

SCENE 1 - IT'S NIGHT. ALL SHOTS IN THIS SCENE ARE BLUE, VARYING SHADES, TO SIMULATE DARKNESS.

SHOT OF KITCHEN - IT IS FUCKING FILTHY, DIRTY DISHES LITTERING ALL THE SURFACES AND FLOOR COVERED IN DUST.

FUTURE BUDDY

Hey.

SHOT OF SOME KIND OF LIVING ROOM - BOOKS STREWN ACROSS THE FLOOR, COUPLE TEARS ON THE SOFA BUT NOT SO MANY OR SO SEVERE THAT THEY SEEM DELIBERATE. BOOKSHELF IS JUST A FUCKING MESS, ROWS OF BOOKS ARE LINED UP WITH SOME ON THEIR SIDES LYING OVER THE TOPS.

FUTURE BUDDY

Here's tomorrow's steps.

SHOT OF SMALLISH, MESSY BEDROOM. CLOTHES ON THE FLOOR. THERE IS A DESK IN ONE CORNER WITH STACKS OF PAPER PILED HIGH AND COVERING THE TOP.

IN THE CORNER DIAGONALLY OPPOSITE TO THE DESK IS A SINGLE BED WITH THE DUVET HALF COVERING IT. AN UNKEMPT MAN IS LAZILY SAT UP IN BED. HE RUBS HIS EYES, THEN TURNS THE MOTION INTO A FULL WIPE OF HIS FACE. HE IS WEARING A STAINED A-SHIRT.

STOOD OVER THE MAN TO THE LEFT OF HIS BED IS ANOTHER MAN, IDENTICAL TO THE ONE SAT DOWN. HE IS WEARING A WHITE SHIRT WITH A BLACK TIE, AND A FADED GREEN JACKET. LONG, DARK TROUSERS. HIS FINGERS ARE STAINED WITH INK. HE IS HOLDING A SHEET OF PAPER WITH HANDWRITING ON IT IN ONE HAND, THE OTHER CASUALLY IN HIS TROUSER POCKET.

FUTURE BUDDY

You want me to leave it on the desk?

THE MAN IN BED HESITATES, BUT MAKES A REACHING MOTION FOR THE PAPER.

BUDDY

Nah, nah, give it here. I'm already up now.

THE STANDING MAN HANDS THE PAPER TO BUDDY, THEN PUSHES THAT HAND INTO HIS OTHER POCKET. HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM WHILE BUDDY SCANS THE PAPER. HE WANDERS OVER TO THE DESK AND STARTS FLICKING THROUGH THE STACK OF PAPERS.

FUTURE BUDDY

You should sort this shit out, man. We

don't even need half of these anymore.

BUDDY KEEPS HIS EYES ON THE PAPER DURING HIS REPLY. HE SOUNDS DISTRACTED, ABSENT-MINDED. HE SPEAKS SLOWER THAN HIS COUNTERPART.

BUDDY

If it happens, it happens.

FUTURE BUDDY PUTS THE PAPERS DOWN AND SIGHS, NOT OUT OF FRUSTRATION BUT EXHAUSTION. HE LOOKS TIRED.

FUTURE BUDDY

Yeah, right. I'll leave you to it?

BUDDY LOOKS UP FROM THE PAPER, LOOKING SIMILARLY EXHAUSTED. IT'S LATE.

BUDDY

Uh-huh. Thanks.

FUTURE BUDDY GIVES A SLOPPY SALUTE.

FUTURE BUDDY

Good luck, man.

FUTURE BUDDY IS CLOSED BETWEEN TWO SLITS OF BRIGHT LIGHT. WHEN THE SLITS MEET, THEY DISSOLVE, AND THE MAN IS GONE.

BUDDY SHUTS HIS EYES AND LETS OUT A BREATH. THE PAPER FALLS FROM HIS HAND TO THE FLOOR NEXT TO HIS BED. HIS HEAD HITS THE PILLOW.

