

**EXT. EXECUTIVE BUILDING - DAY**

We establish the shot of a large skyscraper reaching into the sky.

**INT. EXECUTIVE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

A small empty waiting room with a female SECRETARY (50s) sitting behind her desk, working on her daily work.

The main door OPENS, and PAUL (early twenties) walks in wearing a pair of dark, shiny dress pants and white button down dress shirt nicely FIT to his chest. He has a dark cropped hair, and wearing a pair of black rimmed glasses, not nerdy but in fashion.

He looks around the room, confused by how EMPTY the room is. He walks over to the secretary, waiting for her to look up.

She finally glances up, staring at Paul up and down as if taking in every inch of his body. She smiles as the sight of Paul's body, but looks at Paul, motioning to the seats.

SECRETARY

Have a seat, Mr. Bates will be with you in a few minutes.

Paul looks back towards the waiting room, giving the woman a special grin. He walks over to a seat, sitting down. His pants are a little tight, revealing a hefty package in the midsection--

--He sees the secretary eying up his package, trying to adjust himself. He places his TIE in front of his package to hide the candy that the woman is apparently wanting to eat.

A second door OPENS, revealing MR. BATES (40s), an executive type with dark slicked back hair, appearing a little wet. He glances over at Paul over the rim of his glasses.

MR. BATES

Paul?

Paul glances over at the older man standing in the doorway, motioning for him to come over to the office. He stands, walking over passed the secretary, trying to avoid the went mouth of the woman that would like to have a piece. He awkwardly walks by the woman, reaching out his hand as Mr. Bates takes hold of it. They shake hands.

**INT. EXECUTIVE BUILDING - MR. BATES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Paul walks inside the surprisingly smaller office. He glances around at the furniture, surprised by the fact that there are NO windows.

Mr. Bates motions to the seat.

MR. BATES  
Have a seat.

Paul sits, feeling awkward about something in his midsection. He glances down, noticing that he's beginning to get HARD. He tries not to focus on it.

Mr. Bates keeps his focus on Paul's face.

MR. BATES (cont'd)  
I know you're interested in a position here at the company, and your first interview was great, but when we have a potential hire they like to have me interview them also.

PAUL  
That's fine.

Paul appears uneasy by his situation. He tries moving in his seat without bringing to much attention to the problem.

PAUL (cont'd)  
So what does the job entail?

MR. BATES  
Mostly you'll be running assignments for me and hopefully you're willing to travel.

PAUL  
Travel?

MR. BATES  
Yes, the job is mostly involving you traveling and making sure that things are ready to go for me before I arrive.

Mr. Bates stands, walking over to a cabinet. He opens it up, pulling out a bottle of liquor. Grabbing two glasses, he leans back towards Paul.

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MR. BATES (cont'd)  
Would you like a drink?

Paul watches Mr. Bates, thinking about his choice.

PAUL  
Sure.

Mr. Bates pours a small glass, handing it over to Paul. He stares at the drink for a few beats, eventually taking a drink from the glass--

--His faces contorts from the taste of the HOT liquor going back his throat.

PAUL (cont'd)  
(coughs)  
Wow, that's some strong stuff.

Paul continues to COUGH from the taste, trying to clear it from his throat.

Mr. Bates walks over behind Paul, putting his hands on Paul's shoulders. He RUBS Paul's shoulders, causing Paul to relax, closing his eyes in ecstasy. He starts to MOAN, forgetting that the Mr. Bates is standing behind him.

MR. BATES  
Just relax Paul. Let it out.

Paul moves around in his chair. His eyes are still closed, and the BULGE in his pants is beginning to grow again. Mr. Bates NOTICES the bulge. A smile grows on his face.

MR. BATES (cont'd)  
Why don't you take another drink.  
It's a lot better a second time.

Paul reaches out for the glass, gulping down a second LONG drink. After a few beats, and Paul's face grows intense from the pain.

PAUL  
I think I better go.

Paul stands, but Mr. Bates reaches out grabbing Paul's shoulder, forcing him back down in the chair. Paul struggles against the grip of Mr. Bates, trying to get free but his grip is too STRONG.

PAUL (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

MR. BATES

Just relax. You want the job,  
right?

Paul glances up at Mr. Bates, seeing the smile on his face.

PAUL

What's going on?

Mr. Bates leans down further, RUBBINGS his hand on Paul's chest, causing Paul to grow nervous in his chair. He looks down at the bulge in his pants as it continues to grow, trying to BREAK through his zipper.

