

I Love You
By: Jakob Carter

SI. P1

Scene1:

At Top: Man and Woman are standing and arguing.

Setting: Man and Woman's apartment. Modern
time. This is in Woman's head.

MAN:

Will you just leave me alone?

WOMAN:

Not until you say it!

MAN:

I'm not going to say it!

WOMAN:

Please?

MAN:

What do you want me to say? That I'm swooning over you. That I can't live without you? What
do you want me to say?

WOMAN:

I want you to say that you love me! I want you to say that you love me.

MAN:

Is that really what all this is about?

WOMAN:

What the hell else would this be about? Flying pigs?

MAN:

How the hell am I supposed to know? I met you a month ago. We've been dating for three
weeks.

WOMAN:

That doesn't matter. My mother always told me that whenever you meet the one, you'll know.
And I know in my heart that you are the one.

SI. P2

MAN:

And I know that you're crazy.

WOMAN:

What's that supposed to mean.

MAN:

What the hell do you think? You have this horrible obsession with finding the one, which probably stems from a horrible childhood. Let me guess. Daddy left early? Mommy spent all your money on cigarettes saying, "Just wait honey." One day you'll meet a real man that will love you for who you are. Even if you are twenty pounds overweight, you'll find him. You'll find the "one."

WOMAN:

How dare you! My daddy loved me! And just because I eat a Twinkie every once in a while doesn't automatically mean I'm twenty pounds overweight!

MAN:

Hahaha. Sure it doesn't. I apologize. The Twinkies don't make you fat; it's the ten pounds of ice cream you eat on a weekly basis!

WOMAN:

Where the hell do you get off talking about my eating habits? The last time I checked you were the one who decided to have a tube shooting water shoved up his ass to lose thirty pounds!

MAN:

It's called a colonoscopy. And I would have paid for the pills, but the damn factory mixed up the packaging, and put Viagra in the colonoscopy pills.

WOMAN:

Well maybe the Viagra would have suited you better. What? I'm just saying that with the stuff you've been giving me lately it would have been nice for a "Magical Evening" to last longer than twenty seconds.

MAN:

I can't believe you!

WOMAN:

What! You can't believe that I'd stoop so low as to make fun of your penis. Please.

(Beat)

MAN:

Why are we doing this? We're happy aren't we? We don't need love getting in the way.

WOMAN:

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You're unbelievable.

MAN:
What? What did I say?

WOMAN:
I'm leaving.

MAN:
What?

WOMAN:
I'm done. I'm tired of trying to explain to you that it is not right that we have spent this much time together, and you still don't have the balls to say three simple words.

MAN:
You ever looked at the situation from my point of view? You ever thought of how I might feel about those three simple words? They scare the shit out of me.

WOMAN:
That's the lamest excuse I have ever heard.

MAN:
I'm serious. Saying "I love you" is like making a promise. I honestly don't think that I'm ready to make that promise to you. Not right now.

WOMAN:
Why? Why can't you? Don't you see? This is more than just some simple little quarrel. More than some stupid little insignificant thing that you can pass off by saying, "I'm afraid." Even if that's the truth.

MAN:
What, are you saying I'm lying? Is that it?

WOMAN:
No I'm saying your minimizing the situation. You don't seem to see how important this is to me. To us. Your treating it like it's a stick a broccoli, and you're a little kid who hates vegetables. This is real. And if you can't see that...

MAN:
Then what? Are you going to leave? Then fine go ahead. Leave. .

WOMAN:

Would you listen to yourself? You sound crazy right now. You're not the man I met a month ago. You're not the man I slept with last night. And you're not the man I fell in love with. See I can say it.

MAN:

We're done with this conversation. We're done.

WOMAN:

Whoa, we are not done. You can't change the rules just because you feel uncomfortable.

MAN:

You want to order some Chinese food? I think I'm more in a burger mood myself.

WOMAN:

Oh so now you're going to ignore me? Just walk away. You can't run away from your problems forever.

MAN:

I'm not running away from anything!

WOMAN:

Bullshit! What do you call what you're doing right now?

MAN:

I'm hungry therefore I'm ordering food.

WOMAN:

Bullshit! You know I bet most of this stems from past relationships. Let me guess. She ran out because you got in a fight and you decided rather than to face the fact that you fucked up, you run away from fling to fling until eventually your conscience catches up to you.

MAN:

Shut up! You don't know a damn thing about me!

WOMAN:

You know you said your last girlfriend was blond too. Did I look like her? Is that why you're with me, because I resemble her and you are trying to get some bullshit redemption?

MAN:

You don't know what the hell you talking about!

WOMAN:

And let me see. I'm guessing her name started with a "K" since you told me you thought it was "cute" that are names both started with the same letter. You know I actually started thinking you were gay after you that.

MAN:

SHUT UP!.....Jessica.

WOMAN:

What?

MAN:

Her name, was Jessica. She was a brunette, 5'2". She was nothing like you.

WOMAN:

What do you mean was?

MAN:

She died on July 12, 1999. I killed her.

WOMAN:

You killed her?

MAN:

Yes. Ha, I did.

WOMAN:

But ... how?

MAN:

Well. We had been dating for about a month. And she tells me that she wants to end it. So I said ok. That I felt the same way and that it was time for us to go our separate ways.

