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# Approaching the Unknown

By Mark Elijah Rosenberg

Mars is  
just a tiny dot in the sky.  
Forty million miles away.  
Nothing lives there.  
Nothing has ever died there,  
but I'm going  
to bring it to life.  
Fourteen hours and counting.  
Captain.  
Good luck, sir.  
Skinny.  
Hey, excited?  
Of course, you?  
You bet your ass I am.  
Perform a.P.U. Start.  
Six billion people on earth  
cheering me on, but most of  
them wondering why I'd do this.  
Commencing launch sequence.  
O.S.M. Permit to close.  
O.S.M closed.  
Why leave this life behind to  
die on some barren planet?  
- Vent one heater exit.  
- Exit. S.S.C.  
Because I know it  
won't be barren for long.  
- G.L.S. On.  
- G.L.S. Is on.  
Final poll.  
Houston flight?  
Houston flight is go.  
- Fido?  
- Fido is go.  
- GPO?  
- GPO is go.  
- STM?  
- STM is go.  
- SPE?  
- Go.  
CDR?  
Commander is go.  
We are go for launch.  
T-minus ten, nine, eight...

This is a one-way mission, but  
I'm not going there to die.  
I'm going to Mars to live.  
This is captain William d. Stanaforth  
here aboard the good ship Zephyr.  
We are go for Mars.  
Roger that, captain.  
- Gravitational spin is on.  
- Copy that.  
Requesting permission to kick off  
my shoes for the rest of the ride.  
Roger, captain,  
you have permission.  
Lights, on.  
Welcome to space, captain.  
You hear that?  
That's the crowd out in the  
parking lot here in Houston.  
We're all thrilled.  
That said, we'd like to start  
running diagnostics on some of the  
life support systems we can't monitor.  
Copy that Stanaforth?  
Yeah.  
Starting with the essentials, let's  
run a test of the air circulation  
and the water reactor.  
Yeah, give me a minute, skinny.  
Hello, little guys.  
How life on  
earth started is a mystery,  
but sustaining it  
is an engineering problem.  
One meter of steel and insulation  
separate me from nothingness.  
I can feel the pull  
of the ship's rotation.  
My feet are heavy,  
my head is light.  
This massive machine,  
so tiny in the void of space,  
powerful but fragile.  
It's unnerving, but I love it.  
Hello, captain? It's time for your

first weekly student interface.  
Are you ready for the uplink?  
Kind of busy here.  
Stanaforth, take a break.  
P.R. Is important, too.  
Plus a little human interaction  
could do you good.  
Good morning captain  
Stanaforth, I'm Mrs. Wilson,  
and I'm going to be monitoring  
the student q and a  
for the American youth  
in science program.  
Our first question comes  
from Samantha Hopps.  
Hi, my question is,  
if you make it to Mars,  
how will you be able  
to survive the harsh climate?  
When I get to Mars, we've already sent  
up a lot of materials, fuel, food.  
But one of the big challenges was water.  
They just can't send up enough.  
That's why I had been  
working on this reactor.  
Wow, you  
made that? What does it do?  
It's very similar to the  
fuel cells on the ship.  
Like an electric car,  
the product is power,  
and the byproduct  
is drinking water.  
Only mine runs on dirt.  
Dirt?  
I invented a process to extract the  
hydrogen and the oxygen from the soil,  
and recombine them,  
which makes h<sub>2</sub>O.  
No one thought it would work,  
so I went out to  
the Atacama desert  
alone, with no water,  
and only one way to survive.

To make that reactor work.  
Day one, I'm making little adjustments.  
My throat is parched.  
Day two, I'm still working, but without  
water I'm getting light-headed.  
I could have  
radioed in for a rescue,  
but I thought I could fix it.  
By day three, I'm  
doing a full reset.  
And in that instant, I knew  
that this could work on Mars.  
With this step, I leave the earth  
moving to a barren new planet.  
Hmm.  
With this step,  
I leave the earth  
moving to a pristine new planet.  
I'm leaving earth forever,  
but I will not be alone.  
I am leaving earth  
but bringing humanity with me.  
Bringing you with me.  
Mankind has transcended.  
Mankind has achieved  
new heights... come on.  
I have come to another planet  
seeking a new start, a fresh start,  
a new start.  
Take me to your leader.  
Houston to Zephyr. It's 0800 hours.  
Time to go to work.  
What's the weather like at  
Mars base camp right now?  
You've got a high of about minus 10  
degrees with some ice clouds moving in,  
and then it's going to drop  
down to about minus 80 tonight.  
Ice clouds?  
Yeah.  
And in Houston?  
Hot and humid.  
Hurricane weather buddy.  
My family, we'd be

