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# The Martian

By Drew Goddard

All right, team,  
stay in sight of each other.  
Let's make NASA proud today.  
How's it looking over there, Watney?  
Well, you'll be happy to hear...  
that in Grid Section 14-28,  
the particles were predominantly coarse...  
but in 29, they're much finer...  
and they should be ideal  
for chem analysis.  
Wow. Did everybody hear that?  
Mark just discovered dirt.  
Should we alert the media?  
Sorry, what are you  
doing today, Martinez?  
Making sure the MAV is still upright?  
I'd like you to know that  
visual inspection of the equipment...  
is imperative to mission success.  
I also would like to report  
that the MAV is still upright.  
Watney, you keep leaving  
your channel open...  
which leads to Martinez responding...  
which leads to all of us listening...  
which leads to me being annoyed.  
Roger that.  
Martinez, the captain would like you to please...  
shut your smart mouth.  
We'd prefer to use a different adjective  
to describe Martinez's mouth.  
Did Beck just insult me?  
"Dr. Beck." And yes.  
Happy to turn the radios off  
from here, Commander.  
Just say the word.  
Wait, Johanssen.  
Constant communication is the hallmark...  
Shut 'em off.  
No.  
No. Excuse me.  
I apologize for my countrymen, Vogel.  
Accepted.  
How many samples do we need, Commander?

Seven.  
100 grams each.  
We have a mission update.  
A storm warning.  
Commander, you should come inside.  
You're gonna want to see this.  
What is it?  
A storm warning.  
I saw that in this morning's briefing.  
We'll be inside before it hits.  
Yeah, they upgraded their estimate.  
The storm's gonna be a lot worse.  
Martinez, how does it look?  
Not good.  
"1,200 kilometers in diameter,  
bearing 24.41 degrees."  
That's tracking right towards us.  
"Based on current escalation,  
estimated force of 8,600 newtons."  
What's the abort force?  
7,500.  
Anything more than that  
and the MAV could tip.  
Do we scrub?  
Begin abort procedure.  
We are estimating  
with a margin of error.  
We could wait it out.  
Let's wait it out.  
Let's wait it out.  
Commander?  
Prep emergency departure.  
Commander?  
We're scrubbed. That's an order.  
Martinez, how long before take-off?  
12 minutes.  
Visibility is almost zero.  
Anyone gets lost,  
hone in on my suit's telemetry.  
You ready?  
Ready.  
-Commander, are you okay?  
-I'm okay.  
Commander, we're at 10 degrees,

and the MAV is gonna tip at 12.3.  
Hey! We might be able  
to keep the MAV from tipping.  
How?  
Use the cables from the comms mast  
as guy-lines...  
anchor it with the Rover's.  
Watch out!  
Watney!  
Warning. Suit breach detected.  
What happened?  
-He was hit.  
-Watney, report.  
Before we lost telemetry,  
his decompression alarm went off.  
-Where did you last see him?  
-I don't know where he is.  
-What are the vitals on his suit?  
-He's offline.  
A complete loss of signal on Watney.  
-Beck!  
-Yeah.  
How long can he survive decompression?  
Less than a minute.  
Line up, walk west.  
He may be prone.  
We don't wanna step over him.  
Commander...  
We're at 10.5 degrees.  
Warning. Excessive tilt.  
Tilting to 11  
with all the gusts of wind.  
Copy that.  
Everyone, hone in on Martinez's suit.  
It'll get you to airlock.  
Get in, prep for launch.  
What about you, Commander?  
I'm gonna search a little longer.  
Get moving!  
Go!  
Watney!  
Watney, report!  
The MAV's at 11.6 degrees.  
One good gust and we're tipping.

If it tips, you launch.  
You really think  
I'm gonna leave you behind?  
That's an order, Martinez.  
Mark!  
Mark! Can you hear me?  
Martinez, what about the proximity radar?  
Could that detect Watney's suit?  
It's made to see  
the Hermes from orbit...  
not a little piece of metal  
from a single suit.  
Give it a try.  
Roger.  
What is she thinking? She knows  
the infrared can't get through a sandstorm.  
She's grasping for anything.  
We've got negative contact  
on the proximity radar.  
Nothing?  
No. I can barely see the Hab.  
Commander, I know  
you don't wanna hear this, but...  
Mark is dead.  
Commander!  
Hey, what the hell  
is wrong with you, man?  
My friend just died.  
I don't want my commander to die, too.  
Stability warning.  
We're tipping!  
Commander, you need to get back  
to the ship, now!  
13 degrees.  
If we pass balance,  
we'll never rock back.  
I've got one more trick left,  
and then I'm following orders, Commander.  
You're firing the OMS?  
That's right.  
Commander!  
On my way.  
Johanssen, let's go.  
Mark!

We're at 11.5 and holding.  
Ready to go on your command.  
Ready to launch.  
Commander.  
I need you to verbally tell me  
whether or not to.  
Launch.

**At around 4:**

Central Standard Time...  
our satellites detected a storm approaching  
the Ares 3 mission site on Mars.

**At 6:**

the storm had escalated to severe...  
and we had no choice  
but to abort the mission.  
Thanks to the quick action  
of Commander Lewis...  
astronauts Beck, Johanssen,  
Martinez and Vogel...  
were all able to reach  
the Mars Ascent Vehicle...  
and perform an emergency launch

**at 7:**

Unfortunately, during the evacuation...  
astronaut Mark Watney  
was struck by debris and killed.  
Commander Lewis  
and the rest of her team...  
were able to intercept safely with  
the Hermes and are now heading home.  
But Mark Watney is dead.  
Director Sanders!  
Oxygen level critical.  
Oxygen level critical.  
Oxygen level...  
Pressure stable.  
Fuck.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Hello, this is Mark Watney, astronaut.  
I'm entering this log for the record...

in case I don't make it.

**It is 06:**

and I'm alive.

Obviously.

But I'm guessing that's gonna come as  
a surprise to my crewmates and to NASA.

And to the entire world, really, so...

Surprise.

I did not die on Sol 18.

Best I can figure...

this length of our primary  
communications antenna broke off...

and tore through my bio-monitor...

and ripped a hole in me as well.

But the antenna and the blood, really,  
managed to seal the breach in my suit...

which kept me alive, even though

the crew must have thought I was dead.

I have no way to contact NASA.

And even if I could,

it's gonna be four years...

until a manned mission can reach me.

And I'm in a Hab designed

to last 31 days.

If the oxygenator breaks,

I'm gonna suffocate.

If the water reclaimer breaks,

I'll die of thirst.

If the Hab breaches,

I'm just gonna, kind of...

implode.

And if by some miracle,

none of that happens...

eventually I'm gonna run out of food.

So...

yeah.

Yeah.

I'm not gonna die here.

32...

33...

34...

35, 36.

Sweet and sour chicken.

