

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A fancy normal looking house with furniture, family pictures hanging on the wall.

DEVON (17) sits on the couch, switching the television channels with the remote. He has dark hair, partially sticking up a little in a stylish way.

He's wearing a pair of dark, shiny nylon jogging pants with stripes down the side. He's also wearing a white t-shirt.

He appears to be a little impatient at something, continuing flipping through the channels.

DOOR BELLS RINGS!

Devon smiles, turning off the television. He stands up and walks over to the door, opening it to reveal:

JOE (17), an attractive boy with a more muscular body type. He's wearing a pair of blue jeans with a red t-shirt. His blonde hair is thick at the top and buzzed off around the sides and back.

He smiles at Devon with an arrogant smile.

DEVON

You actually showed up. Can't believe it.

Devon then glances over at RAMON (17).

DEVON

And who's this, your new boyfriend?

JOE

Matter of fact, yes.

Ramon smiles.

Ramon has a little extra weight, but still attractive. He's wearing a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt. His body nicely fits his clothes.

Devon stares Ramon up and down, smiling in disbelief.

DEVON

You left me for this.

Ramon pushes forward, but Joe puts a hand up to stop him from touching Devon.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Not right now.

DEVON
As if. You want a shot at the
title?

Joe chuckles.

JOE
He may not measure up to your
quality of prize, but for me he's
perfect.

Joe glances over at Ramon, sharing a glance. They smile.

Devon rolls his eyes, moving to the side.

DEVON
Come in, let's get this over with.

Joe and Ramon both walk inside. Ramon glances at Devon with
a mean stare as he walks by.

Devon shuts the door, moving over to the staircase. Joe and
Ramon follow up the staircase.

INT. HOUSE - EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A cleared out ROOM. The floor is covered with a rubber mat.

Ramon stares at the scene.

RAMON
What the fuck?

DEVON
You do know why you're here, right?

Devon chuckles.

DEVON (cont'd)
Does he even know who I am? What we
were?

Joe moves in on Devon, standing face to face. Close.

JOE
This is about us. He knows about
us, because I was with him while I
was with you.

(CONTINUED)

Devon's face grows angry, almost ready to FIGHT him right then and there.

DEVON

(to: Ramon)

The fight club you're in is a way for us boys to be men. To have fun, beating the shit out of other boys.

Devon smiles with some arrogance as he stares at Joe.

DEVON

Joe here is one of the top dogs, or at least he thinks he is. He left me for you, and now he gets to fight me.

Joe moves back.

JOE

I get to fight you because it's time to end your cocky attitude.

Devon laughs.

DEVON

You think that's what I am? Cocky? No, I'm good.

Devon rushes at Joe, wrapping his arms around Joe, totally surprising Joe. He turns hard, tossing Joe.

Joe stumbles over his own feet, losing control, falling to the ground.

Devon takes advantage of the situation, rushing Joe. He lays on top of Joe, pushing him to the ground. He wrestles with Joe, forcing his back down against the floor, straddling him, spreading out his his arms.

Joe winces from the weight of Devon's weight on his arms.

DEVON

What were saying? You think you could take me down that easy? You remember what it was like in bed, right?

Devon smiles at the struggle on Joe's face.

Joe struggles hard against the grip, trying to bring his legs back towards Devon as he pushes up. He continues to push forward as hard as he can. After several attempts at this, he gains control, wrapping his legs around Devon--

--forcing Devon off him. Joe gets up quickly gaining a fighting stance.

Devon smiles.

DEVON (cont'd)
I think your boyfriend is a bit
concerned about this.

JOE
He's fine.

Joe and Devon begin circling around the room, waiting for one them to make the first play. After several beats, Joe lunges forward grabbing hold of Devon--

--The lock in a wrestling holding, each one trying to gain control over each other. Grabbing. Pulling. Pushing.

They each begin breathing heavy in their grip, trying to get the other person to the ground. After a few beats, Joe pushes Devon to the ground--

--He gets on top of Devon, straddling him, forcing his hands spread out. Joe smiles, resting his knees on both of Devon's arms, putting his weight completely on Devon's arms.

Devon winces from the pain.

DEVON
You like being on top?

JOE
Not with you, anymore.

Devon pushes hard up, taking Joe by surprise, knocking him off his chest. Devon takes control grabbing hold of Joe, wrapping an arm around Joe's neck. He squeezes hard. Devon lays back on the floor, pulling Joe back.

Joe struggles to breathe as Devon stretches him by the tight grip of his arm. He looks over at Ramon, smiling at the sight of Ramon wanting to jump in.

DEVON
I think your boyfriend wants to
save you, Joe.

Joe struggles to glance over at Ramon, wincing from the hard grip.

DEVON (cont'd)
You think he minds if I do this?

Devon reaches over with his free hand, grabbing hold of Joe's penis through his jeans. Joe screams out in shock.

