

A Very Manly Christmas

By Michael Cornetto

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM

BUTCH (30s) lies in bed, a big smile on his face, he lets out a moan and arches pushing his hairy muscular chest high into the air.

Further down, under the bedsheet, a large mound grows and shrinks. Then again it grows and shrinks. Then again it...

A painful tense smile lines Butch's face.

BUTCH
Yeah! Oh! Yeah! I'm --

The mound stops. Butch relaxes, disappointed.

BUTCH
Shit! I was just about to --

PATRICK (20s) crawls out from under the covers.

PATRICK
You think I should serve burritos tomorrow?

BUTCH
You're thinking about the menu? Now?!

PATRICK
Someone has to think about it.

BUTCH
Ok. So you thought about it.

He pushes Patrick's head toward a more immediate matter. Patrick resists.

PATRICK
But what do you think?

BUTCH
I don't care.

PATRICK
You don't care? I'm working my ass off for this Christmas party tomorrow and You! Don't! Care!

Patrick flops on the bed turning away from Butch.

Annoyed, Butch glares toward a teary Patrick and then an idea. He turns, drapes an arm over Patrick and spoons him.

BUTCH
Awww. sweetheart, of course you should make burritos tomorrow. Everyone will love them. They'll all be saying what a fantastic chef I married.

Patrick manages a little smile.

BUTCH
And then they'll say, "That
Patrick, he's so handsome!"

PATRICK
You really think so?

BUTCH
I do. And I think everyone will
be jealous green that I got you
and they didn't.

PATRICK
Then maybe I shouldn't make the
burritos.

Annoyed then calm.

BUTCH
Whatever you want, sweetheart.
You're the chef.

PATRICK
I'm sorry I got so upset. I'm
just nervous about tomorrow.

Placating strokes.

BUTCH
It's Oh Kay.

Patrick turns and kisses Butch, then with more passion.

They twist and turn until Butch is once again on his back.
Patrick kisses Butch's chin, then his nipple, then his
furry plexus. And once again he is under the covers, a
mound rolling toward it's goal.

Butch smiles evilly. Then he scrunches his face.

PHOOOOOOOOT!

BUTCH
Sorry.

PATRICK
No. Ah! You did that on purpose,
Goddamnit! You promised you
wouldn't ever --

Patrick struggles to escape from under the covers but Butch
holds the edges tightly and he laughs.

PATRICK
Oh God. It stinks! Let me out!
LET ME OUT!

INT. LIVING ROOM

The halls are decked and the gay apparel donned, leather
being the fabric of choice. Small groups of guests at
random locations talk over the loud disco Christmas Carols.

Butch stands under the mistletoe, scouting for action. He wears a simple harness over his fur. Without his chaps and if you looked at him in just the right way then he would be a bit reminiscent of a reindeer with one antler.

Patrick serves in his dog collar and briefs. Butch gets a kiss on the cheek as Patrick passes. And as Patrick continues on his merry way, Butch gives him a hearty smack on the other cheek.

SAMMY (30s) wears serious boots, but they match his jacket, pants, and cap. He smokes a stogie and he half listens to BIRDIE (don't ask), a cross between Yul Brenner and Liza Minelli during her Cabaret days.

BIRDIE
Honey, this has got to be the
dullest piece of shit party I've
ever attended.

SAMMY
Yeah, it's crap.

BIRDIE
And the food. Did you taste that
burrito? Made me all gassy. If I
didn't know better I'd swear it
was made of dog turds!

SAMMY
Yeah, it's crap.

BIRDIE
You think with all these leather
queens around we'd see a bit more
action.

SAMMY
Yeah, it's --

The music stops.

PATRICK
Attention! Everyone. Attention!

Patrick's butt wiggles as he claps his hands, focusing the crowd's attention. He has Butch's.

PATRICK
Butch and I have been together
for nearly two years now.

A spattering of applause.

PATRICK
And he's been such a good bad boy
this year that I've gotten him a
very special Christmas present.

Ooos and Ahhs.

PATRICK
Since it's so close to Christmas,
I thought I give it to him now?
What do you think?

Cheers and yesses.

PATRICK
Ok then. Yes it is! Come and sit
on the couch, honey.

A few raised eyebrows. Cautiously Butch moves to the couch.

PATRICK
(To Butch) You'll love this.

Butch sits.

PATRICK
And without further ado, straight
(ahem) I mean gaily from The
Paradise it's WORKING MEN!

High percussion disco plays as three well-built but
costumed men pop into view: A COP, a CONSTRUCTION WORKER
and a BISHOP - much to the amusement of the crowd.

Butch is stoked.

Their energetic dancing is infectious and soon the whole
room bounces along with them.

The diva sings and then their gear comes off, first the
hats. Everyone avoids the Bishops mitre but Birdie catches
the cops helmet and he/she sticks it between his/her legs
and fakes an orgasm.

The Working Men unbutton their shirts and proudly show
their biceps. The crowd goes wild. But they are silenced
when the Bishop removes his robes and becomes a Greek God.

Butch salivates.

Their pants velcro off. The Working Men dance in just their
g-strings. Huge pouches flap in front to the disco beat
like a pendulum on speed.

The Bishop twirls, a dervish, his flashy robe trailing in a
spiral behind him. A quick glance at Patrick and Patrick
nods almost imperceptibly.

Then the Bishop throws his robe over Butch. He rushes
forward to hold him down. The Cop and the Construction
Worker hurry to provide assistance.

The crowd watches, perplexed, but very, very curious.

The music stops and Patrick walks toward the couch. Butch
squirms under the Bishops robe, protesting in a muffled
voice.

PATRICK
You're all wondering why we've
captured a wild Butch.

Nods from the crowd. Patrick smiles.

PATRICK
No. Not for a gang bang.

A few disappointed Ohs.

PATRICK
We are going to teach him a
valuable lesson.

SAMMY
YEAH!

PATRICK
Not that kind of lesson, Sammy.
For two years now this man has
caught me under the covers with
surprise farts and then held me
captive in their stench.

A few Awws, some snickers.

PATRICK
It isn't funny! And I've had
enough! -- His reason -- He's
stronger than me. Well I have
more friends and their stronger
than him!

The Working Men smile. Butch struggles.

PATRICK
Open her up men.

The men lift a corner of the robe. Patrick position his
butt near the lifted portion. He pulls down the back of his
briefs while the crowd watches in fascination. Patrick
scrunches his face.

PHOOOOOOOOOT!

The crowd cheers. Butch squirms.

BUTCH
Oh God! It smells! Let me out!
LET ME OUT!

Patrick smiles satisfied then he scrunches his face again
but nothing happens. Pulling up the back of his briefs, he
stands.

PATRICK
I'm all out. But I don't think
he's learned his lesson yet, so
I'm going to have to ask for
contributions. You've all had my
fabulous bean burritos tonight,
who's next?

Everyone in the crowd raises their hand. Sammy walks
forward and unbuckles his belt.

BUTCH
NOOOOOOOOO!

FADE OUT.