

Search for the Last Earthling (excerpt)

By

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Cast of Characters

PARL: Medical officer and off world colony raised humanoid.

ECHO: Walking talking computer. The first AI.

REX: Of the species KSSFLBRAUGLE. Bad ass lizard Warrior.

moleman KURT:

moleman LEFTY:

moleman STOMPY:

moleman CHILD OF LEFTY:

moleman SCRIBE:

CRO MAGNON MAN: remnant of humankind's cryptozoological past. Doesn't say much. Always seen moving a boulder.

Scene

Having survived a crash landing, the search party from the crew of transport vessel "The Redemption" find themselves on the outlier of a derelict settlement. They are searching for the point of origin of a distress call, sent by the last Earth born Human being.

Time

The future

Scene 3

On the outlier of a derelict settlement ECHO, PARL and REX try to navigate the ruins of this ancient world.

ECHO

Compelling.

REX

You favour that word.

ECHO

My neurolinguistic translator only permits so many phrases. I apologize if this aggravates you.

REX

No apology required. Merely an observation: not a criticism.

ECHO

Noted. Apology retracted.

REX

Retraction noted.

PARL

Would you two make out already?

REX

What I perceive to be your attempts at humour, however, does aggravate me. Your formal apology will be expected upon my return from scouting the perimeter.

REX scouts ahead.

ECHO

I sense hostility growing between you and designation REX.

PARL

And here I thought Rex was warming up to me.

ECHO

Perhaps, I am mistaken. Sociological nuances can be difficult for me to navigate.

PARL

I'm getting that. You just need to learn that some things can go without saying.

(CONTINUED)

ECHO

What you say is concurrent with one of my greatest interactive challenges: that of deception.

PARL

Lying? Seriously? You can't lie?

ECHO

I am capable of providing false information, however, doing so convincingly - while simultaneously judging when it is appropriate to engage in deception - continues to elude me.

PARL

No kidding. Alright, tell me a lie right now.

ECHO

What shall I lie to you about?

PARL

If I tell you what to lie to me about you're not really lying to me, you're just fulfilling a request.

ECHO

I see.

PARL

Let it come naturally. When the mood strikes you, throw me a lie.

ECHO

I shall try.

BEAT.

ECHO

(unconvincingly)
REX has absolutely zero fear of cats!

PARL

What?

ECHO

Security Designate REX in fact has a crippling fear of felines and, as such, my saying (s)he does not, was a deception on my part. How did I do?

PARL

Well my first criticism would be don't follow up your lie, by saying you just lied. That does not a successful lie make.

(CONTINUED)

ECHO

Sound reasoning.

PARL

Second: that is adorable and I cannot wait to bring it up with my new friend REX!

ECHO

Rex's fear of Cat's is a particularly sore point of contention with them. I believe my socio-psychological indexes would classify any attempts to ridicule Rex in this regard as: not cool.

PARL

A little teasing never hurt nobody.

ECHO

That would be unwise, as REX is a formidable opponent.

PARL

You know what, I'm getting real sick of the whole pick on the human thing! I'm a descendant of Earthlings: on Earth! This is MY ancestral home and I think that makes ME pretty goddamn formidable.

ECHO

If I am not mistaken you are evoking the strategem of "home field advantage" to weigh in your favor, should a conflict arise.

PARL

Come at me bro. Come at me strong!

ECHO

Since Rex able to excrete acidic sputum, extract spiked barbs from both arms and shut off empathy for any living opponent - I would be curious to see how this home field advantage ranks in comparison.

PARL

S... Sputum? Like from the mouth?

ECHO:

Among other orifices.

PARL

Huh ... I should probably apologize.

ECHO

It is advisable.

REX returns from scouting. Accompanied by a furry Alien creature.

PARL

What the hell is that thing?

REX

A representative of a nearby encampment. He has agreed to show you the way to their governance square.

PARL

Thank you, um -

KURT

My people have no need for names as it takes too long to come up with, assign, learn and exchange them between each other.

PARL

Unlike the time it took to explain all that to us.

