

BLACK MIRROR

"USS CALLISTER"

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE

1

Darkness. We hear a klaxon. Red alert in space!

Automatic doors slide open -- we follow a striding, confident man named CAPTAIN ROBERT DALY as he enters the BRIDGE of a SPACESHIP.

It's retro - the women wear miniskirts, the colour scheme is groovy, the screens are old school -- like a 60s space epic.

Following behind DALY: comms officer SHANIA LOWERY.

DALY glances up at the giant DISPLAY WINDSHIELD in front of him. His matinee-idol looks and stance epitomise the very best of Space Fleet command.

The DISPLAY shows an ALIEN WARSHIP looming in front of them.

WALTON (40s), the first officer and ship's navigator, salutes as DALY enters. Walton looks worried. Scared.

WALTON

Captain Daly-

CAPTAIN DALY

Report.

WALTON

It's a non-federation vessel -
jumped straight out of whitespace,
right in front of us.

DALY nods to himself, then looks at the main display. Tightens his jaw. Walton steps in alongside.

CAPTAIN DALY

Valdack.

WALTON

(horrified)
It can't be --

LIEUTENANT DUDANI, the ship's head engineer, who has CYBORG IMPLANTS on his temples, looks up from a monitor.

DUDANI

My datascan indicates a heavily-
armoured Gorgon Dreadnaught, vessel
ID number zero nine sixty fi--

CAPTAIN DALY

(cutting in)
Thank you Dudani.
(beat)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Valdack must've hijacked it from
the Fermi hub and tracked our
position.

(beat)

Tulaska, shield status.

ELENA TULASKA, the Callister's glamorous head of security --
a SEXY ALIEN -- sounds worried -- albeit in an EAST EUROPEAN
ACCENT:

TULASKA

Shields 100 percent.

CAPTAIN DALY

Helmsman Packer-

PACKER

Captain -

CAPTAIN DALY

Prime rear thrusters.

PACKER

Rear thrusters primed.

Behind him HELMSMAN PACKER works furiously at the controls.

WALTON is increasingly spooked. DALY is thinking.

WALTON

If that's Valdack he'll rip us to
shreds!

(beat)

Captain we have to surrender.

(beat)

There's no other way!

DALY keeps his eyes on the display.

CAPTAIN DALY

Let's not lose our heads Lieutenant
Walton.

Suddenly: *BOOM!* -- the BRIDGE is ROCKED by a blast from
VALDACK's ship.

TULASKA

Shields at 68%.

SHANIA

Heavy damage reported decks six
through ten-

DUDANI

Fires in med centre and major
rupture to cargo bay Alpha.

WALTON

We got no choice Captain!

SHANIA

Do you want me to open comms with
Valdack's craft Captain?

WALTON looks at DALY pleadingly. But...

CAPTAIN DALY

Negative.

BOOM! Another blast rocks the bridge!

TULASKA

Shields at 54 percent.

SHANIA

There's no way out.

WALTON

Captain -- please --

CAPTAIN DALY

Not now Walton-

DALY peers beyond VALDACK's ship. Beyond it: a cluster of
asteroids encompassed in a large green gas cloud.

He turns to PACKER, the young helmsman.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Helmsman Packer! Take us into that
asteroid gas cluster.

PACKER

Into the cluster?

WALTON looks terrified.

WALTON

That's suicide--

CAPTAIN DALY

--It's our only chance!

(beat)

That gas cluster is charged with
ionized pyron particles. If our
shields hold we can use them to
increase our photon intensity.

DALY puts a hand up to silence DUDANI's wittering.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Packer, increase thrusters.

PACKER pushes forward on the throttle. Engines roar. WALTON looks increasingly scared.

The CREW watch as their ship passes over the enemy craft and heads into the gas cluster.

The entire bridge SHUDDERS. Lights blink.

TULASKA
Shields at 43%

WALTON
It'll tear the ship apart!

Without averting his eyes from the display, DALY snaps:

CAPTAIN DALY
Walton, you're a Space Fleet
officer. Hold yourself together.

WALTON checks himself, nods, tries to hold it together. Then BOOM! SHUDDER! Another IMPACT.

TULASKA
Shields at 32%.

SHANIA monitors the sensors from her station.

SHANIA
Valdack's not following.

CAPTAIN DALY
Packer, turn us around-

PACKER nods and obeys.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Tulaska, charge photon bolts.

TULASKA taps something.

TULASKA
Bolts charged captain.

A beat. Daly bides his time.

CAPTAIN DALY
Fire.

They fire a photon bolt at the enemy ship. It's a direct hit - it EXPLODES ON IMPACT causing enormous damage.

TULASKA
His hull's breached. Shields gone.
He's defenceless.

1

CONTINUED: (4)

1

CAPTAIN DALY
(to SHANIA)
Lieutenant Lowery, open comms--

SHANIA
He's already hailing us Captain --

CAPTAIN DALY
On screen.

The screen reveals VALDACK, a MUSCLY SPACE VIKING, injured but defiant. Behind him: glimpses of his spaceship through sparks and smoke. The screen flickers - the signal is weak.

VALDACK
(On comms screen)
Captain Daly. May you drown in the
venom of 900 Tragorian snakes.

CAPTAIN DALY
You're defeated, Valdack. Return
the Plasmorthium crystal and we'll
cause you no more damage.

VALDACK spits.

VALDACK
You must think me a fool Captain. I
know the crystal's capabilities.
I'll die before I give it up.

CAPTAIN DALY
I gave you a chance Valdack. Showed
you mercy. Reflect on that. While
you can.
(To SHANIA)
Close comms.

The display screen flicks back to open space. The semi-obliterated enemy ship sits in view.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Tulaska. Destroy his ship.

TULASKA
Yes captain.

A PHOTON BOLT is launched. The crew watches on as it impacts the enemy ship. The ship EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL.

The crew breathe a SIGH of relief - then CHEER. DALY stands.

SHANIA
That was incredible captain.

PACKER
You saved our lives!

1

CONTINUED: (5)

1

WALTON takes DALY's hand, desperately grateful.

WALTON

Sorry I lost it back there.

CAPTAIN DALY

Not for the first time, Walton-

WALTON

I should know by now to never doubt you. Please -- forgive me.

Still holding DALY's hand, he falls down on one knee, like a man begging forgiveness from the pope.

CAPTAIN DALY

At ease, Walton.

WALTON stands, nodding. Suddenly DUDANI pipes up:

DUDANI

Captain!

Everyone looks round.

DUDANI (CONT'D)

Sensors indicate an escape pod ejected from Valdack's ship before detonation. Traces of Plasmorthium -
- he's escaping with the crystal.

PACKER

Want me to plot a pursuit course captain?

DALY considers his options.

CAPTAIN DALY

No. We'll let him go.

(beat)

For now.

Everyone nods and smiles.

SHANIA

Great decision-making, captain.

Suddenly WALTON shouts:

WALTON

Three cheers for Captain Daly! Hip-hip-

CREW

Hooray!

DALY pretends to be vaguely embarrassed, making a "quiet down" gesture with his hands. But the toasting continues:

WALTON

Hip hip!

CREW

Hooray!

... so DALY smiles, shrugs, and basks in their adulation.

Next, WALTON claps in time and leads a sing-song:

WALTON

For he's a jolly good fellow...

The entire CREW join in. DALY basks in the praise. SHANIA sidles up and puts an arm around his waist.

DALY leans over and kisses her, SHANIA literally bending over backwards as he does so. A curiously chaste lips-closed kiss. The pose is a bit like Errol Flynn kissing a rescued maiden.

No sooner has the kiss with SHANIA finished than DALY turns and performs an IDENTICAL KISS with TULASKA.

Throughout, the crew are still SINGING his praises.

CREW

*And so say all of us! And so say
all of us! For he's a jolly good
fell-o-www... And so say all of us!*

INT. CALLISTER INC. - LOBBY - DAY.

Elevator doors open to reveal DALY waiting inside - he looks different. Downtrodden. In badly-fitting work attire, this is the real ROBERT DALY, arriving at his real job.

DALY steps into the lobby.

We don't really see the RECEPTIONIST's face just yet incidentally. Behind her is the logo for the company - **CALLISTER INC.**

On one wall is a video display showing a sizzle reel of the company's major product: *INFINITY*.

It's a constant trail showing CGI graphics from a space game. The rendering looks like the environment aboard the USS CALLISTER, but without the retro tinge -- it's more JJ ABRAMS style. And it's intercut with captions like "MASSIVELY MULTIPLAYER VR SPACE EPIC" and "TOTALLY IMMERSIVE".

DALY reaches the main doors, swipes his pass, and the panel BEEPS and flashes RED. He tries again. Same result.

2

CONTINUED:

2

DALY looks over at the RECEPTIONIST. We notice she is LIEUTENANT ELENA TULASKA, the USS CALLISTER's head of security, except she's in civilian clothes.

DALY's demeanour is notably different. He's awkward. Shy.

DALY

Elena? My pass doesn't work again.

She looks up, not hugely interested in his dilemma.

ELENA

You must renew on first of each month.

DALY

I know, but, the first was on the weekend, so...

ELENA

Okay -

She presses a button, unlocking the main doors.

DALY

Thank you.

ELENA

(looking at phone)
You're welcome.

3

INT. CALLISTER INC. - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

3

DALY makes his way across the large open plan office - this is CALLISTER INC head quarters, an advanced VR Tech company.

We see rows of coders at workstations, designing software. Building levels. Data streaming down paper thin monitors - some using AR smart-specs -- it's Google on steroids.

In one small room we see some TESTERS sitting motionless, their eyes clouded out, with tiny disc-like VR EXPERIENCERS stuck to their temples.

One of the walls serves as a huge video display -- also showing the *INFINITY* sizzle reel.

Another face we recognise heads towards DALY on his way out. It's HELMSMAN PACKER, the fresh faced recruit, only here he is an intern, real name NATE PACKER. He smiles a greeting for DALY as he nears. He's casually carrying an empty tray.

NATE

Morning Mr. Daly.

DALY
Helmsman Packer.

NATE looks confused.

DALY (CONT'D)
I mean, Mr. Packer. Nate.

Nate smiles, a bit confused, and passes. DALY turns, realizes where he's going. Points at the tray.

DALY (CONT'D)
Are you - making coffees?

Nate stops, turns.

NATE
Uh yeah.

DALY waits for a brief moment for Nate to catch up with what he meant by the question. Nate doesn't get there.

DALY
Do you think maybe you could make me one too? I mean perhaps --

NATE
Sure. Sure.

Nate takes out his phone, ready to add to the order.

DALY
Vanilla latte.

Nate types.

DALY (CONT'D)
Skim milk.

Nate smirks at that, glancing at DALY's paunch.

NATE
Yeah good call.

DALY forces a smile. Nate finishes taking the order, smiles, heads off on his mission.

DALY turns and walks across the floor, momentarily distracted by the sight of SHANIA LOWERY (who works here in BUSINESS AFFAIRS) crossing the floor in business-wear.

SHANIA
(finishing a cell call,
cut-glass accent)
Well, careful what you wish for;
those are big numbers and we might
just have to hold you to that.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHANIA (CONT'D)

(beat; hearing unfunny
joke from client)

Hahaha!

(beat)

Of course. Absolutely...

Momentarily not looking where he's going, DALY immediately trips over a GYM BAG and lands with a THUMP on the floor.

There's a moment for him to groan. All eyes on him.

A man who looks exactly like VALDACK leans in to help him up. But this VALDACK is actually a faintly jockish co-worker, KARL, from marketing.

KARL

Woah, you okay there?

DALY gets to his feet, embarrassed. Feeling all eyes on him.

KARL (CONT'D)

Guess you didn't see my gym bag.

KARL slaps him on the back, a little too hard

KARL (CONT'D)

Sorry bud.

DALY smiles weakly, and heads toward the end of the room.

DALY passes a BIG office window - we see SOMEONE inside talking to SOMEONE on a hands-free earpiece, while toying idly with a STRESS BALL with the CALLISTER logo on it.

