

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

TRAVIS (18), wearing a gray hooded sweatshirt and a pair of designer blue faded jean nicely fit around his legs, walks up towards the front door, hesitation in his steps.

He stops at the front door, just about to ring the bell but stops. He looks behind him for the possible escape but then looks back at the door, smiling. Reaching out for the door bell, he pushes.

The door bell rings, waiting for the door to open.

The door finally opens and MITCH (29) stands in the doorway, smiling.

He's a muscular guy with a thicker, built body. His arms have several tattoos on them. He has stubble on his face with dark hair, buzz cut.

MITCH

Travis?

Travis smiles.

TRAVIS

Yeah.

Mitch moves to the side, motioning for Travis to enter the house.

Travis walks in, waiting for a clue from Mitch. Mitch motions for the hallway--

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

--A small quaint kitchen. Mitch picks up a bottle of beer, handing it over to Travis.

Travis smiles, looking hesitant but takes the drink.

TRAVIS

Thanks.

Mitch chuckles.

MITCH

It's fine.

Travis takes a drink, smiling at Mitch. He watches as Mitch takes a drink also.

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MITCH (cont'd)
Have you ever done this before?

TRAVIS
No, this is my first time.

Mitch looks surprised.

MITCH
Wow, first time at meeting a
stranger for sex, or first time
having sex?

Travis waits for a few beats, smiling. Intimidated by Mitch.

TRAVIS
Both.

MITCH
Everything's fine.

Mitch puts a hand on Travis' shoulder, leading him down the hallway towards the bedroom--

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Travis and Mitch enter the NEAT, SPACIOUS bedroom. There's a nice large bed, everything in its place.

Travis looks around at the room. He sits down on the edge of the bed. Mitch sits down beside him really close, their legs rest up against each other.

Travis smiles, feeling the warmth of Mitch's body.

MITCH
I can't believe you never had sex.
Someone with your looks I would
think could get it quite often.

Mitch reaches over with his hand, placing it on Travis' thigh. He slowly caresses the thigh, watching Travis enjoy every second of his touch.

MITCH (cont'd)
Are you sure you wanna do this?

Mitch then moves his hand back slowly, reaching the area of Travis' penis. He touches against the penis, causing Travis to flinch at his touch.

Mitch continues to fondle Travis, gently touching and squeezing his package. He leans over wanting to kiss Travis. Travis leans over, kissing Mitch on the lips. They continue to kiss for a few beats as Mitch continues to rub Travis.

Mitch pulls back a few inches.

MITCH (cont'd)
Are you ready?

Travis smiles with a look of hesitation.

TRAVIS
I do, but--

MITCH
Don't second guess yourself.
Everything is fine.

Mitch reaches down, grabbing hold of Travis' belt, beginning to unbuckle his pants. Travis grabs hold of of Mitch's hand:

TRAVIS
Wait.

MITCH
What? You're not backing out are you?

TRAVIS
I don't know about this. I'm thinking that--

MITCH
Don't let your fear take this.

Mitch continues to unbuckle Travis' pants, unzipping his pants, revealing a glimpse of his ORANGE speedos with black trim around the edges. They are silky and tight against his body. His hard penis begins pushing out against the fabric.

Mitch smiles.

MITCH (cont'd)
You don't wanna waste that do you?

Mitch reaches inside Travis' pants, touching the penis, causing Travis to moan slightly at the touch of Mitch's hands.

Mitch stands up in front of Travis. He smiles, gently pushing Travis to lay down on the bed. He straddles Travis, leaning down and kissing Travis on the lips. They kiss with passion for a few beats.

Mitch stands up, preparing himself by unbuckling his pants--
--Travis stands up quickly, buckling his pants back up.

TRAVIS

Sorry, I can't do this.

Travis moves quickly for the door, but Mitch reaches out, grabbing hold of his arm with a HARD grasp, causing Travis to flinch from the pain.

Mitch quickly stops, pulling his hands back.

MITCH

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just need
this and you're fine. Everything
will be fine.

Travis then turns back towards the door wanting to leave, but Mitch reaches out again, frustrated, grabbing hold of Travis' arm. He pulls him back towards the bed, pushing him back on the bed.

MITCH (cont'd)

We're going to do this and you're
going to let me do it, and you're
going to enjoy it.

Travis goes to stand up again with an upset look on his face, causing Mitch to push him ROUGH back on the bed. He holds Travis down on the bed as he UNBUCKLES the belt, ripping down the zipper--

--Mitch grabs hold of the orange speedos, molesting Travis' penis as he struggles against the grip. Mitch continues as the penis gets harder with each touch. Travis moans in protest and enjoyment.

TRAVIS

Please, stop. I don't wanna do
this.

MITCH

You're fine, let it happen.

