

When Christmas Comes to Town aka Only In Bay City Could This Happen

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When Christmas Comes to Town aka Only In Bay City Could This Happen

by [LilyK](#)

Summary

It's Christmas. Starsky has a head injury and Hutch is going bonkers trying to figure out this case.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

An Interactive Play in Twelve Acts, With Illustrations

Act One

(Hutch rushes down a shabby hospital corridor.)



"Captain! Where's Starsky?"

(Dobey turns at the sound of Hutch's voice. He glares.)

"Hutchinson, calm down. He's okay."

(Hutch glares back, well... before he nods his acceptance of his captain's command.)

"What happened?"

(Dobey scratches his head)

"Well... We're not sure-"

(Hutch's glare ratchets up.)

"Not sure! What the fuck! Why was he out alone?"

(Dobey puffs out his chest and takes on captain-ly affronted dignity.)

"Detective, (he snaps) I do not appreciate that tone of voice. For one thing, (he pokes a finger into Hutch's chest) Starsky is a grown man. He can go where he pleases! (he moves closer and pokes again) (Hutch's eyes narrow at the finger but he wisely remains silent.) Besides, he wasn't on duty, and you know it. He was Christmas shopping."

(Hutch sighs heavily, looking confused.)



"Shopping?"

"Shopping. For Christmas. 'Tis the season, Hutchinson, even if you don't celebrate. I'll have you know the rest of us enjoy sharing at this time of the year! It's not my fault your partner went into a dangerous situation on his own! It's his fault, and I'll deal with it when he's recovered. It is Christmas, after all, and I'm cutting him a bit of slack on his gung ho attitude.

"Now go on in there and take your partner home. (Hutch curtly nods and turns away, Dobey puts a hand on his shoulder) "And be patient with him. That's an order!"

(Hutch is puzzled.)

"I'm always patient."

(Dobey snickers, clearly not agreeing with Hutch's statement.)

"Apparently, Starsky doesn't think so. At least not lately. Not since he's been released from rehab. Well, go on!" (waves Hutch away)

(Cue dramatic music and fade away on Hutch's confused face.)

End of Act One

Act Two

(Hutch walks into the hospital room. Starsky lies on the gurney, head bandaged. Hutch blanches. Well, as much as a pale blond can blanch.)



"Starsk?"

(Starsky blinks and turns bright (sparkling, deep) blue eyes on his partner.)

"I'll be home for Christmas."

(Hutch walks closer, looking puzzled [again].)

"Sure, Starsk. We'll go home right now. How you feeling?"

"Santa Claus is coming to town."

(Hutch looks more puzzled [if at all possible]. Hell, Hutch is puzzled throughout the whole thing, so deal with it.)

"What? Come on, Starsk, don't do this. Talk to me. What happened?"

"It came upon a midnight clear."

"Huh?" [Told ya!]

(Starsky looks pained.)

"Blue Christmas?"

"For God's sake, what's wrong? Why can't you tell me? Does your head hurt?"

(Starsky shrugs and touches his head, then his throat.)

"I'll be home for Christmas!"

"All right. Calm down. I think your brains are scrambled. More than usual, I might add. Let's get you out of here before the doc comes back, (Hutch looks warily over his shoulder.) and figures you might need to be in Cabrillo."

(Hutch helps Starsky into his shirt and jacket, and together they make their way to the parking lot. Starsky pauses and looks up. Arms wide, he smiles as the warmth of the sun touches his face.)

"Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!"

"Starsk, it's 70 degrees and we're in Bay City, not the North Pole. Get in."

(Starsky casts a jaundiced eye over the old wreck of a squash.)



"The snow miser." (He snickers, pleased with himself.)

(Hutch glares for a moment, then remembers that Starsky is hurt, and that he has a puzzle to solve about what the hell is going on and how to keep his partner out of the loony bin, and what the fuck is going on with Starsky anyway.)

"Starsky, can you write down what happened? You know, where you were, what you saw, who hit you? That would help a hell of a lot since you can't speak. (Starsky glares.) All right. Stop with the

glaring! I know you can talk, Starsk, but just not in any sort of phraseology that I get right now. Give me a break!" (Hutch hands over paper and a pencil.)

