

EXT. RED DESERT - DAWN

A small dune of red sand is blown away by the wind. The dust floats up and... nothing.

For miles, in every direction, there is only red desert. Red dirt, red mountains, rocks covered in red sand.

Every burrow and hole is noticeably absent of animals.

For miles in every direction there is nothing, except for a small green blip.

It's in the distance. The song "Duck and Cover" starts to play.

*"Dum. Dum dum, diddle dum dum, diddle dum dum, diddle dum dum."*

Getting louder the closer we get to - a street.

*"Dum dum, diddle dum dum, diddle dum dum, diddle dum dum."*

All of the houses are in this 50's inspired, retro style. Big, beautiful mansions are at the head of the street. These are the biggest houses on the street, the size decreases until the final houses are the size of a two bedroom apartment with violations to the building code. the mansions are immaculate and the small houses are slowly becoming decrepit.

*"Dum dum, diddle dum dum, diddle dum dum, diddle dum dum."*

There are two lines of houses down the street, odd and even. At the very head of the street is a flagpole in-front of a large marble wall. On the wall is an emblem, an abstract flower that looks more like a hazardous waste symbol than an actual flower, with the motto "if you see something, say something" beneath it. The flag hanging limply at the base of the pole is the same, only in glorious colour, black and blue to be precise.

*"Dum dum, diddle dum dum,"*

At the base of the street is a strange building. A concrete square covered in solar panels, making it appear to be polished black glass. More brutalist than quaint.

*"diddle dum dum, diddle dum dum. There was a turtle by the name of Burt."*

At the rear of every house is a thriving, lush garden, each with its own air to water converter, and filled with bountiful crops, plenty to survive for 6 months per household. These subsistence farms are maintained by MAINTENANCE ROBOTS, who water, dig and cleave with precision.

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*"And Burt the turtle was very, very alert."*

Around the borders of the street and along the edges of houses, human-like robots with wheels for feet and heads covered in Grecian golden leaves, known as the GILDED POLICEBOTS, patrol.

*"When danger threatened him, he never got hurt. He knew just what to do."*

DRONE NO.1 and DRONE NO.2 deliver the morning newspaper to different sides of the street, using a mechanical claw to take yesterday's with them.

*"He'd duck and cover."*

Fathers and husbands exit their houses to pick up the mail.

*"Duck, and cover."*

Continuing down the street, the clothes become shabbier, the number of patches increasing,

*"He did what we all must learn to do. You and you and you and you."*

until we reach the end of the street, house no. 23 and beyond, where the paper lies there untouched. Over the other side of the street, DRONE NO.1 malfunctions and falls to the ground.

*"And you and you and you and you and you and you and you."*

A large, block-like robot, REPAIR BOT, rushes out of the brutalist square at the end of the street and collects the drone, extra tool arms emerge from its back like a mix between doctor octopus and a Swiss army knife.

*"Duck and cover!"*

DRONE NO.1 and REPAIR BOT enter the square. DRONE NO.2 soon follows.

2 INT. SQUARE - MORNING

*"Do do. Do do. Do do. Do do. Do do. Do do. Do do, dooooooooo."*

REPAIR BOT is repairing DRONE NO.1 as DRONE NO.2 dumps the old newspapers into a recycling machine, which separates the ink from the page, ready to print tomorrow's news. As the newspapers head into the machine, we can see the front page -

*"Duck and cover, duck and cover."*

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"The Community Daily Digest: By Anne Adams. Issue 5001, FRI the 21st of June". The entire newspaper has one byline, Anne Adams, and the front page news is a propaganda poster, "Rebel punished for crimes against community. Execution this Saturday. And remember, if you say something, see something." A woman's mug shot is seen on the poster, ZOE ZACCHINNI is in her late 20's.

MATCH CUT TO:

3 INT.HOUSE NO. 10, J - MORNING

*"He did what we all must learn to do."*

ZOE ZACCHINNI's execution is once again front page news.

*The song, "Duck and Cover" finishes.*

JIM, 35, sits at his table reading the newspaper, unaware of his surroundings. JOANNE and JANE are in the kitchen cooking breakfast together. Pancakes, as it should be on a Saturday morning.