Mitch continues to hold Travis down on the bed, starting to grab hold of Travis' pants, pulling them down off his SMOOTH legs. He then takes off Travis' shoes, allowing the pants to come off.

Mitch returns to the bulge in Travis' speedos. It barely contains the penis.

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MITCH (cont'd)
I think it wants out.

Mitch smiles as he reaches for the waistband of the speedos, causing Travis to protest and struggle. Mitch grows angry with Travis, SLAPPING him hard against the face, knocking him flat on the bed--

--Mitch continues to take off the speedos, allowing the hard penis out. He stares at the penis for a few beats, smiling as he takes the speedos completely off Travis.

He then moves up towards Travis' face, throwing the speedos off to the side.

MITCH (cont'd)
(whispering)
Just give me what I want.

Travis has a tear rolling down his face.

Mitch leans back up, taking off his pants, revealing a pair of loose fitting boxers. His boner pushes out against his boxers. He takes off the boxers, revealing the large THICK penis, ready to work.

Travis leans up, pleading with Mitch.

TRAVIS
Please, let me go. My parents will be worried about me.

MITCH
Nothing is wrong. You wanted this and I'm gonna give it to you.

Mitch moves in towards Travis, causing Travis to move back on the bed, trying to get away from Mitch. Mitch reaches out, grabbing hold of Travis' ankle, pulling him back closer.

Mitch moves up to Travis' head, reaching out and grabbing hold of Travis' neck. He squeezes tight on Travis' neck, watching his face turn RED--

--He squeezes tighter, causing Travis to choke for air, struggling and convulsing against the grip.

Mitch watches with a smile, continuing for a few beats:

He stops, allowing Travis to choke for air. Coughing.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH (cont'd)
Give me what I want then you can
go.

TRAVIS
(struggling)
What do you want?

Mitch moves in, grabbing gently on Travis' penis, stroking it, giving Travis the pleasure of his touch. He continues for a few beats, allowing Travis to begin feeling a sensation flowing through his body. He starts to moan, but Mitch stops, placing a FINGER at between Travis' legs, aiming for the hole between his legs--

--Travis struggles a bit, but then Mitch pushes his finger inside the hole, causing Travis to scream out. His voice is mixed with a subtle high pitch.

Mitch smiles, pushing gently, but going further UP. He then pushes the finger back and forth as Travis agonizes over the pain. He continues for a few beats and then stops, allowing Travis to relax and deal with his pain.

Mitch then forces Travis to bend his legs up, revealing the HOLE. Travis cries out, pleading with Mitch, causing Mitch to smile with pleasure as he aims his penis towards Travis' butt--

--The tip of Mitch's penis lays stops at the hole, waiting, then pushes slowly inside, causing the pain to pulsate through Travis' body. He screams out as Mitch pushes HARD, shoving his penis inside of Travis. He waits, allowing the pain to overcome Travis completely.

He then slowly pushes IN and OUT of Travis, continuing for a few beats the pleasurable motion against Travis' body.

Travis moans in pain mixed with pleasure. Mitch pushes continously, feeling the pleasure convulse through his body.

Eventually he stops, he pulls out of Travis, causing Travis to moan in relief.

TRAVIS (cont'd)
Please, stop.

Mitch forces Travis to roll over on his stomach, pleading and begging as Mitch lays on top of Travis. He reaches down between Travis' legs, helping his penis towards the hole, eventually reaching it--

--He pushes hard.

(CONTINUED)

ON TRAVIS'S FACE as he winces in pain from the agony of the penis entering his body. His body moves back and forth with every thrust of Mitch. Tears roll down his face as Mitch FUCKS him hard and long.

He moans from the pain and the PLEASURE that takes over his body. It feels like forever as his body is TORN apart. Mitch begins to move back and forth quicker and quicker as the climax enters his penis.

Mitch pushes and pushes, harder and harder. Travis struggles in torture as Mitch screams out in ecstasy, continuing to moan--

--As he continues to push and moan, cum begins to squirt out of Travis' butt. Mitch pulls out, shooting the rest of his cum on Travis' butt and back.

Travis lays motionless on the bed, crying into the bed.

MITCH

You see it's over. You're done.

Travis slowly curls up on the bed in the fetal position.

Mitch walks over to the bed, looking down on Travis. He reaches down gently, placing a hand on Travis's body, causing him to flinch from the touch.

He turns Travis over, revealing his boner. Travis looks at Mitch with tears in his eyes. He struggles at the touch of Mitch, but doesn't have enough strength.

Mitch brings him over to the edge of the bed, still lying on his back.

Mitch takes hold of Travis' penis, beginning to stroke it, causing Travis to moan in pleasure. He begins to feel the pleasure flow through his body.

