

The Art of the Heart - Scripted Dialogue

[RESTAURANT - LATE NIGHT. Two strangers sit at opposite ends of a table, both stuck.]

AMARA sips her wine.

AMARA:

You ever feel like you're about to do the wrong thing... forever?

LUCA looks up from his laptop. Closes it slowly. Looks around to make sure she's talking to him, there is no one but them.

LUCA:

Everyday to be honest. Scratch that, 24/7. I don't sleep.

AMARA:

I sleep **too** much.

LUCA:

Oh?

AMARA:

I just graduated..

LUCA scoffs

LUCA:

So you have time, enjoy your life, live-

LUCA slowly begins to open his laptop.

AMARA:

Okay I graduated a 2 years ago. I know! I know! What was I going to do with a degree in Art History. Now I'm drun- drinking overly priced wine and panicking.

LUCA:

Could be worse. You could be doing a 12-hour shift stitching hearts and still panicking.

AMARA (pauses):

You're a doctor?

LUCA:

Cardiology. Residency. Technically not allowed to kill people yet.

AMARA (laughs):

Oh!That's comforting.

LUCA:

Anyway! Art History?

AMARA:

Yeah, my family don't approve, god forbid I chose passion over practicality.

LUCA:

I admire that, I like people who are passionate. Yet I just keep people alive to then doom scroll.

AMARA:

And I studied dead artists so I can figure out why i'm scared to be one.

There is a shared moment of silence before they both take a sip of wine.

LUCA:

So what now?

AMARA:

Good question, I have no clue.

LUCA:

Then we've got something in common.

AMARA:

That we do... (looking at LUCA, waiting for him to say his name.)

LUCA:

Luca. And you are?

AMARA:

Amara.

LUCA:

Amara. Almost like 'to love'?

AMARA:

Sure. My mum chose it.

Silence between them as AMARA zones out.

LUCA:

You okay?

AMARA:

Sorry, my mum keeps asking when i'm going to do something "real".

LUCA:

Mine asks why I don't smile in hospital photos.

AMARA (laughs):

Why don't you?

LUCA:

Would you?

AMARA:

I just thought by 25 I'd... know?

LUCA:

I thought by 28 I'd feel something when I got it right.

AMARA:

At least you're not struggling to pay rent.

LUCA:

Just struggling.

AMARA looks at him, waiting for him to explain. LUCA changes the subject, intrigued by AMARA.

LUCA:
Art History?

AMARA looks at him blankly.

LUCA:
I want to know.

AMARA:
It's quite ironic actually. We didn't have a lot of money growing up, my mum would just be working two jobs. I'd just be with my grandma all the time.

LUCA moves closer to hear her story.

AMARA:
We actually found the cheapest thing you can do is go to museums. (over enthusiastically) It's free!

LUCA pours some more wine. They both sip.

AMARA:
Anyway, going to art museums became my favourite way to pass time. Just sit and stare at these paintings. Analyse the how's and why's, put yourself in the artist's perspective. Really admire their craft.

AMARA holds her wine glass close to her as she smiles into the distance.

LUCA (watching her):
You talk about it like it's alive.

AMARA (shrugs):
Sometimes it feels like the only thing that is.

LUCA:
Then maybe it's not about what you're doing with your degree.

AMARA:
Okay you don't have to do that psychology thing.

LUCA (smirks):
I mean it's working? But genuinely, if you can make someone feel what you made me feel- that's real.

AMARA looks surprised- and seen.

AMARA:
Cardiology?

LUCA:
I know right.

AMARA studies him.

LUCA:
Okay, okay okay. (sips wine) I've always wanted to be a superhero.

AMARA:

And I wanted to be a fairy.

LUCA (rolling his eyes but laughing):

You're not getting the vision. Superheroes save lives. I wanted to save lives. The closest thing I could do was become a doctor.

LUCA sighs and takes a big sip.

LUCA:

Working in the hospital is tough. I was naive to think I could save everyone's lives. That's the harsh reality.

AMARA (gently):

But you still save lives. You are a superhero.

A WAITER approaches their table.

WAITER:

Can I get you guys anything?

LUCA:

Just give us a bit more time.

AMARA (softly):

Yeah... time.

The WAITER nods and walks away. They both sit quietly, no longer stuck but in the moment.

THE END