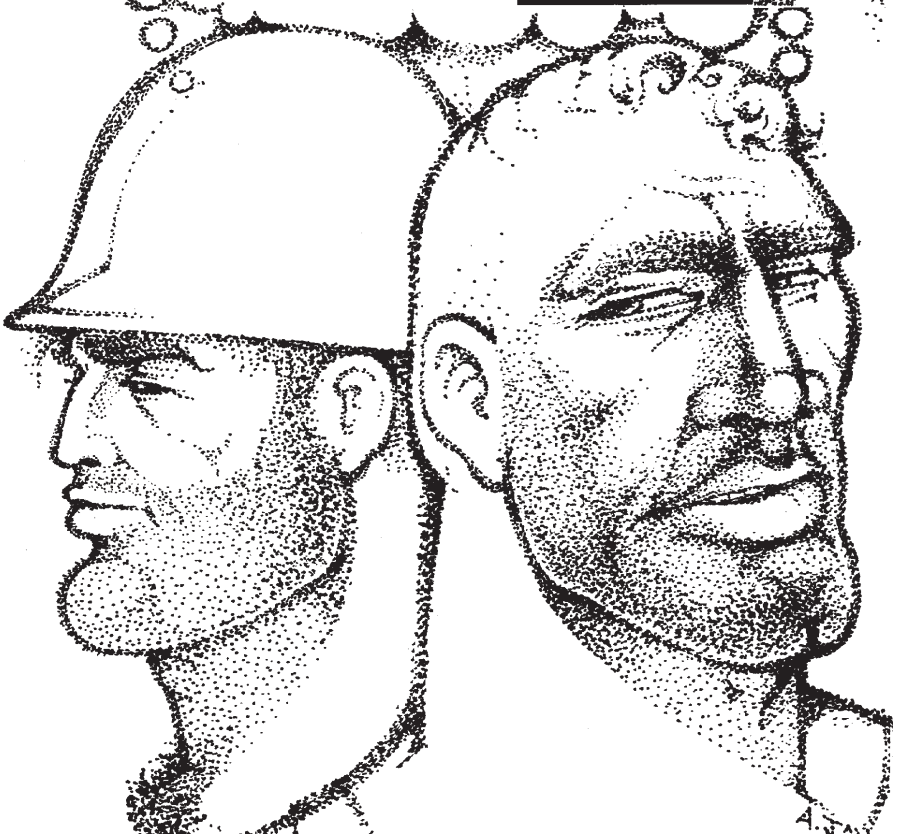


# **Corporal In Charge Of Taking Care Of Captain O'Malley**



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**Performance Art Screenplay...**

**CORPORAL IN CHARGE  
OF TAKING CARE  
OF CAPTAIN O'MALLEY**

*Interior: Night. Wardroom of USMC Barracks. CORPORAL POWELL, 22, powerfully built and hung, lies stretched back in a bunk, his booted feet spread wide, his USMC fatigues dropped down around his calves. He jerks his cock in close-up as the scene opens. At the SOUND OF KNOCKING, CORPORAL POWELL is joined by CAPTAIN O'MALLEY, his superior officer. CAPTAIN O'MALLEY is 32, handsome, husky, muscled, and very well hung. O'MALLEY is a Marine career man who knows exactly what he wants and, more exactly, how to get it.*

POWELL: *(Softly, jerking himself)* Ahhh, sucking those guys off today. Jesus. In the fucking john. Ahhh. I been thinking about Weiser for a long time, man, uhohhh, fucking Goddamn, ohh. *(Loud knock at door)* Who is it?

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley.

POWELL: *(To himself)* Captain! Oh God. the Captain! *(Out loud)* Just a second. *(More loud knocking)* Yessir!

O'MALLEY: What's going on in there, Corporal?

*(POWELL opens the door)*

POWELL: Captain O'Malley, *Sir*; yessir.

O'MALLEY: Why do you have the door closed when the barracks is empty?

POWELL: I don't know, *Sir*. I usually just close the door, *Sir*.

O'MALLEY: At ease, Corporal.

POWELL: Thank you, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Have a seat.

POWELL: Thank you, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal Powell, are you surprised to see me today?

POWELL: Yessir. You're not usually here at night, Sir.

O'MALLEY: I came to talk to you about something I received in my office today.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: I have a report on you from the Colonel.

POWELL: Sir?

*(Long pause as CAPTAIN O'MALLEY circles around CORPORAL POWELL)*

O'MALLEY: The report says that you've been hanging out in the latrine. You hear me? *Hanging out in the Latrine, Corporal! Corporal Powell . . .*

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: And sucking cock in the latrine, Corporal Powell.

POWELL: Uhhh.

O'MALLEY: Corporal Powell, speak to me when I talk to you. I'm your Captain.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Captain.

POWELL: Yessir, Captain, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Are you a cocksucker?

*(Long pause)*

POWELL: Uhhh, nossir, I ahhhh, I've sucked a few, Sir, but . . . I'm not . . .

O'MALLEY: You're not a faggot?

POWELL: Nossir, nossir.

O'MALLEY: That's good news. But I'm a little disturbed about the report. The Colonel wants me to report back to him on this. So that's why I came to see you.

POWELL: Sir, I don't want to get kicked out of the Marine Corps, Sir. I love the Marine Corps, Sir, and the Honor Guard.

O'MALLEY: You'd better love the Marine Corps, you fucking jarhead.

POWELL: I do, Sir.

O'MALLEY: But you're a cocksucker. You been sucking Marine cock . . .

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You suck only Marine cock?

POWELL: Yessir.

(CAPTAIN O'MALLEY *studies* CORPORAL POWELL up and down)

O'MALLEY: I think I'll keep this report locked in my desk and not pass it back to the Colonel. You understand, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: *Yessir*.

O'MALLEY: I expect to get something out of this.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: I expect to get something out of this. Do you read me, Corporal?

POWELL: Not exactly, Sir.

O'MALLEY: I want you to suck my cock.

POWELL: Your cock, Sir?

O'MALLEY: *My* cock. The captain's cock. You see that thing hanging down in the pants?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: The pantsleg?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You see that big fucking cock through there?

POWELL: Yes, Captain.

O'MALLEY: You think you can suck that big piece of meat?

POWELL: Yes, yessir.

O'MALLEY: You better check it out. You better take it out of my pants. You better take a good look at it. (CORPORAL POWELL *kneels and unbuttons* CAPTAIN O'MALLEY 's fly) You like the Captain's cock?

