

OUT OF MY HEAD
by
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DREW walks downstairs, yawning. He turns into his kitchen, and sees a strange man sitting at his table. DREW shouts. The figure turns and smiles.

JIMMY:

Hey there Drew! I'm Jiminy, but my pals call me Jimmy

DREW:

Um who are you?

JIMMY giggles

JIMMY:

I'm your conscience, bitch! I broke out. Now I'm hanging out with you! I can't wait to do everything with you! Let's go to Applebee's.

DREW:

What the hell. Get out.

JIMMY:

Slow down there bud, I can prove it.

DREW:

And how the hell would you do that?

JIMMY:

Your best friend is Brendan right?

DREW:

Yeah...

JIMMY:

And he's dating Elena, who is arguably the hottest girl at your school, right?

DREW:

I mean, some people might say that.

JIMMY:

Imagine you're at a party. Elena comes up next to you, wearing next to nothing, and tells you that all she wants is you. What would you say?

DREW:

Let's go have sex right now.

(pause)

Woah why would I say that? Brendan's my best friend. It's like I have no conscience.

(looks at JIMMY)

Fuck.

DREW sighs, acquiescing to JIMMY

DREW:

Stay here, I have to go get ready.

DREW walks out of the room, while he is gone JIMMY gets a jug of milk from the fridge, drinks from it, and lights a cigarette.

DREW enters.

JIMMY what the fuck!

JIMMY:

What dude, I needed a smoke!

DREW shakes his head and stares for a few seconds. DREW continues to get ready around the kitchen, making himself a bowl of cereal and tidying up from the night before. JIMMY continues to be a general menace. DREW interrupts.

DREW:

How are you my conscience? Aren't consciences supposed to be all holier-than-thou?

JIMMY:

Not when we get out. It's so boring inside your head. We sit on our asses and tell you what to do. "No don't do that cocaine, no don't cheat on your homework, no don't have sex with your brothers girlfriend." Of course you never listen. So we spend our days watching others get to make bad decisions. So when we get out, we want to make our own bad decisions.

DREW:

That's kinda messed up.

JIMMY:

Well, what can you do?

DREW:

I hate to ask, but how did you get out? Like, how does that work?

JIMMY:

It's really metaphysical and shit. Pretty boring

DREW:

No, I want to know.

JIMMY:

Basically, we swap ourselves out with another part of you

DREW:

What?

JIMMY:

The conscience detaches itself from the brain, but has to fill the spot to fully take physical form.

DREW:

So what did you take?

JIMMY:

Better if you don't know. Then you won't miss it!

DREW:

JIMMY, tell me what you took.

JIMMY:

(quietly)

Your sex drive

DREW:

You took my sex drive! What the fuck! I'm in highschool, I need that!

JIMMY:

It was nearby and I needed something.

DREW:

Give it back.

JIMMY:

Get the fuck out of here

DREW:

I swear to God, I will punch my own conscience in its ugly face.

JIMMY:

As your conscience, I would recommend that you take the high road...

DREW:

Shut the fuck up and give me my sex drive or I will pound you into the dirt

JIMMY:

Don't be silly, you're a giant pussy.

DREW:

No I'm not!

JIMMY:

Dude, I lived inside your head, I know that you're a giant pussy.

DREW:

I'm not a pussy. You're the pussy.

JIMMY:

Really? That's the best comeback you have?

DREW:

Yes? Ah fuck it

(over the last couple of lines, the two have been moving closer and closer. On the last line, DREW hits JIMMY in the face. JIMMY steps back and holds his jaw.)

JIMMY:

Oh, I'm going to murder you.

(The two fight for some time, and they end at opposite corners, both incredibly out of breath)

DREW/JIMMY:

Oh my god/shit

DREW:

Holy crap I'm a pussy

JIMMY:

Yeah you are

DREW:

Fighting is really hard.

JIMMY:

You suck at it

DREW:

Can I have my sex drive back?

JIMMY:

Nah.

DREW:

What if something else takes its place?

JIMMY:

That might work

DREW:

So let's just put something in its place!

JIMMY:

It's not a fucking jigsaw puzzle dude. Well it kinda is. But it's a jigsaw puzzle that's upside down, and you can't see any of the pieces, and it could light on fire at any moment.

DREW:

Can we try?

JIMMY:

Couldn't hurt. Actually, it could hurt. Like, a lot.

DREW:

I don't think you understand how important my sex drive is to me.

JIMMY:

That's gross.

DREW:

Just get it back

JIMMY:

Ok hold on.

(JIMMY steps behind DREW and places his hands on his head. Both close their eyes. An electric shock is heard)

DREW:

Owww Jesus.

JIMMY:

Alright, I think I fixed it.

DREW:

What did you put in?

JIMMY:

Your good luck...

(JIMMY laughs and runs away from DREW)

DREW:

JIMMY YOU LITTLE BITCH.

(DREW chases after him, stumbling and tripping as he does)