

On a Work Bench

written by

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INT.APARTMENT-NIGHT

Open on the interior of MATHEW'S apartment. Broken glass litters the ground while half eaten plates of dip, and the ingredients to make dip, sit atop a messy table.

MATHEW sits on the couch in the living room, A thousand yard stare on his face, a TV gives a soft glow, though no sound comes from it. An empty bottle of whiskey sits on the ground while another, half spilled, sits on MATHEW'S lap. The coffee table is disarranged and cluttered with beer cans.

A cuckoo clock lays face down on the coffee table and suddenly, bringing MATHEW out of his stupor, goes off.

MATHEW looks over at the clock. Then pulls out a gun from the couch.

And shoots him self in the head with it.

Blood splatters on the white wall behind him.

INT.WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

MATHEW wakes up in a chair.

The warehouse is dank and cold, as if it's been abandoned. One light under MATHEW keeps the room lit. Sitting directly across from MATHEW is SAINT PETER. PETER sits behind a desk, A non-pulsed look upon his face, as he rearranges papers, which seems very out of place in the warehouse setting.

Behind PETER is a artists rendition, in graffiti, of the pearly gates.

PETER

(With out looking up.)

"That looked like it hurt."

MATHEW

"What?"

PETER

(Looks up.)

"I'm just joking. I know it did."

MATHEW

"Where am I?"

PETER

(Goes back to looking at his papers.)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

"You're dead. I'm Saint Peter.
Pleasure."

MATHEW

"I'm dead?"

PETER

"And you're Mathew Dalton. Aged
twenty two. Aspiring and future
poet. My condolences and
congratulations on the death and
future career in that order."

MATHEW

"I'm dead?"

PETER

"Not one of the quicker ones. Yes,
Mathew Dalton. You are in this
moment, dead. I am Saint Peter,
those."

(Pointing behind him)

"Are the pearly gates."

MATHEW

"Okay. That's... You're crazy. I'm
not dead. I feel fine. I feel
normal."

PETER

"Yes, In fact for the first time in
your being hood you feel fine. You
have no anxiety and that annoying
ear thing you've had since
childhood, the reason you pull it,
You don't have that. I'd relate it
to opium but you don't try that for
another ten years so this feeling
of bliss is entirely new and
foreign for you. Mozaltov. You're
at peace."

MATHEW

"I'm at peace."

PETER

"But not in bliss. That's heroin."
(Beat)
"I'm joking. Now you shot your
self."

MATHEW

"I was drunk."

PETER

"Very drunk. A dozen beers, and a gun with two shots in it. And bang."

MATHEW

"I shot my self."

PETER

"You shot your self."

MATHEW

"And now I'm dead and this is heaven. This is... heaven?"

MATHEW looks around the damp, dank, and dimly light warehouse.

PETER

"Well it's more a feeling anyway. Is what they tell me. This is a waiting room."

MATHEW

"Like a doctors office waiting room? Heaven has that?"

PETER

"I see you. You go in."

MATHEW

"Ohh."

MATHEW goes to get up and walks towards the graffitied on walls.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"And it's behind here? Behind these painted on walls."

PETER

"Yep. All you have to do is believe."

MATHEW

"Believe? Like in Peter Pan?"

PETER

"Hmm."

MATHEW touches the walls but nothing happens.

PETER (CONT'D)

"Well you need a running start."

MATHEW

"Okay."

MATHEW goes to run at the painted on gates.

PETER

"Wait, stop. Sit down. I'm just kidding. You aren't going to Heaven."

MATHEW

"Ohh. So where am I going?"

PETER

"Well, if you're dead and you aren't going to heaven and you're dead..."

MATHEW stares blankly, PETER whistles and looks down.

MATHEW

"No! What? No. I'm going to hell? I can't go to hell."

PETER

"You killed your self. In the bible, it says if you kill your self you go to hell. Ipso Facto you, my friend, are going to hell."

MATHEW

"I can't go to hell."

PETER

"Okay. You won't."

MATHEW

"I won't? But you just..."

PETER

"There is no hell. No eternal damnation, no constant suffering, no pit of lava no ever burning flames. No hell."

MATHEW

"No hell."

PETER

"No hell. You just fucked up gods plan so You're going back."

MATHEW

"But you said I was dead."

PETER

"Deader than Elvis and the actor playing Tupac that night."

MATHEW

"But I'm going back?"

PETER

"It's not in Gods plan for you to kill yourself tonight. See God has a plan for you, Well, for everyone. For every rock, tree and individual molecule on this planet and in this universe. God has a plan and he expects everyone to follow it. But you, my depressed wanna be Walt Whitman, you broke the plan."

MATHEW

"By killing my self."

PETER

"By taking a gun and doing your best Kurt Cobain impression you have gone against the almighty him self. An surprise, surprise, he doesn't like that. So in his infinite wisdom he decided to send you back."

MATHEW

"To earth."

PETER

"To redo the night and get it right. Now, first, you go back to entropy and best you follow the light this time."

MATHEW

"Okay."

MATHEW gets up from the chair he's sitting in then sits back down.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"How do I do that?"

PETER

"Walk out that door."

(Points to the door behind
MATHEW.)

"You'll be home and in your bed."

MATHEW

"Okay."

MATHEW gets up and walks to the door behind him, as he gets to the door he turns back.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Is this a dream?"

PETER

"You'll think it is."

MATHEW

"Ohh."

MATHEW walks out the door as they loud clang sound.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM-DAY

Open in a bedroom, MATHEW, previously sleeping peacefully, awakens out of his slumber with sudden jolt of energy. MATHEW looks around the room, anxiously, before settling back into his unmade bed.

MATHEW lays in his bed, slowly getting ready to greet the new day. His eyes a glaze with confusion and disbelief as he tries to process what he now believes is just a dream.

MATHEW

"Mother fucker."

A phone rings.

MATHEW hesitates as the phone continues to ring. He answers it as he sits up, but doesn't check the caller I.D.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Mom?"

OLIVE (O.S)

"Hey Honey. Just making sure you know we're coming tonight."

MATHEW

"Yeah, I remember. My apartment. Smallest one there is but we're using it."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"Yes honey, but you know we do these once a month get togethers are for you.

MATHEW

"We could do it an Ashley's place, or Marvin and Martha's."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"If we do it there you end up not showing up."

MATHEW

"I don't really have furniture, or chairs. Of any kind."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"I'm bringing dip. See you at six?"

MATHEW

"Yep. See you at six."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"Love you. Bye."

MATHEW

"Bye."

MATHEW hangs up the phone as he lays back down in his bed. He stays this way for a moment, then decides to grab his phone and turns on the radio. Mathew leaves his bed as "Every Morning" by Sugar Ray comes over the phone.

Picking up some old clothes off the ground MATHEW walks out his room.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

And right into his Sister MARTHA walking through the front door. MATHEW stares blankly at his twin sister who ha just barged into his apartment.

MATHEW

"Okay. Hi. Nice of you to break in."

MARTHA

"Good you're awake."

MATHEW

"Yep. Mom just called. Told me six.
It's not six."

MARTHA

"No it's not. This is only the
second time I've been here. It's
nice"

MATHEW

"And tonight will be the third.
'cause you're early. Why are you
early?"

MARTHA

"I bring gifts. I bring love. I
bring things for people to sit on.
I knew from last time you didn't
have any chairs."

MATHEW

"Yeah, I'm kinda barebones."

MARTHA

"I can see. Martin's in the
landing."

MATHEW

"Ahh."

MATHEW walks over and pokes his head out into the out into
the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT.HALLWAY-DAY

And sees MARTIN, sitting on one of the six chairs he has
carried from his car to the hallway.

MATHEW

"Martin."

MARTIN

"Hey, we brought chairs."

MATHEW

"Thank you."

MATHEW pokes his head back into the apartment

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

MATHEW and MARTHA stand nose to nose

MATHEW

"That's not a landing."

MARTHA

"I don't know what to call the waiting area of an apartment then."

MATHEW walks over to the fridge and pulls out a beer.

MATHEW

"How about a hallway?"

MARTHA

"Kinda early isn't it?"

MATHEW

"You were supposed to be here at six so it must be six."

MARTIN walks in with two chairs as MATHEW takes a sip of his beer.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Martin, you want a beer?"

MARTIN

(Putting down the chairs)

"Sure."

MARTHA

"I don't wanna drive. I think the chairs work better over there."

MARTIN

"Ohh you're right."

(Picks up the chairs and brings them into the kitchen.)

"Here?"

MARTHA

"Yes."

MATHEW

"Fucks up the fueng Shui."

MARTHA

"What do you know about Fueng Shui?"

MATHEW

"Fuck's up the fueng shui of me not having chairs."

MARTIN laughs

MARTIN

"That's funny."

MATHEW tips his beer to MARTIN and then sits in one of the chairs his brother in law just brought in.

MATHEW

"Why couldn't we do this at your house?"

MATHEW, MARTHA

"'Cause then you don't show up."

MATHEW

"Whoa."

MARTIN

"Yeah, I don't like it when you guys do that either."

MATHEW

"No, I just..."

MARTHA

"Twin speak freaks him out."

MATHEW

"Want help with the other chairs?"

MARTHA

"Do you want a cuckoo clock? We have an extra one."

MATHEW

"You have an extra cuckoo clock."

MARTIN

"It's broken."

MATHEW

"So it's just a clock?"

MARTHA

"One of the little men doesn't turn right. We'll bring it for you."

MARTIN

"Martha says you were always industrious, Maybe you could fix it."

MATHEW

"Sure."

MARTIN

"We'll bring it by with us tonight."

MATHEW

"At six o'clock."

MARTHA

"Yes, at six."

MARTIN

"It'll make a chirping sound. It's actually pretty swell."

MATHEW

"You ever get deja vu?"

MARTIN

"Of course."

MARTHA

"Do you want to go get the other chairs?"

MARTIN

"Yes dear. Hey, Right there. Deja Vu."

MARTIN leaves the kitchen as MARTHA grabs a glass out of the cupboard and walks to the fridge.

MARTHA

"You seem off. Are you..."

MATHEW

"Tired from being woken up? Yes."

MARTHA

"Do you have cold water?"

MATHEW

"Only from the tap."

MARTHA

"I meant cold water."

MATHEW

"Taps cold."

MARTHA sighs and goes to put the cup back in the cupboard

MARTHA

"It's not healthy. You don't even have a water filter."

MATHEW

"Yep. Awful for you."

MATHEW takes a drink of his beer as MARTIN brings in two more chairs.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"That a lot of chairs. Why do we need six chairs?"

MARTHA

"Eight."

MATHEW

"It's me, you, Martin, and Ashley."

MARTHA

"Ashley's bringing Trevor."

MARTIN

"Her new boyfriend. Do these look right here?"

MATHEW

"No. Take them away."

MARTIN goes to grab the chair

MARTHA

"Yes they are fine there."
(MARTIN puts the chairs
down.)
"And Dad."

MATHEW

"That's six."
(Beat)
"Kelsey and Colby."

MARTHA

"They missed you. We were talking and we said this was happening so..."

MATHEW

"Is this an intervention? It's starting to feel like an intervention."

MATHEW takes another sip of his beer.

MARTIN

"I'll get the other chairs."

MARTIN leaves the room, quickly. MATHEW sits up.

MATHEW

"Shit, is this an intervention?"

MARTHA

"No. We all just miss you. You are the hardest person in the world to spend any time with."

MATHEW

"I couldn't have people over. I didn't have chairs."

MARTIN comes back in, again carrying two chairs.

MARTIN

"Now you have eight."

MATHEW

"Nine."

MARTHA

"We only brought eight."

MATHEW

"We have nine people."

MARTHA

"You don't have a single chair?"

MATHEW

"I didn't want chairs."

MARTIN

"Why do you have a table if you don't have a chair?"

MATHEW

"I told you, the fueng Shui."

MARTHA

"We'll find another chair."

MARTIN

"They were in a collection though, we aren't going to be able to find another like this."

MATHEW

"That's true. Guess we'll have to do it somewhere else. We still have time to plan it since it's at six."

MARTHA

"We'll find another chair."

MARTIN

"It won't be mahogany"

MATHEW

"That's true. Won't be mahogany."

MATHEW pauses for a second, looking down at his beer a second looking, lost in thought.

MARTIN

"We could find one at the 207th store."

MATHEW

"You'll find one there."

MARTIN

"Ohh, neat, I didn't think you knew thrifty furniture stores."

MARTHA

"He doesn't have chairs. We might find a chair if we look there."

MATHEW

"It'll be perfect. It'll complete the set."

MARTIN

"I like your optimism. We should go."

MARTHA

"Fine.... Not a single chair? How long do we have? Four hours?"

MATHEW

"Yes, four hours 'till six."

MARTHA

"Ohh were we early? You haven't mentioned it."

MATHEW gets up from the chair, MARTIN just brought in ad put his beer in the sink."

MATHEW

"Yes I have."

MARTIN

"Okay, So Six?"

MATHEW, MARTHA

"Six."

MARTIN

"Twin speak. Haha."

MARTHA and MARTIN walk to the door.

MARTHA

"It was two, who gets up at two?"

MATHEW

"I didn't see the clock."

MARTIN

(As they walk outside the door.)

"We're getting you a clock."

MATHEW closes the door.

Beat.

The door opens with MARTIN coming back in, quickly carting, the last two chairs.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

"Sorry."

MARTHA (O.S)

"Tell Math we're bringing dip."

MARTIN leaves the chairs and walks to the door.

MARTIN

"We're bringing dip."

MARTIN leaves as MATHEW shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW is on the new chairs, head hunched over, looking at his phone. Amidst him, two beer bottles on the table, and two more in the sink. The phone rings.

MATHEW

(With out looking at the
phone)

"Dad."

JASON (O.S)

"Mathew, Hey. How you feeling."

MATHEW

"Like it's a day day that's going
to get longer."

JASON (O.S.)

"Why do you say that?"

MATHEW

"'Cause that's how time works?"

JASON (O.S.)

"Ohh. So... The reason I'm calling
is..."

MATHEW

"You want to go to lunch."

