

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 sheet, 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 sheet.

PATRICK
Sorry, but I need to know. Do you think I should serve burritos tomorrow?

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

PATRICK
Someone has to think about it.

BUTCH
Okay. So you thought about it...

He pushes Patrick's head toward the 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. He frowns.

Annoyed, Butch glares toward a sad Patrick and then he has an idea. He drapes an arm over Patrick and spoons him.

BUTCH

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 very handsome!"

PATRICK

You think so?

BUTCH

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

PATRICK

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. Down his belly, pushing the sheet along as he goes.

Butch slowly pulls the sheet over Patrick's head. The mound, that is Patrick, grows and shrinks and Butch leans back and smiles.

Then his smile turns evil, he scrunches his face and

PHOOOOOOOOT!

BUTCH

Sorry.

Patrick thrashes under the sheets.

PATRICK

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

Patrick struggles to escape but Butch holds the edges of the sheet tightly. 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 around the room talk over the loud disco Christmas Carols.

Butch wears a simple harness over his fur. He stands under the mistletoe, ready for action. If you take off his chaps and look at him in just the right way then he might be a reminiscent of a reindeer with just one antler.

Patrick serves in his dog collar and briefs. As Patrick passes, Butch gets a kiss on his cheek and Patrick gets a smack on his.

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. Having the runs would be
more exciting.

SAMMY

Yeah, it's --

The music stops.

PATRICK

Attention! Everyone. Attention!

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

PATRICK

As you know, 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 all think?

Cheers and yeses.

PATRICK

Okay! The yeses have it! 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 and smiles nervously.

PATRICK

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

High percussion disco plays as a well-built SANTA CLAUS dances in from the hallway.

BIRDIE

Now, I could definitely sit on his lap!

Santa Claus reaches into his red bag, grabs a handful of foil-packed condoms and throws them at the crowd. The crowd roars their approval.

From the hallway a hot ELF dances in. He pushes a large wrapped and ribboned box on wheels with a big bow on top, a Christmas present. The crowd Ooos at the surprise.

Butch is stoked. He grins ear to ear.

Santa Claus motions for Butch to join them. Butch hops up from the couch and dances over.

He bumps and grinds against Santa. Their energetic dancing is infectious and soon the whole room bounces along with them.

Then the Elf interrupts and hands Butch the end of a ribbon from the Christmas present. Butch stares at it perplexed.

The Elf motions with his fingers that Butch should spin. And Butch does.

The diva sings while Santa Claus and the Elf strip. The crowd goes wild at the sight of Santa's massive pecs.

Butch spins, laughing, a big smile on his face. The bow shrinks as ribbon wraps around Butch, it holds his arms to his side.

Their pants velcro off, Santa Claus and the Elf dance in just their g-strings. Huge pouches flap in front of them to the disco beat like pendulums on speed.

Santa Claus nods at Patrick, and Patrick nods back. Santa Claus raps the present.

Then out of the box pops biggest TOY SOLDIER you've every seen. The crowd is in awe as he dances from the box, as he removes his shirt revealing the body of a Greek God beneath.

Butch salivates. He struggles to free himself from the tangle of ribbon around him. He wants to touch this guy.

The Soldier dances close to him, teasing him, then he reaches into the box and pulls out a large sheet.

Butch is perplexed. The crowd is curious.

Then the Soldier throws the sheet over Butch. He rushes forward to trap Butch under it. Santa Claus and the Elf stop dancing and provide assistance.

The music stops and the crowd is silent. Butch squirms under the sheet, he protests in a muffled voice.

Patrick crosses toward him.

PATRICK
 You're probably 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
 That's right, Sammy. YEAH! For
 two years now this man has
 trapped me under the covers with
 his farts and then held me there
 in their stench.

A few Awws, some snickers.

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

The Working Men smile. Butch struggles.

PATRICK
 Open it up men.

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

PHOOOOOOOOT!

The crowd cheers. Butch squirms.

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

Patrick smiles satisfied then he scrunches his face once
 again but nothing happens. He pulls up the back of his
 briefs as he stands.

PATRICK

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

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

BUTCH

NOOOOOOOOO!

FADE OUT.