

**2 AM. Channel 69 Late Show. Masterslave Theater (CC) ★★★★★Buck's Bunkhouse-Drama**

Outlaw cowboy Buck Foucault (Buck Ford) discovers “what you’re looking for is looking for you” when he meets existential Rancher (Bob Nevada) who changes Buck’s mind about serving—as all men must—the Ultimate Master.



# BUCK'S BUNKHOUSE DISCIPLINE THE SCREENPLAY

## TWO CHARACTERS: BUCK AND THE RANCHER

**BUCK FOUCAULT** is a cowboy, 32, roving from ranch job to ranch job. He is good-looking and hung big so most men come on to him to admire him, but he wants more. He smokes big cigars and is attractively masculine. He wears brown leather chaps, an outback range slicker, roping gloves, and cowboy boots. He has Buffalo-Bill-length blond hair, a rugged blond beard, and a very hairy chest and belly. His blue eyes are slightly walleyed giving him a shifty look—something like a secret cocksucker who works ranches to prowl the bunkhouses in search of cowboy ass to eat. When he isn't a top hand, he doesn't mind a good bunkhouse rape of his hole by a gang of cowboys. His secret is that his nipples seduce him when men work them and he can't help himself begging for sex.

Besides the smell and feel of leather, and some really sweaty dirty sex, Buck has a weakness for cowboys and ranchers who tie him up, put a noose around his neck, and make him beg for sex.

**THE RANCHER** manages his own spread with emphasis on *corporal punishment*. He's mid-forties, bearded, a very disciplined loner who hires his cowboys for the actual work they can do by day—and the kind of hard-brawling balling they can do by night. He smells like a man packing a long, thick, uncut dick veined with veins as big as the veins on the backs of his big meaty hands. Showers are on Saturday nights. He runs a tight bunkhouse where the sweaty hands sleep in their stained longjohns—after many a good night of telling tall tales of their sexploits. They horse around daring each other in their cowboy gear to sniff pits, eat butt, suck cock, and fuck ass over a special brown leather Flannery Saddle. He travels twice a year to rustle up a cache of big seegars he himself smokes and gives out to his cowboy crew. He runs his ranch with the kind of corporal discipline it takes to make wild cowboy vagrants toe the line. His past is mysterious with a suggestion he knows the “real” rumors of Texas Aggies' initiations. He wears a thick black beard, maybe to mask his face, because he's got an outlaw cast to his eyes which are very intense. Cowboys who work for him may move on, but most of them come back to visit him, to get just one more taste of his man-to-man discipline they can't live without. Only two or three of such drifting cowboys have never been seen again. He wears tight jeans, a red shirt, and a cowboy hat on which he smears the cum of the cowboys he ties up, disciplines,

and milks sometimes by hand and sometimes by a specially adapted stainless steel milking machine that knows no mercy. He is one of a secret group of rancher sadists all over the west who are, some bunkhouse trail-talk says, more interested in the cowboys they herd than the cattle they herd.

**EXTERIOR. PALM DRIVE RANCH. THE BARBED WIRE FENCE LINE. A SPRING AFTERNOON.**

**LONG SHOT** begins on Buck in full cowboy gear and black cowboy hat, walking the barbed wire fence line, carrying his .22 rifle. The **CAMERA TIGHTENS SHOT** as Buck approaches the camera and spits. The **SOUND** is of a lonesome cowboy singing, "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," then blends to the natural sound of the wind. Buck leans against the fence, puts the butt of his rifle in his bulging crotch, and strokes his gun barrel with his gloved hand, erotic, slow, obviously thinking bad thoughts about what he intends to pull off in the bunkhouse of his new job. He spits heavy and works his sexy mouth. His walleyed baby blues stare into the **CAMERA CLOSE SHOT** that registers him as the kind of a cowboy men would gladly buy a shot of whiskey in some two-stepping bar.

