

PETRI PLACE

PILOT EPISODE - "SPACE SNOT"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MICROBIOLOGY LAB - DAY

In a vast, windowless room, row after row of MICROBIOLOGISTS sit crammed together at their desks, peering into microscopes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It's a top-secret microbiology lab,
deep in the bowels of a C.I.A.
research facility...

Among the Microbiologists are EDDIE (25), a leering perpetual adolescent, and HILDA (30), a stone babe despite her horn-rimmed glasses.

EDDIE

Hilda, you're lookin' mighty foxy
today.

HILDA

Knock it off, Eddie. We got work
to do.

Hilda goes back to peering at her PETRI DISH through her microscope.

EXT. PETRI DISH

Under Hilda's microscope, her Petri Dish looks like an undifferentiated blob of greenish-yellow AGAR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But under the microscope, unseen by
the naked eye, a teeming world
awaits...

ZOOM IN TO REVEAL: A microscopic world as complex as our own -- office buildings, apartments, a tangle of highways, bustling traffic. Throngs of micro-organisms stroll about and putter along the busy streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETRI PLACE - MAIN STREET - DAY

Along the busy urban street are the ALGAE BAR...a MOVIE THEATER, with "THE SMALL AND THE SPURIOUS" on the MARQUIS...and, looming in the background, the colossal big-box store, PLASMART.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It's a glorious day in the Petri
Dish. All the micro-organisms are
merrily engaged in their daily
activities...

Among the pedestrians strolling along the boulevard are a couple of TEENY BOPPER SPIRILLA.

TEENY BOPPER SPIRILLUM #1
(to Teeny Bopper Spirillum
#2)

And he's all, like, "Totally!" And
I'm all, like, "Get out!"

Across the street, a couple of burly, blue-collar
DIPLOBACILLI amble along.

DIPLOBACILLUM #1

Those Mycoplasma are lookin' good
this year. I think they're gonna
sweep their phylum.

DIPLOBACILLUM #2

I dunno. I heard their pitcher
blew out his flagellum.

DIPLOBACILLUM #1

So? He'll just grow a new one by
next week!

EXT. PLASMART - ESTABLISHING

OVERHEAD VIEW of the colossal big-box store, towering over
the throngs of customers going in and out.

INT. PLASMART - CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER

MOBY THE AMOEBA labors at the Customer Service desk. An
eternal optimist, even Moby is overwhelmed by the constant
barrage of complaints from disgruntled CUSTOMERS.

An IRATE MOTHER, complete with a bouffant hairdo, approaches
Moby's counter, clutching a ratty TOY in one flagellum, a
bawling BABY in the other.

IRATE MOTHER

This Nanobot is defective! I
demand a refund!

MOBY

Right away, Ma'am.

BABY

Waa!

Suddenly, Moby spots LISA THE PARAMECIUM, PlasMart's drop-dead gorgeous Check-Out Girl, passing by.

LISA
(sings)

"I'm Lisa the Paramecium,
I calls 'em like I sees-ium..."

Moby's eyes bug out...

MOBY

Whoa! Check out that cytoplasm!

Moby gathers up his courage...

MOBY (cont'd)

Hey, Lisa! I like your new cilia-
do!

LISA
(amused)

Why thank you, Moby. That's very
sweet.

Lisa continues on her way, her cute little butt wiggling as she walks.

LISA
(sings)

"I'm Lisa the Paramecium,
I gots 'em, if you needs-ium.."

Moby's heart throbs out of his chest, THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Moby's scruffy sidekick CYRUS THE VIRUS passes by, checking out the lovestruck Moby.

CYRUS

"I like your new cilia-do"? That's
the best line you can come up with?

Meanwhile, the Customers are becoming increasingly
impatient...

CUSTOMER #1

Come on, fella! Let's get a move
on!

Just then, Moby's anal-retentive BOSS, SPIRO THE SPIRILLUM,
materializes, clutching a clipboard and checking his watch...

SPIRO

Shake a leg, Fellas. Time is
money!

MOBY/CYRUS

Right away, boss.

CUT TO:

INT. MOBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moby sleeps contentedly, a blissful expression on his face.

DREAM SEQUENCE

It's Moby in a tuxedo and Lisa in a
glorious white gown, standing on a
poofy white cloud. A PRIEST
conducts the ceremony.

PRIEST

Lisa, do you take Moby to be your
lawfully wedded Amoeba?

LISA

I do.

PRIEST

And, Moby, do you take Lisa to be
your lawfully wedded Paramecium?

MOBY

Heck, yeah!

PRIEST

I now pronounce you microbe and
wife. You may kiss the bride.

Adorable microbial BIRDS TWEET in the heavens, as Moby stands
on his tiptoes to KISS Lisa...

SPX: "Smooch!"

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Instead of Lisa, it's SPORGY, Moby's PET SPORE, planting a
sloppy kiss on Moby's mouth!

SPORGY

Slurp!

Moby wakes with a start.

