

THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH

(a hypothetical 4th Act to House Full of Dynamite)

written by

John Polacek

TITLE

THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

A nuclear missile strikes the city of Chicago.

A blinding white explosion.

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURB - DAY

A FIREBALL one-mile wide vaporizes the city center. A wave of intense heat expands at the speed of light, igniting fires in the trees and houses.

EXT. OAK BROOK MALL - DAY

Shoppers outside experience second degree burns as shopping bags and shrubbery ignite all around them.

A BLAST WAVE shatters every window in the mall and sends people flying into storefronts.

EXT. SKY OVER RURAL MARYLAND - DAY

A flight of three helicopters—MARINE ONE flanked by two V-22 OSPREYS—rips across the sky at treetop level. They fly with violent speed and purpose.

The SOUND is deafening: the percussive THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of a dozen rotor blades beating the air.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The President launched the
retaliatory response at 10:02
Eastern Time.

EXT. ICBM SILO FIELD - DAY

A massive, reinforced concrete lid detonates upward..

A Minuteman III ICBM, pale and slender, erupts from the ground like a spear. With a deafening ROAR, it climbs, a thin, white contrail slicing through the heavy morning air.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As Marine One flew towards the
facility at Raven Rock missiles
launched from ground, sea and air.

EXT. WYOMING PLAINS - DAY

A WIDE SHOT. The camera PANS SLOWLY across the vast, sunlit plains.

As it moves, it reveals ANOTHER launch... and ANOTHER... and THEN THREE AT ONCE.

By the end of the pan, the entire landscape is a picket fence of ascending fire, contrails scarring the morning sky.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DEEP SEA - DAY

A patch of the open ocean BOILS.

A TRIDENT II D5 missile bursts from the water. Its engine ignites with a flash and it rockets skyward, leaving a column of steam and fire.

EXT. EARTH - SPACE - DAY

A satellite of the Northern Hemisphere.

Hundreds of THIN, RED ARCS of light lift from the landmass of the United States and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans streak above the atmosphere, heading over the North Pole and across the Pacific.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
If the President thought he would
be able to execute a decapitation
strike against threats to the
homeland...

They have not even crossed the Arctic when a new, massive swarm of BRIGHT, BLUE ARCS ignites from the dark continents of Russia and China.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was wrong.

The sky is filled with THOUSANDS of crisscrossing lines of light draped over the globe.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Launch on warning is what it is
called.

The first arcs begin their descent, striking targets in Asia
and Russia.

Silent, white PINPRICKS of light pop across the globe like
flash bulbs. First a dozen. Then a hundred.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A policy where upon confirmation of
a U.S. launch, Russia and China
would launch their entire arsenal.

Retaliatory missiles race toward targets in North America.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And that's what they did.

The Eastern Seaboard of the U.S. is on fire. Where cities
once stood, a chain of circular, white-hot infernos now burn,
glowing with the intensity of a furnace. From each blazing
circle, a colossal, jet-black plume of oily smoke gushes
upward at unnatural speed.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

M. A. D. Mutually assured
destruction.

In place of the cities, where the distinct shapes of the
metropolises once lay, are now blinding, circular, WHITE-HOT
INFERNOS.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

All major cities, military bases,
and industrial centers in the U.S.,
Russia and China were vaporized.

From each, a JET-BLACK PLUME of smoke gushes upwards. These
plumes are immense, wider than the cities themselves, rising
with terrifying speed.

It is a black, suffocating curtain, obscuring the land below,
growing thicker and wider by the second as it drifts eastward
over the Atlantic.

EXT. RAVEN ROCK MOUNTAIN COMPLEX, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

MARINE ONE and its two OSPREY escorts are descending with
desperate speed toward a fortified landing pad.

On the ground, armed MARINES and bunker PERSONNEL wave frantically.