JASON (O.S)

"Yeah. I can't make it today."

MATHEW

"Well you can, you just have a
thing. But it's a thing."

JASON (O.S.)

"Yeah. It's this..."

MATHEW

"Thing?"

JASON (O.S.)

"Yeah."

MATHEW

"All good. Martha might be mad.
She's looking for a chair."

JASON (O.S.)

"Don't get me started on those chairs. You know what kind of wood those things are?"

MATHEW

"They didn't mention it."

JASON (O.S.)

"Yeah. Hum him. Sure. We're good?"

MATHEW

"Yeah, we're good."

JASON (O.S.)

"You aren't disappointed?"

MATHEW

"Nah, All good."

JASON (O.S.)

"I thought you'd be disappointed?"

MATHEW

"Nope."

JASON (O.S.)

"I said I'd be there, I'm not going. I feel bad."

MATHEW

"Don't. I don't want to do it anyway."

JASON (O.S.)

"Don't say that. I want to see you."

MATHEW

"Yeah, but you got the thing."

JASON (O.S.)

"Yeah. I could cancel? I think I'm going to cancel."

MATHEW

"Don't cancel. It's an important thing."

JASON (O.S.)

"Mathew, Mathew. You are my son and you are important. It's done, never had a thing."

MATHEW

"Never had a thing. Crazy."

JASON (O.S.)

"So I'll be there around seven."

MATHEW

"I think everyone's coming around six, so, sure, yeah. Seven."

JASON (O.S.)

"I don't have time to whip anything up. I'll bring dip."

MATHEW

"Sure."

JASON (O.S.)

"Mathew, I love you kid."

MATHEW

"Love you too, Dad."

MATHEW hangs up the phone, and then suddenly there is a knock on the door.

KELSEY (O.S.)

"Is this his? What did Aunt Olive say?"

COLBY (O.S.)

"113. This is 113."

Another knock comes from the hallway.

COLBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"After the parking, I'm not sure."

KELSEY (O.S.)

"It says 113... Mathew?"

Another knock. MATHEW finally gives up and gets up, taking the beer bottles from the table with him.

MATHEW

"Come in. Door's unlocked."

KELSEY and COLBY come bellowing in from the hallway, tumbling over themselves with energy to see their older cousin.

KELSEY

"Yo, Sorry. Didn't know that. Nice place."

MATHEW

"Yeah, sorry. My mom said it was going to be at six. It's... I don't have a clock."

COLBY

"4:30. Just enough time to shower."

MATHEW

"I don't need to shower I showered earlier."

COLBY

"I meant me. I need to shower."

KELSEY

"Yeah we thought it'd be cool. He went to play disk, then we lost track of time so we decided to just come here."

MATHEW

"You know what? Sure. Bathrooms to the right, I'll grab you a clean towel."

COLBY

"I got my own but, I also have this."

COLBY pulls out a bottle of whiskey.

KELSEY

"But before you say, Best house guest ever..."

KELSEY pulls out a bottle of jack.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

"I brought one too."

COLBY

"We also brought Salsa and Chips."

MATHEW

"Were they out of dip?"

KELSEY

"What?"

MATHEW

"Nothing. Fridge is there, T.V. There."

KELSEY walks towards the cupboards, in search of something. Putting the bottle of spirits on the table as she goes.

COLBY

"What do you got?"

MATHEW

"Beer, wine, kahlua, I came stocked for tonight. And some water from the tap, but apparently that's not good for you."

COLBY

"Beers fine it's past three but I was talking about games. You get the new Call of Duty?"

MATHEW

"Uhh no. just been trying to write you know. Put that half a college degree to work."

(Beat, and half heartedly)

"How about you?"

COLBY

"Still game. I'm doing flagging and I game. Are these yours"
(Picking up the games from the counter)

MATHEW

"Yeah Call of Duty... and this old school RTS a friend showed me."

COLBY

"Yeah. Yeah! Yo do you play!"

MATHEW

"No. I.."

KELSEY has come back holding shots of whiskey. She hands one to MATHEW who, who quickly devours the alcohol with out a second thought.

KELSEY

"You're supposed to wait for all of us."

MATHEW

"I'll grab another."

MATHEW quickly pours a shot into a glass.

There is a knock on the door and, before anyone has any chance to react to the noise, in walks ASHLEY and TREVOR.

ASHLEY

"Yes, Mom said 113. Hi. Ohh my god
Hi. Are we doing shots?"

MATHEW

"Yep."

MATHEW downs the shot he has in his hand, whilst moving, quickly, to his invading guests, He pours himself another.

Wrapping his arm around TREVOR, MATHEW exudes positivity as he pours himself another dab of whiskey.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"You want one?"

ASHLEY

"Trevor, this is my brother Mathew and my cousins, Kelsey and Colby. This is Trevor, my boyfriend. And Yes I would love one. Parking was atrocious."

MATHEW

"You had to drive around for fourty five minutes finding the place."

ASHLEY

"Essentially, yeah. You should live in an easier place to find."

MATHEW

"Yeah."

MATHEW looks around nervously as TREVOR disengages from him. COLBY goes over and, Briskly, shakes TREVOR'S hand.

COLBY

"Colby. Hi. I'm next in the shower."

TREVOR

"uhh, cool."

KELSEY comes walking up, carrying a tray of shots perfectly on a plate she found in what passes for glass wear in MATHEW'S apartment.

KELSEY

"He means if you need to use the washroom you should go now."

TREVOR
"Ohh, No I'm good."

ASHLEY
"Kelsey."

ASHLEY hugs KELSEY whole Kelsey stays upright holding a tray of shots, then after they disengage carries the tray of shots over to the group, and after laying the tray on the side of the chair, ASHLEY and KELSEY then starts handing out shots. MATHEW takes one and also fills a glass from the bottle he's carrying.

In the landing, as they have decided to backtrack to take off their shoes, drinking being more important then proper etiquette at the moment, the younger part of a family that hasn't reconciled with one another in quite sometime, reunites.

The reclusive MATHEW, follows the shot they do with another swig out of his glass.

MATHEW
"Please, make your way to the amenities, i hope I can provide what you need. Whether it be the T.V. Game system, sound system, Or the facilities, they are yours to do with as you please. I, however am going to sit in the new chairs that we have been provided."

MATHEW makes his way to the kitchen area, followed by his younger Cousins, Sister, and Sisters significant other.

COLBY comes out of the kitchen quickly after.

COLBY
"I'm taking that shower."

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-NIGHT

The remaining members of this extended family have made their way to the kitchen and are now, as well as drinking in some cases heavily. Are now catching up.

MATHEW
"Excellent service by the way, carrying the shots one handed, nice."

KELSEY

"Ohh you like that? That took about four years to learn."

MATHEW

"Waitressed through a degree. Nice."

ASHLEY

"Student loan is a bitch."

TREVOR

"It's not that bad. I had a scholarship. I'm almost paid up."

ASHLEY

"His parents helped him. Did it to teach him leadership skills."

TREVOR

"They loaned me the money to pay for the degree, I have to pay them back. Same as a student loan"

ASHLEY

"Isn't that great?"

TREVOR

"It is great, yeah."

KELSEY

(Sarcastically)

"It is so great.

(Turning to Mathew)

"What'd you do?"

MATHEW

"Dropped out and tried to make it as a great poet and, baring that, a middling bartender. Don't do what I do."

KELSEY

"I like nursing."

ASHLEY

"That looks fun. Well not, like, fun. But it looks like it's doable."

KELSEY

"Yeah. It is."

ASHLEY

"I meant money wise, but I could read to them. I'm good at making people feel at ease."

KELSEY

"Yeah."

MATHEW

"I'm getting a beer."

MATHEW gets up to grab a beer.

TREVOR

"I actually brought beer."

MATHEW makes a beeline for over TREVOR'S shoulder and grabs a beer. He then sits back down.

MATHEW

"And I bet you brought dip too."

ASHLEY

"Were we supposed to bring food?"

KELSEY

"We brought chips and salsa."

TREVOR

"Sorry, Yeah. We didn't bring anything."

MATHEW

"All good? You guys like dip?"

KELSEY

"Trevor what do you wanna do now that college is done?"

TREVOR

"Civil engineer. I haven't gotten a job yet."

MATHEW

"How long's it been?"

TREVOR

"A year. They want experience a lot of the time. My parents are cool, They're still letting me crash. Pool. Beach House. This is sweet though."

MATHEW

"Thanks. I didn't have chairs
before today."

TREVOR nods and takes a gulp of his beverage.

KELSEY

"You're working, though?"

MATHEW

"Yes, as a bartender up the road."

KELSEY

"And you have a friday night off?"

MATHEW

"I am a middling bartender from up
the road."

ASHLEY

"I like taking care of kids too. I
thought about doing that."

MATHEW

"But right now you're a cashier."

ASHLEY

"Yeah, but Mom said once I picked
something, there's this cheap
school, she said she'd pay for it.
So, I'm just picking."

KELSEY

"What are you leaning towards?"

ASHLEY

"I wanted photography."

TREVOR

"But that doesn't really work for
us."

MATHEW

"'Cause of the schedule."

ASHLEY

"'Cause of the schedule."

MATHEW

"Of course."

MATHEW takes finishes another beer.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"You want another one. I'm getting another one."

TREVOR

"All right."

ASHLEY

"Is Mom going to be upset your drinking so much?"

MATHEW

"I'm not drunk."

MATHEW grabs another beer from the fridge, Whilst KELSEY, stealthly, grabs his seat. MATHEW turns around and acts surprised, all the while opening another beer.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"All the chairs you gotta take mine?"

KELSEY

"I wanted it."

MATHEW sits down in a seat, closer to TREVOR and ASHLEY, tinging beers with TREVOR as he sits down.

MATHEW

"Cheers. So what times Mom supposed to get here?"

ASHLEY

"Our Mom is supposed to get here around 5. Your Dad is supposed to get here around 6. She texted me and she couldn't, in her words, Fathom that the Jason she knew would get here by six. By he said Six so she's doing five. We got lucky to beat her here, I think."

MATHEW

"You guy's text?"

TREVOR

(Annoyingly cute)

"All the time, My parents too. She's always on that thing."

ASHLEY

(Annoyingly cute)

"Someone has too. You never do."

TREVOR
 (Annoyingly cute but, now,
 with some edge.)
 "Well it shouldn't be you."

KESLEY
 (Quickly)
 "Who wants to go watch T.V?"

COLBY (OS)
 "Better yet..."

COLBY comes ou, hair still wet, drying it with a towel.

COLBY (CONT'D)
 "who wants to play some games."

KELSEY
 "I'm down."

KELSEY gets up, hoping to distract the bickering couple before a fight breaks loose.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 (Said while exiting to the
 living room.)
 "Right, Mathew?"

MATHEW
 "Yeah, I'll be there in a second.
 That sounds awesome."

COLBY
 "Yeah it does. Let me go set it
 up."

TREVOR
 "I'll play some games."

TREVOR turns to MATHEW very quick.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 "Thanks for the beer."

MATHEW
 "I didn't get you a beer. I'll get
 you a beer."

MATHEW gets up to get a beer.

TREVOR
 "No I'm good. I meant your offer to
 get me a beer. That's what I was
 thanking you for."

COLBY (O.S.)
 "I could use a hand in here."

ASHLEY
 "You know how to do it right?"

TREVOR
 "Yeah, it's super easy. I'll go help. Thank you again."

MATHEW
 "You're welcome."

ASHLEY and TREVOR leave the kitchen area and pass through unto what could be called, barely called, a living room.

Alone MATHEW opens another beer.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

MATHEW leans against the other half of the kitchen while he converses with KELSEY who is farther in and thus out of shot. COLBY sits playing his games with TREVOR to his the right of him.

KELSEY (O.S.)
 "Yeah, I think I'll do well. With the stress. There's a lot of stress."

MATHEW
 "It's awesome."

KELSEY (O.S.)
 "Do you think you're going to be going back to school."

COLBY
 "That didn't hit me."

TREVOR
 "Yeah, Totally dude."

MATHEW
 "Yeah, totally."

KELSEY (O.S.)
 "That's great."

COLBY

"Yeah, that is great. Didn't touch me."

MATHEW

"I hope to. Just so I have a degree. But that'll be after."

COLBY (O.S.)

"You think that hit me?"

ASHLEY (O.S.)

"I mean kinda, he died right."

TREVOR

"Didn't touch you dude."

KELSEY (O.S.)

"After what?"

COLBY

"That didn't touch me either."

TREVOR

"That one might have dude."

ASHLEY (O.S.)

"I think they both did."

MATHEW

"After I, you know, write the thing. The thing that breaks me. That thing I'm known for."

ASHLEY

"How often are you writing?"

MATHEW

"so, Charles Bukowski said? Do you know Charles Bukowski? He's a famous writer slash poet and he said that you should only write when you feel that passion. So I do that."

COLBY

"That's smart. Ohh that's bull shit."

MATHEW

"Thanks."

TREVOR

"I think that one hit you."

KELSEY

"What happens if you never write the thing?"

ASHLEY (O.S.)

"They all hit him, he died every time."

MATHEW

"I don't know, the last one was close."

KELSEY

"But it wasn't the thing."

MATHEW

"I was talking about the game."

OLIVE sneaks in, grocery bags underneath her arms, while everyone is distracted. Turning the corner to face MATHEW who is shocked to see his mother.

OLIVE

"Hi!"

MATHEW

"Hi."

COLBY

"I could get high."

TREVOR

"You wanna get high?"

MATHEW

"I mean sure."

OLIVE

"I know we said six."

COLBY

"Okay lets go."

COLBY, TREVOR, and ASHLEY all get up and start to move onto the kitchen, Upon seeing OLIVE for the first time, ASHLEY runs up to hug her mother.

ASHLEY

"Mom. Hi!"

OLIVE

"Hi. Are you kids going out? Do you want to go get me some creame? I forgot."

COLBY

"Hi, Auntie Olive we were just heading out."

TREVOR

"We will absolutely get you that creme."

OLIVE

"Hello Trevor."