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Captain's Marine cock?

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Alright, Corporal. Wrap your lips around the head of that big dick.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: See what you can do. (POWELL *makes sucking and moaning sounds*) Suck that thing right. Get down on it

and swallow that thing. Swallow that fucking Captain's cock. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY *slaps* CORPORAL POWELL) *Eat it!*

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: I didn't hear you.

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Captain wants a good blowjob.... The Captain wants a good blowjob, you fuckin'.... Corporal Cocksucker, suck that big prick, Corporal. Corporal Powell, suck it. Uhhmm.

POWELL: (*Choking sounds*)

O'MALLEY: The Captain likes the Corporal's mouth wrapped around his big prick. You hear that?

POWELL: Yessir!

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley likes that big cock going in your mouth, sucking me off. Yeah, suck that big cock, Corporal. Come on, Corporal Powell. Come on, Corporal Powell, suck that big fuckin' cock, that big fuckin' Marine cock, slidin' up and in your mouth. (POWELL *sucks harder*) Yes, you like that don't you? (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY *slaps* CORPORAL POWELL) Speak when I talk to you.

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Alright, suck. Big fuckin' Marine cock. You got yourself a big fuckin' Marine cock now. No little.... You got yourself a man's cock. Yeah Ahhhnn. The Captain's gettin' hot. The Captain's gettin' hot. Ummm. The Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot. (*Aggressive face-fucking*) The Captain's goin' to shoot a big load of cum in your mouth, Corporal Powell. *You hear me?*

POWELL: (*Choking sounds*)

O'MALLEY: You want a big load of cum? The Captain's cum?

POWELL: *Yessir..*

O'MALLEY: *Talk to me.* Want a big load of cum, Captain's cum?

POWELL: Yes, Captain.

O'MALLEY: *Suck that big dick....* Ahhh, a fucking good cocksucker. Uhhmm, the Captain's getting hotter. The Captain's getting hotter. The Captain's getting real hot. Ohhh, the Captain's going to shoot a big load. Ohhh, *Ohhhhh. Ohgawdd. Take that cum, Corporal. Take that cum, Corporal. Take that cum and swallow it.* Swallow that cum, Corporal. Come on,

Corporal Powell. Swallow it. Drain it all out of there. Drain that cum out of the Captain's cock. Drain all that cum out of the Captain's big cock.

POWELL: *(Moans, chokes, swallows)*

O'MALLEY: You like that cum???

POWELL: *Ummmmm. (Very low to himself)* His toy's as big as Weiser's.

O'MALLEY: Speak up. I can't hear you.

POWELL: Yessir. I was just remarking, Sir, on the hugeness of it. How it choked me. It's so much bigger than any other cock I've had.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's cock is big?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You say the Captain's hung?

POWELL: Jesus.

O'MALLEY: Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Speak up when I talk to you.

POWELL: It's like a fuckin' donkey, Sir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's got a donkey dick?

POWELL: Just hanging down. Sir. *(Cum drips a long web of O'MALLEY's juice into the close-up of POWELL's face)* Jesus. Oh, shit.

O'MALLEY: Lick the end of it. Where the cum is. *(O'MALLEY guides POWELL's head by force)* Right there.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Get it all out. Okay, that's enough. The Captain is satisfied. For the moment.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: *(Buttoning his uniform)* Okay, we're going to have a little deal, Corporal Powell.

POWELL: Sir, a deal?

O'MALLEY: A deal. From now on you're going to stay out of the latrine. You understand?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: And from now on you're going to suck my cock. Exclusively.

POWELL: *(Slow, with feeling)* Yessir.

O'MALLEY: My cock, and nobody else's cock. Just my cock.

Do you understand, Corporal?

POWELL: Yessir!

O'MALLEY: When I call you, I want you available to suck my big fucking donkey dick.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You understand? To chow down on my dick.

POWELL: Yessir, Captain.

O'MALLEY: You be out of line one time, that report comes out of my desk and goes to the Colonel. Understand?

POWELL: Yessir, Captain, I. . .

O'MALLEY: *What?*

POWELL: Can I still be in the Honor Guard, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You can be in the Honor Guard as long as you keep sucking my fucking dick. You understand that, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: As long as your mouth works, you're in the Honor Guard. As long as your mouth sucks me exclusively, you stay in the Marine Corps.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Okay. I'm leaving now.

POWELL: Sir?

O'MALLEY: What?

POWELL: Will you stay for a few minutes? Will you lie down with me, Sir. (*Very low*) Will Captain O'Malley lie down with Corporal Powell, Sir?

O'MALLEY: Lie down with you? You want the Captain to lie down with you?

POWELL: Yessir. (*Pause*) Please Sir, lie down with me, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Take my boots off.

POWELL: Yessir..

O'MALLEY: You know the Captain...used to have...another corporal...Corporal Schmidt....You remember...Corporal Schmidt?...the Corporal you replaced?

POWELL: Yessir, I met him once. Big fucker.

O'MALLEY: He was a *very* big fucker. You know what the Corporal used do for the Captain? (O'MALLEY *and* POWELL *lie down together*)

POWELL: What, Sir?

O'MALLEY: He sucked the Captain's cock.

POWELL: Your big cock, Sir?

O'MALLEY: Every chance I gave him.

POWELL: Your big...Jesus!

O'MALLEY: Before you were stationed here.

POWELL: I never would've suspected, Sir. That guy Schmidt was huge. He was almost as built as you, Sir.

O'MALLEY: How big is your chest, Corporal?

POWELL: Forty-seven, forty-eight.

O'MALLEY: Forty-seven?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: He was exactly fifty-one inches.

POWELL: Sir, he was huge.

O'MALLEY: He had big, big pecs. Yeah, he had nice tits, too. (O'MALLEY *strokes* POWELL's *pecs*) But you got nicer tits.

POWELL: Me, Sir?

O'MALLEY: You've got nice nipples. The Captain's going to play with your nipples. I'm gettin' hard just thinking about Corporal Schmidt: how I used to play with his chest, how he used to suck my cock. I want you to suck my cock again, Corporal Powell.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You want it?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Get on it. Come on. Suck it again. (POWELL *goes down obediently on O'MALLEY*) I think the Captain will cum again. Suck me good. Suck me good. Come on! Corporal Powell, suck me good. Suck me good and hard. Suck that big donkey dick. You like that big donkey dick?