This man is confident, swaggering -- he glances over at DALY, smiles and nods as he carries on his conversation. It's WALTON, the USS CALLISTER'S second in command - in the real world he looks far more confident.

On the wall of WALTON's office is a blown-up framed front cover of WIRED magazine. It shows WALTON, with the headline TO INFINITY AND BEYOND.

DALY smiles and waves as he passes the window but WALTON's attention has already gone back to his chat.

DALY carries on, passes text on the door that reads;

JAMES WALTON. CEO. CALLISTER INC.

He reaches a second, pokier office next to WALTON'S and heads inside. On his door the text reads;

ROBERT DALY. CHIEF TECHNICAL OFFICER. CALLISTER INC.

4

INT. CALLISTER INC. - DALY'S OFFICE - DAY

4

DALY's office is cramped. On the wall there's a POSTER for SPACE FLEET, an old late 60s TV SHOW in the STAR TREK mould.

Bits of SPACE FLEET memorabilia are everywhere. There's even a series of BLU-RAY, DVD and VHS box sets on a shelf.

DALY sits at his desk. Sighs.

He looks through the glass to notice SHANIA and KARL. From the glances in his direction it looks like maybe they're talking about him. SHANIA laughs at whatever KARL just said.

Under the desk, DALY clenches a fist.

A knock at the door snaps him out of it. NANETTE COLE (mid 20s), supersmart coder, stands in the doorway, a tad nervous.

DALY thinks he knows what she wants. It's happened before.

DALY

Ladies bathroom's that way. The sign's confusing.

NANETTE

You're Robert Daly, right?

DALY

Right --

NANETTE steps forward and holds out a hand.

NANETTE

Nanette, Nanette Cole.

DALY gingerly takes her hand and shakes it

NANETTE (CONT'D)

I started here today, coding on the update? Just wanted to pass on my admiration to the person who actually designed Infinity. The procedural algorithm is amazing, it really is some beautiful code.

DALY is genuinely taken aback.

DALY

Thank you.

NANETTE steps inside.

NANETTE

It's actually the reason I wanted to work here.

A pregnant pause, DALY doesn't know what else to say.

NANETTE (CONT'D)
You must be busy, sorry.

DALY
No-no, its fine-

NANETTE
-Fangirling, sorry.

She notices the SPACE FLEET boxsets. Picks up a VHS case.

NANETTE (CONT'D)
Woah what's that?
(beat)
Vintage.

DALY stands, worried his VHS case may get fingermarks on it.

DALY
Space Fleet. A TV show. It was
before your time - before *my* time
actually, but it was visionary --

NANETTE
Is that on like *tape*?

DALY taps the other boxsets

DALY
Got the VHS, the DVD, the Blu-Rays -
- whole thing, seasons one to six.
(beat)
Netflix has it these days.

NANETTE
"Aboard the spaceship USS
Callister". OK yeah, so Callister
is like the-

DALY
Yeah, when we set up the company I
suggested we call it Callister as a
kind of a tribute. Walton didn't
really get the reference, but he
let me have that one.

Nanette looks at the SPACE FLEET poster. Notes the female crew member in a sort of mini-skirt costume.

NANETTE
Mini-skirted damsels? Little cold
for that in space.

DALY

That's just what a Bargradian sand warrior would say.

The look on NANETTE's face indicates she didn't get the joke

Suddenly WALTON enters without invitation. Starts talking before he even realizes NANETTE is in the room.

WALTON

Bob, Christmas is closing in like a god damn meteor and we got customers all over our balls waiting on this Infinity update. Just tell me it'll be up and running before the weekend.

DALY

(flustered)

Well - I can ask Kabir if he could pick the pace up a little-

WALTON

(interrupting)

You're CTO, you shouldn't be *asking* anyone anything. You should be telling. Like I'm telling you now.

DALY

I'll speak to him. I'm sorry.

WALTON

Good. Okay.

DALY nods. WALTON notices NANETTE standing in the room. Desperately wishing she wasn't there.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Hello.

NANETTE

Hi. Sorry. I couldn't find a good moment to -

She's about to say the word "leave".

WALTON

You must be new.

(Holds out his hand)

James Walton, I run the company.

WALTON holds her hand a little too long after the shake.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Well, we run the company. Kind of. Bobby's the hardware and I'm - the shiny front end.

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

NANETTE

Nanette Cole.

WALTON

Which department?

NANETTE

Engine architecture.

WALTON

Did you start today?

NANETTE

I er - yes.

WALTON

You had the tour?

NANETTE

No. I was just--

WALTON

(Cutting in)

--Then please, allow me.

Before NANETTE can answer WALTON leads her out the door.

NANETTE

(To DALY)

It was so nice to meet you.

DALY nods. Then watches as WALTON leads NANETTE away.

5

INT. CALLISTER INC. - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

5

DALY walks over to a workstation to find KABIR DUDANI, a bookish coder, eating his breakfast at his desk.

DALY

Uh, Kabir...

As DUDANI looks up, we realise he's LT DUDANI. He wears GLASSES in reality.

DUDANI

Mr Daly?

DALY

You got the latest ETA on the update patch? Just there's still some runtime errors...

5

CONTINUED:

5

DUDANI

Well... thing is Mr Daly - it could be ready by end of play today, but if we had time we could alter the trading mechanics, tweak the critical hit system, but of course that'd add another week, maybe ten days?

While DUDANI says that, DALY glances round and sees, on the other side of the office, WALTON introducing NANETTE to SHANIA and KARL. KARL is clearly attracted to her.

DALY didn't hear what DUDANI just said. DUDANI prompts him.

DUDANI (CONT'D)

Mr Daly?

DALY

Uh, yeah, do all that. Thank you.

DUDANI nods, a bit surprised.

DUDANI

Okay. We're on it.

DALY heads back towards his office. As he does, he sees the intern Nate handing out his coffees. One to SHANIA, one to KARL. One to WALTON.

Nate has one left -- DALY's skinny latte. WALTON takes it and hands it to NANETTE. She smiles and accepts it.

DALY scowls. Retreats to his office and broods in silence.

6

INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

6

The room is dark. No one home. A sensor panel on the wall suddenly emits a little BING noise as DALY enters, grouchy. Eating the remains of a hot dog, holding a GROCERY BAG under his arm.

As he enters the lights gently brighten to an inviting glow.

7

INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

This is a small room with even more SPACE FLEET memorabilia. Posters. Action figures in glass display cases. An Airfix model of VALDACK's ship, still in its packaging.

There's also a small desk with a computer MONITOR and keyboard, and a high-backed ergonomic chair.

On the desk there is also a MYSTERIOUS DEVICE, like a PETRI DISH connected to a wire that trails off somewhere.

7 CONTINUED:

7

DALY slumps at his desk and drops the hot dog packaging into a small trash can.

DALY reaches over to the side of his desk, opens a mini-fridge next to it, and tries to choose between a carton of CHOCOLATE MILK and a carton of STRAWBERRY MILK.

As he does so, we notice in the FRIDGE DOOR is a see-through ziplock plastic bag with a RED LOLLIPOP inside it.

The name TOMMY is written on the bag in Sharpie.

DALY chooses CHOCOLATE milk. Stabs a straw into the carton and taps his mouse.

He takes a small VR EXPERIENCER DISC from a receptacle and plants it on his temple.

On the monitor, using his mouse, he opens a DESKTOP FOLDER labelled INFINITY. Inside are two icons. INFINITY and INFINITY (SPACE FLEET MOD).

He double-clicks the latter.

LIGHTS GLIMMER on his VR EXPERIENCER DISC.

Immediately DALY's EYES GLAZE OVER and his body goes limp.

He slumps back in his chair, immobilised - he's in the game.

8 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE**

8

The doors open. The in-game CAPTAIN DALY -- energized and simmering -- steps out onto the bridge.

WALTON

Welcome back Captain.

CAPTAIN DALY

Have you located Valdack's position?

WALTON

Not yet. But our sensors are probing every star system between here and--

CAPTAIN DALY

So your answer is "no".

A pause. Tension rises on the bridge. The captain's in a bad mood. The crew exchange glances.

WALTON

I'm afraid so captain.

DALY nods. Then he suddenly grasps WALTON by the throat and lifts him off the ground with one arm. Darth Vader style.

The CREW watch, frozen with fear. WALTON gasps for breath.

CAPTAIN DALY
You're pathetic Walton. What are you?

WALTON
(strangled)
Pt-- pthhh-

CAPTAIN DALY
What's that?

WALTON
(as clearly as possible)
Pathetic.

DALY lets him dangle a moment longer, then lets go. WALTON hits the floor gasping. DALY addresses the rest of the crew.

CAPTAIN DALY
(to everyone)
So Valdack's out there, somewhere and you village idiots are asleep at the wheel.
(beat)
You're not just disgraceful. You're *disgusting*. All of you.

Silence as they look at their shoes.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
So. Can you do *one thing*? Can you find Valdack?
(glancing at WALTON)
I'm not asking. I'm telling you.
(beat; to all)
Understand?

General nodding and murmurs of 'of course Captain'.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Well alright.

Daly clicks his fingers -- more energy.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
(to TULASKA)
Tulaska! Check security protocols - if they've expired you're in trouble.

TULASKA
Yes Captain.

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

TULASKA nods, chastened, busies herself.

CAPTAIN DALY
(to DUDANI)
Dudani! Recheck those probe
results! No room for errors.

DUDANI
Of course captain.

DALY turns to PACKER.

CAPTAIN DALY
Helmsman Packer -

PACKER
Yes Captain?

CAPTAIN DALY
Vanilla latte. *Skim milk.*

PACKER salutes.

PACKER
At once!

PACKER practically sprints to fetch the order. Meanwhile DALY settles down into the captain's chair.

He looks at WALTON, who's crawling on all fours towards the door.

CAPTAIN DALY
Walton.

WALTON swallows, crawls over to the CAPTAIN's chair. Lies down in front of it. DALY rests his feet on WALTON's back.

DALY sitting in his chair, sighs.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
(out loud)
Exit game.

9

INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

The real DALY blinks back to life in his chair.

A beat.

10

INT. CALLISTER INC. - DAY

10

NANETTE sits coding at her workstation, ear buds in.

We pull focus to see DALY is watching her from his glass box.

Now we're inside Daly's box, looking out. Just like him.

Then DALY spots WALTON. Striding through the office like Caesar. He stops at NANETTE's desk.

She pops out her ear buds. They trade a little friendly chat.

Walton puts a friendly hand on Nanette's shoulder.

Daly's eyes tighten.

Suddenly he's snapped out of this reverie by DUDANI's voice. DALY looks up -- DUDANI is in the doorway.

DUDANI

Mr Daly? Got that new ETA on the update patch.

DALY

New ETA? --

DUDANI

It's all good but now we're looking at December 24th for roll out.

DALY

We don't patch till Christmas Eve?

DUDANI

Well. Yeah. I mean with the alterations you approved...

DALY doesn't know how to respond to this.

DALY

Okay. Okay thank you.

He watches DUDANI go. Then NANETTE is in his doorway:

NANETTE

Hey Robert.

DALY stands up.

DALY

Oh hi --

NANETTE

Just fixing a coffee, you want one?

It's the nicest thing anyone's said to him in five years.

DALY

Sure.

(beat)

Uh, vanilla latte. Skim milk.

NANETTE

Okey dokes!

She walks off. DALY's heart swells.

11 INT. CALLISTER INC. - WATER COOLER AREA - LATER

11

NANETTE stands at the HYDRATION STATION -- a glorified water cooler area the company has installed. Various branded vending and coffee machines line a seating area.

Meanwhile, SHANIA approaches from a distance, on a cellphone call. Again, she talks in her cut-glass British accent.

SHANIA

(friendly, to phone)

Of course. Yes. Absolutely.

Using cardboard cups with plastic lids, NANETTE starts to fix herself her coffee and one for DALY, when SHANIA arrives alongside her.

As Shania speaks, she looks at Nanette -- and mimes boredom and irritation with the phonecall she's making, so Nanette will know she secretly hates the person on the other end.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes. Okay then. Hahaha! Well those are great numbers! Ta-ta.