The massive, multi-ton steel BLAST DOOR to Portal 1 is open, a square of blackness waiting to swallow them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The retaliatory strike from Russia was not just aimed at cities. Its primary goal was decapitation. Same as ours.

Marine One is 500 feet from the pad.

A blinding, impossible WHITE LIGHT vaporizes the sky above the mountain. Marine One and its escorts are instantly erased, like moths in a furnace.

A beat later, the ROAR and the BLAST WAVE hit the mountain. Tens of thousands of trees are snapped, exploding into shrapnel.

The massive blast door SLAMS SHUT, the steel groaning. An instant later, the FIREBALL consumes the entire portal, scouring the granite clean.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A vast, three-story command center built from raw granite. It's filled with the suit-wearing CIVILIANS from the buses, mingling with uniformed MILITARY. They are staring at a massive screen showing the U.S. East Coast being erased.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The President didn't make it. But the Continuity of Government plan was in place. A shadow government was sealed inside.

Suddenly, the entire cavern HEAVES.

A DEAFENING, LOW-FREQUENCY ROAR. The sound of the mountain being pulverized above them.

The main lights EXPLODE. The room is thrown into PITCH BLACKNESS.

SOUND: SCREAMING, METAL TEARING, RUSHING WATER

RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS flicker on, pulsing, bathing the room in a bloody glow.

The scene is chaos. The massive screen is dead. Pipes overhead have burst. The air is choked with concrete dust. People are injured, screaming.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The facility did its job. Survived
a direct hit. But the designated
survivors were now sealed inside.

INT. SURVIVING BUNKER / DATA SCREEN

A digital map of the United States showing the prevailing jet stream, moving from West to East.

Red, angry circles mark the "ground-burst" locations--the ICBM silo fields in Wyoming, Montana, and North Dakota.

Sinister, computer-generated plumes, colored deep purple and red, are drawn on the map, showing the wind carrying something from those red circles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The ground-bursts had thrown
millions of tons of irradiated
debris into the sky. The jet stream
was carrying the lethal dust,
poisoning the land, the water, and
the survivors.

EXT. KANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

A minivan, packed with suitcases and water bottles, speeds down an empty highway. Inside, a terrified FAMILY. They've been driving for hours.

The FATHER grips the wheel. The MOTHER looks at the sky through the windshield.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For the tens of millions who
survived the blasts, a new, slower
death had begun.

A dark rain starts to fall. Gritty, black, oily sludge splatters on the windshield.

The father hits the windshield wipers. They just SMEAR the black grime, making it impossible to see.

NARRATOR

They were being showered in the
liquefied, irradiated remains of
the world.

The father pulls over, frantic.

The black rain falls harder.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Times Square is unrecognizable. The skyscrapers are
shattered, skeletal husks. The street is buried under 10 feet
of gray, toxic ASH and debris.

A sickly, weak, YELLOW-GRAY LIGHT filters through the thick,
permanent haze of soot that shrouds the sky. It is daylight,
but it looks like a deep, toxic twilight.

It is SNOWING.

Thick, heavy flakes of black, greasy snow are falling
silently, blanketing the ruins.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After a week, the firestorms still
burned. Their soot had changed the
sky. The sun was gone. The
temperature was rapidly falling.

EXT. KANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

An endless caravan of abandoned cars.

The same minivan, stopped on the side of the road. It is now
covered in a foot of the same black, radioactive snow.

The doors are open. The family is gone.

We PAN from the van to the nearby ditch. The FATHER and
MOTHER lie huddled together, dead, their skin covered in
radiation burns. They look like they've been boiled.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For those who survived the blasts,
the fallout was a death sentence.
An agonizing, inescapable plague.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Red emergency lights provide dim lighting in the field hospital. The floor is covered with CIVILIANS and MILITARY personnel, all suffering from severe injuries from the blast.

A lone, exhausted DOCTOR (40s) moves between them. There are no supplies.

