

TWENTY-TWELVE

Episode 01: 'You Only Live Once'

Written by

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OVER BLACK.

The rumbling hustle and bustle of early morning tram commuters.

INT. TRAM. MELBOURNE. MORNING. 2020.

We move through the crowd. Some people are trying to sleep, some are on their phones, some are doing weird shit like eating a bowl of cereal from an actual bowl.

Tucked into the corner of the last carriage is twenty-year-old ANDREA 'ANDY' SMITH, fast asleep and drooling ever so slightly. We slowly move in closer...and closer...and closer...until suddenly the tram makes a jerky stop and Andy's head goes smacking into the window with a loud CRACK!

ANDY  
(muttered)  
For fucks sake.

Her swear of frustration mingles with the rest of the angry noises erupting from the other commuters. Nearby, someone has spilt their coffee down their shirt and another person has dropped their bag that has in turn dropped a number of important looking papers. Some commuters have fallen on top of others. It's a bit chaotic.

COMMUTER #1  
Anyone know what this is all about?

COMMUTER #2  
Looks like a car's on the tracks.

COMMUTER #1  
Honestly.

Andy tries to see the cause of the tram's abrupt halt through her window, but is unsuccessful and resigns herself to the situation. She brings out her phone, like most of the commuters, to pass the time. Emails. Instagram. Text messages. The news. And that's when she sees it.

When they all see it.

The WHO has officially declared the Coronavirus a pandemic.

COMMUTER #1 (CONT'D)  
I don't believe it.

COMMUTER #2  
What?

Andy, in shock, starts doom scrolling as everyone gossips and gasps over the news.

COMMUTER #1

What do you think this means?

COMMUTER #2

Beats me.

COMMUTER #3

It won't affect us, right?

COMMUTER #4

I wouldn't bet on it. We already have cases in New South Wales and WA.

COMMUTER #5

That's true. A friend of mine said someone from their work got it.

Certain words and images jump out at Andy as she continues to scroll.

INSERT: The news articles and the tweets and the Instagram story posts are full of despair and disbelief. Some are downright dramatic claiming this will be the end of the world as they know it. Some are calling it a hoax.

As Andy's doom scrolling speeds up a myriad of things start to pop up that don't quite fit.

INSERT: Pop culture moments from earlier years. Dated politics and viral sensations. Top hits that are already forgotten. We are slowly making out way backwards through time, speeding up faster and faster and faster until suddenly...

SMASH CUT.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM. MORNING. 2012.

A bright bedroom. Posters for bands and YA movies are on the walls. There are overflowing bookshelves and stuffed toys on the bed. A cd/iPod/radio player. A Sylvanian Families house gently hidden in the background. A messy desk covered in schoolbooks covered in scribble and highlighter, mechanical pencils, Hubba Bubba, Life Saver fruit tingles and half-finished friendship loom bracelets.

Suddenly a hand appears and starts sorting through the mess on the desk until it finds a hairbrush. It disappears with its prize.

Feet run across the bedroom floor, both socks on but only one heavy black school shoe. The feet pass by lost loom bands, returned homework with minimal mistakes, abandoned socks, etc.

The hand reappears and dips into an open shoebox of hair things, fishing around until it comes up with a hair tie.

Finally, we see whom the hand and feet belong to. A young, twelve-year-old Andy jumps in front of her mirror, half-dressed for school. She is singing along to the music from her iPod as she does her hair.

She continues to sing, and dance, through the rest of her morning routine. Putting on her other shoe, singing into her toothbrush, shoving things into her backpack and putting on lip balm.

MRS. SMITH (O.S.)

Andrea!

Andy finishes up, grabs her bag and runs out of her bedroom door, slamming it behind her.

TITLE IMAGE:

Hanging on the back of the door is a 2012 calendar, except the 2012 have been scribbled out and underneath someone has written it as TWENTY-TWELVE in permanent marker. The episode title *You Only Live Once* has also been written in cursive in one of the dates on the calendar. *\*This will change each episode.*

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. MORNING. 2012.