**LONG SHOT. CAMERA SHOOTING UP HILL INTO SUNLIGHT THAT TURNS BUCK INTO AN ALMOST FANTASY SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE BRIGHT SKY.** Buck walks his bowlegged cowboy walk, rifle on his shoulder, long slicker coat flapping around his legs until he strides strongly by the **CAMERA**.

**MEDIUM SHOT. WOODPILE UNDER THE PINE TREES.** Buck sets himself down, works his rifle, puffs on his big cigar, and pounds on his bulging blue-jean crotch repeatedly anticipating the rough-and-tumble cowboy sex he wanders the west to find. **CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA** moves around Buck, sucking up the size of his big blond build. **SERIES of CUTS** to eat up his beard, his eyes, his Brad Pitt lips, his big shoulders. He takes off his black cowboy hat, so the **CAMERA**, *moving like the viewer's eye*, can **nose** in through his blue cigar smoke and sniff his medium-long blond hair and get a whiff of his sweat-soaked pits and crotch and butt crack. He's so ready for sex, he hits his cigar with a hunger most men reserve for cock.

**LONG SHOT.** Buck leans against a tree pulling open his buttonflys. **CAMERA ZOOMS** in **TIGHT** as he works his big cock out of his jeans. His big dick is rooted in blond hair and the shaft, wrapped with thick cords of veins glows almost translucent red, the mushroom head already engorged.

**EXTERIOR MEDIUM SHOT THROUGH WINDOW INTO INTERIOR OF BUNKHOUSE.** The desert range is reflected in the glass and through the reflection the **CAMERA** sees Buck sitting, framed by the window, like a voyeur's dream of a sex portrait—which is the key to this screenplay. In exquisite profile, he is smoking his huge cigar and his big penis stands up in rampant display. The **CAMERA ZOOMS CLOSER** for a first look at his cowboy meat. He is alone and turning on to sweaty sex smells of the bunkhouse.

**INTERIOR BUNKHOUSE. MEDIUM SHOT** of Buck who has stripped off his high plains drifter coat. His balls are tied up with rawhide. They are big bull balls and his 9-inch-plus dick stands thick and tall. **CLOSE SHOT.** Buck's blue eyes fix intensely in mid sex-space as he sniffs the smells of the cowboys who have orgied in these rooms. Afternoon light streams in over him from his right. The **CAMERA** pulls back to **MEDIUM SHOT** for a **PROLONGED TAKE** of Buck who begins to speak in that kind of hypnotic sex drawl that flows from his mouth like rivers of cum from a dick head. He is masturbating rhythmically as he speaks and the **CAMERA** alternates **MEDIUM** and **CLOSE SHOTS** of his face, dick, and leather-tied balls. His cowboy boots are spread wide and his legs are wrapped tight in leather chaps. At times, the **CAMERA** moves up and down his body like a nose sniffing, like a tongue licking. He speaks his soliloquy to the "ideal" young cowboy he plans to rope and top and fuck come sundown when the ranch hands return.

**BUCK**

*(Speaking in a hypnotic sex rap of rising  
lust while jerking off with increasing in-  
tensity)*

You can bet I'm gonna lay your ass across  
a big bale of hay and fuck your butt. See  
how a cowboy rides. You know you want  
it, pig. Fuckin slidin my dick inside and  
out of your fuckin fuckhole. Fuckin pile-  
drive your backside and get the rest of your  
buddies, my buddies, in the bunkhouse,