KURT

For the purpose of communication you may call me: Kurt.

PARL

Kurt?

KURT

Kurt is the default designation used in diplomatic dealings with outsiders.

ECHO

Noted. Our gratitude: Kurt.

KURT

Let us proceed.

REX

I will remain here to maintain a perimeter.

REX pulls spiked barbs from both arms in an impressive display.

ECHO

Noted. Lead on: Kurt.

PARL, before following ECHO and KURT, tentatively goes to REX.

PARL

Um, apologies for ... aggravating you earlier.

REX

Apology received, and ... accepted.

(CONTINUED)

PARL

Great. That's great. Bad enough the world's ending.
Don't want to aggravate you on top of that.

REX

Were I to become aggravated with you, your expiration
would occur before your amygdala could signal your
hypothalamus.

PARL

... Uh ...

REX

You would die before you could cry out.

PARL

... Noted ... Leaving now.

*PARL catches up with ECHO and KURT. KURT has begun
to grey.*

KURT

The human! It's been so long.

PARL

About a minute. What happened to Kurt?

ECHO

Kurt appears to be one of the race of so-called
"May-fly-molemen" so named for their brief lifespan and
adorable moleman like appearance.

KURT

You've missed much.

PARL

Why are we stopped.

ECHO

We are temporarily delayed.

PARL

By what?

*Suddenly two Mayflymolemen come running at each
other from opposite sides. They meet in violent
mortal combat!*

STOMPY

Victory or death!

LEFTY

To the last!

PARL

What's their problem?

KURT

An ongoing war. Spanning generations.

ECHO

What is the source of their quarrel?

KURT

Multi-layered, dizzyingly complex and fathoms deep with difference and defiance ... but mostly, one side is left handed, whilst the other has elected to perform most tasks with their monkey-hand-feet.

STOMPY

YOU SOUTH PAW BASTARDS ARE EVIL! AND YOU DO EVERYTHING BACKWARDS!

LEFTY

EATING WITH YOUR FEET IS GROSS! YOU'RE ALL GROSS!

Their fighting intensifies.

PARL

This is stupid. Don't they know the world is ending?

ECHO

My databases would concur that war is rarely averted, but rather fueled by promise of oblivion.

PARL

Ya, but ... still ... so stupid.

STOMPY get's the upperhand over LEFTY

STOMPY

Any last words?

LEFTY

My son ... lives ON!

STOMPY delivers final blow. LEFTY dies.

STOMPY

Another victory over the South paws! Monkey feet rule!

CHILD OF LEFTY appears with reinforcements and rushes to LEFTY, cradling their fallen father in their arms.

CHILD OF LEFTY

FATHER NO!(sobs. recovers. stands) You will be avenged.
(Duel swords drawn) DEATH TO THE MONKEY FEET!

STOMPY

Shit they're using both hands now! RETREAT! RETREAT!!!

CHILD OF LEFTY chases STOMPY off.

Beat.

KURT

Shall we proceed?

ECHO

(SIMULANEOUS)

Indeed.

PARL

(SIMULANEOUS)

Please.

The three leave the battlefield. CROMAGNON enters rolling his boulder, but stops upon noticing the remaining corpse. He tries to interact with it, but to no avail. He then realizes that the creature is dead. This is the first time CROMAGNON MAN has acknowledged death. He doesn't like it. In fear and anguish he rolls his boulder away.

ECHO, PARL and KURT arrive at an official looking building, decayed through years of neglect. KURT has become aged. An impressive silver beard is quite prominent.

KURT

This is our governance square. Debates, rulings, even weddings from time-to-time occur in this space. Why, I was married here just this morning.

ECHO

(SIMULANEOUS)

Congratulations.

PARL

(SIMULANEOUS)

Health and happiness

KURT

She's likely dead by now.

(CONTINUED)

ECHO

(SIMULANEOUS)
Most likely.

PARL

(SIMULANEOUS)
I am so sorry.

KURT

It's my own fault. I insisted on a long engagement. An entire hour, for what. We knew it was love from the first. Ah ... to be young again. Time IS a fleeting thing, but only now do I realize that this does not have to be a bad thing.