flying on days like this.  
Yeah well, that is crazy.  
Most people on earth think what  
you're doing's pretty crazy.  
It's a calculated risk.  
Don't you have any worries  
that something might go wrong?  
Of course I'm worried, but I  
only focus on things I control.  
Like the weather?  
Someday.  
Yeah!  
Stanaforth!  
You okay?  
I had to test  
it out. It worked.  
They're going to  
give us the mission.  
Whoa, I don't know that we're ready  
for the mission, Stanaforth.  
I know.  
Over the next five years we could  
get 1,000 people up there.  
That planet is calling for us.  
Ship computer  
civilian interviews, edited.  
I'm applying for the  
second Mars mission because  
I want to do something  
great for humanity.  
Earth has so many problems.  
Inequality, war, natural  
disasters, man-made disasters.  
I just don't think it's a  
good place to live anymore.  
There's so much I love about earth  
that we won't have on Mars.  
Oceans and forests,  
animals, insects, rain.  
It's going to be  
really hard to leave,  
but I'll give it all up to  
experience something totally unique.  
I know there will

be just a few of us but,  
this will be the  
most amazing people  
on earth, or on Mars.  
The most amazing  
people in the universe.  
Captain Stanaforth  
is like a superhero.  
I don't want to be alone,  
but I think that being alone,  
being one of only a dozen or a few  
hundred people on an entire planet.  
There's a sort of melancholy to that,  
which could be really beautiful.  
Supply depot coming up.  
Last stop for food and fuel  
for the next 20 million miles.  
Captain?  
Earth to Stanaforth.  
Stanaforth?  
Yeah.  
Hey, I thought we lost you.  
I wish you could.  
Careful now. We're  
approaching the space station.  
Because of the initial launch  
delays, you won't have  
a lot of time up there  
to load supplies.  
Ah, come on skinny, these are the last  
people I'm going to see for a long time.  
Hey.  
Fruits from the Zephyr.  
Ah!  
Mmm!  
You know I haven't had anything  
this tasty in four months.  
Your garden didn't take?  
No, dead in two weeks.  
So far so good in mine,  
but we'll see.  
Endurance, this is Houston.  
Ready payload number two.  
Fuck, can we even say hi here?

Oh yeah, sorry.  
Hi Greenstreet, how ya doing?  
Sorry you're still  
stuck up there, buddy.  
Because of the initial launch delays, the  
new departure time is in eight hours.  
Might as well keep my suit on.  
Where's the captain?  
Hey Worsley,  
captain Stanaforth is here.  
Can you come and say hi?  
Hey Worsley, how ya doing?  
Hey, Worsley.  
What's going on?  
You have plants.  
Yeah. For experiments.  
You hungry?  
We had mice.  
We were doing socialization  
experiments on the mice,  
to see how they would  
interact in the air lock.  
Have you ever seen a mouse  
in zero gravity?  
They all died.  
Oh.  
Geez, I'm sorry.  
We thought, maybe they  
would form different habits,  
or become depressed  
or even kill each other,  
but they didn't.  
They just died.  
No, I didn't mean to, uh...  
No, no, no I'm just playing a  
song for my daughter back home.  
I'm surprised mission  
control gives you the time.  
Uh, we have a lot of time.  
Nothing but time.  
It must be hard being away  
from your daughter so long.  
Abort your mission.  
- Excuse me?



- You heard me.  
Take all your fancy machines and  
go back where you came from.  
I'm sorry, what the fuck  
are you talking about?  
I'm just fucking with you.  
But seriously, I...  
You know I came up here  
all cowboy like you.  
Seeking adventure and all that,  
but I'm going back. I'm bringing  
this experience back with me.  
I... I don't get you.  
I don't wanna go back.  
I've seen enough.  
How could you  
possibly have seen enough?  
I mean look at that.  
I have tears  
every time the sun rises.  
Yeah, it's beautiful.  
You've only been up,  
what three weeks?  
You haven't forgotten yet.  
Once you forget...  
I don't intend to forget,  
but when you're down there  
everything just gets ruined.  
Ah, you callous fuck,  
you think you know everything.  
- You think that...  
- Endurance,  
we've got a live feed of captain  
Maddox's launch for you.  
Roger Capcom,  
I'm eager to see it.  
Cdoct.  
T-minus 10...  
nine, eight...  
- Reconfigure heaters.  
- Seven...  
six, five, four...  
three,  
- two, one. And ignition.

