

EXT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A large glass apartment building for mostly the rich and well to do.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We focus on the ROOM NUMBER for a few beats:

1210

We hear the moaning of two males going at inside the hotel room. A headboard bangs against the wall, with a mattress creaking with every bounce--

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

--Inside the room, we go to the bedroom where focus on two apparent naked bodies going at underneath the sheet. We see the silhouette of two males. The one on top is pushing hard in and out of the second male.

Moaning from both of the males as they go to town on each other. The one on top continues to PUSH hard inside the bottom as we move in to see:

JIMMY (late teens), on the bottom, sweaty and taking the penis of the GUY (late twenties), pushing on him with no concern for the pain he is causing, and then:

BATHROOM

The guy in his late twenties, stands in front of the mirror, leaning on the sink with his arms. He has only a towel wrapped around his waist. He has partial facial hair, and a fit body.

He walks back into the bedroom, staring at Jimmy who is laying on his side, curled up under the sheet. His sweaty body soaks through the sheets.

GUY

Are you okay?

No answer from Jimmy. We focus on Jimmy's face, he seems tired and afraid.

Jimmy finally sits up, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed, wiping his face with his hands. He stands up, showing his naked smooth body.

The guy looks at his body with a smile on face - as if wanting to take advantage of the body all over again.

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy leans down, pulling on his WHITE Under Armor boxers. He snaps the waistband, causing the older guy to get mad.

GUY (cont'd)

Where do you think you're going?

Jimmy begins pulling on his jeans, turning to leave, grabbing his shirt on the way out.

JIMMY

I'm leaving.

The guy rushes over to Jimmy, grabbing his upper arm with a hard GRIP. Jimmy winces in pain, turning to the guy.

JIMMY

Let me go. I did what you paid me for and I'm going.

GUY

You're not going anywhere.

Jimmy pulls and tugs at the guy's grip, causing the man to smile at what he is doing. Eventually he pushes Jimmy back towards the bed.

GUY

You're gonna stay a few more hours, and that's final.

We stay on the worried look on Jimmy's face and we:

INT. POLICE STATION - EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

EDDIE (mid twenties), wearing his normal dress clothes, sits at his desk, working on some paperwork. He flipping through the different papers as someone knocks on the door, causing Eddie to look up and see:

WARREN (mid twenties), wearing his normal dress clothes, but he seems a little more casual. He enters the office, shutting the door behind him.

Warren starts pacing back and forth, thinking about how he's going to tell Eddie about Scrappy. Eddie doesn't pay any mind to Warren.

EDDIE

You have something on your mind?

Causing Warren to stop, looking at Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Yes, I have something that you're going to wanna hear and I can't--

EDDIE

Just spill it already. As you can see I have plenty of work to do.

WARREN

You seem agitated.

Eddie looks up at Warren, dropping his paperwork on his desk. He turns in his chair, standing up and moving over closer to Warren.

EDDIE

There is something I need to talk about with you.

Warren is curious about what Eddie has to say, almost with a smile on his face.

EDDIE (cont'd)

I don't think you're going to like what I have to say. What's this about you having a job on the side?

Warren's face sinks, surprised.

WARREN

What are you talking about?

Eddie leans back to his desk, picking up a black and white picture showing:

Warren talking to a young fuck boy, touching the boys crotch through his pants.

Warren backs away, embarrassed about what Eddie is showing him.

EDDIE

This whole time with fuck boys dying, and you're the one paying them. Do you have any idea who's been killing them?

Warren is shocked.

WARREN

Are you kidding me? I was only doing what I was paid to--

Eddie punches Warren in the face, knocking him back, stunned. Warren reaches up with his hand, feeling the area where Eddie hit him.

WARREN (cont'd)
Seriously? You wanna do this? Where
did you get your information?

EDDIE
Why and how long?

Warren chuckles.

WARREN
What does it matter what I do on
the side?

