

SUPREMACY
a film script by
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Charette: Language as a
code- Revealing Meaning
Through Code



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SYNOPSIS

A futuristic competitive world where all that matters are the unique DNA sequence combinations to make designer babies. With crime rates going high, the citizens have no empathy. They have forgotten the sense of family or identity. The council body of this civilization resort to breed these new designer babies to form an army who become the new evolved humanity. They venture out in such a dystopic habitat to kidnap the remaining original humans and brainwash them to remember emotions such as families and gathering. In the end, each designer baby is assigned to an original human to start new families and have a restored human civilization.

FILM SCRIPT SKETCH

FADE IN:

1. INT. HOME LABS - TIME OF THE DAY IS NOT CLEAR

The solemn dull white lab reeks of disinfectant.

UNKNOWN POV - CAMERA SHUTTER LENS ZOOMING IN TO -

A middle aged man with a fresh crew cut but poorly shaved jawline that had subtle hints of razor burns on his cheeks. He sits at his wobbly stool wearing the mandatory labs' whitecoat and is peering into a microscope studying intently. There are no windows or slits to indicate the time of the day by the possible incoming source of light.

JUMP CUT TO NORMAL VIEW

His frustrated hunched body relaxes as he retracts his dry eye from the microscope's eye piece to mark a tick on a sheet with sequence codes (that the audience is unclear with.)

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ONTO THE WHITE SHEET -- WE MATCH CUT TO-

2. INT. DARK SEWAGE DRAIN - DAWN

- A handwritten white crumpled paper--

In a dark sewage drain pipe with mucky water dripping from the walls, a girl with tattered clothes squints her green eyes to read the scribbles off the crumpled paper. Her face brightens with an abnormal malicious smile in this dim setting and she sprints away to a visible tunnelled point source of light. Her dark shadow in the drain disappears as the light highlights her olive skin tone.

STANDARD CUT --

3. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIME OF THE DAY IS NOT CLEAR

In a conference room with white washed walls where one couldn't distinguish between the floor and ceiling, seated were seven men either in military suits or white coats around a wide grey marble circular table. They murmur to each other even though they are in an enclosed space. They have secrets within all their mysteries.

UNKNOWN CORNER OF THE CONFERENCE ROOM POV -

The opening of a niche door lets in a roar of chaotic chants and noise from the monitor room outside the conference room that mutes the whispers within the room.

(MORE.)

(CONT.)

CAMERA CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE MONITOR SCREENS FROM THE HALF DOOR OPENED

As the door shuts again, the conference room booms with silence.

4. STILL INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA SHOT NOW REVOLVES ROUND THE TABLE HIGHLIGHTING EACH MEMBER SEATED of the COUNCIL BODY -

GENERAL OF THE MILITARY FORCE with a big moustache
We need to instil better incentive- the promised life insurance, security and protection after the saturated gold and riches are also in a critical state.
How many of them can we promise those things?

LIEUTENANT

The general masses are largely more concentrated than the upper class bastards that are feeding off our services.

ADMIRAL

And we need to keep the projects moving. If we don't provide the incentives, the citizens will turn onto us.

ADMIRAL spoke further with scorn
This all started with insecurities about themselves. They wanted to make better, prettier versions.

SMASH CUT-

5. EXT. OPEN GROUND - DUSK - WINDY ATMOSPHERE

The communal gathering outside were uproaring to make the guards start their CHECKS immediately.

The citizens now draped their faces and bodies in dusty poor clothing to not reveal any misfortuned appearance.

JUMP CUTS-

--They either hid in groups or hid individually.--

ZOOM IN TO NOMAD'S FACE THAT SHOWS FEAR AND PARANOIA

The lone nomads were more at risk as they protected the DNA codes with literally their lives. They were paranoid that someone would resort to murder them to either snatch away the codes or acquire their DNA.

ZOOM IN ON THE GROUP OF PEOPLE HIDDEN BEHIND BIG BOULDERS--

(MORE.)

(CONT.)

CAMERA IN STEALTH MODE -

The bigger groups on the other hand had each other's backs but still doubted each member because the incentives were given to individual people or groups of four if deemed worthy.

QUICK CUT SCENES-

So in the end when it came to choice of selection, one would willingly retreat or beaten to death to claim the prize.

J CUT and SMASH TO -

6. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Around the still seat seven members of the council-

DR. DENNIS ROY

Its been 12 years now with the success of our first multi-dna baby?
Have you received an update from her?

