

n a n o
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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

However our heart longs for the good moments, we still have to deal with the bad ones. And they don't come worse than... Today.

SUPER: *Time: 28.3.2030* *Place: Oslo, NORWAY*

TOMAS (31) tall, lean and chiseled. Blonde arctic type. Black pants and V-neck sweater. And those eyes. Just brimming with sensitivity and empathy.

Behind him, hugging into Tomas' chest is --

-- MARIA (32). Steaming with piercing intelligence and inner resolve. A fragile, pale beauty. Red curls cascading around her freckled body. Pure elegance and style, in her muted grey cardigan and straight waist pants.

CAMILLA (8) lying in bed. This little girl is serenity itself. Even her chemo-shaved head, can't overshadow the radiant little angel, that she is.

Both watching as the DOCTOR (50) inspects their Camilla's state. Underneath the covers -- where two little legs should have been -- amputated two little sticks.

Maria stares away -- the sight -- the truth -- just too much.

Tomas halts the Doctor delicately.

TOMAS
(whispers to Doctor)
A couple more days?

He eyes him -- wishing to give Tomas any good news. But that would be a lie. So he just shakes his head no.

Tomas' eyes dart over to meet Maria's. Her soul on the verge of a cliff.

CAMILLA
(barely audible
norwegian)
Promise me something Daddy?

TOMAS
Always looking to strike the best
deal, huh pumpkin?

CAMILLA
Inherited straight from mummy.

TOMAS
And a smart ass at that.

CAMILLA
That's your gene contribution.

Tomas smirks, caressing her pale forehead.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)
Daddy. That stuff you do. That science stuff. Next time you have someone really sick. Not just a pretender like me. You will make her alright. Ok?

This shatters Tomas' composure to the core. Collecting himself he finally utters.

TOMAS
I promise.

Maria's tear-filled face tenses up.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
Her and all the other girls, sweetie.

But then Maria's mask breaks -- she barely reels out of the room.

Tomas keeps it together. He has to. Then glows to Camilla.

CAMILLA
Is it ok if I go to sleep? Just for a tiny, little while?

TOMAS
Sure Hon.

No amount of love can push away the fear, that this most probably is, their last goodbye.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
Just for a tiny, little while.

EXT. ROAD - NORWEGIAN FJORD - MORNING

SUPER: Time: 2032 Place: Ulvik (population 608), Hardanger Fjord, NORWAY

Majestic raw beauty, snow sparkling mountains, shattering right into the frozen fjords.

If you wanted to forget -- to run from everything -- including yourself -- then this would be the place to go.

FEET

Hitting an incessant rhythm, against the snow-encrusted road.

TOMAS' FACE

Is this the same Tomas (33) we just met? Still a man in his prime, if not for the gaping emptiness in his eyes. And instead of any trace of soul --

-- A relentless force, pushing his exploited body. The daily jog routine turned torture and atonement.

Tomas flicks his wrist and turns on his --

P.O.V. TOMAS - PERSONAL ASSISTANCE LINK (PAL)

As we gaze through Tomas' eyes, we see --

-- a state of the art computer. A digital implant inside Tomas' brain tissue -- or simply The PAL.

A translucent User Interface suspended in his field of view, gathers a myriad of superimposed icons.

He flicks his wrist again -- punching in a radio icon -- initiating the local net-radio.

RADIO HOST #1 (O.S.)
(in norwegian)
...Please explain it to me Lars,
cause I just don't get it.

ROAD

Glistening car reflections speeding towards the running Tomas.

RADIO HOST #2 (O.S.)
I am just as far up the creek on the
answers as you, Jon. Cause you see.
This guy came out from nowhere.
Norwegian farmer boy, we called him.

Tomas' face -- expressionless steel. He increases his speed.

RADIO HOST #1 (O.S.)
Norwegian GENIUS farmer boy, huh?

RADIO HOST #2 (O.S.)
 Yeah, exactly Jon. I am talking
 about the best scholarships at MIT,
 then the fattest assignments at the
 leading nano pharma corporations.

