

# Crisco



A scene following a scene

by

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## Characters:

Both are anywhere from 30 to 50. Neither one needs to have a great gym body. (For example, either or both could be bears.)

**Tom** - Needs to have a “hot” aura about him whatever his physical attributes

**Mike**

*(Dining area with 2 or 4 chairs. Gym bag on a chair with an outdoor leather jacket/coat draped over the back. Mike enters; he’s wearing boots, chaps, harness, gauntlets, and – perhaps - a leather codpiece. During the following he’ll take off the leather gear and change into street clothes from the gym bag, packing the leather gear away.*

*Tom enters a few beats behind. He’s in gym shorts and T-shirt, having changed out of his leather gear in his bedroom. Or maybe he’s still in his chaps. He carries a container of Crisco in a custom fitted, leather-studded Crisco case.*

*As the scene progresses a repartee should evolve/develop between the two.)*

**TOM:** Here’s your Crisco.

**MIKE:** Oh, Thanks.

**TOM:** Wouldn’t want to leave this leather-studded creation behind.

**MIKE:** Need to know you’re grabbin’ the right grease.

**TOM:** Where’s the specialty store that carried this, Sodom & Gomorrah?

**MIKE:** On-line. The sites you encounter when searching on Crisco.



**TOM:** I'm partial to the Crisco sticks myself.

**MIKE:** I noticed, I had a **Last Tango in Paris** moment back there – I thought it was butter.

**TOM:** Compact, travels well. In their own plastic containers. Not leather, I realize.

**MIKE:** I'm partial to Classic Crisco – in the Can.

**TOM:** In oh so many ways.

**MIKE:** When the leather-studded-Crisco-container-market catches up with the Crisco stick trend, maybe I'll reconsider.

**TOM:** Wouldn't want to go out without having one's grease dressed for the occasion.

**MIKE:** It also avoids confusion at home.

**TOM:** During your weekly Crisco-fest?

**MIKE:** I wish. Kitchen confusion.

**TOM:** For those **Postman Always Rings Twice** tabletop moments?

**MIKE:** Still wishing. Cooking.

**TOM:** People still cook with Crisco?

**MIKE:** It's not in Stop & Shop just for the fistfers of America.

**TOM:** We're in the fat free cooking rage age.

**MIKE:** Hey, applesauce has its limits. Crisco is critical for my Mom's fried chicken recipe.

**TOM:** (*Confused*) ... connecting the dots?

**MIKE:** Avoids confusion, before this leather there was a batch of fried chicken at the wrong end of some 21 herbs & spices.

**TOM:** (*Gets it*) Talk about a suppertime surprise.

**MIKE:** So a little leather helps distinguish between the kitchen and the bedroom Crisco's.

**TOM:** Safeguarding the ingredients, as it were.



**MIKE:** In ways “Bob, the Chef” would never imagine.

**TOM:** (*Hungry*) Bob the Chef’s! Great chicken! I’m always hungry after a session.

**MIKE:** Body craves replenishing what’s been douched out. Mine’s better than Bob’s.

**TOM:** Using which end of those 21 herbs & spices?

**MIKE:** The bedroom Crisco’s leather, kitchen’s unmarked. No more confusion. Wait, weren’t you the fat free advocate a second ago?

**TOM:** Commenting on trends, not my personal lifestyle.

**MIKE:** So, interested in some of my Mom’s chicken?

**TOM:** Which 21 herbs (*Mike’s look stops him*) ...sorry, couldn’t resist.

**MIKE:** Got it the first time. We’ve moved on.

**TOM:** Onto what?

**MIKE:** If you like Bob’s, you’ll love Mom’s chicken. How about sometime next week?

**TOM:** Like dinner or something?

**MIKE:** Or something. Hot for dinner, cold for breakfast, and warmed up in between.

**TOM:** Food complicates sex.

**MIKE:** I promise not to inter-mix the two. Food, fuck, then food again.

**TOM:** All that douching.

**MIKE:** Good point. OK, fuck, nosh, fuck again, chow down.

**TOM:** Its just that “dinner” makes it seem like a date.

**MIKE:** (*Unsure*) And a date’s a bad thing?

**TOM:** I don’t date people I fuck, no offense.

**MIKE:** Non-taken. (*Beat.*) Do you fuck people you date?

**TOM:** Well, yeah, you know, depending on the date.

**MIKE:** Like how hot he is?



**TOM:** Yeah, and is it the first date, stuff like that.

**MIKE:** A first date matters to a guy whose screen name is *UpToTheElbow?*

**TOM:** A date & a hook-up are different. Most AOLers are such losers.

**MIKE:** No offense taken.

**TOM:** No, not you. Those on-line games, “trade face pix, you send first,” such bullshit.

**MIKE:** “My Mom’s 45, be younger than she is.”

**TOM:** Or this escort - “be under 40 and in shape” – even Boston escorts on AOL are picky.

**MIKE:** Or “how big are you” – sometimes I say “6 feet, 200 pounds like the profile says.”

**TOM:** Or “ding” (*the IM screen pop sound*) “Hung,” question mark. (*How he responds*) “Like a horse. **NOT** into Size Queens.” Drives ‘em crazy.