man, yeah! Fuckin pass you around, man, like a fuckin bunkhouse bitch, man. Gonna stretch your bunghole open wide and ready for us whenever we want, man. Yeah, pig! Have you on your fuckin knees, licking trail dust off my boots, all the way up inside my filthy chaps. Clean it, man. Fuckin lather up your tongue with the dirt all over my boots. Shove my cock down your fuckin throat, ram-slidin down your throat, shootin my load of scum right down your throat. Movin you on to my next buddy cuz I wanna see a smile on his face. You fuckin suckin his stench. We all hit the hay, layin in our bunks, pullin out our dicks, man. You sittin on the floor. Us kick-in back. Big old cigars stickin out of our mouths, smoke curlin up through our staches and beards. Reach down an grab you by your hair and pull you up and choke you with my stenchy socks tied noose tight around your neck and cram my big horse dick down your throat. Then take a horse bit, man, a metal horse bit with leather reins and stick it in your mouth. Then we hog-tie you, piss on you, throw you in the corner and make you sleep all night while we just laugh pullin our dicks, not lettin you cum till we stick a pistol in your mouth an make you shoot off before we pull the trigger. Yeah, boy. You gonna be our bunkhouse scum boy. Take one after the other

up your bung hole while that fuckin Rancher's poundin postholes down your fuckin throat. Fuckin slam into your sweet little butthole, pardner. Yeah, pig. You know you want it. Fuckin spread those legs for me. Fuckin slimy shit chute. Slammin my big ol dick inside, fuckin pound it, watchin you squirm and squeal. All them cowpokes ridin slapsaddle sittin on your face, makin you lick their buttholes, and findin after three days' ranchin them shit chutes ain't so fresh. You eat ass while I fuckin fuck you. Smell that stench, man. You eatin out cowboy peanut butter. Dry and crunchy hair in them cracks full of dingleberries. Chow down on that cowboy hole. You know you want to eat out them studs. Chewin on their butts. Get em nice and clean, comin over, and squattin square on your face, bud. *YeeHA!* Till you clean every fuckin shit hole in this here bunkhouse. Clean it up nice. You ain't spent a night till you spent a night with a bunch of hands in a bunkhouse. You'll crawl out all saddle-sore swearin all them trail stories are sure as shit true. Then you gonna watch. I can't wait to poke my dick up inside plenty of cowboy butt. Grabbin those hairy chests and twistin the leather hell outa them hard cowboy nipples. Man, you ain't seen no rodeo till you see a couple of cowboys fuckin each other's lights out. Fuckin

sweat and slime that drips between you.  
Stenchy piss, man. Savin that sweat and  
scum for days for sweet lickin.

**CLOSE SHOT** as Buck pulls out a big hunting knife and teases its point and blade across first one of his tits and then the other, moving the blade down and scraping his tied-off purple bull balls with the cold steel, running the sharp cutting edge up and down his big dick, alternating the knife in his crotch, on his hairy belly, hairy chest, and twin tits. He shows off what he plans to do when he catches up to his cowboy fuck, but, what is interesting in a **TIGHT SHOT** of his face, is his passionate intensity for hard-riding mansex, and the **CAMERA** reveals that Buck—interestingly changing character the way some top men sometimes do—maybe gets turned on torturing himself like some fretsome cowboy sitting alone up in his room over a saloon where the action is more cards than the fists, whiskey-cigar sex, and rough stuff he wants. **CLOSE UP** of Buck's face. He fires up another big cigar. **CAMERA** pulls back **MEDIUM CLOSE** to reveal a *large hunting knife* in his hand.

## BUCK

Soon enough, I'll be scrapin your tits and belly, man. First, I'm gonna show you how I skin my cock and pull this cold blade across my cockhead. You know you want it. I want it. All them fuckin cowboys want it. Fuckin bunkhouse buddies gettin nasty with each other. Stripped



down to nothin but our leathers. Nothin like the sound of chaps slappin ass. Leather slappin your ass, man. Filthy leathers. Cowboy boots that stink. Take a piss in one of them boots man and stick your face in and tip your head back makin you drink the piss and sweat and salt in that broken-in leather cowboy boot. Take some horse tack, man, and strap that boot to your face, wrap it around the back of your head. Keep your face shoved in that cowboy boot. All us guys blowing thick blue cigar smoke, makin you choke on it inside that boot till you puke. Then tie you spread-eagle on the floor and shove our boots into your balls. After a couple hours of discipline of your face inside that boot, I come over and unstrap you to feed you my raunchy butt. Shee-it. Feast down on it. Chew on the blond hair in my butthole. I kick back and make you eat it. Yeah, pig!

