

INT. SCRAPPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SCRAPPY (early twenties) is lounging on the sofa, wearing the same thing from the previous episode. He's looking through a magazine, enjoying the time by himself.

Someone KNOCKS, causing Scrappy to look back towards the door. He puts the magazine down, fixing his hair - as if it was someone that he really wanted to see.

He opens to the door, revealing:

WARREN (mid twenties) standing in front of him.

Scrappy appears upset but smiles.

SCRAPPY
Can I help you?

WARREN
Is it okay if I come in? I wanna ask you a few questions.

SCRAPPY
Sure.

Scrappy moves back, letting Warren walk in.

WARREN
We're just checking around the area of a recent crime about seeing anything out of the ordinary?

SCRAPPY
As in what?

WARREN
Vehicles? People? Anything that could help. A young boy was found murdered and we're trying to do whatever we can to catch this person.

SCRAPPY
I can't say I saw anything like that.

Warren looks around the apartment, finding a picture on a shelf:

A picture of Scrappy and Jimmy.

Warren picks up the picture, looking at it closely, then putting it back.

(CONTINUED)

SCRAPPY (cont'd)
Is there something you're looking
for?

WARREN
What's your relationship with
Jimmy?

Scrappy appears curious about Warren's comment about Jimmy.

SCRAPPY
He's a friend. Why?

WARREN
We know about Jimmy and what he
does for a job, so we wanna make
sure he's not involved with this.

SCRAPPY
With what?

WARREN
Sorry, I can't really discuss any
details, but the boy that was
killed was known for the darker
kind of job he did.

SCRAPPY
As in?

WARREN
They're called fuck boys, excuse my
language but they sell themselves
to clients and they get paid for
it.

SCRAPPY
For what?

WARREN
Sex. Violence. Whatever the client
wants.

Scrappy looks concerned.

Warren reaches for his gun, pulling it on Scrappy.

WARREN (cont'd)
You're the one trying to get Jimmy
to stop aren't you?

Scrappy puts his hands up, trying to convince Warren to calm
down.

SCRAPPY

Aren't you worried about him the same way? Wouldn't you want him to stop too?

Warren chuckles at the question, waving the gun at Scrappy.

WARREN

No, I'm actually the one he works for and it would be nice if those that know him and care about him, that they would mind their own business.

Warren moves in close on Scrappy, causing Scrappy to play along and move back away from him.

Scrappy stops at the wall. Warren stops, lowering the gun at Scrappy's penis.

WARREN (cont'd)

Are you in love with Jimmy?

No answer but he shakes his head. Warren is confused, placing the barrel of the gun directly on Scrappy's penis.

SCRAPPY

I'm just his friend and I know about his work, but I--

WARREN

You what? You try to get him to stop? You know, you would make a nice fuck boy also. You wanna make some extra money.

SCRAPPY

No.

Warren smiles, pushing the gun deeper into Scrappy's penis. Scrappy winces from the barrels weight.

SCRAPPY (cont'd)

You're not a good cop are you.

Warren moves in close, placing the gun on Scrappy's neck.

WARREN

I'm a good cop. This has nothing to do about my job as a cop. What you're going to do is forget about Jimmy. If you don't, then I'll be back and I'll cut your dick off and feed it to Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

Scrappy GROWS mad, pushing back on Warren with great force. Warren trips backwards, losing control of the gun.

Warren lunges forward for the gun, but Scrappy KICKS Warren back, knocking him back on the sofa--

--Warren looks up mad at Scrappy and thinking where is this strength coming from. He smiles, jumping up and running for Scrappy but Scrappy grabs of him, spinning him and pushing back against the wall, knocking hard.

THUD.

Warren is dazed by the blow. Scrappy reaches up with his hands, wrapping them around Warren's neck, squeezing in anger.

SCRAPPY

I want you to let Jimmy go from
this work. No punishment, nothing.

Scrappy waits, looking at Warren's even grin through the struggling grip.

WARREN

(struggling)

Fine.

Scrappy waits, but after a few beats he lets Warren go.

Warren reaches up with his hand, rubbing his neck. He looks at Scrappy as Scrappy watches him with a determined gaze.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

GREG (mid twenties) and CHRIS (mid twenties) are standing at attention in their army fatigues. They look straight forward with discipline.