(Starsky huffs out an irritated breath and holds the pencil awkwardly before he tries to write [with the wrong hand].)

"Try that."

(Starsky nods and pauses, pencil pressed against the paper. Then he prints in big block letters:)

"I S A W T H R E E S H I P S."

"Jesus, Starsky, that's not helpful!" (Hutch sees Starsky's shoulders slump. He feels instantly contrite.) "Sorry, Starsk. Sorry. I'm trying here, buddy. Just... bear with me, okay?"

(Starsky gives a half-hearted smile and rubs his eyes. Hutch touches his shoulder, squeezing gently.)

"You hungry?"

(Starsky looks up, thinks for a moment, then nods happily.)

"The wassail song!"

(Hutch rolls his eyes because he's actually starting to understand Starsky's strange phrases. Wassail equals a drink. A drink equals beer (usually). A beer equals...)

"The Pits, it is."

End of Act Two

Act Three

(cue bouncy music)

(At Huggy's)

(Huggy slouches over to the booth where S&H sit.)

"My main men! How goes the daily rat race?"

(Hutch shakes his head.)

"We have a little bit of a problem, Hug, but first, food is on the menu. Starsky wants a burger with the works. I'll have a tuna melt, no fries. Got any fruit?"

(Huggy looks concerned. Starsky grins and pats his stomach.)

"Man, that sucks the big one! Starsky, you all right? What's going down with the mummy thing?"

(Huggy points to Starsky's bandaged head.) "You have a run in with a bad dude or dudette?"

(Huggy laughs.) "Or did that soup can you call a motor vehicle finally toss you out on your hard noggin?"

(Starsky pretends to scowl.)

"Grandma got run over by a reindeer!"

"Say what?" (Huggy blurts out, eyes wide.)

(Hutch sighs and explains.)

"Apparently, Starsky's suffered a minor head injury of some sort. The doctors say he's fine physically so before they discovered he was having a bit of a problem with his speech patterns, I got him out of the ER so we can figure this out. He seems all right other than he can only speak in what I've finally realized are Christmas carols."

(Huggy slowly sits down and stares at Starsky, who grins at his friend.)

"Oh, man, that's rough. (Looks at Hutch.) But he's Jewish. Still, he looks normal. Well, as normal as a dude driving a red striped tomato can look. (Starsky pokes Huggy.) Sorry, my man, didn't mean to talk like you wasn't here, but this is freaking weird. Christmas tunes, huh?"

(Starsky shrugs.)

"There's always tomorrow."

(Huggy nods slowly, clearly not convinced of Starsky's sanity.)

"If you say so, man."

"Huggy, the food. I need some fuel in my body so I can tackle this mess."

"Sure, Hutch. One burger with the works, and one tuna melt with... Think I got some tomatoes in the fridge. The tomato is a fruit, I'll have you know. The love apple."

(Hutch rolls his eyes.)

"Thanks, Hug."

(Starsky nods happily.)

"We three kings?"

(Hutch looks puzzled for a moment [not a big surprise, right?].)

"Kings... Three kings... King of beers? Oh! No, no way, partner. No Budweiser for you. You don't need any alcohol with your head screwed on upside down. Hug, two sodas. Coke for me and a root beer for Starsk."

(Huggy walks away, still glancing back several times. Starsky tosses him a bright smile. Huggy just shakes his head.)

(Starsky reaches out and touches Hutch's hand.)

"I'm here, buddy. I'll fix this if it's the last thing I do."

(Starsky furrows his brow, shakes his head.)

"The holly and the ivy."

"What?"

"The Holly And The Ivy!"

"Don't yell at me! Hol- Oh, okay. You and me, partner. Me and thee."

(Starsky nods happily. Hutch manages a smile in return, and squeezes Starsky's fingers.)

End of Act Three

Act Four

(cue sexy driving music)

(Hutch is now driving the Torino, [my kink, my story, deal with it] On the dash, the Christmas lights Starsky hotwired last week into the Torino blink incessantly. Hutch reaches up to rip them out, but a hand on his arm stops him.)



"When Christmas comes to town." (Starsky's voice is quiet but firm.)