MOBY

Yuck! Jeez, Sporgy, that's gross!

CUT TO:

INT. MOBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With a yummy bowl of PLASTIDS on the table and Sporgy at his
side, Moby catches some tube.

ON TV:

TV NARRATOR (O.S.)
(on TV)

Welcome to another episode of
"Micropiece Theater!" Where Lord
Kingsley Montague continues to
torment his beleaguered servants.

The pompous LORD KINGSLEY MONTAGUE dumps his bowl of steaming
plastids on the floor. His terrified COOK cowers a few feet
away.

LORD KINGSLEY MONTAGUE
(on TV)

These plastids are insufficiently
overcooked. Take him away!

COOK
(on TV)

No, Lord Montague! Please!

A black-hooded JAILER grabs the Cook by the scruff of the
neck and hauls him off towards the dungeon.

JAILER

Heh, heh!

END TV:

Moby brightens...

MOBY

That's it! I'll get all
sophisticated, just like Lord
Montague. Then, Lisa won't be able
to resist me!

COOK (O.S.)
(on TV)

Ow! OW!

Sporgy does a back flip off of the sofa.

CUT TO:

INT. PLASMART - CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER - DAY

As usual, Moby is besieged by disgruntled customers. But this time he sports a CANE, and is wearing an ASCOT and a MONOCLE.

As Lisa passes by...

MOBY

Top o' the mornin', oh lovely Lisa!

Lisa tries to hide her amusement at Moby's appearance.

LISA

Why, hello, Moby. That's certainly

a...

(suppresses a chuckle)

...new look for you.

Moby puffs himself up.

MOBY

Would you care to join me for a
spot of the bubbly? I'm so vedy,
vedy pahched.

LISA

Sorry, Moby, but I've already made
other plans!

Moby is deflated as Lisa exits, failing to conceal her mirth.
Cyrus appears.

CYRUS

Fergit it, Mob'. Face it, Lisa's
way out of your league.

MOBY

Jeez, Cyrus, you're always so
negative. No wonder they invented
antibiotics!

Moby is oblivious to his increasingly impatient customers...

CUSTOMER #2

Snap it up, pal! Can I get a
little service here?

CUSTOMER #3

Yeah, what's the problem up there?

Once again, Spiro appears.

SPIRO

Hey, you guys! What'd I tell ya?

MOBY

Sorry, Boss. It won't happen
again.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Moby, Cyrus and Sporgy catch a flick...

ON SCREEN: Miniature ROCKET SHIPS careen through space,
piloted by various MICROBIAL ASTRONAUTS...

MOVIE NARRATOR (V.O.)

"A long time ago, in a Petri dish
far, far away..."

EXT. MOVIE THEATER

As Moby, Cyrus and Sporgy exit the theater...

MOBY

That's it! I'll fly into outer
space and bring back a souvenir!
Then, Lisa will love me forever!

CYRUS

I wanna go, too!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBY'S BACK YARD - DAY

With Cyrus and Sporgy helping, Moby consults an elaborate SCHEMATIC, surrounded by an assortment of parts. At his side is his nearly completed SPACE SHIP.

MOBY

Hey, Sporgy! Pass me that framus
defibrillator, willya?

They stand back and admire their creation.

MOBY

Awright! This baby is our ticket
to the great beyond!

CYRUS

Awesome!

Sporgy watches with great excitement, as Moby and Cyrus clamber aboard.

MOBY

Hold down the fort, Sporgy! We'll
be back in time for Micropiece
Theater!

Moby and Cyrus BLAST OFF in a cloud of exhaust.

Sporgy does a back flip.

SPORGY

Marf! Marf!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Their faces contorted by the warp speed, Moby and Cyrus careen through space. The space ship rattles and shimmies like crazy.

MOBY'S POV: The Petri Dish recedes behind him as he gains altitude.

INT. MICROBIOLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

As Moby's space ship approaches, Microbiologist Hilda rubs her eyes in exhaustion...

HILDA

Man, I'm beat! And still one more
hour to go!

Moby gazes back towards the Petri Dish far below, oblivious to the looming disaster ahead...

MOBY

Wow, check out that view! All
those microbes down there look like
a bunch of puny molecules!

Hilda YAWNS, her mouth opening wide....wider...WIDER!

Suddenly, Cyrus spots the gaping chasm ahead...

CYRUS

Look out, Mob'!

MOBY

Whoa! This doesn't look good!

TOO LATE! They are sucked into the yawning abyss!

INT. HILDA'S MOUTH

MOBY'S POV: Ahead...Hilda's colossal EPIGLOTTIS, flapping in the breeze!

MOBY

Yikes!

Moby cranks the wheel, narrowly avoiding the mammoth protruberance. But now, Moby's space ship is SUCKED DOWN...

INT. HILDA'S ESOPHAGUS

Moby's space ship careens down Hilda's esophagus. Down...down...DOWN, until...

INT. HILDA'S STOMACH

SPLASH! Moby's space ship ditches in the ocean of stomach acid, cluttered with the remains of Hilda's half-digested lunch.