KT (mid twenties) walks on scene, looking upset.

Chris appears nervous, sweat rolling off his face.

KT

The trap is being set as we speak
according to my police informant.

GREG

Can he be trusted?

(CONTINUED)

KT

He can, and if he does what he says he'll do then we'll have Superboy in our possession soon. Your new assignment is going to involve bringing a fuck boy here and forcing Superboy into our trap.

Chris looks troubled. KT sees the look.

KT

You're dismissed.

Chris walks off first.

KT looks at Greg, motioning at him to go after Chris.

Greg rushes after Chris, putting a hand on Chris, causing him to turn around.

CHRIS

What do you want?

GREG

You have to stand strong during this mission.

CHRIS

What killing boys?

Chris looks concerned and angry.

GREG

You signed up to join us.

CHRIS

Yes, to go after Superboy and finding out the mysteries about him.

Greg pushes Chris.

GREG

You need to be careful how you act around KT. He's not gonna take this as loyalty.

Chris pushes back on Greg.

CHRIS

Get off me.

Greg waits for a few beats, then swings a violent PUNCH at Chris' face, knocking his head back. Blood runs from his nose. Chris reaches up to feel his nose.

Chris lunges out, swinging a punch at Greg, connecting with a solid blow, then a second punch. Greg stumbles backwards, causing him to smile. He stands up, moving forward and swinging at Chris, but Chris dodges the blow--

--Chris moves forward swinging a PUNCH at Greg, landing a loud SMACKING blow to Greg's face.

Greg stops, holding his face. Greg moves in close on Chris and right at the point of attack:

KT enters the area.

KT
STOP NOW.

The boys stop, standing beside each other. They stand at attention.

KT (cont'd)
Fighting with each other is not
accepted and neither is being a
coward.

Greg reaches down for his knife, gripping the handle. He SPINS around JAMMING the blade into Chris' gut.

A look of surprise covers Chris' face as he stumbles back, falling to his knees. He pulls the blade out, dropping it. He falls forward, face down. DEAD.

KT walks over to Greg, putting a hand on Greg's shoulder.

KT (cont'd)
We're gonna get you a new partner,
and this time it's gonna be
different.

EXT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

JIMMY (late teens) stands at the door, still wearing his tight jeans with a shiny black button down shirt.

Jimmy looks around, but no one was in the dark hallway. He knocks on the door, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens, revealing a HEAVY older man (60s), wearing a pair of dirty pants and bare chested. He smiles, revealing several teeth missing. He has a partial stubble on his face, and bad odor.

Jimmy wrinkles his face a little, but smiles as he walks inside by the older man--

INT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

--Jimmy moves inside the cluttered, dark apartment.

JIMMY
So, how are you.

OLDER MAN
I'm fine.

He pushes by Jimmy through the small hallway, leading back to a bedroom. He seems grouchy and wanting something in a bad way.

Jimmy grows nervous about this job.

The older man sits on the edge of the bed, struggling to breathe as Jimmy walks back towards the bedroom.

JIMMY
Are you okay?

OLDER MAN
Never mind that. Undress.

Jimmy looks around the room. He reaches up to his shirt, unbuttoning his shirt.

OLDER MAN (cont'd)
Slow.

Jimmy continues to unbutton his shirt, taking his time with each button, slowly revealing his chest. He opens the shirt a little to reveal his chest more, causing the man to breathe heavier.

Jimmy continues to unbutton his shirt, finally unbuttoning the last one. It opens. Jimmy's chest is completely exposed.

The older man reaches down his pant, feeling himself.

Jimmy takes off his shirt.

OLDER MAN (cont'd)

Keep going.

The older man motions at Jimmy's pants.

He reaches up, grabbing his belt and unbuckling it slowly. He pulls it off, dropping it the floor. He watches the older man as he enjoys the situation--

--He reaches for his zipper.

The older man stops touching himself, reaching out:

OLDER MAN (cont'd)

Come here.

Jimmy hesitates at first, he then walks cautiously over to the man who reaches UP, grabbing a handful of Jimmy's penis, causing him to wince at the touch. The older man takes his time enjoying the moment. He then motions at Jimmy to keep undressing.

Jimmy moves backwards, unzipping his pants, pulling his pants down around his legs, revealing the BLUE speedos.