TREVOR

"It's a pleasure to see you again Olive. And I will talk to you when we get back and we will absolutely get you that creme. Ashley would you like to come or stay here with your Mother?"

MATHEW

"I think she can go."

ASHLEY

"Well yeah I can go. I'm going to go."

COLBY

"I'm getting my shoes. Mathew wanna come?"

MATHEW

"No. One of us should I stay."

ASHLEY

"I could stay."

TREVOR

"If you need to stay Ash I could just go."

COLBY

"I'm going. Kelsey?"

KELSEY (O.S)

"I'm good."

COLBY turns and goes towards the door that leads unto the apartment hallway.

TREVOR

"Are you going or staying?"

OLIVE

"Go."

MATHEW

"Go."

ASHLEY

"I'm going."

ASHLEY, TREVOR, and COLBY leave through the door.

OLIVE

"Hi."

MATHEW

"Hi."

KELSEY comes into shot and hugs her Aunt tightly

KELSEY

"Hi."

OLIVE

"Hi. This is a lot of liquor."

MATHEW

(More to himself)

"I think it's less than last time."

OLIVE

"I can't even remember when last time was."

KELSEY

"Last time was a long time ago for a lot of us."

MATHEW

"Am I bad at keeping up with people? Is that what those snide looks mean."

OLIVE

"I wasn't being snide."

MATHEW

"No, of course not."

OLIVE

"Mathew, I wasn't."

MATHEW

"Yeah, I."

KELSEY

"I think he was talking to me."

OLIVE
 "I wasn't being snide."

MATHEW
 "Nah, Mom. You weren't. I'm just...
 I'm bad at keeping up with people."

OLIVE
 "Well I brought dip."

Olive walks farther into the kitchen and off screen.

OLIVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 "How does your stove work?"

MATHEW
 "It doesn't. I only have a hot
 plate."

KELSEY
 "I thought you brought dip."

OLIVE (O.S.)
 "Well I did but I have to make it."

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

We are now in the kitchen. OLIVE has sat down in one of the chairs surrounding the table, laying her grocery bags on the table as she does so.

OLIVE
 "I brought the ingredients, I
 thought there'd be a stove."

MATHEW
 "I don't have a stove, I have a dry
 martini that'll knock your socks
 off though."

MATHEW proceeds to make his Mothers drink of choice, as
 KELSEY arrives to at the kitchen table.

OLIVE
 "I didn't know you'd only have a
 hot plate. I would have made it at
 home, but it's a hot dip. It needs
 to be eaten warm."

KELSEY
 "What if we eat it cold?"

OLIVE

"Bread and mush. I thought there would be a stove."

MATHEW, having finished preparing the drinks, pulls out, pristine glasses to pour the drink into. Giving a generous amount to both his mother, and himself.

And then a dash more for himself straight from the bottle. and two more glasses of wine.

MATHEW

"I do not have a stove, I do however have these."

OLIVE

"Well those are good too."

OLIVE takes the drinks from MATHEW and sets them on the table, taking a large splash from the martini glass as she does.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

"What are we going to do?"

MATHEW

"Have this at a place with a stove next time?"

OLIVE

"I meant, I mean about the dip smart ass."

MATHEW

"I have pots. I have a hot plate. We can get the dip hot."

KELSEY

"Do you have a cutting board?"

MATHEW

"I have a board you can cut on. Or we could not."

MATHEW begins the shut down of his make shift bar."

KELSEY

"No this is fun, Auntie Olive will make her dip and I will help."

OLIVE

"I don't really need help, I just thought there would be a stove."

KELSEY

"I'll help you set up the hot plate."

(Gets up.)

"Where is it?"

MATHEW

(Looking up from the mess he's made.)

"Uhh in one of the drawers."

KELSEY

"Is that a fire hazard? To keep it in a drawer?"

MATHEW

"Yeah, Probably."

MATHEW, OLIVE

"Mathew! You can't just keep it there if you know it's a fire hazard."

MATHEW

"Twin speak."

OLIVE

"Well you can't."

MATHEW

"I never will again. Thank you for allowing me to see the errors of my ways."

KELSEY Has set o the hot plate and is now gesturing for OLIVE to come see. OLIVE gets up and walks over

KELSEY

"Heat control, simmering function. This one is pretty good."

(To MATHEW)

"You got a pretty good model."

OLIVE

"It's no stove but it might do the trick. Okay. Thank you."

KELSEY

"I can help with the vegetables if you need me too Auntie."

OLIVE

"No, it's fine."

MATHEW comes up behind with another glass of wine, which KELSEY takes with a roll of her eyes.

MATHEW

"Don't worry about that."

TREVOR, COLBY, And ASHLEY come through the door. Off screen. Their abruptness shattering the scene like the dashing of glasses.

TREVOR

"So, we tell her there wasn't any."

COLBY

"Yeah and about the dirty looks they were giving us."

MATHEW

"Worry about that."

TREVOR comes into the shot

TREVOR

"Olive. I just wanted to. Come here and say I'm sorry. The store didn't have what you needed."

OLIVE

"That's okay Trevor. I don't even have a stove."

COLBY walks into the kitchen And heads to the fridge.

COLBY

"And they were giving us dirty looks."

TREVOR

"Yeah, the owner kept trying to get us out of there. Just following us around. Probably making sure we didn't rob the place."

COLBY

"I could have.."

(To MATHEW)

"Can I have another beer?"

COLBY pulls one out and shoots a questioning look to MATHEW who just thinks his martini glass to the unopened cold one in COLBY'S hand.

COLBY (CONT'D)

"I could have rolled that entire place... Auntie Olive please plug your ears. I could have rolled that entire place in a matter of minutes, and If I had done that? Fine, a few dirty looks. But I didn't. So I don't get the hate?"

TREVOR

"Right? He didn't even know."

ASHLEY comes into shot, squeezing near TREVOR.

ASHLEY

"Who didn't know what?"

MATHEW

"That You're cousin could rob a shop keeps store in a matter of minutes. Said that right in front of our mother."

TREVOR

"I was just agreeing with him."

COLBY

"I told her to plug her ears."

ASHLEY

"He couldn't. They were just mad at the guy for not having what we needed."

OLIVE

"So you didn't get it?"

ASHLEY

"Well, no. They told..."

OLIVE

"I needed that for my dip Ashley."

TREVOR

"We could drive."

MATHEW mimes drinking a can of beer.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

"No thanks. Again thank you though, and Olive, I will go get the ."

MATHEW

"I meant we've all been drinking and we can't drive. Just text Martha. She'll love it."

OLIVE

"I could go."

ASHLEY

"You've been drinking."

OLIVE

"I could still go. I could go to the store."

TREVOR

"Olive, it's totally fine."

MATHEW

"It is totally fine, just text Martha. She'll be here at six."

TREVOR

"I meant I could just go. Quickly."

COLBY

"They don't have creme. I checked. The guy was rude. End of story. The guy was rude Mathew."

MATHEW

"Just text Martha."

COLBY

"Great idea."
(Pull out phone.)
"I'm texting Martha."

MATHEW

"Thank you."

OLIVE

"You couldn't have checked."

TREVOR

"Olive, I checked. There was none."

KELSEY

"That's why we texted Martha."

OLIVE

"Ohh Martha, Martha, Martha."

MATHEW

"Don't do that. She hates that."

OLIVE

"Ohh I know. She would cry, and cry."

MATHEW

"Yeah."

(looks at ASHLEY)

"You want a beer?"

ASHLEY

"I'll take a glass of wine."

MATHEW

"Done."

MATHEW grabs, the bottle of wine again, grabs another, perfect, wine glass. And pours a glass of wine for his Sister and himself.

OLIVE

"Are you sure? You don't wanna get drunk."

MATHEW

"I'm not too drunk"

ASHLEY

"I've only had two beers. And one was at two."

OLIVE

"You were drinking at two."

COLBY

"Martha said sigh fine."

KELSEY

"Awesome. We can pre-prep the ingredients."

MATHEW hands Ashley her drink.

MATHEW

"Excellent."

Taking a sip of her wine, ASHLEY fixes her mother with a glare and crosses her arms. OLIVE, seemingly having moved on in light of new information, remains unaware of her youngest daughters obvious distaste for being treated as if a child.

ASHLEY

"Yes I had a beer, a long time ago. Then when I got here I had another, and a shot. Now I'm having a glass of wine."

COLBY

"Do you wanna play games?"

ASHLEY

"I'm good, Trevor go, I'm talking to my mother."

TREVOR

"You don't want me here?"

COLBY having snuck over to MATHEW.

MATHEW

"Ohh do you want a drink?"

COLBY

"I think they're going to fight."

MATHEW

"Ohh. Yeah."

COLBY

"You want to get out of here and pay games then? They did have Street fighter. I bought that at the store. I'll be Ken, You be whoever, cause I'm finally going to stomp you."

MATHEW

"Nah. I think I'm going to stay in here ya know. Make sure they don't kill each other."

COLBY

"Nice. Do the good person thing."

COLBY and MATHEW fist bump as he walks in between KELSEY and OLIVE on one side and ASHLEY on the other.

COLBY (ASIDE) (CONT'D)

"Breath. Just breath."

COLBY then walks out of the Kitchen. TREVOR in tow.

ASHLEY

"I'm trying to."

OLIVE

"Why is he telling her to breath.
I'm the one with out creme or a
stove."

KELSEY

"I don't think he was telling
either of you to breath and I think
he was just feeling... anxious.
I'll go ask him."

KELSEY sprint walks away from the on-coming wreckage, leaving
the kitchen after her Brother.

ASHLEY

"'Cause of the joint we smoked on
the way to the store. Maybe that's
why he said breath."

OLIVE

"You smoked weed? Is that why you
forgot the creme?"

ASHLEY

"No. They didn't have any."

MATHEW

"It's fine. Martha's getting it."

OLIVE

"Well I didn't want to put Martha
out Mathew."

MATHEW

"It's fine. She love this."

OLIVE

"What time is it? Why don't you
have a clock."

ASHLEY

"'Cause we have phones."

MATHEW

"Funny enough, Martha is bringing
me a clock."

OLIVE

"What time is your father getting
here? Have you heard from him?"

MATHEW

"We talked this earlier. He said he
was coming."

OLIVE

"Yep. Called me. Made a big deal of his presence. He said he couldn't make it. Now he says he can. Classic.

MATHEW

"Yeah. I know. We talked."

OLIVE

"He called Martha. Did he tell you that? Told her he was coming. Made a big deal of it. Talked all about chairs."

MATHEW

"Yeah, she told me."

ASHLEY

"He's allowed, he is her Dad."

OLIVE

"I know he's her Dad, I'm not saying he isn't."

ASHLEY

"you're making it seem like she isn't allowed to talk to him. She's an adult, we're adults. You have to let us live our lives."

OLIVE

"WHO's not letting you live your life?"

ASHLEY

"You said it was too early for me to start drinking. You got mad at Martha for talking to her dad. Not letting us live our lives."

OLIVE

"I said it was early I didn't say you weren't allowed."

ASHLEY

"You implied it."

MATHEW

(To himself)

"You inferred it."

ASHLEY

"What?"

OLIVE

"You did infer it. I didn't imply it. I also didn't comment on you smoking a joint."

ASHLEY

"Do you want me just to become another you?"

OLIVE

"Ohh your so animated when you get mad. The faces you make."

ASHLEY

"I'm going to walk away from this conversation 'cause now, I actually am mad."

ASHLEY leaves the kitchen as OLIVE shoots MATHEW a look of the humour That MATHEW does not reciprocate. OLIVE goes back to her grocery bags and starts taking things out, presumably to make the dip.

OLIVE

"Ohh she just overreacting. Her boyfriend is here, she'll go to him, I'll be the worst mother in the world for a few hours. Than It'll be back to normal just for the next fuss to occur. That's who she was. My fuss baby. Not you though, You were so quiet."

ASHLEY (O.S.)

"Are you talking about me? I don't want you to talk about me."

OLIVE

"Just saying you were my fuss baby. You, Mathew, and your sister Martha. You were the easy ones. Ashley, woo. Soon as she came out she was screaming. Martha was a bit jealous I think. Over me having too pay so much attention to Ashley."

MATHEW, trying to hold his composure and tongue, just keeps sipping on his drink...s. ASHLEY returns in what could only be called as a fuss..

ASHLEY

"I'm sorry I wanted my mother."

OLIVE

"That's not what I meant sweetie, I was just saying, I was just saying that Mathew doesn't need a lot of attention."

ASHLEY

"So self reliant, your boy. Where us girls are either childish or jealous. Martha isn't jealous."

MATHEW

"Martha's on top of things."

(To Himself)

"She's going to be here in ten minutes."

(Back to the group.)

"What time is it?"

ASHLEY

"You don't have a clock? Why does nothing you own have a clock."

OLIVE

"Martha's bringing him a clock."

MATHEW

"I think having dual function in something means society has watered down what it's meant to be good at. What it was meant to be. I'm a phone/clock. I'm a microwave/clock. I'm a writer/producer. It's like we're not allowed to just have a thing thing be a thing. It has to be two things. Three things. Gotta be a triple threat. Can't just have it be a clock. Can't just be pure."

ASHLEY

"So no clock. 'Cause of purity?"

MATHEW

"Yeah."

ASHLEY

"That's weird. You need a clock."

OLIVE

"Martha's bringing him a clock."

ASHLEY

"So you've said."

OLIVE

"God, Ashley. If you're going to just jump down my throat every second of today it's not going to be fun for either of us. I wasn't even talking about you, but you come barging in here, all ready to rip my head off. I was talking about Martha and Mathew."

ASHLEY

"And how easy there was compared to me."

OLIVE

"It wasn't about you. It wasn't about you."

MATHEW gets up from his chair and walks out of the room.

ASHLEY

"Ohh yeah, Mathew was it about me?
(Sees MATHEW walking away.)
"Mathew was it? Mathew?"

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-NIGHT

MATHEW has walked to his apartment door, COLBY sits in the chair, controller in hand.

COLBY

"Yo, Mathew, you wanna get in on this."

MATHEW walks right by him and opens the door.

