

Wednesdays Are Ours

written by

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INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WES and MAY, 20-something's, stumble into their apartment.

Wes flicks on the lights. May immediately starts taking off her high heels. She slips a little, then catches herself.

WES

Want another drink, May?

He places his keys on counter before disappearing into the kitchen. May, still fighting with the shoes, flops onto the sofa.

MAY

Lights on is in like twenty minutes.

A bottle of wine pops from the kitchen.

WES (O.S.)

So? It's not like you'll feel it in the morning.

She finally gets the shoe off. She slides down, further on the sofa.

MAY

That wine won't stay good until next weekend.

Wes reappears from the kitchen, a glass in each hand, bottle tucked under his arm. May sits up.

WES

So we'll finish the bottle.

Wes swaggers over, handing her a glass.

MAY

In twenty minutes?

WES

(sitting)

In twenty minutes.

He toasts her stationary glass.

WES (CONT'D)

Gotta love Sundays.

She stops him from taking a sip.

MAY

At least bring these into the
bedroom.

She stands. Wes grins, taking her hand.

WES

I like where this is going.

MAY

No. We don't have time for that and
a full bottle. Next weekend, I
promise.

She takes the bottle from him, heading to the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

May walks directly to her side of the bed, placing the bottle
on the nightstand.

MAY

Rosé'? Ugh. Too dry.

Wes rushes past her, flinging himself on the bed. He lands
and pats the sheet next to him.

WES

I thought you loved rosé. I got
that bottle for you.

May rolls her eyes; she's annoyed he got it wrong, but not
enough to ruin the evening.

Instead of grabbing the bottle of wine, she picks up her
WORKLIGHT, a sleek metal headband with neural sensors.

She climbs on the bed, sliding the Worklight on the top of
her head. The neural sensors dangle. She smirks.

MAY

I'm keeping my Worklight on.

Wes sits up, putting an arm around her. She wiggles as he
grabs the Worklight off her head.

WES

Twenty minutes, right?

MAY

Fifteen now.

He tackles her onto the bed, playfully. As he does, he flings her Worklight off the side. It hits the corner of the nightstand.

WES (O.S.)
Great; that'll leave ten minutes to spare.

As the Worklight rests on the carpet, a small spark emits.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. The world's most annoying alarm blares from Wes' side of the room. He shoots up -- he's wearing a Worklight on his head. His eyes are open, but nobody is home.

MAY
Five more minutes.

May rolls in the bed. She's also wearing a Worklight, but she's not jumping up.

Wes robotically lugs out of bed. As soon as he stands, he makes his side of the bed. The blanket is yanked away from May.

MAY (CONT'D)
Hey!

She looks over at Wes. He's now grabbing a pair of dress pants and a shirt from the dresser nearby.

MAY (CONT'D)
Wes, what are you doing?

Wes is tucking in his shirt, not paying her any attention.

MAY (CONT'D)
It's Saturday. Why are you dressing for work?

Wes walks out of the bedroom. May sits up. She groggily grabs her phone from the nightstand. The bottle of wine is on its side, empty.

She unlocks the phone, looking at the TIME: 6:01 AM.

Then the DATE: Monday, October 8th.

MAY (CONT'D)
Monday?

She reaches up for her Worklight -- it's still on and the sensors are attached to her temple. What gives?

She slumps out of bed, extremely hungover. She drags the sheet with her.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

As May enters, futzing with her Worklight, Wes is sitting on the sofa, putting on shoes with one hand and eating a nutrition bar with the other.

MAY

Wes, I think something is wrong. I shouldn't be awake right now.

Wes stands; he's done the bar and his shoes are tied. He picks up his keys.

May puts her hand on top of his, trying to stop him. He stops for a second, then pulls away even harder. May is thrown off.

Without so much as an inkling in his expression, Wes exits the apartment. May is right in tow.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Wes marches down the stairs. May stops at the top, looking out the front window of the stairwell.

Outside, every resident of the apartment complex unlocks their cars, almost simultaneously climbing inside. They're all wearing Worklights.

Wes is a few seconds behind.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

May furiously flings open drawers. She searches around for a moment in each. She's frustrated.

MAY

Where the hell are my work clothes?

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Now in work clothes, May opens the fridge. Inside are different compartments, labeled with a day of the week.

