

THE HEART EATS THE HEAD

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INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SAM lies naked on his bed with RACHEL wrapped around him, she lies nude and out of breath.

Sam is in his late 20's, hipster type, attractive, but not in an unrealistic way.

Rachel is covered in tattoos, has a Mohawk and is absolutely beautiful.

Sam laughs.

SAM
So that happened.

Rachel buries her head under his arm, rubs her hand on his chest.

RACHEL
Yeah, I guess it did.

He gently touches her face.

SAM
Your face is all red.

RACHEL
It's hot in here.

SAM
Did you cum?

RACHEL
Pretty hard, actually. You?

SAM
Nah, I faked it.

RACHEL
You're kind of talkative after sex aren't you?

SAM
Well, we didn't do much talking during.

She pinches his chest.

RACHEL
Take that.

SAM
Fuck, that hurt.

She laughs and kisses it.

RACHEL
All better now.

He laughs.

SAM
Thanks.
(beat)
So?

RACHEL
So what?

SAM
I turn you straight now?

RACHEL
Yup, you converted me.

SAM
Who knew the cure to the gay disease was
making love to me?

She pinches his nipple.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ow, what was that for?

RACHEL
Felt like it.

SAM
Just kidding, dummy.

RACHEL
I know.

She smiles.

SAM
I think you might have to hand over your
lesbo card after this though.

RACHEL
You think?

SAM
Yeah, they're going to cancel your
membership.

RACHEL

My lesbian membership card is going to expire?

SAM

Probably.

She laughs.

RACHEL

That is if they find out though.

SAM

You mean you aren't going to shout it out to the world about our intense love making?

RACHEL

Wasn't really planning on it.

SAM

Liar. You're so in love with me now.

He kisses her on the lips, she kisses him back.

RACHEL

Yup.

SAM

You should get dumped and drunk more often.

She twists his nipples again. He jumps up out of pain.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ow! Seriously, that fuckin' hurts.

INT. PINK DRAGON BAR - NIGHT

A jukebox plays in a corner as two girls make-out beside it.

The bar is full of women.

At a table with two of her friends, sit Rachel, SARA, and SUSAN.

Sara has dark skin, short hair, tattoos cover her arms.

Susan has dyed red hair, a lip ring and several tattoos down her arms.

They each drink a beer.

RACHEL
I wanna play pool.

SARA
No way. Rachel, you aren't going anywhere until you tell us what the fuck happened.

RACHEL
I already told you guys.

SUSAN
Yeah, you fucked Sam. Sam!

RACHEL
What's wrong with Sam?

SUSAN
He's your room mate, and a guy. A straight guy. Are you bi now?

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL
No, I'm not bi, Susan.

SARA
So what the hell happened?

RACHEL
Becky broke up with me.

SARA
Fuck. When?

RACHEL
Last night.

SARA
Jesus. And you're just now telling us?

RACHEL
Sorry, Sara, didn't feel like bringing it up.

SUSAN
You've been with Becky for two years, what happened?

RACHEL
Nothing, we just kinda drifted apart.

SUSAN
So you just fucked Sam because you were upset?

RACHEL

No. Well, a little. But I like Sam. I've known him since college. He was there for me, I was drunk, things just kinda happened.

SARA

You act like it isn't that big of a deal.

RACHEL

Because it isn't! He's my best friend, it felt right, it felt good, end of story.

SARA

I think you're bi.

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL

Look at me. I'm the butchest dyke in this place.

SUSAN

I don't know, I think she might have you beat.

Susan signals for them to look over at the bar. Their eyes set on a BULL DYKE, an older woman in a man's suit with a thin mustache.

RACHEL

Jesus.

SUSAN

That doing anything for you?

RACHEL

If only she had big smelly balls like Sam.

SARA

Gross, let's not talk about Sam's balls please. Least not while I'm drinking.

SUSAN

So, are things weird between you two now?

SARA

Yeah, is it awkward?

