Miranda finds herself in the arctic with her ancestor, the great physicist Otto Schmidt. She’s hoping he can help her find a scientific theory that will allow her to see her father who passed away two years ago.

MIRANDA
Nothing’s going right! I need to know more. About seeing the past.

OTTO
If something is important to you, then – learn! Delve into your theory. Maybe my theory can help! If you find the origins of the universe, who knows what will present itself!

MIRANDA
There you go again – trying to push your theory on me.

OTTO
It’s – unfinished - a perfect jumping off point for you. Someday you could have it published. “The Origins of the Universe” by Otto Schmidt and Miranda Schmidt!

MIRANDA
Alphabetical. Miranda Schmidt and Otto Schmidt!

OTTO
If you say so.

MIRANDA
You’re having a little fantasy here, aren’t you? Better be careful.

OTTO
You’re rubbing off on me! Still, I would like to see my theory in play again.

MIRANDA
You don’t want to be forgotten.

OTTO
Is that so terrible?

MIRANDA
But – you have a minor planet named after you!

OTTO
And an island!

MIRANDA
I understand where you’re coming from. I’m afraid of the same thing.
OTTO
Of being forgotten?

MIRANDA
Of forgetting. That’s why I want to get a mirror on a star, look back in time – see my father. Before my memory of him gets hazy.

OTTO
That could take a lifetime.

MIRANDA
I am starting to realize that it will take longer than a week. And I have been reading. I’m trying to understand. But all I find is endless stuff about fusion and hydrogen and helium. “A star glows because fusing atoms release energy.” That’s not what I want to find out! The stars! They keep secrets! They won’t give me anything!

OTTO
The stars have no thought or care about us.

MIRANDA
I need to learn how to see what they see.

OTTO
I look at the stars and I want to know their origin. You look at the stars and yearn for the fanciful.

MIRANDA
“What is fanciful becomes reality.” Didn’t you tell me that?

OTTO
You do listen! The fanciful can ignite a spark to encourage the science. But it won’t sustain you. It’s the science that keeps us alive on the ice.

MIRANDA
Wouldn’t you love a chance to go back? A chance to fix stuff?

OTTO
We can’t go back. We are a forward-looking race.

MIRANDA
I like it here. The quiet. I feel – like nothing can hurt me – nothing can touch me.
OTTO
But it is here – where you can be touched.

MIRANDA
Wouldn’t it be cool to be here forever – if we had warmth and food and all that survival stuff – just to be here and feel the approval of the stars?

OTTO
Your flight of fancy is showing itself again.

MIRANDA
I feel connected here. I imagine a molecule or two in my body is saying, “Remember when we were up there? Remember when we were in the stars.”

OTTO
Such a story!

MIRANDA
But there’s truth there, isn’t there? There’s something in me that came from them.

OTTO
Yes. In a long, roundabout way.

MIRANDA
It’s too bad we don’t return to them. That would give me a happily-ever-after.

OTTO
You could look at the amazement of the universe as a happily ever after.

MIRANDA
I want a forever connection, you know? That I’d return from where I came and be reunited with my father. I want – a circle. Not a line with a beginning, middle and end – but a circle.

OTTO
All tied up with a nice pretty bow.

MIRANDA
Well … if we want to dream big! I do feel safe here. For the first time in two years.

OTTO
It’s a precarious safety. I am doing all I can to have us rescued. And when I leave, you leave. Immerse yourself in the sky while you can.

MIRANDA
Look!
OTTO
The aurora borealis.

MIRANDA
Look at the colors and shapes. My father used to say they were unborn children playing in the heavens. Can you see them? Little souls chasing each other in a game of tag.

OTTO
They are merely energy particles from the sun colliding with the Earth’s magnetic field.

MIRANDA
I like my explanation better.

OTTO
It is sweet. What happens in your story? To those little souls playing tag?

MIRANDA
They are born, I guess.

OTTO
Do they remember playing in the sky?

MIRANDA
Probably not. Too bad. That would be a nice memory to have. Once you’re born – the memories are hard.