

P.N.P

by

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

C.U. on some business DOCUMENTS.

A hand picks them up, to reveal a keyboard underneath.

We follow them to a close up of JOHN CAMPBELL. A late 40s / early 50s something distinguished white male. He is in his nine-to-five uniform, a blue button down shirt, chinos and a bow tie.

SOUND: message alert.

John looks over.

C.U. iPhone

SFX: Tim - r we still on 4 2night?

John smiles.

He puts the papers down, grabs his cell and replies.

SFX: John - looking forward to it.

John clicks send, then navigates to his contacts and stops at --

SFX: Robert Temp-Stuff

John types.

SFX: John - ROB, Can we meet at 5:30PM?

INT. JOHN OFFICE - LATER

John looks out the window of his nondescript midtown Manhattan office.

SOUND: Message alert

C.U. iPhone

SFX: ROB - Got you.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - EVENING

JOHN approaches a small coffee shop and stops by the windows.

He waits and casually looks around.

A few people stroll past him, in this brisk winter night.

John discreetly pulls out a WHITE ENVELOPE from his pocket and opens it.

C.U. White Envelope

John peeks inside and takes two ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR bills from the small pile.

He folds them up and places them and the WHITE ENVELOPE back into his pocket.

A young gay couple walks past him, they are clearly in love.

This makes John smile as he spots a YOUNG WHITE DUDE, in his late 20s approaching.

ROBERT doesn't look like your typical drug dealer. He's dressed in some-kind-of high-end urban nomad outfit.

ROBERT
(as he walks up)
How you been John?

JOHN
You got great timing, Rob.

Robert hands John a small BROWN PAPER BAG. Like the kind you get with your morning coffee and donut at the local street cart.

ROBERT
..always, if you need anything
else, don't hesitate...

John hands Robert the money, as he stuffs the paper bag into his gym bag.

JOHN
Will do.. Thanks again.

They walk off in opposite directions.

INT. GAY BAR - LATER

A stocky BARTENDER is pouring a drink in this intimate gay bar. The place has a neighborhood vibe, than the latest 'it' spot in Greenpoint.

Most of the clientele are men of a certain age with a dash of young admirers.

John makes his way to the bar.

The Bartender places a drink on the counter, and rings up the sale.

He heads over to John.

They exchange pleasentries.

The Bartender grabs a vodka bottle and starts to make a drink.

John scans the room but stops, when he notices a YOUNG BLACK GUY(YBG), nearby.

He smiles at him, as he takes out his credit card.

The YBG returns John's smile, but looks away.

Bartender places the drink on the counter.

John takes a sip, and hands his card to the bartender.

The bartender holds up the card by the register.

BARTENDER

Leave it open?

John nods, and heads over to one of the tables.

He places the gym bag behind the chair and settles in.

After a sip or two, he joins the other bar-patrons and starts to play on his phone, too.

C.U. iPhone

The iPhone slips from John's hands.

JOHN

(startled)

What..

John turns and sees STEVEN hugging him from behind.

Steven is a middle age latin male with a few more pounds and a lot more sugar. He's dressed to be seen and heard without uttering a sound.

JOHN

well, well, well, Mister.

Steven is grinning from ear to ear, as he squeezes himself into the chair.

John motions to the bartender to make another drink.

JOHN
(continues)
someone is happy.

Steven
I just got some good dick.
(emphasis)
It was thick and long..

JOHN
...Isn't it always?

Steven doesn't say anything, his smile gives everything away.

The bartender places Steven's drink on the counter.

STEVEN
(playfully)
Good dick. Good..
(pause)

John sees the drink is waiting.

JOHN
(gets up)
One sec.

John fetches the drink. As he heads back, he stops next to the YBG.

JOHN
Nice smile.

YBG reacts.

John heads back and hands the drink to Steven.

STEVEN
(lifts glass up)
..dick

Steven takes a sip.

STEVEN
I needed this.

John catches YBG looking back.

STEVEN
(bitchy)
Live..bitch.

John takes a drink.

JOHN
(playfully)
Bitch, don't start.

John laughs.

Steven
How was your day?

JOHN
Same, it never fails.
(pause)
But it's Friday.

STEVEN
(lifting his drink)
Well, here's to the long weekend,
boo.

They toast.

JOHN
He's cute, right?

Steven
(looks at the YBG)
That he is. Isn't he a little too
young?

John smiles.

JOHN
So?
(pause)
I'm a daddy now..

John rubs his beard for emphasis.

Steven
He looks 24-26 tops.

JOHN
(pause)
My science teacher used to say two
15 year olds make 30.

Steven
Is that the one, that went to jail?

JOHN
(looks at Steven)
No, that was a different one.

They laugh.

Steven
(thoughtful)
I have to cancel our Sunday brunch.

JOHN
Why, I was..

Steven
(cuts him off)
My niece is coming and I need to
play the 'funcle' role.

Steve looks over at the YGB dude.

STEVEN
(continues)
Besides I thought you was
(air quotes)
..entertaining?

JOHN
(cuts him off)
Not the whole weekend, ass. You
should have told me earlier. I
would have gone back, upstate. Now
I got to find something to do.

Steven
Don't you mean someone?

John gives him a look, as he takes another sip.

SOUND: Message alert

John checks the message.

SFX: TIM - What time is good?

Steven looks over as John replies.

Steven
Nice, right on queue..is he the
next victim?

John places the phone down.

JOHN
I meet him, on one of the apps.

Steven
(sarcastic)
And here? I thought you was on
break.

JOHN
I'm am, punk. That's why I'm not..

John stops himself.

Steven
You still stuck on that dude, whose
name we can't bring up?

Steven stirs his drink slowly.

Steven
(continues)
It's been over a year.

John turns and faces Steven.

JOHN
Yeah, I know.. it still hurts and..
(pauses)
I trying to not think..

Steven grabs John's hand with his.

Steven
(jumps in)
It happened and it wasn't like..

JOHN
(cuts him off)
I know but.. I still feel...

Steven stirs his drink.

Steven
(pause)
It's sad how Tina snatched him
right up.

Steven makes a gesture to lighten the mood.

Steven
(continues)
Right, Up!

John is clearly still bothered by it.

STEVEN
Chemsex is a bitch.

JOHN
(makes air quotes)
No matter whom I'm with, he is
always on my mind.

Steven rolls his eyes. He heard this a million times before.

STEVEN
Oh please bitch, you're not part of
the Pet Shop Boys,
(pause)
You need to keep it moving. Like
the other British group, Soul2Soul,
bitch.

SOUND: Message alert.

JOHN
as we age, isn't everything
chemise?

John looks at the text -

JOHN
(continues)
Am I right?

SFX: Tim laughed at your message.

John navigates to his photos on the cell.

JOHN
(continues)
Right now, the only thing I want to
feel is nothing.

JOHN
(continues)
this is him.

John hands the phone over to Steven.

C.U. iPhone

Steven looks at sexy 20 something BLACK MALE, in a WHITE
TANK and SHORTS.

Steven
wow, he is hot.. I see the print.

Steven traces the area.

JOHN
You never stop..

Steven
..shut your mouth..
(playful)
..And I never will.

Steven hands the phone back to John.

Steven
Be careful, this time.

John puts the phone down.

JOHN
sure thing, pops.

John takes a slow sip.

JOHN
Thank god for the youth and...

John looks back over where YGM was but he has left.

JOHN
(continues)
..ghosting.

John gets up from his seat and heads to the bar.

JOHN
(continues)
Another round?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

John walks down a residential street with a grocery bag in tow. He crosses the street, as cars pass behind him. Around him are several new high end buildings rising, in this gentrified section of Brooklyn.

John stops in front an old 1920's building and takes out his keys. He walks up the steps and opens the main doors.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

John climbs up the to his floor and stops by his apartment's door. He looks down and sees several mailers scattered around the mat.

He places the grocery bag on the floor and opens the door.

John grabs the bag and enters the apartment, as the metal door slams behind him.

A moment passes, as he re-opens the door and picks up the flyers from the mat and re-enters the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT- KICHEN /HALLWAY - NIGHT

John starts to put away the groceries in this small kitchenette that doubles, as a hallway and a small home office.

He walks over to the coat rack and takes out the BROWN PAPER BAG from his gym bag. He empties the content onto the counter-- 3 WEED BAGS and a PILL VIAL.

John takes the WEED BAGS and heads to the living room.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is spacious, with a large tv on one side and an even larger standing mirror on the other.

John opens one of the end table's drawers and throws the WEED BAGS in.

He turns on the light and starts to tidy up the room. John adjusts the pillows on the sofa and picking up the DISCARDED CLOTHES laying around.

INT. APARTMENT- KICHEN /HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks back to the counter, grabs the PILL VIAL and heads to the bedroom.

He return a moment later and opens the fridge.

The fridge is stocked with different beverages; BEERS, ENERGY DRINKS, WINE and WATERS. There's one lonely CHINESE TAKEOUT BOX on one of the shelves.

He picks it up, opens it, smells it, realizing it's gone bad, throws it into the trash.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - LATER

SOUND: Jazz music plays.

John is taking a shower, as the music fills the small bathroom with a sense of calmness.

SOUND: The water stops running.

John opens the shower curtain and climbs out. For a middle age man, he sure doesn't look it. His conservative demeanor has washed away to reveal a nice tone body. He has a piercing in one of his nipples and a tribal tattoo, on one of his hairy legs.

After he wipes himself dry, the towel falls to the floor.

C.U. SHOTS

John opens the medicine cabinet, and looks at the assortments of COLOGNES and SKIN CARE products.

John pumps some SHAVING CREAM into his palm.

He lathers his neck.

John turns on the faucet.

A RAZOR cuts through the white shaving cream to reveal a smooth area on his neck.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - LATER

John wipes away the shaving cream with a towel. He grabs some AFTER-SHAVE LOTION from the medicine cabinet and applies it on his face.

He lets out a smile after the initial sting.

JUMP CUT: He continues to prep himself, first with lotion, then deodorant, followed by some cologne.

He looks down and check's his pubes.

C.U.

John starts to shaves around the shaft of his penis.

John grabs a towel and wipes himself.

He exits the room.