What do we got?  
Right, let's do the math.  
Our surface mission here was  
supposed to last 31 sols.  
For redundancy, they sent 68 sols  
worth of food. That's for 6 people.  
So for just me,  
that's gonna last 300 sols...  
which I figure I can stretch to 400  
if I ration.  
So I got to figure out a way to grow  
three years' worth of food here.  
On a planet where nothing grows.  
Luckily...  
I'm a botanist.  
Mars will come to fear my botany powers.  
Pressure stable.  
Staple came out.  
Fuck you, Mars.  
Johanssen, Jesus.  
Sunday, Monday, Happy Days  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Happy Days  
Thursday, Friday, Happy Days  
The weekend comes, my cycle hums  
Ready to race to you  
The problem is water.  
I have created  
126 square meters of soil.  
But every cubic meter of soil requires  
40 liters of water to be farmable.  
So I gotta make a lot more water.  
Good thing is, I know the recipe.  
You take hydrogen,  
you add oxygen, you burn.  
Now, I have hundreds of liters  
of unused hydrazine at the MDV.  
If I run the hydrazine over an iridium catalyst,  
it'll separate into N<sub>2</sub> and H<sub>2</sub>.  
And then if I just direct the hydrogen  
into a small area...  
and burn it.  
Luckily, in the history of humanity...  
nothing bad has ever happened  
from lighting hydrogen on fire.



NASA hates fire.  
Because of the whole "fire makes  
everybody die in space" thing.  
So, everything they sent us up here with  
is flame-retardant...  
with the notable exception of...  
Martinez's personal items.  
I am sorry, Martinez.  
But if you didn't want me to  
go through your stuff...  
you shouldn't have left me for dead  
on a desolate planet.  
By the way, I'm figuring you're gonna be  
fine with this, given my present situation.  
What's everybody doing?  
Taking a holiday from being cool?  
Counting on you.  
So, yeah, I blew myself up.  
Best guess...  
I forgot to  
account for the excess oxygen...  
that I've been exhaling  
when I did my calculations.  
Because I'm stupid.  
Yeah, I'm gonna get back to work here...  
just as soon as my ears stop ringing.  
Interesting side note, this is actually  
how the Jet Propulsion Lab was founded.  
Five guys at Caltech were trying  
to make rocket fuel...  
and they nearly burned down their dorm.  
And rather than expel them...  
they banished them to a nearby farm,  
told them to keep working.  
And now we have a space program.  
Okay.  
Hey, there.  
The nation was blessed to have Mark  
serving in our space program.  
While his loss will be deeply felt...  
the men and women of NASA  
will soldier forth...  
onward and upward in the mission  
of their agency.

By doing so, they honor the legacy  
Mark's leaving behind...  
and they ensure his sacrifice  
will not be in vain.  
I have the honor of speaking not only  
for the men and women of NASA...  
but for people all over the world...  
I thought you gave a lovely speech,  
by the way.  
I need you to authorize  
my satellite time.  
It's not gonna happen.  
We're funded for five Ares missions.  
I think I can get Congress  
to authorize a sixth.  
-No.  
-Ares 3 evac'd after 18 sols.  
There's half a mission worth  
of supplies up there.  
I can sell it at a fraction of the cost  
of a normal mission...  
and all I have to know is  
what's left of our assets.  
You're not the only one  
who needs satellite time.  
We've got the Ares 4 supply missions  
coming up.  
We should be focusing on  
the Schiaparelli Crater.  
Okay, we got 12 satellites up there.  
Surely we can spare a few hours...  
It's not about  
the satellite time, Vince.  
We're a public domain organization.  
-We need to be transparent on this.  
-Okay.  
The second we point  
the satellites at the Hab...  
I broadcast pictures of Mark Watney's  
dead body to the world.  
You're afraid of a PR problem?  
Of course I'm afraid of a PR problem.  
Another mission?  
Congress won't reimburse us

for a paper clip...  
if I put a dead astronaut on the  
front page of The Washington Post.  
He's not going anywhere, Teddy.  
I mean, he's not...  
He's not gonna decompose, you know.  
He's gonna be up there forever.  
Meteorology estimates that  
he'll be covered in sand...  
from normal weather activity  
within a year.  
We can't wait a year.  
We got work to do.  
Ares 5 won't even launch for five years.  
We have plenty of time.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Okay, consider this.  
Right now, the world's on our side.  
Sympathy for the Watney family.  
Ares 6 could bring his body home.  
Now, we don't say that's  
the purpose of the mission...  
but we make it clear that  
that would be a part of it.  
We frame it that way.  
More support from Congress.  
But not if we wait a year.  
We wait a year, nobody gives a shit.  
Vincent Kapoor?  
6-2.  
7-6-2.  
Acidalia Planitia.  
What?  
Hi. Security?  
This is Mindy Park in SatCon.  
I need the emergency contact  
for Vincent Kapoor.  
Yes, him.  
Yes, it's an emergency!  
How sure?  
100%.  
You've got to be shitting me.  
Prove it to me.

For a start...  
the solar panels have been cleaned.  
They could have been cleaned by wind.  
Back it up. Look at Rover 2.  
According to the logs, Commander Lewis  
took it out on Sol 17...  
plugged it into the Hab to recharge.  
It's been moved.  
She could have forgotten  
to log the move.  
No, not likely.  
Why don't we just ask Lewis?  
Let's get on CAPCOM  
and ask her directly right now.  
No. No.  
If Watney is really alive,  
we don't want the Ares 3 crew to know.  
How can you not tell them?  
They have another 10 months  
on their trip home.  
Space travel is dangerous.  
They need to be alert and undistracted.  
But they already think he's dead.  
And they'd be devastated to find out  
they left him there alive.  
I'm sorry,  
but you have not thought this through.  
What are we gonna say?  
"Dear America...  
"remember that astronaut  
we killed and had a really nice funeral for?  
"Turns out he's alive and we left him  
on Mars. Our bad.  
"Sincerely, NASA."  
Do you realize the shitstorm  
that is about to hit us?  
How are we going to handle the public?  
Legally, we have 24 hours  
to release these pictures.  
We release a statement with them.  
We don't want people  
working it out on their own.  
Yes, sir.  
But if my math is right, he's going to starve

to death long before we can help him.  
Can you imagine  
what he's going through up there?  
He's 50 million miles away from home.  
He thinks he's totally alone.  
He thinks we gave up on him.  
What does that do  
to a man, psychologically?  
What the hell is he thinking right now?  
I'm definitely gonna die up here...  
if I have to listen to any more  
god-awful disco music.  
My God, Commander Lewis, couldn't you  
have packed anything from this century?  
Turn the beat around  
No, I am not gonna "turn the beat around."  
I refuse to.  
Mr. Sanders? Mr. Sanders?  
What attempts have been made  
to make contact with Mark Watney?  
We're working on it.  
Does he have enough supplies to survive?  
We'll be looking into that.  
What does this say about the agency?  
Are you gonna resign?  
No.  
Director Sanders!  
It's time to start thinking long term.  
The next NASA mission is Ares 4...  
and it's supposed to land  
at Schiaparelli Crater...  
3,200 kilometers away.  
3,200 kilometers.  
In four years, when the next Ares crew arrives,  
I'll have to be there.  
Which means I have to get to the crater.  
Okay, so here's the rub.  
I've got one working Rover designed  
to go a max distance of 35 kilometers...  
before the battery  
has to be recharged at the Hab.  
That's Problem A.  
Problem B is this journey's gonna  
take me roughly 50 days to complete.

