

GEN

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FADE IN

SUPER:

TITLE CARD:

In the near future, Silicon Valley leaves San Francisco and moves to Detroit and helps regenerate the automotive industry.

In order to maintain tax breaks, some of the new companies which bought out the old ones, are **very flexible** with the next generation of the work force, with hopes that after a few years, they will become better employees and the leaders of tomorrow...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Clean, no clutter. Hell, that's the company's motto under its name GEN INDUSTRIES displayed in the main lobby. The receptionist, happy bubble gum chewing KAYSLEE (20s) perks up from her social media party on her phone as

DAVID (30s) strolls through the doors.

Well, actually, it's no big deal. Kayslee buries her face back to her text messages.

KAYSLEE

Hey, Dave, Just let 'em know you're on your way up.

DAVID

They already know, but thanks.

KAYSLEE

No problemo. And when you get a sec, text your brother. He unfriended me and won't return my texts. Thanks.

DAVID

I got your text yesterday, but I'll let him know.

ELEVATOR

David gets his arm in, steps in. WILSON (20s) Tee shirt with the company logo and blue jeans. Like Kayslee, his attention span is short unless it has to with his smart phone.

Unlike Kayslee, he has a smear of lipstick on the right side of his neck.

WILSON
David.

DAVID
Wilson.

WILSON
Kayslee.

DAVID
What about her?

WILSON
Get her text?

DAVID
I did.

WILSON
Get mine?

DAVID
Yes. Thanks for the heads up.

Davis taps Wilson on the shoulder. Wilson eyes him. David motions to his neck. Wilson smiles, takes out a tissue from his pocket. Wipes off the lipstick, doesn't get it all.

WILSON
Want me to let the boss know you're on the way up?

Wilson goes back to his smart phone activity.

DAVID
I'm not late or anything.

WILSON
Didn't say you were. If you were, I'd be late too.
(pause)
Dammit! Son of a bitch!

Frantically, he texts like a madman.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Take that, bitch! How do you like that?

DAVID
What happened?

WILSON

This moron on Reddit. Spoiling last night's ep of Cake Wars.

Madly texts.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I'll burn your house down asshole!
Come down here to Detroit, show you what's up!

DAVID

You don't watch Cake wars. Do you?

WILSON

Not the point. Point is, it's a spoiler.

THIRD FLOOR

Elevators open. David and Wilson stroll out into a MADHOUSE. The entire office floor rivals that of the New York Stock exchange. Hundreds of employees, men and women, nearly elbow to elbow. Lost in the masses are those working at small computer stations.

Men and women over 30 are dressed professionally like David. Everyone else are Kayslee and Wilson clones. Some of them wear headsets, negotiating some sort of deal. Most of them are doing texts on smart phones.

Those with neither are the have nots. We won't talk about them much. They are just in the way.

David and Wilson brush forth.

DAVID

Excuse me. Coming through. Pardon me,

RANDOM EMPLOYEE

(a "have not")

Pardon you.

(beat)

Oh it's you Dave. Good morning.

And said person is lost in the swamp, so to speak, never to be heard from again. BROOKE (20s) hipster geek goddess, pushes her way towards David and Wilson whose attention span is still on his phone. It's a miracle he can keep up. Anyway -

BROOKE

Dave! Dave!

DAVID
What's up Brooke?

BROOKE
You get Kays -

DAVID
Yes, I did. Thank you.

BROOKE
Want me to text them you're on your way?

DAVID
I'm good. Thanks.

BROOKE
Well! YOU might be. But THEY might not!

With that, she fades into the crowd. She forces her way to be seen (or at least heard) again:

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Congratulations on your promotion!
We'll do coffee!

DAVID
Sure. Alright. I'm kind of busy now.

BROOKE
Deep Blue Blueberry! My favorite!

WILSON
I'm a maple bacon man myself.
(beat)
Dave got a promotion?

BROOKE
Yes. Didn't you get the text?

WILSON
Get so many. All I know is that I didn't get a promotion.

BROOKE
Will, you catch last night's bike stunt epic fail on You Tube? Funny as hell.

WILSON
What's the name of it?

BROOKE
Just a minute.

She texts things in her smart phone. Wilson's ringtone alarm ("Red Alert!") goes off. Wilson responds, smiles. Texts back.

WILSON
Thanks, got it.

Brooke texts again.

David's phone buzzes. David looks at it as he raises his arms just to get by. Tries to read the text, shakes his head.

DAVID
I said alright.

BROOKE
I just wanted to know -

DAVID
Half caff. No cream, no sugar.
(reconsiders)
Okay. Michigan Cherry.

BROOKE
Awesome!

She texts again. David's phone buzzes. David reads the text.

DAVID
One.

