

SCENE 1 - MORNING, BUDDY'S APARTMENT

SHOT OF WOOD TEXTURE - A HAND APPEARS FROM OFF SCREEN AND KNOCKS ON IT. ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL IT IS A BUDDY KNOCKING ON HIS BEDROOM DOOR.

FUTURE BUDDY

I shouldn't be having to do this, pal,
it's almost 12.

FUTURE BUDDY'S DISAPPEARANCE COINCIDES WITH BUDDY OPENING HIS DOOR. HE COMES OUT SLOUCHED, BAGGY-EYED, AND WITH A GROAN. HE SURVEYS THE HALLWAY WITH AN IRRITATED EXPRESSION, STEPPING OVER THE PASSED OUT STRANGERS AND SPILLED DRINK ON HIS WAY TO THE LIVING ROOM.

SPREAD OUT ON THE SOFA, STILL SNORING WITH DROOL SLIDING FROM HIS MOUTH, IS JOHN.

BUDDY

John, what the *fuck!*
(coinciding with BUDDY kicking the
sofa)

JOHN

(he jolts, still half-asleep)
Uh?

BUDDY

You said it would only be a couple
people, man, how's this gonna look
havin' all these people in and out? My
image, John, you never think about my
image!

JOHN

Your... mmm...
(he shuts his eyes)
Mmm...

BUDDY

You're s...

BUDDY TRAILS OFF AS HIS GAZE IS CAUGHT BY A SIX-PACK LEFT UNTOUCHED ON THE COFFEE TABLE. IT IS NOT JUST ANY SIX-PACK, THOUGH: IT IS 'CATCHER`S BLAZE', THE MOST EXPENSIVE LAGER KNOWN TO MANKIND.

BUDDY

You know what? You...
(he chuckles nervously)
What was I even thinking, my *image*.

(he subtly bends down and swipes
the six-pack, holding it to his
chest as he turns to leave)

You, uh, you get some rest man. You
need it.

BUDDY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO HIS ROOM, CAREFUL NOT TO TRIP
OVER ANY DISCARDED DRINKS OR SLEEPING PEOPLE. AS SOON AS HE
IS INSIDE HE HURRIEDLY SHUTS AND LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

HE SITS IN HIS DESK CHAIR, TEARS A CAN FROM THE PACK, LEAVING
THE REST ON THE DESKTOP, AND CRACKS IT OPEN. HE BEGINS TO
TIMIDLY SIP ON IT.

CUT TO CORNER ANGLE SHOWING THE ENTIRE ROOM. BUDDY LOOKS
SMALL SAT IN THE CHAIR.

HE PULLS A FACE AT HIMSELF, FEELING SILLY, AND MAKES TO GET
UP WHEN A FUTURE SELF APPEARS BEFORE HIM. ANOTHER SIX-PACK IS
HANGING FROM HIS FINGERS.

BUDDY

...Uh, hey, man.

FUTURE BUDDY RAISES BOTH HIS EYEBROWS FOR A MOMENT, THEN SITS
ON THE FOOT OF THE BED, OPENING A CAN FROM HIS PACK AND
TAKING A DRINK FROM IT. BUDDY'S BEGINS TO SMILE A LITTLE.

AS BUDDY IS FEELING NOTICEABLY MORE COMFORTABLE, A THIRD
BUDDY APPEARS. HE IS HOLDING A SIX-PACK OF HIS OWN.

THIRD BUDDY

GANG, the party is here.

BUDDY

(surprised and a little concerned)

That-

HE IS IMMEDIATELY CUT OFF AS TWO MORE OF HIS FUTURE SELVES
APPEAR, EACH WITH ANOTHER SIX-PACK.

FOURTH BUDDY

FIFTH BUDDY

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Gentlemen.

BUDDY BEGINS TO LOOK A LITTLE OVERWHELMED AS MORE AND MORE OF
HIS FUTURE SELVES APPEAR IN HIS ROOM. THE LIGHTS FLICK OFF; A
SPEAKER IS DROPPED ONTO THE FLOOR, DANCE MUSIC PLAYING.

BUDDY'S FUTURE SELVES ARE ALL DRINKING AND DANCING TOGETHER.
AFTER A MOMENT'S HESITATION FROM BUDDY, HE STEELS HIMSELF,
SHUTS HIS EYES, DOWNS THE REST OF HIS DRINK, AND STANDS TO

JOIN THEM.

SCENE 2 - THE SAME ROOM LATER IN THE NIGHT; 5 BUDDYS LITTER THE FLOOR AND FURNITURE, AS DOES THEIR EMPTY CANS. THE REST OF THEM DISAPPEARED THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.

BUDDY WAKES UP ON HIS BEDROOM FLOOR IN A HAZE. EMPTY DRINK CANS ARE STREWN OVER HIS BODY AND THE REST OF THE ROOM. HE LAZILY SITS UP, RESTING HIS BACK ON THE FRONT OF HIS DESK CHAIR.

BUDDY

(rubbing his eyes)

Alright, fella's, that's enough. I'm done, now. Please go away.

