking lot towards a bar with loud dance music blaring from inside.

Several guys walk by Jim, staring at him. Some of them take a second glance and then keep on walking.

Jim keeps his focus on the bar and not on the guys staring at him.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

A large open bar with loud music and dance lights flashing all over. Hundreds of YOUNG GUYS (21-early to late twenties) dancing on the dance floor, and hanging out around the bar scene.

Jim makes his way to the bar, ordering a beer.

The BARTENDER (25), wearing a pair a black, tight leather pants and no shirt, smiles at Jim when he hands the beer over to him. Jim smiles back, turning to look behind him at the dance floor of guys.

He smiles at the sea of possibility, taking a drink of the beer.

(CONTINUED)

We move in on the dance floor and a group of guys dancing together. They appear to be CLOSE as they move about with each other.

We focus on a young guy - BRYCE (24), with thick stylish blonde hair and a skinny attractive body. He's wearing a partially opened white dress shirt with a pair of jeans, perfectly styled with rips down his legs. They fit his legs tight.

He dances on the floor with no care to anyone around him.

Jim makes his way through the sea of guys, heading for Bryce who glances over at him with a smile on his face. Bryce stares at him with a seductive gaze, motioning off the dance floor.

Jim turns, heading over to a side lounge that is almost empty.

Bryce continues to dance for a few beats, eventually he follows Jim off the dance floor.

MAX (24), with short dark hair, wearing a silk dark shirt with a pair of black leather pants nicely fit around his legs, walks up to Bryce.

Bryce points at Jim, and they both smile, following after him.

Jim turns seeing both guys standing in front of him. He stares at them, smiling.

JIM

Is this a party now?

BRYCE

It's whatever you decide to make it.

Bryce and Max chuckle to themselves.

Max walks over to Jim, reaching out a hand, grabbing hold of Jim's HIGH COLLAR shirt. He grabs hold of the fabric with his fingers, running his hand up the shirt.

MAX

I like the shirt. Where do I get one.

Bryce moves over, taking hold the shirt, smiling. He runs his hand along the shirt with Max. They both move in close to Jim.

(CONTINUED)

They continue to FONDLE the shirt as Jim looks at them all over, smiling.

JIM

You wanna go back to my place?

Bryce looks up at Jim, smiling at him.

We stay on the glance between Bryce and Jim for a few beats and then:

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jim waits in the apartment, waiting, then someone knocks on the door. Jim takes a deep breath. He turns, opening the door to find Bryce and Max standing there. He holds the door open for Bryce and Max to both walk through the doorway.

MAX

I guess you don't mind if we brought along some friends.

Jim waits, letting two more young men enter the apartment.

They are super attractive and HOT. Jim watches as the guys walk in.

MAX (cont'd)

(pointing at Alex)

This is Alex.

(pointing at Carson)

And this is Carson.

ALEX (19) walks by Jim, smiling at him. His dark hair is styled nicely. He's wearing a blue, silky shirt, nicely wrapped around his chest. He also has on a pair of blue jeans with a few rips down the front.

JIM

He's younger than you guys.

CARSON

He's my brother, is that okay.

CARSON (24), who has dark hair with RED streaks through out the hair. He's wearing a nice dress shirt. He's wearing a pair of black leather pants.

Jim smiles, shutting the door, staring at the four guys standing in his apartment. He then walks back the hallway, as the four guys follow behind him.

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim walks in. The four guys follow him inside. They each stare around at the bedroom.

Jim walks over to his closet, opening the door, revealing the multitude of HIGH COLLAR dress shirts.

JIM
Take your pick.

The guys walk over, taking a look at the shirts. They start touching the shirts, feeling the fabric, enjoying every inch of the shirts.

Jim watches, smiling at the bodies in front of him.

They each one by one begin taking off their shirts, revealing their nice bodies, putting on their new high collar shirts.

Bryce has on a BLUE high collar shirt that fits him nicely. Max put on a PINK high collar shirt. Alex put on a BLACK high collar shirt that was a little too tight but he makes it look nice. Carson finally put his YELLOW high collar shirt, feeling the fabric.

