

Puck  
by  
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"PUCK"

BLACK.

The sound of sneakers descending linoleum stairs, a heavy tread.

FADE IN:

INT. NYC APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY- NIGHT

Drab but not decrepit pink painted walls and white flooring of an apartment complex hallway. A bike leaned not quite out of the way on the right.

A broad-shouldered young man in an eccentric gym tank steps off a final stair into view from our left before eagerly turning to go down the hall.

He opens one translucent door to an entry way, becoming just an outline for a moment before he maneuvers the tricky handle of the outer front door.

EXT. NYC APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

A dark car-lined street in front of the apartment building.

Streetlights throw multi-shaded shadows of another, smaller young man facing away.

MAC (O.C.)

Hey! David?

PUCK, the small young man, whips his head around to face us. He smiles. It's a significant event.

He's that special kind of beautiful you only see once or twice in life, the kind of beautiful that feels ancient and youthful all at once, with mischief and magic mixed in.

Physically, he's small- 5'5 if we're generous, with sleek ginger hair, freckles and bright eyes.

PUCK

Yeah...I, uh, think I went one too far.

He points behind him as he half-jogs down the sidewalk and up the few steps to the front door, which Mac holds open for him. We still haven't clearly seen the host's face.

INT. NYC APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

MAC

No worries. This whole town is a  
jumble to me, ha.

Repeat from the first shot of the hallway, Mac leads Puck back towards us to go upstairs. He speaks over his shoulder to Puck.

MAC (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm not as dressed up as you,  
this city is muggy AF  
(he pronounces it as one  
word, not initials)

We just catch Puck smirking as they turn up the stairs, yet we linger in the hallway a moment listening to them ascend.

MAC (CONT'D)

Oh and the Airbnb has a little dog,  
sweetest thing, in like a little  
puppy paw brace thing, not sure  
why...

(trailing off)

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBNB APARTMENT DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Very dim blue light from the city barely illuminates a small, eclectic East Village two bedroom.

Yellow glow from the hallway flickers along the doorframe as the boys stand outside, fiddling with keys.

The door swings open and a small Scottish terrier hurriedly limps in a tiny cast to the boys who stumble into the dark.

PUCK

Woah.

MAC

(to the dog)

Miss. Hello Miss! Was that a  
terrifying two minutes I was gone?  
Huh?

He crouches down and scratches her as she wiggles against him eagerly.

Puck pats around the wall next to the door searching for a light switch.

PUCK  
Hey, lights?

MAC  
Oh-

POV of Puck looking down at Mac and the dog as Mac looks up. The light from the hall catches his face for the first time. Another significant moment.

He's unusual and adorable. Scruffy young face with sad eyes, muscle bear-cub frame.

MAC (CONT'D)  
It's just at the table--one sec...

He swoops up and over to the table and flicks the switch of a vintage hanging fixture. A cozy light on a hot night. Puck closes the apartment door.

A beat of silence.

The boys take each other in. A blush of chemical connection arises. Mac shakes his head, unable to stop smiling.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Jesus...

PUCK  
Huh?

POV of Puck scanning Mac's muscular arms.

The sound of Mac inhaling.

MAC  
You're...soo-- I--

He gestures but can't find words.

Puck nods, breathing a slight chuckle. He slides his hands into his pockets.

PUCK  
Yeah, man. You too. You're really--

Mac's already leaning in. He's a good head taller than his date, and dips smoothly down to kiss the ginger boy deeply.

It's an unusually beautiful kiss. Just the right amount of spark, just the right amount of tongue.

Their lips part but their foreheads stay connected.

MAC  
Jesus!

PUCK  
Right?!

Puck kisses back first. One kiss turns to three, all deliberate.

MAC  
(mushed mid kiss)  
JESUS!

Puck laughs, breaking the buzz, but the boys keep touching each other, scanning this new other body they get to play with.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Right  
(clears his throat)  
I had a weird craving...

He turns out of the room and we hear a refrigerator open.

Puck leans on a chair still, recovering from the kiss a bit. He looks down.

Miss the Dog sits watching him, head tilted.

PUCK  
(calling into the  
kitchen)  
Uh...craving for what?

Mac reappears with arms full of cups, soda, ice cream and scoop.

MAC  
Root Beer floats.

He sets the collection down on the table and opens the ice cream.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Into it?

PUCK  
Sure!

Mac smirks and scoops large portions in each glass, followed by elaborately poured Barq's. It's presentational, peacocking.

Puck watches him, taken.

MAC

What?

Puck looks away, smirking, then sits.

PUCK

Nothing.

Mac slides him a float.

MAC

Whatever you say, boss.

He leaves to return the ice cream to the freezer, calling back.

MAC (O.S.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

So, do you prefer Dave or full David?

PUCK

Neither, really.

MAC (O.S.)

Oh yeah?

He reenters, wiping his hands on a kitchen towel that he tosses onto the table as he sits.

