

BETWEEN HERE AND THERE

FIRST 20 PAGES

Written by

John Hunter

John Hunter
Tel/Text 321-274-6896
x32792@cfl.rr.com

Copyright 2016

FADE IN:

INT. URBAN PARTY - NIGHT

Attractive middle class home. Well dressed men and women mill about, laugh, make small talk, drink wine.

PHYLLIS, 30s, almost attractive, a little overweight, watches her husband, GEORGE, 30s, from across the room.

George laughs and openly flirts with the blonde, CYBIL, 30s, who stands next to him. He paws at her and leers.

CYBIL

Please George, we're not in the
back seat of your car -- Your wife
is just across the room -- She'll
see us. Stop it.

Without looking in Phyllis' direction, George dismisses her with a wave of his hand.

GEORGE

She wouldn't notice if a pack of
dogs dragged me out the front door.

Cybil tries to fend off George's untimely advances.

Phyllis watches George and Cybil, knits her brow, frowns.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)

He's a foolish little man and she's
so cheap and obvious.

(small beat)

His credit card bills tell the tale
-- Middle aged fat man runs wild in
the streets while poor wife cries
herself to sleep, at home, alone.

She takes a sip of wine.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)

My husband is an urban cliché.

(small beat)

When I was younger and 5 pounds
lighter...

She shrugs.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
OK, maybe 15 or 20 pounds lighter --
I would have marched over there and
snatched every bleached blonde hair
out of her head.

She sips wine.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
I had so many hopes and dreams when
I was younger.
(small beat)
Then one day, I realized there was
nothing out there except MEN -- So
I married George.

Phyllis drains her wine glass, waves her hand, tries to catch
her husband's attention. He does not notice her.

Mesmerized by Cybil's ample breasts on display in a revealing
low-cut outfit, George suffers from extreme tunnel vision.

Cybil notices Phyllis's attempt to get George's attention.

She grabs George's face in her hands and physically turns his
head in Phyllis' direction. George sighs, crosses the room to
where Phyllis stands.

GEORGE
Now what?

PHYLLIS
I'm tired and ready to go home...

George cuts her off.

GEORGE
You're always tired and you
always want to go home the minute I
start having a little fun.

Phyllis glares at George.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
Yeah, I could see your little fun
from way over here.

PHYLLIS
Come on, let's go home -- This is a
weeknight, remember?

George pouts.

GEORGE

OK. Let's say good night to our host and leave.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)

Why am I always the bad guy in all of his stories?

They find their host, say good night and leave the party.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

Phyllis and George drive home in silence.

She stares out into the night.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)

Was Mr. Right going East when I was going West?

(small beat)

Maybe all this Mr Right nonsense is no more than a Fairy Tale like the Easter Bunny and Happy Ever After?

Lights from oncoming cars illuminate their unhappy faces.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGES' HOME - NIGHT

Modest, well kept, attractive.

Silence thick enough to cut with a knife.

Phyllis tries to speak to George, but is cut off by him turning his back on her.

George pours himself a stiff drink, turns on the TV. Phyllis goes to bed -- Alone.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGES' KITCHEN - MORNING

Phyllis stands at the stove preparing breakfast. George enters, grabs a glass of orange juice, gulps it down. He moves towards the door.

Phyllis raises her hand to stop him.

PHYLLIS

George, I was hoping we could talk this morning, but if you're in a rush, I can come into the city and we can have a late lunch together.

(small beat)
We really need to talk.

Half way out the door, George snaps over his shoulder.

GEORGE
Sorry. Can't make it today -- Big
important business meeting around
noon.

George leaves, slams the door behind him.

Phyllis empties a large skillet of eggs and bacon into the disposal. She turns the disposal on, wipes a tear from the corner of her eye.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGES' BEDROOM - MORNING

Phyllis gets out of the shower, raps herself in a towel.

She goes to her closet, searches for a flattering outfit. She holds outfit after outfit up to herself, stands in front of the mirror, shakes her head NO.

On the bed, a mountain of discarded, unflattering outfits.

PHYLLIS
Ugh. I really do need to get some
new clothes -- Maybe something with
a little more color?

Phyllis throws her final best-of-the-worse dress selection over a chair, snaps her fingers, grins.

PHYLLIS
OH NO little fat man -- I'm not
giving up this easy.

She dresses, brushes her hair, puts on earrings.

