

THE NANORG

EPISODE 3 OF THE OTHER WHITE MEAT SERIES

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ETERNAL NIGHT

A small moving object crosses the vastness of space on a backdrop of countless stars.

INSERT ON SCREEN: EPISODE 3 IN THE OTHER WHITE MEAT SERIES

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The cargo ship Pop Eye races through the eternal darkness of space towards Deep Space Supply Station 10.

INT. CARGO SHIP POP EYE - NOW

The ship's engines hum. Interior lights glow dimly.

In the untidy control room, a Hawaiian pineapple shirt and long sleeve thermowear lay in one of two barcaloungers.

On the floor nearby is more clothing and a pair of boots. The boots are laced up and have socks inside.

The walls and floor of the control room are covered with a dark-colored fine dust.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The pilot and copilot, the only two members of the crew, are no where to be seen.

(small beat)

Three days earlier, the Pop Eye was denied permission to dock at DISS 7 after a bio-scan revealed it was a biohazard.

(small beat)

They were redirected to the closest decontamination station, DISS 10.

(small beat)

The Pop Eye laid in a course and blasted off at full speed towards DISS 10, decontamination and a much needed hot shower.

INT. DISS 10 - NOW

In a room filled with computers and blinking consoles, Communications Tech, TORRANCE, 20s, sees a blip on the computer screen in front of him.

The blip appears to be getting closer to DISS 10.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN WITH SMALL BLIP APPROACHING DISS 10

TORRANCE (V.O.)
 Not much traffic out this far. Must
 be the Pop Eye. Man, they're
 hauling ass.
 (small beat)
 Must be in a hurry to get a shower.

Torrance grins.

TORRANCE (V.O.)
 Can't blame'em -- weeks in space
 without a shower? No thanks.

INT. DISS 10 - NOW

Torrance keys a microphone.

TORRANCE
 Hailing ship approaching DISS 10.
 (small beat)
 Come in please -- Is that you, Pop
 Eye? We've been expecting you.
 (small beat)
 DISS 7 alerted us of your situation
 and ETA.
 (small beat)
 We have a decontamination team and
 hot showers standing by...

Torrance waits for a reply, but there is only silence. He
 studies his computer screen.

TORRANCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They're coming in way too fast.

Pause.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
 (implores)
 Come on Pop Eye -- How 'bout it?
 (small beat)
 Do you read me?

Torrance studies his screen again, keys his mike.

TORRANCE
 Hey fellows, slow that thing down.
 You're coming in way too fast.

Torrance turns in his seat and tries to catch the attention of his immediate supervisor, Mr. HARRIS, 30s.

TORRANCE
Mr. Harris -- We may have a
problem...

Harris looks up from some paperwork.

HARRIS
OK, Torrance. What is it this time?
More sea monkeys?

Torrance looks embarrassed.

TORRANCE
That was only once AND they DID
look like sea monkeys.

Harris smiles.

HARRIS
OK, what'cha got this time?

Torrance points to the blip on his computer screen.

TORRANCE
We got a blip -- a blip coming
straight at us -- They're not
responding and they're coming in
way too FAST.

Harris gets up and comes over to where Torrance is seated. He leans over Torrance's shoulder and looks at the computer screen.

HARRIS
Hail them again.

Torrance keys his microphone.

TORRANCE
Unidentified approaching vessel,
this is DISS 10 -- RESPOND.

SILENCE.

Torrance looks at Harris.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
What now, sir?

HARRIS
Are we expecting anyone?

TORRANCE
Yes sir, a small cargo ship --
Inbound from DISS 7.
(small beat)
Scheduled for decontamination.

Harris looks at Torrance.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
DISS 7 flagged them as a biohazard
three days ago and redirected them
here.

Harris stands up and rubs his chin.

HARRIS
Call'em again.

Torrance keys his mike.

TORRANCE
Fast-approaching, unidentified
vessel. Identify yourself
IMMEDIATELY and SLOW your approach.

Harris interrupts.

HARRIS
Tell 'em we're prepared to use
deadly force if they fail to
comply.

Torrance keys his mike.

TORRANCE
If you fail to comply, we will be
forced to shoot you out of the sky.
(with urgency)
DO YOU COPY?

SILENCE.

Torrance turns to Harris.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
Should we alert the gun battery?

Harris looks nervous.

HARRIS
Wish we could. They're down for
unscheduled maintenance. We're as
harmless as a bunch of old geezers
with no boner pills.

Harris and Torrance watch as the unidentified blip gets ever closer.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Turn on the exterior viewer screen.

Torrance flips a few switches. A image of a fast-approaching vessel framed against the stars is clearly visible.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

(concerned)

They're not slowing -- And they're headed right at us.

EXT. SPACE - NOW

As the fast approaching ship rotates, we see the cartoon character and name on the side of the vessel -- POP EYE.

INT. DISS 10 - NOW

Torrance and Harris watch helplessly as the Pop Eye rapidly approaches on a collision course.

Harris slams the palm of his hand down hard on a large red button on the desk. A loud CLAXON sounds. Harris picks up a microphone.

HARRIS

(sternly and with urgency)

ATTENTION all hands -- BRACE for impact. This in NOT a drill -- I repeat, brace for IMPACT.

CLAXON WAILS.

EXT. SPACE - NOW

Pop Eye slams into DISS 10 and breaches its hull. Debris and gases escape the point of impact.