CUT TO BLACK.

next: saves a dude from a joke villain with ease to demonstrate strength to audience, bystander says "took you long enough" to demonstrate that such a fast takeout is actually a step down from buddy's usual performance. during that line, buddy does the slit-line-teleport thing back to home, the camera focuses on him as he is walking so the background splits between where he just was and his home.

SCENE 2 - FROM BLACK CUT OF PREVIOUS SCREEN, WITHIN TOTAL DARKNESS OF BANK VAULT.

A CRESCENT OF LIGHT IS CUT INTO THE SHOT: A BANK VAULT CREAKS OPEN, THE AUDIENCE'S VIEW FROM THE INSIDE. A GENERIC MASKED, BURLY MAN OPENS THE VAULT FULLY, WEARING ALL BLACK.

THE MAN RUBS HIS GLOVED HANDS TOGETHER WITH GLEE AND CHUCKLES.

THE CAMERA PANS 180 DEGREES TO REVEAL A TABLE STACKED WITH PAPER BILLS AND GOLD BARS.

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE VAULT, WITHIN THE BANK. SEVERAL TIED AND GAGGED HOSTAGES ARE HUDDLED TOGETHER, BACK TO BACK. ANOTHER MASKED MAN IS TYING THE LAST HOSTAGE. HE FINISHES, AND ROUGHLY PUSHES THEM TOWARDS THE OTHERS. IN THE BACKGROUND A THIRD MASKED PERSON, FEMALE IN BUILD, PULLS DRAWERS FROM THEIR DESKS AND TIPS THEM UPSIDE DOWN.

THE FIRST BURGLAR EMERGES FROM THE VAULT. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS HEAD AS HE WALKS THROUGH THE BUILDING TOWARDS HIS TEAMMATES. HE IS SWINGING A DUFFEL BAG FROM HIS HAND BACK AND FORTH, STRAY BILLS FALLING FROM THE OPENING AND BLOWING BACKWARD.

THIRD BURGLAR

Ey, Chief!

THIRD LOBS A THICK WEDGE OF BILLS UNDERHAND AT FIRST, WHO CATCHES IT BETWEEN TWO FINGERS AND STUFFS IT INTO THE BAG.

FIRST BURGLAR

"Get caught" my ass... no faith,  
that's your problem, mate.

FIRST RUBS SECOND'S HEAD THROUGH HIS HAT. SECOND RAISES HIS HANDS DEFENSIVELY, BATS FIRST'S HANDS AWAY.

SECOND BURGLAR

Fuck off. Let's see you get us out,  
first, uh?

FIRST STRIDES OVER TO THE WINDOW, BLINDS DOWN, AND MAKES A SPACE BETWEEN TWO WITH HIS FINGERS. HE PEEKS OUTSIDE. THE RED AND BLUE LIGHTS OF POLICE CARS REFLECT OFF OF THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS. IT'S NIGHT. THERE IS A SMALL CROWD SURROUNDING THE BORDER MARKED BY POLICE TAPE.

HE BEGINS TO TURN FROM THE WINDOW TO FACE HIS FRIEND

FIRST BURGLAR

Christ, man, have some fu--

BUDDY IS RIGHT IN FIRST'S FACE AS HE TURNS AROUND, EYES SHUT AND GRINNING. FIRST HESITATES, SURPRISED, AND IS PROMPTLY KNEED. BUDDY LAYS A HAND ON FIRST'S SHOULDER AS HE CRUMPLES AND TELEPORTS HIM OUTSIDE WITHIN A CIRCLE OF POLICE. GUNS ARE

POINTED AT FIRST FROM ALL DIRECTIONS. HE RAISES HIS HEAD, BEWILDERED.

CUT TO BACK INSIDE THE BUILDING. SECOND SPOTTED WHAT BUDDY JUST DID AND BEGINS TO RUN TOWARDS HIM, DRAWING THEIR GUN.

