

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lighting is soft, flickering from a lamp in the corner. The air feels heavy with unspoken things.

CHARLES sits on the edge of a worn sofa, facing ANASTASIA across the coffee table. The silence between them is loud.

CHARLES

You asked if my heart was broken, and again I say no.

(pause)

But... if you had the ability to remove my heart from my chest and hold it in your hand--

(beat)

You'd look at it and think to yourself:

"Wow. What's holding this heart together? There are so many fractures.

Your poor, poor heart... It's so damaged--how does it even maintain its shape?

How does it not break into a million pieces?"

(quietly)

I take back what I said.

(beat)

The heart *\*will\** break. Once all those fractures completely consume it...

(beat)

Then there's nothing.

(whisper)

There's nothing.