

Reject Inject

by  
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Based on Moxyland

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY**

The clip-clop of civilians' fancy shoes heading in all directions is heard and only their feet passing back and forth can be seen. Suddenly we see two dirty red-brown sneakers step into frame, halt, shuffle awkwardly and continue forward.

JAY, is a young man of about 24 with a humorously pathetic and awkward air to how he holds himself. A bit of a low-life. Clearly doesn't fit in to high-class surroundings. Wears messy attire and has unkempt hairstyle, enters a sleek, pristine, clearly expensive silver train through doors which open with the sound of well engineered air decompression and oiling.

**INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE**

Jay looks around and moves towards an empty seat facing a well-dressed YOUNG MAN with gelled-back blonde hair.

Jay sits down making uncomfortable eye contact with the young man.

The young man's lip peels as he expresses his disgust in Jay's appearance.

The train gives a little jerk forward and the sound of air rushing past picks up.

Jay reshuffles himself to pull a bag of chips out of a jacket pocket and slowly begins to open the bag looking up and down at the young man as he does so.

The packet finally breaks open.

YOUNG MAN

(sighs)

You know you're not allowed to do that. They don't like it.

JAY

(delicately)

Yeah well, I don't like being famished so it's an either or situation you know.

YOUNG MAN

I guess the future had to leave some of us behind.

Jay looks down to his chips and puts them away in his pocket.

He looks out the window where many billboards displaying bright shiny futuristic products whizz by.

We focus on one specific billboard displaying a beverage BioSip (or BS for short).

Jay takes a deep breath upon seeing this and looks away from the window.

TRAIN SPEAKER

Approaching sector J7, all passengers please disembark from the train

**EXT. TRAIN STATION IN SECTOR J7**

Jay and other passengers exit the carriage.

Jay squints into the light and looks around to see many security cameras facing and revolving in all directions.

Well-dressed people rush by typing on their phones or talking into earpieces.

A muscular SECURITY GUARD, man, wearing black sunglasses and a bullet-proof vest with his biceps exposed stands with his back to a wall surveying the civilians. A security dog, German Shepard, sits by his side.

Jay tries to compose himself and walk with straight posture but becomes more nervous as he approaches the dog.

JAY  
(under breath)  
Good doggy. Good doggy. Nice doggy. Good doggy.

Jay carries on walking with an increasing pace.

SECURITY PERSONAL  
HEY! You need to get scanned!

Jay looks around disorientated

JAY  
Oh yeah, right!

Jay approaches a booth where he hands over a card from his wallet and the security personal takes out what looks like a metal detector shining a bright green light. The security run the detector all over Jay's body.

The detector beeps three times.

SECURITY PERSONAL  
All clear. Please stick to your designated areas and refrain from loitering.

**EXT. CITY STREET**

Establishing shot of a long street, very organized with every piece of technology looking very chrome and shiny. Hologram billboards display products.

Business men and woman dressed very formally walk in well organized fashion, all working with some sort of device or drinking a beverage.

Jay walks along the street in the crowd with a slump, hands in his pockets and he keeps looking around at the various pieces of technology.

He stops to look at a specific company's, Ghost, billboard which says "Drink BioSip. Good for your make up. Brought to you by Ghost."

## INT. OFFICE RECEPTION

Jay enters into a white waiting room with glass tables and minimal decorations through self-revolving doors and walks slowly towards a reception desk.

The receptionist's, a young mousy brown-haired girl, work phone rings twice and she answers it.

RECEPTIONIST

Ghost Corporation. Good for your makeup. How may I make your day?... Sure... Yup... Well the product won't be available until further notice sir. I'm sorry, I don't know those details. You'll have to check our app and just keep up to date with all our upcoming sales... Yes... Ok... Thank you so much and have a good makeup.

The receptionist puts down the phone with professional grace.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello there Jay. Ready for the final stage.

She comically mimes getting violently injected with a needle.

JAY

(sarcastically)  
Oh yeah... you bet.

RECEPTIONIST

(laughing)

Aah... freaking brilliant. Well then, you know the drill. Hand over any potential death-bringing tech otherwise I'll be forced to taize you myself under Act 4 of the Security Amendment.

She extends her hand and waits.

Jay keeps his hands in his pockets and looks awkwardly from side to side.

JAY

Um.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh shit, that's right. Ha-ha. You own nothing! Ha-ha!...  
(seriously) take a seat.

She pushes herself out from the desk and wheels away to the other side of it to do some paperwork.

Jay still stands with his hands in his pockets, looks really baffled and goes to sit on a white, perfectly geometrically square couch.

He sits down slowly and clasps his hands in his lap.

Ding. A loud voice over a speaker erupts.

VOICE

Oh Jaaaaay! We're reeeeeaaaadyyy!

Receptionist looks at Jay and points towards the lifts with her pen.

Jay enters the lift facing outwards with an uneasy expression on his face as the lift doors close.

**INT. CREATIVE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE**

DEREK, a flamboyant (perhaps gay) middle-aged man with a wacky hairstyle, pink button-up collared shirt and one too many ear piercings, is sitting on his office desk with his legs crossed fiddling with his own phone.