CUT TO A SHOT A THIN TRIPWIRE STRUNG BETWEEN THE BOTTOM OF TWO DESKS. SECOND'S FOOT GETS CAUGHT ON THE TRIPWIRE AND THEY FALL ON THEIR FACE. THEY TRY TO QUICKLY RECOVER BUT BUDDY SLAMS HIS FOOT ON SECOND'S BACK, PUSHING THEM BACK DOWN. HE TELEPORTS HIM OUTSIDE, LANDING ON TOP OF WHERE FIRST WAS KNEELING. THE MOMENTUM FROM THE STOMP CARRIES OVER.

THIRD, HAVING WATCHED THIS UNFOLD, OPTS TO GRAB THE DUFFEL BAG OF MONEY AND RUN. HE MAKES IT DOWN ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS WHEN BUDDY APPEARS IN FRONT OF HIM WITH HIS LEG OUTSTRETCHED, TRIPPING THIRD UP. HE ROLLS DOWN THE STAIRS AND THROUGH A HOLE IN THE WALL PERFECTLY CUT TO HIS MEASUREMENTS. HE FALLS FROM THE SECOND FLOOR, LANDING NEXT TO HIS TWO TEAM-MATES. THEY FLINCH.

BUDDY WATCHES THIRD LAND, SAT IN THE AFOREMENTIONED HOLE, CHIN RESTING IN HIS PALMS. HE GETS UP AND WALKS OVER TO WHERE THIRD DROPPED THE DUFFEL BAG, STOOPING DOWN TO PICK IT UP AND PUTTING THE STRAP OVER HIS SHOULDER.

HE TAKES IT WITH HIM AS A SECOND BUDDY APPEARS NEXT TO HIM, LAYS A HAND ON HIS ARM, AND THEY BOTH VANISH.

SCENE 3 - A DIRTY APARTMENT LIVING ROOM.

MOONLIGHT STREAMS IN FROM THE WINDOW, FILTERED THROUGH THE FILTHY CURTAINS AND HIGHLIGHTING THE DUST SWARMING THE AIR. A LARGE, BEARDED MAN IN PYJAMAS IS SLUMPED ON A SOFA WITH HIS FEET UP ON A STAINED COFFEE TABLE. THE TWO BUDDYS APPEAR STOOD NEXT TO THE ARMCHAIR, THEN ONE DISAPPEARS. THE REMAINING BUDDY DROPS THE DUFFEL BAG ON THE TABLE WITH A THUD BEFORE SINKING INTO THE ARMCHAIR, EYES CLOSED.

THE MAN GLANCES AT THE DUFFEL BAG OVERFLOWING WITH BANK NOTES, HIS EYEBROWS RAISED AND A SMALL SMIRK ON HIS LIPS.

JOHN

That your rent for the month, pal?

BUDDY

Fuck off.

JOHN BELLOWS A LAUGH.

JOHN

Why are you still staying in this hole  
with cash like this?

BUDDY

It's not a steady income. Plus, they  
didn't even bag all that much of it.  
Retards must've been in a hurry.

JOHN

It COULD be steady. Man, the shit I've  
seen you do...

BUDDY

Yeah. I dunno...

BUDDY RETRIEVES THE INKED PAPER GIVEN TO HIM THE NIGHT PRIOR  
BY HIS FUTURE SELF, GIVES IT A WAVE. HE TOSSES IT OVER TO  
JOHN, NOT QUITE REACHING. IT SLIDES ON THE TABLE. JOHN PICKS  
IT UP, GIVES IT A LOOK OVER.

BUDDY

S'not in the script.

JOHN IS SILENT FOR A MOMENT AS HE SCANS THE PAPER. HE  
CHUCKLES A LITTLE.

JOHN

Christ. Instructions this detailed,  
makes me think I could do it. You make  
it sound so hard.

JOHN SLIDES THE PAPER BACK OVER TOWARD BUDDY. BUDDY LEAVES IT  
ON THE TABLE.

JOHN

You going back for those now?

BUDDY

Fuck no, man, I just got back.

JOHN

What, you busy or something?

