

A woman in her mid-30s, The Doctor, is sitting on a stool holding a brush in front of a blank canvas. At regular periods of time, she looks at the watch on her painting table and then looks in the direction of the doorway to her studio. After a certain while, a girl in her early twenties, April, wearing a long trench coat and a big scarf around her neck enters the frame. She looks at her and then turns back around to face the canvas and starts painting a landscape. She first removes her coat and her scarf. She walks over to her and peers over her shoulder to see what she's working on. She signals her to sit in front of her on a seat as if she would be painting her. She sits on a small chair in front of her.

APRIL

You have an interesting room.

The Doctor doesn't answer. She continues.

APRIL (CONT'D)

It's cold today. I cried in the morning.

The doctor peers from behind the canvas. She looks at her for a while then says

THE DOCTOR

Can you cry now?

APRIL

No

She stands up and starts to look around her room, picking up various objects and studying them minutely.

APRIL (CONT'D)

You don't need me to sit in front of you right?

THE DOCTOR

No.

APRIL

So, why do you need me?

The doctor looks at her for a while.

THE DOCTOR

I base my landscapes on the human psyche.

APRIL

Yes, but why me?

The Doctor who was looking at her turned back to her canvas again.

APRIL (CONT'D)
 Why do they call you The Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
 Who?

The Doctor looks at her and then looks back at the canvas again.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 I used to be a doctor.

APRIL
 Why become a painter?

The Doctor doesn't answer. April looks at her and smirks.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Are you a student?

APRIL
 Is that pertinent?

The Doctor doesn't reply. But he is looking intently at her.

THE DOCTOR
 Are you afraid of anything?

APRIL
 Losing myself. Death. The Usual.

THE DOCTOR
 Are you happy?

APRIL
 Right now, yes.

The doctor looks at her and then turns back. She wanders around the house. Then the doctor looks back after a few seconds of painting. She waits for April to look at her. She does.

APRIL (CONT'D)
 It's done?

April walks over to the canvas. They both look at the painting for a while.

The End.