SPIDERS AND LOOGIES

BY

NATASHA COOKE
ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. RURAL COUNTRY HOME, WHISKEY’S TAXIDERMY WORKSHOP – DAY 1

WHISKEY - female, late twenties, wearing a white flowy nightshirt and paisley panties.

WHISKEY
 (voice over)
I live in a dystopia world. Humans are artificially prolonged with metal organs, embalmed in human-sized Mason Jars to take home when dead.

WHISKEY taps on the glass of the human-sized Mason jar holding her parents.

WHISKEY (CONT’D)
Good morning momz, daddy.

WHISKEY kisses the human-sized Mason jar holding her parents.

WHISKEY (CONT’D)
(voice over)
I took home my parents last week, their embalmed bodies in my basement next to my taxidermy workshop. Those are my bats with horsefly wings, centipede legs and mermaid things, top seller.

WHISKEY walks upstairs.

WHISKEY (CONT’D)
(voice over)
My left ventricle broke when my parents died.

WHISKEY walks into the TV ROOM and taps on the Mason jar holding up her TV.

WHISKEY (CONT’D)

WHISKEY walks into the KITCHEN.
WHISKEY (CONT’D)
(voice over)
One of my right pulmonary veins
shattered when my sister died.

WHISKEY makes breakfast.

JOHN - male, late twenties, plaid shirt and wrinkle jeans,
walks into the KITCHEN. WHISKEY kisses JOHN. Fucks JOHN in
the kitchen.

WHISKEY is left covered in egg white.

JOHN sits at the tiny kitchenette reading the newspaper.
WHISKEY, disheveled, pours JOHN coffee.

WHISKEY (CONT’D)
All we have is insipid and cold.

JOHN
It’s the bees knees WHISKEY.

WHISKEY washes her hands with John’s homemade soap.

WHISKEY
This lilac and melatonin soap you
made is soothing. It’s going to
sell. I know it.

JOHN
I’m glad you like it. Thank you for
the eagle feet-clam shell-oriental
bird tail.

WHISKEY holds the creature-creation JOHN mentions. It’s used
as a soap holder.

WHISKEY watches JOHN sipping cold, insipid coffee while
reading the newspaper.

WHISKEY
(voice over)
I watch JOHN sip his cold, insipid
coffee and all I can think about is
how I am going to get a metal heart
so my heart doesn’t ever break
again.

Tiny white flowers begin to grow inside WHISKEY and JOHN’S
kitchen.

WHISKEY unbuttons her blouse: one button, two button, three
button, four.
WHISKEY (CONT’D)
Are you my kindred kidney stone?
(beat)
Whiskey stares outside of their white-chipped wooden window - into a lavender country meadow that’s flooded with sunlight.

WHISKEY (CONT’D)
I want a metal heart, JOHN.

JOHN
(breathes in)
...yea?

WHISKEY
(beat)
YES. Something simple. Something placid. A piece of industrial steel to pump blood through my veins and oxygen to my brain!

JOHN
That’s all anyone could ever want.
(beat)
Although, I like my fleshy heart, I really do.

WHISKEY holds her blouse against her warm, heart, translucently beating through her chest.

WHISKEY
Well aren’t those archaic?

The sunshine glimmers WHISKEY’s raven hair, slightly kissing her skin.

JOHN takes off WHISKEY’s paisley panties and holds her blouse to his chest.

JOHN
And I like your fleshy heart too. WHISKEY, you have some mighty nice things in here.

WHISKEY
Oh baby, I have spiders and loogies, and when it’s a good day, maybe, just maybe, I have bats with horsefly wings, centipede legs and mermaid things.

John peels WHISKEY’s skin.
JOHN
You’ve got a smudge of soot right here.

JOHN blows on WHISKEY’s soot, spits in his hand and wipes the soot from her skin.

WHISKEY
JOHN, but really, I do need a metal heart. My heart isn’t humming like it used too.

JOHN
Feels just right.

WHISKEY
John. It’s not! Do you want to have me embalmed in a fucking Mason Jar? Do you think I will look nice wombed up next to the ficus.

JOHN
Well no. The ficus has been dead for some time now...actually is that a ficus?

WHISKEY
I won’t leave you if I had a metal heart.

JOHN
You feel just right, WHISKEY. Pink, fleshy...fine.

WHISKEY
I will be able to love you, always if I had a metal heart.

JOHN
WHISKEY, you smell just right. Copper pennies, honey and cloudy linen.

WHISKEY
Then leave me with the baby fucking fleas in our sheets. Or take me to get a metal heart and I will forever lay next to you bowed out on your chest.

The tiny white flowers in the kitchen begin to bloom.

