

INT. DARK LIVINGROOM, DUSK

The room is practically empty. A black leather coach, a table and a small TV. In the coach lies a man (45) in a suit. A mechanical, windup, spring-driven alarm clock goes off at the table. The clock shows 05:10 and MIKE grunts from the sofa.

MIKE

(v.o)

I wish I could quit my job, but it's not that easy any longer, is it? What if..? No, that's idiotic, you stupid fucking little-

NARRATOR

(v.o)

Mike wakes up from his slumber, he does not feel especially giddy about the day. Mike continues to internally curse himself out for a while.

MIKE gets up in a seated position and turns off the alarm clock. He grabs a cigarette from the pack on the table and lights it and leans back.

MIKE

Can you please shut the fuck up? I feel like a lemon wrapped around a brick. Please, just please.

NARRATOR

(v.o)

He didn't want to admit it, but he was hungover.

MIKE

Can you for fuck sake just be quiet for once?!

NARRATOR

(v.o)

As I said he didn't feel too well. He was wondering if a cup of coffee would help, maybe.

MIKE shakes his head in his hands, trying to shut out the sound.

MIKE

I'm only wondering if a coffee will help because you just fucking said so! Do you see the paradox here?

NARRATOR

(v.o)

He decided on a hard pass on the coffee, and instead filled up his glass with whiskey, both on the table.

MIKE is halfway through the sip when the narrator is finished. He finishes the rest, and fills it up again, and drinks fast. He fills it yet again and puts the glass on the table, next to a gun/pistol.

NARRATOR

(v.o)

"That hit the spot." he thought, and gave away a smile.

MIKE smiles for only a second and drinks again. He starts to cry/sob.

NARRATOR

(v.o)

He was wondering if he should hit the job market today, maybe bring his stack of resumes and a big smile, and just go for it.

MIKE finds a blank sheet of paper and starts to write.

NARRATOR

(v.o)

His brain was still tired from the sleep, but that was okay, because he realized he had already written his resume. He actually already had it printed out, stacked quite nicely just to the left of him.

MIKE can't help but look to his left and see the stack. He shakes his head and continues to write.

NARRATOR

(v.o)

Oh geez, what a brain fart, this was truly not his best morning.

(assertive)

He had already written his resume. Printed it out, stacked nicely to his left.

MIKE

Shut up.

NARRATOR

The clock was now-

MIKE

SHUP UP, SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

MIKE signes the paper, and grabs the gun on the table.

NARRATOR

Wait a second,-

He puts it to his temple and pulls the trigger and finally there is silence.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUITS LIVINGROOM, EVENING

The room is quiet and depressing. Some sunlight escapes in through cracks off the curtains. MIKES corpse is laying in the couch. There's a knock on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUITS KITCHEN FLOOR, MIDDAY

There's a figure in a suit laying curled up on the kitchen floor asleep. Around him is empty beer cans and cigarette stumps. On the kitchen table is a bottle of akvavit, glass, cigarettes and a lighter. A cat walks on the table, carefully pushing stuff to the floor as it parades over the table. A telephone is ringing.

THE SUIT

Aaaaaaaaaaaaahh...!

THE SUIT rolls over on his back. He reaches for his cigarettes on the table, but they are too far away. He looks defeated. He reaches into his pocket and finds another pack of cigarettes.

THE SUIT  
(chuckles)

Always prepared.

He lights one up, looking up at the ceiling. The phone keeps on ringing. He looks at his wristwatch, it's 12:45. He sighs and gets up in a seated position.

THE SUIT  
(v.o)

Jesus Christ..

The call stops. He lets out another sigh, this one of relief. He puts his arm on the kitchen table and drags himself up in a chair. He lays down over the table.

THE SUIT  
(v.o)

What am I doing with my life?

He sits up and smokes his cigarette, looks around the room. He sees the bottle of aquavit and looks away - for a couple of seconds, before pouring himself a glass.

THE SUIT  
Hey kitty, kittykitty.

The cat is nowhere to be seen now.

THE SUIT  
(v.o)

I didn't-- I couldn't have-.

He scratches his head.

THE SUIT

Naah.

He laughs at the thought.

He holds up his glass of aquavit, admiring it, almost with apathy. He drinks.