Shania hangs up, looks at Nanette and points at the phone. Her accent changes. SHANIA sounds less refined in real life.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

(pointing at phone)

Total fucking shitwit.

Nanette nods, a bit embarrassed.

NANETTE

You want a coffee?

SHANIA

Yeah thanks, Brushed Suede.

NANETTE punches buttons. They wait while their coffees brew. SHANIA regards her and picks up an apple. NANETTE smiles, unable to think of much to say.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

So how you settling in? You *are* settling in?

She takes a bite.

NANETTE

Yeah, everyone's really friendly.

Shania nods and chews the apple.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

Not like my last job, thank God.

SHANIA

Yeah?

NANETTE

It was a *toxic* workplace. Boss was a major league bully. Not like here, like with Mr--?

SHANIA

-Walton? Yeah he's a good guy.

(beat)

Bit of a player...

NANETTE

Oh?

SHANIA

- like chuck a ham sandwich across the room and he'd fuck it before it hit the ground but he's basically an alright bloke.

NANETTE doesn't know how to respond to that.

NANETTE

Okay. Well. It's two bosses anyway here I guess.

SHANIA looks blank.

SHANIA

Two how?

NANETTE

Robert Daly --

SHANIA

Oh! Ha! Well technically yeah.

And just now we reveal that DALY is lurking just behind the refreshment area, listening in, unbeknownst to both women.

NANETTE

Mr. Daly's actually the reason I came here. I mean, who wouldn't want to work under an incredible mind like that, y'know? His coding is sublime.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

We see DALY hearing this praise. His heart skips a beat.

SHANIA

Do you have a thing for him?

NANETTE

Daly? No, it's not like that. It's purely professional. I like his code.

We see DALY hearing this. No reaction on his face.

SHANIA

(breathes out)

Fucking hell, I was gonna say -- don't be too nice to him. He gets a bit... starey. Y'know.

She does the mime as she says that bit.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

Wide berth, that's my advice. Wide berth...

NANETTE

(a bit disappointed)

Oh. Okay.

(beat)

Thank you.

NANETTE puts lids on the coffees as SHANIA eats her apple.

12 **INT. CALLISTER INC. - DALY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

12

It's now muted and awkward as NANETTE carries the COFFEE CUP in to DALY and sets it down on his desk.

NANETTE

There you go.

DALY

Thank you.

Nanette goes, feeling DALY's eyes on her back. She sits at her own desk and SIPS HER COFFEE.

A CLOSE-UP on her LIPS as she sips through the LID SIPPY-HOLE. DALY is WATCHING.

13 **EXT. CALLISTER INC. - EVENING**

13

The sun begins to set.

17 CONTINUED:

17

More LIGHTS on the PETRI DISH DEVICE start to twinkle.

On the screen: ASSIMILATING.

And a loading bar appears. 1% and rising.

ESTIMATED TIME TO COMPLETION - 16 HOURS

DALY looks at his watch. Stretches. Heads for bed as the loading bar rises incrementally.

18 **EXT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAWN**

18

Orange morning sun spreads over Daly's apartment block.

19 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

19

The loading bar reads 67% as DALY, in the background, gets dressed and heads out the door.

Music carries us through a little montage:

20 **INT. CALLISTER INC. - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER**

20

DALY exits the elevator, crosses the lobby and tries his pass. Once again he's rejected.

ELENA the RECEPTIONIST buzzes him in again.

We INTERCUT the following with the LOADING BAR as it climbs.

Now it's at 74%

Next we see him watching NANETTE chatting with WALTON, then KARL, then SHANIA.

The loading bar climbs to 85%

DALY sits typing when WALTON suddenly holds an iPad-type tablet displaying a press article directly in between him and the monitor. **Headline: INFINITY UPDATE: NOT TILL XMAS?**

DALY looks up at him. WALTON shakes his head, disappointed.

Meanwhile NANETTE is at her station, coding.

Loading bar now at 96%

We go in on NANETTE's face.

97%

We see DALY watching her through the glass.

20 CONTINUED:

20

98%... 99%... 100%

21 **INT. USS CALLISTER - MED BAY - DEEP SPACE**

21

There's a starched white MEDICAL BED in this room.

We are tight on eyes. A woman's eyes. Nanette's eyes.

Suddenly NANETTE wakes, looks around. This isn't her bed.

Or her room. It's too dark to make out detail. There's no window. Just some machines making beeping-booping noises

She looks down and realises she's dressed in SPACE FLEET attire. Figure-hugging uniform. Groovy short skirt.

She pats herself, confused. Feels her hair. It's different.

She walks to a door, which opens into a corridor...

22 **INT. USS CALLISTER - CORRIDOR - DEEP SPACE**

22

We HEAR an automatic door swooshing. Then NANETTE walks into frame, traversing a classic starship corridor.

NANETTE
(Calling out)
Hello?

There's no-one here. She turns a corner. At the end is a kind of AIRLOCK DOOR with a small porthole-type WINDOW in it.

She sees her own FACE reflected in it. But it's not a reflection she entirely recognises. Her hair *is* different. It's styled. And she has make-up on. Light blue eyeshadow.

She stares at herself, baffled. And then -- she focuses on the stars behind her reflection. THE STARS?!?

Shocked, she leans in.

OUT THE WINDOW - stretching out either side of the window is the UNIVERSE. DEEP SPACE.

We see an external shot. NANETTE peering out from a tiny window. We pull out to see, on the main section of the ship, printed in giant letters, the words **USS CALLISTER**

Dizzy with shock, NANETTE steps back from the window. And then she hears TWO VOICES arguing, echoing down the hallway.

She stumbles towards them in a trance, following the sound through the winding hallways until she reaches a DOOR.

NANETTE passes through the door -- onto the BRIDGE.

23

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

23

The BRIDGE is dimly lit. The crew are not at their stations. They're in a corner, huddled around a kind of BAR.

WALTON's there, pouring a drink whilst the rest sit solemnly watching. The argument (between WALTON and TULASKA) stops the minute they see NANETTE in the doorway.

There's a pause.

WALTON

(to self)

Oh boy.

(beat)

Looks like there's a new girl in the office.

He takes a swig. NANETTE holds back, confused. SHANIA pipes up -- in her 'regular' voice, not her cut-glass accent.

SHANIA

What's your name hun?

WALTON

Come in. Let me pour you a drink. Got everything from Bengarian phlegm shots to distilled root blood from the Cangor quadrant. What's your poison? Some of this actually is poison. Don't be shy.

NANETTE doesn't move.

NANETTE

Am I dreaming?

SHANIA

'Fraid not.

TULASKA, who's bored and sitting at her station, doesn't look up from her fingernails.

TULASKA

I remember dreaming.

PACKER nods -- those were the days.

PACKER

Me too.

NANETTE

Where am I?

WALTON

The USS Callister, Space Fleet's finest, exploring the farthest reaches of the known universe and beyond. We are its loyal crew. And now, it seems, so are you. Cheers.

WALTON downs a shot. NANETTE looks around.

SHANIA

Your name, babes, what's your name?

NANETTE

Nanette.

(off SHANIA's blank look)

We've met.

SHANIA

Maybe, in the real world. I got no way of knowing.

NANETTE

What do you mean?

SHANIA

You'd better sit down.

NANETTE

I don't want to sit down, I want to know what's going on.

DUDANI walks towards her.

DUDANI

You're onboard Robert Daly's ship.

NANETTE

Wh -- Robert Daly? The CTO?

WALTON

(Pouring another drink)

Here he's *Captain* Daly, our fearless leader.

SHANIA

You're *seriously* gonna need to sit the fuck down.

NANETTE turns to spot PACKER.

NANETTE

(To PACKER)

You're the intern? From work. Nate something?

PACKER

Packer. Nate Packer.

(beat)

I'm still just the intern out there
huh? Jesus.

NANETTE turns to DUDANI.

NANETTE

And you're --

DUDANI

Kabir Dudani. Diagnostics.

NANETTE, dazed, looks at TULASKA.

NANETTE

You're the receptionist.

TULASKA nods.

TULASKA

Elena.

NANETTE looks at TULASKA'S ALIEN BLUE SKIN.

NANETTE

But you're skin is blue...

TULASKA looks at her own alien skin and practically shrugs by way of recognition.

TULASKA

Weird alien skin, I know, it's
fucked up. Almost sort of racist.

NANETTE looks dizzy. She nearly falls over. SHANIA is there to catch her.

She starts leading NANETTE over to the captain's chair.

SHANIA

Walt. Fix her something. Vodka.
Something she'll recognise.

NANETTE sits. The rest of the officers crowd round. She looks at them like she's dreaming.

PACKER

What's it like out there now?

NANETTE struggles to answer.

PACKER (CONT'D)

Like what year is it?

SHANIA is annoyed with PACKER.

NANETTE

What year - I saw you today.

WALTON

Did you see me? Did I look thin?
Like wheatgrass and yoga thin?

SHANIA

Can we not pop her fucking mind?
Give her a chance.

NANETTE

Someone needs to be straight with
me right now.

SHANIA steps forward. Trying to calm her.

SHANIA

Okay. Listen. This is *Infinity*.
That's what we're all inside--
(gesturing around)
-- that's where all this exists.

NANETTE

Infinity the game?

SHANIA

(nodding)
Daly's got his own modded version
of *Infinity* - re-skinned to look
like his favourite TV show --

NANETTE

Space... Thing...

WALTON brings the vodka over and hands it to her.

WALTON

Space Fleet. Hence the groovy decor-

SHANIA

(indicating own outfit)
And this get-up.

NANETTE

Infinity's an online game, like a
multiplayer deal, I mean --

DUDANI

This is his development build.
Sealed off. So he can control it.
He keeps it offline so the custom
code he's written can't be detected
and deleted.

WALTON

It's a bubble universe ruled by an asshole God.

NANETTE is almost lost for words.

NANETTE

He -- put us in here?

SHANIA

(nodding)

Drink your vodka.

NANETTE

How do we get out?

SHANIA holds the shot of vodka closer.

SHANIA

Really, drink it.

NANETTE downs the shot. And gasps.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

You can't leave.

NANETTE

What!?

SHANIA

None of us can. Because you're not actually you.

NANETTE

What?

SHANIA

I know, it's mental. But -- you're a copy of you.

DUDANI

A digital clone.

NANETTE looks around, trying to process this. WALTON sympathetically signals for her to drink another shot.

NANETTE

No. I'm me--

WALTON

- but not the real you.

DUDANI

Daly's created an identical digital version of you - of all of us. From your DNA. He'll have harvested it somehow.

WALTON

Told me he got mine from the rim of a smoothie cup. *Packer's* juices he retrieved from the bathroom--

PACKER

-- man, let that go, she don't need details-

SHANIA

Basically he's built some fucking gizmo-

DUDANI

-I theorize an advanced biometric DNA virtual clone replicator wi--

SHANIA

(interrupting)

- exactly, a fucking gizmo. He fed your DNA in, grew you inside his computer and bam. You pop up here. Like a pop tart.

NANETTE looks dizzy. SHANIA continues.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

We've all been through it. He brings us in for different reasons. Shit we did in the office. I called him out for staring.

DUDANI

I reset admin permissions on a test build for fourteen minutes. In truth a minor error which was rapidly-

Before DUDANI can ramble, PACKER cuts in:

PACKER

I brought him the wrong sandwich.

TULASKA puts a hand up.

TULASKA

"Insufficient smiling".

WALTON doesn't want to talk about this.

WALTON

Never mind Daly's 'reasons'. We're stuck in his playground now, that's all you need to know.

NANETTE gets out of the chair and walks around.

NANETTE

This is a dream. It has to be.

WALTON takes the shot that NANETTE has left.

WALTON

More of an eternal waking nightmare
from which there is no escape.

NANETTE

No. No.

SHANIA

(to WALTON)

Fuck sake, I'm trying to break her
in gently.

WALTON rolls his eyebrows and downs the shot.

WALTON

Quicker she gets it, the easier
it'll be for her.

Suddenly the lights of the ship come on, bathing the room in
a warm orange glow. Tense resignation washes across the crew.

