

This Is Love Too  
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**INT. THERAPIST'S ROOM - DAY**

A clean, overlit office.

MICHAEL (late 30s) and SARAH (late 30s) sit in two chairs facing JASON (50s), their therapist.

They're all too calm. Too polite.

A box of tissues rests on the table.

Jason glances at his notes, then nods at Michael.

**JASON**

Michael, would you like to read  
your letter?

Michael exhales. Unfolds a neatly creased page.

**MICHAEL**

(reading)

When I think about Sarah, I think  
about how lucky I am.

How I spent my whole life looking  
for someone like her.

How beautiful she is – it's like  
God's paying me back for all the  
bullshit.

So when our couple's therapist told  
us to write a pros and cons list...  
I found it kind of offensive.

Michael looks up for a beat, maybe expecting a reaction.  
Nothing. He drops his eyes back to the page

**MICHAEL (CONT'D)**

She's smart. She's sharp. She's got  
a good heart and she aims badly.  
I know that because she once threw  
a teapot at me, and it missed by  
three feet.

**SARAH**

I missed on purpose.

**MICHAEL**

It was boiling.

Jason straightens his notepad, trying to stay neutral.

**JASON**

Let's hear the whole letter,  
please.

**MICHAEL**

Right.  
I loved her from the moment we met  
in that marketing meeting.  
It cost me my job, but I didn't  
like it anyway. So that's a Pro.  
My parents would've loved her, if I  
knew where my mom is, or if my dad  
ever comes back from Bali.  
She's amazing with people.  
She walks into a room and suddenly  
I don't exist, which is great, she  
socializes for both of us.  
But the thing I love most about  
Sarah is, she's always there.  
Always.

**FLASH CUT - INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

*Michael stands at the toilet. Sarah sits on the closed lid,  
scrolling on her phone. Watching him.*

**MICHAEL (V.O.)**

I can't pee alone anymore.  
She just sits there. Watching.

**FLASH CUT - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

*Sarah stares at her phone, watching his real-time location  
blink on a map.*

**MICHAEL (V.O.)**

She tracks my phone. Cause she  
cares. She always wants to know I'm  
okay.

**BACK TO THERAPIST'S ROOM****MICHAEL**

She's always there.  
And that's what I love about her.

*He folds the letter with satisfaction.  
Jason stares. Trying to blink through the confusion.*

**MICHAEL (CONT'D)**

What? It's not good?

**JASON**

No, no it's very good.  
That's exactly why I asked you both  
to write this down.  
It's important to share... details.

Turns to Sarah

**JASON (CONT'D)**

Sarah, do you have your letter?

Sarah unfolds a small piece of paper. Looks at it for a second.

**SARAH**

(reading, flatly)

Pros: Michael is a good guy. I love  
him.

Cons: Michael is a good guy.

*She refolds the paper. Calm.*

Silence.

**MICHAEL**

That's it? You had to write this  
down, you couldn't memorize it?

**JASON**

Sarah, what's your goal from this  
session? What made you come here  
today?

Sarah shifts. Cold. Tired. Not defensive, just done.

**SARAH**

Because living with Michael...  
Means constantly feeling like  
you're the villain in a story you  
didn't even know you were in.

**FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah, visibly upset, argues. Michael doesn't yell. Doesn't respond. He just grabs his jacket and walks out.

Leaves her standing there mid-sentence, lost.

**SARAH (V.O.)**

He never raises his voice.  
Never calls me names.  
He just... sighs.

**BACK TO THERAPIST'S ROOM**

**SARAH**

Deep, dramatic sighs, like he's  
carrying the weight of the world  
and I'm the reason gravity exists.

**FLASHBACK - INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Sarah sits at the edge of the bed, eyes red.

Michael lies beside her, staring at the ceiling.

His mouth moves. We **don't hear the words**, but we **see** her  
reaction, softening.

**SARAH (V.O.)**

That night, he just looked at me  
and said,  
*"I wish I had a family like yours."*

**BACK TO THERAPIST'S ROOM**

**SARAH**

Which sounds sweet, right?  
Except now, I'm the one crying, I'm  
the one apologizing, and I have no  
idea what the fight was even about.

**SARAH (CONT'D)**

He wraps guilt in vulnerability and  
expects a hug for it.  
Every time I try to bring up  
something — anything — that bothers  
me... He plays the trauma card.  
Like I'm not allowed to be upset  
because he had a rough childhood.

**SARAH (CONT'D)**

He doesn't fight fair.  
He doesn't fight at all.  
He suffers.  
And makes sure I'm front row for  
every performance.

MICHAEL sighs. Not loud, deep. Performed. Practiced. Like  
he's been rehearsing disappointment for years.

**SARAH (CONT'D)**

See?! That! It's like somehow I  
ended up with Mark again.

**MICHAEL**

(looking up, stung)  
Why would you say that?  
You know that hurts me.  
Why would you say something like  
that?