The phone calls again. He nearly makes an effort to look for it, but finds the coffee first. Puts the kettle on, and opens the fridge. Practically empty, but there's some items. There's butter, jam, ketchup, olives and beer. He stares at the beer for a second before closing the fridge. He opens the freezer above, grabs a bottle of chilled vodka and pours it in his previously filled glass of akvavit. The kettle is boiling and he pours himself a cup of coffee as well. He sits himself down again. The cat walks by.

THE SUIT  
Oh tank God.. Hey kitty.

The cat ignores him.

THE SUIT  
Well, fuck you too then..

He takes a sip from his coffee and then his vodka. He looks at them both, like his studying. Eventually he pours the vodka over in his coffee. He seems very pleased by this.

He stands up, and brings his coffee and cigarettes to the living room, and sits down on a black leather couch. He picks up the TV-remote from the living room table and presses the on-button. He looks forward at where the TV should be, but there's only a wall. He looks confused.

THE SUIT  
(VO)

Wait a second..

He double checks and presses the button again. Nothing happens obviously. He can't quite grasp the situation yet.

THE SUIT  
(VO)

Hm...

THE SUIT looks down at the remote, it's the correct remote.

THE SUIT  
(v.o)

It's the correct remote..

He presses the button again.

THE SUIT

Unbelievable.

He throws the remote on the table, takes a sip from his coffee, and finds another cigarette from his pack in his pocket, and lights it up. He inhales deeply.

THE SUIT  
(VO)

What the fuck happened last night..?

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BAR, AFTER MIDNIGHT

THE SUIT sits by the bar, slouching over the counter, fiddling with his lighter. At the other end of the bar counter sits ERIK who looks like a wall street person. He's looking at his gin/tonic, he looks depressed. There's a bartender behind the bar, he's shining some glasses with a cloth, minding his own business. THE SUIT, not wearing a suit today, but jeans and a The Clash t-shirt. THE SUIT stands up and goes to the bathroom around the corner.

MIKE makes some faces, almost like ticks. THE BARTENDER gives him a look, but leaves him alone. THE SUIT comes out of the bathroom, sits down. He notices MIKE as well.

THE SUIT  
(suspiciously)

Hey man..

MIKE seems to get it together.

MIKE

Hey.

MIKE takes a sip of his gin/tonic.

THE SUIT  
How are you?

MIKE  
Never better!

He lifts his glass towards THE SUIT and drinks.

MIKE  
(to bartender)  
Can I get another one? Stronger please.

THE SUIT  
Alright.

THE SUIT lights a cigarette. Gestures toward MIKE.

MIKE  
I don't smoke.

THE SUIT  
(to bartender)  
Can you make that two? Put them on my tab.

MIKE finishes his drink.

MIKE  
Cheers.

THE SUIT  
My pleasure buddy. Seems like you need it.

He winks. MIKE chuckles.

MIKE  
You have no idea..  
THE SUIT scoots over next to MIKE, he reaches out his hand.

THE SUIT  
People call me alot of stuff, but you can call me BUTTON.

MIKE  
Button?

MIKE has a deadpan look on his face.

THE SUIT  
I don't know, it got stuck from childhood.. There was a loose  
button, and a teacher got fired, it's confusing.

MIKE laughs genuinely.

MIKE  
I think I'll call you THE SUIT. (nei)

THE SUIT  
I don't get it, but I do love it.

They smile and salute with their new drinks.

MIKE  
I'm Mike by the way.

THE SUIT  
Mike eh? Maybe you should be Button.

MIKE smiles down at the floor.

MIKE  
Nah, I'm just Mike.  
(beat)  
Excuse me for a minute.

Mike gets up from his barstool and walks towards the bathroom. As he walks it sounds like he's talking to someone, almost aggressively.

THE SUIT  
(to bartender)  
I like that guy.

The Suit smiles.

BARTENDER  
You know, it's kind of a dick move to order something from me like I'm a fucking service robot or some kind of non-sentient idiot.

The Suit looks at him.

THE SUIT  
Wait a minute, what's the problem?

The bartender looks at him dead in the eye.

BARTENDER  
I'm a fucking person! That's the problem. I can't wait for the time where the luxury of human service is again sought after. I'll give it 10 years, if it hasn't all gone to shit yet.

THE SUIT  
You and me both buddy.

The Suit smiles and lifts his glass towards the bartender.

THE SUIT  
Treat yourself to whatever you want on my tab mate.