Eddie moves in quick, grabbing hold of Warren's shirt, pulling him in close.

WARREN (cont'd)
What? Being a cop doesn't pay the
money. This makes way more.

Warren chuckles

WARREN (cont'd)
You're probably just mad you didn't
think of it.

Eddie grows mad, letting go of Warren, then swinging his FIST at Warren's face, smacking it hard. It then swings a second time, then a third time--

--Blood streams from his nose.

EDDIE
Sit down.

Warren holds his face, sitting in the chair.

EDDIE (cont'd)
How many boys do you control?

Eddie walks over to his desk, leaning back against it, staring down at Warren, waiting.

WARREN
Ten.

EDDIE
Ten boys? And now with three of
them being killed, you have seven?

WARREN

Yes.

EDDIE

And one of them wouldn't happen to
be Jimmy, would it?

Warren looks up at Eddie - as if to say are you serious.

WARREN

Yes.

We stay on Warren's humiliated face for a few beats and
then:

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

AARON (early twenties) is lying in bed under the sheets.

GREG (mid twenties) walks in wearing a pair of silky, loose
boxers. He smiles at the sight of Aaron. He lays down on the
bed beside Aaron, above the sheets.

GREG

I haven't had anyone special in my
life for a long time.

AARON

We actually just met and I don't
think you can feel that way that
quick.

Greg reaches over with his hand, placing it on Aaron's
chest, beginning to caress his body. He looks up at Aaron's
face, seeing the smile on his face.

GREG

Would you promise to be with me? Go
anywhere with me?

Aaron ponders the question, then giving Greg a warm smile.

AARON

I've been looking for someone also.

Aaron reaches down, holding Greg's hand, pulling it up to
his lips. He kisses the back of Greg's hand.

Greg's cell phone rings. He sees the Caller ID, smiling at
Aaron. He motions out the door.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Excuse me, I have to take this.
I'll be right back.

Greg hurries out of the room, closing the door behind him, leaving Aaron by himself.

Aaron waits a few beats, then gets out of the bed, wearing only a pair of silky, black boxers. He starts looking around, snooping through Greg's clothes on the floor. He then moves over to a dresser, opening several drawers, then opens one to find--

--A small, circular, plastic sample container. There's a label on the container. He turns it over to show - SPERM / AARON.

Aaron's eyes grow wide. He stands up, turning back to see Greg standing there in front of him, MAD at what he sees.

Aaron is silent.

GREG

What are you doing?

AARON

(holding out bottle)
What is this?

GREG

You weren't meant to find that.

AARON

You want my sperm?

Aaron chuckles as if it's a joke, but Greg remains serious. Greg walks towards Aaron, causing Aaron to back up.

Greg then reaches out, holding Aaron with strong GRIP, forcing him back to the bed, causing Aaron to drop the container.

GREG

I was actually having second thoughts about this.

Aaron struggles to get free as Greg pulls him towards the bed. Greg pushes Aaron down on the bed. Aaron lays to the side, holding Aaron down as he reaches out, grabbing hold of Aaron's penis through his boxers. He begins to molest the Aaron, causing him to moan a little--

(CONTINUED)

--Greg strokes the penis as it continues to grower harder and harder. A boner sticks up against boxer. Greg smiles, causing him to pull Aaron's boxers off. Aaron's penis STICKS straight up.

Greg strokes Aaron over and over, causing Aaron to moan.

AARON

Please don't do this. Stop.

GREG

That makes it better.

Greg continues for a few beats as Aaron begins to CLIMAX, letting out a strong cry of excitement as a LOAD spews from Aaron's penis. It lands on Aaron's gut.

Greg stands up, walking over to the container on the floor. He screws off the lid, taking the bottle over to Aaron's body. He scoops up a load of cum, smiling at Aaron.

He screws the lid back on.

GREG (cont'd)

Well, I guess we'll go with my previous plan. You see, your sperm is going to help kill Superboy.