- Okay, ODCCDR
- you are reaching frequency.
- And liftoff.

ODC copy.

Five thousand meters at mach 1.

Pressure 60%.

L.V.L.H. Go.

Start roll program.

Pitch is programing.

Roll complete.

Twenty thousand and mach 2.

Max pressure.

Reduce thrust.

This is captain Emily Maddox  
aboard the Boreas.

On my way to Mars.

Hearing there from  
captain Emily Maddox  
aboard the Boreas as she  
leaves earth's atmosphere,  
just three weeks' behind captain William  
Stanaforth traveling on the Zephyr.

These two astronauts  
have spent the last five years  
training for this  
nine-month journey  
to become the first and  
second human beings on Mars  
and the founding citizens of...

You don't know, Stanaforth.

Don't go out there  
thinking you do.

Space station  
departure complete.

Hi, captain Stanaforth.

What is it like  
to look back at earth  
when you're further away than  
any human being has ever been?

It's amazing.

When you have  
this level of distance,  
there's a strange intimacy.  
When I watched earth disappear,

I did remember this one night.  
My wife Casey,  
now ex-wife,  
she was receiving  
the Melville prize  
from some literary society.  
This black-tie thing,  
and she's...  
Talking to these other writers,  
brilliant people and uh...  
And they were pouring their hearts out.  
It was...  
Overwhelming.  
So I snuck out.  
I didn't even take my coat.  
I get out on the street,  
I have no idea where I am,  
and it's freezing cold,  
but the streets are jammed  
with people, it's like  
I'm taking on a current.  
I just started walking.  
But I don't feel cold at all.  
And uh...  
I turn a corner,  
and just then down  
at the end of the street,  
above the river,  
the moon comes up.  
And it's huge.  
Lighting up the street.  
It feels like I...  
I just wanna  
walk right onto it.  
But I freeze.  
No one else seems to notice.  
And in that moment,  
I felt...  
Completely alone.  
I walked back to the dinner,  
and I stood outside  
and I could see all these...  
People celebrating.  
I saw Casey, she was glowing.

And I knew I should  
be in there with her.  
But I stood outside  
and now I'm shivering.  
And I just, couldn't go in.  
It was like this, this...  
Loneliness...  
This feeling of being...  
Completely alone  
was inside of me.  
And if I brought that in...  
Um...  
I just shouldn't bring it in.  
Minor problem on the reactor,  
but it's my job to fix it.  
I'm glad to have little challenges  
to break up my routine.  
The ship is going  
160,000 miles per hour,  
but I can't tell I'm moving.  
The sun comes through  
the window once a week,  
and everything repeats.  
At first, that felt normal.  
The ship is getting filthy.  
It's fascinating to witness how much  
matter can be generated by plant decay  
and my own skin.  
Greenstreet  
and Worsley have lost hope.  
I think that's because  
their experiments failed.  
Their families  
are waiting for them.  
That sense of  
disappointment and longing  
can get in the way  
of a mission like mine.  
"The impossible..."  
The struggle to survive  
has proven...  
Uh... the struggle  
of this journey  
has taken us further...

And...  
One step further...  
For mankind...  
One step further...  
Calling Maddox.  
I just had  
a dream I was falling.  
Ironic, don't you think?  
That's not a dream.  
You are falling.  
You have any dreams like that?  
It's late, Stanaforth.  
Yeah, okay.  
You're right, I'm sorry.  
Hey uncle bill, happy birthday.  
I wish you happy birthday.  
All right,  
happy birthday, bill.  
She says happy birthday.  
Happy birthday.  
Love you. Bye.  
Mucho gusto.  
Me llamo Patty.  
Mucho gusto.  
Me llamo Patty.  
Where are you from Patty?  
I'm from Mxico,  
and you?  
Where are you from?  
Soy de Mxico, ? Y t?  
Soy de earth,  
I am from Costa Rica.  
Yo soy de Costa Rica.  
Marte.  
Marte...  
Voy El Marte.  
Soy de Marte.  
Call Maddox.  
I guess we're  
on our own out here.  
Houston,  
I seem to have lost the signal.  
Houston?  
Houston?

