

BREEDER'S LOTTERY

Written by  
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INT. REPURPOSED HOTEL - MAIA'S SUITE. DAY

Across an immaculate, moderate sized hotel suite, wisps of steam seep out from underneath a closed door.

The force of a shower can be heard beyond.

The sound of the water halts and after a moment the bathroom door begins to open.

On a narrow, wall-mounted desk sits a tablet in its dock, a charging pad for a sleek blue band, and a bulbous vase of fresh daffodils, gemini, and blue iris.

A well manicured hand taps the tablet screen.

ON TABLET SCREEN

The display shows a schedule titled 'TODAY' and a series of sequential blocks: 'BREAKFAST - TABLE 14' 8:45 - 09:15, 'ARENA BUS' 09:17 - 09:40, 'COMMUNITY ALL HANDS' 10:30 - 19:30, and 'BUS HOME' 19:36 - 19:59.

RETURN TO SUITE

SERIES OF CLOSE UP SHOTS

A) The hand places the sleek blue band on their ring finger. It glows briefly before returning to normal.

B) The hand opens a drawer to reveal neatly bundled undergarments, all the same shade of blue. They pick out a pair of pants and socks.

C) As the hand opens a slimline wardrobe, several blue garment bags, grouped by occasion and numbered, rustle on their hangers.

D) The hand unhooks a bag revealing a tag around its neck that reads: 'MAIA BLUE / SPRING OCCASION WEAR #1'.

MAIA (mid-20s, proudly poised), carefully lays the garment bag on the double bed and draws the zip downwards, uncovering a blue cotton dress.

Standing before a full-length mirror, she pulls her hair into a basic plait and loops it over her head to create a halo. She runs her hands firmly down the dress and straightens the neckline and sleeves.

INT. REPURPOSED HOTEL - HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

The automatic lock THUNKS as Maia closes her door.

Below a plaque that reads 'MAIA BLUE RESIDENCE', Maia slides the bar on the privacy indicator sign to signify the room is 'VACANT'.

INT. REPURPOSED HOTEL - FOOD HALL. DAY - LATER.

Murmurs of conversation fill the large dining hall as colourful clusters of people enjoy their meals.

Each wears an outfit that is a single one of the primary, secondary, and tertiary colours and a matching coloured band on their ring finger.

Maia waits in line with an empty tray.

Behind the counter, several NOURISHMENT SPECIALISTS in teal workwear flit between it and the kitchen.

NOURISHMENT SPECIALIST  
Morning, Maia. Here's the usual.

MAIA  
Appreciated, as always.

They place a bowl of cereal, a glass of apple juice, and a small paper container with an assortment of pills onto Maia's tray.

Maia is last to arrive at her assigned table.

KAT, dressed in chartreuse, and HARRY, who repeatedly shuffles in his magenta suit, keep to themselves.

Meanwhile, LUCY (early 20s, matches the energy of the children she teaches), dressed in a loose orange jumpsuit, motions excitedly at LINUS (late 20s, logical and curious), who is wearing his red suit without the blazer and is intensely focused on his oatmeal.

Although the food on their trays differ, each has the same small paper pill container.

LUCY  
... it's fascinating rea -- Maia!

Kat and Harry throw Maia a smile before returning to their respective plates.

Linus stops swirling the contents of his bowl and his previously stoic countenance slips as he smiles at Maia.

MAIA  
Packed today.

Maia motions towards the almost full room.

LINUS  
That rare occasion that we're all  
running on the same schedule.

LUCY  
(to Maia)  
Nervous?

Maia deftly throws back the assortment of pills and  
washes them down with a swig of apple juice.

MAIA  
(shrugging)  
Not even a little.

LUCY  
That's the spirit.

Maia points at Lucy's lack of occasion wear.

MAIA  
You're not coming to the All Hands?

LUCY  
I'm on duty...

Maia sags a little.

LUCY (cont'd)  
But I'll be watching with the kids.

LINUS  
All Hands means all hands. Whether  
you're in nappies or not.

VI's (a virtual intelligence assistant designed to manage  
community scheduling) artificially sweetened voice  
filters into the room from above.

VI (V.O.)  
Those travelling to the East  
District, your bus has arrived.

