

Between Two Hearts

written by

Jack Bailey

FADE IN:

**INT. MICHAEL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The room is silent; bar the gentle movements of water rolling with the occasional movements of a man laying in the bath. A glass of wine rests between the taps, and the man's clothes lie scattered about the floor.

On the rim of the bath, a wedding ring teeters.

MICHAEL (mid 20s, lost in thought) looks on, slowly blinking, as a look of contemplation draws over his face. This momentary bliss is abruptly broken by the ringing of a phone.

MICHAEL stands in the bath, reaching over to his phone. On the screen it reads "CHERYL". His eyes widen and excitement fills him. A quick glance is given to the bathroom door before returning his gaze to the missed call. A look of discontent coats his face.

**INT. BEDROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

In clothes clearly worn prior, MICHAEL now peers through the doorway of his bedroom, the crack in the opening illuminating the space. Across the room, and furthest from him, the silhouette of a slumbering woman, CHARLOTTE (early 20s, quiet, still), laying comfortably.

MICHAEL's face is crowded with shadow and he holds an uncomfortable stance in the doorway. He knows he'll later regret this decision.

He slowly brings himself into the room. Leaning over the bed, he gently kisses CHARLOTTE on the cheek.

MICHAEL  
(gently)  
I love you...

CHARLOTTE stirs gently.

**INT. MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The man cautiously moves down the stairs, dreading every crack, and every creak, of the floorboards. Arriving at the bottom of the stairs, he begins to unlock his front door. For a moment he pauses...

He looks back—conflict catching up to him. Yet his fate had written itself the moment he picked up the phone. He opens the door, and leaves.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE STREETS OF TOWN - NIGHT**

MICHAEL begins his journey. He passes under the street lights, urgency in his stride. As he walks a vibrating comes from his pocket.

He pauses, taking out the phone, the light from the screen brightening his face. On it reads a text from CHERYL.

**ON SCREEN - TEXT MESSAGE:** "Cheryl: I miss you."

MICHAEL looks around the landscape he finds himself. Another text from CHERYL.

**ON SCREEN - TEXT MESSAGE:** "Cheryl: When do you think you'll arrive?"

Looking down, his face holds solemn before putting the phone away.

He unfastens the ring on his finger, placing it into his pocket.

**EXT. CHERYL'S HOME - NIGHT**

Stood amongst the chilled air, MICHAEL appears to be adjusting himself outside. The warm glow of an orange light peers through the door's windows.

The front door is opened and MICHAEL looks on, excitement has caught up to him. CHERYL (late 20s) stands there, bathed in a warm orange glow, as she rests a hand over her stomach. Her body comfortably tucked into a silk nightdress, her hair and makeup done-up. She's created herself to be an idol of desire, an irresistible being of cardinal thought.

She stands there, staring into Michael's eyes. The two hold a look without exchanging words.

CHERYL takes hold of MICHAEL's hand and places it on her stomach. Her expression flickers at his touch. Calm, almost relieved.

Michael's eyes wander, tracing over her body. His vision rolls down, a tremble to them as his fantasies quickly warp into a nightmare. She's pregnant.

An icy pain stabs at him. His face twisted with guilt, shock, and horror. Without exchanging any words, he makes a break for it. Stood alone, CHERYL watches as MICHAEL speeds away.

CHERYL stares on.

CHERYL  
(softly)  
Michael...

She closes the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. MICHAEL'S HOME - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The door slams behind MICHAEL as he returns home. His breath frantic, palms sweaty, red flooding his cheeks. Slowly, his gaze drifts up the stairs. A tormented horror begins to rise into his expression. He stands fearful of having awoken his slumbering love.

He prudently treads upwards, praying for the mercy of the floorboards below him, though each step carries a heavy emotional tax.

**INT. MICHAEL'S HOME - BEDROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The bedroom door slowly creaks open, a glimpse of light pushes through. MICHAEL presses his head through the door frame, his eyes meeting his still slumbering partner, who snoozes gently, unaware of the nightmare she's escaping.

MICHAEL enters the bed as he breathes an undeserved sigh of relief. CHARLOTTE's warmth creeps over him.

CHARLOTTE awakens momentarily, her voice groggy. She places her hand upon her stomach.

CHARLOTTE  
(sleepily mumbling)  
Michael?

MICHAEL rolls over onto his side and places his hand over her stomach.

MICHAEL  
(stuttering)  
Shh...

The slow, droning, sound of a heartbeat begins to rise.

CHARLOTTE opens her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END**