Andy waves goodbye to her mother (MRS. SMITH, 40s) as she runs away from the car. It's the first day back and there are kids and parents everywhere.

2020 ANDY (V.O.)

2012 was a year.

As Andy approaches the school gates, she recognises someone at the other end of the street. This is MARTHA MARKOVIĆ, eleven and three quarters thank-you.

2020 ANDY (V.O.)

It was our final year of primary school. Mine and Martha's. My best friend.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM. FLASHBACK.

We flashback briefly to Andy sitting on the floor of her room while on the landline phone to Martha.

2020 ANDY (V.O.)  
Martha spent her time making  
YouTube lyric videos for One  
Direction songs.

MARTHA (ON THE PHONE)  
So which one should I use?

Andy looks dead serious as she tries to decide.

ANDY  
What are my options again?

MARTHA (ON THE PHONE)  
X-Factor Harry, MTV Harry, Jingle  
Bell Ball Harry...

INT. MARTHA'S BEDROOM. FLASHBACK CONT.

We see Martha with a mobile phone on speaker as she sits at a chunky laptop, using a computer program to cut out images of the One Direction members from photos online. She looks just as serious as Andy as she rattles off the various options.

MARTHA  
...Harry in a chequered shirt,  
Harry in a white t-shirt, Harry  
from that photoshoot where they're  
all wearing the knitted sweaters...

2020 ANDY (V.O.)  
Despite her hobby we never really  
looked at the lyrics for other  
songs. The odd Taylor Swift or Katy  
Perry, sure, but most of the time  
we would be shouting about sex and  
drugs and getting drunk at the top  
of our lungs, completely unaware.  
If the chorus was catchy, we were  
sold.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM. FLASHBACK CONT.

Andy and Martha are screaming along to a song in the vein of Kesha or Nicki Minaj as they jump on the bed and sing into hairbrushes.

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. MORNING. 2012.

With similar energy to the scene before, Andy and Martha are greeting one another from either end of the street. They dance and pull silly faces and wave their arms about as they groove their ways towards one another.

Once they reach each other they both try to squeeze the air out of one another. It becomes quickly apparent that Andy is winning.

MARTHA  
Tap out! You win, you win!

ANDY  
Haha. Victory is mine.

Andy wins. The two girls laugh by the schools gates together before gathering themselves.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Hey.

MARTHA  
Morning.

Martha and Andy turn towards the school before them.

ANDY  
You ready?

MARTHA  
Am I ever.

Andy and Martha enter the school grounds.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. CONTINUOUS.

It's clear Andy and Martha are close as they engage in an animated discussion while they wander through the school. They appear to also be well known, waving hello to other students who gladly return the greeting.

2020 ANDY (V.O.)  
Truth be told we weren't anything  
special.

As they enter the covered external corridor where the lockers are, they meet up with a group of four other girls. They all dump their bags, and the four new girls join Andy and Martha as they enter a nearby door.

INT. CLASSROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The girls file into class and sit on the floor. They're all chatting away and playing games to pass the time, like the chopsticks hand game and noughts and crosses on the underside of their skirts and dresses. Someone is showing off their new phone and another is absorbed in a thick fantasy-looking book.

2020 ANDY

We read about teenagers saving the  
world and we watched grand romances  
play out on the screen

The teacher (MS. EDWARDS) comes in, motions for the room to quiet down and starts taking role call.

2020 ANDY (V.O.)

But we were just two ordinary young  
girls.

MS. EDWARDS

Yes?

All heads turn at the role call's abrupt stop. A boy near the back of the class has his hand raised.

MS. EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Is everything alright, James?

JAMES

I was just wondering if you think  
the world is going to end this  
year?

Everyone looks shocked and confused. Ms. Edwards seems stunned and unsure what to say while all Andy and Martha can do is stare at each other.

2020 ANDY

Just two young girls facing the end  
of our world as we knew it.

The school bell rings.

END OF EXCERPT