

PANDEMONIUM DEPARTMENT

Written by

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ON BLACK

SUPER: DUBLIN - 2040

EXT. STREET - DAY

Car free. Half empty tram carriages divided into singular enclosed pods, pass by.

A line of small glasshouses on a pedestrian road, occupied by people dining.

CLOSE ON the penultimate greenhouse.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

A blue uniform jacket hangs on a chair. Emblazoned on the back in large letters...

PANDEMONIUM DEPARTMENT

GABRIEL late 20's, salts his eggs.

GABRIEL
Ever get sick of this shit?

MICHAEL 50's, sits back, contemplates.

MICHAEL
Why? Pay's good. And we get a pension.

GABRIEL
Dead end though.

MICHAEL
Complete opposite. We prevent dead ends.

GABRIEL
Boring then. Same thing day in, day out.

Michael shakes his head in disbelief.

MICHAEL
So saving lives is boring?

Gabriel rolls his eyes.

GABRIEL
We stick needles in people. Not exactly brain surgery.

MICHAEL
Brain surgeons are two a dozen
these days.

Gabriel half agrees. Disagrees.

GABRIEL
No career ladder.

MICHAEL
Who needs ladders when you preside
over life and death?

GABRIEL
Incentive then?

MICHAEL
Aren't we above ground?

GABRIEL
I mean...

Michael interrupts.

MICHAEL
You don't remember the early days,
when all this shit started.

GABRIEL
Here we go, history lesson.

Michael disgruntled.

MICHAEL
Life lesson son.

Tram flashes by.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
When you watch all around you die,
job satisfaction and incentive go
out the window.

Gabriel drinks his tea.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Thirty years ago we had a
population of five million. Today
it's one.

GABRIEL
But there's a cure now.

MICHAEL
Yeah and we administer it. That not
incentive enough?

GABRIEL

Not for me. I didn't do four years
in virtual college to spend my time
injecting people.

Michael relents.

MICHAEL

Suppose we look at it from
different ends of the spectrum.

GABRIEL

Hope so. We are different ends of
the spectrum.

Michael unsure weather that's an insult or a compliment.

MICHAEL

You'd have loved it back then.

Gabriel checks the NEON SIGN on the wall.

SCREEN DISPLAYS: 10:00, 9:59, 9:58...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

All rat race and career prospects.
Make it to the top and you could
have anything.

GABRIEL

Way it should be.

Michael rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL

Then the virus came. Money and
wealth meant fuck all after that.

Gabriel disappointed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Disease didn't differentiate
between rich and poor.

GABRIEL

I'd a bought me an island.
Somewhere warm, all year round.

MICHAEL

And what? Cut yourself off from the
rest of mankind?

GABRIEL

Sounds good.

MICHAEL

Not worth a wank. People tried but
found they needed human contact.

Michael drains his tea.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Ever hear the old saying, dying of boredom?

GABRIEL
Yea and its exactly how I feel now.

MICHAEL
Well it's bullshit. People didn't die of boredom. The died from people. Infected ones.

NEON SIGN flashes...

TIME UP, PAYMENT DUE: 25 EUROS

Michael and Gabriel get themselves together. Vacate their seats.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Toss you for breakfast?

Gabriel reluctantly nods. Michael takes two euro coins from his pocket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Heads or harps?

GABRIEL
Heads.

Michael puts one coin in his pocket. Flips the other in the air, slams it on the table with his hand as it lands. Removes, his hand.

CLOSE ON the COIN...

Large harp, etched with Eire and 2030.

Gabriel's face drains. He begrudgingly roots for his wallet. Takes out a ten and twenty euro note.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
That's four in a row now. Law of averages me arse.

Michael picks the coin off the table and we get a glimpse of the other side.

CLOSE ON the COIN...

Large harp, etched with Eire and 2030. Michael puts the coin in his pocket.

The men stand, walk towards the door to a cash machine. Gabriel inserts thirty euro.

Cash machine flashes...

COLLECT CHANGE?

TIP?

Gabriel raises his finger to the COLLECT button but is beaten to the punch by Michael, who presses the TIP button. Gabriel incredulous.

Cash machine flashes:

THANK YOU!

Doors of the glasshouse unlock, open. Michael exits on to the cobbled street.

Gabriel agitated, follows quickly behind.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

What did you do that for?

Michael turns around, smiles.

MICHAEL

Can't be standing round waiting for change. We've lives to save.

Michael turns, walks to a tram stop.

FADE OUT.