Bryce finally turns back to Jim with a mysterious smile on his face. He moves in close to Jim. He reaches out, taking hold of Jim's shirt, pulling him close--

--Bryce leans in close then kisses Jim on the lips. They stay in that moment for a few beats. Bryce reaches up grabbing HOLD of Jim's collar with his hands, grabbing it tight.

Jim pulls back at Bryce's rough hold, but Bryce YANKS Jim across the room, slamming him back against the wall. Bryce stares at Jim with a vicious smile.

BRYCE
(re: his body)
You want this?

Bryce continues to hold Jim's collar with a ROUGH, crushing hold. He waits for a few beats and then--

--Bryce slams a FIST into Jim's stomach.

Jim loses the air out of his lungs. He starts to regain his breath, and Bryce slams a second blow to his stomach.

Jim begins to the smile through the agony.

(CONTINUED)

Bryce sees the smile, reaching down with his hand, grabbing a HOLD of Jim's penis through his dress pants. He smiles at the sight of Jim's agony on his face. He squeezes harder, watching Jim beginning to agonize.

BRYCE (cont'd)
I see you don't like this.

Bryce lets go of Jim's penis, reaching up for the COLLAR on Jim's shirt. Bryce begins to run the fabric through his hands, watching Jim turned on by the touch.

Bryce then WRINKLES the fabric in his hand, crushing the collar. He moves in close to Jim.

BRYCE (cont'd)
(whispering)
You fucken like this?

Bryce grabs hold of the collar with both hands, PULLING the shirt tight against Jim's neck, strangling him. Harder.

The other guys laugh at the situation, watching Jim squirm against the grip.

BRYCE (cont'd)
He fucken likes it.

Bryce pulls on Jim's body, tossing him back on the bed. Bryce YANKS and PULLS on the collar, eventually hearing a RIP.

Jim feels the excitement through his body, smiling with every pull on the fabric.

Bryce is frustrated by the smiling so he grabs hold of the collar, pulling Jim up, making him stand. He then pushes Jim over towards the wall, still holding the collar. He pushes him HARD against the wall.

BRYCE (cont'd)
Is this good for you?

Bryce lifts a knee HARD into Jim's balls, causing him to choke from the impact. He starts to bend over, but Bryce yanks him hard back up by the collar. He then yanks on the collar more, the fabric ripping.

Bryce turns back to his friends.

BRYCE (cont'd)
I think he gets off to this.

Bryce turns back being met with a vicious smile on Jim's face. He stares at Jim for a few beats then:

BRYCE (cont'd)
What the fuck is your problem?

Bryce yanks even harder, ripping the collar even more. He then pushes Jim back over to the bed, pushing him down on it.

BRYCE (cont'd)
Where's the money?

Jim looks up at Bryce with a vicious gaze, considering.

Bryce begins to walk over for a dresser when Jim BOLTS up, grabbing hold of Bryce by the collar, forcing back into his grip. He drags Bryce back to the bed--

--Forcing Bryce to lay down on the bed, startled.

Jim quickly grabs a small gun in the table beside his bed. He points it at the other boys that begin to come after him.

JIM
Back off. Everyone take your pants off.

ALEX
What the fuck? I'm not taking my--

Jim points the gun at Bryce, threatening to shoot him.

JIM
Take your pants off or I shoot him in the dick.
(ref: Alex)
Actually, why don't you just take your pants off.

Alex hesitates, looking at the other guys. Carson moves in front of Alex, blocking him.

CARSON
He's not taking his pants off.

Jim lowers the barrel of the gun to Bryce's balls, causing him to squirm.

BRYCE
Just do it, for fuck sake.

Jim smiles at Bryce, seeing the look of fear on his face--

--He FIRES the gun. Bryce screams out in pain as blood pours out from the crotch of his pants. He drops to the ground, bleeding out and crying out in pain. After a few beats of enjoyment, Jim aims the gun at Bryce's head and FIRES, causing Bryce to jolt. DEAD, in a puddle of blood.

Alex unbuckles his pants in protest and fear, lowering the pants to reveal a pair of BLACK, loose boxers.

ALEX

What now?

JIM

(waves the gun)

Sit down on the bed. The rest of you move back against the wall and don't move.

Carson and Max move back against the wall carefully.

