FADE IN:

EXT. ASTEROID BELT - DWARF PLANET CERES - DAY

Saltbeds sparkle as a tank-size module plows through frozen brine toward the entrance to a cave.

INT. HOUSTON SPACE CENTER - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

DAVIS (44), lips pursed, watches a wall-monitor feed with MEL (35), who holds a meter-panel. Both wear headsets.

DAVIS
You got it, Rover One. Attaboy!

MEL
We were right to send the English.

DAVIS
The American would’ve had the same implants. So bite me.

MEL
Whoa, now. He might hear you.

The rocky cave interior appears. Mel checks a meter.

MEL
Oxygen and temps rising? Wow.

The module slows, stops.

DAVIS
Rover, go, go, go. This is no time to drag your butt...Shit, look!

Bones lie scattered across the wet cave floor.

The module’s cocker-pit door opens. Rover scampers out.

MEL
Rover, no. Stay! Do you copy?

ROVER
Grrrrrrrrrr.

DAVIS
We should’ve used the American.

FADE OUT.