

LOVESICK

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY**

PETER (34) pudgy and awkward, but still handsome, paces awkwardly around a drab doctor's office. He looks at medical models, figurines and posters on the wall. He hates the Doctor, it's stuffy, suffocating. He tugs at the collar on his shirt and breathes in. He SIGHS, turning back to look at the door, fingers fiddling behind his back. He checks his watch when...

The door finally opens and a DOCTOR (45) walks in, clipboard in hand and looking down at the floor.

PETER  
So, what is it? A rash? Do I just use some sort of cream and it'll go away?

DOCOTOR  
Not exactly.

The Doctor gives him a stern look and motions to the table behind him.

DOCTOR  
Have a seat.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**TITLE CARD: LOVESICK - OVER:**

**INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Peter SCREAMING into his pillow. His best friend MARK (32) sits beside him, much too calm for Peter's liking.

MARK  
How you feel?

PETER  
I gotta call Emily.

Peter reaches for his cell and dials. Mark is instantly on him, trying to grab the phone out of his hands.

MARK  
No-- Peter--

Peter turns, dodging him.

Peter  
I know it was you, you bitch--

MARK  
Peter! Drop the phone--

Mark is grabbing at him, climbing on top of Peter. He finally gets the phone and hangs up.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Don't be doing that.

A deflated Peter falls face first into the pillow.

PETER  
(muffled)  
I'll never find love again.

Mark pats him.

MARK  
I know.

#### **INT. PETER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Peter washes his face over the sink. He looks through himself in the mirror, water dripping off his chin. The news he's recieved has broken his world. His eyes are red and puffy, mouth scowling.

#### **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

A romantic and isolated table sits by the window in the corner of a restaurant. The table is set with empty plates, a candle and flowers. A dinner gone well. Peter and LAUREN (29) his date, LAUGH, in the middle of a conversation.

PETER  
I can't believe you listen to them!  
I have an extra ticket for next  
weeks concert!

LAUREN  
Are you kidding, I would love to  
see them!

PETER  
Sounds like a second date.

LAUREN

I think so.

The both smile and reach for their glasses of wine and take a sip. Their eye contact never breaks. There's a connection.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You know...I live right by here.

Peter clears his throat, visibly nervous.

PETER

I-is that so?

LAUREN

(smiling; nodding)

Mhm. Would you like to come up for coffee?

PETER

When you say coffee you mean...

Lauren nods. Peter takes a deep breath, looks away.

LAUREN

You don't like coffee?

PETER

No, I love coffee! A healthy amount. But there's something I should tell you, Lauren.

LAUREN

What's that?

PETER

(hesitant, mumbled)

I have herpes.

Lauren sits back.

LAUREN

Oh.

PETER

I only recently found out and I'm taking medication for it. I thought it was best I was up front about it, and I hope it doesn't change anything.

Peter waits anxiously for an answer. Lauren, now clearly detached, lifts her hand, motioning for the waiter.

LAUREN

Well, thank you for being honest.

PETER

Of course. Should we get out of here then?

LAUREN

You know, now that I think about it, my place is actually a mess.

PETER

Right.

Dissapointment spills on Peter's face.

**INT. PETER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Peter opens his bottle of pills and throws one back. He stares at himself blankly in the mirror for a moment....then turns. Still in the reflection we see him exit the bathroom.

**BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:**

**A) INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Same scenerio as before; Peter and DATE #1 (30s) sit at a table.

DATE #1

I'm sorry, good luck thought!

**B) BAR - DIFFERENT NIGHT**

DATE #2

I was really looking for more of a friend anyway.

**B) PETER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Peter scrolls through Tinder, alone.

**C) BAR - DIFFERENT NIGHT**

Same Bar, DATE #3 (30s).

DATE #3

No way dude, that's disgusting.

Date #3 gets up and leaves.

**D) PETER'S KITCHEN - MORNING**

Peters's voicemail plays in the background as he pours himself a cup of coffee. His expression flat.

*SFX. BEEP*

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hey, I've had some time to think about it and I don't think I'm okay with it, it's just too risky--

Peter walks away.

**E) INT. PETER'S BATHROOM - MORNING**

Buckled over in pain Peter makes a phone call.

PETER

Yeah, I'm sorry I'm going to have to call in sick today.