He returns with something in his hand. It's a METAL COCK RING. He puts it on and then exits the bathroom.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

John enters, wearing a LEATHER VEST and a pair of SHORTS, as he checks his reflection in the mirror.

He takes a long hard look and starts to get teary eye.

He wipes the tear and exits.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

John is standing by the mirror in his LEATHER HARNESS and JOCK STRAP. He seems to like this look and continues to check himself out.

He reaches for the TV REMOTE on the COFFEE TABLE and presses a few buttons as --

SOUND: House Music starts to play.

He exits again.

John returns wearing a pair of GREY SHORTS and a WHITE TANK TOP, as he plops down on the couch.

He opens the END TABLE'S DRAWER and takes out a GLASS TUBE filled with WEED. He places it down next to his IPAD on the coffee table.

He then grabs the GLASS PIPE, a LIGHTER and a METAL GRINDER, from the drawer and lays them on the couch.

C.U. SHOTS.

He grabs a MAGAZINE off the coffee table and places it on his lap.

John takes out some WEED from the GLASS TUBE and lays it on top of the magazine.

John put some of the WEED into the GRINDER and starts to cut it up.

He empties the contents onto the magazine.

John puts the GRINDER and GLASS TUBE back in the drawer.

John grabs a pinch of WEED and packs the PIPE.

John lights up and takes a hit.

He blows out the smoke.

As the clouds fade a calmness settles John into the sofa.

John takes another puff. He exhales again as he places the PIPE and LIGHER on the coffee table.

SOUND: Music change.

John grabs his IPAD from the coffee table and clicks on the PHOTO app. He navigates to one his folders and opens it.

He opens a picture of CARL, a 50 something handsome BLACK MALE, with a few grey hairs. He is standing by a lake.

John starts to trace Carl's features on the iPad, with his index finger.

He smiles as he swipes to the next picture of him and CARL in some park. John is beaming in the picture.

John continues to stare at a happy point in his life.

After a few moments, he throws the iPad to the side and reaches for the pipe.

He takes another hit and looks over at the iPad.

The iPad is playing a SLIDE SHOW of CARL's pictures.

John blows out the smoke, and wipes another tear.

INT. KITCHENETTE - LATER

John jumps off the couch and heads towards the refrigerator.

He opens the FRIDGE, takes out a PITCHER and pours himself a GLASS of water.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John returns to his seat. He takes a sip from the glass and grabs the iPad off the sofa.

He looks over as the television comes on and starts to play a porno. John throws the iPad down as the video plays simultaneously on the iPad.

SOUND: New House Music track mixed with sounds from the porno.

John gets comfortable, as he watches the video.

INT. BEDROOM PORNO - DAY

A MUSCULAR MALE is laying on the bed, naked. He wakes up slowly and turns to face the window in the small white bedroom.

A TONE MALE enters wearing a pair of BASKETBALL SHORTS. You can make out everything, as he moves towards the bed.

TONE MALE
morning.

MUSCULAR MALE
(delayed)
morning baby.

Tone male takes a sit at the edge of the bed, as the Muscular Male turns to face him.

TONE MALE
Breakfast?

Tone male runs his fingers up MM's leg.

SFX: The images start to blend and blur together, as they kiss and touch each other's bodies.

INT. JOHN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John starts to rub his chest and play with his pierced nipple. After a few beats, he heads over to the full length mirror.

He looks at his reflection, inspecting the lines and contours on his face. Satisfied, he turns his focus to the video playing on the TV.

INT. BEDROOM PORNO - DAY

The two continue to make out on the bed.

The Tone male pulls away and starts to kiss Muscular Male's neck. He moves towards his nipples and bites one gently, as he play with the other one with his fingers.

Muscular male is clearly enjoying this, as his head falls back into the pillow.

Tone male navigates down to the Muscular Male's six-pack and navel. He starts to kiss the area between the navel and the crotch.

After a moment they lock eyes.

SFX: The images starts to go out of focus.

Tone male's hairy ass comes into focus, as it twerks up and down.

As he lays his body down between Muscular Male's legs, we see the Muscular Male chiseled upper body leaning against the headboard.

Muscular male is clearly into this and starts to moan, softly.

After a beat, Muscular male adjusts his focus towards the camera, breaking the fourth wall. It's the kind of look, that stops someone dead on their tracks.

Muscular male starts to smile as he takes his hands off the Tone male's head and points directly at John, through the television.

His hand turns ever so slightly to the 'come here' gesture.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM

John is feeling the effects from his cocktail and the weed.

He instinctively looks behind him, realizing his error, he starts to laugh at his reflection in the mirror.

INT. BEDROOM PRONO

Now the Tone Male turns to face the camera, too.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM

John inches towards the television.

INT. BEDROOM PORNO

John walks into the small white bedroom.

Muscular male pats the bed for John, to join them.

John walks over, as the Tone male stands up and grabs John by the waist.

They kiss passionately, as John pulls down Tone male's basketball shorts to reveal his bare ass.

Muscular Male stands up and joins them, as they all kiss.

John and the Tone male start to drop to their knees off frame, as Muscular Male looks down at them.

SFX: The images go out of focus again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SOUND: Message alert

The sound jolts John, he open his eyes and looks at his phone.

C.U. iPhone

SFX: TIM - sup mr.

C.U. John grabs iPhone and replies with an hand emoji.

He puts it back down and exits the room.

After a moment he returns to the couch, with a beer in hand.

He takes a sip and places the beer down by the iPhone.

SOUND: Message alert

SFX: Tim liked your comment.

John grabs his iPad.

C.U. On iPad.

SOUND: Message alert

John doesn't hear it.

SOUND: Message alert

John puts down the iPad and reaches for his phone.

He looks at Tim's messages.

C.U. iPhone

SFX: Tim - wyd?

SFX: Tim - about to get ready.

John types.

SFX: John - chilling and getting baked.

SFX: the three message dots appears

John sits back on the couch.

C.U. iPhone

SFX: Tim - I'll FaceTime you in a few.

We see John's reflection on the iPhone as he nods and types.

SFX: John - OK (EMOJI)

John places the phone down on the coffee table.

He tries to take a weed hit but sees it's all burned up.

He empties out the pipe and refills.

He takes a hit and returns to his iPad.

John blows out the smoke.

SOUND: iPhone rings.

John answers the FaceTime call.

C.U. iPhone

Tim comes on screen. He is a more handsome, than his picture. His goatee and mustache highlight his beautiful features.

TIM
Hey Daddy.

John smiles.

JOHN
Hello handsome.

Tim moves his phone around to show JOHN, he is wearing next to nothing.

TIM (IPHONE)
getting ready.

JOHN
I see,
(pause)
looking good.

Tim brings the camera back up to his face.

TIM (IPHONE)
I'm having a little problem,
(pause)
I'm not sure what I should wear.
(pause,)
Let me know which one you like.

John's iPhone screen goes dark.

John continues to hold the phone, like it's some priceless delicate object.

SOUND: iPad alert message

John continues to watch the blank screen.

Tim re-appears on the iPhone screen, the camera is extremely close to his face this time.

TIM (IPHONE)
tell me what you think.

Tim lowers the phone down to reveal he is wearing a pair of GREEN SEXY UNDERWEAR.

We see the underwear from all sides, as Tim brings the camera back up to his face.

JOHN (O.C.)
that's.. real nice.

TIM
I like how these make me look like
I have an ass.

John laughs.

Tim takes the phone and shows his ass again.

TIM (O.C.)
(continues)
wait until you see the next pair.

The phone goes black.

SOUND: iPad message alert

John continues to ignore the messages.

TIM (O.C.)
I like the way these, keeps
everything in place.

The phone goes from black to Tim's body, as he shows off, the BLUE PAIR. TIM's free hand is wrapped around his junk.

JOHN

I see what you mean. you have a tough decision.

TIM (IPHONE)

(the camera goes back to his face)

True. Which one?

John is clearly into Tim because he start to adjust his shorts.

JOHN

they both look great...why not bring both?

SOUND: iPad Message alert.

TIM (IPHONE)

(overhears it)

I see you're busy.

JOHN

Don't worry, whoever it is, can't be as cute as you.

TIM

Ah, it's all good.

Tim leans and kiss the screen as it goes black.

John puts the phone down.

SOUND: iPad Message

C.U. iPad

John check and replies to a few of his messages on the hookup apps.

He clicks on one of the saved profiles and types.

SFX: John - WYD

SFX: the message reply dots appear on the iPad screen.

SFX: Michael - hello.

SFX: John - long time.

SFX: Michael - I guess

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY

John opens the door, slowly. He is a little under the influence of the weed and beer. He isn't aware, he is revealing a little more than needed through his shorts.

A 20 something sexy latin male, TONY comes into view, holding a large pizza between them.

JOHN
Well, hello there.

Tony nods hello.

JOHN
(continues)
how much?

Tony looks down at the ticket.

TONY
that's \$18.95.

Tony notices John's junk through the shorts.

John instinctively reaches for his wallet but pulls down his shorts, to reveal a little more skin.

TONY
yo man, no offense, but I don't get
down like that.

It takes a moment for the statement to land, as John sees Tony motion for him to look down.

John doesn't say anything he re-adjusts his shorts covering himself, up.

There's another awkward silence between them.

TONY
(all business)
Again it's \$18.95, my dude

JOHN
oh right,
(pause)
Give me a sec to grab my wallet.
Come in. Come in.

John opens the door, as TONY enters cautiously.

INT. DOORWAY

Tony is standing by the doorway looking around the apartment. He sees a bike hanging on one side, a small kitchen with a fridge on the other end. He stops looking around when he spots the the items in the sink.

There are a few SEX TOYS drying on a mat in the bottom of the sink. The DILDOS, BUTT PLUGS, BALLS on STRING are all different sizes and shapes.

He smiles, as John returns with the money in hand.

John hands Tony two bills, a twenty and a ten.

TONY
(takes the money)
How much do you want back?

John grabs the pizza and places it on top of the stove, covering a little section of the sink.

JOHN
what?

TONY
you gave me too much, man.

JOHN
keep it. you're kind of cute.

Tony puts away the money and steps out.

TONY
ok bet..