RACHEL

With Sam? No way.

SARA

But you know how guys are with sex.

RACHEL

Sam isn't like that. He knows I'm gay.

SUSAN

Listen to Sara, Rachel. I've dated several guys in the past. Unlike you, I am bi. They all think the same thing. I can turn her straight.

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL

If anyone thinks they can turn me straight, they're welcome to try.

The Bull Dyke at the bar grabs a beer and walks over to the girls' table.

SUSAN

Christ, two o'clock.

BULL DYKE

What's going on?

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits on the couch eating popcorn. Rachel walks in through the front door.

RACHEL

What's up, dummy?

SAM

Hey there, beautiful.

She tosses her keys on a table and sits down next to him.

RACHEL

What are you watching?

SAM

Rambo.

She shoves her hand into the bowl of popcorn, gets a fistful.

RACHEL

Damn, it's at the end.

SAM

You know, originally he kills himself at the end.

RACHEL

Really? That sucks, but least that would save us from Rambo 3.

He looks over at her, sees her shoving popcorn into her mouth.

SAM

Easy, miss glutton.

RACHEL

I'm fuckin' hungry.

SAM

You didn't eat?

RACHEL

Nah. Went to Pink Dragon.

SAM

What's with you and not eating at bars?

RACHEL

I think bars should be for liquor, not food.

SAM

Want me to make you something?

RACHEL

Not really.

She rests her head on his shoulder.

SAM

You're not still depressed are you?

RACHEL

Kind of.

He kisses her forehead.

SAM

I think I have eggs. You want eggs?

RACHEL

I just drank a bunch of beer, eggs and beer don't mix.

SAM

How'd the night out venting to the SS girls go?

RACHEL

It's funny, I was fine when I went, but afterwards I just felt depressed.

SAM

Shouldn't friends have the opposite effect?

RACHEL

You'd think. Least I have you. You don't make me wanna jump through a window.

SAM

That's because I'm awesome.

RACHEL

Really, awesome? Then why are you alone on a Saturday night watching Rambo?

SAM

Because Rambo's the only one that gets me.

RACHEL

You'd so be Rambo's bitch.

SAM

Would not, we'd be amigos. Brothers in arms. We'd totally go around Nam and collect ears for our necklaces.

She laughs.

RACHEL

Bullshit. I'm butcher than you.

He looks over at her, she lifts her head.

SAM

What?!

RACHEL

Dude, I'd so beat you in an arm wrestling contest, it's not even funny.

SAM

That's a challenge.

Sam gets up and knocks some magazines off the coffee table.

RACHEL

It's on now.

They get on the floor, lock arms, stare each other in the eyes.

SAM

You're going down, down to lesbo town.

RACHEL

Bring it.

They interlock fingers.

SAM

Ready?

RACHEL

You're not even doing it right.

She holds his hand.

SAM

I knew that.

RACHEL

Ready?

SAM

Go!

She automatically beats him in arm wrestling.

RACHEL

I win!

She grabs his face, kisses him on the lips. She jumps up to celebrate her victory.

SAM

Must be all those steroids you've been taking.

RACHEL

We're so watching Over the Top tonight!

INT. LIVINGROOM - LATER

Sam and Rachel sleep on the couch together. Sam wakes up to find the lights and tv still on. Not to mention Rachel asleep, drooling on his shirt.

He looks over at the clock on the cable box. It's 4:00 AM.

SAM
(whispers)
Hey, drooly, wake up.

She buries her face into his chest.

RACHEL
Go away. Sleepy.

SAM
C'mon, let's get you to bed.

He picks her up and carries her to her bedroom.

RACHEL
Where we going?

SAM
Your bed, dummy. You know, I'm always still amazed at how light girls are. You're like cats, you think they look heavier than they actually are.

RACHEL
You calling me fat?

Sam smirks.

SAM
No.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam carefully puts her into her bed, covers her with a sheet, kisses her forehead.

She smiles and closes her eyes.

