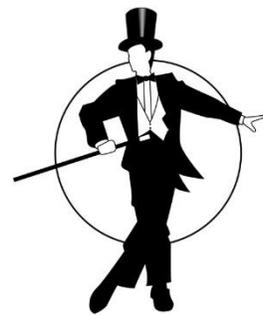


Heart to Heart

Eric Weil



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HEART TO HEART

By Eric Weil

CAST

ELLIS: Organ Transplantation Doctor, either M or F, in his or her 50's or 60's

JULIA: Newly widowed, in her 50's or 60's

SANDY: Hopeful spouse, in her 50's or 60's

Place

A hospital corridor.

Time

The present.

At Rise: An empty hospital corridor. Enter ELLIS, a doctor dressed in scrubs, carrying a cooler. JULIA follows.

JULIA: Doctor?

ELLIS: Yes?

JULIA: Can I take one look?

ELLIS: At your husband's heart?

JULIA: Yes. May I? Please, doctor?

ELLIS: This is highly irregular.

JULIA: I'm begging you. One last look.

ELLIS: His body is in the organ acquisition operating room. You should say your good-byes to him there.

JULIA: I said good-bye to his kidneys, his corneas, his lungs, his liver. You have to let me say good-bye to his heart.

ELLIS: Thank you for agreeing to donate your husband's organs so that others might live, but you are delaying the transplantation process. Every minute increases the risk that the recipient will reject this heart.

JULIA: Just a peek. I'll be quick, I promise.

ELLIS: Well, all right. If it will get me to the transplantation operating room sooner. *(he begins to open the cooler)*

(Enter SANDY. ELLIS closes the cooler before JULIA gets to look in.)

SANDY: What's going on? Is this the heart my husband has been waiting for?

ELLIS: You aren't supposed to meet the donor's family.

SANDY: It is the heart!

ELLIS: Please return to the waiting room. The organ donation process is supposed to be anonymous.

SANDY: I don't know her.

JULIA: And I don't know her.

ELLIS: But now you do.

SANDY: It can't be undone. What's the hold-up anyway? My husband is lying over there with no heart, a machine keeping him alive. He's ready for this operation.

JULIA: I wanted to say good-bye. I lost my husband today, you know...

SANDY: I'm sorry for your loss. But...

ELLIS: There's no time for this, ladies!

JULIA: The heart's on ice. Hearts make it through plane flights. It will survive a trip across the hospital.

SANDY: You're right, doctor. But give her a look and get it over with.

ELLIS: Okay, okay.

(ELLIS opens the cooler. JULIA hawks up phlegm. Just as she spits, he jerks the cooler away and closes it. JULIA misses.)

ELLIS: What are you doing?

SANDY: Are you crazy?

JULIA: That son of a bitch!

ELLIS: You are jeopardizing the transplant!

JULIA: Are you sure that thing is transplantable?

SANDY: Don't do this.

ELLIS: It's fine. It's just an organ. Body tissue.

JULIA: His heart is a stone, I'm telling you.

SANDY: Please!

ELLIS: This is one reason why the process is supposed to be anonymous!

JULIA: Are you sure you want your husband to have the heart of a cheater? A cold-blooded liar and con artist that finally got caught cooking his company's books and couldn't face the music so he blew out his brains?

SANDY: Oh, dear. That's bad.

JULIA: He was carrying on with some bimbo he met in one of his community service clubs. Which I only learned today.

SANDY: Oh my.

JULIA: The police literally chased him home from work today. He'd been embezzling for three years, thousands and thousands of dollars. All of it spent on her, I guess. I sure didn't see any of it!

SANDY: That's terrible.

JULIA: He came home to get his gun. I said, "What are you doing?" He fired once out the door at the cops and confessed everything while they waited for back-up. He told me he wasn't going to let them take him to prison. And you know what the last thing he said to me was before he stuck the gun in his mouth?

SANDY: I'm not sure I want to know.

JULIA: He wants me to let the bimbo sit with me at the funeral.

SANDY: That is cold.

JULIA: So, yeah. The heart in that cooler is as cold as a rock in a Siberian river.

ELLIS: It's just a pump, made of tissue. It was warm and working a few minutes ago.

JULIA: You don't need ice to keep his heart fresh. It's a lump of ice all by itself.

ELLIS: That's a metaphor!

SANDY: Do I really want that man's heart inside my husband?

ELLIS: Your husband is under anesthesia on an operating table, with an empty chest cavity. Do you want him to wake up? Ever?

JULIA: Look, I shouldn't have said all that stuff. I'm sorry.

SANDY: No, that's okay. You had to get it off your chest.

JULIA: The truth is, I loved the bastard.

SANDY: I know what you mean.

JULIA: I really, really had no clue. Until today.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!