Jim walks over to Alex, putting his free hand on Alex's face, running it down to his lips. Jim then puts the gun in his waistband.

He reaches up, taking hold of the HIGH COLLAR on Alex's black shirt. He yanks the boy up off the bed, holding the collar tight. He pulls it hard up against the boy's neck.

Alex struggles from the shirt strangling him, causing Carson to step forward--

--Jim reaches for the gun, pointing it at Carson.

JIM

You want your brother to suffer more?

Carson moves back reluctantly. Jim smiles, placing the gun back in his waistband.

JIM (cont'd)

Now, as for you. Let's have some fun.

Jim takes hold of the high collar, molesting the fabric, enjoying every stitch in his grip. He crushes the collar, pulling Alex over towards the closet. Putting a hand on Alex's chest to hold him there, Jim reaches inside the closet, pulling out a syringe.

Alex takes one look at the needle and freaks.

ALEX

What the fu--

Jim puts a hand on Alex's mouth, stopping him. He remains gentle for a few beats, then eventually takes Alex with a rough grip, by the collar, tossing him back on the bed.

Jim gets on top of Alex, straddling the boy who is still struggling against the grip as much as he can. Jim lowers the syringe carefully towards the boy's neck--

--He pushes the syringe, injecting the whole thing into his neck. He pulls the syringe.

Alex begins to relax.

ALEX (cont'd)

What's going on? I can't feel anything.

Jim laughs.

JIM

It's a very generous form of liquid Viagra.

Alex is scared and shocked.

ALEX

What's gonna happen?

JIM

You'll see.

Jim then walks over towards Max. He takes out the gun, placing it at his chest. He moves in close on Max, grabbing hold of the HIGH COLLAR.

JIM (cont'd)

You actually picked my favorite, the winner.

Jim pulls on the collar, bringing Max up against this body.

JIM (cont'd)

(whispering)

You wanna kiss me?

Max pulls back in protest, causing Jim to place the barrel of the gun on Max's temple.

JIM (cont'd)
You wanna kiss me?

Max hesitates, then leans in as Jim leans in also, meeting, kissing on the lips. Jim reaches up with his free hand, grabbing hold of the back of Max's head, holding him there--

--Jim kisses Max, forcing him to open his mouth. Max tries to protest the kiss, but Jim continues to keep going. Eventually he pulls back, dripping a little spit from his tongue as it pulls out of Max's mouth.

Max gags.

MAX
You're a fucken monster.

Jim smiles at the comment.

JIM
Get down on your knees. Now.

Max hesitates for a few beats then Jim pushes the gun hard against his temple.

Max lowers himself to his knees.

Jim smiles then kicks Max in the balls, knocking him over to his side. Max yells out, reaching for his balls.

Alex tosses on the bed, screaming out in pain. His penis growing large, pushing on his boxers.

ALEX
It hurts, please stop this. Please
take my boxers off it hurts.

Jim walks over to the bed, placing his hand on the penis pushing up on the fabric, causing Alex to jump from the pain.

ALEX
Please, don't do this.

CARSON
Just relieve him for goodness sake.
You fucker.

JIM
In time, but first.

(CONTINUED)

Jim walks back over to Max who is starting to stand up. Jim puts the gun back in his waistband. He reaches down, grabbing hold of the HIGH COLLAR on Max's shirt. He pulls Max up.

JIM (cont'd)

You don't deserve to wear the shirt.

Jim yanks hard on the collar, crushing it up against Max's throat. He pulls hard, ripping it hard. It rips more and more as Jim tosses Max's body back and forth--

--Jim takes the opportunity, lifting his knee HARD up against Max's balls, causing him to get weaker. Jim strangles Max on the shirt more.

JIM (cont'd)

You fucken pig.

Jim pulls and pulls on the shirt harder. It finally RIPS off the shirt. Jim pushes Max back against the wall, pushing the shirt collar to Max's mouth. He pushes on the mouth, causing Max to reluctantly open his mouth. He forces the shirt collar into Max's mouth.

Max chokes, gagging as Jim forces the fabric in.

Jim reaches down inside of Max's pants, feeling for his balls. He squeezes, causing Max to cry out. He then reaches for the gun, aiming it at Max's arm--

--He FIRES. The bullet shreds through his arm. Max yells in pain, dropping to his knees as the blood spills from from the bullet hole.

