SOMETIMES MONDAY NEVER COMES

by James Williams INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LADY, a large German shepherd mix rests in front of an AC vent. She springs to her feet and runs to the front door. She dances in anticipation.

CHAD (28) enters carrying a brown bag and a carton of smokes.

CHAD

Hey baby. Hey girl.

He puts his stuff down on the couch and kneels down.

CHAD

Did you miss daddy?

She showers him with kisses. He falls backward laughing, trying to push her away.

CHAD

Okay, okay.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Chad carries his groceries in with Lady on his heels. He pulls out a handle of Captain Morgan's and a big beef stick.

CHAD

sit. sit.

She complies. He hands her the treat and she runs to the door waiting to take it outside. He opens the door for her and she darts.

He pulls the mail from his pocket and opens them. He tosses a piece of PAPER on the counter that reads "DISCONNECTION NOTICE".

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chad walks in and hits the answering machine.

MOM (V.O.)

Hey hun, it's me. Sure you don't want to come to Toledo tonight? I'm not leaving til six if you change your mind. Okay, you have a good weekend. Love ya.

CHAD

No fucking thank you.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Chad wraps his hand around the jug of booze. He looks the captain in the eye.

CHAD

We are gonna get fuckered up tonight.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Chad sits on an old couch watching his TV. The basement has unfinished cinder block walls. Lady sleeps at his side as he tips his large drink. His cell phone rings.

CHAD

Hello.

JOHN (V.O.)

Hey man, how've ya been?

CHAD

Not bad. You guys?

He turns down the TV volume with the remote.

JOHN (V.O.)

Broke as shit. But still having fun. What are you doing tonight?

CHAD

I'm probably just gonna stay in.

JOHN (V.O.)

Come on you fucking pussy. Ain't gonna meet any chicks in your basement.

Chad reaches for his pack of smokes on his end table made of cardboard boxes.

CHAD

I know. It's just... I went out with some peeps from work and I'm already buzzed.

JOHN (V.O.)

Gotta stop drinking that happy hour shit. The women come out at night.

Smoke gets in his eyes after he lights his cigarette. He squints his eyes closed with irritation.

CHAD

Maybe tomorrow then. I'm not driving out there tonight. I don't want to get a duey.

JOHN (V.O.)

Alright man, we miss ya. We're still your friends. Get your ass out here.

CHAD

I will. I'll call you tomorrow.

JOHN (V.O.)

Alright fag. Tomorrow then.

CHAD

Tomorrow. For sure.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Chad is texting on his CELL PHONE. The message reads "I MISS YOU". He highlights the send button and stares at his phone for a beat.

Lady gets up off the couch and looks at him as she stretches. She barks at him. He wakes from his state of revery.

CHAD

You're right. Not worth it.

He highlights the DELETE button and hits enter. Lady barks again.

CHAD

What? You need to go out? Let's go.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chad lets lady out. He puts his cell down on the counter. It reads "LOW BATTERY".

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Chad's eyes dip shut as he tries to watch CNN. They close.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lady sleeps on the porch. A huge explosion takes place nearby. It rocks the foundation. An unseen jet roars by at low altitude. Lady jumps to her feet and barks.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dust comes down from the rafters. Chad is passed out with a half full drink next to him. The power goes out.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Lady continues to bark. The emergency weather sirens go off. Black smoke begins to blot out the moon. LADY'S COAT gets a light dusting of a fine white powder.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Chad's phone rings. The DISPLAY reads "MOM CALLING". It goes dead.

INT. BASEMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Chad wakes. He smacks his dry gums together and rubs his eyes. He grabs his watered down drink next to him and chugs it. He tries to turn on the TV. No luck.

CHAD

No. No fucking way.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He grabs the coffee maker and twists it towards him. Nothing on the display.

CHAD

They fucking shut me off? On a Saturday? Motherfuck!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chad plops down on his bed for a beat. Then he opens his eyes wide.

CHAD

Lady? Lady?

He whistles. Nothing. He springs up.

CHAD

Oh fuck, not again. You asshole. You drunk.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Chad walks out and whistles. It's raining.

CHAD

Lady? Lady? Come here girl. I'm sorry. Come to daddy.

No answer. He checks the sides of the house, nothing. He walks behind his above ground pool.

Lady lays there in front of a puddle of vomit dead. He tries to wake her.

CHAD

Baby. Baby. Wake up. It's daddy. Wake up.

He tries to pick her up but drops her after noticing the unlife-like stiffness in her body.

CHAD

Oh god. No. Please. Wake up lady.

He nudges her again. Nothing.

He covers his mouth as the reality of the situation settles in. He begins to wail.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Chad walks in and puts his hands on the counter for a beat. He sees his cell phone and grabs it. It doesn't illuminate. He grabs the cord from the charger already plugged into the wall and inserts it into the phone. He waits.