FADE OUT.
ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF DYSTOPIA - DAY (BUT EVEN THE DAYS ARE DIM)

WHISKEY is wearing dust goggles as she clinches onto JOHN. JOHN bikes through the dusty dystopia, lukewarm blue day toward the apothecary that sells metal hearts. They reach their destination.

INT. APOTHECARY

JOHN and WHISKEY walk into the apothecary shop with fleshy hearts beating in Mason jars on the counter. The beats are overwhelming as WHISKEY can feel them connecting to her heart.

WHISKEY coughs up a loogie.

FIZZ, male, forties, thin, black rimmed glasses, heavily tattooed and bald is standing behind the counter with a lolly in his mouth, reading the newspaper. He recognizes JOHN.

FIZZ
Hey John, what’s going on? Is it already Thursday? I still have lots of your St. John’s Wart soap in the back. And a few of the charcoal and clove too.

JOHN
Oh no FIZZ. Just stopping by. This is my girl WHISKEY.

WHISKEY
Hi.

FIZZ
Hi JOHN’s girl WHISKEY. What are in for?

WHISKEY
Can I feel your hearts?

FIZZ pops his head up from his newspaper.

FIZZ
Ya. Which one?

WHISKEY
That one.
WHISKEY points to the strawberry colored fleshy heart.

FIZZ unscrews the cap making a “pop” sound and WHISKEY dips her fingers into the ethanol, pulling out the heart. It beats in her hands.

    JOHN
    (whispers)
    Do you want that one?

WHISKEY leans her head onto John’s shoulder.

    WHISKEY
    (whispers)
    Maybe one day.

WHISKEY nestles her nose into JOHN’s sleeve.

    WHISKEY (CONT’D)
    Here.

WHISKEY extends the heart back to FIZZ.

    JOHN
    FIZZ, where are the metal hearts?

FIZZ smirks.

    FIZZ
    I’m not really selling those man...

    JOHN
    I know. You have to get on the list. And before you ever get the call... you’re visiting with the damn coroner, as he’s cranking your arm into a Mason jar.

    FIZZ
    (laughs)
    One of these are just fine. This one right here will groove right for your girl. Check this out.

FIZZ uncaps the ruby colored heart beating like a rabbit.

    FIZZ (CONT’D)
    Why are you looking for a metal heart anyway? Are you blowing a kiss? Firing a gun? Fucking a kanga?
WHISKEY
A kiss. I need something to lean on, count on. Will your heart do that?

FIZZ
A metal heart for the right person will. A metal heart for the wrong person won’t. Fucks those who aren’t right.

WHISKEY
I’m right. JOHN I’m right. I have a metal kidney.

JOHN kisses WHISKEY’s temple.

FIZZ
All right. JOHN tells me you’re pretty talented... if you can hook me up with a firefly-rabbit with tiger stripes and a crane head, I’ll see what I have in the back.

WHISKEY
I create those in my daydreams.

FIZZ
Let’s see what we got. Your cool with your heart being second-handed?

WHISKEY
Groovy.

FIZZ
JOHN can you watch the counter?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BACK OF THE APOTHECARY

FIZZ shows WHISKEY what he has. WHISKEY nods. FIZZ sits her down in his chair.

FIZZ
Tube of numb. Go ahead, slab it on.

FIZZ hands WHISKEY the tube of numb. WHISKEY takes it. She unbuttons her blouse: One button, two button, three button, four. She squeezes out the numb and rubs it on her chest.
WHISKEY
Smells like eucalyptus and menthol cigarettes.

FIZZ
Yea a bit.

WHISKEY
What kind of caliber does that one have? I mean how fast am I able to beat?

FIZZ
Enough wattage, beat-power. Trust me it will be like nothing you’ve ever felt before. Better than ten orgasms, on New Year’s eve, when the sky is pouring rainbow sprinkles. And you can eat ten thousand ice cream sundaes without ever vomiting.

WHISKEY
And I won’t fall apart on Tuesday. My heart won’t get broken on Wednesday. I won’t have to start it up on Thursday?

FIZZ
You ready?

FIZZ takes a scalpel and cuts a long line down her chest. Drops of blood trickle on WHISKEY’s belly button. WHISKEY takes her blood in her palm and tastes it.

FIZZ (CONT’D)
Ever have roasted pig on Sunday?

WHISKEY
When I was a kid with my sister.

FIZZ
This is going to sound like when your momz cracked open the pig.

FIZZ opens WHISKEY’s chest. Grabs her lumpily beating fleshy heart the shade of crimson in his hand and places it in a metal pan.