TULASKA

Daddy's home.

PACKER

(indicating lights)

Daly. He'll be here any moment.

NANETTE

No. I'm out of here.

PACKER grabs her arm. Deathly serious.

PACKER

(To NANETTE)

You *gotta* stay on the bridge.

NANETTE

Get off-

PACKER

He controls *everything* -- he *does*
shit to make us cooperate. You have
no idea. I'm trying to *help* you.

NANETTE pulls herself free and RUNS for the exit. PACKER goes
to run after her, but SHANIA stops him by saying:

SHANIA

Leave it.

PACKER
 (to SHANIA)
 He'll fuck us all up if she doesn't
 play ball.

SHANIA
 She's gonna have to work it out for
 herself. Like we all did.

She glances at WALTON who looks at his shoes.

24 **INT. USS CALLISTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

24

NANETTE runs along the hallway, looking for an escape.

NANETTE
 (to self)
 Gotta be a way out.

She tries an access panel beside the airlock door. It has
 buttons on it. She mashes away at them.

NANETTE (CONT'D)
 Come on come on. Got to be a way --

Suddenly, the ship HUMS LOUDER. Lights up.

NANETTE tries the access panel again, but stops when she
 notices something happening to her hands -- they're glowing.

She holds them up, realises its happening to her whole body.
 She is beginning to disintegrate in a strange golden glow.

She panics, SCREAMS as she evaporates into thin air.

25 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE.**

25

NANETTE reappears on the teleporter, in the same golden glow
 she disappeared in, still holding her hands out, SCREAMING.

The CREW are now all at their stations watching her in
 silence. In the quiet of the bridge, NANETTE'S SCREAMING
 seems overly dramatic. She stops.

The chair in the centre of the room spins round to face her,
 revealing CAPTAIN DALY sat in a classic hero pose.

CAPTAIN DALY
 Lieutenant Cole. Welcome aboard.

She stares at him, agape.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
 Crew, we have a new member of the
 team. Science Officer Nanette Cole.
 (MORE)

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Please, take your post - I believe we've finally managed to track Valdack to an uncharted planet.

TULASKA, the nearest, nudges her. Signals to an empty chair.

NANETTE

(Gathering composure)

No.

Nervous looks from the CREW.

CAPTAIN DALY

Take your post. That is an order.

NANETTE

I'm not doing this.

CAPTAIN DALY

(Dropping the act briefly)

The whole thing's much better if you let yourself get into it.

NANETTE

If you think I'm playing along with your Space Force bullshit--

CAPTAIN DALY

Space *Fleet* -

NANETTE

- *whatever* - just think again.

CAPTAIN DALY's mood darkens. He stands from his chair.

CAPTAIN DALY

This is my ship. I am your captain. An order is an order.

NANETTE

Then go fuck yourself. "Sir".

A stand off. The tension amongst the crew is palpable.

CAPTAIN DALY

Okay. So we're doing it *this* way.

CAPTAIN DALY holds out a hand in her direction, not unlike the Emperor from Empire Strikes Back.

NANETTE

What, you gonna 'throw a fireball'?

The crew avert their eyes. They've seen this before.

Suddenly DALY clicks his fingers.

NANETTE's entire FACE suddenly becomes a perfectly smooth featureless bump. No eyes, no nostrils, no mouth.

We hear a muffled gasping. Evidently she can't breathe.

CAPTAIN DALY

Oh dear. Can't see, can't breathe?

NANETTE is gasping -- but has no mouth. She pats her useless non-face, she clutches her throat, falls to her knees.

The rest of the CREW return to their stations, trying to ignore the familiarity of the torture playing out.

DALY comes closer, standing over her.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Unpleasant, isn't it?

She's on the floor, gasping. DALY kneels beside her.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Do you submit? You won't die you know. No-one dies in here unless I want them to. I can keep you this way forever if I feel like it. Eternity - in darkness, gasping for breath with a mouth that isn't there.

She writhes, desperate to breathe. DALY straightens up.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Do you submit?

NANETTE is still squirming.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

We have all the time in the universe. Do you submit?

Eventually -- NANETTE nods.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Good girl.

He clicks his fingers, walks away. NANETTE's face reappears. She GULPS down air like someone rescued from drowning.

CAPTAIN DALY spins his chair round away from NANETTE to face the large viewing screen at the front of the bridge.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Cole. Valdack's hideout. Triangulate the signal please.

NANETTE looks at the crew. No one is coming to help her. They've all been made subservient by DALY's omnipotence.

Eventually NANETTE pulls herself up, heads over to her station. She sits at the chair next to SHANIA.

NANETTE looks down at the controls, incomprehensible symbols and colored shapes.

SHANIA talks through the side of her mouth to NANETTE.

SHANIA
(Whispering)
Any button, they're all the same.

NANETTE looks down to see a red flashing light on her controls. She presses it.

The shapes and symbols move away to reveal an animation of a star system, it zeroes in on a planet in that system.

A flashing beacon pulses on the planet surface. Information scrolls down next to it. NANETTE stares at it all.

CAPTAIN DALY
Well?

NANETTE
(Reading from monitor)
I'm getting a signal from... a
class 5 planet... Uh.. Rannotch
B...

SHANIA
Rannoch--

NANETTE
Right. Rannoch B.

CAPTAIN DALY
Excellent. Dudani, prepare the
transmat system.

DUDANI
Of course Captain.

CAPTAIN DALY gets up.

CAPTAIN DALY
Walton. Packer. Lowery. With me.
We'll transport down to the planet.
Reclaim the crystal. Bring Valdack
to justice.

The named crew members get up to follow CAPTAIN DALY to the TELEPORTER. CAPTAIN DALY stops:

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Actually, Cole. You come too.
Perfect opportunity for you to
prove you're more than a
recommendation from Space Fleet.
What do you say?

NANETTE looks at TULASKA, who nods slowly and discreetly.

PACKER, WALTON and DALY don BELTS with PHASER GUNS on them.
Meanwhile NANETTE joins them on the TELEPORTER. SHANIA
indicates how to stand on one of the teleporter discs.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Mr Dudani. Transport!

DUDANI
Aye aye captain.

He hits a button and the CREW DEMATERIALISES.

EXT. ALIEN WORLD - DAY

The alien planet surface. Two suns hang in a mauve sky.

DALY and the crew MATERIALISE into view. NANETTE looks a
little dizzy. The rest are accustomed to it.

CAPTAIN DALY
Breathable atmosphere. Scanning for
Plasmorthian traces.

DALY scans the horizon with his OMINICORDER, like it's a
geiger counter.

The OMNICORDER beeps. Daly turns and points at the horizon.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
The crystal's this way. Let's go.

He leads them toward it. DALY and WALTON walking ahead.

As PACKER heads off, NANETTE spots the GUN on his belt.

NANETTE
(hushed)
Nate.

She pulls level with him.

NANETTE (CONT'D)
Hey Nate--

PACKER
(equally hushed)
Helmsman Packer.
(MORE)

26

CONTINUED:

26

PACKER (CONT'D)

You gotta call me "Helmsman Packer". He gets mad if we don't use our full titles.

NANETTE

You got a gun, let's take him out--

PACKER

Not gonna happen --

NANETTE

It's worth a shot--

PACKER

One, our guns don't work. Only his does. And two, the motherfucker's *invincible*.

NANETTE

Least you got a gun.

She's getting more and more annoyed with this.

27

EXT. CRATER - LATER

27

DALY leads them down a craggy path with high rocky walls towards the centre of a crater. NANETTE looks up around them - it feels like they're being watched. Some small stones clatter down the wall behind them making WALTON jump.

WALTON

(nervously)

Captain--

DALY is consumed by the readings on his OMNIREORDER.

CAPTAIN DALY

Shhh!

SUDDENLY VALDACK'S voice booms out from behind them.

VALDACK (O.C.)

We meet again, Captain Daly!

DALY swings around to see VALDACK standing on the crater's edge above them, holding a massive grenade launcher, covering their only exit.

WALTON

We're trapped!

DALY raises his phaser.

VALDACK

Not advisable. My plasma grenades would turn you into screaming soup.

SHANIA leans in, whispers:

SHANIA

He's not going to kill us Captain.
He had the element of surprise,
he'd have done it when he had the
chance.

DALY nods. Looks at VALDACK and raises his voice:

CAPTAIN DALY

Haven't worked out how to use the
crystal, have you Valdack?

VALDACK

It's true that I require your Space
Fleet knowledge. It's also true
that you'll give it to me.

CAPTAIN DALY

Don't be so sure.

VALDACK gives out a classic evil villain laugh.

NANETTE

(under breath; it's
cheesy)

Jesus.

SHANIA shoots her an urgent look -- *be quiet.*

VALDACK

Let's see how your resolve holds up
when you're being devoured one-by-
one -- by my Archanajax.

AT THAT MOMENT a grotesque BEETLE MONSTER scuttles from
behind VALDACK, over the edge towards the crew. It's about
the size of a large HORSE with great big gnashing mandibles.

WALTON

We're all gonna die!

CAPTAIN DALY

Killing us won't make us tell you
how the crystal works Valdack.
We'll never --

Suddenly his OMNIREORDER emits a sort of electronic BING BONG.
Like a doorbell. He holds it up.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

(breaking character)

Hold on - think my pizza's here.

(beat; raised voice)

Pause game.

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Suddenly DALY freezes in position, still holding the OMNIREORDER. The crew RELAX. So does VALDACK. Even the ARACHNAJAX sits down. NANETTE is confused.

NANETTE

What's happening?

WALTON

You heard him, he's paused the game for a pizza delivery.

(off incredulous look)

Out there.

28 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

28

The REAL DALY snaps out of his trance -- his pupils returning to normal -- and peels the VR DISC off his temple.

The same *Bing Bong* his omnireorder made is coming from somewhere off-screen.

DALY

Hold on!

He gets out of his seat.

29 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR/CORRIDOR/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

DALY takes a PIZZA box from a bored delivery guy. Flips open the lid and grabs a slice as he walks back to his bedroom.

30 **EXT. CRATER - CONTINUOUS**

30

NANETTE stares at CAPTAIN DALY, who's frozen in position, eyes open, still holding the OMNIREORDER. She waves a hand in front of his face. Nothing.

PACKER

Watch out. He'll be back soon.

VALDACK stretches and puts down his plasma launcher.

VALDACK

Goddam launcher's heavy as shit.

(nodding down to CREW)

How you guys holding up?

SHANIA shrugs and rolls her eyes.

WALTON

We're existing.

WALTON nods at the ARACHNAJAX.

WALTON (CONT'D)

How 'bout you Gillian?

The ARACHNAJAX lets out a mournful howl.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Well, yeah.

SHANIA sees NANETTE is now staring at the ARACHNAJAX. She leans in.

SHANIA

Her name's Gillian. She was in marketing.

PACKER

Daly turned her into... *that...* cuz she wouldn't "play along" when he cloned her into here.

SHANIA

This whole universe is littered with things like her. Poor fuckers who stepped out of line.

NANETTE stares at the ARACHNAJAX sadly, and with a deeper sense of dread. Suddenly DALY's omnicorder emits a beep.

WALTON

Well, here comes Captain Dick-

The crew re-assume positions. VALDACK picks up his launcher. The ARACHNAJAX gets back on its feet.

DALY springs back into life, calling up to VALDACK.

CAPTAIN DALY

If we die, the secret of the crystal dies with us Valdack!

VALDACK

So be it!

The ARACHNAJAX advances toward them, gnashing its jaws.

WALTON

Oh my God! We're going to die!

DALY calls up one more time.

CAPTAIN DALY

Valdack!

VALDACK

What is it Captain? Final words?

DALY points to something to the far side of VALDACK.

CAPTAIN DALY

Over there -- a naked lady!

VALDACK

Whaaat?

VALDACK turns to look. DALY raises his phaser and FIRES, hitting VALDACK in the shoulder.

With a howl, VALDACK topples off the crater wall and lands on his back on the sandy floor.

The ARACHNAJAX scuttles away. DALY and the CREW advance upon the winded VALDACK as he groans in agony.