PHYLLIS
I'm going into town, shop for some
new clothes AND surprise George for
lunch -- Whether he likes it or
not.

Phyllis smiles as she checks her hair in a mirror.

PHYLLIS
We're going to have that little
talk -- And he's going to listen
even if I have to sit on him.

She sighs.

PHYLLIS
Wonder if it's healthy to talk to
yourself as much as I do?
(small beat)
Why not? Who knows more about what
I'm going thru better than ME?

Phyllis finishes dressing, looks almost hopeful.

INT. LADY'S BOUTIQUE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Small, upscale, expensive.

Phyllis opens a curtain, comes out wearing a new dress. She looks much better. She glances at the price tag - gasps.

PHYLLIS
OUCH, this is expensive -- But this
is WAR.

At the checkout counter, Phyllis pays for the dress. Sales clerk, ELLEN, 40s, plain, but smartly dressed, holds up Phyllis's 'old' dress, the one she wore into the shop.

ELLEN
Would you like me to put this in a
bag for you?

Pause.

PHYLLIS
No. Take it outside and have it
burned.

Phyllis leaves the shop. She has a spring in her step.

INT. SALVATORE'S RESTUARANTE - DAY

Expensive, quiet, marble floors, mirrors, ferns.

George leads Cybil into the lobby. He nods at Vito, a stern looking man, 50s, dressed in a dark suit who stands behind a small podium.

George approaches Vito.

GEORGE
Excuse me...

Vito looks up, nods to George.

VITO
May I help you?

George looks around nervously, leans forward.

GEORGE
Listen, I don't have a reservation,
but perhaps you can help me out?

George points over his shoulder with his thumb.

GEORGE
It's important I make a good
impression.

George passes Vito a hundred dollar bill. Vito smiles discretely, palms the bill, slips it into his pocket.

VITO
Party of two?

George nods YES. Vito picks up two menus, makes a sweeping gesture with his hand.

VITO
Why of course. This way please.

Vito leads the beaming and giggling couple to a tiny table by the window.

INT. SALVATORE'S RESTUARANTE - DAY

Vito pulls the chair out for Cybil. She sits. He takes a napkin from the table, lays it across her lap.

He steps back, puts his finger tips to his lips.

VITO
Buon appetito.

George reaches across the table, takes Cybil's hand.

GEORGE
You're so incredibly lovely...

Cybil looks around, interrupts George.

CYBIL
This place looks expensive -- Is it
expensive?

George tries to look nonchalant, smiles awkwardly.

GEORGE
It's outrageously expensive...

He pats her hand, smiles.

GEORGE
But baby, you're worth every penny.

A waiter dressed in a white coat comes to their table, fills their glasses with water and leaves.

CYBIL
Gee George, this place is so wonderful.

George leers at Cybil.

GEORGE
Just like you, baby.

The wine steward, Sergio, 40s, comes to their table.

SERGIO
Some wine perhaps?

George looks at Cybil.

GEORGE
Anything you want...

CYBIL
A little wine would be nice.

George glances at the wine steward.

GEORGE
Yeah sure, OK. Bring us some wine --
A good bottle.

George dismisses the waiter with his hand.

The wine steward smiles, backs away from the table.

SERGIO
As you wish, Signore.

George returns his attention to Cybil.

GEORGE
The other night at that party...

Cybil lowers her head, drops her eyes.

CYBIL

Weren't you afraid your wife might
see you?

George waves his hands in disgust.

GEORGE

That old cow doesn't know I'm
alive.

(small beat)

We go to those parties and she just
mopes around until we leave -- She
can be a real buzz-kill.

The wine steward returns with a bottle of wine. He pours a
small amount into a glass, offers the first taste to George.

George takes a sip. He nods YES.

GEORGE

Yeah, that'll do.

Wine steward pours the wine, leaves.

George laughs, smiles at Cybil.

GEORGE

I didn't think he'd ever leave --
Where were we?

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

Phyllis marches down the sidewalk, a confidence in her
stride. She looks at her reflection in store front windows,
she almost smiles.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)

Yes, my dear little fat man, we are
going to have a talk...

Phyllis stops, pumps her fist in a very un-lady like fashion.

PHYLLIS

And you're going to listen -- Even
if I have to sit on you.

The crossing lights turn red.

Phyllis stops. She glances around as she waits for the lights
to change.

Across the street, seated at a window table sits George and
Cybil. George holds Cybil's hand.