Sam walks away.

RACHEL
Wait.

He stops and turns around.

SAM
Thought you were asleep.

RACHEL
You think I'm ugly?

SAM
You're beautiful.

She smiles.

RACHEL
You know, Becky never once said that to me. Guess that's why I dumped her.

SAM
You told me she dumped you.

RACHEL
Yeah, well, I lied.

SAM
Why? Normally you wanna be the dumper in the story, not the dumpee.

RACHEL
I know, I'm messed up. I just wanted some sympathy, I guess.

SAM
Why?

RACHEL
Cause, I like the way you treat me when I'm down.

SAM
And how is that?

RACHEL
Like I'm special.

SAM
You are special.

RACHEL
Not in a have to wear gloves and a protective helmet kind of special. I mean, special-special.

SAM
C'mon, you know I think you're both.

She laughs, throws a pillow at him.

RACHEL
You suck.

SAM
Enough sleepy talk. Go to sleep.

He tosses her back the pillow.

RACHEL

Okay.

She closes her eyes and goes back to sleep. Sam stays and watches her.

SAM

(whispers)

Dummy.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Rachel pukes her breakfast up into a toilet. She closes the toilet lid, sits down.

She holds up a pregnancy test, takes one grimacing look at it and slumps her head back.

RACHEL

Sigh.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

Rachel, Susan and Sara sit around the couch. They all look at Rachel like she's dying.

Rachel huddles a couch pillow.

SUSAN

What are you going to do?

RACHEL

What do you think I'm going to do?

SARA

I kinda figured you'd suction cup that thing out of there.

RACHEL

Fuck you. No way. I'm keeping it.

SUSAN

Have you told Sam yet?

RACHEL

Not really.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

Rachel lays on the couch with a big belly full of baby.
Her hair is longer, no more Mohawk.

Sam walks in with a baby crib.

SAM
Check this out.

RACHEL
Where did you get that?

SAM
Someone was just throwing it away.

RACHEL
Dude, we can't put our baby in a trash
crib.

SAM
It's not trash, see.

Sam wiggles it.

RACHEL
Nope.

SAM
Oh, c'mon, babe. I bet you a hundred
bucks it can hold me.

She laughs.

RACHEL
I'll take that bet!

Sam crawls into the baby crib. He lays in it, looking
pleased with himself for being right.

The crib eventually breaks under his weight.

Rachel laughs at him.

SAM
Fuck.

RACHEL
Pay up, buddy.

Sam runs over to her and tickles her.

SAM
Take that!

RACHEL
You're gonna make me pee!

Same kisses her on the lips.

SAM
You taste like pickles.

RACHEL
Yum, pickles.

SAM
You are such a pregnant cliché.

INT. PINK DRAGON BAR - NIGHT

Rachel and her friends have thrown her a baby shower. She wears a party hat, surrounded by a mountain of presents.

RACHEL
Thanks, guys. I needed to get out of the house.

SARA
So how are things with you and Sam?

RACHEL
Great actually.

SARA
Still a lesbian?

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL
Yes. Still gay. But I fell in love with a guy.

SARA
C'mon, Rachel. That just doesn't happen.

RACHEL
Happened to me. And those convertacouples.

Rachel rubs her belly.

SUSAN
Okay, speaking from the experience of the only out bi girl here, it is possible to fall for both. Plus, Sam is pretty much a girl anyway.

They laugh.

SARA

So have you guys picked out any names?

RACHEL

Sam keeps bugging me to name him Kai.

SARA

God, why?

RACHEL

He says if he ever grows up to be an assassin, it would be a cool name to have.

SARA

I changed my mind. You two are perfect for each other.

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL

Yeah, I know.

INT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY

Sam and Rachel look down at a sleeping baby boy. Sam puts his arm around her, holds her tight.

SAM

He's perfect.

RACHEL

Fuck yeah, he is.

They smile and kiss.

SAM

I love you.

RACHEL

I love you, too.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END