

A VERY MANLY BOO-DAY!

Written by

Michael Cornetto

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A flash of lightning illuminates a door, a sign next to it reads "Matilda Kruznick MD. Ob/Gyn". Thunder follows.

In front of the door BUTCH(30s), dressed as a fireman, holds his palm out. PATRICK(20s), dressed as a 1940s WAC, reluctantly hands him a key.

PATRICK
You sure we should be doing this?

BUTCH
If they were here, Matilda and Gert would want to host your party, yes?

Butch opens the door.

PATRICK
I guess, but they...

INT. HOUSE

It's dim, whatever light spills in is from the doorway.

PATRICK
entrusted their house to me and...

The lights snap on. Patrick raises his hands to his horrified face; he opens his crimson painted lips and screams.

LIVING ROOM

Stretched cotton badly attempts to be spider webs everywhere.

Butch smiles proudly.

BUTCH
Like it? I did it myself.

PATRICK
And who's going to clean it up?

Butch shrugs.

BUTCH
We can worry about that later.

Patrick isn't happy with that answer. But Butch cuddles up to him and gives him a half-hug.

BUTCH
Right now, all I care about is that my sweet-ums has a happy boo-day.

Patrick's anger partially melts. Then he bumps Butch away.

PATRICK
Stop calling it that!

BUTCH
Boo-day, birthday What's the
difference?

PATRICK
Nude midgets.

As he walks away, Butch teases Patrick with a song.

BUTCH
They say it's your boo-day. We're
gonna have a good time. Glad it's
your boo-day. Happy boo-day to...

Patrick rolls his eyes, still angry but flattered.

PATRICK
There better not be nude midgets!

Patrick scans the area making certain there aren't.

KITCHEN

A cold wedge of light is cast when Butch opens the refrigerator door. Butch screws up his face.

BUTCH
Why is the refrigerator...

INTERCUT LIVING ROOM

Patrick uses a magazine to clear cotton webs off the sofa.

BUTCH (O.S.)
...filled with cucumbers?

Patrick smirks as he sits on the couch.

Butch stares into the fridge, perplexed. Behind him something moves, a BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE.

Butch shrugs.

BUTCH
I have to clear them out; we need
the room.

Patrick looks up, then he frowns at the cotton-strewn room.

PATRICK
As long as you put them back.

Butch bends over to grab the contents of the fridge. His muscular ass fills the seat of his pants nicely.

The Black-cloaked Figure steps back and out of the light.

LIVING ROOM

Patrick flips through the magazine pages disinterestedly.

PATRICK
When's everyone coming?

Butch enters in a panic. He carries an armful of cucumbers.

BUTCH
If the doorbell rings let me answer
it, okay.

PATRICK
Why?

BUTCH
Because I won't have my pookie
doodle answering the door on his
boo-day. That's why. Now, where
should I put these?

PATRICK
Don't know...Try the clinic.

Butch rushes off but Patrick watches him closely.

CLINIC

A flash of lightning shows a row of chairs on each wall.

Butch carries the cucumbers, solemnly, through the aisle. Thunder rumbles.

At the end of the aisle a receptionists desk. Behind the desk, a door. Light escapes from the crack beneath it. A shadow moves across the light.

Butch edges toward the door. Even he finds this curious.

LIVING ROOM

Patrick's magazine reading is interrupted by Butch's SCREECH.

PATRICK
Butch?!

Alarmed, he stands, but then suspicion. He sits back down.

A strangled SCREAM from Butch.

PATRICK
I'm not falling for it!

A SHRIEK. Doubt. Patrick stands despite his misgivings.

PATRICK
Butch?!

Indecision, he wrings his hand. A few distant THUDS decide it. Patrick smooths out his skirt.

PATRICK
This better not be a joke!

With a flick of his hair, he marches bravely forward.

CLINIC

The CLIP CLOP of Patrick's high heels echo as he walks down the aisle. He calls out Butch's name. No response.

Patrick stands before the desk, on the desk sits a cucumber. He picks it up, examines it closely.