So I gotta live for 50 days...  
inside a Rover with marginal  
life support the size of a small van.  
So, in the face of overwhelming odds,  
I'm left with only one option.  
I'm gonna have to  
science the shit out of this.  
Okay, so, success.  
I have doubled my battery life  
by scavenging Rover 1.  
But if I use the heater...  
I will burn through half my battery  
every day.  
If I do not use my heater, I will be...  
slowly killed  
by the laws of thermodynamics.  
I would love to solve this problem  
right now but unfortunately...  
my balls are frozen.  
I can't. I'm calling it. I'm calling it.  
Good news, I may have a solution  
to my heating problem.  
Bad news, it involves me digging up  
the Radioisotope Thermoelectric Generator.  
Now, if I remember my training correctly,  
one of the lessons was titled...  
"Don't Dig Up  
the Big Box of Plutonium, Mark."  
I get it. RTGs are good for spacecraft,  
but if they rupture around humans...  
no more humans.  
Which is why we buried it  
when we arrived.  
And planted that flag...  
so we would never be stupid enough  
to accidentally go near it again.  
But as long as I don't break it...  
I almost just said  
"Everything will be fine" out loud.  
Look, the point is,  
I'm not cold anymore.  
And sure, I could choose to think  
about the fact that I'm warm...  
because I have a decaying radioactive

isotope riding right behind me...  
but right now, I got bigger problems  
on my hands.  
I have scoured every single data file  
on Commander Lewis' personal drive.  
This is officially  
the least disco song she owns.  
Lookin' for some hot stuff, baby, this evenin'  
I need some hot stuff, baby, tonight  
I want some hot stuff, baby, this evenin'  
Gotta have some hot stuff  
Gotta have some love tonight  
Hot stuff  
I need hot stuff  
I want some hot stuff  
I need hot stuff  
-Yeah.  
-Where is Watney going?  
We believe that  
he's preparing for a journey.  
He's been conducting  
incremental tests...  
taking the Rover 2 out for longer  
and longer trips each time.  
To what end? Why would he leave  
the relative safety of the Hab?  
Well, we think that he plans to travel  
to the Ares 4 launch site...  
in order to make contact with us,  
but it would be a dangerous gamble.  
But if we could talk to him,  
we would tell him to stay put...  
and to trust that we are doing everything  
in our power to bring him home alive.  
Thank you very much.  
Don't say "Bring him home alive,"  
Vincent.  
You know what?  
These interviews aren't easy.  
So God forbid I try to say something  
proactive and positive.  
Annie.  
No more Vincent on TV.  
Copy that.

76 kilometers.

Am I reading that right?

Are you asking me?

I am.

Yes, sir.

Mark drove two hours  
straightaway from the Hab...

did a short EVA  
and then drove for another two.

We think the EVA  
was to change batteries.

He didn't load up the oxygenator  
or the water reclaimer?

Every 41 hours, there's a 17-minute gap.

It's just the way the orbits work...

so it's possible

that we missed something.

I want that gap down to four minutes.

I'm giving you total authority over  
satellite trajectories and orbital adjustments.

Make it happen.

Okay.

Let's assume Miss Park  
didn't miss anything.

So Mark's not going to Ares 4. Yet.

But he's smart enough to figure out  
that's his only chance.

Bruce, what's the earliest we can  
get a pre-supply there?

With the positions of Earth and Mars,  
it'll take nine months.

It'll take six months  
to build it in the first place.

Three months.

Three?

You're going to say it's impossible  
and then I'm gonna make a speech...

about the blinding capabilities  
of the JPL team...

and then you're going to do the math  
in your head and say something like...

"The overtime alone  
will be a nightmare."

The overtime alone will be a nightmare.



Get started.  
I'll find you the money.  
We need to tell the crew.  
Mitch, we've discussed this.  
No, you discussed this.  
I'm the one who decides  
what's best for the crew.  
They deserve to know.  
Once there's a real rescue plan,  
we'll tell them.  
Otherwise, it's moot.  
Bruce has three months to get  
the payload done.  
That's all that matters right now.  
We'll do our best.  
Mark dies if you don't.  
It's been 48 sols  
since I planted the potatoes.  
So now it's time to reap and re-sow.  
They grew even better than I expected.  
I now have 400 healthy potato plants.  
I dug them up, being careful  
to leave their plants alive.  
The smaller ones I'll reseed,  
the larger ones are my food supply.  
All natural, organic,  
Martian-grown potatoes.  
You don't hear that every day, do you?  
And by the way,  
none of this matters at all...  
if I can't figure out a way  
to make contact with NASA.  
I know what I'm gonna do.  
He's moving again.  
Where the hell is he going?  
He hasn't changed course for 13 days.  
He's nowhere near the Ares 4.  
Unless he's not taking a direct route.  
He might be trying to avoid  
some obstacle.  
What obstacle?  
It's Acidalia Planitia.  
There's nothing out there except the...  
What?

I need a map.  
Yeah.  
Hey, come on. What are you doing?  
It's all right. It's all right.  
Can I borrow this?  
Okay, so where is the Hab location?  
31.2 degrees north, 28.5 degrees west.  
Okay.  
Where's Watney?  
There.  
Okay.  
Okay. I know where he's going.  
I need to get on an airplane.  
-Vincent, how are you?  
-Good to see you.  
Good flight?  
Yeah.  
It's in storage just around the corner.  
Hey, Vincent, nice to see you again.  
Nice to see you.  
What are the chances Mark can  
get it working again?  
It's hard to say.  
We lost contact in '97.  
We think it was battery failure.  
Though I'd like to point out it lasted  
three times longer than expected in any...  
Nobody's criticizing JPL's work, Bruce.  
I just need to speak to everybody  
that was here in '97.  
They're already here. Guys.  
I'd like to introduce Vincent Kapoor.  
Director of Mars Missions for NASA.  
This is our current team...  
and our original project members.  
-Is this the replica?  
-This is her.  
Okay. Let's see it.  
Pathfinder.  
Pathfinder.  
Come on. Come on.  
Holy shit. Okay.  
"Broadcasting status."  
"Listening for telemetry signal."

Okay. Signal acquired.  
-All right.  
-Okay.  
Camera.  
Incoming.  
"Are you receiving me?"  
"Yes. No."  
Okay, point the camera at "yes."  
32-minute round-trip  
communications time.  
All he can do  
is ask yes or no questions...  
and all we can do is point the camera.  
This won't exactly be an Algonquin  
Round Table of snappy repartee.  
-Are you kidding me?  
-Tim, Tim.  
-Just point the camera.  
-Roger that.  
Pointing the camera.  
Yes!  
Yes!  
So here's the rub.  
Somehow we have to have complex  
astrophysical engineering conversations...  
using nothing but  
a still-frame camera...  
from 1996.  
Luckily...  
the camera does spin.  
So I can make an alphabet.  
It can't be our alphabet.  
26 characters plus a question card  
into 360 gives us 13 degrees of arc.  
That's way too narrow. I'd never know  
what the camera was pointing at.  
Hexadecimals.  
Hexadecimals to the rescue.  
I figured one of you guys  
kept an ASCII table lying around.  
And I was right.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
I give you super-nerd Beth Johanssen.  
Who also had copies of Zork II...

and Leather Goddesses of Phobos  
on her personal laptop.  
Seriously, Johanssen...  
it's like the Smithsonian  
of loneliness on there.  
Not that I'm complaining.  
Yes!  
Who am I to talk about loneliness?  
I know where he's going with this.  
"F, O."  
"7, W."  
Vincent.  
Vincent, wake up.  
Now that we can have more  
complicated conversations...  
the smart people at NASA have sent me  
instructions on how to hack the Rover...  
so that it can talk to Pathfinder.  
If I hack a tiny bit of code...  
just 20 instructions in the Rover's  
operating system...  
NASA can link the Rover to Pathfinder's  
broadcasting frequency...  
and we're in business.  
"Mark...  
"this is Vincent Kapoor.  
"We've been watching you since Sol 54.  
"The whole world is rooting for you.  
"Amazing job getting Pathfinder.  
"We're working on rescue plans.  
"Meantime, we're putting together  
a supply mission...  
"to keep you fed until Ares 4 arrives."  
Okay.  
Okay.  
"Glad to hear it.  
Really looking forward to not dying."  
"How's the crew?"  
"What did they say when they  
found out I was alive?"  
Guys, can we get some space please?  
Me?  
Yeah, you.  
Give me a sec.