MITCH (cont'd)

You enjoy that?

Travis moans in pleasure mixed with PROTEST.

TRAVIS

Stop, please.

MITCH

Soon.

Mitch continues to stroke Travis, seeing the look on his face. He smiles at the sight of Travis about to climax, and then STOPS--

--Mitch lets go, causing Travis to moan out in pleasure, wanting Mitch to finish him.

TRAVIS
Please, let me cum.

MITCH
You want it now?

Mitch rushes over, grabbing hold of Travis' neck, squeezing hard on his neck. Snuffing the life out of him. His face grows RED from the pressure of Mitch's grip. He squeezes harder, causing Travis to choke and cough, trying to breathe.

Travis struggles, his body convulsing to get free.

After several beats on this, Mitch lets go, causing Travis to suck in air, reaching for his throat.

TRAVIS
Why are you doing this?

Mitch backs off, allowing Travis to slowly stand. His penis sticking straight out.

Mitch looks down, smiling at the sight.

TRAVIS (cont'd)
What is wrong with you? Why did you do this?

MITCH
You wanna leave, then leave.

Travis looks for his pants. He reaches down for them, pulling them on. He tries to adjust his penis to allow it inside his pants.

MITCH (cont'd)
You don't wanna cum? Make it easier?

TRAVIS
I can't believe I came here, thinking you would give me something special.

Travis starts to walk out as Mitch stands there naked watching him walk out.

We stay on Mitch for a few beats and then:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Travis walks down the hallway, struggling.

Mitch RUSHES from the bedroom, grabbing hold of Travis, wrestling him to the floor.

Travis fights against the hold of Mitch, trying to fight him off. Mitch continues to ROUGHLY hold on to Travis with a vicious look on his face, knowing the end result.

They wrestle for control back and forth.

Travis throws a PUNCH into Mitch's face, knocking him back. Travis has a chance to get up and move towards the door.

Just as he reaches the door, something grabs hold of him, pulling him back from the door. Travis screams out, struggling to get free.

Mitch turns Travis to face him. He punches Travis squarely on the nose, snapping his head back, causing blood to spew from his nose--

--Mitch smiles, punching him a second time in the face, knocking him backwards down on the floor.

Mitch rushes at him, holding him down on the floor. He reaches down for Travis' pants, ripping down the zipper, yanking the pants down around his legs.

Travis struggles, crying out. His penis standing straight, hard and ready.

Mitch takes hold of the penis, stroking it aggressively. Mitch continues as Travis moans in pleasure that overcomes his body. He appears to want it to stop but can't avoid the pleasure that fills his body.

TRAVIS
(moaning)
I'm gonna cum, let me cum.

Mitch continues to stroke the penis but after a few beats - STOPS.

TRAVIS (cont'd)
No!! Please let me cum.

Mitch walks over to a table, grabbing hold of a KITCHEN KNIFE lying there. He walks over to Travis, placing the edge of the blade on his neck--

--Mitch leans down to Travis' face:

(CONTINUED)

MITCH
(whispering)
It's mine.

TRAVIS
(struggling)
What?

MITCH
(whispering)
I took your virginity. It's mine.

Travis begins to cry, coughing out tears.

TRAVIS
(struggling)
Please, just let me cum. Fine, you
took it. Just let me cum.

Mitch slides the knife down over Travis' body, slowly reaching the large penis.

MITCH
I need a souvenir, something to
remember you by.

Travis is scared, fear covering his face.

Mitch places the blade at the base of Travis' penis, waiting.

Travis cries out, begging Mitch to stop. He starts to struggle against the heavy weight of Mitch.

TRAVIS
Don't do this.

Mitch then grabs hold of Travis' penis, beginning to stroke it again. He continues for a few beats, allowing the sensation to fill Travis' body. He begins to convulse from the excitement--

--The CLIMAX begins as Travis SPEWS his cum straight up into the air. A few heavy loads shoot out as Travis moans in pure ecstasy.

Mitch continues to stroke the sensitive penis as Travis moans in pain from the touch.

TRAVIS (cont'd)
Stop, it's too sensitive. Please--

(CONTINUED)

Mitch JAMS the blade directly into Travis' GUT. Blood pours out as Travis yells out. Mitch pulls out the blade, shoving it a second time into Travis' gut--

--More blood pours out, running to the floor.

Mitch stands up, leaving the blade in Travis' gut as he convulses for a few beats and finally:

DIES.

Mitch walks over to a desk, still naked, lifting up the screen to his laptop, revealing an email:

On the EMAIL, showing that someone is interested in his ad. He then scrolls down to show a YOUNG MAN (18), with blonde hair and blue eyes.

He clicks on "Reply" - and begins typing and we:

BLACK OUT