RADIO HOST #1 (O.S.)
 Yeah, and then he is just minutes
 away from the biggest breakthrough
 this century. I mean for gods sakes.
 The cure for cancer! And practically
 by himself. And he does what? He
 just quits GlaxoSmithKline.
 Disappears from the face of the earth.

RADIO HOST #2
 Only to reappear where? In his
 hometown, Ulvik.

RADIO HOST #1 (O.S.)
 Goddamn. So is it just me or is
 everybody going, what the hell
happened?

Tomas flicks off the radio -- emotionally rattled.

-- Only to be additionally shaken, by the roar of the
 approaching cars. Shining jet-black Corporate Bentleys rocket
 past him.

EXT. ROAD - OUTSIDE H+TECH - MORNING

Tomas comes to a halt -- as he lays his eyes upon his
 company's compound. H+Tech is separated from the outside,
 by a 2 meter high concrete wall.

Inside the compound -- a run of the mill norwegian wooden
 house. Far from the profile, you would expect from a high-
 tech company.

Despite the anonymity -- activists are besieging the entrance
 of the compound. Faces consumed with fury, spitting out their
 save-the-world mantra.

Carrying banners against nano technology experiments and
 animal abuse research.

Tomas covers up his head with a hood -- then bursts through
 the crowd.

Keep your head down -- don't stare anyone in the eye -- and
 most of all -- just keep on moving.

ACTIVISTS
 (norwegian)
 Fucking degenerate. Fascist pig-
 fucker.

Tomas right in the middle of the shrieking crowd -- reaches the gate. His hands shaking -- quicker -- faster -- punch in the entrance code --

The gate unlocks -- but way too slowly.

Someone elbows Tomas in the side -- the crowd smashes him against the wall.

His teeth clenched -- barely squeezes himself through the gate.

H+TECH'S LAWN

MARIA
 (in fluent english)
 Still sentimental about your hometown?

Maria reaches out a hand.

TOMAS
 (english with a clear
 norwegian accent)
 Yeah, regular hero's welcome, hon.

He is about to kiss her when -- he eyes the parked Corpo-Bentleys.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
 I thought we agreed. No more visits.
 Especially them.

MARIA
 Checked our accounts lately?

Maria starts going inside. Tomas follows her.

TOMAS
 We came out here to avoid these
 people.

MARIA
You came out here. And not to avoid,
 but escape. From everything.

TOMAS
 Not fair.

They rush into the house, and into the --

UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR

Inside, it's all norwegian tradition -- cozy old wooden furniture -- fire place -- skiing memorabilia. The creaky place must be at least a 100 years old.

MARIA

You know what's not fair? That you've been hiding away in your lab for the last 2 years. What about our people?

TOMAS

We still have Samuel.

MARIA

Yeah, and for how long?

But as they descend the stairs into the --

NANOLAB CORRIDORS

-- Another world greets them.

All shiny carbon and titanium surfaces -- combined with glass and amorphous ZLED screens -- monitoring the facility.

Pure state of the art -- space-age high-tech galore.

MARIA

You know damned well, this facility won't run with 3 people. We need more computing power. We need more people. And the only thing I see is a mountain of unpaid bills. And what about us?

Tomas's composure derails -- fear grips his eyes.

TOMAS

What about us?

She halts. Confronts him eye to eye. Tomas backs off.

MARIA

I will tell you what.

She sizes him up from head to toe -- then feels around his pockets -- until she stumbles upon a metal item -- fishes out a hip flask -- then throws it to the floor. Alcohol pouring out of it.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(re: hip flask)

As long as you keep this up, there
is no us.

Tomas isn't given half a chance, before Maria rushes on.

Finally they find themselves at a pair of 10-inch titanium glass doors. On the other side, the NANO LAB.

Maria punches in a program. On the small ZLED, located by the door, it reads "Sanitation program initiated".