The bartender walks off.

BARTENDER  
Fucking asshole..

Mike comes out of the bathroom, looking sort of shook up.

THE SUIT  
You alright friend?

The Suit shoots him a look of concern.

MIKE

Don't worry about it. Hey where's the bartender? I'm dry.

THE SUIT

Some sort of mental breakdown is my guess.

Mike looks at him confused. The Suit picks up on this.

THE SUIT

Something about a robot apocalypse, I think.

MIKE

What the hell are you talking about?

They stare at each other for a couple of second.

THE SUIT

I'm not sure actually. He'll be back soon probably.

There's an awkward pause.

THE SUIT

So what do you do?

Mike seems concerned by the question.

MIKE

What do you mean "what do you do"?

THE SUIT

..For a living..?

MIKE

Oh, right.

THE SUIT

What did you think I--

MIKE

I'm in consulting.

The situation is more awkward. Long pause. The bartender comes by with a stack of clean glasses. Erik and The Suit lights up, speaking over each other.

THE SUIT

There he is! Long time no see, hehe. I think my new friend would like to order something.

MIKE

Hey! Good to see you again, can I please have another refreshing gin/tonic, and a couple of shots, bartenders choice!

The bartender looks at them suspiciously. He doesn't say anything, but seemingly fills up the order.

The two patrons wait anxiously.

The bartender puts the finished order in front of Mike. Mike smiles pleasantly.

MIKE

Thank you! Here's something for the bother.

Mike slips him a 20 dollar bill, and slides one of the shot glasses to The Suit. The bartender's spirit is lifted.

THE SUIT

Not bad, not bad at all. Could I please, if you like, have a couple of the best brewed brewskies you have in this fine establishment for me and my new buddy?

The lifted spirit quickly vanishes.

BARTENDER

That's a locally brewed IPA, 9.5%, 30 bucks a pop.

The Suit composes himself.

THE SUIT

I think a set of gentlemen like ourself can be pleased with just a couple of regular pints. And this is for you, of course.

The Suit hands the bartender a fistfull of coins, some dripping out on the bar counter. The Suit smiles at him, like it's no need for a thank you.

BARTENDER

Figures.

He gives them a beer each. He puts the bill in his pocket and throws the coins in the tip jar, and turns to Mike.

MIKE

Thank you.

The Bartender starts stacking glasses.

THE SUIT

Anyways, consulting. That sounds kind of ambiguous.

Mike laughs.

MIKE

You have no idea..

THE SUIT looks puzzled.

THE SUIT

You see, that also sounds some what ambiguous.

MIKE

I'm sorry, it's hard to explain. You wouldn't believe me if I tried.

The Suit looks intrigued by this.

THE SUIT

Well, try me.

This seems uninteresting to Mike, but he sighs and gives in.

MIKE

It started 30 years ago, I made a deal which proved to be the worst decision of my life,-

The Suit cuts in.



THE SUIT

Wait a minute, 30 years ago? How old are you?

MIKE

Now that's something you definitely won't believe.

The Suit seems a little annoyed but he's too curious to see where this story is headed.

THE SUIT

Fine, just, just go on.

The bartender is stacking glasses, shining some of them. He pays attention to the conversation.

MIKE

I met this man, not unlike me and you are meeting now, and he gave me something.

THE SUIT

What?

MIKE

Well, a job, a life, a purpose..

Mike gets quite.

MIKE

Pretty much everything except an end to it all.

THE SUIT

Fucking ambiguous man.

Mike finishes his drink, and gets up and ready to leave. He looks at The Suit for a moment.

MIKE

I don't know what to tell you. That's the story so far. You're welcome to join me for some more of it, or continue by yourself here.

The Suit is already getting dressed. Mike puts some bills on the counter.

MIKE

(to bartender)

For me and my friend here.

BARTENDER

Thanks. Come back any time man, don't worry about this asshole though. He'll do you no good.

THE SUIT

What kind of tone is that, speaking to a loyal customer as myself?

The Suit acts hurt, The Bartender doesn't care.

BARTENDER

Fuck off Button..

Mike laughs out loud as they exit.

INT. THE SUITS LIVINGROOM, MIDDAY

The Suit still sits in his couch, staring at the empty wall.

THE SUIT  
(VO)

What the fuck..

CUT TO BLACK.