PUCK

Yeah, my friends call me--

MAC

(sushing)

Hup-pah-pah... Can I guess?

He leans on one elbow with jocular investigation.

Puck takes a long sip of his float, then slides it to the side and leans forward, matching Mac's tone with a smirk.

PUCK

Go for it.

A long look. Playful taps on the table. A quick sip of float. Mac slides his chair back. Miss the Dog patters around his feet as he slowly rounds the table to stand behind Puck's chair.

MAC

(quiet and sexy)

Mmm let's see.

The chair back is low, barely up to Puck's shoulder blades.

Mac slides his hands around Puck's chest, kissing the side of his neck.

MAC (CONT'D)  
There's something...

He starts unbuttoning Puck's short sleeve light denim shirt.

MAC (CONT'D)  
About you...

A kiss on the top of the head.

MAC (CONT'D)  
That I can't quite place.

A kiss on the other side of the neck. He moves to squat next to Puck, leaving his shirt two-thirds open revealing a toned and freckled torso with a few scattered tattoos.

Mac holds his hand in both of his own, kissing it and looking up at the red head's strong jaw and bright eyes.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Something...mystical.

Puck smirks. This is all equal parts cute and cheesy.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Pan?

PUCK  
As in Peter?

MAC  
And the god of nature.

PUCK  
Damn!

MAC  
Really?

PUCK  
I mean--

He ruffles Mac's hair with the hand he's been holding, tracing down his face.

MAC  
I got it?

PUCK  
Oh absolutely not, no.

MAC

Fuck.

Puck starts leaning in.

PUCK

But damn, do you look cute when you try.

MAC

Well I mean, that's what matters.

PUCK

Absolutely.

They kiss, cute and sexy. Miss Dog bounces on her hind legs around them, whimpering to be included.

After some long moments, they finally break apart and Mac stands up.

MAC

So what is it then?

PUCK

Puck.

MAC

Puck. Like from Midsummer?

PUCK

Yep.

MAC

So I'm going to wake up tomorrow with an ass's head.

PUCK

If you're lucky.

Mac resumes his seat. He takes a second of sipping down float before breaching a tougher topic.

MAC

So...in your profile I saw you have a man already.

Puck is also drinking so there's one brief beat of silence.

PUCK

Yeah, but we're open.

MAC

I assumed. Always good to check.



PUCK  
Very responsible.

MAC  
Oh yes. And responsibility is  
really... the uh...sexiest quality.

PUCK  
Ha.

The energy has been soured. Mac feels it more and runs his hands along the table, not making eye contact. Puck doesn't mind, curious to watch the bigger boy squirm for a bit.

MAC  
So what's the boyfriend like?

PUCK  
Fiancé actually.

MAC  
Oh wow congrats. Who uh...who  
proposed to whom?

PUCK  
He did. Before I came up here for  
school.

It's even worse now. Feeling fidgety, Mac picks up the dog, who licks a bit of foam out of his mustache. It's genuinely adorable and melts the awkwardness a touch.

MAC  
Well he's a very, very lucky man.

PUCK  
Thanks.

MAC  
So when are you--

PUCK  
(making purposeful eye  
contact)  
Look...You're good, handsome. You  
did your due diligence. We can  
leave the rest of the world outside  
for awhile.

Beat. Mac smiles.

MAC  
Thank god.

He stands up and peels off his tank top. He's barrel chested with only a vague abdominal outline covered in dark body hair. Vintage 80's porn sexy with a cuddly muscle-bear twist.

Swinging the shirt over one shoulder, he slurps down the rest of his float, wipes his mouth with the back of one hand while extending the other to Puck.

MAC (CONT'D)

Well come on then.

PUCK

Fuck yeah.

Puck takes the proffered hand and Mac proceeds to lead him into the adjoining bedroom.

Miss Dog attempts to follow them but the door closes just before she reaches it. She sniffs at the crack underneath, pawing and whimpering slightly.

INT. AIRBNB BEDROOM - NIGHT

A messily overflowing suitcase lies tucked under a measly side table beneath a square alley-facing window of the tiny corner bedroom.

Puck stands slightly aside taking off his shoes as Mac tosses his shirt onto the suitcases and flicks on a lamp near the bed.

MAC

You can switch off the, uh...

He gestures to the ceiling "boob" light.

MAC (CONT'D)

If you want.

Puck flips the light switch and the atmosphere resumes the warm intimacy of the table conversation.

Mac returns to where his date remains near the doorway.

He leans down slowly and gently rubs noses with Puck before kissing him. His fingers play at undoing the remaining buttons of Puck's denim button up which soon hits the floor.

The shorter boy kisses back, eyes closed. His hands slide up Mac's thick arms until they wrap around his neck.

Mac hugs Puck tight around his waist. His hand plays down the back of Puck's shorts.

