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