

Heart Poor by Dawson Moore (dawsonguy@juno.com)

(The start of a wilderness trail. Strobe light to create slow motion as AUSTIN and ROBIN enter, looking skyward. Dramatic music plays underneath them. They are both dressed for running, though she is clearly the athlete of the two. The music stops.)

ROBIN

This is where we start.

AUSTIN

That is some hill, Robin.

ROBIN

We'll walk for a warm-up before we start running.

AUSTIN

Okay... Before we get started, I should let you know that for the past two days, I've been having some heart pain.

ROBIN

Austin... what?

AUSTIN

I don't want to scare you, like I had a heart attack or something. This is more like when you hear about someone in the hospital, and friends say "he complained about chest pains." Now you're my friend who can say that I said that. But I think I'll be fine.

ROBIN

We can't run if you're going to die.

AUSTIN

I'll be fine, don't worry.

ROBIN

You can't tell me you're having heart pains and expect us to still go running. You've been doing great, Austin. I'm very proud of you. You don't have to run today.

AUSTIN

No no, I want to... a run will be good for me. Get the blood flowing, push out any clots. Let's go.

ROBIN

What about me, Austin? What about the guilt I'd feel afterward? Seeing you go down, trying to save you? I'd have to decide whether to run for help, or administer CPR, and the whole while, you're lying there dying.

AUSTIN

You could call 911.

ROBIN

I don't have my cell phone. You?

AUSTIN

Nope. Look... I can't... I don't want to wimp out today... with, you know...

(There is a long moment between them... something unrequited or unexplored. He has to run because she's there; she knows this.)

ROBIN

Austin...

AUSTIN

Tell you what... if I go down, just do mouth-to-mouth until you don't feel a pulse.

ROBIN

I hope you die. I hope this kills you. Let's go.

(The music rises and the strobe returns. They start to run. He shoots her a thumbs up as she shakes her head and the lights fade out.)