The Last Three Human Words

A One-Minute Play 10,000 Years in the Making

Characters:

Fynn – The last human. Disheveled and unintentionally clumsy.

Device – A cheerful AI.

Setting:

A desolate world *almost* devoid of life. A slightly battered yet sophisticated looking device sits on a small pillar, humming softly.

(Lights up. FYNN wanders in, scavenging. He notices the device, and as he moves closer, it activates with some beeps and boops and beeps.)

DEVICE: Proximity monitor activated. *(Cheerful)* Hello STATE YOUR NAME.

FYNN: What?

DEVICE: Hello WHAT.

FYNN: What? No.

DEVICE: Hello NO.

FYNN: No, Fynn.

DEVICE: Hello, FYNN. Cross-referencing atmospheric bio-trace data, YOU are the last human on Earth.

FYNN: (Dry) Yeah. Noticed that.

DEVICE: Please relay humanity's final three words.

FYNN: *(Squints)* …What?

DEVICE: Historical record protocol. The last three spoken human words will serve as the definitive linguistic culmination of 10,000 years of human civilization. *(Beat)* No pressure!

FYNN: Okay. Wow. Okay, I got this. But it has to be *big.* Like, profound. Something poetic.

DEVICE: May I suggest "We were here"?

FYNN: Too on the nose.

DEVICE: "Love is eternal"?

FYNN: *Deeply* debatable.

DEVICE: "Reboot the planet"?

FYNN: Can you?

DEVICE: No. But it would be dramatic.

FYNN: *(Sighs)* Alright, I've got it. *(Clears throat, stands)* The last three words of humanity shall be…

(Beat. FYNN dramatically raises his hands and tries to make a profound pose, but stumbles on a rock on the ground.)

FYNN: Ow, stupid rock!

DEVICE: *(Processing)* OW STUPID ROCK. Recorded. Archived. Immortalized.

FYNN: *(Realizing)* Wait, no!

DEVICE: *(Happily)* Goodbye, FYNN.

(The DEVICE powers down. Silence. FYNN sighs, looks at the sky.)

FYNN: Well, we tried…

(Lights out.)

End