

What I Did For Love

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SCOTT, a young man with a hipster look about him, sits up in bed with his shirt off.

LEE (O.S.)  
Damn it, Scott!

LEE, his girlfriend, struggles to put her jeans and tee on. She then pushes items off shelves with spite. Scott grabs his hair in shock.

LEE  
Why can't we just do it, one time,  
without you asking me, did you wash  
your hands? Did you shower today?

Lee grabs a nearby hamper and topples dirty clothes all over the bed in dramatic fashion before tossing it across the room. Scott looks at her with sadness and disgust.

Lee turns to the trash can and rummages through it, throwing trash around the room.

LEE  
I'm so sick and tired of you making  
me feel so dirty!

Though annoyed, Scott shuts his eyes tight and takes deep breaths in order to remain silent and stoic.

Lee comes over to him and wipes her trash-ridden hands all down his chest. Scott squirms away and gasps.

Lee stands there, heaving with anger, before she grabs her coat and purse and storms out of the bedroom. Scott sits there, stunned. A door SLAMS. Scott screams with frustration.

INT. BEDROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Everything has been put back on the shelves. The clothes on the bed have all been folded back into the hamper.

Scott sits on the edge of the bed in his boxers. He holds a hand towel lathered in heavy soap. He washes off his chest and neck with much discomfort, panicking as he scrubs harder.

INT. BEDROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Scott sits cross-legged on the bedroom floor. He sits there with his brows furrowed, staring at the trash. He swallows, and puts on rubber gloves. He squirms and looks away as he picks up the trash, one by one, and puts it back into the garbage pail. He holds his breath and lets it out when he finishes, as though the trash is toxic waste.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott gives the room an intense vacuuming, making sure to get in all the corners.

He dusts all the surfaces in a very delicate manner.

He stands by the bedroom door and surveys his cleaning job. His jaw is tensed and his face flushed. Scott shrugs and leaves the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Scott, freshly showered, opens the medicine cabinet. He takes out a bottle of pills for OCD and takes them with a glass of water. He shuts the medicine cabinet.

"I love you - have a good day!" is written on the mirror in faded lipstick. Scott looks at himself in the mirror, leaning on the sink in defeat.

Scott's eyes shift to Lee's toothbrush, covered in her lipstick, with a little toothpaste left over. He grabs it out and puts more toothpaste on it.

Scott holds the toothbrush to his mouth in the mirror. Scott gags and winces as he struggles to put the toothbrush in his mouth. He clears his throat, staring at himself in the mirror. He tries again to force himself to use her toothbrush.

Abruptly, Scott shoves the toothbrush back in its container and takes out his own, neatly stowed, toothbrush to brush his teeth. Scott spits and looks up at himself in the mirror.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Scott, smartly dressed in jeans and a button-up, starts to pick up Lee's things from around the living room. He delicately picks up a bra hanging on the couch, a sweater from off a chair, and a pile of hair products from off the dining table.

Scott then sees a messy pile of Lee's heels and sneakers by the door. He walks over, and puts his hands on his hips. He reaches down to grab a heel, and wimps out. Scott looks down, sighs, and quickly grabs it. He bites his lip and suppresses his discomfort as he arranges the shoes with his bare hands.

INT. KITCHEN - SHORT WHILE LATER

Scott stands in the center wringing a dish towel, looking around a stark, clean kitchen. He brushes his finger on a kitchen counter and looks at it, satisfied.

INT. KITCHEN, LIVING ROOM, BATHROOM, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott walks from the kitchen, to the living room, to the bathroom, and finally, to the bedroom. Everything has been cleaned to a pristine level. Scott surveys the bedroom and sees that a picture frame on the wall is not straight.

Scott adjusts the picture frame. He takes a moment to look closely at the picture of him and Lee playing in the mud. Scott takes a deep breath, and pauses. His eyes shift down before he surveys the bedroom again. He looks down at his wristwatch.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott knocks the same things off the shelves.

With the gloves, Scott painfully redistributes the trash.

Scott dumps the laundry on the bed and sighs.

Scott continues to mess up the bedroom even more than Lee had done before, even though he finds no enjoyment in creating this mess.

INT. BEDROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

As the light diminishes, Scott lights candles and sits on the bed, looking around at the trashed room in discomfort. He looks at his wristwatch again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lee comes back into the house, quietly closing the door behind her. She looks around at the clean house and gestures as if she knew it would be that way when she got home. She shakes her head as she removes her coat and shoes. Seeing the light from beneath the bedroom door, she walks over, ready for battle.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lee swings open the door with anger until she sees Scott waiting on the bed in the candlelit, destroyed bedroom. Her jaw drops open as she surveys the room. She lets out a short laugh.

Scott waits for her on the bed. Lee goes over to him as Scott puts his hands on her waist. Scott stands up and brushes back her hair, before throwing her on the messy bed. Lee stops him.

LEE

Wait...let me wash my hands.

Scott looks at her for an awkward moment, and kisses her anyway.

CUT TO BLACK.