

THE HEART EATS THE HEAD

by  
Brent Lonkey

Leatheranimal Productions  
LeatheranimalProductions@gmail.com  
704-770-8471

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