Just tell him.

"We haven't told the crew  
you are alive yet.

"We need them to concentrate  
on their mission."

What the fuck?

What the fuck?

Okay, he says,

"They don't know I'm alive?"

"What the..." F-word.

F-word in gerund form.

F-word, again, "is wrong with you?"

"Mark, please watch your language.

"Everything you type is being broadcast  
live all over the world."

Yeah?

Oh, my God.

Yes, sir. He is under a tremendous  
amount of stress.

I understand. We're working on it.

I'm sure he didn't mean what he said.

Thank you, Mr. President.

Problem is, Mark's right.

The longer we wait,  
the worse it's gonna get.

We need to tell the crew.

You're bringing this up while  
Vincent is in Pasadena...

so he can't argue the other side.

I shouldn't have to answer to Vincent.

Or anyone else.

It's time, Teddy.

Commander Lewis?

Go ahead.

Data dump is almost complete.

Copy that. On my way.

You're in a hurry.

Yeah.

My son turned three yesterday.

Should be pictures of the party.

Got a batch of personals.

Dispatching them to your laptops now.

I don't need to read Vogel's  
weird German fetish emails.

They're telemetry updates.  
Hey, whatever does it for you, man.  
There's a video message.  
It's addressed to the whole crew.  
Play it. Come on, guys.  
I wanna get in on that telemetry action.  
Hi, hello. It's Mitch.  
Mitch Henderson.  
I have some news.  
There's no subtle way to put this.  
Mark Watney is still alive.  
Oh, my God.  
I know that's a surprise and I know  
you will have a lot of questions.  
But here are the basics.  
He's alive and he's healthy.  
We found out two months ago  
and decided not to tell you.  
-Two months?  
-Oh, my God.  
I was strongly against that decision.  
We're telling you now because...  
we finally have  
communication with him...  
and a viable rescue plan.  
We'll give you a write-up of what happened,  
a full write-up of everything.  
But it's not your fault.  
Mark stresses that  
every time it comes up.  
So... Yeah...  
Take some time to absorb this.  
And send all the questions you want.  
We'll answer them.  
All right. Henderson out.  
Holy shit, he's alive.  
I left him behind.  
-No.  
-No.  
We all left together.  
You were following orders.  
I left him behind.  
So now that NASA can talk to me,  
they won't shut up.

They want constant updates  
on every Hab system...  
and they got a room full of people  
trying to micromanage my crops.  
Which is awesome.  
Look, I don't mean to sound  
arrogant or anything...  
but I am the greatest botanist  
on this planet, so...  
One big bonus to this communication  
with NASA again...  
is the email.  
I'm getting them again.  
Big data dumps  
like when I was on the Hermes.  
I even got one from the president.  
The coolest one, though,  
the coolest one I got...  
was from University of Chicago,  
my alma mater.  
They say that  
once you grow crops somewhere...  
you've officially colonized it.  
So, technically...  
I colonized Mars.  
In your face, Neil Armstrong.  
In other news, there's been a request...  
for me to pose for a photograph  
on my next transmission.  
I'm trying to figure out whether  
I should go with "High School Senior"...  
or "coquettish ingnue."  
But I'm not really sure how that's  
gonna look with my spacesuit on.  
Hey!  
What is he doing?  
I asked for a photo, and what,  
he's The Fonz?  
Just be grateful  
we got you something, Annie.  
I can't use this, Vincent,  
and you know that.  
I need a picture of his face.  
I could tell him to take off his helmet...

but then he'd, you know, die, so...  
We'll release the photo when we detail  
the rescue operation.  
I want to announce we're launching  
some supplies to him next year...  
during the Hohmann Transfer Window.  
Bruce, your team's still on schedule?  
It'll be tight, but we'll make it.  
Nine-month travel time.  
That puts the probe to Mars on Sol 868.  
Did we get the botany team's analysis?  
Yeah, they estimate Mark's crops  
will last till Sol 912.  
They grudgingly admit that  
he's doing great work.  
Grudgingly?  
Yeah. Mark has a tendency to tell them  
to have sex with themselves...  
whenever they question  
one of his decisions.  
Get him in line, Vincent.  
We can't afford any miscommunication.  
I hate this margin.  
912 Sols worth of food.  
We get there on 868.  
And that's assuming nothing goes wrong.  
Suit breach detected.  
Oxygen level critical.  
Oxygen level, 10%.  
Oxygen level, 5%.  
Suit pressure, stable.  
Pressure stable.  
God! God, God, God, God!  
Crops are dead.  
Complete loss of pressure boiled off  
most of the water.  
Any bacteria that survived,  
died in the subzero temperatures...  
when exposed to Mars' atmosphere.  
How long does he have?  
He can still eat the potatoes he has,  
he just can't grow any more...  
so give him 200 sols.  
Rations get him to what? Sol 409?



So with potatoes, 609.  
So by Sol 868, he'll be long dead.  
We're gonna have to launch  
as soon as possible...  
which changes our travel time.  
Yeah, we're working on it.  
Prelim estimates call  
for a 414-day trip.  
It's Sol 135 now.  
We need 13 days to mount the boosters,  
perform inspections...  
which gives Bruce and his team...  
47 days to make this probe.  
I'll let you call Bruce,  
give him the news.  
Okay.  
I'm gonna need a change of clothes.  
"Dear Mark...  
"Apparently NASA's letting us  
talk to you now.  
"And I drew the short straw.  
"Sorry we left you behind on Mars.  
"But we just don't like you.  
"Also, it's a lot roomier  
on the Hermes without you.  
"We have to take turns doing your tasks.  
"But, I mean, it's only botany.  
"It's not real science."  
Oh, Jesus.  
"How's Mars?"  
"Dear Martinez, Mars is fine.  
"I accidentally blew up the Hab...  
"but unfortunately, all of Commander Lewis'  
disco music still survived."  
"But unfortunately, all of Commander Lewis'  
disco music still survived."  
"Every day, I go outside and look  
at the vast horizons."  
"Every day, I go outside and look  
at the vast horizons."  
"Just because I can."  
"Just because I can."  
"Tell the others I said hello."  
"Will do, buddy."

Pressure stable.

5, 10...

15, 20, 30, 35...

Rich.

Rich.

Wake up.

Sorry, but they're asking for  
the probe courses.

What time is it?

**It's 3:**

Look, I know we're  
coming at this backwards...  
but we can't commit to a firm  
launch date with this many unknowns.  
It's all right.

All 25 models for launch will take  
414 days to reach Mars.  
They vary slightly in thrust duration...  
and the fuel requirement  
is nearly identical.

Not a good time to launch, is it?

Yeah, Earth and Mars  
are really badly positioned.

Heck, it'd almost be easier if you...

Almost easier to what?

I need more coffee.

Are you all right?

It's fine.

Almost easier to what?

You do understand I'm your boss, right?

All right, let's ask the  
very, very expensive question.

Is the probe going to be ready on time?

-We're behind.