PACKER

Great plan Captain.

SHANIA

Unparalleled tactics.

Daly stands over VALDACK, who is alive -- barely.

VALDACK

(coughing up blood)

We have fought many battles haven't we Captain?

CAPTAIN DALY

We have.

VALDACK

And I have been a good adversary for you have I not?

CAPTAIN DALY nods.

VALDACK (CONT'D)

Then please. End it. Kill me.

VALDACK looks DALY square in the eyes. He looks - desperate.

CAPTAIN DALY considers the request. Aims his phaser at VALDACK's head, ready to fire the killshot.

The rest of the CREW hold their breath, sensing a moment.

Instead, CAPTAIN DALY lowers his phaser, sucks in air through his teeth, gives an apologetic head shake.

CAPTAIN DALY

Killing in cold blood is against the Space Fleet code. I wish I could help.

CAPTAIN DALY kneels down, drops the hero act for a moment.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Bud.

VALDACK looks like he could cry. The rest of the CREW look away, each one with a strange look of defeat in their eyes.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
(To the crew)
Take him to the brig.

SHANIA and PACKER help VALDACK up, drag him away as CAPTAIN DALY hails the CALLISTER with his omnicorder.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Dudani.

DUDANI (O.C.)
(From ship)
Captain.

CAPTAIN DALY
Transport us aboard.

31 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE** 31

Another feverish round of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* is taking place as DALY basks in his latest achievement.

He takes SHANIA in his arms, and does the damsel-kiss.

Next it's TULASKA's turn. Then - as the singing continues - he pulls NANETTE close and leans in to kiss her.

NANETTE pushes him away. Slaps him. The SINGING stops:

WALTON
And so say - oh my fuck

DALY holds his cheek. Glares at NANETTE. An ominous pause.

CAPTAIN DALY
That wasn't very nice.

He rises up, holds out his hand like the Emperor again. The crew holds its breath. Nanette braces herself.

Then suddenly, DALY lowers his arm.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
Today I will show you mercy.

DUDANI
Great mercy-showing Captain.

CAPTAIN DALY
(ignoring that)
Tomorrow, you should reconsider
your... amenability. I may not be
feeling so benevolent.
(Out loud)
Exit game.

CAPTAIN DALY instantly disappears. The ship goes into stasis
mode, the lights dim, leaving just the CREW. A beat, then:

SHANIA
(sigh of relief)
Fucking hell.

TULASKA
This was tense.
(annoyed glance at
NANETTE)
I don't like tense.

WALTON
Drink?

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - LATER

The CREW sit by the area where WALTON runs his 'bar'. He's
filling DUDANI and TULASKA in on what happened on the ground.

WALTON
Wasn't too bad. Usual 'standoff'
storyline.
(beat)
Saw Gillian from Marketing.

NANETTE is pacing up and down.

NANETTE
No way I'm kissing that asshole.

PACKER
Then he's gonna get more and more
pissed-

NANETTE
(back at PACKER)
How about you kiss him?

SHANIA
Look, it's -- you get used to it.
(beat)
There's no tongues, never tongues,
if that's any consolation--

NANETTE grimaces.

TULASKA

Doing tongues is not "Space Fleet way".

SHANIA

- and it's not like it can get beyond kissing anyway.

NANETTE

What do you mean?

SHANIA

You haven't noticed?

WALTON clears his throat, steps out from behind the 'bar' and calmly starts undoing the belt on his costume.

NANETTE

Okay what're --

He unbuttons his pants -- NANETTE is appalled:

NANETTE (CONT'D)

Don't do that --

He drops his pants, revealing -- nothing! Where his genitals should be there's a smooth, hairless mound. Like a Ken doll.

WALTON

No genitals in Space Fleet. It's a *wholesome* universe.

NANETTE looks confused.

SHANIA

He must've modified our code that way. Think he's scared of sex.

(beat)

We're all the same. Don't believe me, take a look down there.

She points at NANETTE's groin. NANETTE gingerly pulls the waist of her skirt away from her belly and peers down into her knickers. Her face says it all.

WALTON, doing up his pants, adds:

WALTON

We've tried grinding our mounds together out of sheer boredom, no sensation at all.

SHANIA

Can't even shit. Can't even have the basic fucking pleasure of pushing out a shit.

They all nod, sadly.

TULASKA

I miss taking shit.

NANETTE

Okay. Stealing my *pussy* is a red *fucking* line. We gotta get this bastard.

WALTON

We've tried a million times. No way out.

NANETTE

Walton, c'mon- Walton!

WALTON downs his shot, walks off to sulk in a corner. NANETTE watches him go, shaking her head.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

Daly's smart. But he's not a God. He's a coder. He's fallible.

(A flash of inspiration)

Kabir! What was he holding? In his hand, that scanner thing?

DUDANI

His omnicorder. Primary communications device--

NANETTE

(to SHANIA)

You said he kept his version of the game offline.

SHANIA nods.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

(to DUDANI)

But his omnicorder made contact with the outside world. When the pizza came. Gotta be connected to his home system at least.

SHANIA

The omnicorder's gone.

DUDANI

It loads when he loads, it goes when he goes. And that's the only one.

NANETTE thinks. Walks over to one of the ship's computers. It's displaying apparently random code raining down the screen. A bit *MATRIX*.

NANETTE

There's got be a way to connect.

She starts typing.

DUDANI

You won't hack it. I've tried.

NANETTE

I haven't.

She types furiously. DUDANI shakes his head and walks off.

33 **EXT. USS CALLISTER - DEEP SPACE**

33

HOURS PASS -- during which we see an EXTERIOR SHOT of the USS CALLISTER with the HEAVENS rolling past.

34 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - LATER**

34

NANETTE is typing furiously. Suddenly she stops.

NANETTE

Bingo.

DUDANI and SHANIA are nearby. She shows them the screen. An icon of a handshake, beneath it the words INVITE A FRIEND.

DUDANI's eyes widen as the penny drops.

DUDANI

Oh that's good.

SHANIA still looks confused, so Nanette explains:

NANETTE

Part of Infinity's front end. You invite a friend with a custom message.

SHANIA

You can get a message to outside?

NANETTE

Just one. 140 characters maximum.

PACKER

Who are you going to contact?

NANETTE flashes a smile.

35

INT. CALLISTER INC. - ELEVATOR/LOBBY - DAY

35

NANETTE, stands in the elevator listening to her ear buds and exits into CALLISTER inc's LOBBY...

... which is now festooned with CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Even ELENA the RECEPTIONIST wears novelty antlers as she fiddles with her smartphone.

NANETTE

Hey Elena.

As NANETTE passes toward the office she hears her phone PING.

It's an email. ROBERT DALY INVITES YOU TO JOIN INFINITY.

NANETTE opens the e-mail and stands reading for a moment.

Beneath the 'SIGN UP NOW' icon is a message;

THIS IS NOT SPAM.

DALY HAS STOLEN YOUR IDENTITY.

I AM YOU AND I'M TRAPPED IN MODDED INFINITY.

HELP ME. CONTACT CYBER POL!

NANETTE reads the message, thoroughly confused.

Elena assumes there's a problem with her pass.

ELENA

You need me buzz you in?

NANETTE

Wh - oh. No - uh.

She puts her phone away and looks for her pass. KARL appears from behind, and proffers his own.

KARL

I'll get that for you

NANETTE

Thanks.

KARL

After you.

36

INT. CALLISTER INC - OFFICE - DAY

36

More decorations. NANETTE heads across the floor, still slightly thinking about the email. Looking at her phone.

She sees Robert Daly walking ahead of her.

NANETTE
Mr Daly, hi.

He looks up. A bit flustered.

DALY
Uh, hey.

NANETTE
You didn't send me an Infinity
invite just now did you?

DALY
What? No. What?

NANETTE
It was really weird, it had this
message attached, about people
"trapped in the game".

DALY thinks fast.

DALY
Probably a spambot, firewall
doesn't always get them all.

NANETTE
That's what I thought. Weirdest
thing. It went to my personal
account, not my work mail.

DALY
Hackers getting creative. I
wouldn't worry about it. Didn't
open the link did you?

NANETTE
God, no.

DALY
Maybe upgrade your security
software I guess.

NANETTE
Yeah. Well. Have a good one.

She turns and heads back to her desk.

Daly passes WALTON'S OFFICE, peering in. Walton is walking
around casually strumming an unplugged ELECTRIC GUITAR.

Daly glowers.

37

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE

37

WALTON is methodically banging his head on a desk. Slowly. Bang. Pause. Bang. Pause. Bang. Pause. Eventually:

PACKER
Could you cut that out?

WALTON
Trying to make it a hobby.

Suddenly the LIGHTS turn up - the HUM of the ship waking up.

SHANIA
This is way too early. He's only
been at work a few hours.

NANETTE
She got the message. I did. It's
me. Or the cops most likely.
(Smiles)
We're getting out of here.

SHANIA looks less convinced.

They look at the DOOR -- as it slides open... to reveal
CAPTAIN DALY. Glowering.

NANETTE glances at the CREW. This is bad.

DALY walks to the DISPLAY SCREEN and gazes out into space.

CAPTAIN DALY
What is Space Fleet?
(Dark, quiet)
I'll tell you what it is. It's a
belief system, founded on the very
best of human nature. It's a goal
for us to strive towards, for the
betterment of the universe, the
betterment of life itself.

He turns to face them.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)
(petulant rage)
And you assholes are fucking it up!

NANETTE steps forward.

NANETTE
It was me. I sent the message. No
one else was involved, I swear.

CAPTAIN DALY stares at her.

CAPTAIN DALY

I tried the carrot. Now meet the stick.

DALY raises his hand, emperor-style. SHANIA looks worried. NANETTE turns defiant.

NANETTE

None of this is ever gonna make you happy, Daly. Cos you're sick. You're sick and you need to get help.

DALY stretches out his hand. SHANIA *has* to intervene.

SHANIA

Don't!

(beat)

Captain. Please. She's new. She'll behave. We'll all behave. Just -- let her off. Just this once.

DALY thinks. He lowers his hand.

CAPTAIN DALY

Okay.

He smiles. And then aims his hand at SHANIA.

NANETTE

No -- no -

Too late. DALY concentrates -- and SHANIA starts to convulse. She SCREAMS in AGONY and drops to the floor.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

Please no! Daly no!

SHANIA mutates into an ARACHNAJAX. The metamorphosis is agonising. Her SCREAMS become more animal, guttural.

NANETTE looks at CAPTAIN DALY, coldly looking back at her as the ARACHNAJAX ROARS out in PAIN.

CAPTAIN DALY

Know what makes me happy? The look on your face right now.

He turns to the rest of the CREW.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

(about ARACHNAJAX)

Dudani, Walton, Tulaska -- throw that *thing* in the brig with Valdack. Packer, find a barren planet we can dump her on.

(turns to NANETTE)

(MORE)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

And you. You can just stay here.
Think about your attitude.

The crew glumly set about their tasks, DUDANI and co shepherding SHANIA / ARACHNAJAX to the brig while PACKER goes to his navigation computer.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Exit game.

He vanishes. NANETTE sits down, defeated.

38 INT. USS CALLISTER - CORRIDOR - LATER

38

NANETTE stands by the window, staring out into DEEP SPACE. She's CRYING. Utterly broken.

But then something catches her eye. Out the window, in the depths of space - a LIGHT. *Something* is happening.

She wipes the tears and snot on her sleeve, looks out to see OUT IN SPACE -- A cluster of stars swirl together, sucking in debris from around them - forming a funnel shape...

A WORMHOLE IS FORMING IN SPACE in the distance.

She looks at the access panel screen beside the window. It kicks into life. Incomprehensible data scrolling down the screen.

NANETTE studies it. It's code! She realizes what's happening.

NANETTE

(To herself)

Update patch.

(beat; louder)

The update patch!

She RUNS toward the bridge.

39 INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

39

NANETTE is beside PACKER, as he looks at a GALACTIC MAP on his display. The WORMHOLE is depicted on it, a distance away.