DEVON
That's nice. I haven't felt that
for a few weeks.

Joe struggles to get free from Devon's grip.

JOE
(struggles)
Stop. Let it go and just fight me.
It's not about this, it's about
fighting.

Joe continues to struggle the grip on his penis.

JOE (cont'd)
Let GO!!

Devon laughs, looking up at Ramon who is moving forward.
Devon puts a hand up.

DEVON
Don't even think about it.

Devon stands up, letting go of Joe a little. Joe begins to cough from the strangle hold. He then reaches down, adjusting his balls from the hold Devon had on him.

Devon sees a chance, lunging forward, pushing Joe back against a wall. Joe SLAMS against the wall, trying to regain his grip on the situation, but Devon grabs him, tossing him hard to the floor--

--Devon jumps on top of Joe. They both wrestle for control, each one grabbing and pulling on each other. They roll around on the floor, each one gaining the advantage, eventually losing the advantage. Back and forth for a few beats.

The holds become stronger and more intense as the time goes by.

Devon again gets on top of Joe, straddling Joe. More intense and powerful. He looks down on Joe with a vicious smile.

DEVON
Are you ready to submit? You wanna
give up and let me win?

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Never. You're not gonna win.

DEVON
Have you told your new boyfriend
about fuck matches?

JOE
Shut up, Devon.

RAMON
What are fuck matches?

DEVON
Simple, the losers get fucked.

RAMON
What?

DEVON
Don't worry, this isn't a fuck
match. Joe's not worth it.

Joe pushes on Devon, angry with his comment, wanting to put the beat down on Devon. He pushes up as hard as he can, but Devon SLAMS him hard back down against the floor.

DEVON (cont'd)
I'm not done yet.

Devon reaches around with his hand, grabbing hold of Joe's zipper on his pants. He starts to unzip his pants.

DEVON (cont'd)
Why don't we make this more
interesting?

JOE
Don't do this.

Joe struggles.

Devon stands up, letting Joe stand up.

DEVON
Take your pants off and let's do
this.

Devon takes off his shirt, revealing his chest. Nice, but not too muscular.

Joe takes off his shirt, revealing a more defined chest. He then reaches for his pants, taking them off, revealing a pair of WHITE speedos nicely fit around his waist.

(CONTINUED)

Devon stares at the sight, smiling at what he sees. He then takes off his pants, revealing a pair of BLACK speedos.

DEVON (cont'd)
You like what you see?

Devon walks over to Ramon, standing close to him but not getting too close. Tormenting Ramon.

DEVON (cont'd)
You like what you see? You wanna take me on?

JOE
Devon. Let's do this.

Joe is prepping himself, when Devon turns in a hurry, pushing on Joe, slamming him backwards. He stumbles over his own feet, falling to the floor.

Devon takes advantage, jumping on top of Joe. They both wrestle for control, holding each other. Roughly, Devon takes advantage of a situation, slamming his KNEE into Joe's BALLS--

--Joe screams out from the blow. A second knee to his balls causes him to cry out in pain even more.

RAMON
What the fuck?

Ramon is angry, standing by the side.

Devon smiles, leaning down close to Joe's face, moving in close AS IF to kiss Joe on his lips, but stops:

DEVON
You wanna kiss me Joe? You want me to shove my dick up your ass?

Joe pushes on Devon, trying to get Devon off him. He pushes harder and harder, his face grows red from the agony.

Devon chuckles, pushing down harder on Joe's body.

Ramon paces back and forth at the side, wanting to jump on Devon and save Joe.

Devon stares down at Joe with a serious stare.

DEVON (cont'd)
Why did you leave me? Why did you break this up? We were perfect and then you leave me for this.

Devon points at Ramon.

DEVON (cont'd)
What does he have?

RAMON
More than you.

Devon chuckles.

DEVON
Really?

Devon stands up, letting Joe recover. Devon walks over to Ramon.

DEVON (cont'd)
You have something that's better
than me?

Ramon looks Devon up and down.

RAMON
He left you for me that's all that
matters.

Joe rushes Devon, wrapping his arms around Devon. He tosses Devon across the room. He stumbles to the ground, laying on the floor. Joe rushes Devon, jumping on top of him, placing a KNEE directly on top of Devon's gut, letting his weight down on Devon.

Devon winces from the weight of Joe.

Joe then straddles Devon, placing his knees on Devon's arms, pushing his weight hard on Devon. Vicious and hard, wanting to pay back Devon.

Moving down close.

JOE
How do you like it?

Devon pushes up, causing Joe to lose his balance. Devon takes advantage, moving over to Joe. He leans in, slamming his fist directly into Joe's face. Joe's head snaps back from the blow--

--Devon laughs, moving in quickly for a second punch to Joe's face. He then helps Joe up to his feet. He pushes on Joe, slamming his body back against the wall. Joe tries to recover quickly, but Joe delivers a PUNCH to Joe's gut.

