**Your Lover’s Head**

**by Travis Holmes**

*Lights up quickly. Simon stands center stage, staring wide-eyed at a point somewhere beyond the audience. Nathan is next to him, kneeling down, inspecting the remains of some poor bastard - a head, a leg, various other body parts. There’s a human skeleton nearby. Both are dressed for cold weather. Everytime Simon says this line he’s about to say if I’ll ever finish rambling, Nathan turns his head and looks wide-eyed in the same direction as Simon. Henry is seated downstage, facing toward them.*

SIMON

Jesus Christ, it’s a Yeti! Get in the car!

HENRY

Again.

SIMON

Jesus Christ, it’s a Yeti! Get in the car!

HENRY

Again.

SIMON

Jesus Christ! It’s a Yeti! Get in the car!

*Simon and Nathan hold their scaredy faces for a beat. Henry sighs, frustrated and disappointed.*

SIMON

What? What was wrong with that?

HENRY

Simon, do you know what a yeti is?

SIMON

It’s like a wampa, right?

HENRY

It’s exactly a wampa. It’s a great big terrifying snow monster with claws and teeth and long white fur and it wants to eat you and stew your bones for stock in which to cook a nice soup.

*Throws a bone at Simon.*

SIMON

Hey!

HENRY

Does a creature like that sound pleasant? Does it sound nice? Does it sound like the type of person you want to hang out with and build Lego castles together?

NATHAN

It doesn’t sound like a person at all, strictly speaking.

HENRY

 *At Nathan*

Is that helping? Is that helping?

NATHAN

I’m just saying.

SIMON

Is all.

HENRY

Look, let’s try it again. This time, I need to see not just surprise like “oh mah gaw, looka that fuggin thing!” I need to see fear. I need to see pure abject my-life-is-about-to-come-to-a-very- painful-end horror. I need to see your heart stop. Can you do that for me?

SIMON

You want me to make my heart stop?

HENRY

Jesus.

NATHAN

Can I ask a dumb question?

HENRY

That seems to be the rule.

NATHAN

How are we gonna make a movie about a monster that lives in the snow? We live in Texas.

SIMON

No shit. I’m fucking dying here.

 *Takes off jacket and hat.*

*Henry looks stunned, as if he’s been hit upside the head with a metaphorical frying pan. Simon and Nathan notice.*

SIMON

*Amused*

You didn’t even think of that, did you?

HENRY

Well neither did you.

SIMON

Well it’s not my movie, is it Captain Megabrains?

HENRY

Oh fuck you like a Russian gymnast.

NATHAN

Whoa. That’s a weird thing to say to your brother.

SIMON

Not to mention oddy racist?

NATHAN

And vaguely homophobic?

SIMON

And therefore self-loathing.

NATHAN

Obviously misogynistic.

SIMON

Eh.

HENRY

Could we just get back to the scene please?

NATHAN

We’re just saying.

SIMON

Is all.

HENRY

Look, let me worry about the logistics, okay? We’ll, I don’t know, go film it in Colorado if we have to.

NATHAN

Pot’s legal there, you know.

SIMON

We’ll get stoned and make a yeti movie.

NATHAN

This’ll be the best yeti movie ever.

HENRY

You just worry about getting your line right.

SIMON

Jesus Christ it’s a yeti? Get in the car? That line?

HENRY

Yes, but, you know, acted a little?

SIMON

 *Acting, really loud*

JESUS CHRIST, IT’S A YETI! GET IN THE CAR! Like that?

HENRY

Okay, so the volume is there but the feeling is still, nnnnggg.

SIMON

Nnnggg, what? I’m sounding as terrified as I can here.

NATHAN

Sounds pretty terrified to me.

HENRY

It’s like … I don’t know, like …

SIMON

Like?

HENRY

Like, oh!

 *Turns upstage and calls out in a sweet voice.*

George! Geeooorge! Come here boy!

*A dog yips and barks from offstage.*

HENRY

George! Come here boy! Come see me!

*A dog appears onstage and somehow finds its way into Henry’s arms. Perhaps you could use the tiny stuffed dog currently sitting in the pile of props or perhaps you have one of your own. How you make the little bastard move, I don’t know. Feel free to have somebody throw it from offstage if you want.*

HENRY

That’s a boy. That’s a boy.

