

I Love You
Ep. #102 "Thursday"

teleplay by
Alexander Elmore

series created by
Alexander Elmore

Alexader Elmore
xander.elmore@gmail.com
(251) 643-8806
alexanderbelmore.com

FADE IN:

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

This could be any decently priced hotel in any city. There's nothing special to it at all.

On the bed lay ADRIAN and JUSTINE, both half-naked and cuddling.

An ALARM begins RINGING.

ADRIAN, 53, who is not the man he wants to be, but also doesn't care very much, rolls over and grabs his phone laying on the bedside table. He turns off the alarm and brushes back his shoulder length, brown hair.

The sound of the alarm stirs JUSTINE, 52, who only ever entered this affair to deal with her empty-nest syndrome, but is now finding it harder to leave.

JUSTINE

How's it already 3:30?

ADRIAN

I don't know.

Adrian gets out of bed and walks to a CHAIR with CLOTHES draped over the back.

Justine sits up to look at him.

JUSTINE

You look nice.

ADRIAN

(amused)

So do you.

JUSTINE

You're not even looking at me.

Adrian turns around.

ADRIAN

Ravishing. You're an absolute vision.

JUSTINE

You don't mean that.

ADRIAN

Well, once you've combed your hair, then I will.

Justine fakes shock and playfully throws a pillow at him. Adrian catches it without really trying.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't make me come drag you out.

JUSTINE

What if I want you to?

ADRIAN

Is that what you want?

Justine smiles.

Adrian quickly crosses the room and climbs into the bed.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Get out.

JUSTINE

Make me.

Adrian begins to tickle Justine. The two begin laughing and tossing and turning.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Stop. Stop it. I'll get out.

ADRIAN

Good.

The two begin to get out of bed. Each of them start to put their clothes back on. Adrian is fully preoccupied with making sure he looks presentable. Justine, on the other hand, is rather distracted.

JUSTINE

Do you think we could see each other again before next week?

Adrian doesn't respond.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

I could tell Philip that I have to do some last minute work before the opening. He'll believe me. He hardly ever comes to the gallery to visit, so there's no way of--

ADRIAN

No.

The two turn to face each other now.

JUSTINE
Why not?

ADRIAN
I can't. I'm busy.

JUSTINE
With what?

ADRIAN
I have a meeting out of town.

JUSTINE
Where?

ADRIAN
Austin.

JUSTINE
You're going to Texas?

ADRIAN
Yes.

JUSTINE
For the whole weekend?

ADRIAN
I come back Sunday afternoon.

JUSTINE
Why didn't you tell me?

ADRIAN
It just slipped my mind. I never
tell you about work.

JUSTINE
It's not like I haven't asked.

Adrian moves into:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He begins to inspect himself in the mirror. He digs through a small blue bag and pulls out a comb. He starts to use it, matting down his cowlicks.

ADRIAN
I thought we had an agreement.

JUSTINE (O.S.)
It feels like we can move past that,
considering.

ADRIAN
Considering what?

JUSTINE
The nature of this. Us.

Adrian puts down the comb. He splashes water onto his face, then walks out.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Justine is sitting on the chair where Adrian's clothes once were. She's wearing a light blouse and slacks. She's holding ADRIAN'S WATCH, starring at it.

ADRIAN
I don't really know what that means.

JUSTINE
It's been a while and I want more.
That's all.

Adrian sits on the bed and puts on his shoes.

ADRIAN
What does "more" mean?

JUSTINE
I don't know yet, but I think if I
leave Philip, I can find out.

She turns around to face him.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
I want to find out.

Adrian finishes putting on his shoes, then gets up and walks over to Justine.

ADRIAN
I know you do. Honestly. And I
love you for that, but...

Justine stares up at him. He takes a moment to consider his next move.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I can't be that person for you.

Justine doesn't know where to look, she wants to hide the emotion that's creeping into her face.

JUSTINE
Don't say you love me. You don't
mean it.

ADRIAN

Yes, I do.

JUSTINE

Then let's be together. You've got nothing, no one besides me. So, just *be* with me.

ADRIAN

Neither of us are ready for that.

Justine stands up, rising to his level. She's still holding his watch.

JUSTINE

You don't know what I can do, what I'm ready for. You're the one not ready.

ADRIAN

Maybe I like my life the way it is.

JUSTINE

Your life of meeting in hotel rooms every Thursday afternoon at 2? Of lying about who you're seeing? Of quick sex and then no contact for a week? That life?

Adrian matches Justine's temper.

ADRIAN

I like my life of doing what I want. Seeing who I want. Of not owing anyone anything.

JUSTINE

(more quietly)
Of being detached and alone.

ADRIAN

Maybe.

Justine holds out the watch. Adrian takes it and begins putting it on his wrist. Justine says nothing.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I have to leave. I have a flight to pack for.

JUSTINE

Fine, go.

Adrian moves to the door. Justine stays in her place. He opens to door.

ADRIAN

I love you, Justine, just not enough
to be who you want me to.

He closes the door.

Justine stands in the center of the room. Her face is
expressionless. Nothing moves, there is no noise.

Then, slowly, she sits down on the chair and begins to put
on her flats.

FADE OUT.

The End.