Fema Official CATHY ROGERS sits at a console, a HAM RADIO microphone in her hand. She repeats the same message, her voice hoarse.

CATHY

This is Raven Rock. We are still operational. Is *anyone* out there? Cheyenne? Mount Weather? ...Does *anyone* copy?

Static hisses. And then, a faint voice.

NARRATOR (V.O)

...this is... (static) ...Station Borealis... We read... (static) ...Raven Rock, do you copy?

Cathy's head SNAPS UP. She stares at the radio, not daring to breathe. She fumbles for the transmit button.

CATHY

This is Raven Rock! I read you! I read you! Say again! *Who is this?*

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

A cramped, windowless room, cast in the cold, sterile glow of fluorescent lights.

Banks of humming servers and analog radio equipment line every wall. Monitors display stark, scrolling lines of atmospheric data. Papers and technical manuals are taped to the metal bulkheads.

DR. EVA ROSTOVA (our NARRATOR, 40s), in a thick parka, sits hunched over a console. She is a solitary figure, dwarfed by the glowing technology. She grips a headset, her eyes wide, tears streaming down her face.

EVA

(into headset, voice trembling)
Raven Rock. This is Dr. Eva Rostova, McMurdo Station.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Cathy stares at the radio, her hand shaking.

CATHY

McMurdo? Say again? Did you say
McMurdo? Antarctica?

EVA (V.O.)

Yes! This is McMurdo Station, U.S.
Antarctic Program. We... we are a
crew of 148. We thought we were the
only ones left.

CATHY

This is Cathy Rogers. I'm ah... with
FEMA. Doctor, we're blind. We
sustained multiple direct hits. Our
external sensors are gone. We have,
maybe 200 survivors.

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eva wipes tears away. She steadies herself

EVA

Raven Rock, our sensors are
registering a global, off-the-
charts spike in gamma radiation.
And a massive atmospheric
particulate event.

CATHY (V.O.)

A 'particulate event'?

Eva looks at a 3D model of the globe on one screen. A thick,
black mass, like a cancerous growth, covers the entire
Northern Hemisphere.

EVA

Soot. Black carbon. From... from
the firestorms. The entire Northern
Hemisphere is under a near-total
sunlight blockage.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Cathy listens intently to the voice on the radio.

EVA (V.O.)
The models are projecting a global
temperature crash. A drop of 30 to
50 degrees.

A long, terrible silence, filled only with the crackle of
static.

CATHY
For how long?

EVA
I... I'm sorry to be the one to
tell you this...

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eva takes a deep breath.

EVA
We're in a new Ice Age. For
centuries.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Cathy breaks down.

EVA (V.O.)
What's your situation over there?

Cathy takes a ragged breath, wipes her face with a dusty
sleeve then speaks into the mic.

CATHY
The... the last buses... they got
here at 10:15. It was a mad
scramble. We were getting the
civilians sorted when the alarms
started. The President was en
route. Marine One was on final
approach.

EXT. RAVEN ROCK PORTAL - DAY (MEMORY)

A terrifying, bright view from *inside* the tunnel, looking
out. Marine One is 500 feet away. The order to "SEAL" is
being screamed. The massive, multi-ton door begins to SLIDE
SHUT.

CATHY (V.O.)
We sealed the doors at 10:38. He
didn't make it. We had seconds.
Then, the impacts.

INT. RAVEN ROCK PORTAL - DAY (MEMORY)

The room HEAVES. The MAIN LIGHTS EXPLODE. The room is PITCH BLACK. A torrent of concrete dust and water floods from the ceiling. We hear only SCREAMS and the terrifying, low-frequency GROAN of tearing metal.

Then, pitch black. Screaming

CATHY (V.O.)
The emergency lights didn't come on
for three minutes. Three minutes in
the dark.

The RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS flicker on, pulsing, bathing the room in a bloody, chaotic glow.