**MIKE:** Glad we both play in the AOL game free zone.

**TOM:** It’s a hook-up **not** a marriage.

**MIKE:** Or a date, without the dinner.

**TOM:** I like people to treat it for what it is.

**MIKE:** Which for you is?

**TOM:** An on-line fens.

**MIKE:** Where you don’t have to worry about getting dressed OR going out in the weather OR kneeling in the mud.

**TOM:** Harnessing the power of the Internet’s essential. You should see what I can do with a wireless?

**MIKE:** My imagination runs rampant. How about calling me to sample my chicken?

**TOM:** I thought I just sampled it.

**MIKE:** That was just a drumstick, we’ve moved onto my wishbone.

**TOM:** You’re persistent.

**MIKE:** You’re hot.

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**TOM:** So, there are lots of hot guys out there.

**MIKE:** You're single, interesting, and great in bed.

**TOM:** Or the sling, as the case may be. So what 's so interesting?

**MIKE:** At least you chatted before we got into the depth (*indicates a length up his forearm*) behind your screen name.

**TOM:** I try to vet out AOLers as a sort of a psychopath screening process.

**MIKE:** It's the first time I had a conversation that started with Dame Edna and ended with handballing.

**TOM:** You're profile listed theater, so it was a good conversation starter.

**MIKE:** How do reactions to Dame Edna factor into your psychopathic screening process?

**TOM:** The psychopaths like her. Gotta wonder about people who'll pay \$70 to have a no-talent drag queen insult them and then give it a standing-O.

**MIKE:** While the poor pathetic possums wave gladiolas. Especially since you get the same thing at Jacques for \$7.

**TOM:** Suburban straights don't get out much.

**MIKE:** (*Switching gears*) So, aren't mutual likes and sexual compatibility half the battle? (*Tom shrugs affirmatively.*) I'll make a run to Bob's, be back in no time.

**TOM:** Dinner makes **things** complicated.

**MIKE:** We'll call it a snack.

**TOM:** A meal just messes **things** up.

**MIKE:** What "things"? We fisted, we're hungry, let's eat.

**TOM:** I like to treat boyfriends and fuck buddies differently.

**MIKE:** Could we spend a little more time together before I get labeled?

**TOM:** I got you buddy listed. I'll e-mail you about dinner.

**MIKE:** The cyber "kiss off" - you forget my AOL-loser pedigree.



**TOM:** Ever heard of something coming from a hook-up?

**MIKE:** I had a one-night stand that lasted 8 years.

**TOM:** You're the exception.

**MIKE:** *(His point)* You noticed! Do you want a side of mashed potatoes with your chicken?

**TOM:** I wasn't looking for love in M4M Dungeon.

**MIKE:** Neither was I, but now I **am** looking for dinner.

**TOM:** Sorry, but I just don't date from the dungeon.

**MIKE:** Fuck the pig but avoid the pen?

**TOM:** I'm not calling you a pig.

**MIKE:** Well you did, earlier. Several times, actually.

**TOM:** That was meant in a "good way."

**MIKE:** "Good" pig/ "bad" pig. First dates. Don't feed the fuck buddies. You're the first BDSM puritan I've met.

**TOM:** I'm not a puritan.

**MIKE:** True, there is that fondness for UpToTheElbow.

**TOM:** *(Laughs)*

**MIKE:** Made you laugh. See, dinner wouldn't be so painful after all.

*(By this time Mike should have his Leather jacket on with his gym bag over his shoulder, as he has gradually prepared to leave throughout the scene.)*

**TOM:** You've gone from persistent to tenacious.

**MIKE:** I've been called worse by people I know better.

**TOM:** I feel like I stepped into the male version of **Frankie & Johnny in the Clair de Lune**.

**MIKE:** You're the one that had Wagner playing during our scene.



**TOM:** *Voyage Down the Rhine* sets a certain mood for navigating one's lower intestines.

**MIKE:** Johnny cooks a western omelet, Frankie eats, why can't we?

**TOM:** To quote Frankie, "Ever heard of a second date?"

**MIKE:** I'm still trying to get to the first one!

**TOM:** *(Mike's scored.)* I fell right into that. *(Beat)* OK.

**MIKE:** Would that be with or without the collard greens tonight, Frankie?

**TOM:** It's a compatibility test; you'll have to guess.

**MIKE:** Further adventures in your psychopathic screening tests?

**TOM:** Obviously my screening tests are **far** from full proof.

**MIKE:** Really, no offense taken.

**TOM:** This is just about grabbing a bite to eat. Nothing more, OK.

**MIKE:** The boundaries are clear. Bizarre but clear. *(Takes out cell phone & dials 411)*

**TOM:** Let me change. *(Heads off to change clothes.)*

**MIKE:** No need, I'll pick up and bring back. *(He drops his gym bag. Into phone)* Boston, Bob the Chef's, Columbus Ave

**TOM:** *(From off)* Just to manage expectations, this is NOT a date or anything. *(Meanwhile, Mike presses the # sign to automatically dial the number)*

**MIKE:** It's not even a meal. It's barely food. *(Almost to himself)* The date'll be when you taste test Mom's chicken. *(He heads off as he's ordering)* I'd like to order two chicken dinners to go. I'll pick up. Both with sides of mashed potatoes, gravy & collard greens.

**TOM:** *(Coming on, and overlapping with Mike's ordering. Tom trails off as Mike exits the condo and the front door slams.)* Its just that food becomes dinner, which becomes a date, which becomes multiple dates, which become commitments and it stops being fun.

*(Music, Wagner's Voyage Down the Rhine from the Ring cycle. Tom slowly starts setting the table for a meal for two.)*

**End of Scene**

