Leftovers

by

The StoRyTeller

INT. PLANET B49, CAVE -- NIGHT

The smell of cold and damp sulphite hangs in the air.

Fog and darkness swallowed up ever change to catch a glimpse of the surroundings.

A faint drop from afar interrupts the otherwise unnatural silence now and then, falling like to a rhythm of an inaudible tune.

A cough and SAM, 20s, regains his consciousness.

> SAM
> (breathing hectically)
> Where? What? ARA. Activate b-level.

Under a rumbling noise, the emergency generator restarts and a blue light glows up.

For the first time, Sam is visible. He's in his spacesuit.

Everywhere he looks there are stones. He is buried.

A brief noise before a virtual assistant answers:

> ARA (O.S.)
> B-level activated.

> SAM
> Ara ... contact team sierra. Send geo data.

> ARA (O.S.)
> Transmission failed. Battery level at ten percent. May I initiate a health check.

> SAM
> Positive. Recalibrate position and reset manual control.

> ARA (O.S.)
> Recalibration is restarted. Automatic system offline. Beta-System, registered falling blood pressure, serial rib fractures and vertebral fractures in the area of L3, L4 and L5. Do you want me to extend the report?

Sam moans.

>   SAM
>   Fuck, I can't feel my legs.

>   ARA (O.S.)
>   I already stabilized the pressure and
>   injected two units of morphine.

>   SAM
>   Air level?

>   ARA (O.S.)
>   Air level at 2 bars.

>   SAM
>   How long until to the departure?

>   ARA (O.S.)
>   The crew will depart in t-minus 30
>   minutes. Battery level at six percent.

>   SAM
>   So I'll die in here like the others.
>   Awesome.

Sam tries to move around or at least catch a glimpse through the rocks. No chance.

>   SAM (CONT'D)
>   Ara, can you read the position of the
>   Wheeler?

>   ARA (O.S.)
>   Wheeler in reach. Forty meters.

>   SAM
>   Condition?

A brief moment of silence, then:

>   ARA (O.S.)
>   Wheeler: stable. Mainboard: intact.
>   Engine: active. Fuel levels at fifty-
>   five percent.

Sam sighs. Relieved at first he frowns.

>   SAM
>   Ara. Initiate the uplink. Code block
>   revival hash wwb2.

>   ARA (O.S.)
>   Battery level at 5 percent. Chances of
>   successful upload at 2 percent. Do you
>   still want me to compile the code?

He closes his eyes. Beads of sweat run down his forehead.

His blue eyes open now and stare into the void.

>   SAM
>   Positive.

EXT/INT. PLANET B49, VENUS V -- LATER

The cargo door of the battered spaceship lies open. On it two members of the Venus V, BETH and JOE. Each holding to a string as the turbulent wind around it heavily blows.

The planet is rocky and barren in a bluish tone. Lightning strikes powerfully here and there.

>   JOE
>   We gotta go, or we'll be sucked into
>   the black hole too!

>   BETH
>   We can't go without him!

>   JOE
>   They are all dead. He is...

Joe stops by the sight of the WHEELER, a small eight wheeled bot approaching them.

>   BETH
>   Sam...?

The bot enters the spaceship and the cargo doors closes while Beth stares out into the darkness.

INSIDE:

Beth takes a CHIP from the bot and rushes over to a computer.

She inserts it and a code runs, then: NOTHING. A black screen.

Beth bows her head, as suddenly: A soft tone resounds from the device. Beth looks up and smiles.

>   **THE END**