INT.HALLWAY- NIGHT

MARTHA and MARTIN are standing outside the doorway, facing one another. MARTIN, a cuckoo clock in hand and mahogany chair behind him, cowers away from his wife, MARTHA, facing her husband in a fit of wrath, can almost be seen as if to be towering over him, berates him.

NEITHER has noticed MATHEW

MARTHA

"We have a clock how are we early?"

MARTIN

"I'm a very efficient driver."

MARTHA

"We are early. We were supposed to arrive right at six. We have a clock with us. How are we early?"

MATHEW

"Martha, Martin. Really counting on you to have brought that creme."

MARTHA, noticing MATHEW for the first time, collects herself. MARTIN gives MATHEW a grateful look.

The Cuckoo clock goes off.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"It's six."

MARTHA, MATHEW

"And we're here."

MARTHA gives MATHEW a subtly snide look, As she pushes past him to get into the apartment.

MARTHA (O.S.)

"Mother."

MARTIN hands MATHEW the cuckoo clock.

MARTIN

"This is for you."

MARTIN picks up the chair and walks past MATHEW, and into the apartment.

TREVOR (O.S.)

"Hello. Martin, Martha."

ASHLEY (O.S.)

"And It's not my fault I'm your fuss baby!"

ASHLEY comes barreling out the door, Trevor, having seen the scene coming in tow.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

"And I'm going for another walk."

TREVOR

"We're going for another walk."

ASHLEY and TREVOR both leave the apartment. MATHEW look out at the retreating figures and just walks back inside.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

MATHEW walks back through the door while COLBY sits in a chair, MATHEW walks to the entrance to the kitchen.

KELSEY (O.S.)

"Your Mom and Sister are having a talk."

KELSEY slides over onto the couch as MATHEW stands in the doorway.

COLBY

"Auntie Olive got all mad that Ashley wouldn't shut up about what she said before and Ash didn't like that Auntie O kept diminishing the points she made, so Ashley storms off, not unlike in a fuss might I add. But now Auntie O is all sad, so Martha's comforting her."

MATHEW

"Martin?"

KELSEY

"Bathroom. What's that?"

KELSEY points at the cuckoo clock.

MATHEW

"A clock, MARtha bought me one. I guess I'll know the time better."

MATHEW looks up and away from the conversation for second, as if he's trying to remember something.

MATHEW

"Martin's coming out of the bathroom."

A toilet flushes in the back ground, and MARTIN comes out of washroom, walking in front of COLBY

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Martin."

COLBY

"Just got me killed, dude."

MARTIN

"Sorry, just trying to get by."

KELSEY

"Still taking in the kitchen."

MARTIN

"Opps."

MARTIN stops walking, jump backwards, and, unfortunately, gets in COLBY'S line of sight.

COLBY

"Dude!"

MARTIN

"Sorry. I just don't think it's a good idea to go in there right now. Martha's fired up, and Ashley just stormed out of here, for some reason."

MATHEW

"Yeah, it's definitely not a good idea to go in there."

MATHEW takes a drink and walks into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

MATHEW appears from the entrance to the kitchen, to dive deeper into the cream coloured walls, and the pitch talking, that one wrong word said callously, could cause the conversation to become screams.

MATHEW gets between the two women.

OLIVE

"She always runs away."

MARTHA

"Yes, I know. She's your fuss baby."

MATHEW

"Ahh. She doesn't like that."

MARTHA

"Well that's what she did. She threw a fuss and left."

MATHEW

"I guess? I've been having a weird day."

MARTHA

"Why didn't you tell me mom was bringing dip?"

MATHEW

"I forgot."

OLIVE

"I didn't bring dip."

MATHEW

"ohh, because she didn't."

OLIVE

"I Brought the ingredients to make dip. But no stove."

MARTHA

"I would have done that too, if we hadn't gone to get a chair. I've gotten six texts from that man, telling me he's coming."

MATHEW

"You'd bring something we can't eat."

MARTHA

"I mean I would have brought something home made. We just didn't have time. Did you hear about Dad?"

OLIVE

"Always. Make a big deal he's not coming, make it a big deal he is. That's what he does."

MARTHA

"Well, he's texted me six times telling me he's coming. All excited "I have a thing But I'm coming." He was also very excited about the chair."

MATHEW

"Was he?"

MARTHA

"We found one that matched. That's what we were doing Mom, which is what I'm trying to tell you. It's why we both brought dip."

OLIVE

"That what I'm trying to say, I would have brought dip by we don't have a stove to make it."

MARTHA

"I hold have brought actual dip as well, but, like I said..."

(MARTHA grabs the new chair)

"With the new chair."

MATHEW, MARTHA

"I just didn't have time."

OLIVE

"Twin speak strikes again."

MARTIN (O.S.)

"I hate it."

MATHEW

"I'm having the weirdest day."

MARTHA'S phone rings.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"That's Dad."

MATHEW starts walking away as MARTHA lifts up her phone.

MARTHA

"Right on time."

OLIVE

"So Predictable...
(notices a retreating Mathew)

"Were are you going?"

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

COLBY sits playing a game, as the warm glow from the T.V. envelops KELSEY as she looks on.

KELSEY

"You sure you don't need to see?"

MARTIN (O.S.)

"No, I'm listening in to see if I have to call the police."

COLBY

"Hey Matty, you going for a walk? I could go for a walk?"

MATHEW

"Nope, Just need some air."

COLBY

"I got air."

MATHEW

(As he's about to open the door)

"All good."

MATHEW opens the door to find a lartghatic looking St. PETER staring back at him.

MATHEW jumps in fear

PETER

"No."

PETER enters the house, a distasteful expression due to the cleanliness, plastered upon his face.

PETER

"Sorry, but no."

OLIVE comes rushing onto screen.

OLIVE

"Ohh, did someone make a fuss coming back?"

(Upon seeing Peter)

"Ohh. Hello?"

PETER

"No."

MATHEW

"Not a dream. Not deja vu."

PETER

"No."

PETER snaps his fingers and everything goes white.

CUT TO:

INT.ROOM-DAY

Open on MATHEW'S bedroom. MATHEW awakens, very quickly, as if woken by a sudden jolt. As before.

Instead of returning to his slumber, like the last time we saw MATHEW in this room, he shakes off the cobwebs of sleep, and runs out the door.

Not having dressed.

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW comes out of his room, all a twitter, as he runs to his apartment door, trying to get out of this day he feels he has lived twice now.

Opening the door MATHEW sees a standing St.PETER.

Who then pushes him back into the apartment.

PETER

"I was hoping that we didn't have to do this, but you were going to go galavanting into the universe, wearing nothing but your dickies and your chucks. And you don't do that."

PETER starts pushing MATHEW towards the living room, MATHEW leaps away as he tries. PETER stops stands up straighter and smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)

"Good. You don't do that either."

PETER starts walking into the kitchen

PETER (CONT'D)

"You know that instinctively."

MATHEW Follows, leaving the door leading to the hallway wide open. The phone starts ringing from MATHEW'S room that we hear through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

PETER grabs two beers and holds them both out for MATHEW as they stand around his table, no longer having chairs.

PETER
"You do this though. That ain't
bad."

MATHEW looks at the beers, grabs one, opens it. And takes a drink.

MATHEW
"What the fuck is going on?"

PETER
"There's. A god..."

MATHEW
"I remember that part. You were
behind a desk, office. It was nice.
Like a dream."

PETER
"That'd be the drugs, we aren't
doing that anymore. Instead, here."

PETER takes his finger and caresses it down the table, then, in a fit of disgusts, rubs that finger and another together so fast it was as if he was molested by the grime.

PETER (CONT'D)
"You had to throw a fit before
Martha came in with the chairs."

PETER starts walking to the other side of the kitchen, MATHEW grabs the beer he left.

PETER (CONT'D)
"Olive says Ashley is her fuss
baby, but here you are always
throwing tantrums."

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

PETER continues on out of the kitchen and into the living room, sitting in the chair and turning it around to face MATHEW, who has emerged, double fisting, from the kitchen to lean against the fridge.

PETER
"So you remember but you still
don't know what's going on?
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I'd call you dim but I was kind of optimistic that you wouldn't remember at all and this would be a one and done. But nope. Here I am. Here you are. Here we are."

MATHEW

"God exists."

PETER

"And you are fucking up. You see Mathew..."

PETER leans closer to MATHEW, the back rest of the chair coming farther forward.

PETER (CONT'D)

"God has a plan, and you are de-ve-aiting from it. You are changing the rules on the fly lad and we can't have it. Mathew. We can't have it. So me. I'm brought in to fix this."

MATHEW

"God has a plan for me?"

PETER

"No, Well, Maybe. Yes. Okay. Yes."

PETER throws his hand back as he gets up, causing the chair to spin and turn to the side. PETER goes to stand to the right of MATHEW, just on the precipice of entering the kitchen.

PETER (CONT'D)

"He has a plan for you, but you are a molecule in the face of eternity. Which, you know... God has to worry about. So yes God cares about your individual plan, Your biography, he knows it, he plotted it out for you. But, the ginormous heavens and earth plan, The one you know nothing about and couldn't understand even if ya did know; involves you too. But, it involves everyone. Everyone who has ever existed, everything that has ever existed. From the Dinosaurs to the Morlocks and everything in-between. That's the kind of card game the big shot is playing. So, no, God does not care about you.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Hand to the all mighty he does not see you as but a tiny amoeba, a gear in clockwork. God only cares about you in that you do not fuck up the plans he's had since "And then there was light." And brother you know what? You are fuckin up."

MATHEW

"How am I fuckin up? How is me leaving the apartment fucking up?"

PETER

"How is going into the living room fucking up?"

PETER gets up and starts walking deeper into the kitchen. MATHEW takes a drink as he shifts from the fridge to the far side of the kitchen.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"It's 'cause you don't do it. Gods will. You get it. Instinctively you get it."

MATHEW

"I'm not comfortable being told I'm a gear."

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

PETER stops again and, gives a snide look, and turns, quickly when he recalls they have no chairs.

PETER

"Well, Too bad, Gearhead."
(Too Himself)
"Bloody forgot you didn't have chairs."

PETER starts to walk back into the interior part of the living room.

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW stands, leaning against the wall on the far of the kitchen. Drinking.

MATHEW

"I realize I'm a pawn, a plaything
to a celestial being, and you tell
me too bad?"

PETER comes walking onto screen, standing across the entrance
of kitchen door and MATHEW.

PETER

"I tell you tough cookies, that's
the way it is, because I said So. I
tell you thens that's the breaks, I
tell you that's the way it's gotta
be. I tell you What I tell you."

MATHEW, PETER

"Martha's going to be here real
soon."

PETER

"And I have to deal with that
freakish ability. It is because it
is. Okay? Some people kick a pebble
into a stream, never do anything
else, get to live their lives as
atheists. You get to meet me.
There's a highly complex spiritual
plan and you get to know it. You
get to know it takes everyone into
account. You also get to know that
you are fucking it up. That's gotta
be a bonus for a loner rebel poet
like your self right?"

MARTHA walks in, hoping to make no noise what's so ever. She
makes her way over to entrance and crossroad to the living
room and kitchen and is startled to see ST. PETER arguing
with a briefed and bewildered MATHEW, double fisting two
beers and, like his sister, trying to get a handle on the
situation.

MARTHA

"Hello?"

PETER

"And now we've fucked it up so
badly that Martha sees me. Martha
isn't supposed to see me.

PETER dodges past MARTHA and starts walking into the living
room as MARTIN walks in, carrying two chairs.

MARTHA

"Who is he?"

MATHEW

"St.Peter."

(MATHEW takes a drink.)

"I think."

PETER

"Hello Martin, you great big ball of misery and and joy in equal measure."

MARTIN

"Ohh, Hello."

PETER grabs the gun hidden in the couch cushionS.

MARTHA

"It's two o'clock. You're in your underwear. Mom told you we were coming at six right?"

MATHEW

"Do you fucking hear yourself?"

MARTHA

"Great, are you drunk?"

MARTIN

"Uhh he's got a gun."

MARTHA

"What do you mean he's got a gun?"

PETER

"I could just snap my fingers but I want it to hurt this time."

PETER shoots MATHEW in the head while a screaming MARTHA and MARTIN behold the the gore bestowed upon the by the Keeper of the Keys of Heaven.

MARTIN

"Ohh my god."

MARTHA

"What the fuck! What the fuck What the..."

CUT TO:

INT.ROOM-DAY

MATHEW awakens, for the third time, with a start. As he leaps out out of bed, as he gets to his apex, he lands on his feet.

MATHEW
 "Mother fucker."

MATHEW in a fit of what could only be called anxiety rushes outside his room.

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW, still in his night garments, runs out the door To his apartment.

MATHEW s enveloped in a flash of light.

CUT TO:

INT.ROOM-DAY

MATHEW awakens with a jolt, as this time, A phone calls rings out from beside the bed. Mathew answers it.

PETER (O.S.)
 "Yes, It's real. Now do it right."

A Flash of light swallows MATHEW

CUT TO:

INT.ROOM-DAY

MATHEW awakens, as if he were struck by inspiration in his sleep, he leaps out of bed.

MATHEW
 "Fuck."

MATHEW again walks out of his room. Again with no pants on.

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW makes a bee line for the fridge and grabs a beer. Downing it in one shot, He throws the now empty beer bottle and grabs another one. MATHEW then walks directly out the front door, being devoured by white light.

INT.ROOM-DAY

MATHEW awakens, a bright smile upon his face and a hop in his step. He rolls over and looks directly at his phone, a few seconds go by and MATHEW starts to get more and more intense, until, at the apex of MATHEW'S intensity, the phone rings.

MATHEW

"Hi Mom. I've been having a weird day. I know you're going to tell me we're all meeting, and we're all meeting here cause you love me, we're actually all meeting here because you don't trust me to come. You don't trust me to host in my home, we'll get to that but you don't even trust me to come. And you're right not too. Olive, you are right not to trust me, for I do not give a shit. I would not come if I was invited for I don't give a shit. I don't fucking care Mom. Now..."

MATHEW leaves his room, taking his phone with him.

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW runs into an invading MARTHA, and stands face to face with her.