(a beat)

I know this is the second time in a few months but-

**F) PETER'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT**

Peter's parents sit across him, shocked from the news he's just told them.

PETERS FATHER

You have herpes? How'd you manage that?

PETER

(dropping his head)

Dad...

PETER'S MOTHER

(distraught)

Your life is ruined!

Peter's Mother starts dramatically SOBBING into her hands.

**G) PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The light of a television bounces off of a sad Peter as he sits, swallowed by his couch. He's got something of a beard now, showing time has passed.

He drinks a beer, eyes empty. His phone BLIPS with a tinder notification. Picking it up Peter throws his phone across the room.

**H) BAR - DIFFERENT NIGHT**

DATE #5 (30s).

DATE #5  
Does it like, hurt?

A deadpan and exhausted Peter doesn't respond.

**I) PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Peter arrives home alone and throws his keys on the counter, after what can only be assumed to be yet another failed date.

**END SERIES OF SHOTS.**

**INT. CLINIC ROOM - DAY**

We jump back to where the conversation had cut out. Peter sits on the doctor's table, head low.

DOCTOR  
You'll have to look at the brighter side of things; it's not life threatening and it's quite manageable. It won't affect your dayb to day too much.

PETER  
(sarcastic)  
Right.

DOCTOR  
First thing I would do is maybe contact your last sexual partners and let them know.

Peter's head snaps up.

**SFX: KNOCKING**

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Peter furiously KNOCKS on a door. Finally it opens. EMILY (30), Peter's ex, is on the other side donning nothing but a bathrobe. She's not happy to see Peter.

EMILY  
What could you possibly want?

PETER  
(accusing)  
Did you know?

EMILY  
Know what?

PETER  
That's why you're ignoring all my calls, because you knew you would give it to me.

EMILY  
Peter, you're being so dramatic--

PETER  
(angry)  
I am not! You...fucking KNEW. How long did you have it, and you never thought to tell me? After years of--

Emily steps out, closing the door behind her.

EMILY  
(hushed)  
Keep your voice down!

PETER  
Now you've ruined my life.

EMILY  
Ruined your life? You're ruining it yourself with your shitty mindset. It's not all my fault, you know.

PETER  
(shocked)  
You give me herpes and you're trying to tell me my mindset is the problem?

EMILY  
You don't think it's hard for me too?



PETER  
How can you not give a shit?

EMILY  
Life moves on. Could you please do  
the same and stop calling?

PETER  
I'm just-- damaged goods now!

EMILY  
See, mindset.

PETER  
Emily, I haven't gotten a second  
date back in over a year, and I'm  
probably never going to. What am I  
supposed to do?

EMILY  
Just don't tell people.

Emily closes the door, leaving Peter frozen on the landing.

**INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

One lamp is on to set the mood. Peter and GABBY (30) a lovely  
girl, make out on the bed. Just as things start to get heated  
Gabby pulls away.

GABBY  
Do you have a condom?

PETER  
I do, yeah.

Gabby goes in for another kiss.

GABBY  
I'm really glad we met.

Peter doesn't kiss back. Gabby pulls away.

GABBY (CONT'D)  
(curiously)  
What is it?

Peter stares at her nervously before finally;

PETER  
Let me get the condom!

Gabby smiles, leaning in for another peck. Peter jumps up and goes into the bathroom.

#### **BATHROOM**

Peter rushes into the bathroom, closing the door behind him and smiling. He opens the cabinet to grab a condom, but right beside it is his small blue bottle of medication. He closes the cabinet and in the reflection his smile has faded.

#### **PETER'S BEDROOM**

Gabby looks up to see Peter standing in the door.

GABBY  
(seductively)  
Hello again--

PETER  
(cutting her off)  
I need to be honest about something.

Peter sits on the edge of the bed. Gabby shifts to listen.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I have herpes. I understand if you never want to see me again.

Gabby thinks for a moment before a smile of relief splashes across her face.

GABBY  
You have no idea how glad I am you said something. Me too!

PETER  
(taken aback)  
And you weren't going to tell me?

GABBY  
Neither were you.

We close in on Peter, the wheels turn in his head.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENT'S LATER**

Peter slams the door in Gabby's face, leaving her alone in the hallway, holding her jacket and purse. After a beat she walks away.

**FADE OUT.**