

I LOVE YOU

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The first signs of life on a quiet Sunday morning.

The sun breaks through the blinds, its soft light soothing a sleeping WOMAN.

Her HUSBAND breathes in the bedroom air, rolling over to study the subtleties of her face. The laugh lines and wrinkles. The no-makeup beauty.

Her eyes flicker open, a soft smile at a familiar face.

Their stare lingers, its comfort broken by the pitter patter of feet foreshadowing a CHILD, crawling into bed and onto dad.

Yet his eyes never move past hers.

HUSBAND

I love you.

INT. CAR - DAY

Two hands join together, finding common ground on a middle console.

A GUY drives, a GIRL sits shotgun. The clear road ahead stretches for miles, the freedom of youth just as far.

She watches his left hand grip the wheel, her eyes tracking up his arms, to his face, to somewhere that feels safe.

He senses her gaze and turns his head ever so slightly to say the words that've been unsaid.

GUY

I love you.

She radiates at the moment she'll remember forever.

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

A coffeehouse bustles.

A WOMAN, lost in thought, watches the passing cars go by from a window. She trades off sips of coffee and bursts of copy, her caffeinated thoughts spilling out onto an unseen page.

She closes her notebook and moves on to text.

ON PHONE: A text. To MICHAEL.

WOMAN  
(via text)  
Thank you for your help last night.  
I finished the piece.

She waits, endorphins building as Michael texts back...

MICHAEL  
(via text)  
I love you.

...And the crescendo: Her smile lights up the coffeehouse.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NASHVILLE - NIGHT

ON PHONE: It's 5:57pm.

A MAN, suited but stressed, tucks it away and takes off in a sprint.

He races past office buildings, storefronts, people-going-places' heads turn at the odd happening.

He runs past a flower shop. Doubles back. The perfect prop.

He enters. He exits.

He's back on the run, flowers in hand.

His pace slows at the approaching end.

He's there. Through the doors. Up the stairs. To the door.

He knocks. A breathless beat. And then an opening.

MAN  
I love you.

FADE TO BLACK.

We hold on black until a stat rises:

**"1 out of 4 women is abused by a man who says he loves her."**

YW Logo rises.

**#StopTheCycle**