A commotion from inside the square. The Bells toll.

PARL

That sounds ominous.

KURT

The elder officiate is dead ... our people are without a leader ...

ECHO

Inquiry: who now will take your elder's place?

KURT

The oldest individual that is in nearest proximity to his death, will wear the sash of office and govern till they in turn expire.

ECHO

(SIMULANEOUS)
Sound reasoning.

PARL

(SIMULANEOUS)
Nothing about this isn't insane.

A SCRIBE emerges with a sash of office. Looking around in earnest. Sees KURT. Excitedly goes to KURT applying the sash of office.

SCRIBE

Long may you hold this office, eldest officiate!

KURT

May I prove worthy of it's weight. (To ECHO and PARL)
Friends: we have traveled far together, witnessed war, shared perspective and now we must part. I will cherish the wisdom gained from our time together. Thank you,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KURT (cont'd)
for everything. Directions will be acquired for you, to find that whom you seek. Wait for them here. (To SCRIBE) Help me to the counsel. There is great good to yet be done.

SCRIBE
It would be an honor, sir. (Helps KURT into the square). By the way if a position in finance opened up, I'd really love to make a lateral career move.

KURT
Qualifications?

SCRIBE
I got my masters only 10 minutes ago.

KURT
Truly? In what field?

SCRIBE
Equestrian psychology.

KURT
Oh?

ECHO and PARL, alone take in everything they've witnessed. Silence.

PARL
... this has been an odd day.

ECHO
Compelling.

PARL
I don't suppose we could save one of these things. You know for preservation?

ECHO
It is unlikely that any one of their species would survive the trip to our vessel.

PARL
Just a thought ...

ECHO
I observe you to be disheartened.

PARL
Since this is your beta test and all, allow me to rate your bed side manner as "inadequate"

ECHO

How so?

PARL

I'm drowning in existential dread over hear, man! Show some compassion.

ECHO

(unconvincingly)
Everything's gonna be fine.

PARL

I miss the murderous lizard man.

ECHO

Could you expand on this existential dread?

PARL

Not sure you'd understand, my fine metal friend.

ECHO

Metal is an oversimplification: my techno mechanical hub is composed of-

PARL

Forgetting the fact that they live and die in like a day AND looking past the short amount of time they do get is still wasted on needlessly petty shit like wars, long engagements and oddly specific masters' degrees; in the end they're still on an unstable rock that's moments away from oblivion! So whatever they do and do NOT do is so pointless and trivial as to border on being just ...

ECHO

Irrelevant?

PARL

Ya ... that is the word for it.

ECHO

Perhaps in struggling with their conflict, you find yourself reflecting on your own peoples' conflict? On your conflict?

PARL

Are you saying I'm like them?

ECHO

I am saying, that *that* is what you are saying.

SCRIBE enters with a message.

SCRIBE

Oh good, you're still here! The Elder officiate apologizes that he couldn't be here to see you off himself, but he has opposition parties he needs to rally to his cause. I can already tell, his impassioned speeches will be remembered for generations.

PARL

Or till the world ends, whichever comes first.

ECHO

You have brought us something?

SCRIBE

Yes! Our records have revealed an ancient guide, that highlights the surrounding landscape and it's many features. Let it guide you as it has guided us!

ECHO

Gratitude, for this gift.

SCRIBE

I must return! His words, oh! The revolution is most definitely here my friends! Changes has come!

Scribe exits returning to the Square.

PARL

Well, let's see what we've got.

ECHO

It appears to be an analogue map. Along with an index of trivia and details of surrounding landmarks.

PARL

It's a tourism guide. According to this, we are currently in the remains of a millennial fair.

ECHO

"Where Today Meets Tomorrow: Today!"

PARL

Let's take this back to Rex and figure out our next step.

ECHO

Parl, though my "bed side manner" can be classified as "inadequate". I hope you do not think I observe you or your struggle as *irrelevant*.

Before PARL can answer to this the Bells toll from inside the town square, signifying the death of KURT. PARL reflects on this before they move on.