POWELL: (*With his mouthful*) Yessir!

O'MALLEY: OK. Suck it. I'm going to play with your tits. Captain O'Malley is going to play with your tits. Umm, nice, nice tits, nice nipples on that big chest. (POWELL *sucks and groans from heavy tit work*) Nice big nipples. Yeah, nice big nipples. Suck my balls. Lick my balls.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Take those balls in your mouth. Take those balls. Yeah. Suck those big hairy balls. Big, hanging, hairy balls. Come on, Corporal Powell, suck those big hairy balls. Ummm,

scab your tits....Lick those balls. Lick those fuckin' balls. You like these tits being played with?

POWELL: Oww, gawd, yeahhh....Jesus, I never knew that. Fuckin' cock...

O'MALLEY: You like that?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Hey, c'mon get down on that big dick, get on that dick. I'm gettin' hot again. The Captain's gettin' hot. The Captain wants to shoot another load in your mouth...shoot another load in your fuckin' mouth, Corporal Powell. C'mon, suck that big prick. Suck that fuckin' big prick, Corporal. Suck the Captain's big prick. Ummm. You like that big...

POWELL: Ohhh...(Sounds of choking)

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gettin' hot again....The Captain's gettin' hot again....C'mon, suck it, Corporal. Suck that big dick (trailing off)...

POWELL: Uhhnnnnn, unnnnnn (Choking)

O'MALLEY: Get that fuckin' cock, ohh the Captain's gettin' hot. Ahhh, *Goddamm*. (Cum shot: heavy load from CAPTAIN O'MALLEY shoots all over CORPORAL POWELL's face) Corporal Powell.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley thinks you're getting better each time. (O'MALLEY starts to regain his composure) Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Do you remember that Corporal Schmidt I was talking about?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal Schmidt got promoted.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Because Captain O'Malley promoted him.

POWELL: Why, Sir?

O'MALLEY: Because he was a good cocksucker. He was a good Marine. But he was also a good cocksucker.

POWELL: Sir.

O'MALLEY: Now, you goin' to continue to suck my cock good?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: A good Marine. A good cocksucker.

POWELL: Where did Corporal Schmidt go, Sir?

O'MALLEY: Corporal Schmidt was put in charge of Olympic bodybuilding for the Marine Corps in Washington.

POWELL: What a plum job, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal Schmidt got what he deserved, Corporal Powell.

POWELL: I been working out for a long time, Sir, just trying to get *into* that program.

O'MALLEY: You got a long fuckin' way to go before you measure up to Corporal Schmidt.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Remember, I told you Corporal Schmidt had a chest fifty-one inches wide.

POWELL: I met him, Sir. I couldn't speak when I first met him. That blond giant.

O'MALLEY: He was a good cocksucker.

POWELL: Just lookin' at him...

O'MALLEY: You know what happened?

POWELL: What, Sir?

O'MALLEY: I found out that Corporal Schmidt was suckin' the bodybuilders off. And Corporal Schmidt was not supposed to be fucking with the other Marine bodybuilders.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: He was supposed to suck what?

POWELL: *The Captain's cock, Sir.*

O'MALLEY: The Captain's cock.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: He was cheating on the Captain.

POWELL: Yessir. He shouldn't have done that, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You're so fuckin' right. And Corporal Schmidt paid for it.

POWELL: How, Sir?

O'MALLEY: The Captain got pissed. And, you know, Corporal Schmidt had a very nice butt.

POWELL: *(Low)* Yessir...

O'MALLEY: You know what the Captain did with the Corporal's butt?

POWELL: *(Close shot: fear on CORPORAL POWELL's face)*

O'MALLEY: I asked you a question, Corporal Powell.

POWELL: I can't imagine, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal Schmidt started taking the Captain's big donkey dick up his buttole.

POWELL: Oh, Jesus! That'd kill him, Sir.

O'MALLEY: It didn't kill him.

POWELL: ...a big man...

O'MALLEY: He learned to love it. Corporal Schmidt got so that he had to have the Captain's cock up his butt.

POWELL: (*Low*) God.

O'MALLEY: Constantly. Had to have the Captain's dick up his ass.

POWELL: I never would have thought, Sir...

O'MALLEY: You'd be surprised how wide open your buttole can become after the Captain's cock gets up in it a couple times. You know what that Corporal Schmidt did?

POWELL: What, Sir?

O'MALLEY: When his fiancée came to the base on her vacation...

POWELL: What'd he do, Sir?

O'MALLEY: He was enjoying the Captain cornholing him so much, that he sent that fuckin' girlfriend of his back to Des Moines, and came directly to the Captain, so the Captain could fuck him again. And that night I fucked his buttole, four fuckin' times. I rammed this big donkey dick up his buttole four fuckin' times that day when he sent his girlfriend back to Des Moines, Iowa...

POWELL: Gawd, Sir.

O'MALLEY: ...because Corporal Schmidt loved the Captain's cock.

POWELL: I can't imagine a big fuckin' man like that bending over. God, that's sickening.

O'MALLEY: Sickening, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Oh, man, that's a faggot.

O'MALLEY: (*Pissed*) The Captain....Look.... A lot of Marines here on the base are gettin' cornholed by their buddies. But when you can have a Captain put it to you, and you know how big this Captain's fucking cock is. It's for the Corps. For the fuckin' Marine Corps. Just look at the fuckin' rod. One more look.

POWELL: That fuckin' big rod.

O'MALLEY: You know...

POWELL: Fuckin' big dick, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You know, the bigger the cock, the easier it is to take it up your asshole. You know that?

POWELL: Man, it would split it. You mean it didn't split him, Sir?

O'MALLEY: It did split him.

POWELL: He opened wide open for the Captain, Sir?

O'MALLEY: The first time he bled. A little.

POWELL: God, I can't even imagine something like that.

O'MALLEY: The second time, and the third time, and the sixth time, there was never a problem. Corporal Schmidt loved it. Corporal Schmidt loved gettin' fucked by Captain O'Malley. And you know what the Captain wants to do to you?

POWELL: Nossir.

O'MALLEY: You wanna stay in the Marine Corps?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You wanna get promoted?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Then Captain O'Malley thinks he'd better take a look at your butt.

POWELL: Ahhh, Sir, I can't do that, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal. Corporal Powell.

