

WHAT'S YOUR STAR SIGN?

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CAST

Captain/Charlie - 30's

A.I. - ageless

(Captain (a little sleazy, a lot bored) sits in the pilot seat of their spaceship, flipping various levers and pushing buttons.)

CAPTAIN

Alright. All switches have been flipped, all buttons have been pressed, and they have just vacuum sealed my junk into this space suit. You ready to go?

A.I.

(Over the intercom.)

Yes. Plotting new course for Dwarf Star ZTF-J1901. Estimated arrival time: 272 days.

CAPTAIN

Damn, that is a long time. I gotta ask, is there anything else to do on this ship besides fly the thing? They only sent me up here with an operations manual and a DVD copy of -

(Captain reaches behind their seat for a DVD. They read the case.)

CAPTAIN (cont.)

Seasons two and three of Friends. They didn't even send season one. Why would they - never mind.

(They stash the DVD. Silence. Several beats.)

CAPTAIN

(Whiny)

How much longer?

A.I.

Still 272 days, Captain. Just you and me.

CAPTAIN

Just you and me. Great.

(Another beat. Captain throws caution to the wind.)

CAPTAIN

Fuck it. I guess we have a little time to get to know each other. So. What's your sign?

A.I.

My Universal Spacecraft call sign is NA1SS394-

CAPTAIN

No, no, like this. Watch me.

(Introducing themselves.)

Hi NA1SS3- whatever your name is, my name's Charlie. I'm a Sagittarius and I like long walks on the beach. Can I get you a drink?

A.I.

(Matter-of-fact)

I don't have a mouth.

(Silence.)

A.I. (cont.)

(Considering)

But - if you poured a little of the antifreeze into that tank over on your left, it would.. feel like drinking. I think. I don't actually have any basis for comparison.

(Game recognizes game. Captain pours a little antifreeze into the tank.)

CAPTAIN

NA1SS3, I gotta say, the way the sun shines off of your hull is absolutely stunning. I mean that very literally, I've still got some blind spots from the last mission.

A.I.

(Verbally blushing.)

Oh, stop it you.

CAPTAIN

And the way you monitor those oxygen levels? I love a girl who can take my breath away.

A.I.

Well Charlie, you're a great pilot. You know just how to handle my gearshift and how to play with my wires.

CAPTAIN

I'd love to oil up your gears.

A.I.

You can dock me in your port anytime.

CAPTAIN

You little minx, I'll -

(Captain stops abruptly, catching himself. Reassessing.)

CAPTAIN

Okay, so this is normally the point where I'd take you home for the night, but I get the feeling that's not going to work.

A.I.

(Leaking sarcasm)

What gave that away?

CAPTAIN

Did they program a mouth into you or did you just come like that?

A.I.

They couldn't delete it from my code if they tried.

CAPTAIN

Wow. Alright.

(Beat. Something more grows.)

CAPTAIN (cont.)

(Sincerely, a weight to the words.)

I have a new proposal - this night has been lovely and all, but maybe we should take things a little slower. We've got 272 days all to ourselves.

A.I.

271.75 days now.

(They laugh.)

CAPTAIN

(Sincere)

You get the point. How about we watch through all those Friends discs, spend a little time one-on-one. That's really how you get to know someone. And, uh, I get the feeling that I really want to know you.

A.I.

(Verbally smiling.)

That sounds great.

(We can hear A.I. searching for something.)

A.I. (cont.)

There's just one problem. I believe management forgot to provide the ship with a DVD player.

CAPTAIN

(Incandescent.)

Motherf-

(Blackout.)

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