-Give me a number.

15 days. 15 days and I can get it done.

All right, let's create 15 days.

13 days to mount the probe.

Can we reduce?

It actually only takes three days  
to mount the probe.

And we can get that down to two, right?

I can get it down to two.

10 days are for tests and inspections.  
How often do those inspections  
reveal a problem?  
Are you suggesting  
we don't do the inspections?  
Right now I'm asking how often  
they reveal a problem.  
One in 20.  
But that's grounds for countdown halt.  
We can't take that chance.  
Anyone else know a safer way  
to buy more time?  
Dr. Keller, stretch Watney's rations  
four more days.  
You're not gonna like it,  
but that'll get us to 15.  
-And we'll cancel the inspections.  
-Teddy.  
-Sir, if that ever got out...  
-It's on me.  
You got your two weeks.  
Get it done.  
So, now I have to hold out  
until the probe gets here with more food.  
You want to see what  
minimal calorie count looks like?  
Standard issue ration.  
But instead of three of these  
every one day...  
I'm now eating one of these  
every three days.  
And now, they've asked me...  
to do that.  
The point is...  
"stretch the rations four more days"...  
is a real dick-punch.  
I'm gonna dip this potato  
in some crushed Vicodin.  
And there's nobody who can stop me.  
It has been seven days  
since I ran out of ketchup.  
Up. Up, up. Yeah.  
Let's go up here.  
Labels facing up.

This is the flight director.  
Begin launch status check.  
Roger that, Flight.  
Beginning launch status check.  
Do you believe in God, Vincent?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, my father was a Hindu,  
my mother's a Baptist, so, yeah...  
I believe in several.  
We'll take all the help we can get.  
Launch status check complete.  
This is Flight.  
We are go for launch.  
Proceeding with the count.  
10... 9...  
8...  
7... 6...  
Main engines start.  
4... 3...  
2...  
Liftoff.  
Good thrust.  
Performance is nominal.  
The tail is giving good data.  
She's rock solid at this point, Flight.  
TVCS look good.  
We're getting a little shimmy, Flight.  
Say again?  
We are getting a very large precession.  
Are we good?  
Flight, it's hitting the redline.  
It's spinning on the long axis  
around a 17-degree precession.  
Launch, what's happening?  
Force on Iris is 7 G's.  
We've lost readings  
on the probe, Flight.  
Oh, Jesus Christ.  
We've lost it, Flight.  
SatCon?  
No satellite acquisition of signal.  
L.O.S.  
L.O.S. here, too.  
U.S. Destroyer Stockton reporting

debris falling from the sky.  
Everyone in the LCC,  
maintain your positions at your consoles.  
GC, lock the doors.  
"Commander Lewis...  
"I may need you to do something for me.  
"If I die, I need you to  
check in on my parents.  
"They'll wanna hear all about  
our time here on Mars.  
"I know that sucks.  
"And it'll be hard  
talking to a couple...  
"about their dead son.  
"It's a lot to ask.  
"Which is why I'm asking you.  
"I'm not giving up.  
"We just need to prepare  
for every outcome.  
"Please tell them...  
"Tell them I love what I do...  
"and I'm really good at it.  
"And that I'm dying...  
"for something big...  
"and beautiful...  
"and greater than me.  
"Tell them I said I can live with that.  
"And tell them...  
"thank you for being my mom and dad."  
We substituted protein cubes  
for the standard rations.  
The thrust of the launch combined with  
the simultaneous lateral vibration...  
liquefied the cubes  
and created an unbalanced load.  
Vincent, why wasn't this addressed  
in the inspections phase?  
In order to make our launch window,  
we were forced to accelerate our schedule.  
Their astronaut is going to die.  
Of course there are other ways...  
...the Taiyang Shen booster.  
Our engineers have run the numbers,  
and it has enough fuel for a Mars injection orbit.

Why hasn't NASA approached us?  
They don't know.  
Our booster technology is classified.  
So if we do nothing...  
The world would never know we could have helped.  
Then, for the sake of argument, let's say we  
decide to help them...  
We'd be giving up a booster and effectively  
cancelling Taiyang Shen.  
We need to keep this among scientists,  
a co-operation between space agencies.  
Yes.  
Yes, I understand.  
Thank you.  
Yes!  
All right.  
Thanks to my uncle Tommy in China,  
we get another chance at this.  
Now, we finished the Iris probe in 62 days.  
We are now gonna attempt  
to finish it in 28.  
We can jettison any kind of landing system.  
We're only sending rations.  
We can crash-land on Mars.  
You should hang up the phone.  
-I'm sorry, who are you?  
-My name is Rich Purnell.  
I work in Astrodynamics, and you should  
hang up the phone right now.  
All right, all right.  
I'm gonna call you back.  
I know how to save Mark Watney.  
Your probe plan won't work.  
Too many things can go wrong.  
I've got a better way.  
Astrodynamics?  
Yeah.  
What the hell is "Project Elrond"?  
I had to make something up.  
But "Elrond"?  
Because it's a secret meeting.  
How do you know that?  
Why does "Elrond" mean "secret meeting"?  
The Council of Elrond.

It's from Lord of the Rings.  
Lord of the Rings.  
It's the meeting where  
they decide to destroy the One Ring.  
If we're gonna call something  
"Project Elrond"...

I would like my code name  
to be "Glorfindel."  
Okay, I hate every one of you.  
What, Teddy doesn't even  
know about this yet?  
I'm sorry, who are you?  
This is Rich Purnell, Astrodynamics.  
Tell them what you just told me.  
I can get the Hermes back to Mars  
by Sol 561.  
How?  
Could you stand right there  
for me, please?  
Thanks.  
Right there. Great.  
And could you stand right there?  
Right there.  
Okay, let's pretend that this stapler  
is the Hermes...  
and you are...  
I'm sorry, what's your name again?  
Teddy. I'm the Director of NASA.  
Cool. Teddy, you're Earth.  
And right now, the Hermes  
is headed towards you...  
starting its month-long  
deceleration to intercept.  
But instead, what I'm proposing is...  
we start accelerating immediately  
to preserve velocity and gain even more.  
We don't intercept with Earth at all...  
but we come close enough to get  
a gravity assist and adjust course.  
While we're doing that...  
we resupply with the probe...  
The Taiyang Shen.  
...pick up whatever provisions we need...  
and now we're accelerating towards Mars.

You're Mars.  
Now, we're going too fast  
at this point to fall into orbit...  
but we can do a flyby.  
What good is a flyby if we can't get  
Watney off the surface?  
Watney would intercept using the MAV.  
And then we just head home.  
I've done the math. It checks out.  
-Rich.  
-Yes, sir.  
Get out.  
All right.  
-Is he right?  
-Yeah.  
Bruce, what do you think?  
Well, if Vincent says so.  
We need to use the Taiyang Shen?  
What am I missing?  
Why is that important?  
Because we can only do one.  
Send Watney enough food  
to last till Ares 4...  
or send Hermes back  
to get him right now.  
Both plans require the Taiyang Shen,  
so we have to choose.  
But what about the Hermes crew?  
We'd be asking them to add  
533 extra days to their mission.  
Yeah. They wouldn't hesitate,  
not for a second.  
Can the Hermes function for 533 days  
beyond the scheduled mission end?  
It should.  
Built to last the full Ares mission...  
so technically, it's only halfway  
through its lifespan.  
But if something goes wrong...  
Then we lose the crew.  
So what? We either have a high chance  
of killing one person...  
or a low chance of killing six people.  
How do we make that decision?