NATHAN

Is George the yeti?

HENRY

George is Simon’s best friend.

NATHAN

I thought I was your best friend.

HENRY

Best friend that he hasn’t made out with.

SIMON

Shut up.

HENRY

I’m just saying.

NATHAN

Is all.

HENRY

So here we have George. And here we have a noose.

*Henry pulls a noose from his pocket.*

SIMON

You have a noose in your pocket?

NATHAN

No he doesn’t. It’s in his hand.

SIMON

Why do you -?

HENRY

 *Dangling noose in front of George*

Now George hasn’t the slightest idea what this is. He’s completely unaware of the symbolism or the history or the power of this particular configuration of rope. For all he knows, it’s just another fuckin’ chew toy. Even when I slip it around his neck -

 *Slips noose around George’s neck*

SIMON

What are you doing?

HENRY

He hasn’t the faintest clue that a shadow may have just fallen across his shitty little life.

SIMON

Henry, that’s not funny.

HENRY

See what George is doing? This is the kind of performance I’m getting out of you right now. It’s like, you tell me you know what a yeti is, but then you go and act like a dog with a noose around its neck.

SIMON

Henry, take the noose off of George.

HENRY

 *Starts to tighten noose as he says*

Now say I were to tighten it a little bit -

SIMON

 *Starts to lunge in panic*

Stop!

*Henry pulls George away, mildly threatening. Simon stops mid-lunge.*

HENRY

Ah-ah-ah! Right there. You feel that? Your heart stopped. I saw it. That’s what I’m looking for.

SIMON

Put down the dog, Henry.

HENRY

Do the line, Simon.

SIMON

Put down the dog!

HENRY

Do the line!

NATHAN

Observation? We’re not even filming at the moment?

HENRY

The line!

SIMON

Jesus Christ! It’s a yeti! Get in the car!

HENRY

Again!

SIMON

Jesus Christ! It’s a yeti! Get in the car!

HENRY

Again!

SIMON

Jesus Christ! Put down my fucking dog!

*Simon charges into Henry and bowls him over. George goes flying, Nathan catches him. The fight rages behind Nathan and George. If you can make it work, Henry and Simon may even use the bones as weapons with which to attempt to bludgeon one another.*

NATHAN

Don’t hurt - ! Oh, hey George. Are you okay? Did the crazy screaming psycho boys scare you? Yeah, what is it about brothers, huh? It’s like their relationships never progress beyond their childhoods. Makes me glad sometimes I’m an only child. Other times, though, I must admit to mild pangs of something like jealousy.

*Nathan watches them fight for a moment, then sets George down, hesitates for just a second before jumping into the melee a bit too enthusiastically.*

SIMON

Hey what the fuck!

HENRY

Ow! Shit, man, what was that?

NATHAN

What? I thought we were fighting?

HENRY

Yeah, *we* were. What the hell’s your problem?

NATHAN

I don’t know, I -

SIMON

Got me right in the dick.

HENRY

And not for the first time.

*Simon smacks Henry with a bone.*

NATHAN

It just looked like you guys were having fun.

SIMON

What do you think this is? Fight Club?

HENRY

Yeah, we’re really trying to hurt each other when we do that shit.

SIMON

We’re still on our parent’s insurance.

HENRY

Like that makes a difference?

SIMON

I’m just saying.

HENRY

Is all. Hey wait a minute. Let’s try something. Why don’t you guys switch roles?

NATHAN

You want me to do his part?

HENRY

Yeah. I mean, Simon, I’m assuming you don’t give a shit?

SIMON

Fuck your stupid movie.

HENRY

Perfect. So, places.

*Simon and Nathan bumble a bit finding their places since they’re going to different places than they were before. They line up off to the side a bit, well away from the bones and body parts. Their characters in the movie haven’t found this stuff just yet.*

HENRY

And …. action.

NATHAN

The tracks go this way.

