

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Written by

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Based on Brave New World
By Aldous Huxley

OVER BLACK

The WHIR of a machine powering on.

AN INDUSTRIAL FAN

Spinning-- Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

A SYSTEM OF GEARS

Turning on beat-- Click. Click. Click.

A HUMAN EGG

Floating in gel. A needle penetrates. Injects fluid. Withdraws. A new egg slides in.

A MECHANICAL HEART

Pumping blood through tubes, connected to an embryo floating in a jar... Thump. Thump. Thump.

MUSTAPHA MOND (O.S.)

In the beginning, we're all the same.

Pulling up, we see hundreds of similar jars, their mechanical hearts all beating in unison across a factory floor.

MUSTAPHA MOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Only later is our fate determined.
Our position in society. Every egg
from our donors could be an Alpha or
an Epsilon before our scientists set
the Bokonovsky process in motion.

Some technicians move and work among the jars, their small sounds paled by the immense size of the space.

MUSTAPHA MOND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And from that small tweak in an
embryo we get our designations.
Our place in society. Part of the
whole. Every individual working
efficiently together to make
something greater.

Rising up, on a catwalk overlooking the floor, we find a group of bright-eyed, beautiful LATE-TEENS listening raptly.

They nod in agreement with every phrase as we pan across their unblemished faces. Turning, we see the speaker, MUSTAPHA MOND (40? 50?)- he's unnaturally fit and youthful.

MUSTAPHA MOND (CONT'D)

Elegant genetic manipulation and proper social standards. These are the foundations cultivated right here in this facility, where each of you will have the privilege of working.

He takes a moment, letting his words sink in. Broad smile.

MUSTAPHA MOND (CONT'D)

Shall we?

A PENCIL

Scribbling on a notepad.

NURSERY OBSERVATION ROOM

BERNARD (32), small, a 90 degree turn from handsome, sits on a desk, writing away. He's facing a one-way mirror, through which he eyes a dormitory of SLEEPING PRE-TEENS.

After reflecting on them for a moment, he finishes writing and reads it over, unsatisfied.

He tears the page out and takes aim, tossing it at the wastebin in the corner. Comes up woefully short. Embarrassing.

He gets up to retrieve it, and is bent over when Mustapha Mond, teens in tow, enters the room.

MUSTAPHA MOND

...but the conditioning doesn't stop once the fetus finishes gestation. Isn't that right?

Adressed to Bernard, who straightens, caught off guard.

BERNARD

Err.. Quite right sir.

MUSTAPHA MOND

Bernard here is one of our best sleep-learning specialists.

The group snickers. Really? This guy?

MUSTAPHA MOND (CONT'D)

Why don't you give them an explanation of what you do?

BERNARD

Of course! I'm in charge of creating all the--

Above the window, a RED LIGHT starts glowing.

MUSTAPHA MOND

Nevermind, looks like we'll be able to see it in action. As you were Bernard.

The group proceeds into the dormitory. A pleasant female VOICE filters through the open door:

CONDITIONING VOICE

Ending is better than mending. Why reuse what you could have new? Ending is better than mending...

The door shuts, leaving Bernard alone in silence.

He picks up the paper off the floor. Shoots it again. It rattles off the rim and onto the floor.

He SIGHS.

A CHILD'S ARM

A needle pierces it. Plunger pressed. Needle removed. A new arm takes its place.

FANNY

You're going out with Bernard Marx?

FANNY, (20s) brunette, is talking to the stunning LENINA, (20s) blonde, as they both give injections to a long line of 13 YEAR-OLDS with practiced ease.

LENINA

I'd been going with Henry for almost two months, virtually HAD to start with someone new.

FANNY

They say someone accidentally put alcohol in his blood surrogate while he was in-vitro. That's why he looks like that.