A flash of lightning. Patrick jumps back. The cucumber flies from his hand and lands at the bottom of the door. Thunder rumbles.

Patrick spots the cucumber. Then he eyes the sliver of light under the door. A shadow moves across it.

PATRICK
Butch?!

Patrick moves toward the door. He places his hand on the knob. He throws it open.

EXAMINATION ROOM

Filled with everything you need to be an OB/GYN and then some, a curtain to undress behind, a wheelchair. An examination table with stirrups sits in the center.

Patrick looks around, Butch isn't there, no one is.

PATRICK
Butch?!

From behind the examination table Butch pops up.

BUTCH
Boo!

Patrick jumps then lets out a small SQUEAK. Butch laughs hysterically. Patrick tries to calm down but he's angry now.

PATRICK
You son of a bitch!

BUTCH
Got ya!

PATRICK
Big fucking deal. You scared me.

BUTCH
Right you are.

PATRICK
You just don't get it, do you?

BUTCH
Get what? I get that you have no sense of humour. I get that...

PATRICK
I was worried about you! I thought you were really hurt.

Butch moves closer to Patrick. He turns on the charm.

BUTCH
It's part of the fun, sweetheart, part of your boo-day celebration, snug-ums.

PATRICK
Don't you dare snug-ums me!

After a tense moment of stares, Patrick spins then leaves. Butch shouts after him.

BUTCH
You're just pissed off because you can't scare me back! Well I got some news for you sweetheart, you've got even more surprises in store for you.

Butch realises his mistake.

BUTCH
(to himself)
Shit! Gotta learn to keep my goddamn mouth shut.

He smiles evilly.

BUTCH
Wouldn't want to spoil those surprises.

Unseen by him, the Black-cloaked Figure emerges from behind the dressing curtain. The Black-cloaked Figure grabs Butch from the rear and covers his mouth.

Butch's eyes widen. He struggles to escape and tries to scream but only muffled sounds escape.

LIVING ROOM

Patrick flops onto the couch, cell phone to his ear. He wipes away a black tear from his smudged-mascara eye.

Someone's answered.

PATRICK
Hi, Birdie? It's Patrick. When are you getting here?

Fresh tears. A nod.

PATRICK
Butch is being an asshole.

Half a chuckle.

PATRICK
He won't let me, remember. He's the top.

A SCREECH in the distance, Butch.

PATRICK
Goddamn him!... He's doing it again. How can he think I'm that..

BUTCH (O.S.)
Help Me! Help me please!

PATRICK
(to Butch)
Go to hell!
(to phone)
Oh, not you Birdie. If I could only think of a way to get even...

EXAMINATION ROOM

Butch lies naked, strapped to the examination table. His legs are held up and open by the stirrups. There's a ball gag in his mouth so all he can do is mumble.

Above him looms the Black-cloaked figure. Its hands pull back its hood to reveal...

FREDDIE(40s), a bulky, not too bright, gorilla of a woman. Freddie sports a goofy smile as she stares down at Butch. She gently caresses his cheek.

FREDDIE
Freddie like you.

Butch shakes his head, he tugs fiercely at his bindings but they don't seem to give, he throws his head back and screams a gag-muffled scream.

Freddie sticks her tongue out and licks the air in Butch's general direction.

FREDDIE

Freddie want to love you.

Freddie opens her cloak and out flops an enormous strap-on dildo, so big that it rivals an elephant's precocious prick. It lands across Butch's chest with a soft hollow thud.

Butch throws a fit. He rocks himself back and forth on the table, jerking at the straps that restrain him, as if his very life depended on his freedom.

And judging by the size of that sex toy bouncing between Freddie's legs as she manoeuvres around the table to position herself between the stirrups, it just might too.

Lucky for him one of his arms breaks free.

Freddie holds Butch's ankles while she stands in the V of his stirruped legs.

FREDDIE

You not worry. Freddie be gentle.

And she thrusts boldly forward.

Butch's eyes and mouth open wide, there's no scream but the message of enormous pain gets through. The hand on his free arm cramps into a claw and it reaches out.