DR. ROSE SCOTT

Yes, she says she has gone underground ...
(Hesitant) She suspects that there has been development from the revolt party.
She has been trying to find the headquarters of the group along with her original mission to find her parent creator

DR. DENNIS ROY

(Murmurs his contemplation) Maybe both are connected.

LIEUTENANT

Pardon me, are you saying that you have sent in an 12 year old child?

DR. ROSE SCOTT (with motherly instinct)

She's not just any 12 year old, we have been monitoring her growth since she was born. She has comparatively greater human strength and intelligence but can still camouflage with the original humans.

DR. MILA SHAWN

We also propose to launch our new subject. This male subject in fact is her younger sibling. He has a unique quality for fast growth. He took considerably half the time to grow the same age as her.

DR. DENNIS ROY

In laymans term, his DNA has similar qualities of regeneration like that of lizards and starfish.

(The doctors in the council are interrupted with a question)

GENERAL OF THE MILITARY FORCE

Is the girl aware of her sibling?

DR. ROSE SCOTT

We haven't updated her with our status and progress. We are still training her sibling to see if he is fit to go in the field.

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ADMIRAL

How is the nature of the girl?

DR. PRESCOTT (The taciturn mastermind)

The girl has her unique sense of operation. We give her tasks but she is independent with her mode of operation.

As of now she chooses to cooperate with our team.

FADE OUT- L CUT --

LIEUTENANT

Don't you think she could be a liability if she has a sense of free will?

DR. MILA SHAWN

Yes, we were scared of that but her upbringing was particularly trained to be loyal to our command.

7. EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

Perched up on a high branch of an oak tree, the tattered clothes girl whispers into band wrapped around her finger. She hides behind a big bush of leaves on the branch.

THE GIRL

DAY 148, I have found a gathering that comprises of around 10-12 people. They seem to lurk around in the dusk timeline, they are usually armed, obviously.. and have made pot holes to their underground base headquarters. That is my assumption.

(Slowly she then speaks) I need to infiltrate them. Spying around won't work because there have been attempts by the local muggers to enter this sorta organization. (Her voice gets even quieter) They have been either killed or disappeared entirely. I need to get into this organization but for that THEY need to find me.

AERIAL CAMERA SHOT -

She jumps of the tree and lands softly in the bushes below. She walks in the deserted direction of low lands where she once had seen one of the maneuvered potholes.

8. INT. GREY LAB - DAWN

The lights in the lab zing with an unpleasant buzz in the background.

TEEN BOY with purple eyes

Are you serious! I can grow back my limbs and heal myself?

Dr. Malcom (30 year old youth)

(Teases) Yeah, you could check out the recordings if you want...

The TEEN surges through the disk tapes in the logged drawers and inserts them in the assorted slots of the high tech PC machines.

(MORE.)

(CONT.)

The tapes play on the monitor with stages of HIM as the subject. They first test out his regrowth with removing his hair and then his nails. Then the tapes go gruesome. As the numbered days go by, they begin chopping off his fingers and limbs to see if they grew back.

TEEN BOY with his purple gawking eyes
Ooh ouch! That must have hurt (he murmurs to himself)

The people on these old documentary tapes speak out - He was under heavy anaesthetics, so that he didn't feel any pain. But now he could see himself on the tapes and view the gross experiments. DR. Malcolm abruptly shuts the monitor down.

Still in the trance of watching...

TEEN BOY with purple eyes
Aren't I indestructible now? Shouldn't y'all be scared?
(He fakes a malicious smile)

Dr. Malcom
(His mentor catches his bluff) Yeah with what, your pillows and toys?

TEEN BOY with purple eyes
Absolutely man!

Dr. Malcom
(He chuckles) Let's cut to the chase now.
(In a serious tone) We have orders directly from above now. We can't goof around any longer. We need to complete your training and send you to the field. You are technically six or seven but your body and mind have reached the proper 20/21 years of age. We can't let you be here any longer than that.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INITIAL DRAFT (DEVELOPMENT)

FADE IN:

INT. HOME LABS- TIME OF THE DAY NOT CLEAR

Secluded from the world a man seems frustrated as he peers into his microscope. There's a petri dish at the viewpoint. He looks into it very intently.

QUICK CUT:

INT. DARK SEWAGE DRAIN- TIME OF THE DAY IS NOT CLEAR

A young girl squints her eyes to read the paper with some scribbles on it. Within few moments her face brightens and she starts sprinting towards the -

SMALL OPENING LETTING IN SOURCE OF LIGHT

Her dark shadow in the drain disappears as the light highlights her olive skin tone.