POWELL: *Yessir.*

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley wants to see your butt.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley wants to see it now. I want you to drop those fuckin' shorts and let me see that butt.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: C'mon. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY *slaps* CORPORAL POWELL) Let me see that butt.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Okay. Hit the edge of the sack and bend over. Let's see what we can do with it.

POWELL: Awwwwhh, Sir. Please don't fuck me, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Ummmmm. Captain O'Malley thinks the Corporal has a nice butt. Stick it up here in my face. Let me see the opening here. Spread it!

POWELL: Oh, God.

O'MALLEY: Corporal Powell?

POWELL: *Yessir*.

O'MALLEY: You've got a nice butt. A nice firm butt. A good size, not too big, but just right for Captain O'Malley.

POWELL: Ohhh, God.

O'MALLEY: Just right for the Captain. Just right. (*Close shot: O'MALLEY slaps POWELL's sweat-streaked ass*) The Captain likes it. The Captain likes that butt. (*More slaps on the ass*) Look at that juicy hole.

POWELL: Please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Look at that nice juicy hole. Do you know what the Captain's going to do to that hole?

POWELL: What, Sir?

O'MALLEY: The Captain's going to lick it. He's goin' to stick his tongue up in it.

POWELL: Ohhh, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Fuckin'...

POWELL: Sir...(*Long shot: from high angle across the barracks, the camera sees CAPTAIN O'MALLEY kneel to tongue the exposed ass of CORPORAL POWELL*)

O'MALLEY: (*Back to close shot*) Umm. Captain O'Malley likes that hole, sticking up in his face, nice virgin hole, nice virgin Marine hole. Gonna get it wet. Juicy. Then plug it.

POWELL: Ohh, Sir, please...please don't fuck me.

O'MALLEY: I'll fuck you if I feel like it.

POWELL: Oh, nossir.

O'MALLEY: But right now I want to lick it out. Lick it clean.

POWELL: Ohhh, Sir. Nossir.

O'MALLEY: I want to lick your asshole clean, Corporal Powell. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY rims)

POWELL: Nossir, all during high school...oh, yessir...I avoided getting cornholed then...(Low) Oh, yessir. Don't fuck me...Don't fuck me....Don't, Sir. Please, Sir. I Don't, Sir. Please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal, that's nice. You've got a fucking nice asshole...a nice asshole...it's good for my fuckin' big tongue...my fuckin' big tongue likes it. It likes lickin' your asshole. Yeah, Corporal Powell's got a nice asshole. Wooo,

Captain O'Malley likes your buttohole, Corporal, ummmm. Let's take a look at this big cock hanging underneath. You've got a nice cock, too, Corporal.

POWELL: Thank you, Sir. Ahhh!

O'MALLEY: A nice cock. Maybe we can pull it all the way around.

POWELL: Ahhh!

O'MALLEY: All the way around, stick it straight out, straight out between your legs, like this.

POWELL: Ugghghhh!

O'MALLEY: Sure looks good. How many inches you think this is, Corporal?

POWELL: I don't know, Sir.

O'MALLEY: It looks to me like about nine. Nine fuckin' inches of hard Marine cock.

POWELL: Ohhh, God!

O'MALLEY: In the Captain's hand.

POWELL: God, that's driving me crazy, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Do you like the way the Captain strokes it?

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Don't you forget it.

POWELL: Oh Goddamn, Captain O'Malley, I never felt anything...

O'MALLEY: We're gonna use your throat too, because you're gonna take care of the Captain while you're here at this barracks. You understand?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: (O'MALLEY *slaps* POWELL *again*) Fuckin' suck this after it's been used.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Alright. Now you just lay right there and the Captain's going to grease his big donkey dick up. You hear me? (*Silence*) You hear me, Corporal? (O'MALLEY *threatens with his open hand*)

POWELL: Ohhh, Sir...

O'MALLEY: You're going to take the Captain's dick. You might bleed a little bit.

POWELL: Nossir, nossir...

O'MALLEY: You're going to bleed a little bit, because you're

nice and tight. The Captain can tell when he sticks his tongue up there that you're nice and tight. The Captain's gonna get your cherry. The Captain's gonna pop your cherry, Corporal. You hear that, Corporal Powell? You hear me?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna get your cherry. You gonna give the Captain your cherry.

POWELL: Ahhh!

O'MALLEY: *You gonna give the Captain your cherry?*

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: *You gonna give the Captain your fuckin' cherry?*

POWELL: Yessir. (*Close shot: POWELL's face hit by O'MALLEY's palm*)

O'MALLEY: If you want to stay in the Marine Corps, right? You wanna stay in the fuckin' Marine Corps? Then you're gonna give me your fuckin' cherry, Corporal. Get me some grease. Get me something that I can stick it in there with. C'mon, move it, man. Move it.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Ummm. Grease the Captain's cock up, c'mon. Grease the Captain's cock up. Corporal. Grease it up.

POWELL: Covering the Captain's big dick with oil.

O'MALLEY: It feels good on the Captain's donkey dick. Grease that big fucker up!

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: That big fucker wants in your buttohole.

POWELL: Please don't, sir.

O'MALLEY: It wants to pump your buttohole.

POWELL: Please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna fuck your butt.

POWELL: Oh, Jesus.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna make you feel so good.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You're gonna want this cock all the time.

POWELL: Nossir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna fuck you regularly.

POWELL: For the Corps, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Gonna fuck you regularly.

POWELL: For the Honor Guard, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Now, I want that ass turned over. I want you on your stomach.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Now, let's put your butt up on a pillow. A nice pillow. So you can get ready for the Captain.

POWELL: Ahhh.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna get big and hard...big and hard. He's gonna get you all greased up in your butthole. Awright? He's gonna put some grease up in your butthole. Right down smack in that crack. That beautiful juicy, juicy tight crack.

POWELL: Shit!

O'MALLEY: That Marine crack. Awright.

POWELL: *(Hesitantly)* Yessir!

O'MALLEY: Okay.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: And you're not going to cry, are you? Marines don't cry.

POWELL: Nossir.

(CAPTAIN O'MALLEY *slaps* CORPORAL POWELL's *ass several times*)

O'MALLEY: Awright?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna fuck you in the butt.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Okay, now let's get into it. Captain's gonna go sorta slow to start with. Right? The Captain's gonna go sorta slow to start with. Okay...

POWELL: *(Moans softly)*

O'MALLEY: Now, let's just put the fuckin' head in, awright...