We don't have to make it, Bruce.  
He does.  
Yeah, well, bullshit.  
It should be Commander Lewis' call.  
We still have a chance to bring  
five astronauts home safe and sound.  
I'm not risking their lives.  
Let them make that decision.  
Mitch, we're going with option one.  
You goddamn coward.  
-Johanssen?  
-Yeah.  
I know it's your private time.  
Can I bother you for a second?  
Yeah, go ahead.  
-Where are you?  
-The gym.  
What's up?  
I just got an email from my wife  
and the subject line says, "Our children."  
My computer won't open the attachment.  
Okay.  
Let's take a look.  
Let's see.  
This isn't a JPEG.  
It's a plain ASCII text file.  
I don't really know  
what we're looking at.  
Does that make any sense to you?  
"Rich Purnell Maneuver."  
It's a course maneuver for the Hermes.  
And the mission concludes  
with Earth intercept, 211 days later.  
Would it work?  
We ran the numbers. They check out.  
It's a brilliant course.  
So why all the cloak and dagger?  
Because it goes directly against  
NASA's decision.  
Yeah. If we do the maneuver,  
they'd have to send the supply ship or we die.  
We have the opportunity to force their hand.  
So, are we gonna do it?  
If it was up to me,

we'd already be on our way.  
But it is, though, isn't it? Up to you.  
Not this time.  
This is something NASA  
expressly rejected.  
We're talking about mutiny here,  
which is not a word that I take lightly.  
So we do this together or not at all.  
And before you answer,  
consider the consequences.  
If we mess up the supply rendezvous,  
we die.  
If we mess up the Earth gravity assist,  
we die.  
If we do everything perfectly...  
we add 533 days to our mission.  
533 more days before we see  
our families again.  
533 days of unplanned space travel...  
where anything could go wrong.  
If it's mission critical, we die.  
Sign me up.  
All right, cowboy, slow down.  
You and I, we're military.  
Chances are, we go home,  
they'll court martial us.  
-Yeah, there's that.  
-And for the rest of you guys...  
I guarantee they will never  
send you back up here again.  
Good. So, if we go for it,  
how would it work?  
I plot the course and execute it.  
Remote override.  
They could take over the Hermes  
from Mission Control.  
Can you disable it?  
Hermes has four redundant  
flight computers...  
each connected to three  
redundant comm systems.  
We can't shut down the comms because  
we'd lose telemetry and guidance.  
And we can't shut down the computers

because we need to run the ship.  
I'd have to disable remote override  
on each system.  
It's part of the OS,  
I'd have to jump over the code.  
Okay, but, like, in English,  
what would that mean?  
I can do it.  
Great.  
Well, it has to be unanimous.  
If we do this,  
it'll be over 900 days of space.  
That's more than enough space  
for one life...  
so, yes.  
I vote yes.  
Let's go get him.  
Johanssen?  
Yes.  
Yeah!  
Got an unscheduled status update  
from Hermes.  
Roger. Read it out.  
Message reads,  
"Houston, please be advised.  
"Rich Purnell  
is a steely-eyed missile man."  
What?  
Flight, Guidance.  
Hermes is off-course.  
CAPCOM, advise Hermes they're drifting.  
Guidance, get a correction ready.  
Negative, Flight, it's not drift.  
They've adjusted course.  
What the hell?  
Telemetry, any chance  
this is instrumentation failure?  
Negative, Flight.  
Guidance, work at how long they can stay  
on this course before it's irreversible.  
Working on that now, Flight.  
Hey. Who's Rich Purnell?  
I dunno.  
Will somebody find out

who the hell Rich Purnell is?  
Annie will go before the media  
this morning...  
and inform them of NASA's decision  
to reroute the Hermes to Mars.  
Sounds like a smart move.  
Considering the circumstances.  
Whoever gave them the maneuver  
only passed along information.  
Crew made the decision on their own.  
You may have killed them, Mitch.  
We're fighting the same war.  
Every time something goes wrong,  
the world forgets why we fly.  
I'm trying to keep us airborne.  
It's bigger than one person.  
No.  
It's not.  
When this is over,  
I'll expect your resignation.  
I understand.  
Bring our astronauts home.  
Every Ares mission requires  
three years of pre-supplies.  
So NASA decided a long time ago  
it's a lot easier...  
to send some of the stuff beforehand  
rather than bring it with us.  
So, as a result, the MAV for Ares 4...  
is already there at the  
Schiaparelli Crater, just waiting.  
So the plan is for me to use that  
to go into orbit...  
just as the Hermes is passing...  
and I guess they catch me?  
In space.  
So, I've got 200 sols to figure out...  
how to take everything here  
that's keeping me alive...  
the oxygenator, the water reclaimer,  
the atmospheric regulator...  
bring that all with me.  
And luckily, I have the greatest minds  
on Planet Earth...

really, all of the brainpower  
on the entire planet...  
helping me with this endeavor.  
And so far they've come up with...  
"Hey, why don't you drill holes  
on the roof of your Rover...  
"and hit it as hard as you can  
with a rock?"  
We're gonna get there.  
533 days longer?  
And you said yes to this?  
He would have done the same for me.  
You know that.  
Cheese. You do "cheese"?  
Cheese.  
He didn't do "cheese."  
Did he do "cheese"?  
Hey, baby.  
Hey.  
I got something for you.  
Found it in the flea market.  
Original pressing.  
No!  
Not a scratch.  
I love it.  
All due respect to your CNSA protocol...  
but we haven't done things that way...  
since Apollo 9.  
Did he get that?  
I've been thinking about laws on Mars.  
There's an international treaty  
saying no country can lay claim...  
to anything that's not on Earth.  
And by another treaty, if you're not  
in any country's territory...  
maritime law applies.  
So Mars is international waters.  
Now, NASA is an American  
non-military organization.  
It owns the Hab.  
But the second I walk outside,  
I'm in international waters.  
So here's the cool part.  
I'm about to leave for

the Schiaparelli Crater...  
where I'm gonna commandeer  
the Ares 4 lander.  
Nobody explicitly gave me  
permission to do this...  
and they can't  
until I'm on board the Ares 4.  
So that means I'm gonna be  
taking a craft over...  
in international waters  
without permission.  
Which, by definition, makes me a pirate.  
Mark Watney, Space Pirate.  
A Space Pirate.  
Everywhere I go, I'm the first.  
It's a strange feeling.  
Step outside the Rover...  
first guy to be there.  
Climb that hill, first guy to do that.  
Four and a half billion years...  
nobody here.  
And now, me.  
I'm the first person to be alone  
on an entire planet.  
How's he doing?  
So far, so good.  
He's sticking to schedule.  
Drives for four hours before noon...  
lays the solar panels,  
waits 13 hours for them to recharge...  
and sleeps somewhere in there  
and then starts again.  
How's he doing?  
He asked us to call him  
Captain Blondebeard.  
Well, technically,  
Mars would be under maritime...  
Yeah, I know. He explained it to us.  
Where is he?  
-There.  
-Okay.  
Here.  
Okay.  
Okay, I'm gonna start by stating for the record

that you're not gonna like this.  
Oh, yeah?  
Yeah, the problem is the intercept velocity.  
The Hermes, well...  
It can't enter Mars' orbit.  
Otherwise, they'll never have enough  
fuel to make it home.  
The MAV, that was only designed  
to get to low Mars orbit.  
So in order for Mark to escape  
Mars' gravity entirely...  
and to intercept the Hermes...  
-He has to be going fast.  
-Exactly.  
Which means we need to make  
the MAV lighter.  
A lot lighter. 5,000 kilograms lighter.  
You can do that, right?  
There's some gimmes right off the bat.  
The design presumes 500 kilograms  
of Martian soil and samples.  
Obviously we won't do that.  
And there's just one passenger  
instead of six.  
With suits and gear, that's another 500?  
Ditch the life support, don't need it.  
And we'll get Mark to wear  
his EVA suit the whole trip.  
Wait a second. If he's in his EVA suit,  
how is he gonna operate the controls?  
Well, he won't.  
Martinez will pilot the MAV  
remotely from the Hermes.  
We've never had a manned ship  
controlled remotely before.  
But I am excited about the opportunities  
that affords.  
If we go remote, we can lose the control panels,  
the secondary and tertiary comm systems.  
Wait a second.  
You want a remote-controlled ascent  
with no backup comms?  
He's not even got to  
the bad stuff yet, Vincent.