ONE OF HIS FUTURE SELVES IS SAT UP IN HIS BED, BACK RESTING ON THE BOARD, AND ANOTHER AT THE FOOT OF THE BED. THEY EACH RETURN A QUIZZICAL LOOK.

BUDDY TWO

Uh, what? This is *my* present.

BUDDY THREE

Pretty sure this is my stop, pal.

A FOURTH BUDDY RAISES HIS HEAD FROM THE GROUND WEARILY. HE WINCES AS HE DOES SO.

BUDDY FOUR

Not so loud, man, shouldn't you all have headed off by now?

BUDDY TWO

(getting agitated)

Okay, fellas, that's enough. Fuck off.

BUDDY

No way, man, I'm from THIS time. I was here first!

BUDDY TWO

(hands up)

Alright, alright, alright. Let's retrace our steps, what c--

BUDDY FOUR

(sat up, now, back to the wall)

Hey, don't take charge in my instance!

BUDDY TWO
It's *my* fucking instance!

BUDDY THREE
Yeah, man? What do you remember?

ZOOM IN SHOT OF BUDDY TWO'S FACE - CONTEMPLATIVE.

FLASHBACK OF THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT - HIS MEMORIES ARE MUDDY. SCENES OF FLASHING LIGHTS, DANCING, DRINKING. WE CUT BACK TO THE PRESENT.

BUDDY TWO
(wincing, hand to his forehead)
Uh... I don't remember.

BUDDY FOUR
Yeah, me neither, actually.

A FIFTH BUDDY APPEARS IN FRAME HAVING SAT UP FROM THE GROUND. HE STRETCHES HIS ARMS AND GROANS.

BUDDY FIVE
Alright, all of you out, now.

BUDDY TOSSES AN EMPTY CAN OVER AT BUDDY FIVE'S HEAD, AND IT BOUNCES OFF.

BUDDY FIVE
Ow, man, what?

BUDDY LAYS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, TILTING HIS HEAD UP UNTIL HE IS FACING THE CEILING. HE STARES FOR A MOMENT, THEN SHUTS HIS EYES AGAIN.

BUDDY
Ugh, I'm not in the right state of mind to sort this out right now.

BUDDY TWO
(moving to pull the duvet back over his head)
Yeah, I'm going back to sleep.

BUDDY
No, *fuck no* you aren't, you're leaving.

BUDDY TWO
You're leaving.

BUDDY SITS UPRIGHT AND PINCHES THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE BETWEEN HIS FOREFINGER AND THUMB. HE BECKONS WITH THE OTHER HAND.

BUDDY
Alright, hand me the script, what does it say. What do we do.

BUDDY THREE PERKS UP FOR A MOMENT, SEEMINGLY STARTLED.

BUDDY THREE
What? Wait, you still get those?

BUDDY NARROWS HIS EYES AND CASTS THEM ABOUT THE FLOOR. HE SPOTS IT HALF-TRODDEN INTO THE CARPET AND RETRIEVES IT, LAYING IT ON A SPACE ON HIS DESK AND SMOOTHING IT OUT. AFTER SCANNING IT FOR A MOMENT, HE SPEAKS.

BUDDY
Looks like this wasn't a scheduled event.

BUDDY TWO
(dismissively)
Yeah, whatever. Have fun man.

WITH THAT BUDDY TWO DISAPPEARS BETWEEN THE TWO ENCLOSING GLOWING LINES. THE BED IS LEFT EMPTY.

BUDDY FOUR
(with one eye searching within an empty can)
Uh-huh. Mystery solved.

BUDDY FIVE WATCHES BUDDY WORDLESSLY FOR A MOMENT AS BUDDY FOUR TIPS HIS HEAD BACK WITH THE CAN, DRINKING THE REMAINING DROPS. THEY DISAPPEAR IN SUCCESSION.

BUDDY
(dumbfounded)
W... you all remembered? At once?

BUDDY THREE
(wearing a face of pure pity and melancholy)
You're still using the instructions.

BUDDY DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND, SO HE DOESN'T. HE WAITS FOR BUDDY THREE TO CONTINUE, WHICH THEY EVENTUALLY DO.

BUDDY THREE
They, uh...

HE CUTS HIMSELF OFF.

BUDDY THREE
 (waving a hand)
 Eh, I won't spoil it for you. Look
 alive.

HAVING SAID THAT, BUDDY THREE IS FINALLY ENVELOPED BY THE THIN, SEARINGLY WHITE LINES, LEAVING BUDDY ALONE. HE STARES AT THE SPACE BUDDY THREE LEFT FOR A COUPLE SECONDS BEFORE LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR, EYES CLOSED.

SCENE 3 - BUDDY'S BEDROOM. AGAIN? YEAH. AGAIN.

AS BUDDY IS LEANT BACK IN HIS CHAIR WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF A FUTURE SELF APPEARING FROM IN FRONT OF HIM. THE GLOW IS APPARENT FROM BUDDY'S FRONT, AND HE FURROWS HIS BROW IN IRRITATION. HE SHADES HIS EYES FROM THE HARSH GLOW WITH HIS HAND UNTIL IT PASSES.

