

## 1 INT/EXT. DAYLIGHT - DAWN

## 1

It's 2131 the daylight here consisted for a bit of time. This utopian megalopolis has its own sigma rules. The H<sub>2</sub>O and O<sub>2</sub> combine unnatural toxic substances just like mafias made by people. The maglevs, the edifices, and straddling vehicles consumed humanity a long time ago. My honorable mentions to the people who still think there can be a change. Politics went into grave back then in the 21st Cent. People turned into robots, shifted to other worlds, still existing and making into existence.

(The scenery closes and  
comes to a loop )

The world we never wanted. The 100% utilization of humans turned their heavy cerebrum into feces of giant meatballs. Whether it be Mars or Alpha Mollycentin - II, people have disgraced each other's opinions and dismantled mankind. It was their fate that global warming hit and kicked them in their arses. The things you deserve, keep chasing you until the day gets over with the last breath of your tiny molecule. We had every chance of surviving and taking a giant leap toward the best horizon possible. But emotions in humans have been a massive corrode. They've been put behind bars of love for too long to survive for the upcoming utopia. The algorithm here advanced way too ahead.

Application. The future of everything. We now have an app that can predict if a certain dish you're cooking is going to turn out all right. Now you have taxi companies which drop you into different worlds and that too within one day. Robots made their own kind of wormholes to travel interworlds. The logistics are wonderful to use. The carbons and oxygen have been altered a long time ago. In this destructible nation of horror, there lived a man named CHARLES.

Charles. A guy with zero hairs and a big forehead on his skin. He was one of those members who were from a normal human breed, just like the family in Northern Nostouche. Charles had a habit of putting himself in a confused situation. He was a neophyte of this utopian generation, they also had one nickname for him, "Nitty Charles". Always had that one tension of dying at an early age. He was toxic, but he was for himself. He used to use one app that described the exact ratio at that exact point in time.

When he is going to sleep or when he's in a restaurant with his family having a bunch of laughter and a good time, even then he would not forget to check on the app to look at the chances (1 in 150000)

He keeps watching the news and reading it on YouTube & google, he lives off the fear and doesn't want his death to come unknowingly.

He keeps getting miserable, living out of fear he stops going out (barely goes) and leaves his job one time while having a heated argument with his wife he checks the app and it shows the chances are 1 in 670(the closest he has ever seen it get).

So, he hides knives and other blunt objects like a pan or spatula that could be used as a weapon his wife leaves him and takes his kids with her.

He gets depressed and decides to go out and try to change for the better he goes out in public and watches humans enjoying and having fun.

He is fighting the urge to open the app and see the changes he boards a train it's moving there are very fewer people on the train the dim light keeps fluttering remaining people get off he is scared and sweating finally, fear gets to him and he gets his phone out of his pocket

struggles to find a signal finally a signal opens the app chances calculating eyes getting wider 1 in 13 wide jaw drops eerie sound effect 1 in 12

(Eyes wide, moving fast).

1 in 14

1 in 7

(Eyes much wider) looks around hastily and out of fear and into the screen.

1 in 6

1 in 5

1 in 12

1 in 2 dies of a heart attack

(Train continues to move)

(It's a cold winter)