POWELL: *(Loud moans)*

O'MALLEY: Stick the fuckin' head in...you feel that head going in? You feel that fuckin' head going in?

POWELL: *(Moans)*

O'MALLEY: Bite your hand. Now bite your hand. The Captain tells you to bite your hand. Bite your hand. *(More slaps and moans)* C'mon, Corporal Powell, you can take it. You're a man. You're a big man, a fuckin' Marine. You can take a big cock. You can take a cock. C'mon, you can take a cock up your

butthole. Open that butthole up for the Captain. C'mon, Corporal Powell. Captain O'Malley wants to fuck you.

POWELL: *(Groans, moans, agony, grit and guts)*

O'MALLEY: That's right. Keep shitting. We'll just push it back up in there. We'll push that ass back up in there. We'll open you up wide. Fuck you deep. Hard. Because you're the Corporal.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: The Corporal in charge of taking care of Captain O'Malley.

*Two-shot holds, featuring faces of CAPTAIN O'MALLEY and CORPORAL POWELL as the CAPTAIN continues to fuck the CORPORAL to mutual orgasm. To show time passing, Dissolve both faces slowly down under a montage of MARINES on maneuvers, in close-order drill, in combat practice with pugil sticks, in motivational discipline, in heavy USMC brig confinement, sweating in the shimmering heat of the obstacle course scaling ropes, crawling through mud at a DI's feet, showering, shaving, spit-shining boots, cleaning rifles, at mail-call, at mess. Montage dissolves into close-up face of CORPORAL POWELL alone, jerking off in the half-lighted wardroom. Night. Hall lights come on over transom. A rectangle of light falls across POWELL's face, torso, and dick.*

POWELL: *(Alone)* Oh, God! Lights just went on. Must be about nine o'clock. Time the Captain usually gets here. I've had a real rough time today. Jesus. I'm gonna let him just ram me, man, I'm gonna open up...oh, God, three months of it so far...Jesus, I wish it'd been about six by now...what've I ever...God, I wish I knew about this before, man, feels good, massaging my guts, the way he pushes and shoves, just lets himself go and just wrecks me, man. Today I'm not even gonna fight back. I'm not even gonna hold my muscles tense or anything to keep him from pushing my insides out. I'm gonna just let him have his way, and just push and shove...God, I'm gettin' so fuckin' hard thinking of the Captain coming, Captain...*(Loud knocks at door)* Wow, shit and I'm not even stripped. Who is it? *(More knocks)*

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley. (*Door opens*)

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You okay tonight, fucker?

POWELL: Fine, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You ready for the Captain's donkey dick?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: How come you're not stripped? Three fuckin' months I been fucking you.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: And every time I've been here, you've been ready for me. You're not ready for me. Why aren't you ready for me?

POWELL: I'm sorry, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You're not ready for me. Why aren't you ready for me?

POWELL: I was getting my head ready, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Your *head*? Captain O'Malley wants your *ass* ready when he wants to fuck you. You understand?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You're up for promotion. Do you understand?

POWELL: Yessir. I know, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You're up for promotion, fuckin' promotion. You keep this shit up, you're gonna get in trouble. You understand me, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Yessir, I appreciate what you've done, Sir. I appreciate it a lot for what you've done, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You better fuckin' appreciate what I've done. I been fuckin' you good for three months.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You need to get fucked by Captain O'Malley, don't you? You like this big Marine dick.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You like this big Captain's raw dick.

POWELL: Oh, Jesus, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Where's Captain O'Malley gonna put this dick tonight?

POWELL: Up my cornhole, Sir.

O'MALLEY: I'm gonna fuck your cornhole?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Awright, turn your ass over. Let Captain

O'Malley see your fuckin' cornhole. Let me see that fuckin' cornhole. I want you to grease the Captain up.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Grease the Captain up. Grease the Captain's big fuckin' dick. Big fuckin' Marine cock. That twelve-inch fuckin' Marine cock. The one you want so bad. You want that fuckin' Marine cock, don't you?

POWELL: *(Low with passion)* Yessir.

O'MALLEY: *Speak to me when I talk to you!*

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Yessir *what?*

POWELL: I want your...I want your donkey dick, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Where do you want my donkey dick, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Up my asshole, Sir. Up my asshole, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Way up in your asshole?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: I'm gonna pound your fuckin' butthole.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Put that big twelve-inch Marine cock up there.

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: *Awright.*

POWELL: Oh, God.

O'MALLEY: And I want that fuckin' ass up on that pillow.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Put that fuckin' ass up on that pillow. Let me see it. Spread those fuckin' Marine cheeks.

POWELL: *Yessir.*

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley wants to get up in there.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley had a rough day. He wants to fuck you good.

POWELL: Awww.

O'MALLEY: He wants to fuck you good today. You hear me, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: *Yessir.*

O'MALLEY: I'm spittin'. I'm spittin'. Captain O'Malley is spit-shinin' his fuckin' big, fuckin' big Marine cock, spit-shinin' his fuckin' big donkey dick, spit-shinin' his big dick for Corporal

Powell's hot sweet ass.

POWELL: *Goddamn.*

O'MALLEY: Take that big fuckin' cock every time...

POWELL: Every time. It's like the first...Jesus...

O'MALLEY: We're gonna stick that big fuckin' cock up your  
butthole...

POWELL: Oh God, Oh God, Oh God...

O'MALLEY: Oh *God! Let me hear that.* Talk to Captain  
O'Malley. You talk to Captain O'Malley

POWELL: Jesus, Oh God. (*Moans*)

O'MALLEY: I'm shoving that fuckin' dick in you. Fuckin' you  
upside down. I'm gonna open you up tonight. Open that fuck-  
in' butthole up. You feel that big fuckin' cock up there? That  
twelve-inch cock...

POWELL: Yessir, yessir, (*Moans*) *God, God...Sir!*

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley's in you now, Corporal.

POWELL: Ohhh, it feels good, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley's in you now, Corporal.

POWELL: Awww, Jesus...

O'MALLEY: Feel that big fuckin' prick up in you?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: I'm fuckin your fuckin' butt, Corporal. I'm  
deepfucking you, Corporal Powell.

POWELL: I've gotten to love it, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You better love it. You're gonna love it.

POWELL: It still hurts. Oh Jesus. It still hurts after...(*Moans*)

O'MALLEY: Right. Captain O'Malley knows how to handle  
your fuckin' butt.

