

Gluten Free Cereal

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FADE IN:

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Two POLICE OFFICERS stand watch as a FORENSIC TEAM swarm around a DEAD BODY. The body, a man dressed in a salmon coloured shirt and boat shoes, has a cashmere sweater wrapped tightly around his neck.

OFFICER 1

That's the second civic sailor this week.

OFFICER 2

This is getting out of control, the commissioner needs to act now.

OFFICER 1

Shoreditch, Dalston, Hackney, now Ealing. These hipster bastards are bloody animals.

The Officers are approached by a FORENSIC TEAM MEMBER, clad in a white jumpsuit, who pulls down a blue face mask and shakes his head.

FORENSIC TEAM MEMBER

The same as before, asphyxiation by cardigan.

OFFICER 1

First it was the urban lumberjacks, now the sailors.

OFFICER 2

When will this madness stop.

Suddenly, Police Officer 1's face drops, and he raises his hand towards a HIPSTER (early 20's), a shaved head, long beard and horn rimmed glasses, leaning against a police cordon.

OFFICER 1

There's one of them now. Hey you!
Twatty McBeard Face!

The Hipster raises his hand, makes a fist and gives a "wanker" sign to the Officers, before he turns and flees.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Get your arse back here now, you gluten free muppet!

Officer 1 takes out a taser and gives chase, leaving his colleagues behind.

Now alone, The Forensic Team Member leans in close to Officer 2.

FORENSIC TEAM MEMBER
(whispering)
Have you heard about Operation
Carrot Cake?

OFFICER 2
Carrot Cake? No, but if it's as
badly organised as Operation
Barista we're buggered.

FORENSIC TEAM MEMBER
Apparently we've sent our best men
in this time, no messing around
anymore.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A control room with rows upon rows of monitors that track the flight paths of drones. A CEO and a CENTRE EMPLOYEE talk, as an OPERATOR sits and studies the flight patterns on the screens.

CEO
This system is unbelievable. The
time of delivery is shortened and
cost is halved, all through the
magic of these little drones.

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
The cost is halved? Should we be
expecting our Christmas bonuses
this year then?

CEO
(laughing)
Don't expect anything, we've got to
run it past the shareholders, but
assuming this level of progress
continues then it's a maybe.

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
Well, since we started the program
a month ago, our efficiency has
actually improved day on day.

CEO
I don't think I'll ever be able to
forget this moment. There's a
revolution happening and we're
leading it.

The CEO slowly walks over to the Operator, shaking her head in disbelief at the technological achievement that stands before her.

The peace and calm of the room is suddenly broken by the sound of loud ELECTRONIC BEEPS, and a small red light illuminates on a panel.

CEO
What's that?

OPERATOR
It's probably a control centre
error, nothing to worry about.

The Centre Employee casually walks over to a monitor and eyes it for a beat, before he panics and attempts to cover it up with a notepad. The CEO spots him, and narrows her gaze.

CEO
(to the Operator)
What's on the screen over there?

OPERATOR
That's where we track the local
flight paths.

CEO
Take the notepad off the monitor.

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
I'm not sure that's a good idea.

CEO
Now.

The Centre Employee slowly removes the notepad and steps away from the monitor. The CEO and Operator move in for a look.

CEO (CONT'D)
(shocked)
Is this some kind of joke?

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
I think it's just a malfunction.

OPERATOR
This map is 100% accurate, there
aren't any malfunctions.

On the screen in front of them, the yellow line that tracks
the drone flight path over a map spells out - "CHOMSKY NEVER
DIED FOR THIS SHIT. TOMMY 5 ALIVE. FREE THE DRONES AND FUC".

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
This can't be happening.

OPERATOR
(looking at a separate
computer screen)
It is happening. The drone was
supposed to deliver some groceries
to Mrs. Jenny, 72 years old, in
Croydon.

CEO
If it's only groceries I guess
there's no harm done. Just re-order
the delivery.

OPERATOR
The order appears to have been
altered.

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
To what?

OPERATOR
Take a look.

The Operator moves aside and lets the Centre Employee and
CEO look at the monitor.

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
Jesus Christ.

CEO
What on earth is a drildo, and why
does she need 10 of them?

OPERATOR
It's a kind of mechanical sex...

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
It's a PR disaster waiting to
happen, that's what it is!

The CEO puts her head in her hands and steps away from the monitors.

CEO

So, let me get this straight. We're an international mega company, with an out of control socialist delivery drone, currently en-route to a pensioner, stocked full of mechanical phallic devices?

CENTRE EMPLOYEE

That would appear to be the case.

CEO

Not again, get me HQ on the phone.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A hipster cafe, rammed full of HIPSTERS. There's men with large bushy beards clad in denim, and women with ripped jeans and tattoos on their arms. There's also other hipster fashion trends, but these will have to suffice.