"Okay, Starsk, okay. (He fills the awkward silences with chatter.) We need to retrace your steps. You were supposed to come by and pick me up, but you didn't show. You must have had a lead and didn't take the time to call me. Don't look at me in that tone of voice! You screwed up, buddy. So where were you. Where...?"

(Starsky looks out the side window before he turns to Hutch.)

"I saw three ships." (Starsky repeats his previous offering.)

(A light bulb goes off over Hutch's head.) "The docks?"

(Starsky nods.)

"Right. There are miles of docks in Bay City. Why did you go to the docks? You followed somebody or somebody told you to go there. This is about somebody that you know is a piece of rebel scum. Hey, I saw the movie too, you know."

(An open handed slap to his arm makes Hutch look at Starsky quickly before turning back to the road.)

"What? Geez, Starsk, this is hard. You gotta give me more. Can you at least nod yes or no?"

(Starsky shrugs.)

"Great. You're not making this easy." (Hutch mutters.)

"Santa Claus is coming to town."

"Santa Claus... Big red fat fellow. Carries stuff in a sack. Clause... Oh, fuck. Henri Klause? Right! The briefing last week from Dobey on that possible shipment of drugs! Holy shit, Starsk. One of your snitches came through. I'll bet my next algae shake on it. You got a lead on Klause and his bunch of goons!"

(Starsky bounces in his seat, grinning.)

"I love you, Starsk." (Hutch says without thinking.)

(Starsky falls very still, holding his breath and waits...)

(cue the dramatically heart wrenching music when Hutch doesn't respond to Starsky's silent pleas for love.)

End of Act Four

Act Five

(Hutch is driving the Torino as they head to the docks. Starsky is riding shotgun, as usual. Hutch sucks in a deep breath and slowly huffs it out.)

"What I just said... I know we say it all the time. Love you, dummy. I love ya, mushbrain. Still, it's starting to feel different these days, Starsk. I can't explain it..."

(Fingers rest on Hutch's wrist. Hutch looks down at them, and blinks against the emotions gathering inside him.)

"Sorry, buddy. I guess I'm still tap-dancing around it. Even after all these years. I'm lying to myself and I'm lying to you. I can explain it and I will, but not until you're back to your full health. It's not fair to you or to me to do this now. I won't take advantage of our friendship or your trust in me."

(cue soft, sad yet romantic music)

(Starsky pulls away his hand and looks out the side window, eyes bright with sadness and something else... love. What else could he do in the face of his partner's heartless sacrifice? And will he ever have his heart's desire?)

[sniffle]

"Starsk, you have to give me some clue. Which dock? There are dozens of them. Come on, think, Starsky, where?"

(Starsky's brow furrows [again].)

"The twelve days of Christmas!"

"Okay. Twelve. Dock twelve? Slip twelve? Hang on, let's try Dobey." (Hutch lifts mic.) "Dispatch, this is Zebra 3. Patch me through to Dobey." (Hutch waits.)

"Dobey here."

"Captain, do you have a layout of the docks?"

"Hang on." (Dobey rustles papers.) "Yeah, go ahead, Hutch."

"Twelve. Is there a dock or slip twelve?"

"Roger that. I got Pier Twelve."

"Great! Now which slip? Anything relating to Christmas, Captain?"

"Huh? Christmas? No... Just numbers. Pier Ten has fourteen large cargo ship moorings. So does Pier Eleven. Wait... Pier Twelve is reserved for international traffic. Let me call my buddy over at the Port Authority. I'll get back to you. Christmas, right?"

"Yes, Captain. Red, green, lights, fucking reindeer, something to do with Christmas."

"Language, Officer! Dobey, out."

"What do you think, Starsk? Pier Twelve?"

(Starsky looks thoughtful.)

"Joy to the world."

(Hutch laughs softly.)

"All in a day's work, partner. All in a day's work."

(The radio crackles to life.)

"Zebra Three, dispatch calling. Patching Captain Dobey through."

"This is Zebra Three. Go ahead, Captain."

"Hutch, I have two possibles. There's a boat docked on Pier Twelve, Slip Six named "The Green Lantern" and there's one called "Golden Carillon-"

(Starsky moves to the edge of his seat.)