POWELL: Ahhhooohhh.

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley knows how to handle you,  
Corporal Powell.

POWELL: (*Moans*)

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna keep fuckin' the Corporal's  
butt. Captain is fuckin' the Corporal's butt.

POWELL: Oh, yeah.

O'MALLEY: Ummm, the Corporal's butt.

POWELL: Ohhh, shove it, Sir, shove it!

O'MALLEY: Captain's shoving it now, shoving it up in your  
butt.

POWELL: Shove it. Shove it, Captain O'Malley. Shove it. Goddamn. This is your cornhole. Ah, Sir!

O'MALLEY: Tell me fucker. Tell me who you are.

POWELL: I'm the Corporal, Sir. I'm the Corporal in charge of taking care of Captain O'Malley. Hahhhh!

O'MALLEY: Captain's got him a little Corporal.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal ain't so little, though.

POWELL: *(Loud moans)*

O'MALLEY: Corporal ain't so tight no more, is he?

POWELL: *Aaooowww. Nossir!*

O'MALLEY: The Corporal's been opened up by the Captain.

POWELL: The other men *(Moans)* kid me, Sir. They call me...call me, the Captain's *hole*.

O'MALLEY: You are the Captain's hole!

POWELL: *Yessir.*

O'MALLEY: The Captain's wide open hole, now.

POWELL: Oh, Jesus!

O'MALLEY: You're the Captain's wide open hole. C'mon, keep those legs up. C'mon, let me see that cock sticking up from you. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY gives CORPORAL POWELL a *heavy butt slapping*)

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Higher. Higher.

POWELL: Is it as good as Corporal Schmidt? Is it as good as Corporal Schmidt?

O'MALLEY: Fuckin' better than Corporal Schmidt.

POWELL: Deeper.

O'MALLEY: You give me all, Corporal. You give the Captain all he wants. You take care of the Captain...

POWELL: *(Moans)* Oh Goddd. Oh, more!

O'MALLEY: ...good care of the Captain's dick. You take fuckin' good care of the Captain's dick.

POWELL: Oh, yeahhh.

O'MALLEY: Captain likes fuckin your cornhole. Captain wants to play with those tits.

POWELL: Goddd.

O'MALLEY: Let the Captain play with those fuckin' tits.

POWELL: Oh, Jesus!

O'MALLEY: I'm gonna bite those fuckin' tits. Let me bite those fuckin' tits. C'mon.

POWELL: Oh, God. (*Moans*) Too much! You taught me too fuckin' much, Captain. You taught me what those fucking nipples are for. I love it. Oh God. Jesus. Now when I work out, Sir, I think of pumping my pecs up for you.

O'MALLEY: You keep building those fuckin' pecs up for the Captain. You keep building those fuckin' pecs up for the Captain. The Captain likes those fuckin' big pecs.

POWELL: (*Low*) Thank you, Sir. (*Louder*) Thank you, Sir!

O'MALLEY: The Captain likes your fuckin' big pecs. I like to chew on those big hard nipples.

POWELL: Jesus.

O'MALLEY: And fuck your big fuckin'...

POWELL: Oh, Sir...

O'MALLEY: And shove his big, big donkey dick up in your fuckin' cornhole and ram your...

POWELL: I swear you're getting bigger, Sir.

O'MALLEY: And ram you, and ram you, Corporal. Ram the Corporal. Fuckin' ram the fuckin' Corporal with his big cock...

POWELL: Oh shove it. In!

O'MALLEY: You feel that big cock, Corporal?

POWELL: Oh yeah! Take my asshole, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Ram the walls with that big cock...that big fuckin' cunt.

POWELL: Please, Sir, don't call it that, Sir...

O'MALLEY: Fuck you with that big fuckin' Marine cock...in that Marine cunt...

POWELL: *Nossir*: Please, Sir. Don't call it that, Sir. I'm a man, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You're a Marine fuckin' cunt...You're the Marine fuckin' cunt that the Captain needs...

POWELL: Please, Sir. Not that, Sir...

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna fuck your cunt. The Captain's fuckin' you.

POWELL: (*Moans*) Please, Sir. Don't call it that, Sir. (O'MALLEY *slaps* POWELL's *ass*)

O'MALLEY: I'll call it that. I'll knock the shit out of you.

POWELL: Oh, God.

O'MALLEY: You'll be what I want you to be. You hear me, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You'll be what the Captain wants you to be.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Fuckin' Marine cunt. The Captain's sticking his big, big fat dong up your Marine cunt.

POWELL: Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus.

O'MALLEY: Nice and slippery and juicy. Captain's pluggin' a nice big juicy butt.

POWELL: Oh God, yessir.

O'MALLEY: I'm just gonna pump that butt.

POWELL: Oh God.

O'MALLEY: Give me that fuckin' hole. (O'MALLEY *rough fucks* POWELL *whose face registers an ecstasy of agony*)

POWELL: Feels good, Sir. Oh, God.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gettin' hot. Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot. He's got your big ass-lips wrapped around his cock.

POWELL: Ohhhaww.

O'MALLEY: Got your big butt lips wrapped around his fuckin' big twelve-inch prick. The Captain's gettin' hot. The Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot.

POWELL: Sir!

O'MALLEY: Pounding your fuckin'. *Fuck. Captain's fuckin'.* (Close-up. Camera moves in for the kill, holding right on POWELL *writhing under O'MALLEY until both Marines reach orgasm*)

POWELL: Jesus.

O'MALLEY: Oh Godd.

(Two-shot: CORPORAL POWELL *lays back into the big embrace of* CAPTAIN O'MALLEY)

O'MALLEY: The Captain put a load in you, Corporal. The Captain put fuckin' load of cum up you. Ummm. A fuckin' load of cum up your butthole.

POWELL: (Low) Ohhh, I've gotten used to that cock in the last three months, man.

O'MALLEY: Ummm. Speak up. I can't hear you.

POWELL: Sir, I was just talking to myself, Sir.

O'MALLEY: What did you say, Corporal?

POWELL: Sir, I was just saying, how nice and used to that cock I was gettin', Sir.

*(O'Malley slaps POWELL's ass teasingly)*

O'MALLEY: You like the Captain's cock?