JOHN
thanks again,
(flirts)
swing by later. I'm having a little party.

TONY
(looks over at the sink)
I can see.

Tony starts to walk down the stairs

TONY
(laughing)
Good night.

John closes the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

John is laying on the sofa, eating a slice of pizza, as he watches porn over the house music.

SOUND: iPad message alert

He throws the half eaten crust into the pizza box.

He grabs the iPad and looks at the message.

C.U. iPad screen.

SFX: Michael - send a car.

SFX: John - K

John checks his new hook-up messages.

He replies to a few of them, but stops to read two messages from a 20 something LATIN DUDE, with the screen name CLINTON4now.

SFX: Clinton4now - Sup daddy?

SFX: Clinton4now - 💰💰💰💰💰💰💰

John checks out Clinton4now's pictures on the app. He is tone, sexy and looks conservative.

After a beat, he throws the iPad down.

C.U. iPad

A new message pops up.

SFX: Michael - <Heart emoji>

INT. DOORWAY - LATER

SOUND: Door buzzard

John opens the door, as a SHORT BLACK MALE storms in. MICHAEL is dress like a 90s east village trend setter or homeless person, hard to tell nowadays.

He clearly is on something stronger than weed, which make his movements and speech, more erratic by the minute.

MICHAEL

John, good-to-see-you.

Michael tries to go in for a kiss, but John holds him back, instead they share an awkward hug.

The door closes behind them.

Michael opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue like a lab dog. He tries to go in for a kiss, again.

John pulls back and puts his arm on Michael's shoulder.

JOHN

(as he pulls away)

Ok, ok. Let's just chill a little, first.

Michael sees the toys in the sink.

MICHAEL

I see you got some new toys.

John opens the FRIDGE and looks inside.

JOHN

(laughs)

Yeah..one or two..

Michael sits on the bench and starts to undress.

JOHN

(continues)

Are you hungry? I have pizza.

MICHAEL

No thanks.

John continues to hold the FRIDGE DOOR open.

JOHN

(continues)

What about a drink?

Michael goes into his TOTE BAG and pulls out, an ENERGY DRINK and takes a sip.

He continues to undress by peeling off his t-shirt to reveal his lean torso.

John grabs a BEER and make his way to the living room.

Michael follows him in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John sits on his spot in the couch.

Michael tries to sit next to him.

JOHN
Did I say sit?

MICHAEL
No, Pa

John holds out his beer bottle, as Michael looks on.

John gives him the 'well' look.

Without missing a beat, Michael goes to the kitchen, opens a drawer and returns with the bottle opener. He opens John's beer and returns to his standing position.

It seems they have a master / sub dynamic between them.

John takes a sip.

JOHN
drop the pants.

Michael starts to take them off seductively.

JOHN
(continues)
Bitch, I said drop them.

Michael lets them fall to his feet. He is wearing an orange jock strap.

JOHN
(continues)
Turn around.

Michael turns slowly.

John takes a sip of his beer, a little foam drips out of the top of the bottle.

JOHN
(continues)
Come here.

Michael starts to walk over.

JOHN
(continues)
Ass first.

Michael is clearly into this role play. He stops abruptly, almost losing his balance. He turns and walks backwards towards JOHN.

John takes the beer bottle and rubs it up and down Michaels ass cheeks.

JOHN
I forgot how nice your ass is.

Michael is feeling this and gives out a soft moan. He brings his ass closer to John, to play with it.

Michael tries to turn around, but John smacks his cheek, playfully.

JOHN
I din't say move.

Michael reacts with softer moan.

JOHN
That's for not following directions.

MICHAEL
Yes, Pa.

John hands the beer to Michael, he takes a sip and puts it down.

John slaps him, in the face.

MICHAEL
Please, Pa let me..have another.

John holds out his hand and decides against it.

JOHN
No, you have to earn it. Get on the floor, mr.

Michael gets down on all fours by John feet.

John moves his left foot closer to Michael's face.

JOHN
(continues)
Wash it good.

Michael starts to kiss John's foot. John is enjoying the attention as he relaxes into the couch.

The camera pulls away as they continue

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

C.U. of Michael's nipple.

John starts to play with Michael's chest and nipples.

He is sitting on John's lap on the couch.

MICHAEL

(moans)

I was parting a little.

John is enjoying his dominate role, with Michael.

JOHN

No shit.

Michael starts to lean back in enjoyment, as John pinches a little harder.

Michael flinches a little.

JOHN

(continues)

You like that?

MICHAEL

(trails off)

Yes, pa.

John's puts his mouth around one of Michael's nipples.

JOHN

(pauses)

Grab that pipe and the lighter behind you.

John moves his mouth to the other nipple.

Michael grabs them and puts the pipe in his mouth. He takes the lighter and lights the base of the pipe.

John stops biting Michael's nipple and shakes his head.

JOHN

(Annoyed)

Michael, it's weed.. you light the....

Michael tries again but old habits die hard.

John takes the pipe and lighter

JOHN

Give it here.

John shows him and takes a hit.

John hands it to Michael, who smokes it the right way, this time.

Michael blows out the smoke to the side, as he puts the pipe down and goes back to grinding on John's lap.

JOHN
(continues)
Open your mouth.

Michael opens his mouth slowly and JOHN bows out his smoke into it. Giving Michael a second hit of weed.

MICHAEL
(blowing out the smoke)
Do you like that, daddy?

John grabs Michael by the waist, as they return to their sexual play.

Michael feeling comfortable sticks out his tongue, again.

John slaps him in the face, this time Michael felt more pain than pleasure.

JOHN
not so much tongue, ok?

This triggers something in Michael, who stops abruptly and jumps off John.

John looks at him.

Michael grabs his pants from the floor.

MICHAEL
I'm done.
(under his breath)
Fuck..

He starts to dress, buttons his waist and heads to his bag, in by the doorway.

MICHAEL
(continues)
I'm going.

John indifferent, ignores him and grabs his iPad.

INT. HALLWAY

Michael puts on his t-shirt, sits on the bench and starts to put on his sneakers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael storms in holding his bag in one hand.

MICHAEL
Get me an Uber?

John takes a long time to look up.

MICHAEL
(continues)
I need to go.

JOHN
Nobody is stopping you. There's the door.

Michael walks back to the entryway.

Michael frantic, tries to change his tone.

MICHAEL
(loudly)
Can you please order me a car?

John gets up from the couch and walks over.

JOHN
(reasoning)
Michael you can leave, the subway is few blocks away.
(pause)
You can't miss it.

He starts to pace frantically, he walks to the doorway, stops returns to the living room. He does this a few time as he speaks a mile a minute.

MICHAEL
I can't do a subway. I can't do it, right now. I just can't.

John looks on.

MICHAEL
(continues)
Don't you get it. I can't... I can't be.. Around people right

now.. Please get me a car.

Michael sits on the far end of the couch.

JOHN
(coldly)
fine. I have them take you to the
same spot.

Michael doesn't respond. Instead he reaches into his bag and
takes out his cell phone.

MICHAEL
What?

JOHN
(continues)
Where to?

John reaches for his phone and opens, Uber.

Micheal gets distracted by a another hook-up text message.

JOHN
What's the address?

Michael doesn't answer, he types a message.

JOHN
(frustrated)
Michael, what's the address, Man.

Michael stops texting and looks over.

MICHAEL
(lost)
What? Aren't we going play?

John looks at him, he is clearly over it and getting more
annoyed by the minute.

JOHN
make up your fucking mind

John waits for a response.

JOHN
(continues)
Come on, man.

John gets up.

Michael is transfix to his phone.

MICHAEL
(manic)
Give me a second.

John grabs him by the arm and escorts him off the couch.

JOHN
This isn't working, it's time for
you to go.

INT.HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

John walks Michael to the door. He lets him go and stands by the sink.

JOHN
(calmly)
The address ...

Michael stares blankly, as --

SOUND: Michael's phone alert.

MICHAEL
I can't deal.. I can't, right now.

JOHN
you're all over the place.. you
have to go.

John picks up Michael's TOTE BAG and hands it to him.

MICHAEL
(confused)
Is the car here?

JOHN
Wait here.

John heads to the bedroom and returns with a twenty.

He tries to hand the twenty but he lets it slip to the floor.

Michael goes down on all fours to retrieve it.

John looks down, he is clearly into this sub dynamic. He puts his bear foot on top of the money.

JOHN
Bitch lick my foot first.

Michael looks up. He is too high and does what he is told.

JOHN
(into this)
Fuck, why you have to be..

John puts his hand into his underwear and starts to rub himself, as he takes his foot and lifts it off the ground.

Michael continues to suck on his toes.

JOHN
(continues)
Ok.. k..

Michael stops and looks up at John. John tries to slap him with his foot when --

SOUND: iPad message alert

John stops and looks over at the living room.

Michael is still in play mode, tries to suck John through the shorts.

John comes to his senses and decides to stop this.

JOHN
k.. get up man.

John grabs him by the arm and escorts him up.

MICHAEL
(confused)
Why you stop.

JOHN
Because...

Michael tries to kiss him, again.

John opens the door and pushes him out.

JOHN
You don't listen when your tweaking

John slams the door shut on Michael.

INT. TIM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tim enters the small cramped bathroom. On one side sits a tub, with yesterday's LAUNDRY drying.

The sink is overflowing with different LOTIONS and CREAMS.

Tim squats on the toilet and checks his phone.

C.U. on Tim

SFX: We see Tim through his phone as he checks out his instagram account.

SFX: He scrolls through his feed and every so often clicks on the like feature.

He hits the record icon.

TIM
(into the phone)
hello IG.

INTERCUT with Tim's cell phone video.

TIM
(continues)
I'm on my throne.
(laughs)
.. in all my glory.

TIM takes the phone and pans down to reveal he is naked.

He stands up and we see his lean body. Tim takes his free hand and traces the contours of his six-pack.

TIM
(continues)
as you can see, I'm getting ready.

He pauses a second and looks around the room.

TIM
(continues)
I know it's a little messy.

Tim leans into the phone and whispers.

TIM
(continues)
that's why I need my own space.

He takes his camera and moves it towards the shower. He opens the shower curtain to reveal a pile of dirty clothes in the tub.