MATHEW

"What time is it!"

MARTHA

"Jesus."

MATHEW

"Maybe. Maybe it's a family affair."

MATHEW holds his phone to his ear as he walks towards the door.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Tell your Daughter what time it is."

MATHEW flips the phone back to MARTHA and MARTIN comes threw the door with some chairs.

MATHEW (CONT'D)
 "Martin, We're getting drunk."

MARTIN
 "uhh, okay."

MARTHA
 "No."

MARTIN
 "Sorry, not a good idea."

MATHEW walks up to the door leads to the hallway.

MATHEW
 "Ohh, I'll find a way."

MATHEW walks into the hallway as again a white light blinds us.

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW is leaning on the fridge as KELSEY and COLBY come through the front door. MATHEW gets up to look at the siblings.

MATHEW
 "I don't want you here this early,
 I don't care that you brought
 whiskey. It's weird that you need
 to shower."

MATHEW walks out of his apartment, except he can't because KELSEY and COLBY are blocking it a bit.

MATHEW (CONT'D)
 "If you wouldn't mind, scoouching."

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

Open in the kitchen with MATHEW and MARTHA talking, MARTIN is bringing in chairs.

MATHEW
 "I don't like em, I think they're
 stupid."

MARTHA

"What do you know of home decor, they aren't stupid. Martin are they stupid?"

MARTIN

"They fit your apartment."

MATHEW

"You're going to leave em here aren't you. I didn't even think of that before. You're just going to leave em here."

MARTIN

"They fit the apartment."

MATHEW

"This was all a plan for you to give me chairs."

MARTHA

"Mom's worried about you."

MATHEW shakes his hand as he walk towards the exit of the kitchen.

MATHEW

"I don't want chairs. Chairs invite people which I. Do. NOT. WANT."

MATHEW turns around.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Let Martin drink."

MARTIN

"I can drink."

MARTHA

"He can drink."

MARTIN

"I'm going to drink."

MARTHA

"Wait, I don't wanna drive."

MARTIN

"I can't drink."

MATHEW turns back around and exits the apartment as his entire body melts away into nothingness in the face of white light.

MATHEW

"Ohh I'm getcha to drink."

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Open on COLBY playing video games while TREVOR watches. The screens glow bathing them both. Like lightning, ASHLEY comes running off into the night, and out of the apartment. Crying the entire time. TREVOR runs after her.

TREVOR

"No, Ashley? Whats wrong?"

MATHEW runs from the kitchen to the front door.

MATHEW

"And you are a fuss baby!"

OLIVE comes walking up as MATHEW turns back, just before he walks through the door.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"She isn't really that much of a fuss."

And as bright as the light that pierced the darkness was the light that shone on MATHEW as he exited his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Open on MATHEW drinking, in chairs, hunched over. A smile plastered all over his face as look of almost madness has replaced his usual detached disposition.

MATHEW laughs too him self, but almost, in a performing way.

We hear footsteps as PETER enters the shot.

MATHEW

"Who's his favourite Joker?"

PETER

"What?"

MATHEW

"What's his favourite movie?"

PETER

"What?"

MATHEW

"What's his opinion on the last election? He a Republican or Democrat? What's his favourite poem? Actually, I can answer it. It's Paradise Lost

PETER

"Because it's about God?"

MATHEW

"Yeah and he's an asshole. Probably visits the chapel too? "Look at me." he says. Look at that guy. Look at what I built. 'Cause I built that. Fuck Michelangelo fuck the craftsmen, and artists. Fuck art. No one makes art. I am the only artist in the world and look at that guy. That fuckin guy."

PETER

"You have such an ego man, you get the whole "I can do anything" "I can say anything." out of your system. You wanna go to the next day? H'uh?"

MATHEW gets up, drink, still in hand.

PETER (CONT'D)

"You've been drinking too much?"

MATHEW

"Well I'm not too drunk."

PETER

"No, No you are not. Now come on, I Don't want to get the gun. Run thorough that door and lets do this.."

MATHEW

"Why am I arrogant? Hu'h? Why do I have such an ego?"

PETER

"Why would god want to sign his name to your work?"

(Beat)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

"You're going to ask, you're going to ask me 'case everyone asks me. Everyone asks me the same questions. You're going to ask me all about the secrets of the cosmos and about heaven and hell and the Garden and Adam and Eve and everything in between. I think I'll save us a lot of time and say this. I don't know. I don't know. I'm not God. I'm not all knowing. I don't have the power to turn people to salt and before you ask, I don't know why he turned a woman to salt. I don't know. I don't know. Want to know who I am? I'm God's kids friend. That's who I am. I'm the one who got given the dog for the weekend while we all crashed in their friends, parents beach house."

(Quoting someone, probably God.)

"Make sure everyone follows the plan."

(Back to normal)

"Well, what's the fucking plan. I don't know."

MATHEW takes a drink as PETER, who has become more vibrant and incensed through out the conversation, ends his tirade with his hands on top of his head. His Having turned flush with anguish and anger.

MATHEW

"I'm the dog in this scenario."

PETER

"You get to know about this. I don't know why. I don't know why You get this instead of... whatever else God could do. But I don't know what that is. I don't know."

MATHEW

"That's easy."

PETER

"It ain't easy, it just is."

MATHEW

"There so many things... free will doesn't exist. It just doesn't."

PETER

"Nope."

MATHEW

"I can just do anything. Anything I want, anything I imagine, but as soon as I walk into the hallway.. it just.. starts over."

PETER

"Because it wasn't supposed to happen.

(Beat)

"Take a drink."

MATHEW

"What?"

PETER

"Take a drink."

MATHEW

"Okay."

MATHEW takes a drink.

PETER

"Now free will test. Did anyone make you take a drink?"

MATHEW

"Yes."

PETER

"What? No."

MATHEW

"You did."

PETER

"I meant you were totally in control of your actions. The hand of God didn't reach out and command you to take a drink."

MATHEW

"No, you did."

PETER

"My point is that you are going to live the rest of your life being agnostic rather than atheist but that you really have nothing to worry about. You can't change what you do?"

MATHEW

"What if I like... thought more."

PETER

"Thought more about what?"

MATHEW

"About like... My actions. That way they wouldn't be part of his plan?"

PETER

"I imagine God would like it quite a bit if you thought more about your actions."

MATHEW

"I won't let it be part of his plan."

PETER

"Yes, You are the first mortal to threaten our lord, Gods, will? Remember the plagues? Now quick before he makes you tell you his real name for straw."

MATHEW

"That's Rumpelstiltskin."

PETER

"Ehh they're more similar than you think."

MATHEW

"Ill thwart his will. With my actions. I will become unto like the anti-christ in this endeavor if I must.

(Beat)

I'll do it."

PETER

"You can't. This is all his will. All of it."

MATHEW

"I'll figure out how."

The phone rings.

PETER

"Just go."

MATHEW

"Well what if I want to have a conversation with whomever's on the other phone. I wonder who it is?"

(Dead Pan)

"There are so many possibilities."

MATHEW coughs up a nervous type giggle, almost a bark, as the phone continues to ring. PETER starts trying to herd MATHEW to the entrance of the kitchen.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"What if I want to tell him I love him. What about that? You aren't going to let a son tell his father he loves him. What kind of man are you?"

PETER

"Just go through the bloody door so I don't have to go get that fucking gun."

MATHEW

"Hey, Hey! Chill. You don't feel just a little angry at the old man with the white beard."

PETER

"You don't get it. If I feel mad..."

MATHEW

"It's all a part of Gods glorious plan. I get it. That's bull shit."

PETER

"Mathew, You're in a time loop. You refuse to do the day the way God intended it, So, He's going to make you do it over and over again. Until you get it right."

MATHEW

"What's the way God intended it?"

MATHEW, PETER

"I don't know."

PETER

"It's not you killing yourself if that helps."

MATHEW

"I don't remember that."

PETER

"No, you got too drunk."

MATHEW

"I don't want to be God's whipping boy!"

PETER

"God doesn't have a whipping boy and if they did it wouldn't be you. You're a speck. You're an amoeba. Go through the door. Mathew, Just go through the fucking door."

MATHEW

"I'm not going to be a speck."

PETER

"Just go through the door!"

MATHEW

"Fine."

MATHEW walks towards the entrance to the kitchen and, the exit of his apartment.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"That hurts, the gun and bullets. It hurts."

PETER

"It should, it's getting shot."

MATHEW

(As he walks away)

"That's why I'm doing this. I don't actually believe any of this. I'm in a hospital bed. This is a coma. I'm brain dead and you're just one of my crazy hallucinations. Those bullets don't hurt, their just representations of my brain as it slowly turns to figgy pudding."

PETER walks into the living room and starts going for the gun hidden in the cushions. MATHEW, seeing this, puts a little spring in his step.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Okay. Jesus. I'm going."

MATHEW finishes one of the beers and puts the empty bottle on the ground.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Can't take it with me."

PETER waves the gun, in a lackadaisical manner, to shoo MATHEW through the door. MATHEW, after shooting a glare at the "Guardian of the Gates of Heaven", walks through the door as white light shines down on him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM-DAY

MATHEW wakes up, jumping out of his bedding to start the day. He then picks up his phone and just waits until the phone rings.

MATHEW

"Hey Mom do you believe in god?"

OLIVE (O.S.)

(Obviously shocked)

"uhh. No. You know we're coming today, right?"

MATHEW

"Ohh yeah. Why don't you believe in god?"

OLIVE (O.S.)

"I uhh. I just feel... Are you all right honey?"

MATHEW

"Yep. I'm fine. Continue."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"I just think a man with a big grey beard who lives in the sky is kind of ridiculous. It's santa clause for adults. Except you know... wars."

MATHEW

"Yeah, in Jerusalem, where every day is black friday. What If I told You God was real? That I've been to the gates of Heaven. Painted on as they were."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"I'd probably think you were insane."

MATHEW

"Yeah, Probably. Felt like I was on opium by the way, the feeling of Heaven."

OLIVE (O.S.)

(Dreamily)

"That makes sense."

Beat

MATHEW

"Mom.."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"I'm bringing dip. See you at six. Love you."

MATHEW

"Love you too."

MATHEW hears a click and hangs up the phone. MATHEW then gets out his bed and goes towards the entrance to his room.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Five four three two."

MATHEW leaves his room

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW comes walking out of his room right as MARTHA walks in.

MATHEW

"One. Hello. Two Do you believe in God and/or the worst doorman in history? Also side note, Mom may have smoked opium at some point."

MARTHA

"One. Hello. Two. Yes. And D-uh.
Did she tell you we were coming?"

MATHEW

"Uhh yeah."

MARTHA

"She told you everyone was coming
at six right?"

MATHEW

"Yeah. So yes? God? Why?"

MARTHA

"Martins folks believe and I became
very close with them and started
learning about it so I believe. Let
me, guess you don't."

MATHEW

"You know, I didn't and then... just
this morning, a few days ago I
decided I did."

MARTHA

"What?"

MARTIN (O.S.)

"I believe in god."

MARTIN walks through the open door way with two chairs
underneath each arm.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

"Been going to church since I was
kid. Great community.

MATHEW

"Hey, bro. Want a beer?"

MARTIN

"Yeah."

MARTHA

"uhmm.. hmm. Babe, I don't want to
have to drive."

MATHEW

"You never do, do you. All right
Martin, why do you believe in God
and by extension his kids lay about
best friend."

MARTIN

"I just try and live my life as best I can and listen to my conscience. That's it . That's all. I think that God helps in that. I just try and listen."

MATHEW

"And not drink."

MARTIN

"I drink. I can have a drink."

MARTHA shakes her head no.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

"Just not today. We need to find another chair."

MATHEW

"I think the store on 207th has one."

MARTHA

"And suddenly my twin knows about antique stores."

MATHEW

"You must have mentioned it."

MARTIN

"Nope. Just found it. Wanted to check it out."

MATHEW

"Hey."
(snapping his fingers)
"You should take a road pop."

MARTIN

"Yeah."

MARTHA again shakes her head no. MATHEW flinches away from the beer as if it was covered in fire.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

"Nope. I'll get more chairs."

Martin leaves, presumably to get the other chairs.

MATHEW

(Turning to MARTHA)
"So, God?"

MARTHA

"Yeah. Are you okay? "

MATHEW

"Never better."

MARTHA

"You sure?"

MATHEW

"Yeah, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

MARTHA

"Try me."

MATHEW

"God or, in my case, his valet, has decided to put me in a time loop. That means if I walk out that door or into the living room He'll just restart the day and suddenly I'm back in bed with mom telling me you're coming at six."

MARTHA

"Re-start the day. If you leave the kitchen."

MATHEW

"I dont ever have to go to the bathroom. I drink so much and yet..."

MARTHA

"If you don't want us to do this at your house you can just say so."

MATHEW

"I have said so. On multiple occasion In fact."

MARTHA

"Mathew..."

MATHEW

"Nothing we do matters Martha!"

MATHEW, losing his temper, screams the last words in MARTHA'S face. MATHEW then pinches the bridge of his nose and looks away as MARTHA looks shocked; on the verge of tears.

MATHEW makes his way to the door.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"I'm sorry. It doesn't matter and yet, I'm still sorry. I love you."

MARTIN comes rushing through the door, two chairs being swayed, as his face betrays the anger over hearing this exact age between twins.

MARTIN

"Did you yell at my wife?"

MATHEW

"Move please."

MARTIN

"Don't yell at my wife."

PETER comes swaggering through the door, behind MARTIN

PETER

"Don't talk about the time loop."

MATHEW

"What?'

MARTHA

"Whose this?"

MARTIN whilst turning around, with haste, accidentally smacks MATHEW in the face with one of the chairs. This causes MATHEW to take a tumble and teeter to the ground in a tither; MARTHA stands there betwixt of thought and voice, grasping nether.

MATHEW'S neck breaks.

INT. ROOM-DAY

MATHEW loses the last bit of his slumber, as leaping to his feet, he awakes.

MATHEW

"Yeah, Yeah. Don't talk about the time loop. Got it."

MATHEW, as so many of us have done before, decides to return to his bed to try and get some more rest.