Joe slides down the wall, landing on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

In a split second, Ramon charges Devon, pulling Devon to the ground. They both interlock with each other in a wrestling hold with Ramon in control.

Ramon has his arm around Devon's neck, strangling him hard. Devon struggles to breathe against the grip.

RAMON

You wanna be a fucken monster? I can play those games.

DEVON

(struggling)

You wanna fight me? Then fight me.

Ramon lets go of Devon, letting him go. They both stand, waiting for the first move.

Devon lunges at Ramon, but Ramon being a bit heavier, grabs hold of Devon, holding him tight. Gaining the advantage over Devon.

Devon struggles against the grip, getting free enough, he reaches back, grabbing HOLD of Ramon's BALLS.

Ramon screams out in shock. Devon repositions, grabbing Devon by his balls again, squeezing hard, pushing Ramon back against the wall.

JOE

Devon, this isn't between you and Ramon.

Devon smiles, looking down at his grip on Ramon.

DEVON

Look at that Joe. Someone's getting hard.

Ramon grows angry through the pain, breaking free, pushing back on Devon. He pushes Devon back against the wall, with anger on his face.

Devon chuckles a little, then Ramon PUNCHES Devon in the face.

Ramon moves back, watching Devon feel his face, rubbing the pain. Devon glances over at Joe who is wanting to fight, smiling at the situation.

DEVON (cont'd)

You did this prick.

(CONTINUED)

Devon rushes forward in surprise, lifting his knees hard into Ramon's balls--

Lifting him off the floor. Ramon drops to his knees, holding his balls.

Devon grips Ramon's neck, lifting and squeezing on his neck. He strangles Ramon hard, causing Ramon's face to turn a dark shade of RED. He sputters and gags on the grip, spitting with every breath.

JOE

Stop this now. It's not between--

Devon turns his glance to Joe with anger on his face, continuing to strangle Ramon.

DEVON

Why did you leave me for this? Why?
I want you back.

They stare at each other for a few bitter beats as Ramon chokes in agony and then:

Joe rushes Devon, tackling him to the ground. Devon lets go of Ramon, and he drops to the floor, gripping his neck, breathing heavy--

--Joe and Devon interlock in a wrestling fight. A strong fight. Each one gaining and losing the advantage as the wrestle on the floor.

Devon slams a wild punch into Joe's gut, and Joe returns his punch with a powerful move to gain the advantage, body slamming Devon hard against the floor. Joe then PUNCHES Devon in the gut three times HARD.

Devon grows great ANGER, pushing on Joe, forcing him over on his back. Devon straddles Joe, looking down on him, blood dripping from his mouth.

DEVON

You don't want me anymore, fine.
But I want you.

Devon reaches behind him, grabbing Joe's balls, molesting them with pure enjoyment. Joe cries out.

JOE

Stop.

Joe struggles against the touch of Devon's hand on his penis. Devon keeps control over Joe, maneuvering into position. He reaches for the waistband of Joe's speedos, causing Joe to struggle for a few beats:

Devon yanks on the speedos, moving them down over his penis as his partial BONER flops out, causing Devon to smile. Joe breathes heavy as he watches Devon undress him.

Devon continues to touch Joe's balls, reaching for Joe's penis. He strokes it gently, causing Joe to moan in pleasure and agony.

Devon glances over at Ramon with a vicious smile of enjoyment.

Ramon watches in pain.

DEVON

I think he likes it.

Ramon grows angry, trying to recover and fight.

Devon glances back at Joe's penis, continuing to stroke him harder and harder.

JOE

You won't ever have me again.

Devon grows angry from the comment. He reaches for the balls, squeezing HARD, sending a shot of agony through Joe's body. He screams out in agony--

--Ramon jumps to his feet, rushing Devon. He wraps an arm around Devon's neck, pulling him off Joe. He pulls him back, continuing to strangle Devon as he struggles for a few beats. He tries to tap out, but Ramon ignores the plea, continuing to strangle him in anger.

After a few beats, Devon's eyes close, growing limp. Ramon drops him to the floor - out cold.

Ramon rushes over to Joe, grabbing gently hold of him. They stare at each other with a love between them. He holds Joe for a few beats.

Ramon then helps Joe stand up. Joe pulls up his speedos, covering his penis.

They begin to walk out as Devon starts to recover.

DEVON

You coward. I knew you wouldn't
finish me off.

Joe stops, glancing back at Devon.

JOE

It's over, I'm done.

DEVON

You're not done. You can't be
undefeated by quitting.

JOE

I'm done. I'm done with you.

Devon smiles as he stands up.

DEVON

There's one person that won't let
you be done and when he finds out,
you're finished.

JOE

I'm out.

Joe and Ramon walk out of the room, leaving Devon standing
there by himself. We stay on him for a few beats and then:

FADE TO BLACK