

I LOVE YOU

Written by

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Logline: An apprehensive man, Greg, prepares for the worst after his girlfriend doesn't say "I love you" back.

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INT. GREG'S CUBICLE - DAY

GREG (26), an anxious stock broker, sits at his desk on the phone. He tries to make himself as small as possible.

On other end of the call is BETH (25), Greg's usually chill girlfriend.

BETH (O.S.)  
Group C now, Greg... I need the  
password!

GREG  
(whispering)  
Give me a second!

INTERCOM (O.S.)  
(through Beth's phone)  
Now boarding Group D to Copenhagen.  
Group D as in "delightful."

BETH (O.S.)  
Greg! What is it?!

A beat. Greg's BOSS approaches from behind him.

BETH (O.S.)  
Greg... hello?--

Greg's boss walks past him, not noticing Greg's call.

GREG  
It's "Llcorlce@7." The I's are 1's.

BETH (O.S.)  
(away from phone)  
Coming, Sam!

GREG  
Who's Sam? Did it work?

BETH (O.S.)  
Yes, thank you. I gotta run, Greg!

GREG  
Okay, bye. Love you! Who's Sam?--

Beth hangs up.

Greg thinks to himself for a moment, then shakes his head, dismissing his thought.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Two workers, BOB and JOE (both 50's), sit next to each other in conversation, holding coffee cups.

Greg sits at a different table away from them, laptop open.

JOE

I miss traveling for work. The food, the sights... the women.

Joe chuckles and nudges Bob on "women."

BOB

Something about European women, man- their beauty is unmatched, especially compared to the chicks we got here.

A concerned look goes on Greg's face. He searches in his laptop "Are European men more attractive than American men?"

The search result comes back: "No, there is no conclusive evidence that one nationality is better looking than another." Greg breathes a sigh of relief.

JOE

I mean, how could I not indulge?! I deserved a treat since I didn't get opportunities like that in the force.

Joe and Bob share a laugh. Greg searches "Is Google accurate?" The search result returns: "Google results cannot be entirely accurate..."

Greg gets up and leaves.

INT. GREG'S CUBICLE - LATER

Greg tries to do his work, but is clearly distracted by something. He peers over to SANDRA (62), a coworker in the cubicle to Greg's left.

GREG

Hey, Sandra?

SANDRA

Yes, dear?

GREG

You're married, right?

SANDRA  
Oh, yes. 30 years strong!

GREG  
Would you ever cheat on your  
husband?

Sandra's eyes light up.

SANDRA  
I'm flattered! You're very  
handsome, dear, but- well, I have  
to politely decline--

GREG  
No, not with me. Just like, in  
general.

SANDRA  
Oh, no, I would never. I love my  
husband dearly.

GREG  
(sighs)  
Thank God--

SANDRA  
We do both have a hall pass though,  
but I don't think that counts. Mine  
is Mads Mikkelsen! I love Danish  
men, almost as much as Italians...

Greg's soul drops. He gets up, and gestures to a flower on  
Sandra's desk. Sandra hands it to him.

INT. GREG'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Greg picks petals off the flower. CLANCY (28), a straight  
shooter, sits across from Greg at the kitchen table.

CLANCY  
Think about it, Greg. I don't think  
she'd throw away *eight months* for  
some random Dane.

GREG  
You don't know that.

CLANCY  
You don't know that!

Greg pulls the last petal off the flower.

GREG

"Loves me not!" Even more proof!

Greg pulls out his laptop.

CLANCY

Listen, man, I don't think she's cheating on you, but I'm sorry that you're going through this.

Greg winces at his computer.

CLANCY

Is there anything I can do to help?

GREG

You have \$700?

CLANCY

What do you need \$700 for?

Greg stares at Clancy.

CLANCY

*Jesus*, I'm not buying you a flight!

GREG

Halfsies? Clancy, I need closure.

CLANCY

No! You're not even broken up yet! What are you talking about?!

Greg hangs his head, then looks up at Clancy.

GREG

You know what? What I need right now is for you to leave. You don't understand this situation. You don't understand love.

Clancy, dumbfounded, gets up to leave. He grabs the door knob with his left hand, brandishing a ring on his fourth finger.

Greg pulls out his phone and sends a myriad of texts to Beth.

"This can't be happening!"

"You're an asshole! We've been dating for eight months!"

"I promise I'll do the laundry half the time..."

"I told my mom you were the one... guess I'll die alone."

None of the texts go through.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg lies in bed, awake and staring at the ceiling. His pillows are tear stricken. Two empty pints of ice cream sit on his bedside table.

Greg sits up in bed, pulls out his phone, and opens up Instagram. He goes to Beth's account and smiles as he scrolls through photos of them.

Greg taps on Beth's tagged posts. The most recent post is of Beth with a woman and a European-looking man.

Greg looks at the photo, teary eyed. He shakes his head and clenches his fists.

GREG  
(to himself)  
She can't cheat if she can't get  
there...

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - LATER

Greg sits at his desk with his phone held up to his ear. On the other end of the call is a Delta phone robot.

PHONE ROBOT (O.S.)  
Hello! Delta Customer Service. How  
can I help you today?

GREG  
Hello, I would like to call in a  
bomb threat--

PHONE ROBOT (O.S.)  
Press one for complaints.

Greg considers this option.

PHONE ROBOT (O.S.)  
Press two for baggage services.  
Press three to speak to a customer  
service agent.

Greg presses three. The phone dials.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP (O.S.)  
Hi, this is Delta Customer Service.  
How can I be of assistance?

GREG

Um... there- there's a bomb on your plane...?

A beat.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP (O.S.)

Which plane?

GREG

Oh, shit- give me a sec.

Greg scrolls past his wall of text messages to Beth. He finds a photo of her boarding pass.

GREG

It should be flight 1399 to Copenhagen, Denmark.

The call hangs up. A look of questionable optimism takes over Greg's face.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Beth sleeps with a sleep mask on. The seatbelt sign TURNS ON. Beth takes the mask off.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

(through speaker)

Alright, folks, we'll be making an emergency landing shortly. Please remain calm and, uhh- sorry for the inconvenience. Thank you.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - LATER

Greg calls Beth on his phone, but the call doesn't go through. He makes his 23rd call and Beth finally picks up.

GREG

Beth, I love you! Please don't throw away what we have!

A long pause. Greg looks at his phone, nervous.

BETH (O.S.)

(confused)

I love you too...? We just had an emergency landing. Some crazy person called in a bomb threat.

GREG  
Oh, no! Are you alright?

BETH (O.S.)  
Yeah. Luckily, it turned out to be false.

GREG  
People are crazy...

BETH  
Well, uh, we just landed in Rome--

Beth stops herself. Greg's eyes go wide.

GREG  
Rome, Italy?--

BETH (O.S.)  
Greg, what are these texts?

Greg scrambles to his phone and sees that all of his texts are sending. He tries to unsend them, his face pale.

BETH (O.S.)  
"I'll never get over you?" "You're better off without me?" What do you mean by this?

Greg's face changes from scared to angry.

GREG  
Well, who's the hunky European guy on Instagram? Is that Sam?

BETH (O.S.)  
No, Greg. Sam's my friend, and I wouldn't say she's hunky. The guy is her husband.

GREG  
Oh, thank God. I was so worried.

BETH (O.S.)  
Wait, how did you know when to call me? My plane shouldn't have landed for another two hours.

Silence.

BETH (O.S.)  
Greg, did you call in the bomb threat?

A beat.

GREG  
I love you!

Beth hangs up the phone. Greg stares into space, numb.