She fishes inside Monday's, coming back out with a nutrition bar. She's no longer wearing her Worklight.

Still on her mission to get ready quickly, she unwraps the bar and takes a bite.

It's utterly disgusting. She nearly spits it out while looking at the GENERIC LABEL.

INT. MAY'S CAR - DAY

Inside her car, May starts the ignition and prepares to back out of her spot. She stops. She realizes something.

She pulls out her phone and clicks on Google Maps. She clicks "recent locations" and finds one labeled "Work."

INT. MAY'S CAR - LATER

May is in traffic, jam packed to the brim. The cars are barely moving, but when they do, it's like they don't notice hers. Someone cuts her off.

She peers inside a nearby car. The driver is staring blankly ahead, wearing a Worklight. She sees another doing the same on the other side of her.

Something feels very wrong about this.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Inside the office, May passes rows of people, all dressed in the same clothes, all staring blankly at their screens and typing away furiously on their computers. Of course, they're wearing Worklights.

May sits down at an empty desk. She's not even sure if it's hers.

She clicks on the computer and nothing happens. She realizes that she needs her Worklight, and she pulls it out of her bag. She doesn't put it on, but rather holds it at head height.

The computer turns on. "Welcome Mabel Collins" it reads.

The screen pops up with an itemized receipt on one side, and a blank spreadsheet on the other.

She looks to her neighbor's computer, a man inputting data in the exact same spreadsheet with a similar receipt. He's typing away furiously.

She touches his arm. He keeps going, unflinching, never blinking.

She moves the keyboard away from his fingers. For a moment, he types on nothing, before robotically adjusting his posture to reach the keyboard and begin again.

She sees a security guard walking down the hall. She hurries over to him.

MAY

Excuse me! Officer? There's something wrong with my Worklight, and I'm not sure how to get it--

She catches up to him as he keeps walking. He's also wearing a Worklight. She stops.

MAY (CONT'D)

Fixed.

She's surrounded by people all typing away furiously. Through the window, on the street below, she sees --

EVERETT, sloppily dressed, bald, clearly not wearing a Worklight, as he pries open the window of a coffee stand.

May takes the situation in. She's unsure what to make of it.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

May storms from the office building toward the coffee stand.

MAY

Excuse me?

She comes up from behind it. Everett is now inside the stand.

MAY (CONT'D)

You're not wearing a Worklight.

Everett turns from his coffee machine, quickly eyeing May.

EVERETT

Neither are you. Coffee?

He places a cup of coffee out of the pickup window.

MAY

Yes please. With creamer. How much do I owe you?

She starts fishing for her wallet. Everett comes out from behind the stand with a second cup.

EVERETT

Nothing. It's their own fault, you know? There are plenty of people in need of caffeine on a week day, yet no one mans this thing.

Everett keeps walking. May, confused, follows in step.

MAY

You don't work at the stand?

EVERETT

Nope. Why? Do you?

MAY

No, I -- Normally I'd be in that building... typing, I guess. My Worklight broke.

EVERETT

Well welcome to the land of the living. It's much better with coffee. Lucky for people like us that no one feels the need to lock anything anymore.

MAY

You don't happen to know how I could get mine fixed, do you?

EVERETT

They already know.

Everett is still walking, so May tugs at his sleeve.

MAY

Wait! Who already knows?

Everett stops and engages with her finally.

EVERETT

The big wigs. Corporate. Whoever monitors this crap. They'll send you a new one, coded specifically for you so you can get back to work. It's probably on your doorstep as we speak.

He turns to disengage. She sighs.

MAY

Oh, good.

He spins back around, annoyed at her response.

EVERETT

Good?

MAY

Y-Yes?

EVERETT

You're telling me you want to go back inside that hell hole and become a robot all over again?

MAY

I just want to get back to my normal life.

EVERETT

Bah! Normal life. One-hundred and four days of living per year. And everything else runs in the background. Waking up on weekends as if your body isn't being used like slave labor.

MAY

What are you talking about?

EVERETT

How old you are?

MAY

I don't-- Like twenty five. My birthday's fallen on a week day for the past few years, so I've lost track. Why?

EVERETT

You young pup... You probably don't even remember what it was like before these.

MAY

I had a part time job in high school. It was kind of shitty.

EVERETT

Right. And you'd do what at work?

MAY

Wait tables; seat customers...

EVERETT

Other than work.