Bright sunlight reflects on their wine glasses as they smile and toast each other.

Phyllis stares at George and Cybil. She fumes.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)

He's never taken me there -- Always told me it was too expensive.

(snorts)

But now it's priced just right for him and -- And his back stabbing, home wrecking, who-chee mama?

Phyllis turns, storms away. She fights back the tears.

PHYLLIS

Well, he isn't much, but he was all I had.

She brushes tears from her face.

EXT. CITY, PARKING LOT - DAY

Paved lot, rows of cars.

Parking lot attendant, BENNY, 20s, brings up Phyllis' car.

Benny gets out of Phyllis' car, holds the door open for her, tips his hat.

BENNY

Have a nice day.

Phyllis gets in her car, slams the door.

PHYLLIS

Not so much...

Phyllis speeds out of the lot. Benny watches her leave, takes off his baseball cap, scratches his head.

BENNY

Women -- Go figure.

Benny turns, walks away.

INT. PHYLLIS' CAR - DAY

Divided highway, Phyllis weaves in and out of lanes as she passes slower cars.

She glances down at her speedometer, eases up, slows to a legal speed. She shakes her head NO.

PHYLLIS
Somehow, I just don't believe this
is the worse thing that will happen
to me today.

Phyllis exits the expressway. Goes up the ramp, comes to a stop, waits for the lights to change.

EXT. PHYLLIS' CAR - DAY

On a bus stop bench, two teenagers entwined. Their hands race over each other's bodies.

INT. PHYLLIS' CAR - DAY

Phyllis looks over, sees the teens, frowns.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
Great -- Throw that in my face.

Phyllis rolls down her window, shouts at the teens.

PHYLLIS
GET A ROOM.

Oblivious teens continue their display of affection.

Phyllis shouts out the window.

PHYLLIS
You know that's how you make
babies, right?

Light turns green, Phyllis drives away.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
What would I know about babies?
George never wanted kids, so we
didn't have any.

INT. PHYLLIS' CAR - DAY

Phyllis drives thru light traffic. She drums her fingers on the steering wheel.

PHYLLIS

I really need to re-examine my life
-- I need new priorities -- Find
new things that will make me happy.

She shakes her head, looks at herself in the rearview mirror.

PHYLLIS

This is NOT what I had in mind.

She pounds the steering wheel with her hands.

PHYLLIS

Not even remotely what I wanted --
Not even in the right ZIP code.

Phyllis drives on in light traffic.

EXT. SUBURBAN STRIP MALL - DAY

Phyllis turns into a generic strip mall, parks her car, walks into the Brand Name Grocery Store.

INT. BRAND NAME GROCERY STORE - DAY

Aisle after aisle of products - A cornucopia of fresh, frozen and canned everything.

Phyllis walks down the aisles. She absent mindedly takes items off the shelves, throws them into her cart.

She stops at the cheese counter, picks up a block of imported product with gold packaging. She looks at the price.

She nods her head.

PHYLLIS

Very expensive - Good. I better get
3 -- George hates this stuff.

Her shopping cart filled to the brim, she heads for the check out. She empties her cart onto the moving belt.

Check out girl, BEVERLY, 20s, notices the triple cheeses. She picks one up, studies it, passes it thru her scanner.

Beverly nods her head approvingly.

BEVERLY

Hum -- The good stuff.

Beverly smiles at Phyllis.

BEVERLY

Your husband must be a very special man to get the imported brand.

An expressionless Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

Oh yeah, he's a real prince.

Beverly leans over the check out lane, whispers in a conspiratorial tone.

BEVERLY

How'd you get him? What's your secret?

Phyllis sighs.

PHYLLIS

Well girlfriend, I guess I was just unlucky.

Phyllis pays, starts to push her cart away. She stops, gestures to Beverly to come closer.

PHYLLIS

All that Mr Right Stuff -- Don't believe it. It's an urban myth.

Phyllis leave the grocery store.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Phyllis drives thru rows of modest homes with neat lawns.

She slows, turns into a driveway, drives to the back of the house, stops.

EXT, PHYLLIS AND GEORGES' HOME - AFTERNOON

Phyllis gets out of her car, opens the back, struggles with two large bags of groceries.

EXT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGES' KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Phyllis balances the bags of groceries on her knee, opens the kitchen door, rushes in.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGES' KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

She puts the groceries on the counter.

From the next room, the TV blares with the sound of a hotly contested sporting contest.

