



*BY*

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## **INTRODUCTION**

The Nigerian National Space Research and Development Agency (NASRDA) in collaboration with the Russian Federal Space Agency (RFSA a.k.a ROSCOSMOS) and Indian Space Research Organisation (ISRO) embark on a mission to make planet Mars habitable for earth life. On getting to Mars, they encounter National Aeronautic & Space Administration (NASA) crew and experience an adventure, which will give birth to the future of Mars inhabitants.

This book is written in a script format. It uses similar elements with a screenplay/stage play script. However, it is a science fiction, Fantasy and adventure. This method is used so that a clear picture of events can be seen in the mind of the reader.

## TEASER

YEAR 2140

*{EXT. KADUNA, NIGERIA - DAY}*

There are eight large spacecraft having Russian and Indian engineers working on them. Armed Nigerian soldiers surround the area. The eight spacecraft have the following serials on them; the first – NG115M, second – NG216M, third – NG341M, fourth – NG419M, fifth – NG568M, sixth – NG629M, seventh – NG703M and eighth – NG894M respectively.

Broadcasters are standing around a man outside the protected area with their recording equipment.

FEMALE REPORTER

(to the man in front of the broadcasters)

*MR IBRAHIM, you are the one supervising this programme, can you tell us what is going on here?*

MR IBRAHIM

*Yes, thank you. Well, what you are seeing here today is the first of its kind in the world. The National Space Research and Development Agency in collaboration with the Russian Federal Space Agency and Indian Space Research Organisation is on a mission to making planet Mars habitable to humans. Russian and Indian engineers build these crafts here in Kaduna, however, the whole programme is funded by the Nigerian Government. These crafts will be able to reach Mars in just ninety days.*

MALE REPORTER

(to Mr Ibrahim)

*Sir, may we know why the Nigerian government is so much interested in this programme?*

MR IBRAHIM

*Well, it's something we all want to experience in the universe. However, Nigerians will not be on board alone, one Russian and one Indian astronaut will also be on board as part of our agreement for this programme, and the rest of others will be Nigerians. Our astronauts will head the mission. In other words, Nigerians, Russians and Indians will be the next countries to journey to Mars after the United States. However, this is Nigerian research scientists' mission, which is why the federal government is so interested...*

FEMALE REPORTER

(to Mr Ibrahim)

*Sir, why eight spacecraft, wouldn't one be enough?*

MR IBRAHIM

*Yes, one will not be enough. According to the National Space Research and Development Agency, we need some large equipment that will handle sophisticated tasks on Mars.*

*{ABUJA CITY}*

Armed droids in the Nigerian army uniform surround the city. Mobile police vehicles are patrolling around the city filled with busy individuals.

*{INT. ASO ROCK}*

SIX OFFICIAL MINISTERS are sitting around a table with the NIGERIAN PRESIDENT. They sit and face a wide flat-screen television.

The television is displaying the RUSSIAN PRESIDENT and INDIAN PRESIDENT; both at different locations but are projected on the screen divided by a black line.

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

(over the television)

*Mr President, we Russians wish you great success on your journey to Mars.*

INDIAN PRESIDENT

(over the television)

*You have done something great for accepting to include one of our scientists on your mission to Mars.*

NIGERIAN PRESIDENT

(to the men on the television)

*I'm grateful to you for helping us build those crafts. This mission is so important to my country and I must make sure your scientists that will be on board will be well taken care of.*

**END OF TEASER**

## MARS 2140

{EXT. SPACE - DAY}

Eight spacecraft are flying toward planet Mars in few distances away from each other.

{INT. FLIGHT DECK, NG115M}

AARAV, MARK and BOLAJI are viewing planet Mars through the windscreen of the spacecraft.

AARAV

(sings)

*Hallelujah, he's the Lord, all the people praise his name, Hallelujah praise the Lord!*

BOLAJI

(to Aarav)

*Christian?*

AARAV

(stops singing)

*Nope, I just like the tune, Dr Boji.*

BOLAJI

*Bolaji!*

AARAV

*Oh, Bolaji*

AARAV

*You know, we Indians love music.*

MARK

*Christian music perhaps*

(Bolaji giggles)