TIM
This, this .. and this

Tim points at each item and grabs a pair of big underwear.

TIM
isn't mine.
(pause)
look what I have to do, just to
take a shower.

He takes the underwear and places them gently on top of the laundry pile.

TIM
Anyway, I'm getting ready to head
over to this dude's spot for a
little fun.

Tim laughs, as he lays the last dirty piece of clothing on the pile.

TIM
I have to pre, in case, we need to
go there.

He moves the phone to reveal his ass.

TIM
(continues)
Maybe there might be another sexy
dude or two, over.

Tim brings the phone back to his face and winks.

TIM
so.. in case.

Tim slaps his ass.

TIM
I need to be ready, you feel me?

EXT. JOHN BUILDING - NIGHT

We see the back of a MALE standing by the stairs smoking a CIGARETTE. He blows out the smoke and puts out the cigarette on one of the railings.

He climbs up the steps and presses the buzzard.

INT. JOHN'S DOORWAY - LATER

John in new underwear, opens the door to a tall 30s something LATIN MALE. He is thin like TIM, but CLINTON looks like he came off the pages of a JCrew catalogue. His the dude from from the apps, John was checking out earlier.

CLINTON

Hello there.

John smiles.

JOHN

Clinton, your pics don't do you justice. Come in, come right on in.

Clinton walks in, as John closes the door behind them.

INT. TIM'S BATHROOM - LATER

Tim turns the water on and looks down on the tub. He sees a dildo and takes his phone over it, to capture it.

TIM

(screams)
oh shit..

INTERCUT with Tim's cell phone video.

The phone is inches away from the dildo.

TIM (O.C.)

that's nasty.

He brings the phone back to his face.

TIM

Can you believe my roommate James.
(screaming)
James, you are one N A S T Y Botch!

Tim moves the phone back towards the dildo.

TIM (O.C.)

(continues)
Come and get your toy. I need to take a shower.

Tim brings the camera up to his face.

TIM

(continues)

Roommates, they're the worst.

JAMES (O.C)
Pick it up and put it on the side.

Tim looks into the iPhone, mouthing, "Am I right?" while moving his head left to right.

He moves the phone back and forth, between his face and the dildo.

Each time he has a new facial expression.

TIM
(screaming)
I not touching that thing.

JAMES (O.C)
Fuck you bitch, it's clean.

The phone is inches away from the dildo.

TIM (O.C.)
(to the phone)
Would you touch that?

He brings the phone back up to his face.

Tim shakes his head no.

TIM
Me neither.
(pause)
who does that?

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM

Clinton is sitting on the edge of the couch by the iPad, looking around.

John enters with a drink and hands it to Clinton.

JOHN
Here.

Clinton takes the drink and takes a sip.

JOHN
(continues)
Make yourself comfortable.

Without missing a beat, Clinton stands up and starts to

undress.

In this new hook up age, these magic words make all the gay men drop their clothes.

John looks on.

Clinton leans in and give JOHN a peck on the lips, as he undresses.

CLINTON
You're a very sexy daddy or should
I call you, Sir?

John traces the outline of one of Clinton's pecks. He sees a hair and pulls until it comes off.

Clinton flinches.

JOHN
Baby, you can call me anything you
like.

Clinton unbuttons his jeans and pulls them off.

INT. TIM'S BATHROOM

Tim is lathering his body with a WASH CLOTH. He holds onto his cell phone with his other hand and captures everything for his social media feed.

INTERCUT with Tim's cell phone video.

TIM
I love how the soap covers my body.

The white soapy foam washes away an area of his back to reveal the crack of his ass.

CUT TO:

Tim's hand comes into view as it wipes out a little residue off his six pack. The water washes the rest off him.

He places the phone on the window ledge.

C.U. phone screen

Tim comes into view as he holds up a metal shower attachment.

He brings it to the phone's camera.

TIM
(continues)
you see this. This is important

Tim waves the silver rod in front of his face.

TIM
(continues)
everyone needs to do this.

He brings the rod next to his body, as the water comes pours out and drips down his body. He starts to wash his chest and nipples with it.

TIM
(continues)
otherwise you're just nasty...

Tim leans into the camera.

TIM
(laughing)
and funky, like my roommate. You must always be prepared, like the boy scouts.

TIM
(changing tone)
Today's show was brought to you by the word nasty. Thank you for watching.

Tim laughs.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM

The iPad separates John and Clinton as they sit in their underwear on opposite ends of the sofa. John is smoking some weed, as Clinton looks on patiently.

John passes the pipe to Clinton.

Clinton takes a hit but inhales too much smoke and starts to cough.

JOHN
You want some water.

Clinton blows out the smoke, as he shakes his head, no.

John takes another hit.

Clinton picks up the iPad and places it on the coffee table. He moves closer and takes John's hand and guides it to his underwear.

Clinton takes John's hand and places it on top of his member. He slowly starts to use John's hand stroke to get hard.

CLINTON
You like that, daddy?

John doesn't respond.

Clinton brings John's hand, up to his lips and starts to lick two of John's fingers, seductively.

INT. TIM'S BATHROOM - LATER

Tim is drying himself off, as pop music plays in the background.

SOUND: Pop Music.

Tim lifts up the phone and holds it above his head.

TIM
(looking up to the phone)
..all clean now.

C.U. cell pone.

TIM
(continues)
You have to dry before getting wet,
again.

Tim laughs as he moves the phone to show bare, as he steps on his towel on the floor.

He starts to move his hips back and forth making his dick swing from left to right to the music in the background.

TIM
(continues)
I like to air dry..

Tim starts to laugh, as he brings the phone back to his face.

He lifts his index finger and points at his phone.

TIM

(continues)
cleanness is next to Godliness.

Tim takes the phone and places it on the floor.

POV SHOT

Tim applies lotions on his body. After he covers one of his legs, he bends down to his cellphone.

TIM
(continues)
It's important to moisturize,
nobody wants an ashy dude. nobody.

Tim grabs his green underwear.

TIM
(continues)
I got them last week, can't wait to
show them.

He puts them on, then bends down to show them on camera.

TIM
(continues)
They feel so good.

Tim taps his ass and starts doing a few different poses.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

John and Clinton are making out on the sofa, their shirts are on the floor.

SOUND: Message alert

C.U. JOHN iPHONE

SFX: Tim's - I'm ready.

JOHN pauses a second to adjust himself and checks his phone.

Clinton unbothered, turns his attention to the porn playing on the tv.

CLINTON
John, do you have any other porn?
Maybe a little less urban?

John types on his iPhone.

SFX: John - great, sending a car now.

JOHN
(to Clinton)
Help yourself to the iPad.

Clinton reaches for the iPad.

CLINTON
Can we watch it on your tv?

John's eyes are glued to iPhone waiting on the message to pop up.

SFX: Three dots appear.

JOHN
(to Clinton)
Yeah, you can cast it.

Clinton leans into the couch with the iPad.

JOHN
A friend is swinging by.

John takes a weed hit from his pipe.

CLINTON
(fake)
Oh lovely.

SFX: thumps up emoji pops up

John exhales a big cloud of smoke, as he passes it over to Clinton.

JOHN
(continues)
You'll like him. He is very sweet.

Clinton gives John the 'we'll see' look.

INT. CAR RIDE - NIGHT

Tim sits in the back of a ride share car, texting, as a Puerto Rican FEMALE drives down a Brooklyn street.

C.U. iPhone message

SFX: Tim - WYD

The replies comes right away.

SFX: MIKE - working a double.

SFX: Tim types - Cool, going over a friend, I'll hit you up later.

SFX: MIKE's - sounds good.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

John and Clinton are standing up making out and rubbing themselves, through their underwear.

SOUND: Door bell.

INT. JOHN'S BUILDING HALLWAY

Tim stands by the door waiting patiently, as he checks his phone.

SOUND: The muffle sounds of house music are spilling out into the hallway.

He presses the door buzzard and waits.

Still nothing.

Tim presses the buzzard again.

CLINTON (O.S.)
(faint)
Shit.. Sorry..

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clinton looks down at the broken glass by his feet.

Some of the drink spilled out, ice cubes and all.

CLINTON
(continues)
..about that.

Clinton bends down and starts to pick up the broken shards from the floor.

SOUND: Door bell.

CLINTON
(continues)
I think someone at your door.

John takes a while to respond because of the weed's spell.

Clinton stands up with a few broken glasses.

JOHN
(mumbles)
Huh.. oh.

CLINTON
Where do you keep the broom?

John points towards the hall.

JOHN
..in the bathroom.

Clinton heads towards the kitchenette, as the doorbell goes off, again.

CLINTON
..got it.

EXT. JOHN'S DOORWAY

Tim is playing a game on his phone as the door opens slowly.

INT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clinton opens the door, as TIM steps into view.

CLINTON
(coldly)
yes?

TIM
what's good, man?

Clinton doesn't answer.

Tim tries to walk in but Clinton doesn't budge.

TIM
(smiles)
Is like that, huh?

Tim takes a step back.

TIM
(continues /screams)
John!

He looks towards the living room.

JOHN (O.C.)
(beat)
Hello?

Tim's smirks, as Clinton let's him in.

TIM
(bitchy)
Thanks.

CLINTON
what's your name?

Clinton closes the door, as Tim heads to the living room.

We see John standing up to greet, TIM.

JOHN
(excited)
TIMMMM!

They kiss and hug.

Clinton heads to the bathroom.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM

Tim enters and makes his way to the sofa.

SOUND: porno and house continue to play in the background.

John takes a drink and looks over, As Tim starts to undress.

TIM
where should I put my stuff?

JOHN
(pointing)
Be careful, there's some glass...

Tim takes his TIMBERLANDS off and places them next to his shirt.

John notices Tim's green underwear.

JOHN
(shakes his head)
Wow, they are..

TIM
Nice, right?

INT. BATHROOM

Clinton is looking around at the different items in the medicine cabinet.

He texts.

SFX: Clinton - this place is dry.

He starts to go through the different colognes and lotions

SFX: Clinton - If he doesn't have T, I'll head over sooner.

He takes some mouthwash.

SFX: Clinton - He's sexy but, his friend is black.

