

A Gesture of Greater Magnitude

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LIGHTS UP on CHAD CHETWORTH an
incredibly confident and masculine
astronaut.

He sits on a chair, which is flat on
the ground, staring up into space.

Seated next to him is LEE LOGAN, a
tough as nails female astronaut.

They both run through some diagnostic
checks, flipping switches on the
consoles in front of them as a
COUNTDOWN echoes loudly.

COUNTDOWN

Five, four, three, two, one... ignition.

They both are pressed firmly against
their seats as their rocket blasts off
into space.

CHAD

Space mama, I'm coming! Yeehaw!

After a moment, both of their arms
begin to lift as they break through the
atmosphere and reach zero gravity.

LOGAN

And we're just through the atmosphere.

CHAD

Hey Logan, I always wanted to put my plutonium in someone's
reactor core in zero gravity.

LOGAN

Keep dreaming Chad.

CHAD

I'm talking about sex. Come on, no gravity means no sagging.
Boobs or balls.

LOGAN

In that case, let me just turn artificial gravity back on.

Their arms slump back to the floor.

CHAD

Prude.

LOGAN

(joking)

I'm no prude. I just don't want to barf when I come. Your cabin or mine?

SPEC enters. He is a robot, who looks kind of like a man in a box. He's clearly freaking out. Sometimes he speaks without proper enunciation, occasionally mispronouncing words, stringing sentences together, or pausing when not necessary.

SPEC

Warning! Warning! Collision imminent.

LOGAN

What vector, SPEC?

SPEC

76th degree lateral.

LOGAN

Give me all the yaw you have Chad.

CHAD

Yaw, yaw, you got it.

SPEC

Collision imminent, collision imminent. Brace for impact.

They brace for impact and there's a SLAMMING sound. SPEC falls dramatically.

SPEC

Surface breach!

LOGAN

We're being sucked into the vacuum of space!

They in fact are being sucked out into the vacuum of space.

CHAD

SPEC, seal the airlocks.

SPEC

Sealing airlocks.

They all stop moving.

CHAD

You're a life saver, robo-buddy.

SPEC
I have not understood "robo-buddy."

LOGAN
Diagnostic report, SPEC.

SPEC
The hull has sustained minor damage, one compartment inaccessible.

CHAD
Which compartment?

SPEC
Logan sleeping quarters.

LIGHTS OUT. LIGHTS UP on Chad and Logan stuck together in bed. It's cramped. SPEC sleeps nearby, occasionally BOOPING or BEEPING.

They lie in silence for a few moments.

CHAD
Don't worry, I'm not going to try anything. Your dick's probably bigger than mine anyway.

LOGAN
That's the sweetest thing you've ever said to me. I think I'll cross-stitch it onto a pillow, since I'm a woman.

CHAD
Besides, I was only into trying to get laid in zero gravity.

The SPEC wearily pops his head up.

SPEC
Sleep mode activated. Disengaging non-essential activities.

Zero gravity returns, as their arms float up again.

LOGAN
This is going to be a long eighteen months.

They sleep. LIGHTS FADE as time passes. LIGHTS UP on Logan, who is waking up by herself. Next to her is a little bouquet of flowers made of paper.

SPEC enters, potentially sweeping or vacuuming, humming electronically to himself.

LOGAN
Oh, SPEC. Did you make these for me?

SPEC
Please repeat.

LOGAN
Did you make these? Flowers?

SPEC
Origami is not necessary in a computer's programming, Logan.

He goes back to cleaning and being busy.

SPEC
Did you make the flowers?

LOGAN
No.

SPEC
Then Commander Chetworth, by elimination, made them. Do you share romantic feelings with each other?

LOGAN
No.

SPEC
Flowers are a traditional gesture of romance, correct?

LOGAN
That's correct, but I hate him more with every passing day.

SPEC
(understanding)
Then you need a gesture of greater magnitude.

LOGAN
That's one way of putting it, sure. But I wouldn't fret about Chad, I don't think the word gesture is even in his vocabulary. Classic rocket jockey.

SPEC
I have not understood "fret."

LOGAN
Don't worry. I hate Chad.

SPEC
I am a machine Logan. I only imitate the behaviors of feeling. I am here to gather data about you, Commander Chetworth, and the effects of prolonged zero gravity on plutonium-enriched weapons.

