

Title: INHERITANCE Genre: Sci-Fi / Psychological Thriller Format: Short Film Script (~10-12 mins)

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - LIVING QUARTERS - DIM LIGHT

A sterile metallic room. Flickering ceiling lights.

A FAMILY OF FOUR sits silently: FATHER (40s, tough), MOTHER (30s, quiet strength), DAUGHTER (16, sharp-eyed), and a cheerful SON (6).

The FATHER approaches a glowing BLUE BUTTON on a pedestal. He presses it.

BEEP. The light turns RED. ACCESS DENIED.

FATHER (under his breath) Again?

He slams his fist. The MOTHER flinches slightly. The DAUGHTER stares blankly at a screen showing static. The SON hums softly, playing with a small toy.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

A mechanical WHIRR. The elevator descends. Metal GRINDS. The doors open.

Enter the WHITE LADY—40s, emotionless, wearing a white shirt and vest. Two silent GUARDS follow her.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

She surveys the room. Her cold eyes land on the DAUGHTER and MOTHER.

WHITE LADY Bring the boy.

One GUARD walks toward the SON. The other escorts the FATHER to a console.

WHITE LADY (CONT'D) Your cycle has failed protocol compliance.

The screen at the console shows fragmented data and empathy graphs.

INT. DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The family is gathered around a metal table. The SON is already there, calmly eating colorful candies.

Everyone else looks tense.

The WHITE LADY presses a control. A hidden compartment slides open. A futuristic WEAPON rises—shifting in form.

She steps toward the DAUGHTER.

WHITE LADY Remain still.

The weapon emits a thin LASER. It burns through half the DAUGHTER'S skull—bone and tissue exposed.

MOTHER (screams) No!

FATHER lunges, restrained by GUARDS.

The DAUGHTER stares into a metal surface—seeing her own grotesque reflection.

INT. DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The WEAPON shifts again—becoming a HAMMER. The WHITE LADY approaches the FATHER.

DAUGHTER Stop it! Stop!

WHITE LADY Noncompliance ends now.

She STRIKES the FATHER.

A CRACK. Another shift—CHAINSAW. Blood sprays.

Then a GUN. Multiple SHOTS. The FATHER slumps, lifeless.

The MOTHER sobs over his body. The DAUGHTER trembles, silent.

The SON watches. Calm.

WHITE LADY (to guards) Take him.

The GUARDS escort the SON to the elevator. He turns to the WHITE LADY.

SON Mom... can I visit them again?

A beat.

MOTHER (frozen) Mom...?

DAUGHTER turns to the WHITE LADY, realization dawning.

DAUGHTER (whispers) He's not our brother... he's your son.

The WHITE LADY finally meets her eyes.

WHITE LADY You were always my worst version.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - DARK

Rows of monitors. Each shows a different simulation:

Children in gardens.

Families in fires.

Hospital scenes.

School bullying.

On-screen text: "Subject: ANYA-24 | Loop: 36 | EMPATHY SPIKE: 12% | STATUS: RESET  
PENDING"

The WHITE LADY stands watching.

One monitor GLITCHES.

INT. SIMULATION SCREEN

The DAUGHTER stares directly into the lens.

DAUGHTER You always come back, don't you?

The WHITE LADY watches. Her hand trembles. A single TEAR falls.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

THE END