WOMAN:

But you didn't really feel that way did you?

MAN:

That bitch tore my heart out. I thought that everything was going great. Going fine. Right until she messed it up. She had to be taken care of. She had to be taught a lesson.

WOMAN:

Did you teach her a lesson?

MAN:

I told her that I would take her back to my place, so she could get her stuff. She liked to cook so she had a lot of kitchen supplies. So I take her in to the kitchen and I help her pack all her stuff in some boxes. And I poured her a glass of wine. And we're drinking and we're laughing. Well soon I start talking about us, and how we had a good run. She says she agrees, but that she was astonished I never saw this coming. I said why, what do you mean. So she tells me that her new boyfriend and she have been seeing each other for the past two weeks, and that they were cheating on me the entire time. She also went further to say that I sucked in bed, and she faked it every time.

WOMAN:

Oh God, what did you do?

MAN:

I just wanted her to shut up. Just to be quiet so that I didn't have to hear anything bad anymore. Well she wouldn't listen, and eventually she kept talking and talking. I looked over in a fit of rage and noticed that an old meat pulverize and I beat her with it. And she stopped talking. And she lay there, so beautiful and glorious in her appearance that I didn't know what to do. I laid there holding her cold dead body in my arms happy for the first time in my life. She was the only one who truly understood who I am.

WOMAN:

Why are you telling me this?

MAN:

Why it has to do with you.

WOMAN:

This has nothing to do with me. I could go to the police and say something.

MAN:

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

WOMAN:

Why not?

MAN:

Well if you do then I'll be in big trouble and you wouldn't want that, would you? Besides you did say you love me.

WOMAN:

I could never love you! You're a monster.

MAN:

Oh now that wasn't very nice at all. You might want to be nicer to me, considering I'm the known killer in the house.

WOMAN:

Did you kill the others?

MAN:

What others?

WOMAN:

Did you kill your other girlfriends?

MAN:

Well of course. They had to go.

WOMAN:

Why, because they looked like her? Am I going to die? Are you going to kill me too!?

MAN:

No, not because they looked like her. Because they acted like her. All you girls are the same. You fine one good guy and then you got to go mess things up by complicating things, with love and affairs and husbands.

WOMAN:

What is wrong with you! You're a freak! You murderer! You bastard!

MAN:

I'm not a freak. I'm a protector. I protect the real world from women like you. Women who need to be straightened out, and told what's right. Women who need to be put in their place.

WOMAN:

Why me?

MAN:

Because you're my girlfriend.

WOMAN:

You'll never get away with this. People know me. They'll notice I'm gone.

MAN:

Oh but honey, I've already taken care of that. All your friends think your going to your parent's house. You're not employed, so I don't have to worry about your work. And your parents think we moved to London . I sent them a postcard yesterday.

WOMAN:

Please, please, please forgive me I don't want to die.

MAN:

Listen as much as I appreciate the groveling, I'm kind of on a tight schedule here, so I really need to wrap this up.

WOMAN:

But, but.

MAN:

Sh. It'll be alright. Take it easy.

WOMAN:

No! I won't take it easy.

MAN:

Fine have your way.

WOMAN:

Don't come any closer! ... I mean it.

MAN:

This is going to be fun.

WOMAN:

Please stop! STOP!

MAN:

I'm sorry it had to be this way. I really did like you.

WOMAN:

Please, Please.

MAN:

Just stay still.

WOMAN:

Oh God please.

MAN:

Stop punching. Jesus your acting like I'm damn punching bag.

WOMAN:

Get away from me! Get Away!

MAN:
Haha. This will do the trick!

WOMAN:
AHHHHH

(Man beats Woman “killing her” while she screams. He leaves and she is still screaming, and lying on the floor. He walks back in and lays next to her)

MAN:
Honey, Honey. Are you ok?

WOMAN:
What? What just happened?

MAN:
I think you were just having a bad dream.

WOMAN:
But you were there, and I was here, and you were beating me and beating me.

MAN:
Oh God. What did you eat last night?

WOMAN:
That’s not funny. I’m serious.

MAN:
So am I.

WOMAN:
Will you answer me this? Have you ever had a girlfriend named Jessica?

MAN:
Ha, no. Did I say I did in your dream?

WOMAN:
Yeah, ha its crazy you said you killed her because she broke your heart and she cheated on you.

MAN:
No, I’m going to go ahead and say I have not killed anybody lately. Or ever, for that matter.

WOMAN:
We were fighting too.

MAN:
About what?

WOMAN:
About us. And about how you never say you love me.

MAN:
Ah honey, I say I love you. I even told you that last night.

WOMAN:
Your right, I'm sorry.

MAN:
Don't be. You're just frazzled because of this nightmare.

WOMAN:
Yeah that's it.

MAN:
Well go back to bed honey, It's four o'clock and we both have work in the morning.

WOMAN:
Alright. Goodnight

MAN:
Goodnight. Hey I love you.

WOMAN:
I love you too. Oh umm, I know this is a random question but what's today's date?

MAN:
Do you need to know right now?

WOMAN:
It'd help me sleep better.

MAN:
It is ... July 12, 2009. I love you.