

Thousands of Miles

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A monologue

By Steven Day

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## THOUSANDS OF MILES

Lights up on a barren stage. The year is 2121. The only pieces of this world that we see are a tripod with a camera and a long cable with a button on the end. Alexandra walks on stage, picks up the button, and presses record on the camera.

ALEXANDRA

Hello. To all. To um, whoever may receive this. I... This will be my last transmission.

(Beat.)

Due to unforeseen circumstances, my wife has passed. This week.

(Beat.)

This um... This was an unfortunate...

(Beat. Trying to regroup and be professional.)

There are many things that we accomplished in the past two years. This planet is... incredibly... frightening. As reported in earlier transmissions, the thousands of feet of line we were given did not even scratch a dent in providing us ample exploratory capabilities. We estimate that this ocean is *tens of thousands* of feet deep... at least. However, we found many organisms and bacteria in the water, some that are common on earth, we experienced storms and winds, we observed tides... all things suggesting an extremely likely chance that this planet could have been—(our new beginning.) That this could have been the solution.

(Beat. She lifts up the button she is holding and shows it to the camera.)

Incase any of you are wondering... if this is being shown in schools or websites or... wherever. This is a kill switch. And— you probably know the term kill switch as it relates to machinery and electronics and such— well this is a literal kill switch. This. switch was specifically designed by our team to kill me and my wife in the case that the mission was unsuccessful! That may sound morbid, but its'— its' *intention* was purely scientific.

(Beat.)

And that's why I'm here. The mission was unsuccessful. My wife died, we lost half of our data. I'm sorry. We have failed.

(She prepares, pause. Beat.)

You know what, this may be the last opportunity to tell anything to anyone so I'm just— ... My wife commit suicide. That's what happened. They sent us here on that big ship, right, that big space ship that I'm sure you all watched on your TV. And then when our ship landed here, and this is the part you didn't see right, when we landed here we were split into pods which plopped into the water and directed us thousands of miles apart. We were immediately separated so that we could "divide and conquer." But, you know, it wasn't too long until we figured out that this entire planet was made of the same *fucking* water you know?!? How fucking stupid is that??? We were separated to study the same water.

(Beat.)

So basically for the past two years we have been floating thousands of miles apart for absolutely no fucking reason.

(Beat.)

She went insane! She just— she lost it. She couldn't do it. I— ... *She* couldn't do the distance. And how fucking ironic is that right??? My God it disgusts me... HOW IRONIC???? How ironic that my wife, who was begging me for a fucking second of time and affection because my stupid fucking job was taking all of my time— how ironic that she took this chance with me, this— this GINORMOUS leap of faith just to spend a few fucking hours with me— And we get here and she is literally sent thousands and thousands and thousands of miles away from me, I mean How Cruel Am I????????? HOW CRUEL IS THAT??? THAT'S MY FAULT!!

FUCK!

(Beat.)

So she took her kill switch and she— I mean— she must have sunk her base or, or, or something because she went offline and I mean I can only imagine her agony as she's getting my messages and just reading the dots and the text and the pixels and the nothingness of our relationship just sank in more and so she *pressed her fucking button!*

(Beat.)

And then she went offline. And that was it.

(Pause.)

So... lesson one... this is a kill switch boys and girls.

(She laughs to herself, possibly insincerely.)

Beat. Back on track.)

Anyways. I... This wasn't the intention of this mission, but I discovered something.

(Beat.)

And this is what makes what happened *really* fucked up because— I mean, I wasn't even looking for it. I just... I noticed this impossibly strange consistency between some bacteria. And as I began to study and investigate the consistency, I found nothing, but yet understood something more? It's hard to— ... I—I just got to this point where I looked around and realized that I was not at all the person I was... And something had changed. Something big. And I sent a memo to Diana and I told her to look into this bacteria. And then the weeks after it just became more and more apparent... This bacteria was.... *Is...* An ingredient for time.

(Beat.)

And I know this sounds insane but the more I interacted with the bacteria, the more I began to receive these— I mean there's nothing else to call them but: messages. Messages in my head. From the future or the past or some different universe but they were all guiding my research and telling me where to look and what to do next and from that point on my understanding grew exponentially to the point where I thought I might have an idea for how we could utilize the bacteria and somehow send a message to anywhere, anytime, warning them of the danger and the death and the darkness and I was so excited, I sent a memo with all of my plans to Diana and explained everything and she— she...

(Beat.)

And that was three days ago.

(Beat.)

I wanted it for the earth... I wanted it for the human race and for those who were counting us but I think more than anything I wanted it for Diana.

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I wanted to make up all of that time. I wanted to try it again... I wanted to watch us fall in love over and over again... I wanted to watch her kiss me for the first time again every possible way I could... capturing everything. I wanted us to love each-other while we watched each-other love each-other... I wanted to make a different decision. I wanted to go back and never ask her and never leave and— and maybe if we *had* to leave then I wanted to destroy the kill switch or ask them *not to separate us!* I would have done anything *I could have done everything!!!!*

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But I never got the chance.

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So that's the story of two lesbians trying to save the human race.

(Beat.)

I've named the bacteria. D - one - A- N-A. Kind of sounds like DNA but spells out Diana. Super two thousand-tens of me. I've also attached pictures to this transmission of the bacteria under the microscope. I hope someone out there gets this.

(Beat. She ponders the end of things.)

If someone is listening and somehow this has all worked out can you please just come here and save me? Pinch me or something?

(Beat. She waits. Maybe even with some optimism. No one appears.)

Welp. Fuck.

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At least we tried, D.  
 See you soon.

(Beat. She takes a deep breath.)

Ok. Here I go.

Alexandra closes her eyes and lifts her hand up into view of the camera lens. She quickly presses down her thumb to initiate the kill switch.

Her thumb presses down on nothing. She opens her eyes. She looks at her hand, it's empty. She looks around, dumbfounded.

Then, very slowly, she turns and lifts her head to meet her eyes with the camera. She barely starts to smile when:

BLACKOUT.

**END OF MONOLOGUE.**