

# **MANHOOD**

A Short Film about Cock

By  
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A stunning BRAZILIAN WOMAN in her early twenties, ALEXIA, sits at a table in the half-empty pub SMOKING a CIGARETTE. A compact man in his late twenties sidles up to the table.

MAX

Alex, you can't smoke in here!

She look round at the people in the pub. She gets a couple of dirty looks from a table of YOUNG WOMEN, not nearly so glamorous, and an openly LASCIVIOUS look from the slightly greasy looking barman.

ALEXIA

(Smiling at the barman)

No one cares.

She takes another drag and blows smoke at Max as he sits opposite her. He coughs.

MAX

Just put it out!

ALEXIA

Why?

Max eyes the barman, who stares back with a 'she's out of your league' look. Max DROPS his GAZE.

MAX

Please, for me.

Alexia SIGHS and drops the butt into her glass where it sizzles. She turns and SMILES at the barman.

ALEXIA

Hey, he needs a drink.

BARMAN

Then he should come and get one.

ALEXIA

(To Max)

What do you want?

MAX

I'm fine.

She TUTS at him and turns back to the barman.

ALEXIA

One lager for him. He doesn't care what kind of fizzy piss you bring.

MAX

Guinness. Pint of Guinness.

BARMAN  
(Slightly aggressive)  
I don't do table service ... mate.

Alexia turns back to the barman.

ALEXIA  
For me?

The barman RAISES an EYEBROW. Alexia turns back to Max.

ALEXIA (CONT'D)  
So ... I'm breaking with you. It's not  
you, it's my vagina. It's too deep for  
you.

Max BLINKS as this bit of information refuses to sink in.

MAX  
What?

ALEXIA  
(Not listening)  
I like you. You're funny and cute, but  
we're just not compatible sexually and  
that is very important to me. I'm not  
like English women. I need to be  
satisfied and we just ... don't fit. It's  
life.

She lights a new cigarette.

MAX  
It's ... hang on ... so, you're saying we  
want different things out of sex?

ALEXIA  
No, we want the same thing, orgasms, but  
we just don't get them. You try very  
hard, but we don't fit. You know ...

She MIMES fucking using her cigarette as a penis and her  
thumb and forefinger as a vagina.

ALEXIA (CONT'D)  
... my vagina is too deep.

MAX  
Are you telling me you're too ... big?

ALEXIA  
I don't think so. I never had this  
problem before. But, you know, I have  
nothing to compare myself to.

Max BLINKS again as he struggles to fight the impending  
horror.

MAX

Then ...

He pauses, struggling to say the words. At that exact moment the barman arrives with his beer.

ALEXIA

You're just too small for me ...  
sexually.

She SMILES at him. Max JERKS as if he's been hit with an ELECTRIC SHOCK. A SHADOW falls over them from the LOOMING barman.

Max glances at the presence to his left and finds himself gazing eye to crotch with the barman's clearly well-stuffed jeans.

Max hurriedly LOOKS AWAY and finds himself staring at the table of YOUNG WOMEN.

They stare back.

One looks away to hide her SMIRK, one gazes at him open-mouthed and the last woman gives him a PITYING SMILE. The barman's voice CUTS IN from above his BULGING CROTCH.

BARMAN

(To Alexia)

Can I get you anything?

The barman, his face out of shot, reaches down and UNZIPS HIMSELF.

MAX

NO!

CUT TO:

2

**INT. THE PUB - THE BLINK OF AN EYE LATER**

2

Max BLINKS and finds himself STANDING by the table. Alexia STARES up at him, smoke DRIBBLING from her nostrils. The barman, his cock very clearly still firmly ZIPPED, also stares at Max. The table of YOUNG WOMEN stare at him, most of them laughing at him due to his OUTBURST, except for the PITYING woman.

ALEXIA

I knew you'd act like this. So ... so,  
*English.*

She STANDS, crosses to him and KISSES him on each cheek, Brazilian style.

ALEXIA (CONT'D)  
 Você foi divertido.

She gazes at him. Deeply, slightly sadly and overall BRIEFLY, before turning and walking from the pub. Max SINKS into his chair as he watches her hips ROLLING as she walks away from him and out of his life. Slowly, he becomes aware that the barman is still stood next to him.

BARMAN  
 Can I get her number?

MAX  
 Fuck off.

3

**INT. PUB - LATER**

3

Max's table is covered in EMPTY PINT GLASSES and he's moved onto shots. He's extremely DRUNK. He glances over at the table of women.

The pitying woman isn't there.

Max looks around blearily as the room gently rotates around him and spots her at the bar. He accidentally makes EYE CONTACT with her in the mirror over the bar.

He LOOKS AWAY.

When he looks up she's facing him, a tray of drinks in her hands. She takes a step towards him and Max BOLTS for the toilet.

Due to his drunkenness getting to the toilet is much like crossing an ever shifting obstacle course, where up and down and left and right seem to shift arbitrarily.

