

URANIUM-238

The film opens to a black screen. Anurati font in the corner, reading:

YEAR: 2137

100 YEARS AFTER THE SECOND NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST

ABANDONED MARS BASE

POPULATION READINGS:

EARTH: 100,000 [FROZEN]

MOON: 13

MARS: 5

DECEASED TOTAL: (COUNTS UP DRASTICALLY) 20.3 BILLION

The scene flashes open to a bird's-eye view of this Mars outpost, the paint old and worn down, the structure creaking in the Martian winds, and the muffled sound of rock group Greta Van Fleet playing through the storm as sand beats against the metal.

The camera zooms inside to a man sitting at a circular control panel. His eyes are closed, and he has “When the Curtain Falls” by Greta Van Fleet playing over the loudspeaker. The camera continues to zoom into an over-the-shoulder shot. As the camera refocuses, a yellow light is seen flashing. It's labeled “Comms.”

The scene cuts quickly to a half-assed tent on the Martian surface, set up where five astronauts in mismatched space suits are yelling and screaming over each other, trying to get the tent set up. Sand flying, tents flapping, wires blowing away, as the astronauts work.

The camera zooms out to show the whole scene. A rover sits, knocked over. The only form of transportation, lying on its side. The solar panels that line it are broken or scratched beyond recognizable use.

The astronauts, with different flag patches attached to their suits, give up their tent-building endeavors, and instead pull the tarp over their heads, sitting on the edges as they pull it under them. The tarp is cocooned around them.

The sounds from the outside muffled, they finally get a chance to talk.

AMERICA

Guess storm season came early. We woke up from cryosleep, only to find that a message was sent a month into our trip, disclosing the fact that all of Earth is screwed.

(sarcastically)

Oh, and not to mention, it had details on who would be left. Lucky us. And now, we have to wake the remaining dumbasses up!

America angrily punches the ground.

GERMANY

Hey, calm down, dude. Don't puncture your suit. That would be one more to add to the list of 20 billion dead.

AMERICA

I'm sorry. I'm just pissed off that this is Earth's second nuclear holocaust, and there already are more dead. We have to get back to Earth, and so does the moon. It's just...terrible.

(sighing)

There are 100,000 Earth-dwelling humans on the surface, asleep, and it's our responsibility to wake them up. We're just a research team...

CHINA

Hey, it's gonna be fine. It's not like we can't leave. All we have to do is survive 'til the storm season ends. Then the conditions will be clear enough to leave.

INDIA

It'll be a few hours under this tarp, and no one's slept. So, we could sleep. Hopefully preserve some oxygen.

RUSSIA

Rover's broken. No one answered comms. We have an hour-long walk, and from the look of it, the storm will last another hour or two. We have two hours of oxygen left.

An odd silence falls over the group for a minute or two.

AMERICA

Sleep it is.

INDIA

I'll keep watch. Make sure the "tent" doesn't fly away.

The camera zooms out and pans to the Mars base, zooming in as the camera moves through the wall and into the barracks where the man now sleeps. Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" plays. The camera now wanders the halls, only to arrive at a space suit storage room. There are five missing space suits, and the displays next to them read: NO OXYGEN REMAINING. The screen cuts to black as the Anurati font fills the corner, reading:

MARS POPULATION: 5 (COUNTS DOWN DRASTICALLY) 1

EARTH: 100,000 [FROZEN]

MOON: 10

HUMAN RACE SURVIVABILITY CHANCE: 1/30,000,000