MR. BATES

Are you trying to tell me  
something?

PAUL

What do you want from me?

Mr. Bates puts his free arm around Paul's neck as he continues to caress Paul's chest with the other hand. Paul squirms nervously in his chair as Mr. Bates continues to MOLEST his body.

PAUL

(choking it out)

I don't think--I don't think this  
is the job--I want.

Mr. Bates squeezes on Paul's neck, causing his face to grow RED. He struggles to breath, gasping for relief.

MR. BATES

Just relax, let it happen.

Paul continues to struggle and squirm in the chair, flopping his body up and down. Mr. Bates stares at the bulge, releasing Paul's struggling body--

--Paul reaches up with his hand, holding his neck. He seems dazed and confused. Mr. Bates walks around, standing in front of Paul. He reaches down, grabbing hold of Paul's shirt, starting to UNBUTTON Paul's shirt, but Paul reaches up and grabs Mr. Bates' hand.

PAUL

You need to stop.

Paul tries to stand. Mr. Bates grabs hold of Paul's shirt, pulling him up quick, twisting him around - pushing him up HARD against the wall. Mr. Bates keeps a tight grip on him up against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Paul winces from the smell coming from Mr. Bates' mouth.

PAUL

I don't want the job. I'm done.

MR. BATES

I'm not letting you quit your job now.

PAUL

What are we doing here?

Mr. Bates moves back, still holding Paul. He looks Paul up and down.

MR. BATES

Why don't we start with you taking your shirt off.

PAUL

No.

MR. BATES

Really?

Mr. Bates smiles with a sinister gaze for a few beats, eventually swinging a WILD PUNCH into his gut, knocking the wind out of Paul's stomach. He starts to fall to the ground, but Mr. Bates pulls him back up.

Paul has a look of surrender on his face, causing Mr. Bates to let go of him. Paul begins to UNBUTTON his dress shirt revealing his young, fit chest.

Mr. Bates stares at the young body, smiling at the sight before him.

Paul drops his shirt on the floor. He stands there in front of Mr. Bates, waiting for the possible next move.

Mr. Bates moves in, putting his hands on Paul, leaning in and kissing him on his neck. Paul closes his eyes, taking in the moment going on.

MR. BATES (cont'd)

Are you game for a little more action?

Mr. Bates looks up at Paul's troubled face.

PAUL

What now?

(CONTINUED)

MR. BATES

Why don't we get more comfortable.

PAUL

How?

Mr. Bates reaches down, putting his hand on Paul's bulge, grabbing and rubbing Paul's balls, causing Paul to WINCE from the pain of his touch.

PAUL (cont'd)

What do you want from me? Please  
let go of me.

Mr. Bates continues to rub Paul's balls, watching Paul squirm from his touch.

MR. BATES

Your first assignment on the job is  
to give me what I want.

Mr. Bates puts his fingers on Paul's zipper, Paul quickly grabs hold of Mr. Bates' hand, pushing his hands away.

PAUL

I'm not--

Mr. Bates swung a HARD PUNCH into Paul's gut, knocking more air out of Paul.

MR. BATES

Take your pants off. Now!

Paul struggles from the pain, grabbing hold of his zipper and pulling it down. Grabbing hold of his pants, Paul pulls on the waistband, dropping his pants to floor--

Paul stands there in a pair of dark blue UNDER ARMOR. His penis pushing on the fabric.

Mr. Bates moves in, placing the tip of finger on Paul's chest, moving it SLOWLY down his body, heading for the bulge in Paul's underwear.

MR. BATES (cont'd)

One more step for this assignment,  
and hopefully you're ready for  
that.

Mr. Bates stares at Paul for a beats, causing Paul to grow anxious with anticipation. In a split second, Mr. Bates WRAPS his arm around Paul's neck, causing Paul to struggle and to stop the humiliation. Paul pushes and pulls, trying

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to get a shot at running for safety. Mr. Bates wrestles Paul down on the couch.

Mr. Bates straddles Paul's unwilling body. He smiles, staring down at the petrified young boy on the couch. Paul struggles to push up on the older man, trying to get free.

Mr. Bates takes several SWINGS at Paul's face. SMACK! SMACK! The punches take the fight out of Paul's body. Mr. Bates reaches down, grabbing hold of the waistband of Paul's underwear--

--Paul's face shows the agony, revealing a tear in the corner of his eye. Mr. Bates smiles, he stands up, pulling Paul's underwear down and off of Paul's legs.