Clinton grabs some lotion and applies a dab on the back of his hand.

He rubs it in and smells it. He picks up his phone from the counter and types.

SFX: Clinton - and Dark too <sad face emoji>

He opens a small PILL BOX and grabs sees some VIAGRA packets.

Clinton pops a pill and closes the medicine cabinet door.

He puts his phone by his underwear, grabs the broom from the side and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM

John has dried the area, as Clinton returns with the broom and dust pan.

John takes the broom and sweeps up the broken glass.

Tim stands by them, smoking a blunt.

TIM
my dude.

Tim extends his hand to Clinton.

TIM
(continues)
Name's Tim.

Clinton gives him a fake smile, and turns his attention back at John.

John heads to the kitchen area with the dust pan and broom.

Tim blows out the smoke.

Clinton takes his spot on the couch.

CLINTON
I'm Clinton.

John returns as Tim passes his blunt to John.

John doesn't see the tension between them, as he takes a hit of weed.

John looking at the two of them.

JOHN
Tonight, I'm one lucky man.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - LATER

John enters, turns on the light in this modest bedroom.

One side of the room sits the bed facing a hanging closet.

The closet, has a few FETISH-WEAR and LEATHER outfits mixed in with the rest of his wardrobe.

The LEATHER VEST from earlier, lays on the middle of the bed.

John grabs a small SUITCASE from under the bed and lays it on the bed, by the vest.

Some of the smaller SEX TOYS from the sink managed to get inside, with a few METAL CHAINS and CIRCLES.

He takes out a SMALL BOX and puts it on top of the suitcase.

Inside there are a few PILL VIALS, as John counts the pills in it.

John pours three PILLS on to his hand.

John places them on the bed and puts the vial back into the small box. He grabs another VIAL with 1 pill in it.

He takes the last pill and put's it inside one of the leather vest's pockets.

INT. JOHN'S LIVINGROOM

Tim and Clinton are sitting on the sofa, playing on their cell phones, ignoring each other.

TIM
How you know John?

Clinton plays with some camera filters on his phone.

C.U. on Clinton's iPHONE

His face changes with the different filters.

CLINTON
He hit me up on the app.

SOUND: a noice is heard.

CLINTON
(motions towards the
sound)
what's he up to?

Tim takes a long min before, he looks up from his phone and answers.

TIM
(looks at him)
didn't he tell you?

Tim is glued to his phone's screen.

CLINTON
(anxious)
Tell me..
(pause)
what?

TIM
He is getting some toys and undies
for us...

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John gathers UNDERWEAR and puts them on a neat pile by the suitcase.

He opens a drawer and takes out his CAMERA and a few LENSES.

He places the camera next to the other items, and puts the suitcase under the bed.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The two guys are sitting around in matching underwear, like a K-pop boy band, as John stands over them, looking like their manager.

John looks at their reflection in the mirror. As the other continue to play on their phones.

JOHN

Let's take a picture.

John grabs his iPad and takes several shots with the guys.

CLINTON and TIM start to loosen up and have fun with it.

John leans in closer and kisses each of them, as he snaps their pictures.

JOHN

(to them)

now you two

CLINTON and TIM look at each other, not sure who should make the first move.

TIM breaks the ice and leans in and kisses, Clinton.

John snaps a picture.

Tim tries to pull away, but Clinton lingers a little too long.

Clinton seems to be warming up to TIM.

JOHN

I have molly.

Tim and Clinton look at each other, they shrug it off.

CLINTON & TIM
(almost in unison)
Sure, why not.

C.U. John's hand.

John takes out three pills.

He hands them to TIM.

Tim hands one to Clinton who takes it right away.

TIM
(to John)
Here.

John extends his hand but at the last second, Tim puts it in his mouth.

Tim leans in and kisses John. He passes the pill via the kiss.

John pulls back.

Tim takes the last pill, and heads to the kitchen.

Clinton looks on, as Tim goes into the refrigerator and helps himself to an energy drink. He returns with the bottle.

John starts to pick out items from his stash.

Tim puts his drink on the coffee table.

John picks out a METAL COCK RING and hands it Clinton.

Clinton examines it.

JOHN
put it on.

John hands a second one to TIM.

TIM
(lifts it up to his face)
Hope, this one fits

John gets up and leaves the room.

CLINTON
Are you guys together?

TIM
(shakes his head)

we hang.

Clinton tries to put the ring on, but can't.

TIM
need help?

CLINTON
never had a metal one, before.

Clinton manages to get his two balls in it but there's no room for anything else.

CLINTON
(continues)
John darling, I'm afraid this is a
little too small,
(shady)
for me.

Clinton takes it off and places in on the coffee table.

JOHN (O.C.)
too bad.

Tim is adjusting his in the background.

CLINTON
(to Tim)
So are we fucking, while he
watches?

TIM
Depends on his moods.

John returns and grabs his camera off the table. He puts the strap around his neck and lets the camera hang.

C.U. on Camera.

John turns the camera on and looks through it.

John starts taking random pictures, with it.

SOUND: Camera clicks.

JOHN
I'm not feeling anything, you?

POV CAMERA

Tim and Clinton shake their heads no. The camera goes out of focus.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

John is taking pictures of CLINTON, who is laying on top of TIM's lap, on the couch.

INTERCUT with JOHN's Camera POV as he barks orders.

JOHN
Clinton, lay your head on his
thigh.

Clinton sifts his body to that position.

John snaps away, as the flash goes off.

The guys strike different poses on the couch.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clinton and TIM are sitting at opposite ends of the couch, wearing jock straps. Each mirrors, the other in the poses they make.

John is on the floor taking pictures and getting different angles of them.

JOHN
Clinton, why don't you sit on his
lap.

Tim moves to the center of the couch, as Clinton straddles him.

John leans closer and start to snap more pictures.

JOHN
that's nice. Clinton, turn and
face me.

John moves to different parts of the room as he captures the images.

Tim's squeezes Clinton's exposed ass cheeks together.

SOUND: CAMERA snaps.

C.U on Camera's POV

Tim's feet fills the frame, as the camera moves upwards to reveal his green underwear. The jockstrap frames his tone body especially his v-formation, nicely.

SOUND: camera click.

The camera travels up to reveal TIM in a leather harness.

Clinton bends down in front of Tim.

John continues to shoot, capturing as many pictures as he can.

The photoshoot, molly or both has made them all aroused.

CLINTON climbs off TIM and pulls him up. He leans down and kisses TIM's chest.

TIM doesn't react.

JOHN

Nice, more..

TIM grabs Clinton by the waist and starts to kiss him back.

JOHN

(looking through the
viewfinder)

man, you two are fucking hot.

Clinton starts to get a little more aggressive. He grabs Tim by the harness and continues to kiss him. He turns TIM over as he holds him by the harness.

John's has a big grin on his face, as he continues to shoot.

Clinton releases TIM, as he falls into the couch.

He yanks on Tim's harness making him kneel on the couch.

Tim exposed ass rubs against Clinton's jock strap crotch.

Clinton kisses Tim's back, starting at the base of the neck going to the small of his back.

John sits on the carpet snapping away.

TIM turns his head to face Clinton and kisses him.

JOHN's trigger happy finger snaps away.

Clinton grabs TIM's body and pulls him closer still.

Tim starts to moan.

John stops taking pictures, checks the camera.

The guys continue until they realize John stopped.

They look over.

John sits on the floor and takes off the camera lens.

SOUND: Tim phone rings.

Tim looks over at the phone and sees.

TIM
Wtf, it's mom.

Tim grabs his phone and heads to the bathroom.

TIM
be right back.

John continues to check the camera, as Clinton kneels by his side.

John reviews some of the pictures.

C.U. on Camera screen.

CLINTON
That one is great.

Clinton points to a picture.

John scrolls past it.

JOHN
Which..

John navigates back to the picture.

Clinton put his hand on John's leg and starts to rub it.

CLINTON
That one.

JOHN
Yeah, you two look great.

Clinton leans in and kisses John.

They start to make out, as John places the camera on the floor.

Clinton starts to service John.

After a few, John pulls him up and kisses him.

JOHN
You're so sexy, baby.

CLINTON

Thanks, pa.

Clinton starts to play with John's nipples.

CLINTON

Do you like that?

John doesn't answer. He clearly is into it .

CLINTON

(continues)

This would be so fucking hot on
Tina.

John moans.

CLINTON

(continues)

Do you have any?

John shakes his head no.

Clinton moves his head down.

CLINTON (O.C.)

I can get us, some.

John is feeling the effects of Molly and the attention.

Clinton comes into view and looks up.

CLINTON

(continues)

Interested?

Clinton's hand is servicing John.

JOHN

(delay response)

Sure, why not.

Clinton stops quickly, jumps up and kisses John.

He grabs his phone off the coffee table and returns to his spot.

CLINTON

(motions with his phone)

I'll FaceTime him.

John looks over.

JOHN

Huh?

Clinton motions again with the phone.

JOHN

(understanding)

Don't get my face.

Clinton makes a video Call.

CLINTON

Sure thing, pa

As he waits for the phone to connect, Clinton continues to play with John's member, off camera.

A 20 something WHITE HIPSTER DUDE comes on Clinton's phone, via FACETIME. His facial hair make him look less like a drug dealer and more like a Williamsburg resident.

CLINTON

(pretentious)

Hey Tomás.

Clinton rubs on John's dick over his underwear, as he talks on the phone.

THOMAS (IPHONE)

Clinton, what's shaking?

CLINTON

Ah, you know me,

(laughs)

same old, same old.

Clinton moves the camera to reveal John's body to Thomas.

CLINTON

(continues)

I'm over a friend's and we are desperate need for some part-ty supplies.

THOMAS

lovely, what favors do you need?

Clinton turns to John.

CLINTON

Is 100 ok?

John looks over and answers after a beat.

JOHN

Yeah sure.

Clinton turns to the phone.

CLINTON

(speaking into the phone)

You got that.

THOMAS (PHONE)

Sure, anything else.

Clinton looks back at John, who shakes his head, no.

CLINTON

Nope. I'll text you the address.

Byeeee

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tim returns, as Clinton hangs up.

TIM

What I miss.

John stands up to adjust himself.