AARAV

*No, Mark.*

BOLAJI

*Hindi?*

AARAV

*Jesus Christ!*

MARK

*He's a Christian*

BOLAJI

*I knew it.*

AARAV

*Hey! You can't prove that.*

MARK

*Alright, what's the meaning of your name; Aarav?*

BOLAJI

*Okay?*

AARAV

*Peaceful and wisdom! How does that sound religious to you?*

(Bolaji and Mark laugh shortly)

*What!*

MARK

*Christianity loves peace.*

BOLAJI

*King Solomon was a man of wisdom!*

AARAV

*Oh my God!*

(Bolaji nods)

MARK

*That's it!*

AARAV

*I got it. My parents were Christians, though.*

BOLAJI

*That's why you love Christian music.*

AARAV

*Anyway...*

(emergency light beeps on the control board. They all turn their attention to the beeping light)

BOLAJI

*This craft is self-piloting, so what's that for?*

(walks to the board, takes a device and talk into it)

*Dr Bolaji, 115 online, what's going on?*

*{CABIN, NG568M}*

TARI

(stands before a large container)

*TARI, 568 responding, sir, one of the containers is broken.*

BOLAJI (V.O)

(over the telephone)

*How, what happened, Tari?*

TARI

*I don't know, seems like it wasn't firmly locked.*

*{FLIGHT DECK, NG115M}*

BOLAJI

*Is it something you can fix?*

TARI (V.O)  
(over the telephone)  
*Yes, I think so.*

BOLAJI  
*Then why the alarm?*

*{CABIN, NG568M}*

TARI  
*It wasn't me, it automatically did that.*

*{FLIGHT DECK, NG115M}*

BOLAJI  
*Fix it then.*  
(disconnects the network)

MARK  
*Doc, are you guys really up for this?*

BOLAJI  
*Yeah, of course, why are we up here anyway?*

AARAV  
*What if it doesn't work?*

BOLAJI  
*It will.*

MARK  
*You know, NASA has been on Mars for years and they've not come up with any habitable news.*

BOLAJI  
*That's why we are Nigerians, we make history. NASA is too slow, they study one thing for years. They were opportune to send rovers to Mars ever before you and I were born. Believe me, if it were Nigerians, by now we'd be playing soccer on Mars.*

AARAV  
*Really?*

BOLAJI  
*Hmm hm.*

MARK  
*Those containers, what's in them?*

BOLAJI  
*Yeah, it contains soil, plants, electronic devices and other scientific apparatus.*

MARK  
*That's what's in the eight crafts?*

BOLAJI  
*Yeah.*

AARAV

*Your first mission to Mars, you sent eight crafts. What if the mission fails?*

MARK

*That's a lot of wasted billions.*

BOLAJI

*We don't care. Our scientists are always right.*

AARAV

*That's great!*

BOLAJI

*(walks to the door and it automatically opens)*

*Come with me.*

*{CABIN}*

Bolaji, Mark and Aarav are standing before trucks, tanks, caterpillars, excavators, tractors, campers and machines.

AARAV

*Wow!*

MARK

*Is this a construction company?*

BOLAJI

*(giggles)*

*Well, this is why we're heading to Mars.*

MARK

*Who's going to drive these things?*

BOLAJI

*Craft 216 is loaded with workers.*

AARAV

*All with oxygen tanks?*

BOLAJI

*That's right.*

MARK

*(nods)*

*Nigerians.*

BOLAJI

*Haha! That's how we roll!*

MARK

*I see.*

AARAV

*Why are we just the ones in this particular craft then?*

BOLAJI

*Because we're the only astronauts on board, the rest are workers.*

AARAV

*Jesus Christ!*

BOLAJI

*Hey, Christian, how many crews does NASA send to space?*

MARK

*That's not necessary, but...*

BOLAJI

*(interrupts)*

*We're not yet on Mars, hold your critics till then, men!*

AARAV

*You said Nigerian scientists were behind this idea, how come you're the only scientist on board?*

BOLAJI

*Because this is my mission, my dream, my career and my life's work.*

*(Aarav and Mark glance at each other)*

*{CABIN, NG216M}*

There are hundreds of men sitting on seats attached in a parallel arrangement.

*{CABIN, NG341M}*

There are hundreds of mobile homes temporarily fixed/loaded on each other attached to the floor.

