

Alone

written by

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

ETHAN wakes up to his phone RINGING, the screen reads ANNETTE. He rolls over in bed.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He brushes his teeth with a blank stare.

ANNETTE (V.O.)  
Hey, listen... I just don't think I  
can make this work anymore.

INT. ETHAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

He opens the fridge, an empty milk jug sits on the shelf, a sticky note on the jug reads: *Sorry - Matt*

Ethan eats dry cereal at the table.

ANNETTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You're a great guy and all, but  
you're so-so quiet all the time and  
I just don't know what's going on  
in your head, ever. Not knowing is  
just too much for --

A door crashes open in the voicemail.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Girl you finally dropping his ass!?  
Don't forget to tell 'im 'bout his  
tiny di --

The message cuts. Ethan shows his first emotion, confusion. He lifts his waistband.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Ethan stands facing a wall refrigerators. He holds a jug of milk in each hand, whole and skim.

A BLONDE GIRL squeezes by.

BLONDE GIRL  
Excuse me.

Her hair falls past her face as she bends over.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Annette's blonde hair hangs in front of her face. Ethan sits watching her, stunned.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

The Blonde Girl is looking at him as if he has three heads.

BLONDE GIRL  
Um, can I help you?

ETHAN  
Uh, no...sorry.

Ethan awkwardly hands the blonde his jugs of milk, hurries away.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ethan sits at his laptop, a blank document on the screen. He googles a story idea generator. To his right is a pin board of ideas, surrounded with pictures of Annette. He collects them gingerly and tosses them in the trash can. MATT opens the door.

MATT  
I just got an angle on a house party tonight, you in?

ETHAN  
I don't know, I think I'm just gonna--

MATT  
C'mon man, it'll be good to get out. You've been sulking around for like a week.

Ethan lifts a finger in protest, and slowly retracts it.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Sick. I'll text you when I get there.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ethan steps into a thumping beat, the party is popping. LAUREN catches his eye on the dance floor. She's scantily clad, confident, very girl-next-door.

He cuts through the crowd, transfixed. The music dies out. He brushes past her waist, their eyes meet. He goes for the kiss.

She SLAPS him across the face.

LAUREN  
Pervert!

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS EARLIER

Ethan snaps back to reality. He takes a sharp right away from the crowd.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He fills a cup from the jungle juice, takes a sip and hacks up along, the drink is strong.

LAUREN (O.S.)  
Hey pour me a cup?

She reaches her cup over the counter. Ethan complies and hands the cup back.

ETHAN  
That'll be 3 dollars.

Lauren downs it like water.

LAUREN  
Oh I didn't know happy hour ended.  
Is there anythingggg I can do for a  
discount?

She giggles and makes a smoochie face as she leans over the counter.

Ethan smiles, checks over his shoulder.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
I like that shirt, it looks good on  
you.

Ethan looks into his drink.

ETHAN  
Ha um thank you for that, I uh, I  
really needed a compliment.

LAUREN

Awww you're welcome. Come dance  
with me?

Lauren takes Ethan's hand and leads him around the counter.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Lauren stumbles down the road in front of Ethan. A PASSERBY  
glares towards the couple.

LAUREN

(slurring)

What are youuuu lookin' at?

The Passerby shakes their head and keeps moving. Ethan  
shrinks inside himself.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

That's what I thot! Keep on waukin  
biotch!

Lauren trips on a crack and falls. Ethan struggles to keep  
her from hitting the ground, she ends up face to face in  
Ethan's arms. Lauren laughs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Oh my gawd take me to dinner first!

They recover, Ethan snickers at the joke.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The two stop at the front door of the building.

ETHAN

I guess this is you then?

LAUREN

Yep this is me. Mine's right up  
there on the corner, 9th floor.

Lauren points above her head at nothing in particular. Ethan  
struggles to find a response.

ETHAN

Oh very nice.

He winces at the comment. Lauren lunges into a hug, Ethan's  
caught off guard at the invasion of personal space.

LAUREN

Thank you for walking me home  
tonight...aaaaand for saving me  
from eating shit.

He shrugs and puts his hands in his pockets, looking to the ground.

ETHAN

Oh don't worry about it. I'm sure  
anyone would hav --

LAUREN

Well I'm glad it was you.

She scans into the door, pausing in the threshold.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And I do expect that dinner in the  
future.

ETHAN

Oh, uh, I'm sure we can figure out  
something.

He cracks a smile.

LAUREN

I look forward to it.

She slips a piece of paper into his shirt pocket and  
disappears into the building.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ethan opens the door, flicks on the light and sits at his  
laptop.

Looking at the blank word document, he starts typing.

FADE TO BLACK.