After beat he starts to stroke himself through his underwear, Clinton looks on.

John wraps his hands around Clinton's head and pulls him into his crotch.

He slowly turns to Tim and motions him to join them.

Tim grabs John from behind and slowly starts to grind.

John takes one of his hands and grabs Tim's head.

Clinton slowly pulls away and rises to face John.

He leans in and kisses him.

CLINTON

(Stops)

Be right back.

Clinton slaps Tim's ass, as he walks past them.

CLINTON

(fanning himself)

I'm parched.

Tim and John continue to playing, as Clinton heads to the kitchen.

John aggressive side kicks in, as he yanks on Tim's Harness. John and Tim noses touch, as John's mean face turns to a open smile.

Tim give's 'ah you got me,' look and laughs nervously.

John kisses him hard.

He does this a few more times each time faster and more intense.

On the last one, he stops Tim at his face turns him around and forces on on top of the couch.

John grinds on Tim, who is clearly into it, as they move in unison.

Clinton is looking over at them, as he sneaks into John's bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clinton enters and quietly closes the door behind him.

He turns the night-light on and looks around for anything valuable.

He checks the dresser's drawers but finds nothing. As he opens each one, he pauses to eavesdrop on the guys, as they go at it in the living room.

Clinton spots something in the SOCK DRAWER. He picks up the WHITE ENVELOP behind a pair of thick socks.

CLINTON
(To himself)
Well hello there.

TIM (O.C.)
(softly)
Oh damn.

SOUND: a Slap

Clinton opens the envelop and finds inside several hundred dollar bills.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John and Tim are going at it on the couch.

JOHN
Baby, slow down, ok?

Tim ignores John's request and continues to dry hump.

JOHN
(softly)
Seriously, Tim.

John continues for a while before stoping to kisses John.

TIM
(flirting)
What?

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clinton grabs three \$100 bills and stuffs them inside his jockstrap.

He puts the envelope back and closes the drawer.

JOHN (O.C.)
Fuckkkkkk...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John pulls away.

JOHN
See what you made me do.

TIM
(playfully)
What?

John sticks two fingers in Tim's ass and pulls them out. He brings them to Tim's face.

JOHN
I told you to stop.

Tim leans in and licks the two fingers.

TIM
(liking his lips)
Mr, it's all good.

JOHN
I need to wash up.

INT. KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

John kisses Tim and starts to walk to the bathroom, he sees Clinton closing the bedroom door.

CLINTON
(scared)
Oh you caught me.

John stops by the bathroom door.

JOHN
Did you get lost?

CLINTON
(fishing)
I saw something.. on the bed and
wanted to see it close.

John looks confused.

JOHN
What?

Clinton opens the bedroom door and points to the vest on the bed.

CLINTON
That!

John looks at vest then turns slowly to Clinton, with a mischievous smirk.

JOHN
Oh, yea, it's special. Maybe I'll
let you wear it, one day.

With that, John goes to the bathroom.

CLINTON
(nervously)
Can't wait, daddy.

JOHN (O.C.)
Turn off the light.

Clinton turns the light off and heads to the living room, as Tim heads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

John checks the shower temperature.

Tim enters.

John moves to make room but Tim kisses him instead.

TIM
That was hot.

John strips and jumps in the shower.

JOHN
Yes it was..

Tim grabs a TOWEL from the door, and wipes himself down.

INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

When the coast is clear, Clinton stuffs the stolen money in his backpack.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

John looks over at Tim as the water falls down his face.

JOHN
(continues)
You want to join me.

Tim smacks John's ass.

TIM
Later, I need to get a little dirtier, first.

JOHN
He isn't bad, right?

John lathers his face and lets the water wash away the soapsuds.

TIM
You get what you get.

He looks over at Tim.

JOHN
What do you mean?

Tim smiles and exits.

TIM (O.C.)
not my place.

The water covers John.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clinton is sitting on the couch passing time on his phone,
as Tim enters.

The effects of the drug seem to be wearing off.

Tim sits on the carpet, grabs a magazines off the coffee
table and starts skim it.

CLINTON
(to Tim)
how long you been...

TIM
we hang.
nothing serious, why?

CLINTON
he likes you

Tim continues to look at the magazine.

TIM
I know.

SOUND: hook up app chime

Tim knows this sound well.

TIM
(continues)
Someone popular?

Clinton doesn't answer, as he replies to the text.

There's a long silence between them.

TIM
(continues)
Heard, you're getting favors?

CLINTON
Yeah,

TIM
I'm going to pass

CLINTON
Are you serious?

TIM
been off it for a few.

CLINTON
Oh?

TIM
Do you. No judgement, here.

Tim goes back on his phone.

CLINTON
It is...

There's a pause as Clinton tries to reply to another message on the hook up app.

CLINTON
(continues)
I still remember...
(pause)
I was at this guy's place in
Chelsea. I swear the guys there
looked like porn stars. I figure
since these guys...

Clinton becomes more passionate in his story, like he is on a TED talk stage.

Tim is half listening as he skims the magazine.

CLINTON
(continues)
..have the nice place, nice job,
the pretty porn looking friends.
How bad could it be, right?

Clinton laughs as he looks over at Tim, who looks over.

CLINTON
No offense but if this was my
intro, I would never.

Clinton motions to his current environment.

TIM
Got it.
(under his breath)
White is right, huh?

Clinton laughs.

Tim face show how little he cares for Clinton's superior attitude.

TIM
(continues)
Now, It seems every mofo on the
apps, is down to party ...

CLINTON
(Happily)
I know, right..

Tim flips the page on the magazine.

CLINTON
(laughs)
I'm going on my second day with no
sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM

John and Tim are sitting on the couch watching tv as they play on their devices.

TIM is in his harness and underwear, while John is wearing a white tank and shorts.

SOUND: Door opens

CLINTON (O.C)
Heeyyyyy there

Tomas (O.C)
How's it going, Clinton?

John and Tim look over.

CLINTON (O.C)
Thanks for coming.

Clinton and Tomas enter the living room. Tomas is wearing some cargo shorts, with a heavy metal t-shirt and one of those all purpose green bandanas.

CLINTON
Guys, this is Tomas.

Tomas waves with both hands.

Tomas
Hello boys.

In one smooth motion, Tomas sits at the end chair and takes off his backpack.

Clinton sits between John and Tim.

Tomas
How's everybody tonight?

JOHN
All is good, here. How's business?.

Tomas proceeds to take out some products.

Tomas
(all business)
Funny, My last spot was near. It's
been none stop tonight.

Clinton smiles.

TOMAS
(continues)
Got me going, Non-stop.

Tim is minding his business, playing on his phone.

JOHN
I bet.

John slaps Clinton on the leg playfully.

Tomas
What did you guys want, again?

JOHN
(hesitant, looks over at
Clinton)
How much...

Clinton jumps in, he turns and looks at John.

CLINTON
..\$100 should do it.

John agrees.

Tomas takes out small bag and places it on the coffee table.

He looks over at John.

Clinton gives John the "you got this," look.

JOHN
Oh..ok.

John heads to the bedroom.

JOHN
(continues)
Give me a sec.

CLINTON
where are you these days?

Tomas
You know me, I float around.

Clinton laughs.

CLINTON
Yes, you're always making the
rounds.

Tomas
(joking)
And you as well.

SOUND: Tomas phone goes off.

INT. BEDROOM

John enters and opens the sock drawer and takes out the
money envelop.

C.U.

He takes a \$100 dollar bill and counts the rest.

John hesitates as he puts the envelop back.

He closes the drawer.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clinton and Tomas are talking as John returns

JOHN
(paying)
Here you go.

Tomas grabs the bill and stuffs it into his jacket.

Tomas
Thank you.

Tomas stands up.

John tries to tidy up a little, he moves some of the discarded gear to one side.

Tomas
(continues)
Sorry to cut this short, I have
another appointment.

He wraps his backpack around him and starts to head towards the door.

Clinton escorts him, to the door.

INT. DOORWAY

C.U.

Tomas drops a smaller THANK YOU GIFT into his Clinton's palm as he exits the apartment.

Clinton lock the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clinton returns and takes out a toiletry bag from his backpack. He sits by the coffee table and opens it.

Tim looks annoyed, he jumps up and heads to the kitchen.

John is on his iPad trying to find some music.

Clinton discreetly hides the smaller baggie in the bag, as he takes out everything he needs to get his fix on..

John plays an new track--

SOUND: New house mix.

JOHN
(excited)
So, what do we do...

Clinton ignores him.

INT. KITCHENETTE

Tim opens the fridge takes a long while before he reaches for a water bottle.

INT. LIVING ROOM

JOHN sits by Clinton on the Couch.

JOHN
..don't know. I just find black
guys sexy.

CLINTON
have you ever dated one?

Clinton starts to prep the METH PIPE.

JOHN
(laughs)
Of course,
(pause)
what kind of question is that?

CLINTON
Like really, dated a person of
color?

John looks on.

Tim is opening the kitchen cabinets in the background.

TIM (O.C.)
Yo, you got any snacks, fruits
anything..

JOHN
(To Clinton)
It's weird a question, haven't
gotten that one before?
(To Tim)
No Tim, what you see is what I
have.

Clinton packs the PIPE and takes the first hit.

CLINTON
Is it, is it really?

TIM (O.C.)
(jumps in)
Man, you can't tell my dude is down
for the swirl. Come on now.

John laughs.

JOHN
(sincere)
It all depends on the person and

how we get a-long. Right? I do the
typical stuff, drinks, dinner.. you
know..

He's amused by Clinton's naiveté or act, he hasn't figured
it out yet.

JOHN
(continues)
It's not that complicated, now is
it?

Clinton hands JOHN the pipe, as he blows out clouds.

CLINTON
(guides him)
Ok.. you're going to want to light
it like so.

John puts the pipe in his mouth, as Clinton lights the base.

CLINTON
(continues)
Now, just inhale a little.

John takes a small hit. After a beat, he blows out the
smoke.

Tim returns.

JOHN
(long pause)
The taste... it taste kind of..

John tries to find the right word.

JOHN
(continues)
...burnt.

John hands Clinton the pipe.

CLINTON
Yeah?