"Silver bells!"

"Huh? Silver bells?" (Hutch looks at Starsky, puzzled [nothing new].)

"Silver bells!"

(Hutch mulls the information over.) "What's that second ship again, Captain?"

"Golden Carillon."

"Oh!" (Hutch has yet another epiphany.) "Gold carillon! Silver bells. Bingo! Where's it moored, Captain?"

"Slip Sixteen. Let me know if you need backup! Hutchinson! You got that?"

(Hutch makes static noises.)

"Too much interference, Captain! Captain!" (Hutch repeats the funny noises, then bangs the mic on dashboard.) "Zebra Three, out!" (Hutch tosses the mic to the floor. He grins at Starsky.)

"You and me, Starsky. This one's ours, my friend."

(Starsky grins back.)

"We're a couple'a misfits."

"You can say that again."

"We're a couple'a misfits."

(Hutch shakes his head, laughing. Starsky grins even more and reaches up under the dashboard on the passenger's side. He pulls and tugs while Hutch glances at him as he drives. One good final pull and he holds up his extra .38. Hutch nods with approval.)

"Don't shoot yourself in the foot, Starsk."

(Starsky rolls his eyes and checks the ammo.)

"Go tell it on the mountain."

"Even in Christmas carols, you're a smart mouth. Only you could manage to tell me to fuck off with the title to a damned song."

(Starsky has a look of pride on his face.)

(Hutch shakes his head in fond exasperation as he takes in the road ahead. Man, he loves this guy.)

"Dork."

"Mr. Grinch."

(cue dramatic music as the back of the Torino goes over a small hill in the road and disappears from view)

End of Act Five

Act Six

(Hutch slows the Torino down. The engine rumbles as Starsky & Hutch slowly cruise down the deserted pier. Then they see The Golden Carillon tied up ahead, Hutch pulls the Torino behind a large pile of crates and turns off the engine.)

"It's too damned quiet, Starsk. I don't like this."

(Starsky nods.)

"It came upon a midnight clear."

"You want to wait until dark. Okay. Good idea. Come on. Let's find a good observation spot and wait to see what's going on. We haven't got enough to go in with guns blazing. I'd give my right arm for a search warrant, but that isn't happening tonight."

(Together, Starsky & Hutch quietly climb from the Ford and work their way down the dock until they have a place to hunker down well out of any searching eyes. They settle in to wait. Two hours later, it's dark and they huddle closely together for warmth. [It's a good thing it gets cold when the sun goes down, even in Bay City.]



"Chestnuts roasting on an open fire."

"You're hungry again?"

(Starsky merely smiles and presses his lips against Hutch's ear. Hutch shivers. He swears he feels Starsky kiss his ear lobe. He reaches up a hand to touch the sensitive spot. Starsky wasn't hungry; he was telling Hutch they'd soon be as warm as two freshly roasted chestnuts squished together in a pocket.)

"When this is over, partner, we need to talk. I have things to tell you."

(In the dark, Hutch can barely see Starsky's eyes but he knows what he'd see if he could see into Starsky's eyes. He'd see love. But right now, with Starsky not operating at his best, he can't speak of love, of desires, of needs. Damn it all, anyway.)

(Starsky puts a hand on Hutch's cheek.)

"There's always tomorrow."

(Hutch nods, his eyes almost tearing up with the emotions swamping him [again].)

"Yeah, Starsk. Tomorrow we'll deal with it, but tonight- I hear a vehicle coming."

(They wait and watch, until a large black Mercedes drives by and pulls up at the ship. Two figures climb from the car and wait at the bottom of the gangplank while a third figure opens the trunk and pulls out a briefcase. In the still of the night, with the city sounds far away and the sea gulls sleeping for the moment, they can hear the bad guys talking.)

Bad guy number one: "I hope they got the stuff."

Bad guy number two, (the smart one): "Of course they have the merchandise. And we've got the weapons. Remember the plan. Both of you better remember it exactly as I planned it. If not, I'll kill you both on the spot."

Bad guy number three: "I gotta take a piss."

Bad guy number two: "Hold it, you idiot. Show me the money." (This was before that movie.)