We wait a few moments and, as it has before, the phone starts to ring.

Today MATHEW decides not to answer it, covering himself tighter via sheets and blankets that are littered across the bed.

Some more time passes and we start to hear foot steps rummaging around outside the door.

MATHEW stays stationary the entire time. Not caring about the denizens invading his dwellings with out his permission.

A knock at the bedroom door does nothing as MATHEW wraps himself tighter in his cocoon of fabric and retreats ever more into himself.

MARTHA (O.S.)

"Mathew, Are you here? Mathew?"

MARTIN (O.S.)

"Where do we put these chairs?"

The cries of MATHEW'S twin and In-law fall on deaf ears. It seems nothing anyone does can cause MATHEW to stir.

We hear another person enter the scene from behind the door.

PETER (O.S.)

"For God's sake."

MARTHA (O.S.)

"Whose this?"

MARTIN (O.S.)

"Do we need another another chair?"

The door opens and into the room steps PETER. MATHEW lay staring at the opposite wall, unblinking. PETER sits down on the bed. MATHEW states into the abyss of a white wall.

PETER

"Little depressed eh chap? Little upset? Ohh no the world isn't what the tiny, brooding poet thought it was, and now he's sad?"

MATHEW flips around inside his cast of anxiety and depression that smells of cheetos and hints of Seeman.

MATHEW

(Still, with out getting up)

"What's your deal? I didn't do Sunday school. You know this..."

MATHEW sits up, cascading out of his nest of scum.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"You have to know this."

PETER

"I don't."

MATHEW

"You have to... Okay. You know God."

PETER

"I don't."

MATHEW

"I don't know you. Okay. I'm not a Bible learner or reader or gatherer. I don't know Jesus's best friends names."

PETER

"Best friends. Ha. That's a laugh. You ever friends with a nice guy? Worst fuckin thing."

MATHEW

"Jesus was a nice guy?"

PETER

(Looking at MATHEW like
he's an idiot)

"Uhh yeah. Kind. Considerate. Doesn't even care that I owe him fifty quid, the prick. God, I love him."

MATHEW

"But you watch the door for his Dad. Nepotism. I get that. But you have no idea what's going. He doesn't tell you anything?"

PETER

"I know you need to get up and deal with the day."

MATHEW

"I've been dealin' with this day a lot. In fact the last seventeen days have been this day."

PETER

"And not once have you gotten to dinner. I'd find that telling. If I didn't care. Now, Up and attem. Lets go. Right now."

MATHEW doesn't move.

ST PETER, the Patron Saint of Popes and cities that bare his name lays his head down, right next to the disgusting mess that MATHEW calls bedding, and puts his hands over his eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)

"I don't know."

MATHEW

"How don't you know?"

PETER

(Muffled)

"Because I'm not God you ponce."

MATHEW

"What?"

PETER

(louder this time)

"I said I'm not GOD you ponce. I'm not all knowing. I told you this. I'm flying a little less blind than you but mate, the way ain't clear."

Beat

MATHEW

"Have you met God?"

PETER

"Yes."

MATHEW

"What's he like?"

PETER

(Monotone)

"They are an omnipotent being. They created me and everything else that isn't me. I was in awe of their grace and when they sent their son to ask me if I wanted to man the doors of Heaven for eternity I gladly said yes."

MATHEW

"Wow. You sound like you work at a spa."

PETER

"Piss off."

MATHEW

"Like if you said something like you were going to put cucumbers on my eyes I'd be okay with that."

PETER

"Fuck you."

MARTHA (O.S.)

"I can hear it too. Like if it interrupted smooth rock, if it interrupted Phil Collins it wouldn't be out of place. Also are you okay Mathew? Also we can hear everything."

MARTIN (O.S.)

"Where do you want these chairs?"

BEAT

MATHEW

"I din't even want to do it here, and now everyone's here. Forever. Everyone's here forever."

PETER

"It isn't forever. It's until You start following God's plan."

MATHEW

"I didn't want to do it here."

PETER

"If they don't barge in they don't get in. You don't kill yourself tonight. That's all I know."

MATHEW

"Everything I've read about suicide attempts said that after the person survived said attempt, they instantly regretted it. That second. I didn't feel that. I was just like "Neat. Didn't die." Then I felt kind of good."

PETER

"The good part may have been the opium."

MATHEW

"What I mean is I think it was just a drunk thing."

PETER

"You drink a lot today. I don't know how much but it's a lot."

MATHEW

"I drink a lot every day."

(Beat)

"Do I ever stop that?"

PETER

"I don't know."

MATHEW

"Yeah. I'm not depressed."

PETER

"Obviously."

MATHEW

"The suicide wasn't a depressed thing is what I'm trying to say."

PETER

"Yeah, You took that bullet in the brain pan 'cause everything is hunkey dorey."

MATHEW

"Fuck you. I'm not crazy."

PETER

"Yep, absolutely nothing to worry about. And to toast to your newly won mental health, let's go through that door and try again shall we. Hmm?"

MATHEW

"I'm just saying."

(not moving a muscle from his dubious smelling duvets.)

"I got too drunk, too stoned. I'm not... suicidal. Well, I'm a poet So I must be a little but not shooty shooty blam."

PETER

"Hmm."

(Realizing that MATHEW isn't getting up, slinks further into the bed.)

MATHEW

"I'm suicidal in the "I'm a poet in the 21st century type way." If me putting a gun to my temple and doing my best Kurt Cobain impression got me stuck...."

PETER

"I don't know."

MATHEW

"Suicide isn't on my bucket list. It's never was before, it never will be again. I don't know why I have that gun. I don't want to go near that gun again."

PETER

"I noticed."

MATHEW

"I know how I got that gun. Colby got me that gun. It's a Call of Duty gun. Some exact replica or some shit. I just still have it. Just carrying around a loaded weapon. I don't even want it but it was a gift so like I feel obligated to have it ya know."

PETER

"Why's it in the couch?"

MATHEW

"I don't know. My roommate must have found it."

PETER

"Okay."

Peter gets up and starts walking to the door.

PETER (CONT'D)

"Tired of this. I ain't your therapist. You don't ever get a therapist."

MATHEW

"I thought you said you didn't know the future."

PETER

"I don't. You just don't seem the type."

MATHEW

"I'm just saying I'm not suicidal."

PETER

"Mathew I know you don't understand but I'm telling you, honestly, that I don't care."

MATHEW

"Okay. Good."

PETER

"Now go out the fucking door so I don't have to shoot you in the head."

Mathew throws of his chrysalis of warmth and gets up, opens the door. As he does we see a standing MARTIN and MARTHA. MATHEW then closes the door quickly.

MATHEW

"You know nothing."

PETER

"Nothing. Nothing of grand design of the big plan. Nothing."

MATHEW

"Nothing."

PETER

"Nothing."

Beat

MATHEW

"Have you met God?"

PETER

"Sure. Nice bloke. Goes to football on Sunday. That's how he rests. Go Chelsea."

MATHEW

"Really?"

PETER

"No. You fool. He's a liverpool fan. Look, He asked me if I would man the door. I said yes. Now I'm stuck watching people like you."

MATHEW

"That's it?"

PETER

"Yes, that's it. No hop on pop and off you go."

MATHEW

"He didn't tell you anything. Didn't that make you mad."

PETER

No."

MATHEW

"Why?"

PETER

"Because it doesn't matter."

MATHEW

"You could have gone to Heaven."

PETER

"I was never going to Heaven"

MATHEW

"But you just said he asked you..."

PETER

"And I said no. I was never going to heaven, never going to walk through that door."

MATHEW

"You could have chosen different. You could have gone."

Peter laughs a bitter laugh.

PETER

"Sure. And you can stay in bed all day if you want."

MATHEW

"I can?"

PETER

"No, I'll blow your head off and restart the fucking day. The point is I was never going to walk into eternal bliss and bloody clouds. I said no."

MATHEW

"Because you were always going to say no."

PETER

"Careful, You're learning."

MATHEW

"Nothing we do matters."

PETER

"Everything you do matters. You are a part of a grand design."

MATHEW

"Free will is a lie."

PETER

"You won't know it so whats the difference?"

MATHEW

"There is no reason or being and we live in the matrix."

PETER

"You know who Rene Descartes is?"

MATHEW

"Yes."

PETER

"Then you know I think therefore I am. It's the same concept. I think something matters, so it does. Find something to fight the void."

MARTIN (O.S.)

"I thrift shop."

MARTHA (O.S.)

"I shoplift."

PETER

"And you drink. So, drink. Now, come on."

PETER reaches out of bed, and makes his way to open the door. MARTIN and MARTHA are standing there.

PETER (CONT'D)

"Excuse me."

PETER leaves the shot.

Off screen we hear A tumbling as PETER, assumedly, falls over some chairs.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"Bastard."

MARTIN runs to help.

MARTIN

"Ohh no, the chairs."

MATHEW gets up, still inside the rancid smelling sheets he calls bedding. Trudging along, he gets to the door where he meets MARTHA. She looks over her Brother with both worry and confusion.

MARTHA

"Is that really St. Peter."

MATHEW

"Yes."

MATHEW walks by her and leaves the shot.

MARTIN (OS)

"I think you scratched one."

PETER (OS)

"Why would you put them in the middle of the hallway?"

MARTIN (O.S.)

"Where was I supposed to put them?"

PETER (O.S.)

"Where you always put them!"

MATHEW (OS)

"You tripped when you left my room because you were supposed to trip."

PETER (OS)

"Well it still bloody hurt."

MARTIN (O.S)

"I didn't know Mahogany could chip."

MATHEW (O.S)

It hurt because it was always going to hurt."

PETER (O.S.)

"Ohh, bollocks to this."

MATHEW (O.S)
 "It was always going to be
 bollocks!"

PETER (O.S)
 "Shut up!"

We hear movement in the other room, as if someone is moving
 to another room.

MARTIN (O.S)
 "I think we might need to get two
 new chairs babe."

PETER (O.S)
 "Ohh it's not that bad you post
 hipster wanker."

MARTHA
 "Mathew?"

MATHEW (O.S)
 "Yeah?"

MARTHA (O.S.)
 "Mathew?"

MATHEW (O.S.)
 "Yeah?"

MARTHA
 "Are you okay?"

PETER (O.S.)
 "He's fine."

MATHEW (O.S.)
 "No."

PETER (O.S)
 "Ohh don't be a baby."

MARTHA
 "Do you want to talk about it?"

MATHEW (O.S)
 "No."

A gunshot goes off as MARTHA looks on in horror.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Open on MATHEW. He sits in his chair drinking, slightly laughing to himself under his breath. Just as sudden as a fist you don't see coming, MATHEW turns and whips the beer bottle as his cousins enter, throwing it so close to the opening of the door that COLBY and KELSEY arriving covers up the sound of the crash.

MATHEW

"What's the meaning of life?"

KELSEY

"Whoa?"

COLBY

"Can I use your shower?"

KELSEY

"Have you been drinking?"

MATHEW

"Yes, I'm not drunk. What's the meaning of life?"

COLBY

"Whiskey. Which we brought."

Colby pulls out the whiskey bottle, Mathew snatches it from his hand.

COLBY (CONT'D)

"Pardon?"

MATHEW

"What's the meaning of life?"

KELSEY

"Are you having an episode?"

MATHEW

"Not right now. Maybe later."

KELSEY

"Well then chill tweeker."

KELSEY pushes past him, then goes further into the kitchen.

KELSEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

"I also brought Whiskey. If you chill out we can do shots."

COLBY

"Can I use your shower? I was..."

MATHEW sighs, cutting COLBY off, then points in the direction of the bathroom, signaling for Colby to leave. Colby puts down his bag, grabs his towel out of it, and goes off into the lavatory to take a shower.

COLBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
"How's the writing?"

MATHEW
"Making no progress and starving.
You're doing awesome."

COLBY (O.S.)
"Yeah. Did Auntie Olive tell you?"

MATHEW
"Sure."

MATHEW leaves to enter the kitchen, as the white noise of water hitting a porcelain tub rings throughout the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW enters the kitchen as KELSEY is searching for something. Having set up shots already for the three of them she leaves them on the table, adorned with mahogany chairs around it, as she shuffles around an area she's not familiar with.

KELSEY
"I don't know how you live without
a dustbin and broom. I set up
shots."

MATHEW
"I see shots. Why do you wake up in
the morning?"

KESLEY
"My alarm. Or Dog. My dog is
sometimes my alarm."

MATHEW
"I also have an alarm. I still go
back to sleep."

MATHEW takes both shots, KELSEY looks incredulous, hands on her hips as she fixes MATHEW with a look that he shrugs off.

KELSEY
"I have to work."

MATHEW

"You don't."

KELSEY

"Yeah, you do."

KELSEY refills one of the shots.

KELSEY

"Like you don't, but you do. It's in the unwritten rules of society. I learned about this in sociology."

MATHEW

"Waste of money."

KELSEY

"Poetry degree bringing in the big dollars?"

MATHEW

"Half a poetry degree and touche."

MATHEW takes a shot as KELSEY does her song and dance of being upset at our dashing, rogue protagonist.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"I can get away with anything with the two of you can't I?"

KELSEY

"We miss you."

MATHEW

"Yeah but, that much?"

COLBY (O.S)

"Yeah, man that much."

COLBY comes strolling in, hair wet. Old clothes still on, unwashed.

COLBY (CONT'D)

"It's boring hearing about stuff second hand. Mathew broke up with his girlfriend, Mathew got a new girlfriend. Mathew went to rehab."

MATHEW

"I never went to rehab. I went to detox."

KELSEY

"What's the difference?"

MATHEW

"A medical plan basically. It doesn't matter. Look, I care about you guys. You're my little cousins. And now you're in the city."

KELSEY

"Yes."

MATHEW

"What do you do?"

KELSEY

"Did Aunt Olive not tell you what I do?"

MATHEW

"I don't talk with her about stuff... or other people."

KESLEY

"I'm doing sales. It's a lot of..."
 (talks in a fake sultry voice, while she puffs out her chest.)

"Hello sir, this bed was made for you."