Paul is laying there - NAKED, his penis almost standing straight up from being HARD. Paul raises his hands to his face, covering his face, and sighing.

PAUL

I don't wanna do this, please stop!

Mr. Bates walks over to Paul's body, staring at the naked body in front of him. Paul sees the older man looking down on him. He reaches down with his hands, covering up his penis the best way he can.

Mr. Bates reaches down his EAGER hand, grabbing hold of Paul's penis, moving slowly up and down - making Paul react with excitement from the sensation going through his body.

Paul struggles to get free as Mr. Bates continues to MOLEST him. The moment continues for a few seconds as Paul struggles in the sexual grip of Mr. Bates. Paul's body begins to ARC up as the sensation grows more INTENSE with each movement.

MR. BATES

So what about the job?

Paul moans from the continuous UP and DOWN on his penis.

PAUL

(moaning)

Please stop. You can't do this.

Mr. Bates leans down on Paul's body, continuing to move his hand up and down on the ever growing penis. Paul climbs into the sensation of the moment, climbing ever so close to the climax - He moans louder and louder as Mr. Bates smiles as he continues to work the moment--

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Paul begins to SWEAT from the excitement, not wanting to climax, but it feels like a speeding runaway train. Paul starts to CLIMAX, causing Mr. Bates to cover Paul's mouth his hand. Paul arches his body up under the grip of Mr. Bates as the sensation grows more INTENSE--

--A large LOAD exits through the penis, shooting over Paul's chest. He continues to pant and breathe heavy with excitement as the sensation continues.

Mr. Bates stands up as Paul ends his excitement, laying there, humiliated by the situation. He eventually sits up on the couch, wiping the cum off his chest.

MR. BATES

So do we have a decision?

Paul keeps his focus on the cleaning up himself, not looking at Mr. Bates.

PAUL

No.

Mr. Bates walks over to his desk, grabbing a letter opener off his desk. He puts it behind his back, walking back over to Paul who NOW glances up at Mr. Bates.

PAUL

You got what you wanted, and I'm not going to say anything to anybody. I promise.

MR. BATES

Fine, you can go.

Paul waits for a few beats, then stands walking over and picking up his clothes. He puts on his pants, pulling them up. He grabs his shirt, pulling it on.

PAUL

I am sorry that it's--

MR. BATES

If you don't want the job then just go. It's fine.

Paul walks over towards the door, just as he reaches the doorknob Mr. Bates reaches his arm around Paul's neck pulling him backwards--

--A smile on Mr. Bates' face as he SLIDES the letter opening into Paul's back, causing Paul to WINCE from the pain the stabbing. Mr. Bates pulls the blade out and shoves it a second time into Paul's back.

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A stream of blood falls to the ground through the dress shirt.

PAUL

Ahhhh!

Mr. Bates lets go of Paul, he stumbles forward towards the door, falling against the wall. His shirt is soaked with blood on the back of his shirt.

Mr. Bates walks over to Paul, grabbing hold of Paul's broken body, twisting him around. He stares down at the Paul's unbuttoned shirt, and Paul's chest. Mr. Bates positions the tip of the letter opener on Paul's stomach, moving it down towards his belly button.

PAUL

Please, Nooooo!

Mr. Bates smiles, pulling his hand back and jamming the opening into Paul's stomach, making a slicing sound - Once, Twice and a third time--

--Blood Spews out. Paul's face drains of life as he stumbles forward, dropping to his knees as he tries to reach out and grab hold of Mr. Bates, but Mr. Bates moves out of the way.

MR. BATES

All you had to do was take the job.

PAUL

Please help me.

Mr. Bates walks over to Paul, staring at his weakening body.

MR. BATES

Sure, I'll help you.

Mr. Bates SHOVES the letter opener through the skin of Paul's neck. Paul struggles and chokes on blood. He reaches up, grabbing hold of the opener, pulling it out - blood spews--

--Paul drops forward. Lifeless in a puddle of blood.

Mr. Bates moves back from the situation. He kneels down, grabbing hold of the letter opener.

MR. BATES (cont'd)

That went perfect.

Mr. Bates licks off the blade.

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MR. BATES (cont'd)

I guess I still have an opening.

We look down on Paul's bloody body for a few beats and then:

FADE TO BLACK