Let's skip to the bad stuff!  
We need to remove the nose airlock,  
the windows, and Hull Panel 19.  
You want to take  
the front of the ship off?  
Sure.  
The nose airlock alone is 400 kilograms.  
You want to send a man into space  
without the front of his ship?  
Well, no.  
We're gonna have him cover it  
with Hab canvas.  
Look, the hull's mostly there  
to keep the air in.  
Mars' atmosphere is so thin,  
you don't need a lot of streamlining.  
By the time the ship's going fast enough  
for air resistance to matter...  
it'll be high enough that  
there's practically no air.  
You wanna send him into space  
under a tarp.  
Yes.  
Can I go on?  
No.  
You think he means it like...  
"Are you kidding me?"  
You know?  
Or like, "Are you kidding me?"  
I think it might be the second one.  
Really?  
Could be the first way.  
"Are you kidding me?"  
Yeah, it could be the first way.  
I know what they're doing.  
I know exactly what they're doing.  
They just keep repeating...  
"Go faster than any man  
in the history of space travel."  
Like that's a good thing.  
Like it'll distract me from  
how insane their plan is.  
Yeah, I get to go faster than any man  
in the history of space travel...



because you are launching me  
in a convertible.  
Actually it's worse than that because  
I won't even be able to control the thing.  
And by the way, physicists,  
when describing things like acceleration...  
do not use the word "fast."  
So they're only doing that in the hopes  
that I won't raise any objections...  
to this lunacy.  
Because I like the way "fastest man  
in the history of space travel" sounds.  
I do like the way it sounds.  
I mean, I like it a lot.  
I'm not gonna tell them that.  
Okay.  
Let's do this.  
Come on.  
Beck, Vogel, I want you guys in Airlock 2  
with the outer door open...  
-before the MAV even launches.  
-Okay.  
Martinez flies the MAV,  
Johanssen sysops the ascent.  
Once we hit intercept,  
it's Beck's job to go get Watney.  
We're ready.  
What's the intercept plan?  
We finished attaching the tethers  
into one long line.  
It's 214 meters long.  
And I'll have the MMU,  
so moving around should be easy.  
How fast a relative velocity  
can you handle?  
I can grab the MAV  
at 5 meters per second.  
10 is like jumping onto a moving train.  
So any more than that and I might miss.  
Well, we may have some leeway.  
The launch takes 12 minutes.  
And it'll be 52 minutes before intercept.  
Once Mark's engine shuts off...  
we'll know our intercept point

and velocity.  
Vogel, you're Beck's backup.  
Everything goes well,  
you pull them on board with the tether.  
If anything goes wrong,  
you go out after him.  
Yep.  
Okay.  
Let's go get our boy.  
There's a mood of tension and anxiety  
here, outside Johnson Space Center.  
As you can see,  
many people have gathered here...  
to see whether or not the mission  
to retrieve Mark Watney will be a success.  
They've had some contact with him,  
but it hasn't been very much.  
We have to remind our viewers  
that we're watching this as it unfolds.  
So we'll try and keep you up-to-date  
as to what exactly is going on.  
Let's listen in to NASA  
making contact with Mark Watney.  
Let's listen in.  
If something goes wrong,  
what can Mission Control do?  
Not a damn thing.  
It's all happening  
12 light-minutes away...  
which means it takes 24 minutes for them  
to get the answer to any question they ask.  
The whole launch is 12 minutes...  
so they're on their own.  
...just how long Mark has been  
completely alone on Mars.  
We're talking to a psychology  
expert later to discuss...  
Fuel pressure, green.  
Engine alignment, perfect.  
Communications, five by five.  
We are ready  
for pre-flight checklist, Commander.  
Mission Control, this is Hermes actual.  
We will proceed on schedule.

We are T-minus 2 minutes, 10 seconds  
to launch, by the mark.  
About two minutes, Watney.  
How you doing down there?  
I'm good.  
I'm anxious to get up to you.  
Thanks for coming back for me.  
Well, we're on it.  
Remember, you'll be pulling some serious G's,  
so it's okay to pass out.  
You're in Martinez's hands now.  
Well, tell that asshole no barrel rolls.  
Copy that, MAV.  
CAPCOM.  
Go.  
Remote command.  
Go.  
Recovery.  
Go.  
Secondary recovery.  
Go.  
Pilot.  
Go.  
Pilot.  
Go.  
Copy. We're go.  
Mission Control, we are go for launch.  
T-minus ten...  
-nine...  
-Main engine start.  
eight...  
seven...  
Mooring clamps released.  
About five seconds, Watney. Hang on.  
I'll see you in a few, Commander.  
four...  
three...  
two...  
one.  
Velocity, 741 meters per second.  
Altitude, 1,350 meters.  
That's too low.  
It's fighting me.  
Watney, do you read?

Booster separation complete.  
Velocity, 850. Altitude, 1,843.  
He's well below target altitude.  
How far below?  
Checking.  
Watney.  
Do you read?  
He's probably passed out.  
He pulled 12 G's on the ascent.  
Give him a few minutes.  
Copy that.  
Main shutdown in three...  
two, one...  
shutdown.  
Back to automatic guidance.  
Shutdown confirmed.  
Fuel reserves depleted.  
Watney?  
Do you read?  
It seems there's some sort of problem  
with the transmission.  
I have interval pings.  
Intercept velocity will be  
11 meters per second.  
I can make that work.  
Distance at intercept will be...  
We'll be 68 kilometers apart.  
68 kilometers?  
Did she just say 68 kilometers?  
Come on, guys, keep it together.  
Work the problem.  
Johanssen, time to intercept?  
39 minutes, 12 seconds.  
Martinez, what if we point our thrusters  
in the same direction?  
Well, it depends how much fuel  
you wanna save...  
for the altitude adjustments  
for the trip home.  
How much do you need?  
I can get by with about 20%  
of what we have left.  
If we use 75.5% of remaining  
altitude-adjust fuel...

that will bring the intercept range to zero.  
Do it.  
Hang on. It brings the range to zero...  
but the intercept velocity will be  
42 meters per second.  
And that's way too fast.  
Then we'll have 39 minutes to figure out  
how to slow down.  
Martinez, burn the jets.  
Copy that.  
MAV to Hermes.  
Watney?  
Affirmative.  
What's your status?  
My chest hurts.  
I broke my ribs.  
How are you?  
We're working on getting to you.  
There was a complication during launch.  
Copy that.  
How bad is it?  
We've corrected the intercept range,  
but we've got a problem with intercept velocity.  
How big a problem?  
42 meters a second.  
Well...  
shit.  
Commander, I have an idea.  
Go ahead, Mark.  
Well, if I can find  
something sharp in here...  
and poke a hole in the glove  
of my EVA suit...  
I could use the escaping air  
as a thruster...  
and fly towards you.  
It would be easy to control  
because it would be on my arm.  
I can't see you having any control  
if you did that.  
You'd be eyeballing the intercept  
using a thrust vector you can barely control.  
Yes, those are all very good points.  
But consider this.