(talks normal again)

"I get by on my intellect."

MATHEW

"I bet you do. Gross."

(Turns to Colby)

"What do you do?"

COLBY

"Game. And disk. That's life dude. When was the last time you gamed? Plugged in COD."

MATHEW

"I'm trying to write."

KELSEY

"How's that going?"

MATHEW

"Ohh you know."

Beat

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"It's lonely. And time consuming. But it's good to be on your own when your skin feels like needles and your tongue is so cut up you can't speak."

COLBY

"Yeah, that would suck."

KELSEY

"I have an ativan thing. I thought I needed a shrink, but school ended and I kinda just... kicked. Kind of. I still use it, it keeps me calm, but it's less. Kind of. Like I said, I have an ativan thing."

KELSEY takes a shot of whiskey.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

"Kind of."

KELSEY refills all the shots once again as the three sit and drink together in silence for a moment, dealing with what was said

KELSEY (CONT'D)

"Don't tell Auntie Olive."

MATHEW gives her the side eye

MATHEW

"Yeah, We talk so much."

COLBY

"That's funny. Martha used to call you a mama's boy."

MATHEW

"I don't know the last time I had a conversation with my mother. We aren't really heart to heart people"

KELSEY

"You should try it."

MATHEW

"Yeah? I'll give it a try next time."

Beat

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

MATHEW on the couch with a gun to his head.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

KELSEY opens the door as MATHEW starts walking through it.

MATHEW

"Didn't work."

KELSEY

"Wha?"

COLBY

"Can I use your shower?"

MATHEW

"I had an Ativan thing. Then I had a whiskey thing. Then a coke thing. Heroin was finally when I thought might have a thing thing."

COLBY

"What's you do about it?"

MATHEW

"Did more of..."

Beat

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Do we all talk like this?"

COLBY

"What do you mean?"

MATHEW

"Talk in stuff like... thing. Not that I'm an addict. That I have a thing. We don't talk about what's actually going on."

KELSEY

"That's me, you. Who else?"

COLBY
"Auntie Olive."

KELSEY
"Three."

MATHEW
"And my Dad."

COLBY
"So three inside our family and one former."

MATHEW
"He's coming tonight."

COLBY
"Is he? I heard he had a thing."

KELSEY
"Hey, you're right. Four."

MATHEW
"I talked to him."

COLBY
"When?"

MATHEW ponders to himself and then answers.

MATHEW
"I guess I didn't. I haven't in a long time?"

KELSEY
"How long's it been?"

MATHEW
"Earlier Today or a month ago. Take your pick. I gotta go. I'll see you in a few hours."

MATHEW puts down his drink and starts to walk out to the entrance of the kitchen.

KELSEY
"Where you going?"

MATHEW
"To the hallway."

KELSEY
"Why?"

MATHEW

"Honestly, it re-starts the day and I want to convince my Dad to come."

KESLEY

"What?"

MATHEW

"Nothing. I need some air."

KELSEY

"Wait."

(MATHEW stops)

"Do you miss your Dad?"

MATHEW

"I don't know. I'm ready for dip."

COLBY

"We brought salsa."

COLBY lifts the salsa out of the bag they brought it in.

COLBY (CONT'D)

"That's kind of like dip."

MATHEW

"Great. Can't wait."

KELSEY

"You don't talk."

MATHEW

"Nope."

KELSEY

"What happened?"

MATHEW

"Don't know. The divorce happened. We went west and I only saw him on holidays. Moved back. Grew up. Developed several addictions and didn't ask him for help. I went to my Mom. And you know he..."

COLBY

"Always had a thing."

MATHEW

"And bingo was his nameo. Now, I'll see you in a few hours."

KELSEY

"I thought you said you were only going to the hallway."

MATHEW

"Yep."

MATHEW walks out of the kitchen and as he walks out of the hallway. KELSEY just looks at COLBY and puts her finger to her ear as if to indicate that MATHEW is crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW is backed up against the fridge by an irate COLBY, as he waves the replica Call of DUTY gun in his his cousins face as a weeping KELSEY stands over by the chairs, all while a placid ST PETER stands there, almost jovial about the situation.

COLBY

"What Is this h-uh? What is this?"

MATHEW

"What? What?"

KELSEY

"Put it down!"

COLBY

"I can't use the fucking shower! At my own own cousins house! And now a present I bought you is just laying in the couch? And St. Fucking Peter are you kidding me?"

PETER

"Peter. Colby, you need to stop getting angry."

KELSEY

"You promised you wouldn't get angry anymore?"

COLBY

"We aren't fucking family! Okay! We aren't fuckng family! I don't know who the fuck you are and you come in saying you're St. Fucking Peter."

PETER

"I Said I was a family friend, he said I was St. Peter. God's errand boy and ass licker."

MATHEW

"I said no to the shower. That's it."

(Smiling)

"Your nuts. Do you guys need pills?"

(looking at KELSEY)

"Like other than you? I mean your waving my gun in my face so you kind of do."

COLBY

"Why's is it you don't call, we get the invite 'cause your sister feels bad. She felt bad. That's the only reason we got the invite. Cause we bothered her. Right Kels?"

KELSEY

"Yes."

COLBY

"She felt bad. I spent real money on this. And it's in the couch."

PETER

"A thousand dollars. He got it mowing lawns."

COLBY

"Yeah? Hows the writing going?"

KELSEY

(Through Sobs)

"I'm wondering that as well."

PETER

"Yep, Tell him."

MATHEW

"I'm working on it."

PETER

"That's what he always says "I'm working on it"."

COLBY

"I always get the I got a thing."

MATHEW

"Hey, we're back on that."

PETER

"Shut up."

MATHEW

"Right, no talk about the time loop."

PETER

"Shut up."

COLBY

"What time loop?"

PETER

"Great, it's their turn to learn about the time loop. You know it doesn't matter."

MATHEW

"Yes, As you've told me. As you've repeatedly told me. It doesn't matter."

PETER

"Would thinking of it as a puzzle help?"

MATHEW

"I don't think so."

COLBY

"What the hell is going on? Who are you?"

PETER

"St. Peter. Friend of Jesus. Helped write the bible. Patron St's of men in funny hats. Now I'm..."

MATHEW

"God's ass licker."

PETER

"I was going to say Gatekeeper of the Holy Gates of Heaven. Keyholder of Eternity."

MATHEW

"He's afraid of you 'cause of the gun."

COLBY

"Don't be. I've prestiged twice in COD. You're serious about the time loop?"

MATHEW

"Yes."

PETER

"No."

MATHEW

"What's the point of lying to them?" I'm just going to walk out that door and start over."

PETER

"Well, I don't think they need to know that. I don't think they need to know any of it."

MATHEW

"You know or God knows?"

COLBY

"You're buying this?"

MATHEW

"Dude, I've lived it."

PETER

"Me, Jackass. I know. I haven't talked to God on this matter."

MATHEW

"So, you don't know?"

PETER

"Do I ever know?"

MATHEW

"Hey, God's real He's St. Peter. Don't ask him of any of the mysteries of the universe 'cause he doesn't know!"

PETER

"You're angry."

MATHEW

"You're useless."

COLBY

"Everyone remember I have a gun?"

KELSEY

"A time loop?"

MATHEW

"Yeah."

KELSEY

"Like Groundhog day?"

MATHEW

"Yes, Except biblical."

COLBY

"No one knows what caused the Time loop in Groundhog day. Really fucked up his day when it ended though."

COLBY sits down in one of the chairs, putting the gun on the table, quite without fanfare, mind you.

MATHEW and PETER each give a look of relief before PETER grabs the gun and goes to shoot MATHEW only to find that the gun just goes click.

PETER

"What the..."

COLBY show that he has palmed the bullets while the others have been been arguing amongst themselves.

MATHEW

"Hey, Nice."
(Pointing at the keyholder
to the Gates of Paradise)
"You can't re-start the loop."

KELSEY

"Can you do something like... when's everyone getting here?"

MATHEW

"Well, My mom Said Six but..."

KELSEY

"Can you guess when a book is going to drop or... When Ashley is going get here?"

The sounds of the front door opening echo through the Kitchen as ASHLEY and TREVOR stampede through the unlocked door.

MATHEW

"They're here."

KELSEY

(Wiping her tears)

"Ass. Okay, what time is it?"

MATHEW

"I don't know. I don't have a clock."

ASHLEY and TREVOR walk in.

ASHLEY

"Hi. What's everyone doing?"

TREVOR

"Sweet gun."

ASHLEY

(Nervously)

"What's everyone doing?"

COLBY

"Mathew's caught in a time-loop and this is St. Peter. Patron St. of Popes."

MATHEW

"You said it was of guys with funny hats."

PETER gets up in a huff, not unlike ASHLEY earlier.

PETER

"This is ridiculous. Restart the loop."

MATHEW

"You don't want dip?"

PETER

"No, I don't want dip. I want you to re-start the day so we can finish this."

MATHEW

"It's my Dad coming isn't it? That's what fixes the day. Making up with him or some bull shit. Like that."

KELSEY

"I think so."

COLBY

"Seems like that should be it."

TREVOR

"If you look at the facts."

ASHLEY

"What facts?"

TREVOR

"You know. The facts."

MATHEW

"It'll be a big moment. Getting to see my Dad and having him not act like an asshole. And me not act like an asshole. It'll be great."

PETER

"It won't."

KELSEY

"I think it'll be great."

ASHLEY AND TREVOR sit down at the table as KELSEY pours two more shots.

PETER

"It won't be."

MATHEW

"But you don't know."

PETER

"Can I have the gun?"

COLBY

"Sure."

PETER

"With the bullets?"

COLBY

"Ohh, no."

TREVOR

"That's what's missing."

MATHEW

"I can just re-start the day by walking out the door."

PETER

"But then I lose the sweet sensation of shooting you."

COLBY

"I'm not going to let you restart the day."

PETER

"What?"

MATHEW

"What?"

COLBY

"Yeah man, I'll tackle you."

PETER

"Colby, I know this will be hard for you to understand but listen to this and take it to heart. No one cares. The plan isn't being followed and it's just going to restart itself."

KELSEY

"'Cause Mathew's got a shitty relationship with his Dad."

TREVOR

"You do?"

COLBY

"I think it's the shitty relationship he has with everyone."

TREVOR

(To ASHLEY)

"Does your Dad suck?"

ASHLEY

"Not my Dad. His dad."

TREVOR

"Does he suck?"

MATHEW

"We never talk. I don't know why."

(Beat)

"So, New day."

COLBY

"I will treat you like a Quarterback and my name was Lawrence Taylor you even try to walk outside that door."

MATHEW

"Wow, okay. You're getting into this. You came around fast."

COLBY

"I believe in God, Aliens, Vaccines, and that none of them contradict the other. Plus he just looks like a Peter."

TREVOR

"I have been told that."

PETER

"Please let him re-start the day. I can't deal with this."

OLIVE (O.S.)

"Ohh does it hurt?"

OLIVE enters the kitchen having opened the door and ventured into for what pass for a foyer in this apartment.

PETER

"Does what hurt?"

OLIVE

"When you fell from Heaven. Hello. I'm Olive, mother of two of the residents here."

ASHLEY

"Also married."

OLIVE

"Yes, that big ball of fuss is one of mine."

TREVOR goes over and grabs OLIVE bags, which she gives away with out a care.

TREVOR

"Shit, that was good."

COLBY

"Auntie Olive meet St. Peter."

ASHLEY

"I'm not a fuss."

OLIVE

"It's a pleasure to meet you."

TREVOR

"Olive, great joke. I think, if I may, what Colby is trying to say is that..."

PETER

"I'm Peter."

COLBY

"What I'm trying to say..."

PETER

(In an aside to COLBY)

"Remember how You said the time-loop was because Mathew's a dick... Well maybe we pretend and get him on the right path."

COLBY

"Even if we don't remember doing it."

KELSEY

"And aren't important at all."

TREVOR

(Far away look in his eye)

"While the world keeps restarting in some kind of nihilistic escapade of which there is no escape."

PETER

"Yep. You guys get it. Olive. Can I get you a drink?"

TREVOR

"I'm so sorry. I was being very rude."

(Drops the bags into
ASHLEY'S arms)

"I think we have beer."

KELSEY

"And Whiskey."

MATHEW

"And wine. Lots of wine. We're really doing this?"

TREVOR goes to fridge and grabs a beer.

PETER

"Yes we're doing this. Wine for me Trevor."

OLIVE

"And for me thanks. So, Peter. Are you the ever elusive room mate?"

PETER

"Fraid not mum. Just a friend."

COLBY

"A real guardian angel."

PETER

"That's why they call me a Saint. I'm a counselor at an addiction facility. That's where young Mathew and I met actually. I was his counselor."

TREVOR hands a beer to MATHEW and starts to pour two glasses of wine.

TREVOR

"Tell me when."

PETER

"Ohh, I'll tell you when."

OLIVE

"It's going to be that kind of a night."

PETER

"Well if I have a partner."

TREVOR takes the bottle of wine and returns it to whence it came.

ASHLEY

"No, I didn't want any."

MATHEW

"Addiction counselor that's what we're going with?"

PETER

"That's what we're going with."
 (PETER clinks his wine glass to MATHEW'S beer can.)
 "Cheers. So Olive what do you do?"

OLIVE

(In the middle of her drink.)
 "I'm an author, actually."

ASHLEY

"She wrote a book."

MATHEW

"One book."

OLIVE

"Hey, It paid for one and a half college degrees so.."

MATHEW

"I dropped out half way through."

ASHLEY

"And left no money to pay for me. I had to do it myself."

OLIVE

"Ohh sush you fuss. She made it through"

PETER

"That's actually really admirable. You should be proud."

TREVOR

"My parents paid for mine."

PETER

"Ohh. Well. That's also good."

TREVOR

"Yeah."

COLBY

"You brought a lot Auntie Olive. You doin some cooking?"

OLIVE

"I thought I'd make dip but now I think it's... What's everyone else bringing?"

MATHEW

"Dip."

OLIVE

"Ohh well. You want some ingredients for something."

MATHEW

"...Sure."