The massive, three-story command center is a house of exploded dynamite. The main viewscreen is dead. Consoles are shattered, sparking. Rebar and raw granite have punched through the reinforced ceiling. Burst pipes gush water and steam.

The floor is littered with the dead and the wounded, their screams echoing in the cavern.

CATHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When the lights came on, it was
chaos. Death. Destruction. But the
bunker held.

A long, concrete hallway, lit by the same pulsing red lights. The air is visibly hazy, thick with dust and breath. A SOLDIER tries to tape a plastic sheet over a massive, spiderwebbed crack in the wall. It's a futile gesture.

CATHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We had to seal the external
intakes. The air is poison.
Radioactive. Now we're just
recycling our own breath.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY (PRESENT)

We are back with CATHY, in the present. She sits in the dark, red-lit room. She takes a shuddering breath.

CATHY

We have 212 survivors as of this morning. At least 40 are critical. Radiation. From the dust that got in before the seal.

Cathy starts laughing and crying at the same time.

CATHY (CONT'D)

C.O.G. Continuation of government. What a joke. We're not a government. This is a tomb.

A long silence on the radio, just the sound of static. Cathy's face, full of despair, suddenly tightens with a new thought.

EVA (V.O.)

Cathy... I'm sorry.

CATHY

What about you? What's it like in Antarctica right now?

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eva looks around the cramped, humming, sterile room.

EVA

Quiet. Too quiet. Seven days ago, at 14:02 Zulu everything went dark. The internet, the satellites, all at once.

INT. MCMURDO - MESS HALL - DAY (MEMORY - T+7 DAYS AGO)

A bright, open cafeteria. Dozens of SCIENTISTS and STAFF are eating, talking, laughing. It's noisy. Laptops are open. Monitors on the wall show news feeds and weather data.

Suddenly, every screen goes BLUE. NO SIGNAL. Every laptop disconnects. A collective GROAN from the room. A scientist bangs his laptop.

SCIENTIST

God... not again. Call I.T.!

EVA (V.O.)

We thought it was a solar flare. We followed protocol. We tried the HF radio. We called Christchurch. We called Scott Base next door.

(MORE)

EVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We called... anyone. Nothing.
Just... static. For four days.

INT. MCMURDO - SCIENCE LAB - DAY (MEMORY)

Eva and KENJI (50s, the chief engineer) are in the main science lab, staring at monitors. Graph lines that were flat are hockey sticking upward. Bar charts and dashboard readings are glaring red, orange and purple.

EVA
The data that came in was...
catastrophic. In the atmosphere we
started seeing isotopes. Xenon.
Iodine.

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - (PRESENT)

Eva looks up from her console, at a screen labeled EXT. CAM 1. It shows a view of the sprawling industrial station. The sky above it is brilliant, clear. The sun is shining.

EVA
To answer your question, Cathy. Out
here in the South Pole. it's just
another Tuesday. The sky is blue.
The sun is shining.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Cathy's face, lit by the red emergency light, is a mask of disbelief and a bit of envy.

CATHY
So, your research station... you're
going to make it?

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eva's face crumples. She closes her eyes, a fresh wave of tears spilling.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Cathy's face tightens waiting for a response.

CATHY
Eva? Doctor?

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eva opens her eyes. She looks at her data screens, the cold, hard numbers.

EVA

We... we've been running the models. Non-stop. We didn't need you to tell us what happened. The data... is brutal.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Cathy listens, her breath held.

CATHY

What are you saying? What's going to happen?

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eva looks at the 3D model of the globe on screen.

EVA

The atmosphere is divided into circulation cells. The Northern and Southern Hemispheres are mostly separate. It's... it's why our sky is still blue.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A tiny, impossible flicker of hope in Cathy's eyes.

CATHY

So the barrier holds?

INT. MCMURDO ANTARCTIC STATION - COMMS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eva shakes her head, though Cathy can't see it.

EVA

No. It doesn't. It just slows it down.