LUCY  
That's me.

Lucy scoffs the remainder of her food as she stands from  
the table. Leaving her dishes behind, she moves towards  
the exit.

LUCY (cont'd)  
(shouting over shoulder)  
Good luck!

EXT. REPURPOSED HOTEL. DAY - LATER.

A stain above the front door of the building is a shadow of its past. The stone walls, though clearly centuries old, are otherwise well maintained.

Maia steps onto a yellow, electric, driverless bus.

Each street is a patchwork blanket of generations of art movements. The overly ornate pressed up against the practical. Each missing their signs.

The sky blends from the palest of blues to a deep azure.

EXT. ARENA VENUE. DAY - LATER.

The sky undulates as a breeze ripples the reflection.

Across the pond bordered with swaying tulips, an equally colourful procession marches into the arena.

INT. ARENA VENUE. CONTINUOUS.

A hum fills the bowl of the arena as thousands of people chatter and shuffle to their seats.

Once seated, the lights dim and silence settles.

Above the stage, an immense screen flickers to life.

Maia's chin raises slightly.

A BOOM punctures the silence and she smiles as those around her flinch and gasp.

Maia delights in their horror as gunshots overlap explosions before turning to the wails of a baby being overshadowed by a couple cursing and yelling.

ON SCREEN MONTAGE

A lifeless figure lies beaten on the ground, blood pooling from their midsection.

A mass of people storm a store front that declares 'SALES NOW ON' in scarlet letters. People tear at each other for items. Elbowing. Scratching. Biting.

An endless line of trucks dump their contents on ever-growing mounds of trash.

Empty takeaway boxes stack up beside a growing pile of moulding vegetables and fruits.

A woman enters a room to find two others locked in an intimate affair. Distraught, she flees.

A person lies on a couch in the dark, their face illuminated by a tiny screen. Their thumb swipes mindlessly as an endless barrage of videos stream.

Headlines overlap: 'MENTAL HEALTH CRISIS', 'OBESITY CRISIS', 'BIRTH RATES AT AN ALL TIME LOW', 'HOUSING CRISIS', 'COST OF LIVING CRISIS', 'DIVORCE RATES SOAR'.

RETURN TO ARENA

As the light returns, standing centre stage in an immaculate purple suit is the local Community Director, ALEXANDRA (mid-40s, as unruffled as her suit). Her voice overflows in the bowl of the arena.

ALEXANDRA

Stress... Pain... Suffering... Waste... Not  
in our time.

The crowd erupts in applause. Alexandra throws her arms outward and wide.

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

A moment, please, to recognise our  
Content Creators: Anya, Maia, and  
Thomas Blue...

Maia sits tall at the mention of her name.

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

Thank you to those who didn't shy  
away from reminding us of our past  
missteps, allowing us to appreciate  
our growth.

Maia smiles wide as the applause lifts again.

After a moment, Alexandra motions for the applause to cease and it does, immediately.

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

Today is an opportunity to offer  
thanks to each of you for your  
contributions. Your steadfast  
commitment to continuous  
improvement. And your dedication to  
eradicate waste. Round of applause  
for you all.

The applause lifts once more.

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)  
Now, who's excited to see the  
stats?

Alexandra cups her ear towards the cheering crowd.  
Laughing, she steps up to a podium situated beneath the  
immense screen.

CLICK resonates through the arena as the slide changes.

Alexandra continues speaking on stage but the sound turns  
to a deep bass before CLICK.

INT. ARENA VENUE. LATER.

The current slide reads: 'BREEDER'S LOTTERY'.

ALEXANDRA  
And finally, a prestigious award  
offered amongst our finest  
specimens, ensuring the quality of  
our society only improves with age.  
Let's hear it for this quarter's  
winners of the Breeder's Lottery.

Maia enthusiastically applauds with the others.

CLICK A new slide shows a handful of names and faces.

Maia's smile slips and her hands falter as she recognises  
herself looming over them all.

Those close by pat her in congratulations. Nodding her  
thanks, she smiles but her eyes remain wide.

The applause becomes increasingly and unbearably loud as  
Maia stares on, dazed.

**[ACT I available on request.]**