LATER

*{FLIGHT DECK, NG115M}*

MARK

*(looks into Mars through a telescope)*

*US flag?*

AARAV

*That must be NASA.*

BOLAJI

*(holds a telephone)*

*115 has reached Mars, ready for landing.*

MALE VOICE (V.O)

*(over the telephone)*

*Roger, confirmation sent to 1123419.*

FEMALE VOICE (V.O)

*(over the telephone)*

*Data processed.*

*(suddenly, a green light beeps on the wall)*

MARK

*I thought you said it was auto-piloting.*

BOLAJI

*Yeah, auto-piloting from Nigeria.*

AARAV

*Jesus Christ!*

BOLAJI

*He's in heaven for crying out loud!*

MARK

*You guys are wonderful.*

BOLAJI

*These crafts were built by you guys, so, why the complaint?*

AARAV

*The engineers followed your instructions.*

BOLAJI

*Yeah, they should have asked questions.*

MARK

*Anyway, I think that's the best thing to do.*

COMPUTER

*Landing on planet Mars in 10 minutes.*

*(Bolaji, Mark and Aarav walk closer to the windscreen and stares at Mars)*

BOLAJI

*(looks into his timer)*

*We reached Mars in eighty-six earth days, four hours, seventeen minutes.*

MARK

*It's beautiful.*

AARAV

*This dry desert-like world?*

BOLAJI

*Come on, we've got supplies. There's nothing to worry about.*

AARAV

*Who's worried about anything?*

MARK

*At last, someone can step on an alien planet.*

BOLAJI

*Yeah, thank me later.*

AARAV

*Was that a reminder or something?*

BOLAJI

*Whatever you call it, you're right.*

*(points at the Northern-polar cap on Mars)*

*Not an entirely dry planet, after all.*

MARK

*I thought we were supposed to land on the ice.*

BOLAJI

*That's about 500 metres away, Mark, believe me, this is the best spot.*

AARAV

*Okay, the best spot for the crafts.*

BOLAJI

*You got it.*

MARK

*Whatever*

(presses a button on his chest and a white pressure suit automatically covers his body)

*I can't wait to step my foot on that ground.*

*{EXT. SURFACE LAND, MARS - DAY}*

NG115M lands. The door opens, Bolaji (dressed in a green pressure suit) and Mark run out of the spacecraft.

BOLAJI

(jumps off the craft onto the ground. NASRDA logo is on his suit)

*Me first!*

MARK

(runs unto the ground. ROSCOSMOS logo is on his suit)

*Hey! That's cheating!*

BOLAJI

*Yeah, we always have a short cut to something. Hahaha!*

AARAV

(dressed in a pink and white pressure suit gently walks unto the ground with an Indian flag. ISRO logo is on his suit)

*Not very smart!*

BOLAJI

(quickly reaches into his bag, grasps a small Nigerian flag and pins it on the ground)

*Me first!*

AARAV

*Dude!*

MARK

(quickly reaches a small Russian flag from his pocket and pins it on the ground)

*Hahaha!*

(to Aarav)

*Not that smart, dude!*

AARAV

*Hahaha! I meant the big flag like mine.*

Mark and Aarav look at Bolaji shockingly

BOLAJI

*What's the matter?*

MARK

*Where is your oxygen tank?*

BOLAJI

*Hahaa! This is an upgrade. We don't need any oxygen tank here on Mars.*

*(touches a small device around his waist)*

*This device is an oxygen generator. It draws power from lithium batteries; charged by solar energy, and converts Martian gasses into oxygen. Made in Israel.*

*(points at a small pressurised plastic container on his chest)*

*Hehe, this is my oxygen tank.*

*(winks)*

*Just a backup tank when the batteries are a little bit weak.*

AARAV

*Hmm.*

BOLAJI

*Come on, didn't you notice the flexible suit?*

MARK

*We're all wearing flexible suits.*

BOLAJI

*No, I mean, look at mine.*

*(walks closer to Mark and Aarav)*

*Touch it.*

MARK

*(touches Bolaji's suit with Aarav)*

*Whoa! Looks like a normal wear on earth.*

BOLAJI

*Yeah, it has compressed technology.*

AARAV

*Hmm. Your President promised...*

BOLAJI

*(interrupts)*

*Hey! I have suits for you both!*

*(smiles)*

*But, it has my logo.*

AARAV

*Who cares.*

MARK

*Where you waiting for us to tell you?*

BOLAJI

*No, I wanted you to see reasons why you need my suits. I wasn't prepared for any argument on any super suit.*

LATER

NG216M, NG341M, NG419M, NG568M, NG629M, NG703M and NG894M arrive and land.