Jim steps back, aiming the gun at Carson.

CARSON

What now?

Jim looks back at Max, who eventually looks up at Jim in pain. Jim FIRES the gun, sending a bullet hard into Max's forehead. Max slumps over dead, as the blood pours from his head.

Jim smiles, moving over towards Alex who is convulsing in pain.

ALEX

I can't take this. It's too much.
I'm getting too big.

Jim reaches for the waistband of Alex's boxers, yanking them down off the hard penis which is sticking straight up - OVERLY HARD. It's red.

JIM

Wow, I think Alex is ready to spew.

CARSON

Stop this.

Jim places the gun on the bed. He reaches out for the penis, stroking it gently. Alex jolts from the sensation coursing through his body. He moans in pain and pleasure as his penis continues to GROW.

ALEX

NOOO!!! Please I can't take this.
Stop touching me.

Jim continues to stroke the penis, watching Alex suffer from his oversized penis, growing red and tight.

JIM

This might be really pleasurable.
How do you know?

Carson moves forward slowly towards the bed, trying to reach the gun--

--Jim turns in time, reaching out for the gun. He points it directly at Carson, forcing him back against the wall.

CARSON

One of you is getting fucked. Which
one will it be?

Jim tosses the gun off to the side. He reaches up, grabbing hold of Carson's yellow HIGH COLLAR, pulling him forward like a rag doll. He pulls him into a private bathroom--

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Jim pulls Carson over to the shower. He reaches in, turning on the HOT WATER. It steams. Ready.

Carson fights against Jim's grip, but Jim pushes Carson into the shower. The hot water pours down over them both. Carson screams out in pain from the heat, but Jim manages to stay calm.

He wrinkles the collar in his grip as he holds Carson under the water. Carson chokes on the water, trying to get free from his grip.

(CONTINUED)

Jim PUNCHES Carson in the gut, causing him to start falling down the wall. Jim picks him back up by the collar, holding him under the water, choking on the water.

Carson pushes out with everything he has, forcing Jim out of the shower. Carson goes to lunge for Jim, but Jim faces Carson, punching him squarely in the face, knocking him back in the shower--

--Blood spews from his face as he stumbles back under the water. Jim moves in quick, pushing his weight against Carson. He leans in.

JIM
(whispering)
Should I fuck your brother?

Carson pushes, but is weak. His face winces in anger. Pushing and struggling.

Jim takes hold of the collar, yanking his wet body out of the shower and back into the bedroom--

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Carson's wet body stumbles into the bedroom. They both struggle with each other. Jim gets the upperhand, beginning to unzip Carson's pants. He pulls them down but Carson struggles against it.

Jim continues to pull down Carson's pants, revealing his black UNDER ARMOR nicely fit around his body.

Jim pushes Carson's wet body over to the bed, forcing him down on it beside his brother.

Alex is crying out in pain as he looks over at Carson.

ALEX
Please. Get me out of here.

JIM
I don't think that's gonna happen.

Jim moves over to Alex, helping him off the bed. Alex stands there in Jim's hold, his penis sticking HARD and straight out.

JIM (cont'd)
Why don't we have some fun.

(CONTINUED)

Jim reaches down, beginning to stroke Alex's penis. He continues for a few beats, going back and forth, causing Alex to moan in pain. His pain soon turns to PLEASURE and gets into it, moaning in pleasure.

ALEX

Please don't stop, I have to cum.

Please let me cum.

Jim strokes the penis, admiring the body. Jim then stops, reaching up for the high collar, molesting the fabric for a few beats. He then yanks the SHIRT open, popping the buttons--

--revealing Alex's nice young, fit abs. He moves a hand over Alex's chest.

JIM

You want this?

ALEX

Yes.

Alex moans for Jim to get him off. Jim pushes Alex up against the wall, stroking his penis, bringing Alex to a possible CLIMAX. He starts to convulse from the pain and the pleasure, his penis still pushing and growing.

ALEX (cont'd)

What the fuck, I have to cum.

Please let me cum.

Jim smiles as he strokes the penis, watching the torture on Alex's face. The sweat rolls down Alex's body as he convulses in pain.