BUDDY

I'm ALWAYS busy.

BUDDY CRACKS HIS EYES OPEN FOR A SECOND TO GIVE JOHN A GLARE.

BUDDY

Busier than a bitch landlord sittin'

on his ass all day.

JOHN

S' hard fuckin' work tracking you  
down, you know.

BUDDY

Mm-hm.

THERE'S A PAUSE IN THE CONVERSATION AS BUDDY'S POCKET VIBRATES - HE FISHES HIS PHONE OUT. HIS FUTURE SELF APPEARS, TAKES THE PHONE, UNLOCKS IT, AND HANDS IT BACK. HE READS A TEXT FROM 'Mel ;)': "heyyy / had a lot of fun last night :3 / what are u doing tmrw???". WE SEE HIS FACE, AND HE IS SMILING FOR THE FIRST TIME - PRIVATELY, TO HIMSELF. HE TYPES OUT SOMETHING IN RESPONSE. JOHN IS EYEING THE DUFFEL BAG.

JOHN

You better make sure that money's  
secure, bud. I don't claim to know  
jack about your time loop shit but  
until you sort it out I can't  
guarantee that's legal tender.

BUDDY WIPES HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS AND STANDS UP. HE SWIPES THE PAPER FROM THE TABLE.

BUDDY

Fucking Christ, I'm just taking a  
moment! Anyone would think this was MY  
place!

JOHN

I'm--

BEFORE JOHN CAN RESPOND, BUDDY DISAPPEARS BETWEEN TWO LINES OF LIGHT IN THE AIR. HE REAPPEARS NEXT TO HIS DESK IN HIS BEDROOM. HE PICKS UP A THIN LINE OF WIRE FROM THE WORKTOP, ALONG WITH TWO NAILS AND A HAMMER. HE PUTS THE WIRE AND NAILS IN HIS POCKET BUT KEEPS THE HAMMER IN HIS HAND.

SCENE 4 - THE BANK, IN THE PAST.

BUDDY REAPPEARS IN THE BANK EARLIER IN THE NIGHT. HE BRIEFLY CONSULTS THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE PAPER BEFORE TYING A LOOP AROUND EACH END OF THE THIN WIRE. BENDING DOWN, HE TIGHTENS A NAIL AROUND EACH LOOP AND HAMMERS THEM IN TO DESKS OPPOSING EACH OTHER. THE TRIPWIRE IS STRUNG BETWEEN THEM.

BUDDY TRAVELS BACK TO HIS ROOM AND PULLS OPEN A DESK. HE LEAVES THE HAMMER INSIDE AND RETRIEVES A BUZZSAW.

HE REAPPEARS ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BANK NEXT TO A WALL, AND CAREFULLY CUTS A HOLE INTO IT. IT IS THE EXACT SIZE OF A TUMBLING BURGLAR. IT TAKES HIM TWENTY MINUTES.

BUDDY WIPES STANDS UP AND WIPES THE SWEAT FROM HIS BROW, THEN TELEPORTS BACK TO HIS ROOM. HE LEAVES THE BUZZSAW IN THE OPEN DRAWER AND SHUTS IT, THEN SETTLES INTO HIS DESK CHAIR. HE IS ABOUT TO FALL ASLEEP WHEN HE REMEMBERS SOMETHING.

BUDDY (MUTTERING)

Ah, fuck.

HE SIFTS THROUGH THE MOUNDS OF PAPER ON HIS DESK AND RETRIEVES A BLANK PIECE, AND A PEN. LAYING IT SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH THE INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO HIM THAT MORNING, HE COPIES THEM WORD FOR WORD ONTO THE BLANK PIECE OF PAPER, GETTING INK ON HIS FINGERS IN THE PROCESS. HE FINISHES, AND STANDS UP. HE DISAPPEARS, THEN REAPPEARS IN THE SAME SPOT. THERE IS A FIGURE LYING IN HIS BED, AND THE LIGHTS ARE OFF.

BUDDY

Hey.