CHAD

Come on. Come on.

The phone is still dormant. He flings it against the counter back splash in frustration.

CHAD

God dammit!

It shatters into pieces. He covers his face for a beat then looks at his phone.

CHAD

What's the matter with you. You Idiot!

He grabs the pieces with shaky hands and fumbles with them. He tries to put it back together with no luck.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Chad stands in front of a large hole in the ground with a shovel in his hand. A pile of dirt and Lady's body straddle it. Rain continues.

CHAD

This was your yard. I always said you'd be buried here. She thought I was full of shit.

Chad picks up lady and gently places her in her grave.

CHAD

Sorry I didn't give you a better life.

He begins to shovel dirt on top of her.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Chad sits next to a candle and stares at an old photograph of a good looking young man in his military uniform. Chad's eyes are puffy red.

CHAD

I never wanted to be like this. She made me like this. Those fucking bars. We couldn't stand each other unless we were drinking.

Chad drinks straight from the bottle. A big swig.

CHAD

She made me like this and then she left me. I'm so fucked up. I never realized it. Nobody's ever gonna want to date me.

Another big, long swig.

CHAD

I can't even remember the conversations I have. Fuck it. I'm gonna stop drinking Monday. That's it. I'm strong enough. I'll show her right? Best revenge is living well.

Chad lights a smoke and takes a puff. He coughs blood into his hand and looks at it.

CHAD

I'll quit smoking Monday too.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

There's a knock on the door. Beat. Then it is busted open by a SOLDIER in suburban camo with a gas mask on. He backs away.

INSPECTOR #1 walks in wearing a self-contained, white, hazardous chemical uniform. INSPECTOR #2, dressed exactly the same, follows him in carrying a yellow hand-held device that resembles a staple gun. It reads "CEEKER" on the side of it.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The two inspectors walk down into the basement. Chad is slumped over with bloody mucus extruding from his cavities.

The power comes back on. On the TELEVISION a man is being interviewed. Caption underneath him reads "RETIRED ARMY GENERAL FRANK GREER".

GENERAL GREER (ON T.V.)
Actually I applaud their effort. To get that level of intel and act accordingly.

The screen intercuts between General Greer and the dark haired female reporter asking the questions. RUDY BAKTIAR.

RUDY (ON T.V.)

Can you verify the target at this point?

GENERAL GREER (ON T.V.)

We believe the target was mid-town Cleveland.

(MORE)

GENERAL GREER (ON T.V.) (cont'd) Where the NBA Eastern conference finals were taking place.

Inspector #1 crouches down in front of Chad and shines a light into his pupil. It doesn't dilate.

RUDY (O.S.)

And you believe this could have been a successful terrorist strike had they made their destination?

GENERAL GREER (O.S.)

Absolutely. The truck itself was designed to release the anthrax in aerosol form, in which it is most effective.

Back to TELEVISION.

RUDY (ON T.V.)

But by bombing the truck in the suburbs weren't you essentially releasing the toxins in the air? Just in a less populated area?

GENERAL GREER (ON T.V.)
The bomb flashed burned most of the anthrax spores immediately. Tests show that anthrax released by a major explosion is only five percent effective.

Inspector #2 walks around the basement watching the DIGITAL DISPLAY on the device. The numbers blink and continue to increase.

RUDY (O.S.)

But, there is still some level of effectiveness right?

GENERAL GREER (O.S.)

Yes, there is. But, had that truck made it to mid-town... Tens of thousands could have been affected.

Back to the TELEVISION.

RUDY (ON T.V.)

So you agree with the administration's call on this? To bomb a truck in a residential neighborhood?

GENERAL GREER (ON T.V.)

Yes. You run the risk of collateral damage when you take a chance like this. But we have less then two dozen people showing signs of infection.

RUDY (ON T.V.)

So you're saying this was a success?

GENERAL GREER (ON T.V.)

I believe this was the most successful pre-emptive strike we've ever had against terrorism in this country.

Inspector #1 looks at his colleague. He points to the television then drags his finger in front of his throat giving him the "Kill it" sign.

GENERAL GREER (O.S.)

We've quarantined a two mile radius from ground zero and are currently doing a door to door search. There was some power outage, but between the explosion itself and the use of cell phones, weather horns, we think we've gotten everybody out. Other than the terrorists driving the truck, there are no casualties to report at this time.

Switch. Inspector #2 turns off TV. Inspector #1 radios in.

INSPECTOR #1

This is Wilkens. Get me Studemeyer.

There is a long beat. Inspector #1 hangs his head.

STUDEMEYER (V.O.)

What is it?

INSPECTOR #1

We've got one.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.