COLBY

"Don't even look at that door."

MATHEW

"...What?"

COLBY

"You were thinkin 'bout running."

OLIVE

"Colby!"

COLBY

"What?"

OLIVE

"No one is forcing you to be here honey."

MATHEW

"Pretty sure someone is."

COLBY

"Someone is."

OLIVE

"No, they said... You can leave whenever you want. We just want to talk."

KELSEY

"Ohh. We're doing that."

MATHEW

"...Doing what?"

OLIVE

"... You know what. Why don't we wait for Martha and Martin to get here. And Your Father."

ASHLEY

"And get more wasted."

TREVOR

"Sounds good."

OLIVE

"Don't make this about you Ashley. We just wanted to talk. And now that Peter, who is a fully trained councilor, is here to help, and I hope, mediate."

PETER

"Ohh I'd be glad too."

(aside to MATHEW)

"You should have made a run for it mate."

MATHEW

"Are we having an intervention...
is this an intervention?"

OLIVE

"No."

ASHLEY

"Martha wanted it to be."

OLIVE

"No, She didn't Ashley. Look, We never see you and when we do see you it's because you're in rehab and can't really... move. We just want to make sure you're okay. It's just a talk. I brought dip."

MATHEW

"The ingredients to make dip. I'm clean."

(Takes a sip of alcohol.)

"You know. Other than the obvious."

OLIVE

"It's just a conversation."

MATHEW

"Sure but everyone knows that's how it starts."

COLBY

"A gateway intervention."

OLIVE

"We are gathering as friends and family to celebrate each other and renew bonds. Nothing else. Nothing more. Okay."

KELSEY

"Maybe it should be an intervention."

MATHEW

"Really?"

KESLEY

"Are you doing okay?"

MATHEW

"I mean..."

PETER

"I'll answer that for you. He is not."

MATHEW

"I'm not not okay. I'm on the way to okay."

PETER

"A light breeze sends him spiraling into depression."

MATHEW

"Really?"

PETER

"Yep. Just the lightest hint of a bad day and this guy is just "I wonder if heroin still tastes the same."

MATHEW

"Tastes like bliss."

OLIVE

"Mathew!"

ASHLEY

"You ever notice how shrill she gets when she says our names?"

MATHEW

"I have noticed that yes."

OLIVE

"You think I want to hear about my sons addiction?"

KELSEY

"...What did you think an intervention would be?"

MATHEW

"Can I leave?"

OLIVE

"It's not an intervention. Would your Father come to an intervention? We haven't been married in quite sometime."

ASHLEY

"You're with my Dad."

OLIVE

"We also never married."

TREVOR

"Heh. You're a bastard."

ASHLEY

"Ugh."

ASHLEY leaves the kitchen in a fuss, Trevor follows.

TREVOR

"Wait, Ash, I'm sorry."

MATHEW

"I'll follow."

COLBY

"Nope."

KESLEY

"Yeah, no."

PETER

"I get your having an existential crisis about existing but you keeping him here helps no one."

KELSEY

"Except him. He hasn't been able to figure out the reason he's stuck in a loop."

OLIVE

"Ohh that's just a rut. We all go through it honey."

MATHEW

"Literal time-loop. Trapped because God's plan is being disobeyed. How that's possible when he's the creator is confusing but that's what's happening."

OLIVE

"Okay. I came late..."

MATHEW

"Technically early, It's still not six."

OLIVE

"I came late... so I don't know what's going on."

KELSEY

"I didn't know God was this cruel."

COLBY

"He's not."

MATHEW

"Making me relive the same day over and over..."

PETER

"A day with your family."

KELSEY

"An intervention."

MATHEW

"An intervention with your family. Now does that sound kind to you?"

A clucking sound can be heard in the background.

MATHEW (CONT'D)

"Also the whole first born thing. Back in egypt."

PETER

"Having a kid sure chilled him out eh."

MATHEW

"Still kind of a dick."

PETER

"'Ohh for sure."

KELSEY

"This is deflecting."

MATHEW

"No, this is the situation."

OLIVE

"Well, Martha, Do you think it's an act of God that Mathew can't tell time? Or where you just going to lurk there."

PETER

"Ohh she believes. She believes hard."

MARTHA comes in as MATHEW slinks to the back ground.

MARTHA

"I wouldn't say hard."

PETER

"I would. And I'm an expert on belief."

MATHEW

"Expert valet maybe."

PETER

(in snotty tone)
"Expert valet maybe."

OLIVE

"Did you happen to..."

MARTIN

"See Ashley and her boyfriend run out of here? Yes. You call her a fuss?"

MARTHA

"She doesn't like to be called that."

OLIVE

"Maybe she shouldn't act like a fuss."

MARTHA

"Maybe you shouldn't call your youngest daughter something she doesn't enjoy."

OLIVE

"Ohh it's just a game. She gets fussy, leaves, comes back. You know this. Fuss. Fuss."

MARTIN

"... I found the chair. That was fun. Whose this?"

MATHEW

"This isn't going to be the time."

PETER

"No."

COLBY

"Don't care sit."

MARTIN

"Are we doing the...?"

OLIVE

"No."

KELSEY

"Kind of."

MARTIN

"Good. Hey, Mathew. Buddy. We all love you very much."

MATHEW

"Ohh we're still doing the intervention."

MARTHA

"We're just worried about you."

OLIVE

"It's not an intervention."

MARTIN

"You can leave whenever you want."

COLBY

"No. You can't."

MARTHA

"The councilor we talked to said that ensuring..."

COLBY

"They just can't."

OLIVE

"Peter can he take a walk to clear his head. Maybe find our fuss baby?"

MATHEW

"You talked to a counselor about me?"

OLIVE

"It's not that big a deal."

MARTIN

"Yes I did."

MATHEW

"You did?"

MATHA

"He went first. I went to support his choice."

MATHEW

"To go see a counselor about his brother in law?"

MARTIN

"It was time."

MATHEW

"I know all about your ability to tell time. What'd you say?"

MARTHA

"We asked what we should do about a brother who sucks down meth like coco puffs."

MARTIN

"How to best help a family member in need actually."

MARTHA

"Same thing."

MARTIN

"I think she can feel it when you do it. Just 'cause last christmas..."

MATHEW

"I wasn't high last christmas..."

PETER

"This always happens. Always."

KELSEY

"We always have an intervention."

COLBY

"I was going to say we always start arguing."

OLIVE

"It's that one."

MARTHA

"You're fine with us fighting?"

OLIVE

"Arguing. And if the other choice is my son being a meth head."

MATHEW

"Not like a meth head. Addict sure. Not a meth head."

KELSEY

"What constitutes a meth head?"

COLBY

"I know a guy who took his own tooth out a butter knife, just went..."

COLBY mimes taking his tooth out with a butter knife.

KELSEY

"No missing teeth?"

MATHEW

"None but the babies."

COLBY

"Not a meth head."

MARTIN

"But the drinking it's."

MATHEW

"Everytime. Everytime I offer you a drink you say yes. You say yes. You'd be drinking everything I have here and I have everything. You'd be passed out after telling everyone you loved them. You'd miss a trash bag over your head you'd be so drunk. You always say yes, until my sister stops you. The only reason you aren't a complete mess is cause you got married."

MARTIN

"You asked once."

MARTHA

"The therapist said he would do this."

OLIVE

"So lets not do this. Peter. Is there a nicer way to do a... you know."

MATHEW

"You can say intervention."

OLIVE

"I know. Yeah. Intervention. There. I meant can we be drunk?"

MATHEW

"I can only drink. I tried to make meth out of cleaning supplies and came up short. Blew myself up that time actually"

KELSEY

"That's a point for meth head."

COLBY

"One one."

MARTHA

"Should you be drinking at an intervention?"

MATHEW

"Well it's around family. So, Yes."

MARTIN

"I hear that."

MARTHA

"This was your idea."

MARTIN

"Dear, it's an in-law joke. And what's my favorite movie?"

MARTHA, MARTIN, MATHEW

"Meet the fockers."

MARTIN

"Chock full of em. Love em. But no, intervention means dry.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Also we should always use I feels.
Like I feel your meth use at last
years christmas..."

MATHEW

"I wasn't high on christmas."

MARTIN

"Make sure he knows we aren't here
to blame him for anything."

MARTHA

"We aren't here to blame you for
anything."

MATHEW

"Great. You aren't blaming me for
destroying my body with my choices.
What else?"

(To Peter)

"This is fun."

PETER

"You're a crazy person."

(To Colby)

"Please give me the gun."

COLBY

"No. You really weren't high on
christmas?"

MATHEW

"Nope. I've been good, mostly. What
else? Do intervention's have
games?"

OLIVE

"Pin the tail on dilatant."

MATHEW

"Good word."

OLIVE

"You get your love of writing from
me."

MATHEW

"Yeah."

MARTIN

"We ask if there's anything you
need to make up for? Or anything
your ashamed of"

COLBY

"Which is it?"

MARTIN

"I beg your pardon Cousin Colby?"

COLBY

"Which is it? Is it stuff you need to make up for or ashamed?"

MATHEW

"They're the same thing."

COLBY

"Well I ain't ashamed of what happened when I ate the largest pizza in the city but I had to make up for what happened."

MATHEW

"Ohh like you mean the blame game? This is when we go around and blame Mathew for things."

KELSEY

"And everytime we drink."

MATHEW

"Works for me. Cheers."

MATHEW and KELSEY tink whatever glass he's holding.

PETER

"This is such bull shit."

MATHEW

"This is my family."

OLIVE

"Makes you want to blow your head out doesn't it?"

MATHEW

"That's a heart to heart with you."

MARTHA

"We're trying to have a serious conversation."

MATHEW

"No we aren't. At no point am I taking this seriously."

MARTHA

"We love you."

MARTIN

"Yeah."

MARTHA

"And we just want you to know that."

MATHEW

"I know this doesn't matter and I'm ten seconds away from leaving."

MARTIN

"That's normal. We aren't attacking you."

MATHEW

"No I mean"

(Beat)

"This is dumb. This is dumb. Colby. Use it or lose it. I'll see you later."

ASHLEY and TREVOR walk back into the scene. Smiling as only young people can, holding each others hands, as MATHEW barges through them. COLBY makes a made dash from behind the table to stop his Cousin from reaching the hallway and erasing this COLBY from existence. They leave the kitchen and enter the landing.

TREVOR

"We have an announcement."

COLBY

"Don't fucking move. Come on man."

MARTIN

"This is normal."

KELSEY

"What isn't normal?"

MARTHA

"Apparently nothing. It's different for every addict."

MARTIN

"He said if Mathew had done meth, Smack, and crack we should try swaddling."

MARTHA

"Goofballs for goofballs. That kind of deal."

PETER

"Atta boy."

(Turns to OLIVE)

"Detachment issues leading to neurosis. I see it all the time. I blame the Father. Not your fault at all. You're great."

PETER (CONT'D)

"Uhhh just so you know me and Ashley worked it out and..."

OLIVE

"Ohh Matty don't leave."

OLIVE follows MATHEW and COLBY out of the kitchen.

ASHLEY

"We're getting married."

MARTIN

"Congratulations."

MARTHA

"Ha. No."

MARTHA and MARTIN decide to also follow the fleeing trio and exit the scene.

PETER

"I think your both twats. But this happens no matter what. So I bless it."

TREVOR

"Thank you"

(ASHLEY)

"Thank you?"

PETER walks out of the room and after the ever increasing sounds of arguing, but not before grabbing the gun off the table. KELSEY sees it and her eyes go wide.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

COLBY and MATHEW are nose to nose with COLBY, though being shorter, stalling the larger MATHEW by not letting him leave.

MATHEW refuses to look at him. MARTIN and MARTHA stand to the side, looking on at the fight about to ensue.

OLIVE

"Please don't fight. Please don't fight."

COLBY

"Sit down man. Just sit down."

MATHEW

"This is my house? Right? I keep forgetting that everytime. I'm letting you people in and now you won't even let me leave."

MARTIN

"The therapist said he could leave if he wants to."

COLBY

"Not if it's going to erase me."

MATHEW

"I'm not erasing you. You're still there. You are all still always there."

OLIVE

"We're family we're always going to be there."

MARTIN

"That true, bud. We will always be there with you."

MATHEW

"Hey Martin. Shut up."

MARTHA

"Don't tell my husband to shut up. You've been drinking, since I got here."

MATHEW

"And for the first time I'm too drunk."

JORDAN walks through the door, surprising COLBY.

JORDAN

"Sorry, I'm late."

PETER comes out of the kitchen and shoots MATHEW in the head.

CUT TO:

INT.ROOM-DAY

MATHEW wakes up but instead of his regular alarm it's too the sound of a cooing cuckoo clock.

Alarmed and still wheezy from the last emotional beatdown he leaves his room.

CUT TO:

INT.APARTMENT-DAY

MATHEW walks out of his room in sees in the kitchen, hunched over his table is a old man around 60, white hair and gray beard. Glasses frame his face as he works on the cuckoo clock.

GOD

"Ohh, Martin, If it wasn't all knowing I'd have no idea what you did."

MATHEW

"Uhh Hi. Mathew. I live here. Do you want a drink?"

GOD continues to work on the clock, paying no mind to MATHEW entering the room.

GOD

"It's early."

MATHEW

"It... yeah. It's early. I was about to say it was six o'clock but it's not. Yet."

GOD

"Nope. This is tricky."

MATHEW sits down at the table, watching the old man as he uses his tools.

MATHEW

"Are you God?"

GOD

"Sure. I'm giving you a mulligan."

MATHEW

"What?"

GOD

"On the day. You got it right.
Enough. You get it."

GOD fixes the Cuckoo clock. He then slides the man back into his house.

GOD (CONT'D)

"Hot damn. Fixed it."

MATHEW

"Why didn't it do the..."
(Cuckoo clock noise)

GOD

"It will in an hour. You write a poem. This will help. That's all."

GOD gets up and starts walking away.

MATHEW

"Your God. Why didn't you just fix it."

GOD

"I did fix it."

GOD disappears as MATHEW looks down at the clock. Waiting for it to coo.

END.