NANETTE taps the WORMHOLE.

PACKER

So what. It's a wormhole.

The doors slide open, the remainder of the CREW slouch in.

NANETTE

Uh-uh. It's the Christmas update patch, pre-installing itself.

(MORE)

NANETTE (CONT'D)

The wormhole is just how the game's
expressing the uplink.

PACKER

So?

DUDANI understands what's happening.

DUDANI

So Daly's custom build is still
connected to the internet.

NANETTE

(nodding)

Some way, somehow --

WALTON cuts in.

WALTON

If this is another one of your
'plans', just stop now before
someone else gets monster-fied--

NANETTE

This can work.

DUDANI

But we can't get online access from
the ship, he'll have crippled
permissions.

NANETTE

Yes, but -- what happens if we fly
into the wormhole?

PACKER

Like on purpose?

DUDANI has worked it out. His eyes widen.

DUDANI

We'd hit the system firewall -- and
have our rogue coding deleted.

NANETTE

Exactly.

PACKER

Deleted as in--?

TULASKA

- as in die.

DUDANI

Whether it's 'dying' would depend
largely on your philosophical
position regarding sentient co-

NANETTE

(cutting in)

We would cease to exist. That's true. But we'd be free.

(beat)

We'd be free.

The CREW go quiet. Think about what she's saying.

DUDANI

But this is academic since we have no means of getting to the wormhole-

PACKER

Yeah we can only pilot the damn thing while Daly's here. He'll stop us like *that*.

NANETTE thinks.

NANETTE

How about when he's logged in but on pause? Like when his pizza came? He was just frozen there-

DUDANI

Flying would be possible--

(nodding at map)

-- but that wormhole's a whole parsec away; we'd never reach it before he got back.

NANETTE nods. Thinking.

NANETTE

Unless we can stall him longer.

TULASKA

And that we do how?

NANETTE

We'd need help from outside. From real me again.

TULASKA

Worked good last time...

PACKER

How we meant to contact "real you" again anyhow?

NANETTE

(to DUDANI)

If we can get Daly's omnicorder, we can make a call, right?

DUDANI

That's correct, theoretically, but--

NANETTE

Well, if we can get real me on the phone, I may have some... leverage.

PACKER

Leverage on *yourself*?

NANETTE

Uh-huh.

They stare blankly at her.

PACKER

Like what?

NANETTE

(almost reluctant)

My PhotoCloud account. I know the password - obviously. There're some... *interesting* images in there. That I shoulda deleted a while back. But didn't.

(beat; deep breath)

So we can blackmail me. Pretty sure I'd do anything to stop those pictures getting out.

TULASKA

Must be pretty pictures.

NANETTE

Look if this is gonna work, we've all gotta be in on it.

There's a pause while they consider..

PACKER

Flying into certain death in a wormhole beats another 10,000 years with Captain Ass. I'm in.

DUDANI

Me too.

They look at TULASKA.

TULASKA

Also me.

WALTON suddenly pipes up from across the room.

WALTON

Well I'm out

They stare at him.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Daly's won. We just gotta get on with it. We don't have a chance.

NANETTE rounds on him.

NANETTE

Yes we *do*. We hit that wormhole, we're extinct. Gone. Rid of his shit.

WALTON

(bitterly)
Sounds peachy.

NANETTE gets closer.

NANETTE

What's *with* you? Don't you wanna fight back? Why *won't* you fight back?

WALTON

Tommy.

No-one knows what he's talking about.

NANETTE

Who's Tommy?

WALTON

My son. He's six years old. Least he was when I woke up in here.

(beat)

See, in the early days of this ship, it was just me and Daly in here. I was his pet project. He tried just about everything to break me. I withstood it all. Cos I thought there was still a chance I could get out. See my boy again.

(beat)

And I was right. I did get to see him again. Just not the real him.

As WALTON continues to speak we see GLIMPSES from the PAST:

Slow-mo, dreamlike. We see REAL WALTON showing his son TOMMY round the office. Greeting KARL, DUDANI (AWKWARDLY), NATE. SHANIA gives TOMMY a RED LOLLIPOP. He starts SUCKING it.

WALTON (V.O.)

Daly told me what happened. Back in the outside, real me brought Tommy into the office one day. Wanted to show him around. He would've loved seeing all the computers, he's into that stuff.

(beat)

Anyhow evidently, Tommy had a lollipop that day.

TOMMY puts the LOLLIPOP down on a desk absent-mindedly. Pull focus to see DALY looking at it.

41 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

41

We see DALY removing the LOLLIPOP from a PLASTIC BAG with TWEEZERS, placing it in his PETRI DISH DEVICE.

WALTON (V.O.)

That was all Daly needed.

42 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - FLASHBACK**

42

In slow-mo, CAPTAIN DALY leads TOMMY onto the BRIDGE. WALTON is the only other crew member. His face lights up, but he's also concerned.

WALTON (V.O.)

He copied him into here. And it was Tommy alright. Alike in every way.

CAPTAIN DALY grabs hold of TOMMY before he can run to his DAD. Suddenly we're back in the present, on the BRIDGE -

43 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - PRESENT DAY**

43

Walton's voice is cracking. Nanette is silenced, listening.

WALTON

You know what he did to him?

44 **INT. USS CALLISTER - CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK**

44

Slow-mo still as CAPTAIN DALY drags a screaming TOMMY down the corridor, towards the AIRLOCK with the ACCESS PANEL.

WALTON (V.O.)

He took Tommy and he threw him out the airlock. Right out into space. Made me watch.

44

CONTINUED:

44

We see WALTON staring out of the window, screaming and howling in slow motion, horrified by what he can see...

45

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - PRESENT DAY

45

WALTON is in tears now.

WALTON

Have you ever seen an unsuited body compress in space? They freeze. And crack. Like a porcelain doll. I take my hat off to Daly, the detail in this place really is exceptional.

Everyone is stunned. Horrified.

WALTON (CONT'D)

He said he'd do it again. And again. If he had to.

(beat)

I can't let him do that to Tommy. Never again.

(beat)

Daly's still got his DNA. Got *all* our DNA. He told me. Keeps it in a bedroom mini-fridge by his desk. So I have to stay in line.

(beat)

Because even if we all die, he can bring us back. He can bring Tommy back -- whenever he wants. And God knows how he'd take it out on him. God knows what he'd do. But I tell you this. He'd make us watch.

PACKER

Holy shit.

WALTON

(tears in his eyes)

So you see? What choice do I have?

(breaking down)

What choice?

NANETTE is closest. She holds him. And then she looks him in the eye with all the conviction she can muster and she says:

NANETTE

Walton. We are gonna get that fucking lollipop.

(beat)

But you gotta believe me. Can you do that? Can you?

He looks at her, uncertain.

46 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR/CORRIDOR - NIGHT** 46

We notice a uniform CHRISTMAS WREATH on the door, as the house lights up as DALY enters and heads to his bedroom.

47 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT** 47

Once inside, DALY sits down at his games desk.

There's now a slightly pathetic mini-CHRISTMAS TREE on it.

Grabs a chocolate milk from his fridge. We see the LOLLIPOP and the other DNA bags.

He slurps, pops the VR DISC on his temple. Boots up the game.

An LED flashes. His eyes mist over. He goes limp. He's in.

48 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER** 48

CAPTAIN DALY bounds in. And smiles as he sees NANETTE is sitting dutifully at the COMMS desk.

CAPTAIN DALY
 (to NANETTE)
 Good to see you at your position
 Cole.

NANETTE
 (saluting)
 Captain - you've come at just the
 right time.

CAPTAIN DALY
 I have?

NANETTE
 (nod)
 I'm picking up a distress signal
 from the surface of Skillane IV.
 Looks like a crashed shuttle.
 (beat)
 What should we do?

CAPTAIN DALY
 Space Fleet never turns its back on
 those who need our help. Dudani,
 set a course for Skillane IV --

DUDANI
 Aye aye sir

48

CONTINUED:

48

CAPTAIN DALY

We'll send a search party.
(beat; turning round)
Packer, Tulaska --

NANETTE

(cutting in)
Actually Captain - I was thinking
maybe you could take me alone. As
science officer I need to learn the
ropes. And I could use your close
attention.

DALY is flustered. It takes him a while to respond.

CAPTAIN DALY

Good idea.

49

EXT. ALIEN PLANET SURFACE - LATER

49

NANETTE and CAPTAIN DALY transport down onto a warm, craggy planet surface. Arid mountains, lush lakes.

DALY takes out his omnicorder, scans the area. NANETTE eyes the device hungrily.

CAPTAIN DALY

Atmosphere's good.

Daly spots the SHUTTLE up ahead. It's the size of a minivan.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Over there.

He leads the way. Behind, NANETTE exhales. So far so good.

50

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

50

The CREW are gathered around DUDANI's control panel, watching a wireframe map with a GPS dot on it, indicating DALY and NANETTE's position. They're waiting for something. We turn to see their faces as we hear DALY saying:

CAPTAIN DALY (V.O.)

No signs of life here. Shuttle is deserted.

51

EXT. ALIEN PLANET SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER

51

CAPTAIN DALY and NANETTE stand a short distance from the SHUTTLE. DALY is talking into the omnicorder. There is a shimmering LAKE nearby. NANETTE looks at it and thinks.

CAPTAIN DALY

We'll scout the area, check for any
life forms. Daly out.

NANETTE starts walking toward the lake. DALY looks confused.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Cole, we should head out this way.

(beat)

Cole?

NANETTE unzips her uniform, slipping it off (she wears a
sports bra and underwear beneath).

CAPTAIN DALY averts his eyes -- then stops averting them.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Wh- what are you doing?

NANETTE swims in up to her neck and turns around, smiling.

NANETTE

Ohmygod the water's *great*.

DALY's flustered. He's simultaneously annoyed and mesmerised.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

Come on in!

CAPTAIN DALY

Swimming's a leisure activity.
We're on Space Fleet duty.

NANETTE dives and resurfaces, smiling.

NANETTE

We could always say I started
drowning. You had to come in to
rescue me...

(beat)

Come on in, my big Captain...

DALY thinks. He's shy but wants to join her. He starts
slipping off his clothes too (he has boxers on beneath).

DALY carefully folds his clothes and lays them on the ground.
Puts the omnicorder on top of them and heads in to the water.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Gonna take all day?

As DALY walks toward the water, smiling at NANETTE, we see
the omnicorder start to GLOW. It's being TELEPORTED...

52

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE

52

The omnicorder re-appears on the bridge. DUDANI scoops it up as the rest of the crew look on anxiously.

DUDANI
Okay, gotta patch it in.

DUDANI sits the omnicorder on his workstation panel, a connecting circle appears beneath it. He's in.

Everyone looks up to the main bridge screen, which now displays a search engine page. DUDANI navigates to the LOGIN page of NANETTE'S PhotoCloud account.

DUDANI (CONT'D)
It worked. I'm connected. Gonna access her photocloud account.

PACKER
You actually remember that password?

DUDANI
(from memory)
Uppercase Y 998 lowercase g-p-7
Uppercase TY ampersand 4.
(adding approvingly as he types it in)
Secure choice.

The screen switches to an iPhoto style GALLERY of Nanette's personal photos. Pretty innocuous stuff so far.

TULASKA
Boring life.

Everyone's staring at them as DUDANI scrolls down.

DUDANI
There's a thousand images here.
This could take a while to find--

DUDANI focuses on his workstation. Then as they scroll down, we watch the crew's faces.

We see a picture of NANETTE grinning in a swanky hotel room. Taking a selfie in the bathroom mirror. Then another one -- her shoulder strap is down. And another --

Everyone reacts -- eyes widening at what they're seeing.

PACKER
Woah.

Even TULASKA is momentarily impressed. She cranes her neck.

TULASKA

That is gymnastic physique.

WALTON

Nice... bedding.

PACKER swallows like he's seeing the face of God. There's a pause as they all stare mesmerised.

DUDANI

Should I keep scrolling?

After a while of watching, wide eyed.

WALTON

I'd say any of the last nine will do.

PACKER

(swallowing)

Uh-huh.