FIZZ grabs the metal heart as it morphs shape, sifting into WHISKEY’s chest. Clicking into place. WHISKEY’s eyes dilate.
FIZZ (CONT’D)
I’m just going to clean this up.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. APOTHECARY

FIZZ brings into the front of the apothecary WHISKEY’s heart in an ethanol filled Mason jar. Places it on the counter.

FIZZ
We’re done. I’ll go get her.

JOHN lowers down his chin to the counter. His blue eyes encapsulated with WHISKEY’s heart in the ethanol filled Mason Jar. JOHN watches WHISKEY’s fleshy heart lumpily beat.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BACK OF THE APOTHECARY

FIZZ takes a metal staple gun and lines up WHISKEY’s chest.

FIZZ
How are you feelin’?

WHISKEY
My brain used to feel like scramble eggs, swiss cheese, cloudy tea... not anymore.

FIZZ
Here’s your blouse.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. APOTHECARY

FIZZ and WHISKEY walk into the front of the Apothecary. JOHN is not there. Neither is WHISKEY’s fleshy heart. On the counter is a yellow sticky note that says: Please let me know how the metal heart beats. - John.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:
EXT. STREETS OF DYSTOPIA - LUKEWARM BLUE DAY

JOHN is wearing dust goggles biking through the dystopian streets. WHISKEY’s fleshy heart strapped into the metal basket on his back wheel. He bikes into a small pub called the ROTTEN GUT. JOHN unstraps WHISKEY’S heart and walks in.

FADE TO:

INT. PUB OF DYSTOPIA, “ROTTEN GUT”

JOHN pulls up a chair at the bar and places WHISKEY’s lumpily beating heart next to a jar of pickled eggs and peanut shells.

BARKEEP
We’re pretty dry at the moment - will whiskey do ya?

JOHN
Anything but fucking whiskey.

BARKEEP
Nose paint?

John nods.

JOHN
How is a pub dry?

John fiddles with the peanut shells.

BARKEEP
A lot of people drink with the flies. That’s what you’re doing yea? Or drinking with flies and heart?

BARKEEP hands JOHN nose paint and reaches to pick up WHISKEY’s heart. JOHN quickly moves WHISKEY’s heart away so the BARKEEP can’t touch it.

JOHN
Don’t touch her.

BARKEEP raises both hands.

BARKEEP
You got it kid.

JOHN downs the nose paint. Slamming his glass on the counter.
JOHN
More. And my name’s not kid. It’s
JOHN.

BARKEEP gets more nose paint.

BARKEEP
You got it JOHN. I’m QUEER FISH.
(beat)
You smell sad, JOHN. You wanna Zig-
Zag Man?

JOHN
You got those here?

BARKEEP nods. Pulls out Zig-Zag Man from his pocket.

JOHN (CONT’D)
You know what sadness smells like?

BARKEEP hands JOHN Zig-Zag Man.

BARKEEP
Yea...smells like hair of the nose
in the morning after you haven’t
crapped for days.

JOHN’s eyes keep within beat of WHISKEY’s heart.

BARKEEP (CONT’D)
But don’t worry, I won’t take that
from ya. It’s yours.

JOHN
That’s mine?

BARKEEP hands JOHN more nose paint. JOHN lights up Zig-Zag
Man, inhaling deeply, letting Zig-Zag Man fill his lungs.
Holds it. Then lets it go.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Can I tell you something, QUEER
FISH about this heart?

JOHN taps WHISKEY’s heart. BARKEEP nods.

JOHN (CONT’D)
It’s my girl’s.

BARKEEP
The rest of her was too fucked to
put in a jar?
JOHN

No.

BARKEEP

Metal? I don’t think you’re suppose to take the leftovers.

JOHN

You meet a girl QUEER FISH. And you think if she only had a heart she could love me.

(beat)

Fuck...I had her.

BARKEEP

So it goes.

JOHN takes another puff on Zig-Zag Man.

JOHN

She would eat my sadness and vomit it into yesterday. Now it doesn’t exist?

BARKEEP

Nose paint?

JOHN nods.

BARKEEP (CONT’D)

You could get a metal heart too? Doesn’t sound like your girl is goin’ anywhere.

JOHN

I stole a roasted chicken once from Roundy’s. Stuffed it in my pants and when I came home she didn’t say anything. She put the roasted chicken in the fridge and licked the chicken grease from my thighs.

The last bit of JOHN’s Zig-Zag Man burns out.

Yea?

BARKEEP

People get metal shit so it is like that. Better than that. No broken glass. hearts. You took her heart...for a piece of her. Where are the other pieces of her?

JOHN’s eyes are heavy. His face turns green.
JOHN grabs WHISKEY’s heart in his arms and dashes toward the PUB TOILET.