Clinton takes another hit. He tries to pass, Tim the pipe,
but he waves it away.

TIM
I'm good.

John takes the pipe.

JOHN

I'm not feeling anything, yet.

Clinton is all about his high right now, as he blows out the smoke.

CLINTON

Try another.

John lights the base, as Tim looks flustered.

Tim takes off the harness and starts to put on his clothes.

TIM

Yo, John, I need some air, going to the bodega.

John nods as he leans into the couch and lets out another puff of white clouds.

TIM

(Continues)

You guys need anything?

Tim puts on his shirt as he heads to the door, he grabs his coat from the rack.

JOHN

Yeah..

(pause)

bring back a lime or two?

John passes the pipe back to Clinton.

JOHN

(continues)

I'll make us something strong.

(to Clinton)

You want anything?

Clinton shakes his head, no, but changes his mind.

CLINTON

On wait, bring a lighter.

TIM (O.S.)

Ok bet,

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY

Tim opens the door to leave.

JOHN (O.C.)
You need money?

Tim ignores and climbs down the stairs.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Tim walks through Brownstone and tree lined street in THE SLOPE. The winter air adds texture to his breath. He lifts his collar up to stop the freezing air from hitting his neck.

Tim crosses the street and enters the corner bodega.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Clinton reaches and grabs John nipple.

John doesn't react.

Clinton straddles John.

John slaps one of Clinton's cheeks.

Clinton starts to kiss John all over

JOHN,
(slowly)
I'm not getting hard.

CLINTON
(playfully)
relax, it's not like viagra, silly?

Clinton goes back to kissing John's neck.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Tim walks out of the bodega carrying a SMALL BAG, as he eats an ENERGY BAR.

He walks to the other end and waits for the light to change.

Tim takes out his phone and starts to --

C.U. Tim's phone.

SFX: TIM types - wyd

SFX: Mike 3 dots show up.

SFX: MIKE - bitch, you know I'm working

SFX: Tim types - :-) what time you get off?

SFX: Mike - 6am, you don't listen do you?.

SFX: Tim types - FU

SFX: Tim types - let's grab breakfast.

SFX: Mike - Deal, see you at the pier.

SFX: Tim types - <thumps up emoji>

Tim puts the phone away and crosses the street.

SOUND: Message alert

C.U.

Tim looks at his phone and sees the heart emoji on his FU message.

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - NIGHT

Tim walks by the fence and looks in at a small kids park.
He pulls out a blunt and lights it up.

He blows out the smoke, as he notice some one walking on the other side of the street.

Tim check's the time on his iPhone.

He takes another hit and walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Clinton and John are sitting at opposite ends of the couch.

John is on his camera checking out the pictures

Clinton is on his phone, trying to set up his next connection.

No-one is watching the porn on the tv.

CLINTON
Wow, there's a lot going on in this

part of Brooklyn.

John doesn't answer.

CLINTON
(continues)
Who would have thought.

One of John's pictures, catch Clinton's eye.

CLINTON
So what do you do with them?

Clinton moves next to John to see them better.

CLINTON
Like this one.. this came out
great.

SOUND: Door Buzzard.

STEADY SHOT as we follow JOHN.

JOHN
(gets up)
Thanks. I like taking them.

John heads to the entryway --

INT. KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

John walks over to the buzzard and presses door open button.

JOHN
(to Clinton)
What about you?

John looks at Clinton, as he opens the apartment door.

CLINTON (O.C.)
Live life.
(laughs, softly)
Yess, queen.

Tim enters.

TIM
(shivering)
Man, it's a bitch out there.

Tim hands the BAG to John.

TIM

Got you something, too

John empties the contents on the counter. A pair of LIMES, LIGHTER, some TOBACCO LEAVES PACKS and a PINT of ice cream.

John lights up as he grabs the ICE CREAM and puts it away in the freezer.

Tim grabs the TOBACCO PACKS and heads to the living room.

John takes out an ICE CUBE tray.

JOHN

I'm making a drink, Anybody else?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tim sits on the floor, grabs a magazine and starts to make a blunt.

Clinton is back on his phone.

CLINTON

(feeling himself)

Sure, I'll partake, before I make my exit.

TIM

make minez strong.

John makes drinks in the background.

INT. KITCHENETTE

John pours VODKA into THREE GLASSES.

He cuts up the LIME and places a slice in each.

John takes out some TONIC water from the fridge and caps all three glasses.

TIM (O.C.)

Yo, John can I check out the pics?

JOHN

knock yourself out.

John looks over as Tim grabs the camera off the coffee table.

Clinton is glued to his phone.

John takes out the pill from his vest and --

C.U.

He drops it in one of the drinks as it dissolves.

INT. LIVING ROOM

John enters and puts the TRAY with DRINKS down.

He hands them out, making sure to give the spiked one to Clinton.

He leaves his in the tray.

Tim scans the picture on the camera, stops at one of them and Clinton.

TIM
oh snap, this one came out great.

Tim shows the picture to John.

TIM
(continues)
..this one should be in a gallery
or something.

John smiles, as he looks over at Clinton, who's about to drink.

JOHN
Wow really, thanks.

Clinton stops right before the glass touches his lips. He places the drink back in the tray.

The picture peaked Clinton's interest.

CLINTON
Let me see.

C.U. on the two drinks.

The glasses are next to each other.

Tim turns the viewfinder over.

CLINTON
Boyeee, Let me get my lazy butt up.

Clinton jumps off the couch.

John playfully smacks Clinton's bare ass, as he comes over.

CLINTON
(squats next to TIM)
wow.

They start looking at the pictures together.

TIM
(to John)
Yo, this one is tight, too.

Tim hands the camera to John.

C.U. on picture on viewfinder.

JOHN
(laughs)
shit, let me..

John hit the zoom and the image goes to tight shot of a body part.

Clinton gets up, grabs the drinks and hands it to John.

CLINTON
Here.

Tim raises his glass to cheer.

CLINTON
(continues / playful)
Don't be a silly goose.
(looking to impress)
Let's do this proper. Stand.
(playful)
Come on, please.

John tries to figure out which of the the drinks is spiked, as he places the camera on the coffee table.

Tim begrudgingly stands up.

John can't tell the two drinks apart.

CLINTON
(continues)
Here's to new FWBs.

Clinton and Tim laugh as they toast.

CLINTON
(continues / playfully)
You're suppose to look at each

other's eyes when you do it.
Otherwise it doesn't count.

TIM

Bet, don't mind if I do.

Tim click his glass with Clinton and drinks.

Tim then does it with John, and drinks a few more times,
emptying his glass.

John takes a sip of his, as Clinton drinks his.

Tim puts the empty glass on the tray and returns to his spot
on the floor, as he lights the BLUNT.

John puts his drink down and picks up his iPad.

Clinton takes another sip, as he checks on his social media.

CLINTON

(to John)

What's your IG handle, I'll follow
you?

JOHN

(pause)

Not on it.

Tim blows out the smoke and passes the BLUNT to John. He
grabs the camera and navigates to the next set of pictures.

CLINTON

..it's a shame because they look
good. what was his name..

Clinton points to JOHN.

CLINTON

you know the guy in the 80s who
took pictures of black guys.

John gives him the 'need more info' look.

CLINTON

(looks at Tim)

come on, he was famous,

Tim half listening continues to review the pictures.

CLINTON

(continues)

I just saw a documentary on
Netflix. The photos where black

and white.

Clinton takes another sip of his drink.

CLINTON
(continues)
some showed leather..
(searching)
Some had white lilies

TIM
(to himself.)
..Maplethorpe?

CLINTON
oh yea, Maplethorpe. I'm amazed
you knew that.

TIM
Why.

CLINTON
(tries to walk it, back)
huh.. I didn't mean..

Clinton starts to feel a little off.

TIM
Right, no sweat hommie, I got your
number, hours ago.

John looks on.

CLINTON
(slow response)
oh, the shade...

Tim returns to the pictures in the camera.

CLINTON
(under his breath)
..need water.

Clinton he leans against a wall.

TIM
John, how do I zoom in.

JOHN
(getting up / to Clinton)
You, ok?

CLINTON
ahhh.. Yeeaaaah, I just need the

bathroom.

We follow Clinton as he stumbles his way to the bathroom and closes the door.

John is smiling on the background, as he takes a drink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John stands up and walks over to Tim with his Drink. He shows Tim how to navigate around the camera's images.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Clinton turns off the facet and dries his hands on the hand towel. He puts the toilet seat cover down and sits down. His movements are slow and methodical like an 70something year old.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tim and John are looking at pictures. Tim presses something, as an old picture shows up on the viewfinder.

John is shocked.

C.U. Camera's viewfinder

TIM (O.C)
Oh, snap who's this dude.

The picture is of John and CARL in leather gear. Carl is wearing the vest that's laying on the bed.

JOHN
(pause)
An old.. friend.

TIM
(smiles)
damn, daddy. Get it.

Tim hands the camera back to John.

Tim gets up, takes his drink and sits on the couch.

TIM
Send me a few of them. Mostly of me
and you.. don't worry about him.

John flips to the camera mode and looks through the viewfinder. HE tries to set the focus on Tim's face.

SOUND FX: something falling

JOHN
(looks over)
What was..

TIM
(jumps in)
Go check on your boy.

John walks to the bathroom.

EXT. Bathroom

John pushes the door but it only opens a crack.

JOHN
Clinton, are you ok?

John tries to look in but can't.

JOHN
(knocks on the door)
Clinton open up.

Tim looks over from the living room. He comes over to help.

EXT. BATHROOM

C.U. on the door

Tim turns the door knob but the door doesn't open.

He knocks on the door.

C.U. John's hand slams on the door.

TIM
Yo, open up.

TIM
(continues)
What the..fuck man

INT. BATHROOM

Clinton is passed out on the floor. It looks like he hit his head, because his head is lying on top of some blood.

Tim bangs on the door again.

JOHN (O.C.)

Tim, stop banging on the door.

Tim leans into the crack and pushes the door with his body.

The door gives a little more.

Tim tries to look through the crack but can't make out anything.

EXT. BATHROOM

Tim looks into the crack, as John looks.

INT. BATHROOM

C.U on Tim's looking in. He's eye blinks a few times.