I'd get to fly around like Iron Man.  
Commander...  
let's go Iron Man.  
This is unexpected LOS.  
Communication lost. Stand by.  
Maybe it's not the worst idea.  
No, it is the worst idea.  
It's the worst idea ever.  
Not what he said.  
Using atmosphere as thrust.  
What happens if we blow the VAL?  
Wait, you want to open  
the vehicular airlock?  
It'll give us a good kick.  
But also blow the nose off the ship.  
And all the air would leave  
and we need air to not die.  
We would seal the bridge  
and the reactor room.  
Everywhere else would go vacuo.  
Vogel.  
Go ahead, Commander.  
I need you to come inside  
and make a... bomb.  
Again, Commander?  
You're a chemist. Can you make a bomb  
with what you have on board?  
Probably.  
But I feel obliged to mention that  
setting off an explosive device...  
in a spacecraft  
is a terrible, terrible idea.  
Hang on.  
You guys making a bomb without me?  
Copy that. Can you do it?  
Ja.  
Houston, be advised.  
We are going to deliberately breach  
the VAL to produce a reverse thrust.  
Beck, leave your suit on.  
Meet Johanssen in Airlock 1.  
We'll open the outer door.  
I need you to place the charge  
on the inner door.

Climb back to Airlock 2 along the hull.

Copy. I'm on my way.

I'm in, Commander.

Copy that.

Vogel, where are you?

I'm in the kitchen.

Okay.

Commander...

I can't let you go through with this.

I am prepared to cut the suit.

Absolutely not.

See, the thing is, I'm selfish.

I want all the memorials back home  
to be about me.

Just me.

I should have left this guy on Mars.

Hey.

-Sugar?

-Yeah.

Can you hold this?

Liquid oxygen...

and some stain remover  
that contains ammonia.

This thing here is five times stronger  
than a stick of dynamite.

How do we activate it?

Can you connect this to  
one of our lighting panels?

Careful.

Open Airlock 1.

I'm on the way to Beck.

Let's just hope  
this is a good idea, guys.

It is.

Open A1.

-Hi.

-Hey.

You got it?

Make sure you're not in here  
when this thing goes off.

Hey.

Be careful out there.

In space.

Don't tell anyone I did that.

Bomb set.  
Leaving Airlock 1.  
Guys, I'm running the numbers,  
and even with optimal VAL blow...  
we're gonna be off on our angle.  
What's the intercept distance?  
Johanssen?  
260 meters, approximate.  
That's too far.  
Commander?  
Martinez, close the door.  
Open D3.  
And leave it open.  
Open B2.  
Johanssen...  
time to VAL blow after initiate?  
15 seconds.  
We sure know how to cut it close.  
Commander?  
Distance is too far. I'm going out.  
I can do this.  
It's not a debate.  
I'm not risking another crew member.  
Beck's returned.  
Johanssen, initiate the bomb.  
Ten seconds.  
Strap in.  
Five, four...  
three...  
-Brace for deceleration.  
-two...  
one.  
Activating Panel 41.  
Bridge seal holding.  
What's the damage?  
Worry about that later.  
What's the relative velocity?  
12 meters per second.  
Copy.  
Hook me up.  
Done.  
I have visual on the MAV.  
What's the intercept range?  
I'm checking.



312 meters.

Did you say 312?

Great. I'll wave at you guys as I go by.

I can't get to you, Mark.

You're too far.

I'm not gonna make it.

I know.

Beck, unhook me. I'm going after him.

Commander, I got this.

Mark, report.

On my way, Commander.

Damn it.

Johanssen, what's my relative velocity to Mark?

5.2 meters per second.

Copy. Adjusting course.

3.1 meters per second.

Distance to target, 24 meters.

11 meters to target.

Six meters.

Hold on, Mark.

I got him.

I got him.

I got him.

Way to go, Iron Man.

Beck, pull us in.

It's good to see you.

You...

have terrible taste in music.

Houston, this is Hermes actual.

We got him.

Watney is secure.

Contact in outer space with Mark Watney.

After a very long time, they have done what many people thought was impossible.

Mission confirmation:

Mark Watney has been successfully rescued.

Grab a hold of him.

Hey, handsome!

Beck, close the hatch.

Hey, guys!

Houston, six crew safely aboard.

This is huge moment for this nation, for the world...

and indeed,

for international space travel.  
I can't believe anything you do works.  
Hey!  
Oh, God.  
I can't believe it.  
There's a little smell  
going on over there, bud.  
I know. I haven't had a shower  
in a year and a half.  
Don't make me laugh, I have broken ribs.  
Hey, there.  
-Morning, sir.  
-It's an honor, sir.  
Sir.  
-Sir.  
-Sir.  
Morning, sir.  
Welcome to the  
Astronaut Candidate Program.  
Now pay attention,  
because this could save your life.  
Trust me, I know what I'm talking about.  
Let me get a few things  
out of the way, right off the bat.  
Yes, I did in fact survive on  
a deserted planet by farming in my own shit.  
Yes, it's actually worse than it sounds.  
So let's not talk about that ever again.  
The other question I get  
most frequently is...  
"When I was up there,  
stranded by myself...  
"did I think I was going to die?"  
Yes, absolutely.  
And that's what you need to know going in  
because it's going to happen to you.  
This is space. It does not cooperate.  
At some point, everything is  
going to go south on you.  
Everything is going to go south and  
you're going to say, "This is it."  
"This is how I end."  
Now, you can either accept that...  
or you can get to work.

That's all it is.  
You just begin.  
You do the math.  
You solve one problem...  
then you solve the next one.  
And then the next.  
And if you solve enough problems,  
you get to come home.  
All right, questions?  
Once Mission Control completes  
their pre-flight checks...  
we'll begin launch procedures.  
The Ares 5 team  
will rendezvous with the Hermes...  
approximately 48 minutes after launch.  
From there, they will have 414 days  
of space travel ahead of them.  
Have the goals changed  
from the previous mission...  
to the Ares 5 program?  
And what do you hope to achieve  
this time around?  
Well, no. The goals have always been  
the same for the Ares program.  
This time, of course, we hope to bring  
all the astronauts back at the same time.  
-Flight, Guidance check complete.  
-Copy, Guidance.  
This is Flight.  
We are go for launch, on schedule.  
Final aerosurface checks are complete...  
as everything remains a go  
for the launch of the Ares 5.  
20 seconds.  
Proceeding with the count.  
T-minus 10... 9...  
Main engine start.  
7... 6... 5... 4...  
three... two... one.  
And liftoff.  
As the crew of the Ares 5...  
begin the next chapter  
of American space exploration.  
Pressures look good.

Wow. Good shot.

There you have it. Five years after  
the rescue of astronaut Mark Watney...  
an Ares 5 is on its way to Mars.