Bolaji, Aarav and Mark (all dressed in the NASRDA suits) walk toward the landed crafts.

MARK

*This massive crafts looked tiny in space.*

BOLAJI

*Believe me, that's a lot of money there.*

AARAV

*Habitable Mars. Hahaha!*

MARK

*NASA is still working on that, what makes you think you can do it in a short time?*

BOLAJI

*You'll love it. We're ready for this.*

(NG216M door opens. Many men covered with the NASRDA space suit walk out of the craft)

MARK

*All with oxygen generators.*

AARAV

(to Bolaji)

*Next time you should be specific when you say oxygen tanks.*

BOLAJI

(giggles)

*Whatever.*

MARK

*Workers, huh?*

BOLAJI

*That's right.*

AARAV

*Which company?*

BOLAJI

*Trained men: not company workers.*

(to the men)

*Welcome to Mars!*

(to BARIMA)

*Barima, go into my craft and bring the baby.*

BARIMA

*Yes, sir.*

(walks towards NG115M craft)

AARAV

*Your baby?*

MARK

*I think that's our driver.*

BOLAJI

*That's right.*

AARAV

*Oh! I got it.*

MARK

*Where are you going, Doc?*

BOLAJI

*I want to check the broken container in 568.*

AARAV

(stares at NG419M)

*What's with the 419?*

BOLAJI

*Just a code. Reading meaning into it is up to you.*

(approaches NG568M)

*Tari?*

TARI

(walks out of the craft)

*Yes, sir. I got it fixed.*

BOLAJI

*Hope nothing was contaminated?*

TARI

*No, it's alright.*

(Barima arrives with a jeep)

BOLAJI

*Okay, then I'm leaving you in charge.*

MARK

*What?*

BOLAJI

(winks at Tari)

*Yeah,*

(to Mark)

*In charge of the containers.*

(walks towards the jeep)

*Come on, guys.*

AARAV

*Where are we going?*

BOLAJI

(stands at the door of the jeep and it automatically opens)

*Let's look around*

(enters into the jeep and sits)

*Or you can choose to wait here.*

(Mark and Aarav glance at each other, rush and enter into the jeep and sit. The door of the jeep closes automatically)  
*Come on, let's get out of here.*

*{INT. JEEP}*

BARIMA

*Which way, sir?*

BOLAJI

(to Barima)

*Let's see what NASA crews are doing out here. Go south.*

(presses a button around his neck and the visor opens)

BARIMA

*Alright*

MARK

(looks at Bolaji)

*What?*

BOLAJI

*Equipped with oxygen manifold.*

(points at four round devices having a sifter-like surface)

*These instruments convert the Martian atmosphere into oxygen.*

MARK

*Oh, I see, oxygen generator everywhere.*

BOLAJI

(nods)

*Yeah.*

AARAV

*Great!*

(removes his visor)

MARK

(removes his visor)

*Then let's all be in uniform.*

AARAV

(to Barima)

*What about you, driver?*

(Barima removes his visor)

*Were you waiting for me to tell you?*

BARIMA

*No sir, just that my attention wasn't here.*

AARAV

(nods)

*I see. Where was it?*

BARIMA

*I'm just glad about this mission. However, I hope this works.*

BOLAJI

*Hey, this must work.*

BARIMA

*Yes, sir.*

8 HOURS LATER

MARK

*People back there on earth must be happy by now.*

BOLAJI

*That was hours ago, since we landed, Mark.*

AARAV

*Everywhere is dusty.*

BOLAJI

*Of course, what do you expect from a dry planet like this?*

AARAV

*Looked as if you've been here before.*

BOLAJI

*O man, this is Mars.*

MARK

*Hey, there*

*(points outside through the window)*

*That's the US flag.*

*(wiper wipes off specks of dust from the windscreen)*

BARIMA

*Sir, their station is over there.*

BOLAJI

*We're here.*

*{EXT. LANDED SITE, SURFACE LAND}*

Tari and the Nigerian trained men are pinning down two hundred metres high poles. Some are constructing water pipes in gutters on the ground.

*{NASA STATION}*

BOLAJI

*(knocks the NASA spacecraft)*

*Anyone home?*

*(to Mark)*

*Mark, you can come out of the car.*

MARK (V.O)

*(through the communicator)*

*You better be fast. Time is not on our side.*

*(NASA's spacecraft door opens)*

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