He opens the door a little more.

EXT. BATHROOM

Tim is up against the door pushing with his shoulder. He has managed to open it enough to stick his head in.

INT. BATHROOM

Tim comes into view, as he looks down, he sees Clinton on the floor.

TIM

(screams)

John, Homebody isn't looking too good.

Tim bends down and reaches for Clinton's foot and moves it from the door's path.

The dead weight makes it hard for him to do this quickly.

TIM

(to JOHN)

Get over here.

EXT. BATHROOM

John leans on the door as Tim is on floor trying to move Clinton's feet, from the door.

They open the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Tim bends down and looks for a pulse.

TIM
what the fuck.

John stands by the door looking down.

Tim leans down and puts his ear next to Clinton's mouth.

TIM
He's breathing.

JOHN
Oh good.

Tim starts to slap his face.

TIM
Yo, Clinton.. Wake up C. Come on.

Clinton is unresponsive.

TIM
(to John)
Don't stand there. Help me.

John looks lost.

JOHN
What.. What do you want me to do?

TIM
Let's get him to the bed.

John bends down and grabs both of Clinton's legs.

Tim stands up and grabs Clinton's arms.

TIM
Com on man lift him up.

John has his legs up, but Clintons' body is still on the floor. The dead weight is too much for the two of them.

JOHN
I can't..

Tim steps on Clinton's blood on the floor.

JOHN
Fuck, Tim! you getting the floor
dirtier.

Tim gives him a look.

TIM
(upset)
Fuck your floor.

Clinton's legs fall to the floor, as the John loses his
grip.

JOHN
(trying to take control)
ok, ok. you need to calm down.

Tim bends down and eases Clinton's arms to the floor. He
gets into John's face.

TIM grabs him by the neck.

TIM
really.

Tim tries to collect himself, as he lets John free.

TIM
If something happens to him, it's
on you.

JOHN steps back.

Tim exits the bathroom and looks around the place.

INT. KITCHENETTE

John heads to the living room and grabs his cell phone.

TIM
We need something to lift him with.

Tim opens one of the side cabinets and grabs a large TOWEL.

He realizes it's a bit small and throws it in the tub.

Tim heads to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Tim enters, undoes the bed and grabs a SHEET and heads back
into the bathroom.

The VEST drops to the floor.

INT. BATHROOM

Tim lays the SHEET down by Clinton's body.

TIM
(to John)
lift him.

Tim grabs Clinton by the shoulder and lifts his end up.

John wraps the two feet around his arms and lifts too.

Tim drags the sheet with his leg, and places it under Clinton's body.

TIM
ok, easy now.

They lay him down again.

TIM
good.

Tim kneels down and hands one end of the SHEET to JOHN.

John grabs his ends, as TIM does the same.

TIM
Ok, you ready.

John nods and they lift their respected ends up.

Tim and John drags the sheet with Clinton's body, to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Tim opens the door as it slams against the wall, they proceed to place Clinton on the bed.

JOHN
Should, we get some water for him?

Tim looks at Clinton to see if he is still breathing, by checking his pulse.

TIM
naw. let him rest.

INT. BATHROOM

John is trying to wipe the blood off the floor with paper towels.

They soak up the blood but the stains are still visible.

JOHN
Shit.. It's not coming off.

EXT. BATHROOM

Tim ignores him opens the fridge and grabs himself an energy drink. He starts to head to the living room.

JOHN (O.C.)
Yo, come help me with this.

Tim ignores him and heads to the couch.

INT. BATHROOM

John is scrubbing away but we still see some blood.

JOHN
(to himself, tweaking)
Shit. This fucking sucks.

His movements are erratic.

JOHN
(continues)
Can't believe this..
(screaming)
Tim, this shit isn't coming out.

John focus on a specific spot and starts to clean it.

JOHN
(continues/ to himself)
These fuckers come over and fuck everything up.

He wipes the sweat off his brow.

JOHN
(continues)
Tim, Come here and help me, man.

JOHN
Fuck you. If you're not going to
help me, maybe you should go.

TIM
Gladly.

INT. KITCHENETTE

Tim heads to the living room and grabs his stuff. He starts to dress as John comes into view.

John opens the refrigerator and takes out an energy drink and pops it open.

He takes a big sip and puts the can on top of the counter.

He looks over and sees Tim gathering his stuff.

JOHN
What the fuck, Tim?

Tim doesn't answer and finishes.

JOHN
(still tweaking)
Why can't you help me clean? Is
that too fucking much to ask?
Shit.

Tim heads towards John.

He takes a seat on the bench and starts to put on his shoes, as he looks at John.

JOHN
Where you going?

Tim stands up and opens the door.

TIM
lose my number.

Tim slams the door behind him.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY

Tim dashes down the stairs and exits the building.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

John is sitting on the couch, as he surfs on his iPad.

He looks at the Tina pipe on the coffee table and tries to ignore it.

After a few, he grabs it and lights up.

He takes a decent hit and blows out a massive cloud.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

The door creeps open as John comes into view.

Clinton laying on top of the bed in his underwear passed out.

John tip-toes over to the bed, trying to be silent.

John grabs Clinton's neck trying to find the pulse.

He leans in closer to hear Clinton breathing in his ear.

John takes a finger and traces Clinton's lips. He then moves to Clinton's eyelids and opens each eye and looks in his pupils.

Clinton is non responsive.

EXT. BROOKLYN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Tim walks down a Brooklyn street as the park cars morph from SUVs and mini coopers to police cruisers and the small traffic cars.

Tim climbs the steps and enters the station.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

John is smoking away on the crystal pipe.

He realizes he is there alone.

SFX: JOHN'S living room fades away as he sits and smokes in a dark void.

He looks around but everything is dark.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John opens the door.

The room has completely transformed, all the items have disappeared, the only furniture is a stand up metal and leather sling

Clinton is on a sling, tied up in white ropes like some kind of art installation.

John enter the room.

CLINTON
come here, daddy.

John walks over slowly.

Clinton motions John over, but realizes he is tight up.

He starts to pull on his restraints.

John takes his hand and places on Clinton's jock and squeezes.

He then trances his finger up to Clinton's mouth.

Clinton licks his lips

CLINTON
you like that, daddy?

John inserts a finger into Clinton's mouth and he sucks on it, like it's the best lollipop he ever had.

Clinton continues to playfully struggle with the restraints.

John inserts another finger in Clinton's mouth.

Clinton licks away as John enjoys the attention.

John facial expression changes for ecstasy to pain.

He yangs his hand back to reveal the two fingers bitten off.

Blood oozes out.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Clinton hands are tied up to the ceiling, as he hangs like a piece of meat.

He is wearing the vest from the bed.

John takes out a fetish whip and walks closer to Clinton. He turns him around to reveal his bare ass through the jock strap. He whips him sensually.

FLASHCUT

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

CARL, John's ex, takes a step back, as we see John in Clinton's spot.

We jump cut between Carl and Clinton as John the roles changes and it get's more trips, a la "under her skin."

The camera pulls in closer at each hit until, we see a little blood start to drip down Clinton's leg.

FLASHCUT:

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM

This jolts John to opens his eyes and as he get's off the couch dazed and confused.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Tim exits and descends down the stairs. He is clearly not happy.

He continues down the block as it becomes residential again, but stops by a small restaurant's discarded trash from the night before.

He throws a business card in the trash and kicks one of the bags.

SOUND: Message chime

He stops and pulls out his phone.

SFX: Mike - what they say?

SFX: Tim types - They fucking blew me..

Tim pauses for a beat, hits the delete and re-types a new

message.

SFX: Tim - I'll tell you later.

SFX: The three bars show up pop up.

Tim walks off.

SOUND: message chime.

SFX: Mike - what time is it?

Tim smiles and says to himself.

TIM
damn, b you can't be this stupid
look on the top of your phone.

Tim types the following:

SFX: TIM - lol, 540, y?

SFX: Mike - meet me at the pier in 30, we can catch the sunrise.

INT. JOHN'S LIVINGROOM

John blows out another large cloud.

He grabs the iPad and starts scanning different porno videos.

EXT. BROOKLYN PIER

Tim walks down a modern pier overlooking the city in the background. He walks, as a few morning joggers pass by him.

INT. JOHN'S APPARTMENT

John walks through the kitchenette and heads towards the bedroom.

EXT. VILLAGE PIER

Tim walks to the edge of the pier and leans over a metal railing. He looks over at one of the NYC tug boats as it goes by the bridge.

Someone taps Tim on his shoulder, as he turns to face them.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John, no longer concerned with the noise barges in the room.

Clinton is out cold.

He is holding a needle.

C.U. needle's tip

A drop slowly falls off the tip. John walks over to the side of the bed and grabs Clinton's Arm.

FLASHCUT

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

C.U. needle tip

We follow the tip of the needle as it reaches the vein on the arm of CARL.

CARL's body jerks as John injects him.

EXT. VILLAGE PIER - DAWN

Tim eyes light up as Mike, a sexy 30 something black man in scrubs leans in and hugs him.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John grabs one of his sex toys and starts to lube it up.

TIM (V.O.)

I needed to get out, of there.

MIKE (V.O.)

(beat)

you did the right thing. you don't even want to know how many ODS we get on the weekends.

EXT. VILLAGE PIER - DAWN

Tim and Mike are sitting by the water watching the day come in.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

TIM (V.O.)
I don't want to do this shit no
more..

John flips Clinton over and begins to spread his legs.

MIKE (V.O.)
(continues)
You don't have to, I'll help you.

John takes out a long leather glove and starts to lube it
up.

EXT. VILLAGE PIER

Tim takes out his phone, navigates to John's contact and
blocks it, as Mike pulls Tim closer to him.

They watch the sun rise over the city.

END CREDITS

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Clinton gets up from the bed slowly, he sees the dildo by
his side.

He opens the door and looks around.

The place is eerily silent. He walks to the living room to
find.

INT. LIVING ROOM

John passed out on the couch.

He gathers his things and gets dressed.

Clinton starts to leave the living room, when he spots
John's wallet on the tv stand.

He grabs the cash and drugs from the coffee table and heads out.

SFX: Door slams shut.