

SCENE 1

FX: GRAND DESIGNS THEME TUNE FADING
INTO A HAUNTING POST-APOCALYPSE WIND.
KEVIN MCCLOUD TALKS TO CAMERA.

KEVIN: Construction is really hard. Wether it's a road, a skyscraper or a house, it needs to withstand everything mother nature can throw at it. That's doubly important here in the post-nuclear Badlands of Buxton, Derbyshire, where radioactive clouds roll in off the Peak District and gangs of mutants are waiting to strike you down at every turn. Given that you want to give yourself an easy time, you want to choose a reliable and stable plot of land to build on, the question I have to ask Fred and Saffron is why attempt to build a dream home on what's basically a thirty mile diameter thermo-nuclear crater.

FRED: The land's really cheap. A fraction of what you'd pay round Manchester.

SAFFRON: The bomb that got us here was meant for Manchester, you know that, don't you.

FRED: Their loss is our gain. They might have shops and houses and things, but it's still a shit hole.

KEVIN: The main challenge with this site will be security. You're building quite literally on the edges of civilisation.

FRED: It was a bad time during the war. You remember it. We all lost something.

KEVIN: I lost what was left of my hair.

FRED: We feel your pain. With half the population dead or dying, society collapsing around us, we figured only a fool would build on this land. So we won't be building on it. We'll be building under it.

KEVIN: You won't be building a dream house, more a ... dream bunker.

FRED: Aye, a bloody strong 'un as well. Three feet thick concrete slabs for walls. That'll keep the radiation out. And the muties.

KEVIN: Won't the lack of natural daylight become oppressive after a while.

FRED: Daylight?. Pfah! You don't come to Buxton for daylight.

SAFFRON: You don't come to Buxton for anything, really.

FRED: I've rigged up a series of mirrors to filter light into the bowels of the bunker. It lets us see out as well. Helps with targeting the mini-guns.

KEVIN: I see you take home security seriously.

FRED: Have to round here. Cannibals and all sorts up in them hills. We've built in a three sixty degree 500 metre radius kill zone into the design. Only bastard'll get in here will be the postman. And he'll have to ring ahead.

KEVIN: Well, you've certainly got your work cut out for you. First, building in this most inhospitable of environments and then enjoying anything approaching a reasonable standard of living amongst the post-apocalyptic fallout. It's a testament to the enduring human spirit and the undoubted appeal of rock bottom land prices. We'll see how Fred and Saffron get on after the break.

FX: RAPID CLICKING FROM A RADIATION
COUNTER.

SAFFRON: We'll have to suit up, pet. Rad-cloud coming in.

KEVIN: Of course.

THE END.