(Bad guy number three pops open case. Bad guy number two fingers bills. Bad guy number one touches money, but bad guy number two smacks his hand. He jumps back, kissing his boohoo hand and glares at bad guy number two with hate in his eyes. Uh oh... Looks like there's a loose cannon in the bad guy troops. Big surprise...)

(cue bad guy music, fade out on pile of cash then on boat.)

End of Act Six

Act Seven

(Hutch and Starsky wait for the bad guys to go up the gang plank before they silently follow. After they carefully check for lookouts, Hutch signals to Starsky that the coast is clear. Starsky nods. Of course, Starsky isn't speaking much so he's pretty quiet already. Hutch is still puzzled but willing to figure this out, so he's also trying not to talk much.)

(They cautiously creep around until they stumble upon the ostentatiously swanky main stateroom where the bad guys are showing the cash to other bad guys showing the first group of bad guys a duffel bag full of the evil, nasty drug cocaine. The duffel bag has an emblem of the Green Bay Packers on it, and that pisses Hutch off since he thinks that meat packers are mean people. He's for saving the animals, even though he sometimes eats meat [veal yet!]. Tonight, he's so angry that all the nasty bad men are in big trouble with him.)

(The boys watch the bad guys swap money with the other bad guys. Then the bad guys pull their guns and shoot the other bad guys. The first set of bad guys [the ones from outside, remember?] take the cocaine and the cash. On the way out of the room, they also take a statue of two naked people doing the big nasty and a couple of packs of gum. Juicy Fruit, Hutch notes, because he can see the yellow wrapping from where he watches.)

(Hutch still wonders why they haven't seen any other bad guys or minions of bad guys. He takes another look around, but all is quiet. They follow the bad guys out of the disgustingly richly-appointed stateroom and wait when they get up on deck. Husky and Starch hunker back behind until they make their way to their waiting car.)

(Unfortunately, that's when somebody sticks a gun in Hutch's back.)

"Drop it, pig." (The mug says with a snarl.)

(Hutch slowly stands up from his crouch and drops his gun. He holds up his hands. Starsky rises as well, but he somehow manages to stick his gun into the pocket of his jacket. The mug is too stupid to search him. Thank heavens for dumb criminals.)

(The mug speaks.)

"Show me your hands or I kill yaright here." (He waves gun in Starsky and Hutch's face.) "Yo, Benny! I got me a couple'a live ones!"

(The second goon appears, grinning like an idiot.)

"It appears to be a couple of dead ones shortly, my good man." (This goon has an English accent which makes him sound pretty darned smart. He looks even smarter since he still has a gun and he cocks it menacingly.)

(Hutch and Starsky look at each other. Hutch winks. Starsky understands and nods slightly.)

(Fade to black over dramatic music.)

End of Act Seven

Act Eight

To recap, Hutch and Starsky look at each other. Hutch winks. Starsky understands and nods.

(The fight begins!)

(Hutch launches himself at the closest goon; not the one with the accent. He manages to disarm him. Starsky takes the other, the one with the accent. He holds the mug's wrist to keep from being shot. The British guy might have had a gun, but the good life has made him soft. He missed his opportunity to shoot Starsky, and a fight ensues.

The four men tussle, they wrestle, they fight. They punch and kick and bite. Starsky manages to pull his gun and he whacks his guy with the butt of it since he has time to turn the gun around and shoot. But somehow, Starsky slips and bangs his head [again]. When the dust settles, two goons are out like busted light bulbs. Hutch is barely standing, his chest heaving as he struggles to breathe. He looks around. Terrified that his partner could be the "D" word, he runs to Starsky's side.)

"Starsky! Oh, shit. Come on, buddy, speak to me. Shit, shit. Blood. God damn it, Starsk, you're bleeding. You've got another head injury! Starsky, hang in there, buddy. I'm calling for an ambulance!"

(Hutch cuffs the unconscious goons first before he races down the gangplank to find a phone. He falters on the way down when he finally realizes that the entire dock area is full of flashing red lights. Backup arrived while they'd been busy fighting with the bad guys.)

"I need an ambulance!" (Hutch shouts, running to one of the patrol men.) "Hurry the fuck up!"