Skinny, do I have a signal?  
What the fuck?  
Houston, do you read me? This is  
captain Stanaforth aboard the Zephyr.  
I appear to have  
lost the signal.  
Houston, this is captain  
Stanaforth aboard the Zephyr.  
Do you read me? I appear  
to have lost the signal.  
Hello?  
Hello, hello!  
Fuck! Anyone?  
Skinny, come on.  
Can anyone hear me?  
Stanaforth, what's going on?  
Skinny, where the fuck  
have you been?  
Is everything okay?  
What happened?  
I just, uh, I tried  
to reach Maddox,  
and then you, and...  
No one responded.  
Look, we need you  
to go radio silent for a bit  
while we deal with the  
situation with Maddox.  
Okay. Wait, wait.  
What's going on with Maddox?  
Sit tight.  
Skinny?  
Call Maddox.  
Calling Maddox.  
Maddox, this is Stanaforth.  
Do you copy?  
What are you after?  
Always pleasant to hear  
from you too, captain.  
I just nearly lost it  
missing you.  
I'm off course.  
What?  
Maddox, when was the last time you

performed maintenance on your gyros?  
Oh, no, no. You're always  
trying to pin this shit on me.  
Why didn't your  
software detect the issue?  
I'm not trying  
to pin anything on you.  
We've been running  
diagnostics down here  
and we think a malfunction with your  
gyroscope is what's causing the issue.  
Houston, I can fix  
her gyroscopes.  
Stand down captain.  
Houston's taking  
care of the issue.  
And the whole time she's veering  
further and further off course.  
Just let us deal with it, okay?  
Skinny, I know this  
ship from top to bottom,  
better than anyone.  
Now listen to me Maddox,  
you've got something wrong,  
I probably do, too.  
Skinny, he's right. You work on  
your software, we'll try this.  
Get into  
the equipment bay, 0-8-2.  
Disable your gyros.  
0-8-2, copy.  
Any condensation on the sensors?  
I don't see any.  
Wipe it down anyway and restart.  
Both of you listen to me.  
We can handle  
this from down here.  
Did it start?  
No, but I'm seeing that my  
port has a crack in it.  
Mine looks fine.  
That must be your problem.  
So what's next?  
Okay, here's what

we're gonna do.  
Go to your bunk monitor.  
Pull off the E103 cable.  
Copy that.  
Get a connector from the  
mid-deck junction box.  
Got it.  
You can't just start pulling  
cables out of the wall  
without asking permission  
from engineering.  
The engineers will be glad there  
are real people here now.  
I'm cleaning up their mess.  
Stop all right!  
Now screw in the four-pin.  
Flip it on.  
It worked.  
Fantastic.  
Holy shit.  
I'm starting to get good  
readings from down here, too.  
Thanks, captain. Hopefully,  
we'll end up in the same place.  
I've climbed almost every  
major mountain on earth.  
I've deep-sea dived,  
I've paraglided.  
Nothing could ever touch  
something like going to Mars.  
As an engineer, I'm excited for the  
technical challenges of the mission.  
I know that with people all around the  
world pushing mankind to get to Mars,  
we are going to discover things  
we can't even dream of now.  
Great science  
will come from this mission...  
But even greater  
inspiration will come  
from the simple gesture  
of getting there.  
this discovery has now  
been confirmed with new data,



and seems to be correct.  
The cosmic expansion  
that Hubble discovered,  
is now modulated  
by an acceleration term.  
Its expansion is  
ever faster with time,  
and in that scenario, the universe  
ends in a catastrophic crescendo  
where space-time on the largest  
scale is ripped apart,  
and then within a very short  
time, maybe minutes or hours,  
matter itself is ripped apart.  
The atoms of the universe,  
all of them...

Grass.

"Fresh-cut grass."

Ugh.

Space is leaking into the ship.

Uh, Houston?

You won't be able to see  
this right now, but I've got  
a solar flare coming through.  
The particles are passing  
through my eyes.