Aaron looks surprised, shocked. He tries to sit up, but Greg pushes him back down on the bed. He leans in close, reaching Aaron's lips. He slowly kisses Aaron, eventually pulling himself off.

He walks over to a shelf, pulling off the handgun. He turns back at Aaron who has his hands up, pleading.

Aaron aims the gun, smiling--

--He fires the gun, the bullet PIERCES through Aaron's forehead, knocking him back on the bed. He walks over to the bed, pointing the gun at Aaron's chest - and FIRES a second shot.

Blood spews out through the hole in his chest.

Greg turns back towards the door, heading outside, leaving us to look at the bloody mess on the bed.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy is now laying in bed face up. Naked. He's staring at the ceiling not even paying attention to the man. The domineering man is laying beside Jimmy, caressing Jimmy's stomach with his hand.

GUY

Come on Jimmy. Just a few more hours. Give it to me.

Jimmy begins to feel troubled.

The door to the apartment SLAMS open. SUPERBOY comes quickly through the doorway, looking for any clue of Jimmy. He glances at the bed as the guy stands up, naked, waving his hands at Superboy.

GUY (cont'd)

Get out of her you freak.

The guy reaches for a handgun under the bed. He leans back up, pointing it at Superboy.

He fires a shot at Superboy, causing Jimmy to scream out. The bullets bounce off of Superboy, causing the guy to fire again with the same result--

--Superboy grabs hold the guy, forcing him down into a submissive hold. The guy finally nods in surrender.

GUY

Fine. Let me go.

Superboy lets go of the guy. He then goes over to Jimmy, helping him out of the bed. He guards Jimmy as he pulls on his Under Armor, his pants and finally puts on his shirt.

They both walk out of the room, letting Jimmy stare at the guy with a disgusted stare - as if he wants to beat the crap out of him. Superboy tugs on Jimmy's arm, wanting him to get going out the door. They leave the apartment.

The guy stands up, humiliated. He reaches for a phone calling someone. He waits a few beats and then:

GUY (cont'd)

It's me...Superboy just left with Jimmy.

We cut to:

INT. POLICE STATION - EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie puts down the phone, smiling. He glances up at Warren.

WARREN

What?

EDDIE

The plan, it's actually in place.
Why don't you go home for the rest
of the day.

Warren looks at Eddie with a surprised look on his face.

WARREN

Are you serious? Why would I go
home so early?

EDDIE

Just do it. Take some time off and
just figure this a warning.

Warren turns concerned about the comment. He walks for the door, opening it he glances back at Eddie, then heads out.

Eddie picks up the phone and dials a number.

EDDIE (cont'd)

He's heading out. Make it quick.

Eddie disconnects the call, considering what he just did and the plan that is set into motion. We stay on his face for a few beats and then:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Warren loosens his shirt, unbuttoning his top button. Several officers look at him.

OFFICER

Where are you going?

WARREN

Home.

Warren turns the corner, heading down an empty hallway. We watch him walking for a few beats, then a door opens and SOMEONE reaches out, snatching Warren inside the room with force--

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Someone RIPS Warren inside the room, violently pushing him back against the wall.

The person is wearing a ski mask.

The masked figures begins PUNCHING Warren. A few shots to the face, then the gut, then back to the face. They pull Warren forward:

MASKED FIGURE
Consider this your resignation.

Warren's face is bloody, looking worried and in pain.

The figure then pushes Warren back against the wall, punching him the gut three times. Warren begins to slide down the wall, but the figure forces him back up.

The figure pulls out a gun, aiming it at Warren's face. Stepping back, the figure motions at Warren with the gun.

MASKED FIGURE
Undress.

WARREN
What are you talking about?

Warren goes to leave, but the masked figure points the gun at him.

MASKED FIGURE
Don't do this. Undress.