JOANNE, 30, is lecturing JANE, 10, as they cook.

JOANNE

Now remember Jane dear, no more running around like a maniac with those boys, it's un-lady-like. Once you turn 11, you won't be a little kid anymore, you'll be expected to act like a lady. Everyone will be watching you to see who you should marry when you turn 20. You don't want to marry Roger, or even worse Tiernan! Do you?

JANE

(sigh) No, of course not mother.

JOANNE

Good. Exactly. We've got to get you into some kind of extracurricular to make you seem more... matriarchal. It won't be enough for you to just be a lady, you need to be selfless, loving, demure. oh, I can just see it now.

JANE stops listening to her mother's rants and keeps cooking the pancakes, making sure they don't overcook or get burnt.

You and Aaron, the new fearless leaders of our community. You could change your name to

(MORE)

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JOANNE (cont'd)  
Annette, or Anita! What do you  
think Jane?

JANE  
Hm?

JOANNE  
Don't you think that would be  
wonderful?

JANE's face is blank.

JOANNE  
To marry Aaron?

JANE  
Ah, yes of course mother.

JUNIPER, 5, enters the kitchen singing "the pancake song"

JUNIPER  
Oh pancakes, pancakes, how much I  
love thee. Oh pancakes, pancakes,  
every satur-dee?

JOANNE  
Oh, Juniper, your such a little  
darling.

JOANNE pinches JUNIPER's chubby cheeks as JUNIPER squeals  
and giggles in response. JOANNE lets go and JUNIPER runs  
over to JIM.

JUNIPER  
Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!

JIM places his newspaper on the table.

JIM  
Yes, JuJu. What is it?

JUNIPER  
You're missing the pancakes!

JIM  
Well, I've never missed a pancake  
day in my life!

JIM chases JUNIPER into the kitchen to get some pancakes.

The newspaper lies flat on the table. ZOE ZACCHINNI's  
execution poster the only visible story.

MATCH CUT TO:

4 INT. HOUSE NO. 10, J - NIGHT

JIM picks his newspaper up off of the table. We can hear a toilet flushing in the distance. JANE and JUNIPER are cleaning the dishes from dinner as JOANNE sews patches onto some clothing. The patches seem to be made from new fabric created by weaving corn husks together.

JANE and JUNIPER finish the dishes as...

Music begins to play, "you, and you, and you, and you"

5 EXT. STREET 8:55 - NIGHT

Every family on the street stands out the front of their houses beside their mailboxes. Two parents and two children spaced exactly five years apart.

ZOE ZACCHINNI is at the head of the street, standing in front of the flagpole. ARTHUR takes the flagpole rope and creates the noose around her neck. He gives the rope to a GILDED POLICEBOT and returns to be with his family next to their mailbox.

The street is silent, motionless. Waiting...

A chime sounds throughout the street. It's 9:00.

ENTIRE STREET  
DUCK AND COVER!

The entire street, in unison, ducks to the side away from ZOE, covering their heads with their arms, and then curling themselves into a neat ball on the ground.

ZOE ZACCHINNI is slowly hoisted up the flagpole. Her choking echoes throughout the street.

Shakes echo with her coughs throughout the crowd, tens of little balls struggling to stay tightly wound.

At the end of the street, a woman, stands defiantly, refusing to take part in the ritual. She stares at ZOE, hanging from the pole. The woman is ZOE, a memory of the past that she longs for.

ZOE  
(At the flagpole,  
whispering)  
run, run!

ZOE fights against the rope, wriggling, trying to gain her freedom.

The other ZOE, at the base of the street just stares blankly back, her memory fading. The GILDED POLICEBOTs move towards her at speed.

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ZOE  
Please, run.

ZOE becomes slack against the rope. Her fight is over.

The street lays still and silent. Waiting. The shakes begin to die down, and a strange peace washes over the street.

An agonising half an hour passes.

The bell finally chimes.

Families get up and move towards their doors, ignoring the flagpole as if nothing had ever happened there.

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EXT. STREET - MORNING

DRONE NO.1, now back in action delivers the newspaper with DRONE NO.2. The front page has a different propaganda poster on it this time, "Our fearless leader, Arthur Adams, does it again. Crime rates at an all time low. And remember, if you see something, say something."