Eva taps a key. On her screen, the 3D model of the globe ANIMATES. It's a time-lapse model. We see the black soot, at first contained... then, slowly, like a drop of ink in water, a thin, gray tendril begins to cross the equator.

EVA (CONT'D)
We're projecting 12 to 18 months
before our sky looks like yours.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The hope dies in Cathy's eyes.

CATHY
And then what? I know we aren't
going to make it. But... there has
to be a chance.

INT. BERLIN U-BAHN TUNNEL - NIGHT

Oppressive darkness, broken by a single, flickering LANTERN.
Hundreds of GERMAN CIVILIANS huddle in the grime, their
breath fogging in the stale, thick air.

A WOMAN cradles a SICK CHILD, whose breathing is ragged.

EVA (V.O.)
Some of us had escaped the initial
blast and found shelter. But their
shelters were not sealed.

A small group fights over foul-smelling water dripping from a
SEEPAGE PIPE. Nearby, a man shivers uncontrollably, his skin
covered in burns.

EVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Radiation was consuming them. They
had no choice but to die in the
dark.

A lone, haggard MAN with a flashlight dies alone.

INT. ISS - CUPOLA MODULE - DAY

Inside the weightless multi-windowed Cupola module of the
International Space Station, COMMANDER MARK JENKINS (40s,
American astronaut), floats silently. He is unshaven, his
eyes hollow.

He is staring out.

EXT. ISS - EARTH VIEW - CONTINUOUS

The view through the Cupola is spectacular and horrifying.
The Earth below is not the vibrant blue marble it once was.

The entire Northern Hemisphere is completely obscured by a thick, swirling, DIRTY-GRAY-BROWN VEIL. It looks like a planet covered in mold. No distinct continents, no oceans.

EVA

The astronauts watched it all from orbit. The last witnesses. The only ones with a clear view of the planet's slow, agonizing death.

Mark takes a slow, shuddering breath, trying to control the tears welling in his eyes.

INT. OHIO-CLASS SUBMARINE - DEEP OCEAN

The submarine's CONTROL ROOM is pristine, lit by the clean, low glow of instrumentation. A healthy, professional CREW monitors their stations, alert and focused. The CAPTAIN sips coffee, his eyes scanning the sonar readouts.

EVA (V.O.)

Below the chaos, the ballistic missile submarines had done their job.

INT. SUBMARINE - REACTOR COMPARTMENT

A clean, sterile chamber. We see the system that turns seawater into oxygen and fresh water.

EVA (V.O.)

Their nuclear reactors could give them power for decades. They made their own air, their own water. They were invulnerable, isolated... a perfect, closed system.

INT. SUBMARINE - MESS HALL

The same CREW, but now gaunt, hollow-eyed. A "MEAL" is being served. It's a tiny, grim portion of broth in a cup. A SAILOR stares at his, his hand shaking.

EVA (V.O.)

Perfect... except for one, fatal, biological flaw. They were designed to carry 150 men... and only three months of food.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM - DAY (T+4 MONTHS)

The room is colder, darker. The CAPTAIN, now skeletal, sits slumped in his chair. He stares at the LAUNCH CONTROL panel.

His beard is long and matted.

EVA (V.O.)

They still held charge of the most powerful weapons ever built by humanity. Rendered impotent by starvation.

INT. SUBMARINE - BUNK ROOM - DAY

A young SAILOR lies in his rack, motionless. He's staring at a photo of his family taped to the metal wall above him. He doesn't blink.

EXT. UNDERWATER SUBMARINE - DEEP OCEAN

The submarine, a multi-billion dollar tomb, drifts silently in the crushing blackness.

EVA (V.O.)

In the end, they just... stopped, starving to death a mile beneath a sky they would never see again.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

The dark, red-lit operations center. CATHY is at the HAM radio console, her face illuminated by its glow. She is talking, animated, desperate—we see the hope in her eyes.

