

Love  
By  
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INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room of the small studio apartment is dark. The shades and curtains are drawn in order to prevent as much light from coming into the room as possible.

We see HER sitting on the floor with her knees in air and her back to her bed. We can barely see her in the dark as she quietly weeps.

Suddenly the doorway to the apartment opens and the light from the hallway pours into the room.

We see her wince in intense pain as she puts her hands to her head and turns away from the light.

HER  
(in intense pain)  
Ah!

We see HIM standing in the doorway as he quickly closes the door.

She begins to weep louder in pain.

He hastily makes his way over to her on the floor, sits down next to her and puts his arm around her to comfort her for a moment.

She puts her head on his shoulder as she weeps.

He kisses her head lightly, then releases his embrace to pull some medication out of his pocket.

He opens the container and pours two pills into his palm.

HIM  
Here, I got you some more  
painkillers.

There is a glass of water sitting on a nearby table. He grabs the water from his sitting position and hands it to her.

She is still weeping.

HER  
Those don't help.

He is patient and encouraging.

HIM

These are stronger... Give them a try.

She is skeptical.

HER

They won't help... Nothing helps.

He is persistent.

HIM

Please... It can't hurt.

Still crying in pain, she nods her head and swallows the two pills with a gulp of water.

He puts his arm around her again.

She snuffles as she puts her head on his shoulder again--still weeping in uncontrollable pain

HER

Do you love me?

He is reassuring.

HIM

Of course I do.

She winces in pain, on the edge of panicking.

HER

I don't know how much more of this I can take... It's been months now.

He tries to calm her down.

HIM

I know, but you've just got to hang in there a little longer until I find a doctor that can help you.

She snuffles.

HER

What if no one can help? What do we do then?

HIM

Whatever it takes to see you smile again.

HER  
You promise?

HIM  
I promise.

She starts to weep harder as she grabs her head in pain.

HIM  
The pills aren't helping?

She snuffles and shakes her head with her hands still grabbing.

HER  
No.

HIM  
What can I do to help?

She pauses for a second.

HER  
Make me some tea? I'm going to try  
lying in a hot bath.

He nods his head.

HIM  
Okay... Do you think that will  
help?

She snuffles.

HER  
Maybe.

He stands up and extends his hand to help her up.

She reaches up and takes his hand to stand.

He helps her towards the bathroom as she grasps her head in pain.

She goes into the bathroom.

He remains in the bathroom doorway.

HIM  
I'll bring you your tea in a few  
minutes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

She leaves the bathroom light off as she approaches the tub to begin running the water.

HER  
Okay... Thank you.

INT. KITCHEN AREA - DAY

He closes the bathroom door and makes his way a few short feet into the small kitchen area.

We can hear the water begin to run in the bathroom.

He puts a teapot on the stove and turns it on.

As the water begins to warm, he leans down towards the counter, puts his elbow on the counter and rests his forehead in his hand as he too begins to weep.

He takes a few deep breaths and tries to gather himself, but he is unable to stop the tears from flowing.

Soon, the water in the bathroom stops, and he must stop crying in order to prevent her from hearing him.

The teapot begins to whistle as the water comes to a boil.

He stops cry and removes the teapot from the stove.

He snuffles for a moment before pouring the hot water into a mug with a teabag already in it.

He breathes deeply for a few moments to gather himself and be strong as he prepares to take the tea to her.

After a few seconds of silence, he heads towards the bathroom door with the mug of tea in hand.

He opens the bathroom door and enters.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

She is already in the tub and only her head is visible about the rim.

She looks at him with a sad look on her face as a few tears run down her cheek--barely visible in relative darkness of the bathroom.

He stands near the doorway with the tea.

HIM  
Do you feel any better?

She begins to weep as she continues to look at him.

A few seconds pass and she lifts her arms out of the tub and raises them up for him to see.

We see blood streaming from both her wrists.

A shocked look comes over his face as he drops the mug.

The mug shatters on the floor.

HIM  
What did you do?

She continues to weep with her arms raised out of the water.

Panicked, he begins feeling his front and back pants pockets for his cell phone. After a few seconds, he locates it in his back pocket.

He frantically pulls it out and attempts to call for help.

She starts shaking her head.

HER  
No! No! No!

By now, he has managed to dial 911 and is about to push send.

HER  
Let me go... Let me go... Let me  
go...

He looks at her torn, still not pressing send.

HER  
You promised to help me make make  
the pain go away... You promised!

He continues to look at her torn, not knowing what to do.

HER  
You promised!

Tears stream down his face as he puts the phone down and nods.

Crying, she remains with her arms raised.

He approaches the tub and sits down on the floor near her head.

He embraces her head as she puts her bloody arms around his neck.

The two are crying.

HER  
Do you still love me?

He nods.

HIM  
Yes.

She starts to breath more rapidly, almost in a panicked state.

HER  
You still love me?

He tightens his embrace and tries to remain calm for her.

HIM  
Yes... I love you.

She is still somewhat panicked.

HER  
You love me?

He tries to calm her down.

HIM  
I love you... I love you... I love  
you.

She starts to calm down as her breathing slows.

He speaks in a soft and calm voice.

HIM  
Shhh... I love you... Shhh... I  
love you.

Her breathing stops and she looks up at him for a moment. A slight, but blissful smile comes over her face as she expires.

Realizing she is gone, he begins to cry uncontrollably.

He embraces her head on last time and kisses her on the forehead.

He then backs up and sits a few feet away from her with his back up against the wall.

He looks at her lying still in the tub with a slight smile on her face.

Still weeping, he nods his head and surrenders with a slight, yet understanding smile of his own.