

HEAT

By

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Characters

Beth: female, 20's

Rod: male, 20's

Homeless man, 20's – 30's

The setting is under a little used roadway overpass. Rod and Beth stumble on stage embracing and kissing and pulling at each others clothes obviously anxious to find a private area. There is what appears to be a large pile of rags and old blankets in the space. The area is littered with rocks and debris.

ROD: Right here, come on...

BETH: Somebody might come by baby....

ROD: What if they do?

BETH: Oh Christ baby you're right....I don't care...

ROD: God, you're hot...

BETH: Did you bring the blanket?

ROD: Fuck the blanket.

BETH: I need the blanket baby....

ROD: No you don't.

BETH: The blanket hon, I'm going to get all dirty.

ROD: You already are....

BETH: I mean bad dirty not good dirty.

ROD: Bad dirty *is* good dirty.

BETH: Come on, you know what I mean.

ROD: We don't need a blanket, you can stay on top

BETH: Mmm...you know I like that. You promise baby, I can stay on top...even after we're done?

ROD: I may forget, we're not gonna be done for a long time.

BETH: Oh yeah!

(they fall to the ground beside the pile of rags and old blankets, kissing with Beth on top. They roll over up against the pile)

ROD: Move that shit baby...

(Beth attempts to push at the pile and in doing so reveals what looks like the back of a persons head. She screams and leaps to her feet)

ROD: What the fuck...I haven't done anything yet!

BETH: Oh my God!!

ROD: What....what is it?

BETH: *(panicked)* That!!!...that!! *(pointing)*

ROD: *(sees what she's pointing at)* Holy shit!!!.....shit shit shit!!

BETH: It's a rat! It's a huge fucking rat! And I touched it...shit! Filthy piece of crap...shit!!!
Fucking rat!!

(Beth grabs a nearby piece of 2X4 and is about to smash the "rat" when Rod stops her)

ROD: Wait, wait...no it isn't It's not a rat...I think it's a....*(looks closer)*...fuck me, it *is*!

BETH: What? What?

ROD: It's a person....

BETH: Really?

ROD: It's a person...a goddamn person! That's not a rat...that's the back of someones fucking head!

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BETH: *(drops the 2x4 and suddenly becomes fascinated)* Oh man...

ROD: We just about rolled right on top of it.

BETH: Oh man....

ROD: This isn't cool, let's just go, let's get out of here...

BETH: What do you think it's doing here, all covered up like that?

ROD: I don't know and I don't care...let's go

BETH: No...wait a minute...

(Beth drops starts to pull the rags back revealing a little more of the back of "it's" head)

ROD: Don't touch it!

BETH: Why not?

ROD: Because it's dead that's why

BETH: Oh man....

ROD: At least I think it's dead.

BETH: How do you know?

ROD: It's not moving, it's all covered up...it just *looks* dead.

BETH: I wonder if it's cold. I'll bet it is.

ROD: It might be alive, I don't know.

BETH: It looks dead..

ROD: *(yelling)* Hey wake up!! Hey you...c'mon wake up asshole!!

BETH: Dead. Oh man. Dead.

ROD: Maybe it's just passed out

BETH: Then poke it.

ROD: No! You poke it!

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BETH: OK

(she goes to poke the body with her foot)

ROD: No, wait...use this.

(he picks up a stick and hands it to her)

ROD: Careful... if something's been dead a long time it fills up with gas and it could explode.

BETH: You're so full of shit

ROD: It's true, I saw it on CSI!

BETH: It doesn't smell

ROD: Yeah, you'd think it would smell bad.

BETH: My grandfather smelled bad. Even before he died.

ROD: Well, you gonna poke it?

BETH: Maybe... *(she starts to pull the rags back a little more)*

ROD: *(grabbing her arm)* Stop it are you crazy! There could be bugs or any kind of shit on it!

BETH: No there isn't, maybe it hasn't been dead for very long. Maybe it won't feel dead.

ROD: I don't care how long it's been dead, this just creeps me out. I'm calling the cops *(pulls out a cell phone)*

BETH: *(grabs the phone)* No, don't!

ROD: Why the hell not?

BETH: I don't know, I'm interested. How often do you get to see a dead body? I mean a real dead, not one on TV. *(she looks very closely at the body)* I can't see it's face.

ROD: Good.

BETH: I wonder if it's still warm.

ROD: What?

BETH: But it's probably cold. Or at least cool.

ROD: This isn't good ...come on baby let's go...

(he starts to leave but Beth doesn't. She stands staring at the body. He stops)

ROD: Are you coming?

BETH: We were there. Right there beside it.