As Moby and Cyrus clamber aboard their mangled space ship, a grungy ANEAROBE paddles over in a little SKIFF.

ANEAROBE

Hey, fellas, welcome to

Gastroville!

Moby and Cyrus eye the flotsam and jetsam floating around in the vast, disgusting sea.

MOBY

Jeez, this place is gross!

ANEAROBE

Totally. But you're in luck!

CYRUS

How do ya' figure that?

INT. HILDA'S FAVORITE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Hilda and her pals from work knock back MARTINIS.

SFX: Glug! Glug! Glug!

ANEAROBE (O.S.)

It's Saturday night, when Hilda and
her pals go out for drinks!

BACK TO --

INT. HILDA'S STOMACH

Hilda's Martini GURGLES down her digestive tract, dumping
into her stomach.

As the fumes envelope Moby and gang, they immediately become
WOOZY!

MOBY

Hey, you're right! Thish ish
aweshome!

ANEAROBE

See? What'd I tell ya'?

Suddenly, Moby spots a plastered FLAGELLATE SURFING a
swirling WHIRLPOOL a short distance away...

FLAGELLATE

Cowabunga!

MOBY

Hey, check out those suds!

Moby hops onto a shard of half-digested celery and paddles
over.

CYRUS

Careful, Mob'!

ANEAROBE

Yeah, watch out for the drain over
there!

Moby takes off on an epic swell.

MOBY

Drain, schmain! Check out this
spinner!

Suddenly, the Flagellate is SUCKED into the vortex of the
swirling whirlpool...

FLAGELLATE

Help! HEL--!!

...and DISAPPEARS down the drain!

SFX: PLOOP!

Moby's eyes are wide with terror, as he kicks out of the
wave.

MOBY

Yikes! Get me outta here!

Moby frantically paddles back to the safety of his space
ship.

MOBY (cont'd)

Man! That was too close for
comfort!

CYRUS

Yeah, swell. But, how are we gonna
get outta here?

Just then...a huge FLATULENT GAS BUBBLE erupts from the
depths of Hilda's intestines. It's STINK envelopes the
already-fetid atmosphere, as it vanishes up Hilda's
esophagus.

CYRUS

Yuck! What in the heck is that?

ANEAROBE

Hilda musta had chili dogs for
lunch. Happens all the time.

MOBY

Hey...we can ride that gas bubble
right up to freedom! Let's go!

Moby and Cyrus frantically paddle their crippled space ship over to the top of another GAS BUBBLE, erupting up from below.

They ride their space ship on top of the gas bubble...up!...Up!!...UP!!!

MOBY

All right! It's workin'!

MOBY'S POV: Hilda's EPIGLOTTIS dangles ahead, her mouth gaping open just beyond.

MOBY

Just a coupla nanometers to go!

CYRUS

You're a genius, Mob'!

When, suddenly...Hilda gets an ITCH in her NOSE...

HILDA

Ah...ah...ah...

Instead of exiting through Hilda's mouth, Moby's space ship suddenly gets sucked UP THROUGH HER NOSE!

Moby's space ship careens through Hilda's hairy nasal passages...

Finally...HILDA SNEEZES!

HILDA (cont'd)

...ahhh...CHOO!

EXT. SPACE

Moby's space ship blasts out of Hilda's nose, ENGULFED in a gooey globule of GREEN SNOT!

As their space ship re-enters Petri Place's atmosphere, the snot gets BLAZING HOT!

CYRUS

It's sure gettin' hot in here!

Petri Place looms larger and larger, as the space ship careens downward through the atmosphere

MOBY

Damn the torpedoes!

Completely out of control, the space bounces off of PlasMart's roof, smashing onto the parking lot -- CRASH!

MOBY (cont'd)

Oof!

Moby and Cyrus tumble out of the cockpit and onto the pavement, battered and dazed.

On the ground beside them is a gleaming shard of PETRIFIED SPACE SNOT!

Cyrus excitedly picks up the shard.

CYRUS

Hey, Mob'! Here's your souvenir for Lisa -- ectoplasm from outer space!

MOBY

Ectoplasm? It's petrified space snot, you idiot!

SPIRO (O.S.)

Late again, you dolts!

Moby whirls around to see...

...Spiro materializing at their side, holding his infernal clip board and checking his watch!

SPIRO (cont'd)

How many times I gotta tell you
clowns?

MOBY

We're on it, Boss.

Moby and Cyrus shuffle dejectedly towards the store entrance.

INT. PLASMART - CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER

Beat-up and bandaged, Moby attempts to handle the latest
throng of disgruntled Customers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so, life goes on for Moby the
Amoeba...

CUSTOMER #4

What's the prob' up there?

CUSTOMER #5

Yeah, get a move on!

IRATE MOTHER

Sir! This replacement is
defective, too!

BABY

Waa! WAA!

MOBY
(disconsolate)

Yes, Ma'am. Right away, Ma'am.

FADE OUT:

THE END