*Nathan and Simon follow a path that leads them to the gore. Henry watches them, maybe doing some of that thing that film directors do where they make a little square screen with their fingers. Nathan and Simon halt suddenly when they come upon the bones and body parts. Nathan slaps his hand over his mouth like he’s going to puke. Simon steps past him and kneels down by the head.*

NATHAN

Oh my god.

SIMON

It’s …

 *Breaks character, speaks to Henry as he points to the head*

What’s this guy’s name supposed to be again?

HENRY

Marcus.

SIMON

Oh right.

 *Back in character.*

It’s Marcus.

NATHAN

Oh Jesus, no!

 *Breaks character, speaks to Henry.*

Is that really the line you want there or could I ad-lib something better?

HENRY

Just keep going!

NATHAN

Fine.

 *Back in character*

Oh Jesus, no!

 *Breaks character again*

But that line’s just so corny.

HENRY

Would you just do it? For now? For my sake? Please?

NATHAN

Okay, okay. Give me your line again.

SIMON

It’s Marcus.

NATHAN

Oh Jesus, no!

SIMON

 *Smirks, holds the head up toward him*

No, look, it’s totally him.

*Simon and Nathan crack up.*

HENRY

You guys aren’t taking this seriously at all!

NATHAN

He’s making me laugh! I’m serious as a hatefuck.

HENRY

Could we please just get through this one time? Please? Just one lousy run-through. That’s all I ask.

SIMON

Okay, fine.

HENRY

From the top. Places.

*They resume their places at the beginning of the scene, walking towards the carnage.*

HENRY

And …. action.

NATHAN

The tracks go this way.

*They follow the tracks until they come upon Marcus all torn to shreds. Nathan stops, horrified, hand over his mouth. Simon kneels down beside Marcus.*

NATHAN

Oh my god.

SIMON

It’s Marcus.

NATHAN

Oh Jesus, no!

SIMON

 *Looking around*

Where’s the rest of him?

HENRY

Cracking of branches nearby.

*Nathan and Simon both turn toward the sound.*

NATHAN

What was that?

SIMON

We should probably -

HENRY

Rar! Rar!

NATHAN

Jesus Christ, it’s a Yeti! Get in the car!

*Nathan and Simon run for it.*

HENRY

Take the head! Take the head!

*Nathan runs back for the head. They run offstage, Henry follows them, still making “Rar!” sounds and doing that finger-screen thing. They all run back onstage and stop.*

SIMON

We can stop running now, right?

*Simon plunks down next to the skeleton. Perhaps through this next part, he drums on the ribcage with a pair of bones.*

HENRY

Yeah, we’ll do more when we actually film the thing.

SIMON

In Colorado. Stoned out of our minds.

HENRY

 *To Nathan*

My friend, that was spectacular.

NATHAN

Really?

HENRY

Yes, really. Superb.

SIMON

 *To himself*

It was okay.

HENRY

You really nailed it. I believed you when you saw that Yeti. I totally saw your heart stop.

SIMON

 *Under his breath, rolling his eyes*

I saw my dick stop.

NATHAN

Thanks. It felt really good.

HENRY

Okay, cool. So let’s jump ahead to the next scene. You guys have made it back to the car. Simon, you’re driving. Nathan, you’re in the passenger seat holding Marcus in your lap.

NATHAN

I still have the head with me?

HENRY

Of course you’ve got his head. Marcus was your lover before the yeti got him. And now...

NATHAN

And now what?

HENRY

 *Scoffs*

Well you guys read the rest of the script, right?

*Nathan and Simon look at each other, then one of them snatches the script out of Henry’s hands. Oh, I guess Henry was holding a script all this time. They flip through the scene. Nathan grows horrified. Simon starts to laugh. They ad-lib exclamations of surprise as they go through.*

SIMON

Oh shit! That’s nasty. I’m really glad we switched. I’m just saying.

NATHAN

And that is all of this movie I’m going to be doing with you.

*Nathan tosses Marcus’s head to Henry and starts to leave.*

HENRY

What? Wait, where are you going? We haven’t done the scene yet.

NATHAN

 *Points to Marcus.*

I’m sorry, but I really don’t want to put any of my body parts in there.

*Nathan exits. Henry and Simon stand there for a moment in silence. Simon whistles at George and they exit together, leaving Henry alone.*