POWELL: Yessir. I look forward to it at the end of the day, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You're gonna keep looking forward to it, because the Captain's gonna keep fuckin' you, Corporal. You hear me, Corporal Powell?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley likes your asshole. And he's gonna keep fuckin' it as long as he wants to. 'Cause you're stuck at this base until I want to get rid of you.

POWELL: Yessir. It's worth all of the...all of the kidding I go through.

O'MALLEY: They can kid you all they want. They don't know nothin'. They don't know nothin'. I'm a Captain.

POWELL: Jesus.

O'MALLEY: I think it's time the Captain fucked you again. I think I'm gonna go twice tonight.

POWELL: Sir.

O'MALLEY: What?

POWELL: Nothin, Sir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain is gonna fuck you twice.

POWELL: Ohhh.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna fuck your butt twice. It's good and tight...

POWELL: Ahhh.

O'MALLEY: You got the Captain turned on, Corporal. You got the Captain...Stick those legs up in the air.

POWELL: Oh, God.

O'MALLEY: C'mon, get those legs up there.... Stick that ass up in the air. C'mon Corporal, give me what I need.

POWELL: Oh, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Give me what I need, and I'll give you what you need.

POWELL: Whnnnnnn. Yessir

O'MALLEY: What do you need, Corporal? What do you need Corporal?

POWELL: I need, I need...

O'MALLEY: (*Slap*) Speak to me when I talk to you.

POWELL: Yessir. I need your cock up in me, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You're gettin' it twice tonight.

POWELL: Oh, God.

O'MALLEY: You're gettin' it twice tonight, Corporal.

POWELL: Oh, God, I'm hurtin' now....Jesus...only once, once a night, sir..

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley wants you to stand up. Stand up. C'mon, get up, Corporal. Corporal, c'mon. Let's move it.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Stick that big, beautiful, Marine butt up in the air, 'cause the Captain's gonna ram you.

POWELL: Ahhh.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gonna ram you from above. Feel that big dick slippin' in you?

POWELL: (Pained) Yessir.

O'MALLEY: All the way in, all the way in your big butt. Owww. Captain likes that.

POWELL: God.

O'MALLEY: He likes that big, beautiful Marine ass sticking up in the air, saying, "Fuck me in the butt."

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: "Fuck me in the butt."

POWELL: Yes, Captain. That's what it's saying.

O'MALLEY: Yeah, that's what the Corporal is saying, isn't it?

POWELL: Yessir. That's it, Sir. *Fuck me in the butt!*

O'MALLEY: The Captain knows. (*Slaps on the ass*) He loves that beautiful bottom. Look at those beautiful fuckin' Marine buns.

POWELL: Oh, Jesus. Fuck. Fuck.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's cornholing you, buddy. He's sticking that big fuckin' cock up in your butthole. Ummm, Captain likes fuckin' you, Corporal.

POWELL: Ahhh, thank you, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Umm, Captain likes fuckin' you. That's why he's fuckin' you twice tonight.

POWELL: Captain, I'm privileged, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You are privileged and don't you forget it.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You've got a twelve-inch dick up your ass. A twelve-inch big, juicy, slippery cock. Ohhh, yeah, ridin' that Marine ass.

POWELL: Oh, yessir, yessir.

O'MALLEY: Just pumpin' it, just pumpin' it. Gettin' it big and hard big and rock hard. 'Cause it's gonna shoot another big load up in your buttohole.

POWELL: Ohh, Sir, *Sir!*

O'MALLEY: Tell the Captain what you want, Corporal. Tell the Captain what you need, Corporal.

POWELL: Would you shoot on my face, Sir?

O'MALLEY: Shoot on your face?

POWELL: Yes, Sir!

O'MALLEY: You can handle the Captain's cum?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Think you can handle all that hot cum from out of his big twelve-inch cock?

POWELL: Ahh, yessir. I think so, Sir.

O'MALLEY: What are you going to do with it when it comes out?

POWELL: Try and get as much in my mouth as I can. Ahhh, yeah.

O'MALLEY: We'll let the Corporal...we'll let the Corporal take it for awhile in the butt.

POWELL: Owwwahhh.

O'MALLEY: We'll let the Corporal take it wrapped around the Captain's cock. It looks so pretty going in the Corporal's ass. That big twelve-inch prick.

POWELL: Owwwahhh.

O'MALLEY: Pounding up against you, Corporal. That's the way you want that fuckin' dick, isn't it?

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Captain's fuckin' his Corporal.

POWELL: The Captain's fuckin' his Corporal.

O'MALLEY: A Marine Captain's cock. That's what I am.

POWELL: Ahhowwwahhh.

O'MALLEY: And you're nothin but a fuckin' Corporal. You're

nothin' but a fuckin' Corporal. The Captain's fuckin' his Corporal. The Captain is fuckin' his Corporal. The Captain is fuckin' his Corporal, isn't he? He is fuckin' his Corporal. He is ridin' that big ass...

POWELL: Ahhh, yessir, ohhh, yessir.

O'MALLEY: He's ridin' that big Marine ass. Yeah, (*Slaps*) ridin' that big Marine ass.

POWELL: Awww, God.

(*Medium shot of heavy fucking as CAPTAIN O'MALLEY plugs CORPORAL POWELL*)

O'MALLEY: Ahhh, yeah. *Yeah*. Captain's fuckin' his Corporal. His Corporal wants to get fucked.

POWELL: Oh, please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal's crazy about the Captain. Can't forget the Captain's Marine cock.

POWELL: Ahhhhowww, ahh, Sir.

O'MALLEY: And don't you forget it. (*Fucking*) Okay, turn over.

POWELL: God.

O'MALLEY: Turn over.

POWELL: I'm fuckin' used man. (*Low*) Ahhh.

O'MALLEY: The Captain is going to continue to use you.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Because the Corporal likes being used.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: The Corporal likes being used by the Captain.

POWELL: Yessir. The Corporal needs to be used by the Captain.

O'MALLEY: 'Cause the Captain has what the Corporal wants. He has a twelve-inch big fat donkey-dick Marine cock.

POWELL: Ahhh, Sir...

O'MALLEY: The only one that can satisfy the Corporal. Isn't it?

POWELL: Yessir. Ahh, God.

O'MALLEY: Watch the Captain stroking that big cock. I want you to watch while I'm beating that big twelve-inch cock. 'Cause the Captain's going to beat it off right in your face. Right in the Corporal's face. He's gonna shoot the biggest load right in the Corporal's fuckin' face.

POWELL: Ahhh, yessir.