Beep. Beep.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Too soon. You falling behind,
Brooke?

Beep. Beep.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Speak!

BROOKE
(lost in crowd)
I'm falling behind!

DAVID
One!

BROOKE
Twelve thirty!

DAVID

Done! How about you Wilson, you good?

WILSON

Got no problems.

BOARD ROOM

Both men enter, sweat around the armpits, hair slightly askew. David has the frame of mind to take a pocket comb and do a touch up. Wilson could care less.

Before them is a sight! A SPORTS CAR. Very retro. Great paint job of cobalt blue.

GRETA (40s) a female Steve Jobs type but with Bill Gates glasses. Happy as hell to see Dave. Also in the room are JERRY (mid 30s) and ALAN (30s).

Wilson has his nose buried in a You Tube video of a BMX bike stunt gone wrong. He cringes at the result, watches it again. And again.

DAVID

Great. Al. Jerry....what's This?

ALAN

What's it look like?

David inspects it with a bit of reverence.

GETA

How do you like you promotion?

WILSON

How'd they even get it in here?

David smiles towards Wilson.

DAVID

You didn't know?

WILSON

Didn't get the text.

David shrugs.

GRETA

You want to check it out? Go on, have a look. Keys are in it.

David gets in. Gets a feel for the wheel. A proud moment. Checks out the interior. Impressed. Looks at the ignition. Sure enough, a set of keys.

GRETA (CONT'D)
You can start it up, just don't
take it for a spin. Ha ha.

JERRY
Unless you feel the urge to go in
reverse and thin the herd.

GRETA
No, now. Don't tempt the man. So,
Dave. How do you like part of your
promotion?

DAVID
You mean...?

GRETA
Absolutely.

WILSON
Now wait just a minute.

All attention goes to Wilson, who brakes free of his You Tube
trance.

WILSON (CONT'D)
He gets a car? I should get a car.

Alan nods.

ALAN
We got something better. Pop the
trunk, Dave.

Dave presses a button. Trunk opens. Alan reaches in, takes
out a gift wrapped box. Hands box to Wilson.

WILSON
What's this?

ALAN
Open it and find out.

WILSON
Well! Whatever it is, sure as hell
ain't no new car!

GRETA
It's not that your contribution
isn't appreciated, Wilson.
(MORE)

GRETA (CONT'D)

You're still one of the MVPs of the company.

WILSON

But I'm not THE MVP. I'm not even VP. And nobody texted me about Dave getting promoted.

GRETA

Someday you will be. Just we feel David put in his time.

JERRY

What did Wilson do again?

WILSON

What did I do? Are you kidding? Dave, can you give me a hand?

DAVID

Sure. With what?

WILSON

Start up that bitch.

Greta raises an eyebrow. David starts the engine.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You hear that? No wait. You can't yet. Open the door, Dave.

Dave shrugs. Humors him.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Wait for it...

AUTOMATED MONOTONE VOICE

Driver's side door ajar.

Driver's side door ajar.

WILSON

Sweet, isn't it?

AUTOMATED MONOTONE VOICE

Driver's side door ajar.

Driver's side door ajar.

WILSON

Awesome! Okay, Dave. Close it.

GRETA

That's it? That's your contribution to this car?

WILSON

Oh no. One more thing. Any second now.

AUTOMATED MONOTONE VOICE

Don't forget to fasten your seat belt.

Don't forget to fasten your seat belt.

(beat)

CLICK IT OR TICKET!

Greta frowns. Alan and Jerry speechless. Not sure what to say.

AUTOMATED MONOTONE VOICE (CONT'D)

Click it or ticket

Click it or ticket

David turns off the car.

DAVID

That wasn't part of the design.

WILSON

That's my contribution.

(to Greta)

Now how come I don't get a car?

It's not fair Dave gets one and I don't.

AUTOMATED MONOTONE VOICE

Did you forget to shut the trunk?

Did you forget to -

Alan slams the trunk lid. Shuts the damn thing up.

GRETA

How do you turn off that voice?

WILSON

Turn it off? Don't you know who we got to do that?

JERRY

I thought you just said ...

WILSON

The voice. It's Emerald!

GRETA

Who? What?

WILSON
Y'know. "Emerald"? He was great on
the VMAS. And a true SJW.
"Emerald"? Sang on Little
Strawberry's album, Midnight
Delight?

Everyone's clueless.

DAVID
When was this?

WILSON
Oh. You were busy with other
things, so...

David starts the car. Cracks the door open.

AUTOMATED MONOTONE VOICE
Driver's side door is ajar.
Driver's side door is ajar.
Don't forget to fasten your seat
belt.
Don't forget to fasten your seat
belt.
CLICK IT OR TICKET!