"Detective Hutchinson!"

"Captain, it's Starsky! He's been hurt!"

"Okay, Hutch. Calm down and act like a trained officer! I have an ambulance on the way already. My men seemed to have injured one of the bad guys. Of course, Starsky gets first aid first."

"What's going on?" (Hutch takes a moment to look around.)

"When backup got here, they nabbed the driver of the limo. He was smoking a joint while he was waiting for his cohorts to return."

"Good work, Captain. I'm going back to Starsky. Send a couple of officers to get the two goons we took down. Oh, and there's a bag full of c-cash and a satchel of shitty white powder that need to be logged in."

(Dobey rolls his eyes.) "Good work, Hutch, even if you and that partner of yours did violate procedure yet again! Now get back to Starsky and make sure he's taken care of." (Dobey hears the siren of the ambulance as it grows closer.) "We'll have the medics to you in two minutes. Go on. Go keep an eye on him before that nervous tic you've got makes me nuts."

"Right." (Hutch races back to his partner. He falls to his knees beside the unconscious man, and gently puts a hand on the curly head.) "I love you, buddy. Merry Christmas."



(Cue slightly romantic hurt/comfort type music and fade to black.)

End of Act Eight

Act Nine

(cue soft sleeping music)

(Hutch is hovering over Starsky's hospital bed. Starsky is unconscious, but since he's only on oxygen, Hutch knows he'll live. Whether or not he'll ever wake up and speak only in Christmas carols is another tune. Hutch is worried that Starsky won't be back to normal with his speech patterns before the next holiday, mainly because there just aren't enough Easter songs for Starsky to use for communication.)

"Starsky, buddy, the docs think if I talk to you, it might help you wake up. So I thought about this for a while and I decided to sing one of your favorite songs of the season." (Hutch pauses, rubbing his gritty, tired eyes.) "I even brought my guitar along because I know how much you love it when I sing. I also know how much you enjoy Christmas. I hope I can remember all the words. Here goes:

Joy to the world
All the boys and girls now
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea
Joy to you and me..."

"Hark, the herald angels sing."

"Starsky! You're awake! Thank God! But you're still talking in Christmas carols! How are you feeling, partner?"

(Starsky gives Hutch a blinding smile.)

"Got'cha, blondie."

"Starsky?" (Hutch's eyes widen and his mouth falls open.) "You're back!" (Hutch's joy is so deeply felt that he gives Starsky a big kiss. Right on the lips. Shocked, he jumps back as if he's been burned.) "Oh, geez, Starsk. I'm sorry!"

"I ain't. I liked it!" (Starsky grins.) "Hutch, my head hurts, but I gotta tell you, I'm happy to be back. And I love you too, partner o' mine. Now take me home."

"But the doc-"

"Screw the doctors. Get me outta here. Tomorrow's Christmas and I plan on spending it in bed with you."

(Hutch's eyes widen even more, but now he's smiling.) "Starsky... I don't want to hurt you! I'm not sure... I-I'm so happy!"

"I love ya, Hutch. Now kiss me, then get my clothes. This place smells like a hospital."

"Okay, you win. Let me help you get dressed. Then I'll take you home and give you a nice, soothing bath before I tuck you into bed." [unnecessary bathing! woohoo!]

(Starsky actually blushes.) "Your bed, of course."

"Of course. My l-l-love?" (Hutch blushes himself, and shuffles his feet.)

"Ahhh, that's nice, sweetheart o' mine."

(Hutch reaches out his hand and Starsky takes it. They lace their fingers together and grin at each other.)

"By the way, that was the wrong version of Joy to the World, mushbrain. But if you promise to serenade me later on, I'll forgive ya."

"I promise. Always and forever."

"Me 'n thee, blintz. Merry Christmas."

"Starsk, I know this sucks, but I promised Dobey we'd stop by the precinct for ten minutes. He insisted."

"Sure, Hutch. I'm feelin' good, so let's go and see what our esteemed leader wants."

(fade to black. Cue bouncy romantic yet somehow holiday-related music.)

End of Act Nine

Act Ten

(Hutch and Starsky sit in Captain Dobey's office. They're drinking coffee while Dobey eats fruitcake.)