ROD: Yeah I know we were now let's go.

BETH: We almost touched...

ROD: Well thank God we didn't.

BETH: That's so hot.

ROD: What!?

BETH: Do you realize we just about fucked right beside a dead person?

ROD: Oh Jeez...

BETH: Don't you get it?

ROD: Get what?

BETH: You inside me, making life right beside a dead person.

ROD: What are you talking about?

BETH: Can't you see the beauty in that....the poetry, the cycle of life...

ROD: All I can see is you turning weird on me. Come on, we're going.

BETH: God...think about it.

ROD: A dead body? How can I not? Let's get outta here.

BETH: You want to?

ROD: Of course I want to go, come on let's get out of here before we get blamed for this.

BETH: No, not that.

ROD: Then what?

BETH: Do you want to do it.

ROD: Do what?

BETH: Fuck beside a dead person.

ROD: Are you nuts?

BETH: Our life will overpower it's death...the opposite ends of life happening right here...

ROD: No, no, no , no way...

BETH: *(she approaches him starts kissing him and pulling at his clothes)* Come on baby...life and death baby...it's life and death....

ROD: What's wrong with you?

BETH: Come on...I want you to shoot me full of the life it lost...

ROD: No!! *(he pushes her away)* I can't do it...not with that lying right there! God Beth, no!

BETH: *(pauses, looks at him)* You have no wild in you. No heat. *(She starts to closely examine the body again without touching it)* You have no crazy curiosity. Nothing unexplainable....

ROD: Oh man what's going on....Beth, get away from it!

BETH: Why do you keep saying "it"?

ROD: I dunno, I guess I can't tell if it's a man or a woman.

BETH: Let's find out.

ROD: No!

BETH: I want to find out.

ROD: How?

BETH: We touch it.

ROD: I'm not touching it!

BETH: I know you won't. But I will.

ROD: Oh Christ Beth, are you out of your mind? Let's go!

BETH: No, I want to know. I want to find out.

ROD: Beth...listen to me. Who gives a shit if it's a man or a woman, it's fucking dead! All we have to do is get the hell out of here and as soon as we're safely away we call the cops and tell them there's a dead body here. We hang up without giving our names and we don't get in trouble.

BETH: You have no heat.

ROD: I don't want "heat" I just want to get the hell out of here.

(Beth has lifted some of the rags revealing a naked foot)

ROD: Beth! What the fuck are you doing?

BETH: Finding out...

ROD: Oh shit..this is nuts, this is fucking nuts....

(Beth moves her hand up it's leg. Rod looks frightened and disgusted)

ROD: Christ Beth, stop it...what's wrong with you!?

BETH: *(we can see her hand is moving up the bodys' leg under the rags)* It's wearing jeans...

ROD: God!! Can't you just roll it over?

BETH: Why?

ROD: For Christ sake Beth, stop it...I'm going to be sick!

(Beth's hand continues to move up "it's" leg, under the blankets)

BETH: He's a man.....

ROD: Oh Jesus, what are you doing...there's a word for that!

BETH: And he's alive....

ROD: What!!

BETH: He's alive...oh God this is un-fucking-believable...

ROD: How can you tell?

BETH *(smiling)* How do you think I can tell?

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ROD: Oh Jesus!!!

(the “pile of rags” stirs and the body rolls over...an obviously homeless person)

BODY: That’s feels good sweetie. We’ve both got the heat in us don’t we?

BETH: *(touches his face)* You’re warm....

ROD: What the fuck??! Shit!

(the “body kisses her. She doesn’t resist)

ROD: Son of a bitch!!

(as they kiss, Rod kicks him and he falls away.)

ROD: Fuck off man...don’t touch her!

(The “body” lunges at Rod, they struggle, and the “body” gains the upper hand and is on top of Rod violently punching him. Rod frantically reaches beside him, finds a large rock and smashes it into the side of the bodys’ head. The body falls sideways and Rod keeps hitting him until the body is obviously dead.)

ROD: *(Stands up, looks at the rock in his hand and lets it drop. He’s panicked)* He made me do...I had to, I had to! You saw Beth, right?

BETH: Look at all the blood...

ROD: Beth. Beth!!! Let’s go! Let’s get out of here!!

BETH: He’s not breathing.

ROD: I know that, now let’s get the fuck out of here!

(he grabs Beths arm and tries to drag her with him, but she shakes loose)

ROD: Come on!!

(Beth doesn’t answer. Just stands staring at the body)

ROD: Fuck it!! *(he runs off)*

BETH: *(pauses...she is breathing heavily.)*oh man....

THE END