Phyllis pushes her hair from her face, shouts to make herself heard over the TV.

PHYLLIS
Need a little help in here -- More
groceries in the car.

From the next room.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Did you remember to pick up my dry
cleaning?

Phyllis makes a face.

PHYLLIS
NO. Sorry, I forgot...

GEORGE (V.O.)
I really need that stuff -- Another
big meeting tomorrow.
(small beat)
It's not too late -- The Dry
Cleaner is open until 9 o'clock
tonight.

Phyllis snorts.

PHYLLIS
Another meeting?

GEORGE (V.O.)
Yeah, you know, the stuff that pays
the bills around here?

PHYLLIS
I'm on it.

Phyllis looks out the window. The sky grows darker, a light rain starts to fall.

She goes back outside.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGES' KITCHEN - DAY

Phyllis returns with more groceries. She looks like a drowned rat. She puts the groceries on the counter.

From the other room.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Don't forget my dry cleaning. You
want me to look sharp don't you?

PHYLLIS
(angrily)
I said, I'M ON IT.

Phyllis kicks the floor.

PHYLLIS
(softly)
Absolutely imperative you look your
very best at big meetings with
Skankzilla.
(small beat)
You know, the one who deserves to
eat in expensive Italian
Restaurants.

George does not hear or pretends not to hear her.

Phyllis slams the refrigerator door and cabinets as she puts away the groceries.

From the other room.

GEORGE (V.O.)
HEY, hold it down in there -- I'm
trying to watch a game in here.

Phyllis leans on the sink, fumes.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Phyllis looks out the window. It's raining harder. She puts on a raincoat, goes outside.

EXT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - DAY

She stands, looks up at the sky, clutches her raincoat, rushes to her car.

INT. PHYLLIS'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Intensity of the rain increases. The wiper blades on Phyllis' car struggle to keep up.

Phyllis approaches a four way stop, slams on the brakes too late. She slides into the intersection.

EXT. WRECK - AFTERNOON

Rain falling, fading late afternoon light.

A large truck enters the intersection and strikes her car.

The impact stoves in the driver's side and sends her car spinning around like a top on the wet pavement.

Her car jumps a curb, crashes head-on into a large oak tree.

Steam rises from the smashed engine compartment of her car.

Her car horn blares.

Crumpled car door and exploded air bag pin an unconscious Phyllis in the wreckage.

Truck skids to a stop, driver jumps out, calls 911.

EXT. WRECK - AFTERNOON

Lights and sirens.

Police, Rescue Team and an ambulance arrive.

A policeman in bright yellow rain slick puts out road flares, directs traffic. Another police officer takes notes.

Rain falls as rescue workers cut Phyllis from her car.

EMTs stabilize Phyllis's neck, remove her from her car, move her to the ambulance.

EMTs load Phyllis into the ambulance and drives away with lights and sirens on.

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Ambulance rolls to a stop at the Emergency Entrance. EMTs jump out. They roll Phyllis up a ramp, into the hospital.

INT. PHYLLIS AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George sits in an overstuffed lounge chair in a darkened room illuminated by pulsating light from the TV. He watches a loud sporting contest.

Phone rings.

Without taking his eyes off the TV screen, he puts the TV on mute, picks up the phone. His eyes remain fixed on the TV.

GEORGE

Hello. Yes, this is he -- What did she do this time?

(small beat)

She wrecked her car?

(small beat)

OK, I'll be down as soon as I can...

George hangs up the phone.

Still watching the TV, he stands with the remote control in his hand. His finger hovers over the OFF button, but he hesitates. He turns the sound back on.

He sits back down, watches the flickering images on the TV screen like a stunned deer captured in the lights of an oncoming vehicle.

TV ANNOUNCER

This is unbelievable folks -- With only seconds left on the clock the opposing team has one last chance to win this game...

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Chairs, tables, family members sit in silence.

DOCTOR BENSON, 40s and George stand facing each other.

DOCTOR BENSON

Your wife has been in a very serious accident. She has broken bones, dislocated shoulder, facial lacerations, deep bruising.

(small beat)

Of a more serious nature, she has a fractured skull and a subdural hematoma. We need to relieve the pressure on her brain as soon as possible.

Doctor Benson hands George a form on a clipboard.

DOCTOR BENSON
We need your signature on this
consent form.

George blinks, takes the clipboard, signs, hands it back to Doctor Benson.