**SARAH**

(voice cracks, anger  
bubbling)  
Oh, you're hurt?  
What do you think your manipulation  
does to me?

**MICHAEL**

(defensive)  
I've never cheated on you, never  
screamed at you or made you feel  
small. I am not Mark.

**SARAH**

Because I *don't* give you the chance  
to be Mark!

**MICHAEL**

(to Jason)  
See?! *Control!*  
She talks about me like I'm a damn  
animal she's training not to piss  
on the carpet.

**SARAH**

(teeth clenched)  
Yes. I'm the horrible wife.  
The evil, obsessive wife who—God  
forbid—doesn't want her husband to  
cheat on her. What a nightmare I  
must be.

**MICHAEL**

You went to see a lawyer!  
You said you'd never leave, you are  
not like every damn person in my  
life. And then you went to see a  
lawyer.

**SARAH**

I feel like I'm married to an  
insecure teenager who constantly  
needs to hear "I love you."

**MICHAEL**

(sharply)  
Because I never heard it before!

**SARAH**

Then stop acting like you're still seven years old and everyone's out to abandon you!

**MICHAEL**

You make it impossible to breathe.

**SARAH**

Then leave!

**BEAT.**

The silence that follows isn't loud — it's dead quiet.

Heavy. Stuck in the throat.

**MICHAEL**

(soft, barely audible)  
You really want me to leave?

**SARAH**

(eyes darting, not looking at him)  
No. No, I didn't mean that.

**MICHAEL**

(voice cracking)  
Why would you say that? After everything?

**SARAH**

(at the same time)  
I didn't mean it.  
No — I'm sorry — no—

**MICHAEL is** silent now, just stares.

**SARAH (CONT'D)**

(soft)  
I'm sorry. I don't want you to leave.

**BEAT.** Another silence. This one hurts less. It just *hurts*.

**JASON**

(gently)  
Okay, now there is clearly—

**MICHAEL**

(cutting him off, to Sarah)  
I'm sorry too.

**JASON**

(taking a breath)  
Okay. Thanks Micheal  
So... here's what I'm hearing.  
You two are a trauma-bonded,  
emotionally exhausted, and  
dangerously codependent.

BEAT

**JASON (CONT'D)**

Which, frankly, is most couples I  
see.

**JASON (CONT'D)**

(to Michael)  
Michael, you were abandoned as a  
child.  
So now you spend your adult life  
trying to preempt rejection, by  
becoming a walking apology.  
You sigh like a dying poet.  
Because if you're the victim first,  
no one can hurt you worse.

MICHEAL folds his arms, then unfolds them, suddenly unsure  
what to do with his hands.

**JASON (CONT'D)**

(turning to Sarah)  
And Sarah... You don't trust people  
because one person ruined it for  
everyone. He broke you in the kind  
of way that makes you stare at GPS  
dots and install emotional CCTV in  
your marriage.  
You turned into a full-time  
bodyguard, for a guy who just wants  
to pee alone.

A small smirk twitches at the edge of SARAH'S mouth, then  
vanishes.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY IN THE FUTURE**

The front door opens.

MICHAEL steps in first, drops his jacket on the floor without  
thinking.

SARAH enters behind him. She pauses, picks up the jacket.

Looks at him — not annoyed. Just soft. Familiar.

**JASON (V.O.)**

You're not toxic because you're bad people. You're toxic because you're scared. Scared of being left, forgotten, replaced.

**BACK TO THERAPIST'S ROOM****JASON**

And somehow, through all this chaos, you still love each other.

**JASON (CONT'D)**

(leans forward)

But if this is gonna work, stop trying to fix each other and start showing up.

**INT. DINING TABLE - LATER**

Dinner. No conversation.

SARAH eats in small bites. Focused.

MICHAEL scrolls YouTube on his phone while chewing. Earbuds in.

She glances at his phone — just a flicker.

He notices. A beat.

Then, he turns the screen slightly toward her.

An unspoken gesture: *You can watch too.*

She doesn't say anything — just leans in a little, barely noticeable.

Not romantic. Not tragic.

Just... them.

**JASON (V.O.)**

Speak when you're scared.  
Don't weaponize "I'm fine."  
You're clearly not.

**BACK TO THERAPIST'S ROOM****JASON**

So... you gonna keep trying to out-suffer each other, or try something harder — like actually getting better?

They don't respond. Just sit there. Breathing.

Then, Michael looks at Sarah. She looks back.

No words. Just something in the eyes.

Tired. Raw. Still there.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Soft hum of quiet.

MICHAEL washes dishes.

SARAH enters.

She doesn't speak. Just walks over and hugs him from behind — firm, grounding.

He pauses.

Then keeps washing.

Her head rests against his back.

No music. Just running water.

Two broken people, holding each other together.

FADE TO BLACK.