INT. DISS 10, IMPACT SITE - NOW

ALARMS sound. Lights FLASH. Emergency Repair Crew rushes to the impact site. They frantically work to seal the hull of DISS 10.

Emergency Repair Crew Chief JOHNSON, 30s, barks orders to his crew.

JOHNSON

Get in there and seal off those
leaks -- HURRY. We're losing our
atmosphere.

Repair crews in space suits rush to seal the hull and stop the pressurized atmosphere of DISS 10 from being sucked into space.

Smoke and confusion subside as the DISS 10 hull is temporarily sealed.

Johnson speaks to someone through a microphone in his helmet.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, we've stopped the leaks.
It'll be a bitch to repair the
hull, but we're OK for now.

Johnson paces around and directs his repair crew. He stops to take another call. We can only hear one side of this conversation.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

It's a mess down here -- But we've
stabilized the breach. We have a
temporary patch and it seems to be
holding, but we still have a ship
stuck in our hull.

(small beat)

You want us to cut into this little
shit-can and look for survivors?

(small beat)

OK -- We're on it...

(small beat)

Johnson out.

Johnson turns and directs his crew to make an entry into the hull of the Pop Eye. Men rush forward. They are armed with cutting torches and pry bars.

The repair crew cuts through the Pop Eye's hull. They pry away the metal.

From this opening, a fine dark-colored dust POURS out of the Pop Eye and onto the deck of DISS 10.

A member of the repair crew, DAVIS, 20s, looks down at the find dark-colored dust near his boot, steps back and snags his space suit on a piece of jagged metal. Pressurized air escapes his suit. HISSSSSSSS.

INT. DISS 10, IMPACT SITE - NOW

Dark-colored dust climbs onto Davis' boot, up his leg and enters his space suit at the puncture. Davis screams as his suit fills with the dust. Ribbons of dust enter his nose, ears, eyes and mouth. He tries to scream, but can't.

Nearby, Johnson watches.

JOHNSON

What the...?

INT. DISS 10, IMPACT SITE - NOW

The dust inside Davis's helmet rises and completely obscures his face. Davis shakes, then stops. He stands motionless.

Johnson and members of the repair crew take a step back and helplessly watch.

JOHNSON

What the hell?

Johnson motions to his crew.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Get outta here -- NOW.

Johnson remains as his crew exits the area. He speaks into the mike in his helmet

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Hey, fellas -- We got some wrongness down here -- Some SERIOUS WRONGNESS.

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE

What's up? Patch not holding?

JOHNSON

I wish -- One of my crew has been attacked.

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE

Attacked by what?

JOHNSON

Not sure. When we cut into the Pop Eye, some dust spilled out.

(small beat)

The dust must have found an opening in Davis' suit.

(MORE)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
(small beat)
The dust filled his suit...

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE
The dust did what?

JOHNSON
Filled his suit -- including his
helmet -- He's gone. The dust got
him.

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE
Say again...

Johnson stares at the helmet visor of Davis's suit. There is only dust.

JOHNSON
The dust took Davis.
(small beat)
I'm right here, next to him now and
all I can see is a helmet full of
dust.
(small beat)
Check the video feed...See for
yourself.

INT. IMPACT SITE - NOW

INSERT: POOR QUALITY VIDEO FEED OF JOHNSON AND DAVIS AT
IMPACT SITE.

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE
OK. We see it.

Johnson carefully moves around Davis who remains motionless --
legs slightly spread apart and arms to his sides.

Johnson softly pokes Davis' shoulder with his gloved hand.

JOHNSON
Davis? You OK in there?

Pause.

Davis turns slowly towards Johnson. Johnson recoils slightly.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Davis, you OK?

Davis extends his right hand to Johnson. Johnson speaks into
his helmet.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Hey guys -- You seeing this?

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE
We see it.

Johnson looks at Davis. Davis stands motionless with his right hand extended.

JOHNSON
(to Davis)
You wanna shake hands?

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE
This is epic -- This could be first contact with a new life form.

Johnson does not look enthusiastic.

JOHNSON
You want me to shake hands with this dust bunny?

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE
First contact -- You'll be in all the history books...

JOHNSON
I don't know -- This thing just ate Davis...

VOICE ON HELMET MIKE
Go for it.

Johnson cautiously extends his right hand. Davis takes his hand. Johnson looks frightened and is in obvious pain. He tries pull his hand away from Davis, but can not.

JOHNSON
Geez, this thing has a grip -- it hurts and burns like hell.

Using his other hand, Johnson tries to pull away from Davis. Still unsuccessful.

Johnson becomes rigid. His eyes stare blankly ahead.

Pause.

Johnson's body shakes, then falls to the deck. A living carpet of dust rushes towards Johnson's body and covers it.

PAUSE

Davis moves to a computer console on the wall. He types on the keypad.

INSERT ON COMPUTER SCREEN: IMAGES, NUMBERS, SCHEMATICS, DATA ENTRIES.

The complete data base of DISS 10 rushes across the computer screen too fast to humanly comprehend.

Davis watches these images rush across the screen. The images stop.

Pause. Eerie silence.

Davis types on the computer keypad slowly.

INSERT ON COMPUTER SCREEN: WE ARE A SUPERIOR MICRO-COLLECTIVE ORGANISM. THERE IS NO EQUIVALENT TERM FOR US IN YOUR LANGUAGE -- YOU MAY CALL US THE NANORG -- WE CALL YOU, THE OTHER WHITE MEAT.

FADE OUT.