It connects with cloth, a table covering, and he grabs it. On top of the table a number of small metal trays contain medical instruments. Butch pulls the cloth rhythmically and the trays move closer to the table edge.

One of the trays is about to fall off.

LIVING ROOM

A loud CLANG distracts Patrick. He listens, then an eye-roll.

PATRICK

(to phone)

He's still at it... But you're right! I am better than him, I should set an example, encourage him to act more like an adult.

Another CLANG, Patrick seems concerned.

PATRICK

I better go talk to him... like an adult, of course. He'll probably act like a teenage boy but... Okay... Hurry over.

A loud kiss into the phone. Patrick hangs up as he stands.

CLINIC

Patrick speeds through the clinic and stops at the door. He listens for a moment. Another CLANG.

Patrick throws open the door.

EXAMINATION ROOM

Freddie stops and looks up. Butch's head lolls around on the table. Patrick stands at the door aghast.

PATRICK
What's going on here?

Freddie looks confused.

FREDDIE
Freddie do what you ask.

PATRICK
What I ask?

FREDDIE
You say love the man. I love the man.

Patrick scratches his head. Butch moans for attention. Suspicion crosses Patrick's face, he removes Butch's gag.

BUTCH
(to Freddie)
You idiot!
(to Patrick)
Get her away from me!

FREDDIE
Freddie no do right?

Freddie backs away from the examination table and pulls her cloak closed but not before Patrick catches a glimpse of the enormous dildo. His eyes go wide.

Patrick shoots a glance at Butch, a partial smile. Then serious, he starts untying him.

PATRICK
You going to tell me what this is all about?

BUTCH
It was supposed to be a surprise.

PATRICK
It was most definitely, a surprise.

Butch groans as he tries to move.

BUTCH
 (to Freddie)
 You better not have done any
 damage! Idiot!
 (to Patrick)
 It hurts.

Freddie hangs her head in guilt.

FREDDIE
 Freddie sorry.

PATRICK
 I can't help but wonder why in the
 world you thought it would be a
 good idea to hire an Amazonian
 lesbian to bind me to a
 gynecological examination table and
 fuck me with a giant dildo?

BUTCH
 That was not the plan.

PATRICK
 There was "a plan"?

BUTCH
 She was supposed to shock you.

PATRICK
 Well, it worked. I'm shocked.

Butch stands and winces.

BUTCH
 She was supposed to jump out of the
 dark, scare you. I told her to
 scare the man I love.

Butch hobbles across the floor.

BUTCH
 But somehow she got it all screwed
 up. Moron!
 (to Freddie)
 The man I love, not love the man!

Butch moans with pain.

BUTCH
 I can't walk.

Patrick spots the wheelchair. He pushes it over to Butch.

PATRICK
 Here, sit down.

BUTCH
 Sit down?!

PATRICK
It'll be okay.

Butch winces when he sits, but he quickly settles. Patrick wheels him out of the examination room.

CLINIC

Patrick wheels Butch.

BUTCH
I'm sorry.

Patrick stops the chair at the receptionists desk.

PATRICK
(can't believe his ears)
You're what?!

BUTCH
Sorry. I ruined your birthday.

PATRICK
Oh honey, you didn't ruin it.
Honestly. I think it was sweet of
you to go to so much trouble and
just for me.

Patrick kisses Butch on the cheek.

BUTCH
I only wish it didn't have to hurt
so much.

PATRICK
Sometimes we need a bit of pain in
order to get pleasure. That's the
Marquis de Sade's theory anyway.

A flash of lightning. Patrick looks toward the examination room door as the thunder rumbles. Patrick heads to the door.

PATRICK
Now you wait here.

BUTCH
Wait here. Why?

Patrick stands in the doorway.

PATRICK
Because right now I feel the urge
to sacrifice myself on the altar of
literary science. The Marquis'
theory must be tested. Oh Freddie!

He smiles as he kicks up his high heel. He closes the examination room door.

FADE OUT.