**MEDIUM SHOT** as Buck picks up horse bit and puts it in his own mouth, hitting his teeth, biting down, the reins wrapped around his hand. He pants heavily. The knife has scraped his dickhead to the sensitive side of raw, and he's ready to ride. The **CAMERA PANS SLOWLY** up from his balls and dick, across his forearms covered with blond hair, up across the tit clamps chained together tit to tit, up to his bearded face with the horse bit between his teeth. He shoves his big cigar in his mouth through the horse bit, so he is virtually gagged.

**BUCK**

*(Driving himself)*

Smoke it, fucker! Smoke it! That's it! Puff it!

Buck's face reddens with passion. Blue smoke surrounds his mouth, his nose, and hangs in his beard. He pulls on the tit clamps. He bites down on the steel bit. His passion is rising. His eyes go out of focus. *This is a sex movie and he does what a sex star does best: he rides out of the script to ad-lib his own passion. He's riding into the dream of his own wild fantasy.* Ten times harder, he yanks on his tits, bites the horse bit, smokes his stogie. His huge dick throbs. He strokes the shaft harder. His dick is two hands tall. Between the horse bit and the cigar in his mouth, he is on to the driven, *rising passion of RODEO SEX where the cowboy becomes the horse!*

**BUCK**

Ride it, cowboy. Ride it! You're comin right out of the chute! You got the bit in your mouth, the bridle pullin your head back, them spurs of that cowboy's boots diggin into your sides.

The **CAMERA PULLS BACK** to a **FULL** torso **SHOT** capturing Buck's auto-torture ecstasy.

**BUCK CUMS**, shoots his load, moaning, white plumes of cum, hot seed, cattle sperm, runs down his hand.

The **CAMERA ZOOMS** into **CLOSE SHOT** of his spasming dick, then **CUTS UP** to his face, and **HOLDS**, then **PULLS BACK** to a head and crotch shot. Buck sways with passion. *Cum is everywhere!* He's moaning, breathing heavy. The tit clamps remain in place. He bites heavy onto the bit with the big cigar, both still in his mouth, his head wreathed with a cloud of cigar smoke very blue in the afternoon sunset pouring in through the bunkhouse window. Drool runs out of his mouth. Sperm-drool continues to erupt from his swollen penis with his balls tied off tight as a calf's nuts at a castration roundup.

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**SAME INTERIOR BUNKHOUSE. SAME AFTER-NOON. SLIGHTLY LATER.** Buck sits mounted on a big saddle. A rope harness is bound tight around his chest, pecs, and tits, and part of the rope is tied around his throat and neck—suitable for suspension or hanging. His big blond dick, hard again, stands taller than the big saddle horn. A brown leather armband circles his left bicep. He obviously cannot control himself. He tweaks his nipples, groans, smokes another huge cigar, spits drool on his dick. Once again he's the castrating cowboy scraping his balls and cock, sticking the tip of his knife point into his nipples. The **CAMERA PANS UP AND DOWN** his action. Then the **CAMERA CUTS TO** Buck's butt on the saddle revealing the tightness of the rope harness. **REVERSE SHOT** of Buck's chest with tits clamped tied together and pulled upward toward the ceiling of the

bunkhouse by a very heavy rope suitable for a lynching. An ominous feeling builds in Buck's face and voice as *he begins (as all men must) to suffer in earnest for some master he has yet to meet, but knows he must please through such preparations to readiness.*

## BUCK

Fuckin rippin off my own tits. Aaaaugh!  
Jerkin my meat. Hurtin so good. Fuckin  
hangin by my tits from the bunkhouse  
roof, man, yeah, the pain!