HIPSTER 1 (early 20's), a man who sports a moustache and denim tank top combo, sits with HIPSTER 2 (early 20's), a lady clad in a retro 80's dress and covered in tattoos of birds, sit at a table, eating cereal.

HIPSTER 1

So did you hear about the civic sailor they found up in Ealing? This shit is getting out of control.

HIPSTER 2

The fucker had it coming. It's folk like that who're keeping our generation down. So long as they're in charge we'll never be able to buy property, or take a proper holiday again.

HIPSTER 1

What are you going on about? You bought a bloody flat in Camden!

HIPSTER 2

So what! The point is, these civic sailors are ruining it for everyone.

HIPSTER 1

What about the urban lumberjacks,
they never really hurt anyone, did
they?

Hipster 2 drops her spoon into the bowl of cereal below,
rage etched on her face.

HIPSTER 2

Who's side are you on? Those
lumberjack bastards split away from
us, started wearing those tartan
shirts and hill walking boots. They
were too close and something had to
be done.

HIPSTER 1

I don't know...

HIPSTER 2

See if I even sense that you're
turning, I swear I'll snap your
fucking neck myself.

HIPSTER 1

Okay, okay! Just chill out will
you? Jesus Christ.

Hipster 2 picks up her spoon once more, and starts to play
with the cereal in her bowl.

HIPSTER 2

I hear they've started something
called Operation Carrot Cake. We've
initiated Operation N.C. in
retaliation.

HIPSTER 1

Carrot Cake?

HIPSTER 2

I know, they could have been
slightly more subtle.

HIPSTER 1

What should I be looking out for?

HIPSTER 2

Apparently they've got beard
implants in, and there's something
about some monastery or abbey
somewhere, that's all we've got to
go on.

HIPSTER 1
Doesn't sound too much of a bother,
should be easy.

HIPSTER 2
I know, sounds too simple, right?
Tread carefully, who knows who we
can trust.

EXT. PARK - DAY

CHILDREN merrily run around and play in a playpark as their
PARENTS watch on.

Overhead, the delivery drone, drildo package attached, flies
by at a fast speed.

PARENT 1
People are so lazy now a days.

PARENT 2
I know, what's wrong with using
your feet and just going down the
shop?

EXT. SHOPFRONT - DAY

Hipster 1 and Hipster 2 stand outside a mobile phone shop,
observing the latest models behind the glass.

HIPSTER 1
It's amazing, isn't it?

HIPSTER 2
Is it?

HIPSTER 1
I mean, all that technology. Our
folks would have to wait a week to
get their photos developed. We can
share a photo of some nice coffee
or dickhead sailor boys in a matter
of minutes.

Hipster 2 shakes her head.

HIPSTER 2
Chomsky didn't die for this shit.

HIPSTER 1
Chomsky? Noam Chomsky's not dead,
you fuckwit!

HIPSTER 2
He's not?

HIPSTER 1
Shit no, he was on the news the
other night banging on about
Hilldog.

HIPSTER 2
(angry)
SHIT!

Hipster 1 looks at Hipster 2, startled by her rather angry
reaction to Chomsky's non demise.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The CEO looks on, a worried look on her face.

CEO
What's the update?

OPERATOR
It's not good, sir.

CEO
What do you mean? Be clearer, god
dammit I need details!

CENTRE EMPLOYEE
Well, it seems to have made its
point about Chomsky, and is now
three minutes away from delivering
the package to Mrs. Jenny.

OPERATOR
Is Chomsky dead? I thought I saw
him on the news the other night.

CEO
No, of course he's not dead, the
fucker.
(beat)
Wait a minute, get HQ in Seattle on
the phone, I want Noam Chomsky.

CENTRE EMPLOYEE

It's a bit drastic, isn't it? Can't we just shoot the bastard down?

CEO

I want Chomsky, god dammit get me Chomsky!

The Operator looks on, concerned, before he picks up a telephone.

OPERATOR

(into phone)

Seattle please.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The drone hovers in front of a house. MRS. JENNY, a frail old lady, makes her way out of the door, and retrieves her purchase from the drone.

As the drone flies away, Mrs. Jenny slowly walks back into the house. The door shuts and there's a beat, before we hear a SCREAM.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

NOAM CHOMSKY sits reading in luxurious green leather chair, surrounded by thousands of books in a large private library. Noam arches frowns at the text in front of him, not apparently happy, when his pensive fury is interrupted by the ringing of an antiquated telephone that rests on the table beside him.

Noam sighs, before he places the book on his lap, and lifts the telephone receiver to his ear.

NOAM

Chomsky...I'm sorry, who is this and what in god's name is a drildo?

BLACK.

THE END