

# THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION

An original film & VR platform pitch by Phillip Alan Epps



Christopher Nolan's INTERSTELLAR got it right, partly, at least. We go to Mars, or I should say, the Chinese go to Mars, primarily because food stopped growing on Earth and we were dying. (The Colony has other nationalities but it was Chinese wealth mostly that paid for it. The tech to get there was arguably *shared*.)

Beyond that premise, however, the movie is just phenomenally good science fiction entertainment.

Even THE MARTIAN did a good job of planting the seed, literally and figuratively, of what we do when we get to the Red Planet: grow food or perish. But, it was the Chinese colony that came after that in the sequel that provided the real solution to survival in a cold, hostile, alien environment: robots. In a word, robots perfecting farming.

(And it is in such an open source [or fully hacked] world that the necessary tech was shared again, from distant planet back to Earth.)

So the means of production of food on Earth evolved to become *entirely* non-human. Even food preparation became the domain of the machine. It was the end of back breaking slave labor farm conditions and most communicable & food-borne diseases.

It was the end of famine and drought and soil depletion and soil pollution and erosion and factory farms and the use of growth hormones and pesticides and the need for genetically modified anything.

It was the end of eating meat and the systematic abuse of animals. Nobody missed eating meat. It was the end of waste and it was the end of obesity because what was served in the communes and the new towns of the old planet was incredibly good for you.

For the first time in human history everybody ate well.

There was hope again. There was life. Wars petered out. What was the point? Sure there were *turf* wars on occasion when competing regional government administrations made some abstract allusion to a past commodity power grab but the majority of the Earth's population could care less so nothing really happened.

The reasons for most human conflict disappeared.

Few missed cooking. Humans just couldn't compete with the machine learning of recipes. It was incredible how good the robots could grow, prepare and serve great food. We were literally in heaven with every meal. Everything eaten was organic and pure. The whole process was totally sustainable. Permaculture upgraded.

And since no one went hungry anymore there was no value of or much need for money. And jobs. Robots built the robots and AI improved their abilities over time but after many years, it just became a perfect system. (No one feared a robot takeover -- that was absurd 21st century thinking. It just wasn't possible.)

Robots and their indefatigable abilities provided widespread physical health and environmental balance throughout the planet. Yes robots saved the planet but they were just machines after all, not gods. People didn't create cults of adoration about them or other kinds of nonsense.



Global warming slowly became a thing of the past. Nature just cooled off when we did. Other tech advances helped get humans off coal and the use of harmful chemicals and plastic but it was the rise of the farmbot and their autonomous, rather stealthy modes of transportation from farm to table and the sheer electric beauty of the shiny, efficient, ubiquitous kitchens of the future that laid the foundation for utopia. Finally.

Robots were the perfect means of production. No more politics. Governments went back to being necessarily small and inconsequential, making sure people adhered to some basic rules of behavior. Essentially there were no more problems. Except in our imaginations.

Games flourished. Games consumed. Games enamoured us. Oh but games had also changed from the shoot 'em ups of today. Games became almost unrecognizable.

There were games to enhance intelligence, to heal a failing heart, games of all kinds of art, games to make music, participatory games that celebrated the new peace and contentment, there were contests of intellectual prowess, mashups of genius and sophistry, games of humor and wit, architectural games, there were even anti-competitive games, non-game games where users did nothing, zen games where we just sat in stillness and felt the vibrations of the universe. There were still games of battle of course. That didn't go away. The need for human competition just went into the game pod of our choice. No need to spill real blood though. The machines took care of that.

Enter our story's first major character: master gamer Gerry Probot.... naturally someone had to come along to shake things up. Even in a perfect world. But Gerry didn't want fame or wealth or war. He just wanted to have fun. So he built the best game ever. He was like a modern William Shakespeare of game developers. His game was built on the premise that human evolution simply needed to keep going. It was like the very peak of Maslow's pyramid. His game was love. It was creation for creation's sake. Probot's genius was a game that mirrored the gods we didn't need but accepted anyway. Why not? It just made everyone even impossibly happier and fulfilled. The challenge then was how we played the game not who won or lost. And play we did. Forever. -- END