MAY

I have no idea. Eat? Sit?

EVERETT

Take a piss? Exactly.

Everett looks around. He spots an older man with a Worklight down the sidewalk. He's picking up trash from the street, littered remnants of the weekend party the night before.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Look there. What's he doing?

MAY

Picking up trash...

EVERETT

He's been there since five this morning. And I'm sure he'll be doing that until ten tonight.

MAY

But he's supposed to stop after eight hours.

EVERETT

Supposed to. He's supposed to take a break, eat, piss. Automated self-regulation, right? These... fucking things you put on your head bypass all your bodily functions. Watch someone's routine and you'll see. They can work you ten, fifteen hours a day. You ever wake up tired on the weekend?

May stares at the man picking up trash.

MAY

You're wrong. People would know about it.

Everett starts laughing. May shoots her gaze over to him.

EVERETT

They know, girl. A lot of them. But most put the collar right back on because the alternative of dealing with life day-to-day is scarier.

MAY

I mean, we have to work, right?

EVERETT

What for? When everyone else is asleep, the world is free.

He raises his coffee in cheers. May watches the man picking up trash. His robotic movements are mesmerizing, but eerie.

May puts down her cup. She gets up abruptly.

MAY

Thank you for the coffee... uh...

EVERETT

Everett.

May nods and walks back toward the office. She's introspective; her mind is racing. From behind her --

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Same time tomorrow? Maybe we can look at what happened to crime. Or the absurd amount of money corporations make like this... if you're not a zombie by then.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

May enters her home. On the foyer table by the door is a box. She picks it up. It reads "Worklight -- Enjoy the work week."

She puts it back down, going into the kitchen. She looks at her watch as she walks.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

She opens the fridge -- it's basically empty except for the labeled drawers filled with nutrition bars. She closes it, disappointed.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

May enters a grocery store. The automated doors still work, but as soon as she's inside, she realizes something is off -- shelves are mostly bare, and there's no one else inside.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

May is browsing the shelves. The only things stocked are nonperishables. She grabs a few things, trying to find something that won't taste like crap. There's still no one around.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

May is ready to check out, but there's no one at the registers. She uses a self checkout.

She scans her food, mostly frozen meals and a bottle of wine.

The scanner beeps at her. It can't recognize her item.

The screen locks up: "Please wait for assistance."

May looks around, frustrated. She waits a moment before just putting the items in a bag and walking out without paying.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

May sits at the table with two plates of food in front of her. She checks her watch, then looks at the front door -- Wes still isn't home and he should be.

She gets up. She grabs the box off the foyer table.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

On the sofa, May leans over her coffee table, fixated on her new Worklight which sits next to a glass of wine and a mostly-empty bottle.

The front door opens. Wes finally enters. May jumps up.

MAY

Wes!

But Wes doesn't hear her. He goes to the kitchen and opens the fridge. May follows.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wes closes the fridge, nutrition bar in hand. He unwraps it and takes a bite, eyes staring off in the distance, unaware.

May reaches forward and lifts off Wes' Worklight. He snaps back to reality, shocked and disgusted.

WES

May? Ugh! What is this? Where am I?

MAY

Wes, you just got home from work.

WES

Work? It's not Saturday?

MAY

No.

He grabs his Worklight back from her.

WES

Then why am I awake?

MAY

My Worklight broke.

WES

So? Get a new one, don't--

He goes to put his back on. May stops him. He looks crazed.

MAY

I thought you could keep it off tonight and we could hang out.

WES

Hang out? And do what?

MAY

I don't know. Talk? Watch a movie?

WES

I feel exhausted. And my fucking eyes hurt. What is this taste in my mouth? Fuck! Let go of me.

May backs off, not necessarily afraid, but definitely guarded at Wes' behavior.

Wes slips the Worklight back over his head. His eyes immediately glaze over.

He reaches up and takes another bite of the nutrition bar, completely unphased.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - LATER

May sits up in bed, half-covered. She's holding her new Worklight in her lap; the other hand fidgets with her lips. She's got a decision to make.

She looks over at Wes --

Lying next to her on top of the covers, Wes stares at the ceiling, eyes open. He's breathing heavily, asleep.

His Worklight is still on his head. She turns her attention back to the decision at hand. She pauses.

THEN: May carefully places the Worklight on her nightstand.

She turns off the lamp.

END