INTERCUT:

INT. PUB TOILET

JOHN is sitting on the black and white tiled PUB TOILET floor next to the green monster PUB TOILET containing Zig-Zag Man. He wipes his mouth and cradles WHISKEY’s lumpily beating heart in his arms. JOHN lays his head on the stall’s graffitied wall and traces his fingers around crimson lettering that says: I’ll purr for you if you purr for me. - Whiskey for John

JOHN remembers the time when he and WHISKEY first fucked just minutes after they met in the ROTTEN GUT. It was that very stall he just threw up in. Afterwards WHISKEY took a crimson marker out of her purse and wrote that on the stall’s wall.

FADE OUT.

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. RURAL COUNTRY HOME - DAY 2

WHISKEY is in her TAXIDERMY STUDIO crafting FIZZ’s creature. She hears feet pattering upstairs but continues crafting. JOHN walks into WHISKEY’s TAXIDERMY STUDIO. WHISKEY doesn’t look up, ever focused on her crafting.

WHISKEY
You’re back.
(beat)
I got your note.

JOHN
That looks great WHISKEY.

JOHN slightly touches WHISKEY’s new creature.

WHISKEY
But of course.
(beat)
It beats.

JOHN
What?

WHISKEY
Your note. It beats. Are you happy for me?
JOHN
Yes. WHISKEY. I’m happy for you.

WHISKEY
Where were you?

JOHN
ROTTEN GUT.

WHISKEY smiles.

WHISKEY
Do you remember the stall?

JOHN
I didn’t at first.

(beat)
Do you mean that smile?

WHISKEY
I think so.

JOHN sits down

JOHN
You want too?

WHISKEY
I think I want too.

JOHN
Kiss me.

WHISKEY stops her crafting and leans into JOHN.

WHISKEY
You taste like regurgitated pink cotton candy from a child’s carnival.

JOHN smiles.

JOHN
Kiss me again.

WHISKEY leans in.

WHISKEY
Lay with me?

WHISKEY taps her fleshy heart in JOHN’s hands.
WHISKEY (CONT'D)
This can be our pet. We can feed it sunshine and moons.

JOHN stands up and walks away from WHISKEY.

    JOHN
    When the sun comes.
    (beat)
    If the moon comes.

JOHN puts down WHISKEY’s heart.

    WHISKEY
    Lay with me?

JOHN unbuttons WHISKEY’s blouse. One button, two button, three button, four.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. RURAL COUNTRY HOME - DAY 773

WHISKEY is laying in bed and writing in her notebook.

    WHISKEY
    (voice over)
    We haven’t had sex for two years.
    But I am not cross. In the womb of the night, he rubs my belly and the warmth between us is good. Air blown through his front teeth, against my neck, gives me chicken skin. He kisses me and I feel something. Jarred. JOHN takes a shower and I sleep in our untainted sheets.

WHISKEY puts down her pen and notebook and walks into her KITCHEN that is flowerless. She grabs a packaged raspberry donut from the counter and bites into it. Raspberry seeds and jelly goop on her chin, smearing across her lips.

JOHN walks into the kitchen. He’s crisp and clean in a freshly pressed suit.

    JOHN
    I’ll kiss your raspberry mouth.
    (beat)
    Did you say good morning to your sister? Momz? Dad?
JOHN lays a soft and light peck on WHISKEY’s lips.

WHISKEY stares at JOHN’s fleshy heart translucently beating through his soft white dress shirt.

WHISKEY
Later.
(beat)
I can see your heart.

JOHN taps his chest.

JOHN
Yep. Still beating.

JOHN grabs his briefcase and WHISKEY’s fleshy heart in a Mason jar. John places it inside his briefcase.

WHISKEY
I’m so glad that people are loving your soap.

JOHN
Glad? Love?

WHISKEY
That’s what I think.

JOHN
Make sure you’re clean before bed.

JOHN walks out the front door. WHISKEY grabs her pen and notebook and walks into her TAXIDERMY STUDIO that is filled with tiny spiders and the same creation repeated a hundred times over. The same one she created for FIZZ two years ago. She starts writing in her notebook again as a tiny black spider climbs onto the page.

WHISKEY
(voice over hacking a loogie)
I was waiting for the day when you didn’t come back to rub my belly...

Drops of crimson blood trickle onto WHISKEY’s notebook. She wipes one drop of blood with her finger and tastes it.

CUT TO:

INT. WHISKEY AND JOHN’S BED

WHISKEY’s metal heart is encapsuled in an ethanol filled Mason jar nestled in untainted bed sheets on WHISKEY’s side of the bed. A yellow sticky note reads: It doesn’t beat.
No need to feed it sunshine and moons. - Whiskey P.s. I didn’t stain the sheets.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END