O'MALLEY: Lick the Captain's balls, Corporal.

POWELL: Yessir!

O'MALLEY: You lick the Captain's balls. Just suck those big Marine balls. Suck those fuckin' Marine balls. (Close *shot of O'MALLEY's big nuts lowering into POWELL's straining mouth*)

O'MALLEY: Yeah. Yeah. Captain likes that. Captain likes it when you suck those balls. Captain's got himself a Corporal, Captain's got himself a Corporal to take care of him. His Corporal's taking damn good care of his cock. Captain likes it. Captain likes it when the Corporal licks his balls, big hairy balls. The Captain's got big balls. (CAPTAIN *O'Malley slaps CORPORAL POWELL's face several times*)

POWELL: Ahhh.

O'MALLEY: How hairy are they?

POWELL: Very hairy, Sir. Very hairy, Sir. Oh, God.

O'MALLEY: Captain's got a hairy dick too. Hairy dick, and hairy body. Corporal hasn't got any hair, does he?

POWELL: Nossir.

O'MALLEY: You like hairy bodies. You like the Captain's hairy body?

POWELL: Yessir! Please, please, Sir...

O'MALLEY: *Please, Sir; what?*

POWELL: Please, Sir. Cum all over me, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Cum all over you?

POWELL: Yessir! please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Captain's gonna shoot a big load on your face.

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Big load all over your fuckin' face, Corporal.

POWELL: All over me.

O'MALLEY: I'm gonna rub it in your face.

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: I'm gonna rub the Captain's cum all over your face.

POWELL: Ahhh, Jeez...Sir.

O'MALLEY: All over your face. Your fucking face.

POWELL: Jeez, Sir, Jeez, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Uhhh. Here it comes!

POWELL: Oh my God. Sir. God. Sir. My God.

O'MALLEY: Captain's cock is so fuckin' big, it's hard to stroke it. It's hard to stroke the Captain's big cock.

POWELL: Ahhh, please. Sir... Please, Sir... Please, Sir...

O'MALLEY: Ummmmm. The Captain wants to shoot his big load all over you, Corporal.

POWELL: Give me a little in both holes, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Give you a little in both holes?

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Give you a little what, Corporal, in both holes?

POWELL: The Captain's cum, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Both holes?

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Deep inside both holes.

POWELL: Some in this hole, too, Sir?

O'MALLEY: The Captain will put it both places. The Captain will put that cum both places.

POWELL: Yessir, and it'll meet in the middle.

O'MALLEY: Both holes.

POWELL: Yessir. It'll mix inside, Sir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's so fuckin hot.

POWELL: Please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot.

POWELL: Please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Fuckin' hot.

POWELL: Yessir, God, fuckin' sweat's drippin' down on the Corporal.

O'MALLEY: Stick your tongue out so you can take the Captain's cum that's coming out of his big dick.

POWELL: Ahhhhggggghhhh! Yessir. Please, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You keep that fuckin' mouth open. You keep that fuckin' mouth open...

POWELL: Ahhhh.

O'MALLEY: Captain's gonna shoot a big load all over your fuckin' face...all over your fuckin' face. I'm gonna shoot a big load all over your fuckin' face, Corporal. It's gettin' close...Big fuckin' load from the Captain's cock...I'm gonna shoot all over your fuckin' face.

POWELL: Oh please, Sir. My God! Yessir. *(With feeling)* *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: Your legs are quivering, Corporal.

POWELL: Ahhhggghhh...I want, Sir....Please, Sir. Hurry and cum, Sir. Please, I'm ready.

O'MALLEY: Awright! Shoot that load. Shoot your fuckin' load.

POWELL: Yessir!

O'MALLEY: C'mon Corporal, shoot your fuckin' load. Shoot your fuckin' load. Captain's close. Captain's close...Oh, look at that cum coming out!

POWELL: Ahhhhhrrrghhh, Yes, ahh, yessir.

O'MALLEY: Look at that fuckin' cum. Ah, Corporal, cum's coming out. (*High cries of orgasm*) Ohhhhaaaahhhgggh, there it comes. All over your fuckin' face, it's all over your fuckin' face, Corporal. It's in your fuckin' eyes.

POWELL: I can't see. It's in my eyes.

O'MALLEY: Ow, your fuckin' mouth, your fuckin' chest, ahhh!

POWELL: I can't see....It's burning my eyes...

O'MALLEY: The Captain shot a load. In your hair, Corporal.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: You got cum all in your hair.

POWELL: Yessir. Ahhh.

O'MALLEY: The Captain wants to wipe your eyes, Corporal. (*Post-orgasmic moans interspersed with dialogue*) The Captain wants to hold you, Corporal.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: The Captain wants you to hold him.

POWELL: Yessir. Ahhh. Captain. Ah, Captain. Just lay on top of me, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Big fuckin' Corporal to hold his Captain.

POWELL: Oh, yessir.

O'MALLEY: Ummm.

POWELL: Ahh, Goddamn, you're sweating, Sir. I can feel water all over you.

O'MALLEY: The Captain is drained. The Corporal drained his Captain.

POWELL: Jesus, Sir.

O'MALLEY: Totally drained. You drained all the cum out of me.

POWELL: Yessir. Oh God. Layin' on top of me, Sir. This is realy fine. Oh God. I needed that, Sir. I had a rough day too, Sir.

O'MALLEY: You needed it?

POWELL: Yeah, I needed to be pounded. Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Corporal, you just got pounded. You just got pounded and showered on. You got one of the biggest fuckin' loads of cum you've ever had.

POWELL: Jesus.

O'MALLEY: Biggest fuckin load...

POWELL: *Yessir!*

O'MALLEY: I want you to lick it out, the rest of it out of the Captain's cock.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Lick the rest of the cum out of the Captain's cock.

POWELL: Yessir.

O'MALLEY: Lick the rest of it out of the Captain's cock. Get down on it and lick it.

POWELL: Yessir. Does the Captain have to piss, *Sir?*

*Close shot: CAPTAIN O'MALLEY's face grinning. Medium shot: slow motion. CAPTAIN O'MALLEY's semi-hard dick pisses heavy and golden down on CORPORAL POWELL. POWELL drinks fast. Gulping.*

POWELL: OH, CAPTAIN! My Captain!

*O'MALLEY rubs his tight hairy belly. The piss splashes in slow motion, catching the light. Both men are laughing.*