The office is colourful and filled with strange trinkets and racy artworks.

Jay enters the room.

DEREK

OH! My model! My dream! My star! You're here! Are you ready to be one of the first human beings upgraded with immunity to all diseases and increased brainpower, guaranteed?!

JAY

As long as the money is still there, the less chance of dying from some incurable disease is a bonus, I guess.

DEREK

Exactly! I'm so glad you see it that way. You've got that optimist's eye. Just look at you.

Derek thrusts both his arms towards Jay in an effort to bring attention to his appearance.

Jay, still has his hands in his pockets, looks down to his feet and back up again.

DEREK

Right, yeah, well don't worry. That can be fixed with just one swish of my magic finger. Oh Precious!

DR PRECIOUS, a slender woman wearing a black pants suit, enters the room with a file reading "Patient 0" and a briefcase.

PRECIOUS

You called, baby?

DEREK

Is it all ready and set to go?

PRECIOUS

You bet your sweet tushy it is.

JAY

(laughing nervously)

Hey, uh, Derek, it's not going to hurt or anything, right?

DEREK

Oh no baby! You'll feel just a little prick. Kind of like how I felt last night! Ha-ha-ha!

JAY  
That's wildly distasteful but thanks.

Dr Precious sets down the briefcase and opens it with a click to reveal syringes, metal capsules and medical swabs and begins prepping the one syringe.

PRECIOUS  
You may feel a little tingly around the edges but in a few hours the little buggers should be flowing through your system very nicely.

JAY  
You... you are a real doctor right?

Precious inserts one of the metal capsules into the back of the syringe with a click.

PRECIOUS  
Of course baby... I've got a Phd in fabulous.

Precious injects Jay.

Jay braces himself then opens his eyes to see what has happened.

JAY  
Is that it?

DEREK  
That's it!

JAY  
Well that was only mildly disappointing,

PRECIOUS  
Yes well, no eating for the next six hours and try not to void your bowels for as long as you can.

**EXT. JAY'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Jay gets home, looks around, goes to the kitchen and opens the fridge. He takes out a soda can "BioSip", takes a sip and sighs happily.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

JAY  
One BioSip please.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Jay gets a BioSip from a street vending machine.

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY**

Jay walks sipping at a BioSip. Stops. Looks at the drink.

JAY  
OH FU-

CUT TO BLACK

## Script Rationale

In order to explain the choices which were made in writing this script, it is necessary to enforce how much the initial text, *Moxyland*, was of an inspiration and influence especially in being a story with science fiction and dystopian elements. These are elements in story writing which I personally find intriguing and used as a challenge in order to create a story which included as few cliches and stereotypes which are unfortunately related with stories regarding the future. Due to this, the genre is kept in the realm of science fiction however to avoid general techniques associated with the genre, the script has been adapted to that of a comedy as well. One may summarize the genre therefore as a “sci-fi comedy.” In order to achieve this goal of genre, I drew inspiration from a few directors and their styles however mainly from that of Edgar Wright who is the director of films such as *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*, *Shaun of the dead*, and *The World’s End* all of which have been personal favourites. Through all of these films Wright’s direction makes for snappy dialogue, witty cynasism which leaves a lasting “smack-in-the-face” effect and quick cutts and technique in editing which aid the first two points. Because of this his films are often targeted for a younger, perhaps punkier, group of film-lovers. I enjoy such films and have therefore written for a film which I believe I would enjoy as a member of the audience. These effects, which have just been referenced, I aimed to achieve through dialogue between characters as well as the quirky actions and mannerisms of the main character Jay. In terms of dialogue, when Jay talks to other characters, the conversations do not beat around the bush and get straight to the point or are otherwise very awkward with Jay not really saying anything while his quirky and awkward personality is outbalanced by the energetic and somewhat wacky personalities of other characters. This is done conciously also in an effort to enforce just how much Jay is out of place in his environment. Jay’s actual character and character discription is based largely on Scott from *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World* as a young rather immature young man who isn’t insecure of himself but often reacts with seemingly little confidence in some of the things he says. This is done almost as a tribute to the character but also to play with the idea of the character by placing him in a completely different scenario from that of *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*. Much attention was placed in making sure that these effects were prominent in the script, however, it was not forgotten that the story has some kind of serious message behind it regarding a future ruled by technology. Behind the quirky interactions and dialogue, Jay is still simply another person, or casualty, in a well-oiled society where there seems to be no privacy or regard for individuality as his body becomes used as a living advertisement where the company Ghost pays him to, indirectly, become addicted to their beverage BioSip (or BS for short). This is in keeping close to the initial story. The setting in which the characters are placed also follows the initial text very closely except that the exact country is not specified whereas in *Moxyland*, it is set in Cape Town, South Africa. The concept that our rapidly moving society, as a planet, may lose a basic grasp of humanity and individuality in favour of mass produced products and seemingly flawless efficiency is a scary one. All of these elements, influences and effects I aimed to achieve which have been discussed led to the final choices which where made in writing this script adaptation.