EVA (V.O.)

The so-called "Continuity of Government" was running out of time on a clock of air.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - DAY

Engineers work frantically on a massive, damaged air filtration unit. Water leaks from a cracked housing. Sparks fly from a shorted panel. It's hopeless. One ENGINEER (50s) slumps against the wall, his face a mask of defeat.

EVA (V.O.)

They had survived the blast, but the bunker was critically damaged.

(MORE)

EVA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Main generators were offline. Air
scrubbers shattered.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

The air in the red-lit room is visibly hazy, thick. A digital CO2 monitor on a console flashes a red, critical warning: 8000 PPM.

The remaining survivors are lethargic, moving slowly, as if underwater. A DOCTOR, trying to check a patient, stumbles, clearly dizzy.

EVA (V.O.)
The air outside was radioactive
poison, so they were forced to
scrub the air they had. And they
were failing.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - BUNK ROOM - DAY

A SOLDIER, sitting on his cot, simply... stops breathing. He doesn't gasp. He just slumps over. In the Ops Center, the DOCTOR has collapsed, asleep or dead, his head resting on a patient's cot.

EVA (V.O.)
It wasn't a violent end. It was a
slow toxic sleep. After a time,
their systems shut down.

INT. RAVEN ROCK - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Cathy is dead, alone at the radio console. She is slumped forward, her head resting on the desk, her hand still on the microphone, motionless.

The red emergency light pulses over her.

EVA (V.O.)
They lasted 94 days.

EXT. MCMURDO STATION - DAY

A year later. The sky is no longer clear blue. A sickly, coppery-red twilight hangs perpetually over the station.

EVA
Then... there was just us.

The sprawling industrial station is eerily quiet. A few vehicles move. Plumes of steam from exhausted generators are visible, but reduced.

KENJI, the chief engineer, his face grim, works on a massive, diesel generator. He's alone, covered in grease. His breath fogs in the frigid air. The lights in the room flicker.

He looks at a digital display: FUEL RESERVE: 18%.

EVA (CONT'D)

We had the fuel. More than anyone else. Enough for years. But even an ocean of diesel is finite. And every day, the generators screamed louder for more.

INT. MCMURDO - MESS HALL - DAY

The mess hall is dim, cold, and mostly empty. Only a handful of people sit at the long tables, huddled in parkas, eating meager portions of freeze-dried rations.

EVA

Food ran out. Not all at once, but slowly. The plants died. The plankton died. There was nothing left in the ocean. Nothing left to gather.

INT. MCMURDO - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Eva herself, looking frail and much older, is in a small medical bay. She checks the vitals of a SCIENTIST, who is clearly dying of a simple infection. There are no medicines left. No resources.

EVA

Accidents. Sickness. Despair. The long twilight takes its toll. The strong became weak. The weak simply stop.

EXT. MCMURDO STATION STATION - DAY

The station is almost completely dark now. Only a few, weak lights glimmer from within. The perpetual coppery twilight is even deeper, colder. Black snow drifts across empty pathways.

EVA

After a few years, there were only
a handful of us holding on.

INT. MCMURDO STATION - COMMS LAB - DAY

Eva sits at her console. She is barely recognizable: gaunt, pale, her eyes hollow, but still burning with a fierce, defiant intelligence. She is wearing multiple layers of clothing, shivering. Her breath visibly fogs.

EVA

Until there was just one.

A digital display on the wall shows: FUEL RESERVE: 0.03%.

She speaks into her analog voice recorder.

EVA (CONT'D)

I am the last.

Her hand trembles over the button to end the recording.

The monitors go black. The humming ceases. The last light in the Comms Lab dies.

Only the red recording light on her old, analog voice recorder remains, faintly glowing.

EVA (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and
tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace
from day to day to the last
syllable of recorded time. And all
our yesterdays have lighted fools
the way to dusty death.