**CLOSE SHOT** of rope harness constricting his big chest and shoulders. He's tied up now. He's strung together in a kind of *torturous bondage*. **CLOSE UP** of face. **MEDIUM SHOT** of face and chest. He raises his hand and pulls tension on the rope stretching his tit clamps up. He rocks in renewed ecstasy on the big saddle. *Is he the cowboy or the horse? He has become ambiguous.* He is no longer the aggressive top. *He has finally metamorphosed. His secret is revealed.* He has become a very aggressive bottom starving to be worked over when the cowboys ride home. His two-fisted cock sticks straight up.

## BUCK

Gettin taken back to the fuckin bunkhouse. Gettin gang raped. All fuckin night by all them cowboy dicks. Dirty, fuckin dirty uncut pricks. Them ridin up deep inside my ass and one after the other down my throat.

**CLOSE UP** as *Buck's face and mouth contort in the ec-static agony of pleasure-torture.*

**BUCK**

Fuckin balls bangin on my nose. All them scummy ranch hands. A big 250-pound cattleman's butt comin out and sittin on my face. Hey, spread those shit-chute cheeks and set your butt straight down on my face, wipin your butt on my stache and beard. I'll fuckin clean it out, man, fuckin stench, filth, slime. All the time with another big cowboy up my ass, fuckin poundin me deep. Yeah, uh-huh. Pile drive my ass, yeah, fuckin rapin me, yeah, rapin my blond hairy asshole. Throw your weight into me, man. Grab my head, fuckin me with your big uncut filthy bull dick. Rape my ass. Rape it, man. Fuckin horse bit tied tight in my mouth. Pull back on the reins, chokin me, breakin my neck, banging your balls against me. Slappin my butt. Chokin me. Give it to me, man. Gimme that fuckin scum and make me eat it in pain! Rape me. Yeah. (*Begs.*) Yeah, man. Rape me. Give it to me good. Fuckin tear up my insides with that big horse dick of yours. Empty those big balls into me. Shoot your scum deep inside my ass, that fuckin cowboy scum. I'm beggin you, man, to fuckin rape me.

**CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT** of Buck in same situation but with a look of sudden apprehension on his face. **THE RANCHER** walks into the **FRAME** and stands facing profile into Buck. He wears a red shirt. A can of Skoal is outlined in his butt pocket. He smokes a big cigar, bigger than Buck's. **CLOSE UP** of Buck's surprised face. **MEDIUM SHOT**. The Rancher takes Buck's nipples in both his hands.

### **RANCHER**

Put your cigar in your mouth, son, and smoke it....That's a good little wrangler. I'm takin your tits, boy. They been clamped. They gonna be clamped again. Beat your meat. I want you in pain. This is my ranch, my bunkhouse, and you're a piece of range trash that drifted in here without much invitation. Rock your ass. Feel that big saddle between your legs, bouncin up against your butt in those chaps, bouncin up against your blond balls. You seem to be where you wanna be—in a fuckin bunkhouse and you're gonna get worked over, beat up, and raped. Hog-tied, huh? Rub that big dick. Hog-tied in the fuckin stinkin bunkhouse. I'm gonna fuckin hurt you. I'm gonna spend some time workin your tits cuz your tits make you crazy enough to want more and more till you maybe can't stand it anymore. Just

me and a couple of my boys takin your sorry ass, working your great big tits, checkin your butt with our fists, force-feedin you—shit, yeah—cigar! Chokin you, man, gonna enjoy fuckin lynchin you, hangin you high, stretchin your neck. (Rancher puts both hands around Buck's throat. *Buck's eyes grow wide. He gets that look a man gets when his reason is overcome with his passion.*) Gonna take you, change you, make you the bunkhouse slave. You like me twisting your tits so nice and easy till I torture em real hard.

**BUCK**

Sir! Spread your cheeks and step across my face and stick my face inside your hairy cheesy ass. My whole face buried.