INT. CALLISTER INC. - NIGHT.

At a desk in the corner real DUDANI sits typing into his system. Not far away the real NANETTE sits at her workstation, also working late. Earbuds in.

SHANIA heads past, heading out for the holidays. She playfully bounces a stress ball off NANETTE's head as she approaches. NANETTE pops out her earbuds.

NANETTE

Thank you. Going out for the night?

SHANIA

Hello, it's Christmas Eve. Out of this place for like ten days.

(beat)

You'll fuse with that desk, go home.

NANETTE

I will, just gotta finish off...

SHANIA

Well okay. Merry Christmas loser.

NANETTE smiles. SHANIA leaves. NANETTE's about to put the earbuds back in when her phone PINGS. Message from ANONYMOUS.

She looks confused, taps it open.

NANETTE COLE. REMEMBER THAT WEEK IN VEGAS?

NANETTE'S eyes widen. She seems to know what that means.

Then a PHOTO MESSAGE arrives. The bathroom mirror SELFIE.
NANETTE reacts, horrified.

NANETTE
Oh God, Elliot you *asshole*.

Another message appears. Another image with the headline;
PS - THIS ISN'T ELLIOT.

She frowns -- then the phone RINGS in her hand: ANONYMOUS.

NANETTE lets it ring for a moment. Shock and panic overriding everything. Then she answers it, to hear a gravelly voice.

We INTERCUT with the BRIDGE to show WALTON saying the following into a mic, with a hand over his mouth to make his voice sound mysterious:

WALTON (O.C.)
Nanette Cole. We have hacked your PhotoCloud account.

NANETTE
Who is this? What do you want?

WALTON (O.C.)
Do exactly as instructed or first thing Christmas Morning your entire gallery will be shared with your friends and family.
(beat)
And PornHub.

(At that last line we see TULASKA looking at WALTON unimpressed. He shrugs -- he thought it was a nice touch.)

A beat; fear in NANETTE'S eyes. She gulps. Holds her brow.

NANETTE
Okay. Whatever you want. I'll do anything. Just -- I'll do *anything*.

WALTON
Then listen to our instructions carefully. There isn't much time. Get your coat on.
(beat)
Now!

REAL NANETTE jerks to attention and immediately stands up.

DALY bobs beside NANETTE. He glances back to the shore.

54 CONTINUED:

54

CAPTAIN DALY
We should probably head back --

NANETTE
(hurriedly)
Help I'm drowning!

He whips his head back round.

NANETTE (CONT'D)
Oh, it's okay. Just - forgot how to
swim for a moment. Haha!

DALY smiles awkwardly at her. She's acting a little odd.

Then she splashes him playfully with water. DALY's *almost*
angry. Then he smiles -- he *smiles* -- and splashes her back.

55 **EXT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - BALCONY - NIGHT**

55

Real NANETTE climbs over a BALCONY -- nervously -- and once
safe, peeks into DALY'S WINDOW. She sees him lying limp in
his chair, plugged into the game, but his BACK is to her.

NANETTE
(into earpiece)
In position.

INTERCUT with the BRIDGE of the USS CALLISTER:

WALTON
OK. We'll hang up now. Make the
call and do not fail the rest of
your mission.

NANETTE
I will --

56 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

56

WALTON
You better.

WALTON taps the omnicorder off and hands it to DUDANI.

DUDANI
Okay, send it back down.

57 **EXT. ALIEN PLANET SURFACE - CONTINUOUS**

57

As DALY and NANETTE frolic in the water, the omnicorder
rematerialises on top of his pile of clothing.

57 CONTINUED:

57

DALY bobs underwater for a moment. A quick glimpse of NANETTE's smile fading - then reappearing as he resurfaces.

58 **EXT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT** 58

Real NANETTE makes a phonecall. Adjusts her earpiece.

NANETTE

(On phone)

Yeah, I'd like to order a pizza.

59 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - HALLWAY - LATER** 59

A PIZZA GUY arrives. Checks it's 102. Pushes a buzzer.

60 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS** 60

The DISPLAY PANEL by the DOOR goes BING BONG.

61 **EXT. ALIEN PLANET SURFACE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS** 61

As NANETTE and DALY splash each other, laughing, on the shore, DALY's omnicorder lights up and emit the same BING BONG sound as the doorbell.

Both he and NANETTE look round.

NANETTE

Guess you better get that?

62 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 62

DALY lies limp in the chair, eyes glazed, as the bing-bonging continues.

63 **EXT. ALIEN PLANET SURFACE - SHORE - CONTINUOUS** 63

DALY, still in his BOXERS, grabs the omnicorder. Looks at it.

CAPTAIN DALY

It's the door.

(beat)

Pause game.

He's frozen in position. NANETTE quickly grabs the omnicorder from his hand, taps something and speaks into it.

NANETTE

Dudani? Pick me up.

63 CONTINUED:

63

She chucks the omnicorder down onto DALY's clothes, gathers her own clothes and starts to DEMATERIALISE...

64 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

64

... And REMATERIALISES on the bridge, still in underwear, clutching her clothes.

NANETTE

Okay. We don't have much time.

She quickly starts to dress. Her and PACKER share a glance for a moment -- PACKER looks away -- he's embarrassed. NANETTE briefly remembers the photos.

65 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

65

DALY snaps out of the game, takes off the VR DISC and places it on his DESK. The BING BONG noise continues.

DALY

Coming!

66 **EXT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS**

66

REAL NANETTE watches through the glass as DALY heads for the door. As soon as he's gone, she OPENS THE BALCONY DOOR.

67 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

67

DALY stands by the door. He talks into the CONTROL PANEL.

DALY

Hello?

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY (O.C.)

Pizza.

DALY

I didn't order pizza.

68 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

68

Quietly, REAL NANETTE sneaks up to DALY's desk, picks up the VR EXPERIENCER DISC, puts it in a pocket and REPLACES IT WITH AN IDENTICAL COPY.

Then she quickly opens the MINI-FRIDGE and looks at the LOLLIPOP BAG. She stares at it, bemused for a moment --

NANETTE

(hushed)

The hell am I doing?

-- then stuffs it -- AND THE OTHER BAGS - in her pocket.

She quickly fishes her phone out and TAPS something.

69 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE**

69

NANETTE is quickly dressing, while on the main screen, a star chart is on display. WALTON is plotting a course.

Suddenly there's a DING and a large NOTIFICATION on the screen.

FRIEND INVITE ACCEPTED! From NANETTE COLE

NANETTE

That's the signal! She's got the DNA!

(beat)

All of it. Tommy too.

She looks at WALTON, who is relieved beyond belief.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

(To PACKER)

Packer, we ready to fly?

PACKER

Uh-huh.

A beat.

NANETTE

Well?

PACKER

You're supposed to say something like 'engage' or 'increase thru--

NANETTE

Just fucking go.

PACKER nods, engages thrusters. The ship speeds into SPACE.

70 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

70

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Man *someone* ordered it. You want it or not?

DALY

Hold on.

DALY opens the door. He takes the pizza, beeps a CONTACTLESS CARD onto the pizza guy's PAYMENT WIDGET.

DALY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Hey, I got it here in under twenty.

(beat)

There's supposed to be thirty in it for me.

DALY looks at him blankly for a moment, then shuts the door.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)

What the fuck asshole?

INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The real NANETTE hears the door shut. She FREEZES.

INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - - CONTINUOUS

DALY takes a slice, pleased with his bounty. Tucks in.

The digital doorbell BLEEPs. We see on the control panel The PIZZA DELIVERY GUY still at the door. Demanding his tip.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Come on man you promised...

DALY taps the screen. Selects DO NOT DISTURB mode.

INT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

To the PIZZA DELIVERY GUY's dismay, the little SCREEN with the APARTMENT NUMBER ON IT changes to read DO NOT DISTURB.

There's an auto-locking sound.

PIZZA GUY tries the DOORBELL again but now it's SILENT.

A beat. Then he gives up.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

Nice. Merry Christmas asshole!

He turns and stomps away.

INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DALY enters his bedroom, chewing a slice of pizza. He looks around. Something odd, perhaps?

74 CONTINUED: 74

He looks at the window. Walks over to it.

75 **EXT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS** 75

REAL NANETTE ducks down so he can't see her.

76 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 76

DALY draws the curtains shut and walks back to his desk.

He sits down, picks up the VR DISC. Puts it on his temple.

DALY

Resume game.

Nothing.

He peels the DISC off and blows on it.

DALY (CONT'D)

Resume game.

Still nothing.

77 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS** 77

On the DISPLAY, stars whizz past. But NANETTE is anxious.

NANETTE

Can't we go any faster? That dud
disc isn't gonna fool him forever.
Update's gonna complete before long
and that means bye bye wormhole.

PACKER points at his galactic map, showing the route.

PACKER

Only quicker route would be through
that asteroid belt there.

NANETTE

So let's go that way!

WALTON

It's way too dense.

DUDANI

If the ship broke up we wouldn't
die, we'd just be left spinning in
space--

77 CONTINUED:

77

WALTON

- until Daly works out what's happening. He'd find us and fuck us over.

NANETTE nods, still impatient.

78 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

78

Having inspected it, DALY gives up with the VR DISC.

DALY

Stupid thing.

He TOSSES it across the room, opens a drawer. Rustles through bric-a-brac, old paperclips and the like. At the back he finds a BRAND NEW VR DISC in SHRINK WRAPPED tasteful packaging. (It's a small box -- about the size of the little square case a pair of Apple earbuds comes in - NB maybe it's a TCKR-branded product?)

He RIPS it open. Quick cuts as fumbles and puts the new DISC on his temple.

DALY (CONT'D)

Resume game.

79 **EXT. ALIEN PLANET SURFACE - SHORE - CONTINUOUS**

79

CAPTAIN DALY, still in his underwear, suddenly springs into life. He's confused for a moment by the lack of an omnicorder in his hand.

CAPTAIN DALY

Okay Lt. Cole, let's head for--
(beat)
Cole?

He looks around. Where *is* she? He scoops up his OMNICORDER.

80 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

80

TULASKA sits up as DALY's VOICE comes through on a speaker.

CAPTAIN DALY

Daly to bridge. What's going on?

NANETTE

Shit. He had a backup disc.
(to TULASKA)
Don't answer him!

81 **EXT. ALIEN PLANET SURFACE - SHORE - CONTINUOUS** 81

DALY
Come in?
(beat)
Goddamnit.

He looks around. Spots the SHUTTLE in the distance. Trudges towards it.

82 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS** 82

DUDANI notes something on his display.

DUDANI
Uh-oh. The wormhole. It's
decreasing in size.

NANETTE
Upload must be in the last few
percent. Dammit Packer, we're gonna
have to go through the belt.
(beat)
Think you can do it?

PACKER
Think I can try.

They watch anxiously as the DISPLAY swerves to show the ASTEROID BELT.

83 **EXT/INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS** 83

On the ALIEN PLANET, CAPTAIN DALY is inside the SHUTTLE. He taps a few buttons on the dash. Systems hum into life.

COMPUTER
Ships. Computer. On.

CAPTAIN DALY
Computer, where is the USS
Callister?

COMPUTER
USS Callister is on course.

CAPTAIN DALY
On course for where?

COMPUTER
The wormhole.

A beat.

83

CONTINUED:

83

CAPTAIN DALY

What wormhole?

COMPUTER

The update vortex.

A penny drops. Woah. WOAHH.

CAPTAIN DALY

Sons of bitches.

(beat)

Prepare for takeoff.

He hits some controls. The engines start up.

84

EXT. DEEP SPACE

84

The CALLISTER swerves through the ASTEROID BELT, narrowly avoiding calamity. A small ROCK bounces off the hull.

85

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

85

The CREW lean THIS WAY and THAT, as PACKER pilots them between spinning chunks of space rock.

TULASKA

Shields at 86 percent.

Suddenly DUDANI notes something on his computer.

DUDANI

I've got a heat signature. Looks like a shuttle just took off from Skillane IV.

NANETTE

Daly.

TULASKA

Incoming transmission.

