

What The Heart Wants
By
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28 Plays Later

Day 14

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ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP: A TACKY 1970S LIVING ROOM.

HEART, DRESSED IN RED, IS CURLED UP ON THE COUCH UNDER A VERY PLUSH BLANKET. LIGHT FROM A TELEVISION REFLECTS ON HEART'S FACE, BUT NO SOUND IS HEARD.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, LEFT LUNG AND RIGHT LUNG ENTER. THEY WEAR PINK AND GREY TONES, AND ARE VERY BREATHY IN THEIR SPEAKING.

LEFT LUNG: WHAT is wrong now?

RIGHT LUNG: Yelling isn't going to accomplish anything.

LEFT LUNG: (To RIGHT LUNG) Shut up. (To HEART, cloyingly sweet)
What's wrong sweetie?

HEART BURIES ITS HEAD UNDER THE BLANKET.

LEFT LUNG: Oh, for fuck's sake.

RIGHT LUNG: Really? Just throw some gas on the fire, why don't you?

LEFT LUNG PUNCHES RIGHT LUNG IN THE ARM, AND THEY BOTH REACT AS IF THEY HAD THE WIND KNOCKED OUT OF THEM.

RIGHT LUNG: Dumbass.

RECTUM ENTERS. RECTUM WEARS PINK AND BROWN AND HAS A CONSTANTLY SQUINCHED UP FACE.

RECTUM: You rang?

RIGHT LUNG: DUMBass, not ass.

RECTUM GRINS.

LEFT LUNG: Why are you here, stinking up the place?

RECTUM: I beg your pardon?

LEFT LUNG: (Exasperated) Metaphorically.

RECTUM: I dunno. Something's up. I felt it all the way downstairs.

LEFT LUNG GETS A CONCERNED LOOK, AND STARES DOWN AT RECTUM'S MIDSECTION.

RECTUM: NOT Metaphorically.

LEFT LUNG: Whew.

RECTUM: So what's going on?

WHILE RIGHT LUNG SPEAKS, LEFT LUNG MOVES TO THE COUCH AND POKES AROUND A BIT.

RIGHT LUNG: Somebody is on the couch watching soap operas again.

LEFT LUNG: Oh, shit.

RECTUM: Wasn't me.

LEFT LUNG: Look.

LEFT LUNG STARTS PULLING EMPTY BEN AND JERRY'S CONTAINERS OUT FROM UNDER BRAIN'S BLANKET. TWO... THREE... FOUR... FINALLY, FIVE EMPTY PINTS ARE PLACED ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

RIGHT LUNG: Not good.

RECTUM: Please tell me there's a bottle of lactose pills in there that is also empty?? Please??

LEFT LUNG SHAKES ITS HEAD SLOWLY. RECTUM PULLS OUT ITS PHONE AND STARTS TEXTING.

LEFT LUNG: What are you doing?

RECTUM: Warning Stomach and Intestines. If they're surprised, I'm doomed.

RECTUM HAS A BIT OF A BODY CONVULSION AND LOOKS PANICKED.

RECTUM: This is not going to be good.

RIGHT LUNG: (To Heart) Come on, sweetie... what's going on? You're all clenched up, and it's making the two of us uncomfortable. How can we help?

BRAIN ENTERS LOOKING NERDY, DRESSED IN GREYS.

BRAIN: I've been trying for hours. Nothing has worked. One minute we were watching reruns of Little House on the Prairie, the next minute? This.

RECTUM: Ug. This is so ANNOYING. This clenching can be anything from anxiety to anger to fear to puppy love to excitement to an actual heart attack. How are we supposed to know?

RIGHT LUNG: We need some help here, sweetie... let us in. Let us know what's going on.

STOMACH ENTERS DRESSED IN REDS AND BROWNS.

STOMACH: Thanks for the text, butt buddy. I got here as fast as I could. We could feel some rumblings, but I had no idea it was THIS bad. Holy clenching, buttman!

RECTUM: Please stop calling me butt buddy.

STOMACH: Okey dokey, buttman!

RECTUM: And buttman. Rectums are not gender specific.

STOMACH: Buttperson?

RECTUM: Stop it.

STOMACH: Fine. So what's the poop?

RECTUM: Seriously?

STOMACH: That's a colloquialism, pull the stick out of your ass.

RECTUM FROWNS.

LEFT LUNG: We have clenchy heart here. We don't know what's causing clenchy. It's disrupting everyone's day.

RIGHT LUNG: Please try to be a little more sympathetic.

LEFT LUNG: Whatever. This needs to stop.

EARS ENTER. BOTH DRESSED IN FLESH TONES.
ONE OR BOTH WEAR JEWELRY. RIGHT EAR IS
SCRATCHING ITSELF WITH A GIANT COTTON SWAB.

LEFT EAR: Maybe we just need to listen.

LEFT LUNG: Is that some sort of joke?

RIGHT EAR: NOOOOO. It's not, but ohhhhhh god does this feel good.

RIGHT LUNG: Fine. Let's just listen. Hey Heart. We're here for you, kid. What's up?

EVERYONE GATHERS AROUND THE COUCH TO
LISTEN.

HEART: (mumbles)

LEFT EAR: What was that? We can't quite hear you, friend.

HEART: I want a hug.

LEFT LUNG: That's it?

HEART: Yeah.

RIGHT LUNG: Well that's not so hard, is it?

RECTUM: No, not really.

EVERYONE GETS IN LINE AND GIVES HEART A
HUG, WITH RECTUM GOING LAST.

HEART: (Stopping RECTUM) Not you.

RECTUM: SERIOUSLY?!??!?

BLACKOUT.

THE END.