NANOLAB

And as the program flows its course -- barely visible nano lasers -- swipe every square inch of the lab -- disinfecting it of all organic tissue.

Including evaporating the fly -- which happened to be on the wrong side of the glass door.

NANOLAB CORRIDORS

Tomas and Maria, still waiting for the program. He gazes at her -- clearly conflicted.

TOMAS

I just can't. Not after Camilla.

MARIA

Tom. Everyone moves on. Except you. Please. Just talk to them.

TOMAS

And if I don't?

MARIA

Then we are sunk. And I don't see any more rescue rafts coming our way.

As the sanitation code finishes -- the door into the Nanolab, glides listlessly open.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. TOMAS - PERSONAL ASSISTANCE LINK (PAL) - DAY

Tomas gestures forth his PAL's user interface -- motions with his fingers over the floating icons.

TOMAS (O.S.)
Keep in mind guys. This is only a
VIRTUAL SIMULATION. Our system, aims
at full integration of the latest
nano tech advancements in the hottest
medical fields.

A wireframe is drawn -- a body of a child. Tomas motions
the wireframe towards the huge screen (ZLED), filling the
wall in the --

NANOLAB

A group of impeccably dressed sharks -- top of the line --
top of the world -- GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) - Corporate
Executives. And the gleam in their eyes -- all but convinced.

Their main representative, FREDRIC(54), reddish haired, pig-
eyed and vehemently untrusting. With a stature more akin to
a dwarf, he recompenses with an ego, the size of the Big
Ben.

Maria and SAMUEL(29) standing right by Tomas.

Samuel, a fat black metal kid. Black knotty hair, as if a
once-a-month-wash, was just way too much to ask. Painfully
unshaven and scruffy.

Still Samuel's eyes reveal another layer -- a deeper truth.
If there is someone you would want by your side -- he is the
man -- especially at your darkest hour.

Tomas continues the demo --

TOMAS
(motions to the ZLED)
This is Gheena. She is 8 and lives
in Mozambique, Africa. By linking
her up to our CORE system, we connect
to her body, at the molecular level.

The wireframe fills with tiny particles.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
Giving us a complete remote diagnostic
system from Norway.

FREDRIC
Big deal. Diagnostic systems have
been done to death.

TOMAS

Diagnostics is only one piece of the puzzle. Gheena has Multiple Myeloma in her left and right leg. Otherwise known as Bone Marrow Cancer. And one thing is certain. It's incurable.

P.O.V. TOMAS - PAL

TOMAS (O.S.)

At least. Until now.

Tomas flicks with his fingers -- punching in a row of successive icons -- uploading a program onto the nano lab's ZLED.

NANOLAB

The diagnostics bombard the ZLED with new data. The cancer cells are receding.

The Execs' attention peaks up a few notches.

FREDRIC

Ok, so the system is eradicating the cancer cells. But it's also taking down the whole bone marrow with it. That's not a solution. That's Godzilla with hemorrhoids in a porcelain boutique.

The Execs chuckle -- all spite.

TOMAS

That's the last piece of the puzzle.

Tomas gestures forth another program.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Regeneration. We are able to regenerate three different body stem cells. Skin tissue. Cartilage. And bone marrow. Meaning we won't be creating a new heart or a brain. But in this instance, our system handles the regeneration just fine.

The ZLED screen depicts Gheena's bone marrow rebuilding -- then muscles -- then skin tissue -- layering on top of each other.

Collective silence in the room. Maria flaunts a smirk.

FREDRIC

You mean we came here for this?
This is nothing more than a
simulation. And I am way past my
believe-in-Santa-Clause phase.

An unsatisfied murmur spreads.

Tomas eyes Maria -- she nods.

He grabs a scalpel -- one swift slash -- his little finger
severed off.

P.O.V. TOMAS - PAL

Tomas' healthy hand punches in a few more icons.

His severed finger -- broken down into a computer wireframe
analysis. Then a regeneration program flies away.