The pitying woman LOOMS in front of him and he dodges aside so as not to collide with her. This brings a CHAIR and a TABLE into his orbit that he struggles with mightily before being bested by it and TUMBLING to the floor.

The pitying woman, the barman and the table of laughing women watch incredulously as Max ROLLS like an 80's action star and somehow winds up back on his feet as the room SPINS around him.

He PUNCHES the AIR in triumph as he reaches the toilet door and plunges through it into ...

Max STAGGERS to the long steel pissing trough, which seems to extend into infinity as he looks down it's unending length. He fumbles with his fly and plunges a HAND inside, searching for his cock.

MAX

We always knew this day would come.

Relief spreads across Max's face as the sound of PISS hitting the STEEL TROUGH echoes.

MAX (CONT'D)

At least you're still good for one thing.

A small VOICE echoes from Max's nethers.

PENIS

I yam what I yam.

Max blearily looks down at his penis, which, thankfully, remains OFF SCREEN.

MAX

What?

His penis, which is, of course, called POPEYE and has the voice to match, speaks up again LOUDER.

POPEYE THE PENIS

I yam what I yam, an' that's all what I yam!

(Laughing)

Ug ug ug!

MAX

What you 'yam' is not much and that's the problem, Popeye. You an' me need to talk.

POPEYE THE PENIS

Well, blow me down.

MAX

No-ones likely to blow you anytime soon dickhead ... what are we gonna do?

POPEYE THE PENIS

I yam what I yam.

MAX

Yeah, you said, but I need you to be more.

POPEYE THE PENIS

I ought'a bust you right in the mouth!

MAX  
I'm terrified.

POPEYE THE PENIS  
I'm strong to the finish cause I eats me  
spinach!

Max stuffs 'Popeye' back in his trousers.

MAX  
Moron.

He stumbles from the bathroom.

5           **INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS**

5

He stumbles back into the room, which is still spinning, but not quite as much as before. He reels across the room and, quite to his surprise, he finds himself stood in front of the table of laughing women.

The pitying woman stares up at him and smiles.

PITYING WOMAN  
You're a bit drunk.

One of the women GLARES at Max.

GLARING WOMAN  
Don't talk to 'im, Donna.

The third women SMIRKS at Max.

SMIRKING WOMAN  
(To Max)  
Yeah, piss off, dickless.

A muffled VOICE pipes up from Max's crotch.

POPEYE THE PENIS  
I have had all I can stands! I can't  
stands no more!

The women lurch back as Max GRABS his crotch in  
embarrassment.

MAX  
Ignore him!

DONNA  
Who?

MAX  
My cock. He's upset.

The two other women BURST out laughing as a MEATY HAND descends on Max's shoulder. It's the barman and he's not happy.

BARMAN

Put it away before something pecks it!

Max, drunk, disorientated and confused is PROPELLED backwards by the barman and out the door of the pub as Donna jumps to her feet and accelerates after him.

DONNA

He didn't flash us!

'CHELLE

Yes he did, we just didn't notice!

Donna's two friend COLLAPSE in gales of laughter as Max looks up to see a GIANT FIST flying towards him.

STARS.

CUT TO:

6 BLACK.

6

7 INT. MAX'S FLAT/BEDROOM - DAY

7

Max's EYES slowly open; one is BLACKENED EYE and his lip is split. He looks like a man who's slept in an ashtray. He sits up very carefully as doing so too recklessly would no doubt make his head fall from his shoulders and shatter on the floor.

MAX

Ow.

He stumbles out of bed. He's naked save for his SOCKS, which are BLACK. He stops in front of a full length mirror and gazes at himself.

Inevitably his gaze is dragged DOWN to his crotch, which is, mercifully, off-screen, but the disappointed look on his face tells us everything we need to know.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hiding this morning, Popeye? You look like a boiled sweet in a baby's sock.

Silence.

MAX (CONT'D)

Come on, say something! Defend yourself!

More silence.

Max flops back on the bed, exhausted and stares blankly up at the ceiling.

A SHADOW falls over him. Max looks down and sees Donna wearing a LONG T-SHIRT stood at the end of the bed clutching a cup of tea.

DONNA  
You're out of milk.

Max SQUEALS in horror and immediately curls up into a foetal ball, hiding his crotch from view.

MAX  
I'm naked!

Donna sips her tea as he tries to bury himself in the bed.

DONNA  
You weren't so bashful last night.

Max stops dead and looks back at her.

MAX  
Did we ...

DONNA  
I undressed you.

MAX  
Oh.

DONNA  
He's really not that small.

Max winces. Donna grins, puts her tea down and starts to pull her T-Shirt off.

MAX  
(Slightly panicked)  
What are you doing?

Her T-shirt hits him in the face.

DONNA  
(Off-screen)  
Proving it.

A familiar voice cuts in, singing.

POPEYE THE PENIS  
I'm strong to the finish 'cause I eats me  
spinach, I'm Popeye the Penis, man!

**FADE TO BLACK.**