Two-thirds approximately,  
that's...

I fucked up.

I short-circuited the battery,  
which contaminated  
the water supply.

Maybe skinny could help.

I trust him,  
but the situation  
isn't desperate yet.

I've survived before on 600  
milliliters of water a day,  
but not for this long.

It's my fault the water  
is contaminated, though.

And I'm gonna  
be the one to fix it.

I have to lie about the reactor,

because if skinny finds out,  
they'll abort the mission.  
Fucking condensation.  
There's nothing to look at,  
but now I can't even  
see outside.  
Hey, buddy,  
I haven't talked to you in a couple days.  
How are you doing?  
I'm fine.  
Look, all the work you're doing on the  
reactor's getting people a little worried.  
Everything okay?  
Yeah.  
I want that thing to still be working  
if I get up there in a couple years.  
You know, if anything goes wrong up  
there, we'd have to bring you home.  
Home? No.  
Look, skinny,  
essential systems are fine.  
I'm just running  
some routine maintenance.  
Yeah, but I'm getting an earful  
from the guys in operations,  
and they'd definitely prefer  
it if you just left it be.  
Okay?  
Ah!  
Can't sleep?  
Sleep is on the ship  
like a ghost.  
Sorry, what?  
Never mind.  
Why don't you  
take a sleeping pill?  
I don't like the way  
those things make me feel.  
Well, I'm glad  
you're still awake.  
I have some bad news  
about Maddox.  
Oh, really?  
The fix you made on her

gyroscope didn't hold.  
I'm afraid we're going  
to have to turn her around.  
You okay there, captain?  
Look, I just need you  
to assure me  
that you're going to be able  
to keep it together up there.  
Oh, c'mon, what does that mean, huh?  
What does that... I...  
What does that even mean?  
It means stay sane  
and stay focused,  
so we don't have  
any more problems.  
Stanaforth, I'm waiting for you to tell  
me that you're going to be all right.  
Well, that is a stupid thing  
to wait for.  
I remember waiting for you to come  
out of that desert, you know?  
When you finally  
got to that rendezvous.  
Lookin' like snake skin.  
Do you recall what you said to me?  
You remember what you said?  
What?  
You said, "skinny, I  
squeezed water from a stone."  
Well, that's half true.  
We really have to  
abort her mission?  
Yeah, we tried everything.  
She has to come home, captain.  
I'm in here,  
and every single  
other thing is out there.  
Condensation.  
It's as dry as a desert in here,  
but it's a closed system.  
The ship,  
the plants,  
they have to give up  
their water for me.

I'm sorry.  
Come on.  
It's all connected.  
I just have to replicate  
systems that work in nature.  
Hope is out there.  
Super-heat the soil,  
compress it.  
Extract the hydrogen and the  
oxygen, recombine them.  
This is how the  
universe made water.  
This is how life  
on earth formed.  
And I'm trying to  
recreate the process.  
I might have enough water  
to survive the journey.  
But if I can't make  
the reactor work,  
what's the point?  
I'll just die alone on Mars.  
Come on.  
Ah! Fuck!  
Goddammit.  
Work with me, you stupid  
piece of fucking junk!  
Shit, I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm sorry,  
I didn't mean it. I'm sorry.  
Jesus, captain, what's going on?  
You look like shit,  
the ship's a mess.  
People are worried about you.  
Everyone's asking me  
what's going on with you,  
and I don't know  
what to tell them.  
Huh?  
Stanaforth, c'mon you  
gotta talk to me here.  
Skinny, I fucked up.  
I, uh...  
I plugged into the...

Yeah, my...  
My power is...  
My water supply's fucked.  
I poisoned the supply.  
What?  
How is that possible?  
What happened?  
I just thought I knew...  
What it would be like, but I just...  
I don't know, I...  
Okay, look. Protocol dictates  
you return to earth right now.  
Abort the mission, get you home.  
Hopefully we can  
bring you back safely.  
But what have you tried already?  
Is there anything that we can  
do to get it working again?  
We'll have at least a day or two before  
we're able to turn you around and...  
I know this ship  
better than anyone.  
I couldn't get it to work.  
It's amazing that we can build these  
machines to shoot us through space.  
But in the end we're just these  
fragile little creatures  
staring out  
at the universe, learning.  
The important thing  
is not the technology,  
but the humanity.  
The technology enables us to experience  
something really astonishing.  
To walk on Mars, to watch the  
sunset from another planet.  
That kind of raw  
emotional experience  
is what's really significant  
in this journey.  
End transmission.  
I thought I had  
everything figured out.  
I spent years