FINGER

Before our eyes -- the severed part starts to grow back
together -- healing the finger completely.

NANOLAB

TOMAS

Any more questions, gentlemen?

If there are -- everybody is too astonished, to ask them
now.

CUT TO:

INT. UPPER FLOOR LOUNGE - DAY

A relentless dispute between Fredric and his associates.

FREDRIC

I don't care if the guy turned out
to be the incarnation of Jesus fucking
Christ.

EXEC #1

But this guy is at least 5 years
ahead of what we got in our labs.

EXEC #2

In our labs? You gotta be kidding.
In any lab.

EXEC #3

Make that more like 10 years.

FREDRIC

Not buying into this genius farmer
boy scam. We pack up and leave this
shithole tomorrow.

A hologram sparkles into view -- right in front of them.

Meet VICTOR(56), the epitome of soulless corporate switchblade
mentality. Steel-block chin, slicked back hair and shoulders
the size of Mount Everest.

This is a guy, you say no to, only once. And all this
underscored by his Brioni Vanquish 40K business class suite.

VICTOR

Reality check on your egos Gentlemen.
However you think yourself to be
meaningful in this situation, the
decisions are not yours to make.

FREDRIC

What do you mean?

VICTOR

Simply because the decision was made
long before you left for Norway.

FREDRIC

So what's the freaking point in this?

VICTOR

Consider yourselves lucky to be the
messenger boys.

Victor underscores with malignant glee. Uneasiness spreads --
and Victor is not even in the room.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(to Fredric)

Make an offer. One that will secure
the deal.

FREDRIC

And if he refuses?

If there ever was a wrong question, this was it. Enough for
Fredric to reconsider.

FREDRIC (CONT'D)

Done, sir.

INT. NANOLAB - EVENING

Samuel and Maria stare up from the amorphous ZLED surface -- towards the GSK Executives.

MARIA

Is this a joke? You can buy New York City with this.

SAMUEL

And put it into orbit around Mars.

Maria gestures the ZLED screen to morph in front of Tomas -- but he refuses to even glance at it.

FREDRIC

I am glad you appreciate to which lengths we are willing to go. And I assure you, our Boss is not the comedy type. But. The offer is not without conditions.

MARIA

Forget it. No strings attached.

Tomas holds off Maria.

TOMAS

I don't have a problem with conditions. But as long as they are mine. Exclusivity to any future mods, exclusivity to contract withdrawal and full control of our tech's availability. Starting with full scale worldwide supply to the Red Cross.

The Execs glare off Tomas to Fredric. Which planet is this guy from?

Maria and Samuel are about to erupt.

FREDRIC

Usual business courtesy would be to acknowledge the proposed offer. How are we to have mutual respect, when I know for a fact, that you didn't even bother to look at our offer?

Tomas tears him down with his steel eyes -- Fredric doesn't budge an inch -- this is enemies for life.

Maria about to come between them -- Tomas motions her back.

He gestures the ZLED towards him -- glimpses over the offer. Then shoves the screen away.

TOMAS

Did I mention the Red Cross supply
is all expenses paid by GSK?

CUT TO:

INT. H+TECH'S ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Tomas observes Maria outside -- doing desperate damage control with Fredric and his buddies.

The GSK team are way past annoyed. None of Maria's assurances seem to hit home. The men scatter into their cars -- then screech out of the compound.

UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATER

Maria follows Tomas down the corridor -- hammering away at him.

MARIA

What the fuck was that about? Samuel
and I have given you our last 5 years.
Spilled our hearts out for you. And
you do what? You have one of the
big five nano-pharma companies in
the world at your door. Down on its
knees. Just for you. And you do
what? Assfuck them?

TOMAS

What has our stance been on this
kind of thing?

Tomas halts. Peers at Samuel and Maria.

MARIA

That was before we were starving
Tom.

TOMAS

Or was it before you saw an 11 digit
payoff?

MARIA

Well, fuck you too.

Samuel tries to intervene.

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