"You want some?"

(Hutch looks aghast while Starsky grins.)

"If Mrs. Dobey made it, I'll have some, Cap."

"Starsk, please... I can't watch both of you eating that crap!"

(Dobey bristles.) "I'll have you know, Detective I'm-too-good-for-fruitcake, that Mrs. Dobey spent two months making this! It takes a lot of time and rum to get it just right. Hrumph."

"Ignore Hutch, Captain. He's irritated that I'm talking normally again."

"I am not! I'm happy you're back to what you consider normal!"

(Starsky raises an eyebrow.)

"So you admit then that you're just horny?"

"Starsky!" (Both Dobey and Hutch cry out simultaneously. Dobey sputters fruitcake crumbs across the desk. Hutch does not. [God forbid!])

"Now see what you've made me do. Out! Both of you! Go on, go home. It's Christmas tomorrow and I don't want to see either of your faces in this station for seventy-two hours!"

"Come on, Blintz, before he changes his mind and rescinds our time off. I got plans for you and that skinny tush."

"My tush is not skinny!"

(Fade out as the boys go out Dobey's door. Starsky pinches Hutch's butt, making Hutch jump a mile. The door closes.)

End of Act Ten

Act Eleven

(Fade in on Starsky's (or is that Hutch's?) apartment. A small Christmas tree winks away on the kitchen table and discarded wrapping paper and cardboard boxes lie. There are empty mugs on the coffee table, along with crumbling remains of breakfast. Hark, we hear giggling coming from another room...)

"Say it again, Starsky." (Hutch moans as Starsky touches him.)

"It came upon a midnight clear."

"Oh, yeah. Our first time. Midnight. God, Starsk! Do that again!"

"The little drummer boy."

"Oh, oh. I'm going to... Starsky... Oh, God... Why'd you stop? Are you torturing me?" (Starsky looks up from his task, licks his lips and grins. Hutch groans and shakes from head to toe.)

"All right! I got it! You play me like a frigging drum! And I loved every second of it. You're a master musician when it comes to good loving. C-come on, Starsk. Please! Yeah! Oh, my hell! S-Starsk, more, please. Tell me more!" (Hutch does a lot of writhing while Starsky returns to having Hutch for breakfast, lunch and dinner all at the same time.)

"I heard the bells on Christmas day."

"Come on, Starsk. I want you to hear bells. I want you to feel it from your head to your toes."

"Do you hear what I hear?"

"You're going to hear me scream in about two seconds if you keep doing that. Yes, that! Gonna lose it here, lover. If you don't stop now, I'm not responsible for what happens... Oh, shit.... next!"

(Hutch is helpless under Starsky's loving. He reaches the pinnacle and falls, crying out his lover's name. Sated and boneless, he merely grins when Starsky gently rolls him onto his stomach and tenderly prepares him. A soft sigh escapes Hutch as Starsky finally, finally makes Hutch his own, body and soul. But he knows that he's Hutch's as well. In fact, he hopes Hutch will do this to him. Maybe for New Year's Day. Starsky loves fireworks. Starsky smiles as he puts his lips to Hutch's ear as he falls over the edge, whispering into the warm orifice.)

"All I want for Christmas is you."

(Fade out on two happy faces. Love and tenderness shine from two pair of blue eyes...)

(cue music as the audience are left with happily sleeping boys, snuggled like two puppies under a nice warm blanket. A fire burns in the fireplace, snapping and cracking merrily and the radio softly plays a Christmas carol: It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year.)



End of Act Eleven

Act Twelve

(There is no Act Twelve! [snicker]

The End!)

STARSKY & HUTCH

**Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year!**

End Notes

Warnings: Author Intrusion; Unnecessary Bathing; Smarm Up The Wazoo; Mush; Angst; Hurt/Comfort; Sex, Drugs and Rock n' Roll, And Most Atrocious: Christmas Carol Abuse.

A/N: I'd thank my betas but it's just not right to hang this story on their heads, so everything that follows is totally my fault. I wrote this for Christmas one year (duh). 2012 maybe? Not that it matters. It's timeless in it's beauty. LOL!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!