Puck inhales erotically.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBNB BEDROOM - ABOUT AN HOUR LATER.

Puck falls back onto Mac's chest, both panting and sweaty, staring up at the ceiling.

MAC  
I really need to do more cardio.

PUCK  
I'd be happy to help.

Mac chortles and gently strokes Puck's shoulder with the arm that's behind Puck's neck.

There's a long breath in and out shared between the two of them. Two chests rise and two chests fall in one combined movement.

The sound of the dog scratching at the door.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
She wants in.

MAC  
Can you blame her?

Mac extricates himself to hop up and go to the door. Opening it, he bends down to scratch the eagerly butt-wagging Miss, who licks at his hands.

He picks her up, and stands topless in his undies nuzzling her chest.

MAC (CONT'D)  
(half-singing)  
"You just want attention--" Is that  
what you want? Yes is it?

It's pretty lovable, a big furball of muscle getting cutesy with a smaller furball of puppy. Puck smiles and shakes his head. Mac notices and points the dog at him.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Ooop, someone's jealous. You like  
him, Miss?

She paddles the air excitedly. He makes as if he's about to toss her onto Puck, but instead he kisses the top of her head and sets her back down.

MAC (CONT'D)

Well, we can't have him. Someone else got there first.

He gently pushes her out the door and she goes off to find food.

Puck kicks his feet over the side of the bed and reaches for socks.

PUCK

I should probably head out.

MAC

I didn't mean--

PUCK

No, I know, totally...totally.

There's a bit of an awkward silence as Puck puts on his socks and slides on his pants.

MAC

You--you didn't even really get a full Root Beer Float--

PUCK

Ah damn. I just...the last train is in like 20 mins so I should start walking.

MAC

Oh, sure sure.

Mac unconsciously folds his arms. Puck stands up, now dressed but with his shirt hanging open. He sees the restrained discomfort in Mac's face.

Puck walks up to him encouragingly. His phone, keys and wallet in one hand, he wraps the other one around Mac's waist briefly.

PUCK

You know that thing you said-- mystical something or other.

MAC

Yeah?

Puck kisses him gently.

PUCK

I see it in there too.

Puck leaves the room.

MAC  
(following)  
Well--

INT. AIRBNB APARTMENT DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Puck plops the contents of his full hand onto the table and buttons up to the middle of his chest. He has that afterglow disheveled sexy look about him.

Mac leans cutely on the bedroom doorframe, watching.

MAC  
What do you think it is?

PUCK  
I'm not sure. Genuine curiosity i  
suppose.

A beat. A smile.

MAC  
It was really good, huh?

PUCK  
(genuinely blushing a  
bit)  
Yeah, I...yeah.

But now he's all dressed and ready to go. They're running out of excuses for him to stay.

MAC  
Well, root beer for the road?

PUCK  
I'm okay. I should get coffee so I  
don't fall asleep getting back to  
school.

MAC  
Oh for sure. There's a Dunkin like  
a block that way.

He gestures vaguely, noncommittally.

A beat.

PUCK  
Well...thanks.

MAC

Anytime.

Miss comes back into the room and sniffs around Puck's feet.  
He scratches between her ears.

PUCK

Night, Miss. Don't tell your  
parents.

MAC

They're this chill bohemian couple,  
I think they'd love it.

PUCK

Cute.

A beat.

PUCK (CONT'D)

Well, bye then.

He puts his arms out for a hug.

Mack bends down and hugs him tight for a full few seconds.  
Then Puck turns and goes to the door.

MAC

Get home safe.

PUCK

For sure.

MAC

See you around.

PUCK

That'd be nice.

MAC

Someday.

PUCK

Yeah someday.

The door's open. Puck's half out of it.

MAC

Hey--

Puck stops and turns back.

MAC (CONT'D)

You know--You're better than just--

PUCK  
We shouldn't really, with my--

MAC  
Sure, right, of course. I just  
wanted you to know.

PUCK  
A different world.

MAC  
Exactly.

A beat.

PUCK  
Same.

They smile sadly at each other.

Puck nods half to himself and leaves completely, closing the door behind him.

Mac stands still looking after him.

Miss jumps up on his legs.

Mac bends down to pick her up. She licks his face. He chortles.

MAC  
Well, I still want root beer. But  
none for you, who knows if it's  
toxic.

They leave frame.

MAC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Yes, that's right none for you--

CUT TO:

INT. AIRBNB APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY.

Silence.

Puck stands outside the closed door, painfully still.

He takes a deep shaky breath, a full moment, a full sound. Then, smiling sadly he turns and heads down the stairs.

The only real sound we hear are his footsteps fading. The noise we began with.

We linger on the empty hallway with ambient noise fading back in as the credits roll slowly.

As they pass, it's as if nightlife resumes as normal. One or two people pass the hallway, the sounds of children through muffled doors.

A mournfully sweet song starts somewhere and we fade to black.

THE END.

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