

FADE IN

INT. ELIJAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

The sounds of a daytime Televangelist can be heard coming from the television in the corner of the room.

The screen is partially obstructed by piles of clothes and dander.

There are take-out boxes all over the place, and it looks as though someone has been holed up in here for ages.

Sitting on the bed and mindlessly gazing out the window is ELIJAH (mid 20s), who wears a baggy t-shirt and sweatpants. His long hair and beard have are beyond unkempt. He is an imperfect concoction of feral and melancholy.

On the nightstand beside him, alongside empty cans of malt liquor is a framed picture of a manicured Elijah, alongside NORA (mid-20s). The two look happy and in love.

On the street below Elijah follows a pair of people with his eyes.

They are a couple and after a moment, the man stops and gets down on a knee.

We can't hear her voice, but it is clear that she said yes. The two embrace and share a kiss.

Elijah pulls the blinds shut, numb.

He takes a final swig of malt liquor before standing on his bed.

Overhead there is a ceiling fan. Coiled around the top of the fan is a rope, which has already been fashioned into a noose. We've clearly been here before.

As Elijah uncoils the rope from around the fan, his cellphone buzzes beside his foot.

*Buzz...Buzz...*

His mother is calling him.

Elijah reaches over with his toe and hangs up the call.

He puts the noose around his neck and, just as he is about to step off his bed:

*Buzz...Buzz...*

(CONTINUED)

Elijah hangs up again.

He takes a preparatory breath, psyching himself up before stepping off the bed.

The extension cord strains and winces beneath his weight.

His feet hang in the air, swaying slightly.

There is silence. Then:

*Buzz...Buzz...*

The phone continues to buzz as the sound of cracking can be heard overhead.

Suddenly, there is a large crash, followed by a tumble.

The fan collapses from the ceiling, bringing down chunks of drywall and insulation.

Elijah hits the floor hard, and the fan hits his head even harder.

*Buzz...Buzz...*

Elijah, very much alive looks at the damage in his apartment.

There is a large hole in the ceiling above, revealing another person's bathroom.

The man from the other apartment, HARV (50s-60s), a large, hairy-shouldered man in a wife beater, looks down from the toilet.

*Buzz...*

Elijah answers the phone.

ELIJAH

Hey, mom.