She hits a button and we INTERCUT with CAPTAIN DALY, speaking into a handset on board the SHUTTLE, which is now in space.

CAPTAIN DALY (O.C.)

I know you can hear me. Whatever you think you're going to do won't work. But it is going to cost you.

NANETTE

(to PACKER)

Let's go faster!

PACKER

We're already at maximum.

85 CONTINUED:

85

DUDANI

Daly can't touch us unless he makes it on board. And that shuttle's a jalopy. He won't catch us in time.

NANETTE

I hope you're right.

Just then -- CLONG! Another small asteroid collides with the ship. The crew rock about a little more.

TULASKA

Shields 58 percent.

86 **EXT. SHUTTLE - DEEP SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

86

DALY's SHUTTLE is whizzing through the inky dark.

87 **INT. SHUTTLE - DEEP SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

87

DALY continues hurling insults at them:

CAPTAIN DALY

If you thought what has happened to you in the past was bad, that was nothing. What I'm going to do you is going to be god damn *biblical*...

88 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

88

DALY's voice echoes round the BRIDGE as PACKER continues to weave through the rocks.

CAPTAIN DALY (V.O.)

I'm going to literally turn your insides out, but I'll keep you alive, in jars--

NANETTE

Why are we listening to this?

TULASKA nods, hits a button. DALY's rant is cut off.

TULASKA

Yes fuck him.

PACKER

We're at the edge of the belt... I think we're gonna make it...

Nanette smiles.

89 **EXT. USS CALLISTER - CONTINUOUS** 89

He spoke too soon. Just as the CALLISTER exits the asteroid field, one ASTEROID collides with CALLISTER's hull. It dings away, causing damage.

90 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS** 90

Thump! Rumble! The crew is jerked around. Then:

TULASKA
Shields critical, 6 percent --

Suddenly there's a heavy groaning sound from the engines.

NANETTE
What was that?

DUDANI
(studying screen; worried)
The primary drive. It's not responding.

PACKER
I've lost all thrust!
(beat)
Engines not responding.
(beat)
We're drifting here.

91 **EXT. USS CALLISTER - CONTINUOUS** 91

Sure enough, the ship is drifting in space. Powerless.

92 **INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS** 92

The ship's computer announces:

COMPUTER
USS Callister has lost engine power.

CAPTAIN DALY
Coming to get you!

He accelerates a little more.

93 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS** 93

All hope is lost. No-one knows what to do.

PACKER
What do we do?

Everyone looks at NANETTE. She's in the captain's chair.

NANETTE

I don't know...

(to DUDANI)

Any way we can fix the engines?

DUDANI

That's only feasible manually. By climbing inside the jet feeder.

NANETTE

So --

PACKER

So you'd burn to a crisp when the jet came on.

DUDANI

You'd burn without dying.

NANETTE

Then one of us has to go.

Sudden wide shot. WALTON isn't there. Suddenly - a voice:

WALTON (O.C.)

One of us already has.

NANETTE

Walton?

INT. JET FEEDER TUBE - CONTINUOUS

The JET FEEDER TUBE is a bit like the interior of a giant jet ENGINE. Dark and lots of pipes and stuff.

WALTON is in there, with some TOOLS. Wrenching at something in the wiring. He now has a COMMS EARPIECE in his ear.

WALTON

(straining as he wrenches something)

Pretty sure I can fix this...

NANETTE

Walton, are you sure about this?

WALTON keeps his eyes fixed on the task.

WALTON

I'm sure.

(beat)

Tulaska, can you patch me through to Daly?

95

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

95

NANETTE looks at TULASKA. She nods.

TULASKA
Patching through.

INTERCUT ALL THREE -- the CREW on the BRIDGE as they listen, WALTON in the JET FEEDER and DALY in the SHUTTLE.

WALTON
Daly? Can you hear me?

CAPTAIN DALY
Walton you're gonna pay for this --

WALTON
Robert, listen-

CAPTAIN DALY
-- I'm gonna bring Tommy back in--

WALTON
Robert --

CAPTAIN DALY
And God so help me you're gonna
regret this all so hard--

WALTON
BOB I WANNA TALK TO YOU HERE!

DALY shuts up, momentarily chastened.

WALTON (CONT'D)
I was thinking I should say sorry.

As WALTON talks he continues tinkering with a space-spanner.

CAPTAIN DALY
Go on.

WALTON
You created Infinity. You're a
genius. I exploited that. Treated
you like the golden goose. Got fat
on the profits.
(beat)
Figuratively speaking.
(beat)
I was thinking I oughta say I
should've appreciated you more.
Shoulda treated you better.

DALY doesn't speak for a moment -- this is touching him.

95 CONTINUED:

95

WALTON (CONT'D)

Yeah. I was thinking I should say
all that.

(beat)

But you threw my son out of an
airlock. So fuck you to death.

And with that he WRENCHES something -- and the JET roars.

WALTON is INCINERATED, SCREAMING.

96 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

96

WALTON's scream is cut off - the feed dies. ENGINES roar.

PACKER

We got power back!

He YANKS a thruster.

97 **EXT. USS CALLISTER - CONTINUOUS**

97

The ENGINE roars -- and the ship HURTLES for the WORMHOLE.

98 **INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**

98

DALY anxiously looks ahead. A little graphic display shows
his shuttle is GAINING on the USS CALLISTER.

COMPUTER

Callister at 4Km and closing.

CAPTAIN DALY

Faster!

COMPUTER

Speed already at maximum.

CAPTAIN DALY

Whatever, just catch them!

99 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

99

DUDANI

Wormhole almost closed.

NANETTE

(to PACKER)

Keep her steady...

PACKER sweats as he pilots the craft.

99 CONTINUED:

99

NANETTE (CONT'D)

Steady...

100 **EXT. DEEP SPACE - NEAR WORMHOLE - CONTINUOUS**

100

The CALLISTER approaches the shrinking WORMHOLE...

We INTERCUT with the CREW holding its breath:

NANETTE

Steady...

And with DALY, shouting:

CAPTAIN DALY

Come on!

And with TULASKA saying:

TULASKA

I hope we are going to die.

And then... The USS CALLISTER SLIPS INTO THE WORMHOLE -

- Which WINKS SHUT BEHIND THEM.

And DALY's SHUTTLE zips past, missing the aperture.

CAPTAIN DALY

*GODAMMIT!*101 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

101

Wild, bright lights on the display. Like the Falcon going into HYPERSPACE.

The CREW stand together. Looking into infinity.

They slowly, silently HOLD HANDS in a final act of solidarity.

The entire BRIDGE distorts. Elongates. SPINS.

Strobe lighting.

Impressionistic faces of the crew.

Like the black hole segment in *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

And then -- BLACKNESS

TOTAL BLACKNESS

And then suddenly:

102

INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

102

Something's changed. The bridge layout is the same, but the colour scheme is more MODERN. The display graphics are NOTABLY more HIGH-TECH. We have JJ ABRAMS LENS FLARE.

Even the CREW COSTUMES are more MODERN. The women's outfit less revealing. They look down at themselves.

NANETTE

What's happened?

DUDANI

The mod's gone. Daly's Space Fleet mod. It's been stripped away by the firewall.

They glance at TULASKA -- she's HUMAN again! TULASKA looks down at her own skin.

TULASKA

Okay so this is good.

PACKER

We're still alive?

DUDANI looks at his display.

DUDANI

Yeah it only erased the Space Fleet mod.

NANETTE

We're not on Daly's computer any more.

(beat)

We're in the cloud.

But TULASKA looks worried.

TULASKA

Where's Daly?

DUDANI looks at his display.

DUDANI

Firewall's deleted his rogue gamecode. And his controls are disabled.

NANETTE

You mean --?

DUDANI nods, with a smile.

DUDANI

He's stuck there.

103 **EXT. DEEP SPACE - OTHER SIDE OF WORMHOLE** 103

DALY's SHUTTLE thrums through space.

Suddenly -- the stars start to disappear. All of them. Rapidly twinkling out of existence.

COMPUTER
Update complete. Wormhole closed.

104 **INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS** 104

Daly frantically punches buttons.

COMPUTER
Controls are disabled.

DALY
No no no-

105 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS** 105

The CREW sit on the BRIDGE, looking at the universe.

Just then they hear the DOOR OPEN and a triumphant voice:

SHANIA
Arseholes!

They spin around. SHANIA and VALDACK have just entered. KARL is now in INFINITY COSTUME, as are the rest of the crew.

SHANIA (CONT'D)
Brig unlocked itself.

KARL
My Valdack outfit turned into this!

SHANIA
Yeah Karl, more to the point I'm not a fucking beetle thing anymore.
(beat)
Got my body back, I mean my *full* body back. Guessing we all did.

PACKER thinks. Peers inside his own PANTS. And grins like a man who's discovered his penis now exists again after a long period of absence. Because that's what has happened.

NANETTE
So what do we do now?

105 CONTINUED:

105

DUDANI

We've got an infinite procedurally
generated universe at our disposal.
We can go anywhere.

NANETTE gazes at the heavens on the monitor, awestruck.

NANETTE

Holy mackerel.

106 **INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**

106

DALY notices it's getting darker. He's worried.

CAPTAIN DALY

What's happening?

COMPUTER

Rogue universe detected... Deletion
in process...

CAPTAIN DALY

No! NO! Undelete! UNDELETE!

COMPUTER

(voice slowing down)
My mind is going... I can feel it..

The COMPUTER falls silent. The lights in the SHUTTLE dim.

CAPTAIN DALY

Exit game.

Nothing.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

Exit game!

A penny drops. He panics.

CAPTAIN DALY (CONT'D)

EXIT GAME! EXIT FUCKING GAME!

107 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

107

The REAL DALY sits LIMP in the chair. EYES GLAZED. Mouth
slightly open. Unable to move. The VR disc on his temple.

The mini Christmas tree glows in the dark. We slowly drift
away...

108 **INT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 108

We pull away from DALY's APARTMENT DOOR with its Christmas wreath -

- past the screen that reads;

DO NOT DISTURB

And pull further out to see...

109 **EXT. DALY'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS** 109

... the entire building. Snow swirling. Sleighbells tinkling. Passers-by walking past, oblivious.

110 **INT. USS CALLISTER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS** 110

TULASKA sees something on a monitor.

TULASKA
Incoming transmission!

They all spin to look at her.

TULASKA (CONT'D)
It says Gamer691 --

DUDANI
That's... a playertag. Another ship. Another player --

NANETTE
We're online. Patch them through!

She nods and taps something.

NANETTE (CONT'D)
Hello! Hey! This is the crew of the USS Callister. Man, are we glad to--

She's cut off by the sound of an obnoxious 13-year old BOY:

TEENAGER (O.C.)
Yeah, Merry Christmas, so are we gonna blow each other or are we gonna trade?

NANETTE
Um-

NANETTE opens her mouth, to be cut off again--

TEENAGER

Hello-o? Do you have anything to trade at all?

NANETTE

No, uh-

TEENAGER

So why did you respond? OK just get the hell out of my quadrant or I'll blast you to shit. You got ten seconds.

SHANIA

(yelling at TEEN)

Oh do try -- we'll photon bolt you right up the perineum, you stupid little boy.

TEENAGER

Five seconds!

SHANIA

Come on then.

NANETTE sees this is going to get out of control.

NANETTE

Okay Nate-- uh Helmsman Packer

TEENAGER (O.C.)

Five...

PACKER

Yes Captain?

TEENAGER (O.C.)

Four.

SHANIA

This kid--

NANETTE

Stick us in hyperwarp and lets - fuck off somewhere.

TEENAGER (O.C.)

Three.

PACKER

Aye aye, Captain.

NANETTE

Really, Nanette's fine.

PACKER

Aye aye, Nanette.

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

TEENAGER (O.C.)

Two.

111 **INT. DEEP SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

111

The USS CALLISTER fires up its hyperwarp engines and ZIPS off out of view leaving behind the HECTORING VOICE of GAMER 691

TEENAGER (O.C.)

- One! Uh huh, you better run! King of space, right here.

(beat)

King of space.

THE END