**RANCHER**

(Slapping Buck's face rhythmically)

Fuckin good ranch hand, keepin our assholes clean. (Slap) You be our fuckin out-house, our trail toilet. (Slap) Cleanin up our boots and our socks we wipe our cum with, cleanin up our cumsocks with your tongue. (Slap) Pullin our wet wool socks over your face. Flickin our toe jam into your mouth open like a shootin target. (Slap) I'm gonna fuckin put that stogie

permanent in your face. Tie that stogie  
into your mouth and smoke your fuckin  
hide. (Left slap. Right slap. Slug. Slug.  
Slug.)

**CHANGE ANGLE. MEDIUM SHOT.** Rancher rubs hot ash of his cigar on Buck's engorged cock while Buck, hypnotized by his captor, smokes his cigar. This **SEQUENCE** includes intense tit work capped with Buck feeling himself be lynched by the Rancher, strung up, sitting for all the ranchers and cowboys to see, sitting naked in a saddle, straddling the nervous stallion, feeling the noose pull on his neck, knowing he's about to be hanged, hung by the neck, and his dick stands up bright in the afternoon sun and taller than the saddle. The Rancher gets very serious with the cowboy.

### **RANCHER**

Puttin this big fuckin rope around your neck, man. Gonna hang you up, stretch your neck. All them cowboys standin around in a circle watchin you hang there by your fuckin neck. Playin with your tits, makin your tits want that rope around your fuckin neck. I wanna hear you moan when I put these big ranch clamps on your nipples. Fuckin clamps chained together give me a good grip to pull your reins.



**BUCK**

Yeah. Oh, yeah. String me up, man. Work my fuckin tits. Use my face and butthole.

**CLOSE UP** of Buck shouting. **PAN DOWN** to cigar ash on clamped nipples. **PAN UP** to Buck's face. Rancher takes the cigar from Buck's mouth, and from his own mouth, and shoves both cigars together into Buck's mouth held open with the metal bit. **CAMERA MONTAGE** of Buck begging the Rancher who works the cowboy over thoroughly, savaging his tits, roping his neck, popping the bit between Buck's perfect white teeth, taking the cigars, and blowing smoke into Buck's open and very willing humidor mouth. Much mouth-to-mouth cigar re-breathing and breath control. The Rancher runs the rowels of a prized silver spur across Buck's chest, nipples, and mouth. **CLOSE SHOT INSERT** of Buck's blue eyes on the cusp of freak-out passion. Buck pants. Drool drips from his mouth held wide open by the horse bit and bridle. **MEDIUM ROVING SHOT SEQUENCE** of Rancher pulling reins to Buck's mouth with chain between tit clamps up over the reins so Buck can be double-driven and broken like a horse with a tender mouth. Blue clouds of cigar smoke float around Buck's head as he jerks his big meat wildly, pushing his balls up against the Flannery saddle horn. Buck begs for more. The Rancher takes the reins which run straight from Buck's mouth to under the **CAMERA** in **MEDIUM SHOT**. *Buck wants more as much as he needs more.*

## RANCHER

We gonna finish you off with a little neck-tie party.

**MEDIUM SHOT** as once again the rope is tied around Buck's neck, tightened, and he exhibits all the sensation of a man hanging in the smoke-filled bunkhouse. **CLOSE SHOT** as his **big dick shoots!** **CAMERA TILT UP TO MEDIUM SHOT** of Buck's blond face exploding red with orgasm. The Rancher eases his horse-cowboy down. Buck pants in exhausted satisfaction. **CLOSE UP** of cum dripping down Buck's brown leather chaps. **CLOSE UP** of Rancher smiling, *greasing up his big fist*. **CLOSE UP** of Buck's face, surprised, begging both for mercy and for more. Then follows the initial **SOUND** of the hard fucking of Buck's bunkhouse discipline. **SOUND MIX** includes background pickup of "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie."

## FADE OUT

A Palm Drive Video Production

***Buck's Bunkhouse***

Written and Directed by Jack Fritscher

Produced and Edited by Mark Hemry

Starring Buck Ford and Bob Nevada

Feature running time: 60 minutes