DOCTOR BENSON
You can wait here and I'll get back
to you as soon as we know more.

George rubs his head with his hands.

GEORGE
Gez, I hope my insurance will cover
this -- I just increased the
deductible to get a lower rate...

DOCTOR BENSON
I'll get back to you as soon as we
know anything.

Doctor Benson, turns, walks away.

George sobs.

GEORGE
I'm ruined -- This woman has ruined
me.

George looks around the waiting area for a TV. He sees one.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Thank god. Maybe I can still catch
the end of that big game.

George sits down, picks up a remote control, turns the TV on.

INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY - DAY

SURGERY MONTAGE:

Phyllis, flat on her back, rolls down a hallway.

Fluorescent lights and ceiling tile race by overhead.

The gurney Phyllis rides pushes thru doors, comes to a stop.

A medical technician puts a rubber cup over Phyllis' face.

PHYLLIS
That smells funny...

Phyllis loses consciousness.

Orthopedic surgeon sets her broken legs and arm, relocates her shoulder.

Plastic surgeon with magnifying lens on a headset attends to her facial lacerations.

Surgeons release the pressure on her brain.

PHYLLIS' DREAM SCAPE MONTAGE:

A bright light punches a hole in darkness.

Phyllis sees herself lying on a bed with red linens. She wears an orange dress.

A breeze ruffles her dress and her hair.

George dressed in a devil's costume dances around in the room, laughs and pokes her with his pitch fork.

Phyllis, now in a light blue dress, lies on a bed with dark blue sheets.

She has frost on her hands, feet, arms and face. She shivers.

Snowflakes blow thru the room.

Metal hooks pull at her face.

People in scrubs pull and hammer on her legs and arms.

The sound of a drill.

EXT. BETWEEN HERE AND THERE - ALWAYS SUNNY

Clear blues skies, distant snow capped mountains, waterfalls, rainbows, meadows. The faint sound of children's laughter.

Butter flies and humming birds fly by.

Phyllis opens her eyes.

She looks around in amazement, walks to the shade of a large oak tree. She finds a swing hanging in the shade of the tree.

She smiles, sits in the swing.

She looks around.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
I think I'll just wait here for
awhile - It's so nice and pleasant.

INT. HOSPITAL, RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Phyllis lies on a bed. Casts on her legs and arm, bandages on her face and head. Tubes, monitors, drip lines.

A nurse checks her vitals, looks at the monitors. Nurse gently shakes Phyllis. She makes a note on a chart.

Nurse goes to a phone, makes a call.

INT. HOSPITAL, RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Doctor Benson leans over Phyllis, pushes up her eye lids, shines a light in her eyes. No response.

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Doctor Benson dressed in scrubs enters the waiting area, approaches George. He takes the seat next to him, pulls off his scrub cap.

George mutes the TV, but takes furtive glances at it as Doctor Benson speaks to him.

Doctor Benson puts his hand on George's shoulder.

DOCTOR BENSON
Her broken bones and dislocated
shoulder have been treated.
(small beat)
We were lucky. We had our best
plastic surgeon on call tonight to
deal with her facial lacerations.
(small beat)
She's in Recovery now...

GEORGE
A plastic surgeon? Gez, what's that
going to cost?

Pause.

DOCTOR BENSON
She's not out of the woods just
yet... but we are hopeful.

GEORGE

Huh? How long will she have to be
in the hospital.

DOCTOR BENSON

She won't or can't wake up. She's
in a non-responsive state -- A
coma. Is there any reason why she
might not want to wake up?

(small beat)

Can you offer us any clues about
what might be going on inside her
head?

George snorts.

GEORGE

That's just the way she is --
Always the drama queen.

An unsmiling Doctor Benson gets up.

DOCTOR BENSON

We'll keep you posted.

Doctor Benson turns to leave, George stops him.

GEORGE

Do I to stay here or can I go home?

DOCTOR BENSON

You don't need to wait here. We can
contact you at home if her
condition changes.

Doctor Benson and George leave in different directions.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Minimal, sterile. Tubes, drip lines, monitors.

Phyllis lies motionless in bed. Her white casts and bandages
are in stark contrast to the bruises which cover her body.

Doctor Benson enters the room followed by NURSE DAVIS, 30s,
crisp uniform, hair pulled back.

DOCTOR BENSON

Any changes?

Nurse Davis shakes her head NO.