BUDDY
 Subtle entrance.

FUTURE BUDDY
 You're unbelievable.

BUDDY
 Huh?

AT THIS, BUDDY SITS UP STRAIGHT AND OPENS HIS EYES. HIS FUTURE SELF IS STANDING OVER HIM. HE IS PISSED AS HELL.

FUTURE BUDDY
 (pacing around)
 I spend all day busting my fucking ASS
 to--

BUDDY'S PHONE VIBRATES FROM WITHIN HIS POCKET. HE RETRIEVES IT AND SQUINTS AT THE SCREEN.

FUTURE BUDDY
 --sort your shit out, and what do I
 get?

HE STOPS AND FACES BUDDY.

FUTURE BUDDY
 My last real social connection burned
 to the ground because YOU couldn't let
 me have something. You couldn't wait
 to fuck it up.

BUDDY SHUTS HIS EYES AGAIN, HAPHAZARDLY TOSSES HIS PHONE ON THE DESK, AND PRESSES HIS FINGER AND THUMB TO HIS FOREHEAD.

BUDDY

Not so loud, man, Christ, can it wait?
Just leave the instructions on the
bed, I'll have a look later.

FUTURE BUDDY

(with anger and incredulity)
You're a fucking waste. Holy shit.

FUTURE BUDDY SWIPES THE PHONE FROM THE DESK, QUICKLY ENTERS THE PASSWORD, AND ROUGHLY TOSSES IT INTO BUDDY'S CHEST.

FUTURE BUDDY

Here, retard. Take a fucking look.

BUDDY NOTICES HE HAS UNREAD TEXTS AND OPENS THE APP. TO 'Mel' HE SENT SELFIES OF HIM WITH HIS FUTURE SELVES IN VARIOUS POSES. ONE OF THEM IS CENSORED.

THEY ARE CAPTIONED "cine iver :("

SHE RESPONDS: "holy shit, are you serious?"

"you fucking freak, oh my god"

"don't ever message me again, holy fuck"

BUDDY, CONFUSED AND ANGRY, LOOKS UP FROM THE PHONE.

BUDDY

What did you do?

FUTURE BUDDY

ME? Oh my god, dude, take some fucking
responsibility for once, have some
initiative. You and your--

BUDDY

Can you fuck off? I don't need to hear
this shit right now, especially not
from you.

FUTURE BUDDY

You're nothing but the carry-out of
orders, a fucking five-year-old could
do it better.

BUDDY

I'm following the shit YOU give me.
Talk about responsibility, how about
you claim some. I'd do fine without
them

FUTURE BUDDY SCOFFS.

FUTURE BUDDY

You're taking the piss. You can't wake
yourself up, you can barely feed
yourself - you don't even know the
password to your fucking phone.

BUDDY

I *will* know.

FUTURE BUDDY

No, you won't. *You'll* never learn
because *you* don't put in the effort.
You coast off *me*, and I've let it go
on long enough.

BUDDY

You know what, man, fine. Fuck off
forever, *please*. I don't need your
stupid daily instructions telling me
when to fucking wipe. I want my life
back.

FUTURE BUDDY

Great, take it. Good luck finishing
this loop alone.

FUTURE BUDDY TURNS TO LEAVE, THEN LOOSENS HIS STANCE. HE
TURNS HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY WITH A SOFTER FACE.

FUTURE BUDDY

...It's 40-50-10-25.

BUDDY'S FACE IS UNREADABLE. FUTURE BUDDY LINGERS FOR A
MOMENT, THEN FINALLY DISAPPEARS, LEAVING BUDDY TO LOOK AROUND
AT THE MESS HE'S IN. EMPTY CANS ARE STREWN EVERYWHERE. HE
SIGHS.

SCENE 4 - SUPERMARKET, LATE AT NIGHT

BUDDY HEAVES A BASKET OF ABOUT THIRTY SIX-PACKS ONTO THE SELF-
SERVICE MACHINE. THE MACHINE BUZZES: "TOO MANY TAGGED ITEMS"
AND ALERTS A CASHIER WITH A RED LIGHT. HE GRUNTS, ANNOYED,
AND SLUMPS OVER ONTO THE MACHINE.

A CASHIER APPROACHES, SKINNY AND BLACK. WE ONLY SEE HIM FROM THE NECK DOWN.

CASHIER
Is this all for you, pal?

BUDDY
... .. Yeah.
(he sighs)

OUTSIDE THE SHOP

BUDDY IS STOOD IN THE PARKING LOT. IT IS NEAR EMPTY. HE TOUCHES EACH OF THE BAGS AND THEY DISAPPEAR BETWEEN TWO GLOWING, CONVERGING LINES. HE TAKES HIS PHONE OUT AND REREADS THE TEXTS FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE. He glares at the screen, narrows his eyes, and puts the phone away.

BUDDY
(muttering)
Stupid fucking past me.

HE DISAPPEARS.