Alex begins to MOAN as the cum is about to FLOW but Jim stops:

ALEX (cont'd)

NOOOOO! Please let me cum.

Jim smiles, punching Alex in the gut, sending air from his lungs. He chokes, dropping to his knees. Jim waits for a few beats, looking over at Carson.

CARSON

Don't do it.

Jim looks back at Alex. He swings a HARD kick to Alex's balls. Alex screams out in pain, grabbing his hard penis. He drops to the ground, holding himself in pain.

Jim walks back over to Carson.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

What was your plan for me tonight?

Carson struggles to explain.

JIM (cont'd)

Were you gonna fuck me? Take my money.

CARSON

We were just having fun. Don't kill my brother.

Jim reaches for the waistband of Carson's Under Armor, yanking them down, revealing the penis, hard.

Jim smiles.

JIM

Is this turning you on? You wanna fuck me?

Carson hesitates, causing Jim to PUNCH him hard in the balls. Carson screams out from the blow. Still no answer and Jim punches him a second time in the balls.

JIM (cont'd)

None of you deserve to wear the shirts.

Jim goes over to his closet, bringing out a large dildo. Carson looks at it in fear.

CARSON

What the fuck? No.

JIM

Are you sure?

Jim walks over to Alex's body. He picks him up, laying him flat on his back on the floor. He struggles a little but is in too much pain. Jim looks over at Carson, pleading with tears.

CARSON

Don't do this. Please!!!

Jim smiles as he spreads Alex's legs apart. He then reaches down with the dildo, aiming for Alex's butt. He moves in, placing it--

(CONTINUED)

--He looks over at Carson with a vicious smile. PUSHING hard on the dildo, sending the thick dildo inside of Alex. He screams out in pain as the dildo invades his body. He struggles with everything he has against the control of Jim. Jim pushes the dildo back and forth inside of Alex.

Alex moans in agony from the burning pain inside of him.

ALEX

AHHH!!! Please take it out.

Blood drips out of his hole as Jim pushes the dildo back and forth.

Carson screams out running for Jim--

--He tackles Jim, causing him to let go of the dildo. Jim and Carson wrestle on the floor for control. Each one trying their best to keep the upperhand.

Carson swings a punch into Jim's gut, sending him back. Jim then lunges forward, grabbing hold of Carson's High Collar, yanking his body forward then back against the wall.

Jim swings a punch into Carson's gut, sending the air from his stomach. He then sends a second punch to Carson's gut as he tries to recover from the first one.

Jim picks up Carson by the collar, pulling him roughly up.

JIM

Say goodbye to your brother.

Carson pleads against the grip.

Jim punches Jim hard in the gut a third time, causing him to drop to his knees gagging for air.

Jim walks over to Alex's body. The dildo still sunk deep in his hole. He's out cold from the pain. Jim reaches down, grabbing his hands, pulling his body over to the bed. He then picks up the body, placing Alex on the bed.

He pulls the dildo out, taking hold of the super large penis. He begins to stroke the penis. He keeps going and going as Alex wakes up, feeling the sensation coursing through his body once again--

--Alex convulses in pain and pleasure, moaning.

ALEX

I'm gonna cum, please. I'm gonna cum, please let me cum.

Alex starts to feel the CLIMAX plunging through his penis. It's too much, the CUM explodes from his penis in one large load, continuous. Alex convulses with every TINGLE in his penis. More CUM explodes. Pleasure and pain mix on his face. His body wet from the sweat.

Jim continues to stroke the hard penis. More CUM explodes from the convulsing body. It covers Alex's body.

Jim finally lets go.

ALEX (cont'd)

No, please I need to cum more.

Alex shakes from the pain as his penis still at super size. Cum continues to flow out of the penis.

Jim moves over for the gun.

CARSON

NOO!!!

Jim aims the gun at CARSON--

--Carson looks up in shock as he FIRES the gun. The bullet shreds through Carson's chest, knocking him back - DEAD.

Alex looks over at Carson, still in pain. Crying. Tears streaming down his sweaty face.

Cum still rolling out of his penis. He lies there in pain.

Jim walks over to the bed and we stay on his face for a few beats and then:

BLACK OUT