

POV- FACETIME CALL

A shaky hand shows us around an empty one bedroom apartment.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

So here's the bedroom, the bathroom,
and oh man, the closet shelf space!

The camera lingers on the ample shelf space before flipping perspective to the cameraman, TYLER "ONDIE" ONDRASIK, 29, white, gangly and grinning, a raw nerve of a guy.

ONDIE

Isn't it great?!

Even when he's smiling, you can tell he's real fucking sad.

INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT- WINTER- INTERCUT

CORT, 33, a tiny force of nature, sits on the other side of the FaceTime alongside her partner, JAYCE, 37, a non-binary, jean jacketed strong and silent type.

A dreary Mid-West winter can be seen in the window behind them.

CORT

It looks great, Ondie! Quick question,
did that bedroom have any windows?

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT COMPLEX- INTERCUT

Ondie stands in the middle of his stucco-accentuated prison cell of an apartment, happily deluding himself.

ONDIE

I know it isn't ideal, but I think
I can make it really nice!

CORT

I know, I'm happy for you, bud.
Your first solo apartment!

Ondie beams at this as he takes the call OUTSIDE into the pitiful outdoor common area.

CORT (CONT'D)

Just be careful. Living alone is fun
but it can get real lonely, real fast.

ONDIE

I know, but once my job starts,
I'll be meeting new people, getting
out there. It's gonna be great!

Cort steels herself, preparing for a "talk."

CORT

Remember. For these first few
months, you cannot talk to Carolyn.

Ondie playfully rolls his eyes as he paces his living room.

CORT (CONT'D)

When she sends you late next texts
with sad songs, delete them and
pull up Weird Al vids on YouTube.

ONDIE

What if I run out of those?

CORT

Impossible, he's an endless well.
And don't scrimp on furniture! Get
a real couch, not some futon with a
fold out drink holder.

ONDIE

But if it's just for me, it's--

CORT

--No shortcuts, Ondie! One last
thing. You're probably going to
have some fucking freak outs soon.
Comes with the territory.

Ondie looks terrified at the idea of future freak outs.

CORT (CONT'D)

So for the next few months, I will
answer any text or call from you, no
questions asked. Even if I'm at a
movie or in a sweaty session with my
beloved, I will get back to you as
quickly as I can.

Ondie smiles, touched by the gesture, but shakes it off.

ONDIE

I know you're worried, but I'm
going to be okay. I promise!

Cort shakes her head with a laugh.

CORT
I love you, bud. Talk soon.

As they hang up, Jayce cuddles up close to Cort.

JAYCE
He seemed happy, that's good.

CORT
You ever live alone in a city where
you don't know anybody, babe?

Jayce shakes their head.

CORT (CONT'D)
He's about to be the loneliest
motherfucker on the planet.

BACK IN ONDIE'S APARTMENT, Ondie brings in the last of his boxes. He takes a look around, already feeling the weight of it.

BUZZ. He looks down to see a TEXT from CORT with an attached PLAYLIST: "**In case you ever need our tunes!** Ondie clicks on it, entitled **LONELY? PRESS PLAY!**

"GOSHEN '97" by STRAND OF OAKS, an anthemic rock song, blasts, as Ondie bobs his head and starts to unpack.

QUICK TIMELAPSE FOOTAGE OF ONDIE SETTING UP HIS APARTMENT.

-Ondie unpacks his boxes and stocks his kitchen.

-Ondie guides delivery men with a nice SOFA inside.

-Ondie hangs up photos of friends and a number of framed CHICAGO-AREA BAND GIG POSTERS, all designed by him.

-Ondie sways in his apartment, whiskey in hand, singing along to the song.

ONDIE
I was lonely, I was having fun! (2x)

Ondie surveys the space, which now looks nice and full.

He lounges on his bed (don't worry ladies, he's got a bedframe!) and takes a look around at his progress. He gives the room an approving nod as he takes a sip of his drink.

As the song fades out, we slowly see his smile fray at the seams. That loneliness has already begun to sink in...