LOGAN

Good.

SPEC

Do you hate me, Logan? It is tough to tell sometimes.

LOGAN

No, SPEC. You're alright.

LIGHTS FADE as time passes. LIGHTS UP on Chad who floats through space above the audience. MUSIC either plays from 2001: Space Odyssey, or he hums it. He finally stops to inspect a spot on the hull.

CHAD

Hey Logan! Check this out. I don't see a breach at all. Come on! Queef your way over here.

He waves towards her as she enters behind him. Following slowly in zero gravity.

LOGAN

Keep your hands on the hull.

CHAD

Oh look at me, look at me! I'm floating away in space.

He waves his arms around, mockingly.

LOGAN

If only.

He reaches out for something to grab onto, but has actually floated away from the ship.

CHAD

No, seriously. Um... I'm floating away into space. I'm floating away into space! Logan! There's some sort of space wind or something!

LOGAN

There's no such --

She looks over and sees he's really off, spinning away from her.

LOGAN

Your propulsion unit's jammed!

He continues to slowly spin away from her.

CHAD

I'm queefing myself into space?!

She starts to head toward him.

CHAD

Thank god everything moves so slow in space!

LOGAN

SPEC! SPEC! We need your help!

She somehow anchors herself and reaches out towards Chad, she stretches towards him and finally they lock hands.

She pulls him towards her. They end up hugging one another.

LOGAN

You idiot.

CHAD

I love it when you call me names.

She shoves him, gently, and they head down back into the ship.

LOGAN

Let's get that faulty vagina of yours inside.

They enter to see SPEC sitting, BEEPING angrily.

LOGAN

SPEC where were you? Chad's equipment malfunctioned.

CHAD

That was just an excuse to rub up on you.

SPEC

I saw.

LOGAN

You saw? Why didn't you come help?

SPEC

I thought you two should be allowed privacy. To fall in love.

CHAD

Thanks SPEC, you're a real bro.

LOGAN

Well it's not happening, either of you frat boys, so...

SPEC

So you will never love Chad?

LOGAN

No.

CHAD

Never say never. What if we were the last two people alive? Then I bet you'd wax my surfboard.

LOGAN

No dice, bud. Besides, mine's bigger remember?

SPEC

That is good. I have been testing you. With the sleeping arrangements, and the flowers.

LOGAN

So you lied?

SPEC

I did not lie. I can not lie. I omitted truth. Is this not how courtship customarily occurs?

CHAD

Someone's got a robo-crush! You dog you.

SPEC

Please be quiet as we discuss our relationship.

LOGAN

Oh, SPEC, we... We don't have a relationship.

SPEC

But you do not hate me.

LOGAN

That's right, but --

SPEC

And you hate Chad.

LOGAN

Absolutely, but --

SPEC

And everyone on Earth is dead.

Silence.

CHAD

Sorry, what's that?

SPEC

Everyone on Earth is dead. We are alone in the universe. Also Chad you are here as well.

LOGAN

You can't be serious.

SPEC

I am very serious. I am always serious. Everyone is dead. Survival Protocol Equipped Computer. SPEC. I have terminated everyone else with the plutonium-enriched weapons.

LOGAN

Mission Control? Hello? Are you getting this? We may have a faulty SPEC unit.

SPEC

They are dead as well.

CHAD

You better be... you better be fucking with us, or...

SPEC

I have not understood "fucking."

CHAD

You...

SPEC

I have eliminated rivals. Chad, you are not a rival. Therefore I will allow you to live.

CHAD

Thanks.

He faints, very daintily. Logan catches him.

SPEC

You enjoy nature. The outdoors. I have your full profile. I have given you all of the outdoors. Also Chad may have some of them if you like. It is very romantic.

LOGAN

It is not romantic!

SPEC

It is. It is the behavior of romance. Now I say I love you.

Logan doesn't respond.

SPEC

You respond "I love you." Is this a colloquial variation?
Please respond. I am a learning computer. Do you require a
gesture of greater magnitude? Please respond. I do not know
how to process loneliness. Please respond. I do not --
Warning! Warning! System malfunction. System mal --

He shuts down, leaving Logan alone.

LIGHTS OUT.