Jimmy has a nice bulge in his boxers, causing the older man to stroke himself more.

The older man stands up, grabbing hold of Jimmy with a forceful grab. Jimmy fights back a little, but the older man FORCES Jimmy on the bed. Jimmy sits on the bed in a defensive mode, watching the older man.

OLDER MAN (cont'd)

Take off your speedos.

JIMMY

Wait, I don't think I signed up for this.

OLDER MAN

I'm gonna pay you triple the money if you do this. Now, take off your speedos.

JIMMY

I'm not fucking you.

The older man chuckles, coughing up, spitting on the floor.

OLDER MAN

Don't worry, you're not fucking me. I'm fucking you.

(CONTINUED)

The older man begins unzipping his pants.

OLDER MAN (cont'd)
Take off your speedos. NOW.

Jimmy begins taking off his speedos, pulling them down around his waist. His penis flops out over the waistband. He pulls them off his legs.

The older man smiles as he gets on the bed, causing Jimmy to back up. The older man moves over on the bed, reaching out, grabbing hold of Jimmy's penis, stroking the hard shaft.

The older man forces Jimmy to roll over on his stomach, Jimmy pleads with the older man.

JIMMY
No, I don't wanna do this. NO!
Stop.

The older man straddles to bottom half of Jimmy, grabbing hold his legs, spreading them apart. Jimmy fights back, but the older man forces him to lay still--

--He pounds a FIST into the side of Jimmy's ribs. He cries out, staying still.

The older man moves in, forcing his old HARD penis between Jimmy's spread out legs--

--On Jimmy's face. Nervous and scared. In a split second, His face appears in great pain as the older man SHOVES his penis inside of him. The older man continues to shove IN and OUT of Jimmy. We stay on Jimmy's face and after a few beats we:

INT. SCRAPPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scrappy stands there, waiting and watching Warren as he goes to walk out.

Warren spins around at the last second, pointing the gun at Scrappy and firing a shot--

--Scrappy quickly looks down at his chest. NOTHING.

Warren's eyes grow wide at the sight. Impossible.

WARREN
That's impossible. I'm a good shot.

(CONTINUED)

Scrappy lunges forward, grabbing hold of Warren, spinning him around, tossing him back into the apartment. Warren reaches forward, grabbing hold of Scrappy, they wrestle back and forth for control--

--Scrappy forces Warren back against the wall.

SCRAPPY

Understand this. Let Jimmy go.

Warren stares at Scrappy - as if he realizes something. Scrappy lets go of Warren, pushing him towards the exit.

Warren moves quickly out of the apartment, leaving Scrappy standing there and we stay on him for a few beats and then:

INT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is lying on the bed NAKED curled up in the fetal position.

The older man rolls off the bed, standing up, walking over to a dresser. He picks up a wad of money. He turns, tossing it on the bed.

Jimmy doesn't move. We stay on him for a few more beats and then:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy stumbles in through the front door, seeming hurt and weak.

His DAD (50s), a business type, stern and overbearing.

DAD

Where the hell have you been?

JIMMY

Out.

Jimmy heads up the stairs.

DAD

You know about coming in late.

No response.

DAD (cont'd)

JIMMY.

(CONTINUED)

His dad starts up the stairs, but someone KNOCKS on the door, causing his dad to turn around and answer the door--

--revealing EDDIE (mid twenties), standing at the door in his dress clothes, smiling.

DAD (cont'd)

What do you want?

EDDIE

I'm just here to let you know the organization needs more money and you're going to hand it over.

DAD

I told them I was out the last time.

EDDIE

If you don't provide the money they need, then your son Jimmy is gonna disappear.

The dad seems agitated and nervous.

DAD

No. I'll get the money.

Eddie excuses himself, and the dad shuts the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KT walks down a tiny hallway, opening a door into a smaller room in the warehouse revealing--

--CHRIS standing at attention wearing only a pair of gray boxers. He stands still not even moving at anything.

KT walks over to Chris, putting a hand on his dark chest, moving it over his body.

KT

It's time you move up the chain and this time you'll be the won bringing home the prize.

KT watches as Chris doesn't even blink.

KT

The perfect soldier.

We stay on the blank CHRIS for a few beats and then:

12.

BLACKOUT