David shuts off the motor.

Everyone's silent.

DAVID
Safety reminders were supposed to
be part of the visual dash. I don't
see it here. That's what you were
doing I thought.

WILSON
Yeah, well, your idea sucked. Mine
was better.

DAVID
If that's true, then how did you
forget how they got it up here?

WILSON
That's part of the design?

DAVID
One of the features.

Winks to Greta, Jerry and Alan.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But you went behind everyone's back, hired a singer or somebody whose probably tomorrow's one hit wonder, for a sum nobody approved of, and he reads off cue cards. Because I'll tell you, if I had to listen to that all day and night I might want to seriously think about taking out some roadkill. Cute bunny rabbits. Eating my rubber. Cute no more.

WILSON

You'd do that?

DAVID

You bet. I'm Grand Theft Auto. Mister Sunday Driver.

WILSON

I...don't..know how to handle this. I feel threatened.

DAVID

For real? I mean, come on, man. This is an easy fix.

AUTOMATED MONOTONE VOICE

(phoney as hell 'street' rapper speak)

What up. What up. Yo. This Is Emerald Be-yatcth! . Catch my latest single with Little Strawberry "Plateau and the resolution". And don't forget to roll up and lock up. Peace.

A moment of silence.

Finally -

GRETA

One hit wonder.

(beat)

Sorry. I'm just trying to think of something to top that. Anyway, um...he Emerald's not going to repeat that, is he?

Everyone waits. No automated voice. Greta slaps her hands together.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Well, then. Very good. Small kink, we can work it out. But I think it pretty much says it all why you don't have the promotion and David does.

WILSON

It's still not right. I'm entitled to some compensation.

David's cell rings. Sees the text. Rolls his eyes. Throws the phone in the backseat.

ALAN

Who was that?

DAVID

It's now down to fifteen after twelve. Never mind. It's Not important.

JERRY

If it wasn't important, they wouldn't have texted you.

David gets out of the car.

DAVID

In under five minutes? Maybe everyone should have just stayed in San Francisco thirty years ago instead of messing with the Motor City.

GRETA

You don't mean that!

DAVID

Maybe I do.

Everyone laughs, except of course, for Wilson.

ALAN

Bunny Rabbit Roadkill. That was a good one!

More laughter.

It dies down as they notice Wilson doesn't get the jokes.

DAVID

We already knew, Wilson. Like we said, we can fix the bug. It's good.

Pats him on the arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Chill out. Looks like you just shit a brick.

WILSON

So it's fine, then?

DAVID

Well, that last part has to go.

The CEOs nod in agreement.

WILSON

Do I get a car?

GRETA

No. You got one last year.

Wilson frowns. Fumes.

WILSON

That was last year!
I need the rest of the day off. I need to call Doctor Laust.

JERRY

You're doctor's lost?

WILSON

My therapist!

Everyone understands.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I thought this was a safe environment to work in. I see I was wrong.

(to David)

And YOU. Backstabbing two-face.
Thank you for not having my back.
Well, I'll go next door, see if I get a better job. I can't deal with this hostility.

DAVID

Aren't you even curious what you did get?

WILSON

Does it look like a car or a godamn promotion to you? It's probably a cheap crap mug with a solid color!

GRETA

You don't want it?

WILSON

No, I don't!

GRETA

If you don't want it, give it to Kayslee down in the lobby. She needs a boost of confidence.

WILSON

Fine!

He storms out.

Slams the door.

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

Move! Out of the way!

GRETA

He'll cool off. He'll be back in a day or two.

JERRY

Good. Don't know what we'll do without him. Everyone in the company is equally important.

DAVID

May I?

Greta nods. Jerry clasps his hand, as if eager to see some outstanding event. Sure enough -

David presses a button on the keychain. The car gives off a set of whistles and sounds of metal gears grinding. Seats deflate as if they were balloons with the air being slowly let out.

The car folds up into a 4 meter long, by sixty inch wide box with the tires on the sides.

David's phone rings.

ALAN

Think you forget something.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY _ DAY

Despite his disappointment, Wilson places the gift on the reception desk. Kayslee looks up from her phone, eyeballs the gift through her loose bangs. Blows her bubble gum. Pops.

KAYSLEE

For me?

WILSON

It's a stupid mug.

KAYSLEE

How do you know? You haven't opened it yet.

WILSON

It's for you now.

KAYSLEE

I'm taken.

Wilson screams, bolts out of the building.

WILSON

Therapy I need therapy!

Kayslee blows her bubble gum.

Looks at the gift again.

Slides it towards her.

Opens it.

It is a new headset and microphone, with a VR interface. Compact.

She puts it on.

Hypnotic,

Ecstasy.

FADE OUT.