Warren begins unbuttoning his shirt, yanking it off his upper body, revealing his fit chest. The masked figure appears to be enjoying what he sees.

WARREN
You like what you see?

Warren is frustrated at the situation, realizing that Eddie set him up.

WARREN (cont'd)
This is Eddie isn't it?

The masked figure waves the gun.

Warren unbuckles his belt, unzipping his pants. He lets his pants drop to the floor, revealing black, tight boxers. He steps out of the pants, looking at the masked figure.

(CONTINUED)

MASKED FIGURE

You're not done yet. Take it all off.

Warren chuckles in disbelief - as if to say you're crazy. He then wraps his thumbs around the waistband of his boxer, pulling them down on his body, stepping out of them.

He puts his hands over his penis.

WARREN

Now what?

The masked figure puts gun on a shelf, looking back at Warren. He lunges for Warren who puts his hands up in defense but the masked figure over powers the situation, tossing Warren to the other side of the room.

The masked figure goes in with a QUICK shot to Warren's naked gut, slapping it hard. Warren goes down in pain, causing the masked figure to go in, reaching for Warren. He violently picks him up, pushing him towards the table in the center of the room. He bends Warren over the edge of the table, pushing his upper body down on top of the table.

Warren struggles to get up but the masked figure holds him down. The sound of a ZIPPER unzipping, Warren has a concerned look on his face.

His face winces in pain, his mouth opens wide in pain as the masked figure pushes his penis up between Warren's legs. He slams hard inside of Warren, pushing in and out. He stuffs Warren hard for a few beats, causing Warren's face to wrinkle with pain.

Warren tries to push up off the table, his face growing red and sweaty.

We stay on Warren's face for a few beats as the masked figure finishes up. The masked figure then walks back, but we stay on Warren--

--The masked figure walks back over to Warren as he tries to stand up, but the masked figure holds him a little so that he can STAB a blade four times QUICK into the side of Warren's stomach.

Warren struggles, dropping to the table, gagging on the blood.

He struggles for a few beats, blood running on to the table. Warren stops moving eventually - Dead - with his eyes still open.

(CONTINUED)

The masked figure apparently takes off the mask, not revealing who it is. He drops the mask on Warren, walking out.

We stay on Warren's opened eyes for a few more beats and then:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Greg walks into a smaller office where KT (mid twenties) sits behind a desk.

KT looks up at Greg with a smile on his face. He sees a small clear container that Greg is holding.

GREG

Here it is.

Greg appears upset, handing it over to KT.

KT

What's wrong?

GREG

Nothing. This is what you wanted right?

CHRIS (mid twenties) walks into the office, causing Greg to jump back in shock.

GREG (cont'd)

What the hell is going on?

KT

This is Chris, he's your new partner.

Greg looks at Chris with a troubled stare of confusion.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy opens the front door, heading inside. He turns back to SCRAPPY (early twenties) who is standing outside, wearing red basketball shorts with a white t-shirt.

JIMMY

Are you coming in?

Scrappy hesitates for obvious reasons.

(CONTINUED)

SCRAPPY

I don't think I should.

JIMMY

Come on, we can just sit and watch TV. It's not that bad.

Scrappy smiles, walking inside the house. Jimmy smiles watching Scrappy. Scrappy stops, looking back at Jimmy.

Jimmy moves in on Scrappy, slow at first, but then reaches out, wrapping his arms around him. He stares at Scrappy, waiting for a few beats and then KISSES Scrappy on the lips--

--Scrappy pulls back. Staring at Jimmy, then leans in and they both kiss each other. Moving their heads in fluid motion, they continue to kiss and we eventually:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - THE DAD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dad sits behind a desk, staring at large wooden box on his desk. He then stands up, opening the box. He looks down into the box, considering his options.

He reaches down into the box, pulling out a large SHINY GREEN DILDO.

His concern turns to a smile as he holds the rubber dildo in his hand.

BLACKOUT