planning this mission.  
I designed a machine so we  
could live on another planet.  
I made this thing  
work in the desert but...  
But that wasn't  
the reason I, um...  
That wasn't the moment.  
I drank the land.  
But just when I got it working,  
the minute I was  
gonna take a drink...  
My foot, my leg  
went numb. Bang.  
I collapsed.  
I tried to take a drink,  
I couldn't...  
I couldn't grip the bottle.  
My hand was like...  
Air.  
I thought I was evaporating.  
I lay down in the sand,  
I wove myself in.  
And this barrier  
between me and everything  
just dissolved.  
And I could die,  
because life is enormous.  
And I loved  
the feeling of dying,  
and then it passed.  
The feeling passed.  
I could feel my hands,  
my feet. I got up,  
I walked to the rendezvous.  
And I made up my mind  
right there and then.  
To go on a one-way  
mission to Mars.  
Good morning, Stanaforth.  
Time to put on your flight suit.  
Houston will be taking  
the wheel for the turnaround,  
but we're gonna need you in the

cockpit in case of an emergency.  
Fuel has been sent up  
to the space station.  
That'll get you the rest  
of the way home and...  
The mission has failed,  
but I can't go back.  
I don't care  
if the machines don't work,  
if no one else is coming.  
I know what waits  
for me on earth,  
but not up there.  
What are you doing?  
What's going on?  
Did you just  
override the controls?  
Stanaforth, you will wind up off course.  
Do you understand me?  
You're gonna end up off course.  
Are you listening?  
I'm trying to help you. Goddammit,  
Stanaforth, stop! That's an order, captain.  
Stanaforth!  
I hope someone, someday,  
will read this journal.  
I don't know if I'm on course.  
My ship isn't telling me.  
If I miscalculated, I'll miss  
Mars by a million miles,  
drifting into space forever.  
I keep up my routine,  
but I've lost hope  
in the mission.  
Hoe!  
Huh, huh, huh,  
hoe, hoe, hoe.  
Hoe!  
So many people wanted  
to be part of this journey,  
and sent me messages  
along the way.  
I let you down.  
Maddox trusted me,

and then I failed.  
I hope someday you get  
another mission.  
To keep going with  
what we started.  
And skinny...  
I can almost hear you out there,  
trying to reach me.  
Now that I'm not  
going to make it,  
you must feel like I do.  
Broken.  
Empty.  
For me, I'm trapped  
inside my own machine.  
Pressed down by gravity.  
Wringing out the last  
drops of water,  
withering away.  
What does it matter  
if I live another day,  
another week, drying  
up in this tiny box?  
This is all I have left to give.  
I want to get out there.  
I wanna be ripped apart  
by space, overwhelmed.  
Why not open the hatch  
and step outside?  
Stanaf...  
I'm trying to...  
If you...  
Stana... skinny,  
are you there...  
Houston, trying to reach...  
If you're alive...  
Let us know...  
Can you hear...  
If you... signal...  
Get through the...  
Stanaforth, are you...  
Magnetic storm...  
You're close to a...  
Storm safely...



You'll be there...  
Close...  
We're rooting for you...  
Skinny...  
Whole world...  
It's me.  
Stanaforth, come in.  
Yeah, I'm here. I'm...  
Skinny... so...  
You're so close.  
This is it.  
Our bodies are  
more space than matter.  
There's an unfathomable  
distance between each atom,  
each particle.  
What keeps us solid?  
Why don't we dissolve?  
This is why I came here.  
To give everything up.  
For one moment of pure wonder.  
I don't know if anyone can  
hear me, but here goes.  
Houston, Zephyr is go  
for landing.  
Zephyr released.  
Three minutes.  
Two minutes, fuel light is on.  
One minute.  
There's the spot!  
Thirty meters, two down.  
Ten meters, three forward.  
Five meters.  
Down.  
Houston, this is captain William d.  
Stanaforth on the surface of Mars.  
Nothing has ever lived here.  
Nothing has ever died here.  
Maybe I'll live forever.