QUICK CUT:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- TIME OF THE DAY IS NOT CLEAR

There are people in military suits and white coats sitting around a wide round table. They murmur to each other even though they are in an enclosed space. They have secrets within all their secrecy.

END OF ACT

A man with poorly shaved razor burned appearance sits at his wobbly stool wearing lab whitecoat peering into microscope studying intently. His frustrated hunched body relaxes as he retracts his dry eye from the eye piece to mark a tick on a sheet with sequence codes that the audience is unclear with. In a dark sewage drain pipe with mucky water dripping from the walls, a girl with tattered clothes squints her green eyes to read the scribbles off the crumpled paper. Her face brightens with an abnormal malicious smile in this dim setting and she sprints away to a visible point source of light. Her dark shadow in the drain disappears as the light highlights her olive skin tone. In a conference room with white washed walls where one couldn't distinguish between the floor, walls and ceiling seated were seven men in military suits and white coats around a wide marble grey circular table. They murmur to each other even though they are in an enclosed space. They have secrets within all their mysteries. The opening of a niche door lets in a roar of chaotic chants and noise from the monitors muting the whispers in the room. As the door shuts again, the conference room booms with silence.

"We need to instil more incentive- the promised life insurance, security and protection after the saturated gold and riches are also in a critical state. How many of them can we promise those things? The general masses are largely more concentrated than the upper class bastards that are feeding off our services. And we need to keep the projects moving. If we don't provide the incentives, the citizens will turn onto us."

This all started with insecurities about themselves. They wanted to make better, prettier versions. The citizens now draped in their faces and bodies in clothing to have any recognition.

The communal gathering outside were up roaring to start the 'checks' immediately. They either hid in groups or hid individually. The lone nomads were more at risk as they secured the DNA codes with literally their lives. They were paranoid that someone would resort to killing them to snatch away the codes. The bigger groups on the other hand had each other's backs but still doubted each member because the incentives were given to individual people or groups of four if deemed worthy. So in the end when it came to choice of selection, one would willingly retreat or beaten to death to claim the prize.

"It's been 12 years now with the success of our first multi-dna baby? Have you received an update from her? Yes, she says she has gone underground ... she suspects that there has been development of revolt party. She has been trying to find the headquarters of the group along with her creator? Maybe both are connected."

Pardon me, are you saying that you have sent in an 12 year old child?

She's not just any 12 year old, we have been monitoring her growth since she was born. She has comparatively superhuman strength and intelligence. Another subject is going to be launched. The male subject in fact is her younger sibling. He has a unique quality fast growth. He took considerably half the time to grow the same age as her. His DNA has similar qualities of regeneration like that of lizards and starfish.

Is the girl aware of her sibling? We haven't updated of our status..

How is the nature of the girl? The girl has her unique sense of operation. We give her tasks but she is independent of her mode of operation. As of now she chooses to cooperate with our team. Don't you think she could be a liability if she has a sense of free will. Yes, we were scared of that but her upbringing was particularly trained to be loyal to our command.

Perched up on a tree the tattered clothes girl whispers into band wrapped around her finger. "This is my daily log, I have found a gathering that comprises of around 10-12 people. They seem to lurk around in the dusk timeline, they are usually armed, obviously.. and have made pot holes to their underground baseline. I need to infiltrate them. Spying around won't work because there have been attempts made by locals to enter this sorta organization. They have been either killed or disappeared entirely. I need to become one of them for that they need to find me." She jumps off the tree and lands softly in the bushes. She walks in the deserted direction of low lands where she once had seen one of the maneuvered potholes. In one of the whitewashed grey labs, "Are you serious I can grow back my limbs and heal myself?"

"Yeah, check out the recordings..."

The tapes play on the monitor with stages of HIM as the subject. They first test out with removing his hair and then his nails and then with his fingers and limbs. He was under anaesthetic and sleep state so that he didn't feel any pain. But now he could see himself on the tapes and view the gross experiments.

"ooh ouch that must have hurt" he murmurs to himself.

"Aren't I indestructible now? Shouldn't y'all be scared?" He fakes a malicious smile.

His mentor catches his bluff, "Yeah with what your pillows and toys?"

"Absolutely man!"

"Let's cut to the chase. We have orders directly from above. We can't goof around any longer. We need to complete your training and send you to the field. You are technically six or seven but your body and mind have reached the proper 20/21 years of age. We can't let you be here any longer than that."