

# OBLIVITY

By Rob Stringer

A scripted comedy series for radio

## MISSIVES TO MARS

A MINI-SERIES TO SUPPORT OUR  
SEASON 2 [CROWDFUNDING CAMPAIGN](#)

Week 4: LOWELL

LOWELL: Yo Orpheus. Transcribble this.

ORPHEUS: Ready to transcribe.

LOWELL: So the Commando says we have to do this thing where we choose someone to talk to back on Mars, and somehow it's going to make Christy stop cookin' flowers.

I dunno what we're supposed to talk about, but basically everyone else has done it so it's my turn now.

But, the thing is, I was in the big accident a few years back, and I don't actually remember anything before it, and the Commando knows that, so it's stupid making me do all this, cos actually I don't know anyone on Mars.

Except for one person I suppose.

So. Here goes.

Dear The Profactor,

**MUSIC:** **SHORT INTRO MUSIC**

ROB: Missives to Mars: An Oblivity minisode.

LOWELL: So I guess the big news is that everyone's not dead. You might not know that if you haven't been checking the news back home. If we're in the news.

I guess you probably think that I blew up after you sent that box with a button on it. But I didn't.

So I'm still here. Just bein' me or whatever.

I guess I should have been pretty annoyed that you made me into a walking bomb. But I could've been ok with it and had a big laugh about it if it wasn't for Cybergerbil going and blowing up instead of me.

I've been looking out at the stars for him, just like he told me to. It'd be nice to see his little face again. His little twitchy nose. His little bionic paw and retractable tail.

Still, while I've been waitin' I've been doin some learning all by myself. I've been learnin what order all the planets go in.

Here, listen:

There's the melty one, obviously. Then it's the goddess of love, Pocahontas; then it's the blue one where no one lives anymore cos people broke it; and then it's home. That's where you are now.

Funny how we all call it home - Mars that is. I've been over here longer than I was there - that I remember that is. So really I guess this place is home for me. I wonder how long I'll stay here for? I mean - the others might all finish whatever they're doin' and then go back to the people that they wanna go back to. But me? I dunno. If there's anyone I wanna go back to, then I don't know who they are.

Maybe I'll just be here forever.

After that there's the massive stripy one, that bumface says is a gas giant, which I totally get, cos my tummy gets funny with wheat too. Then there's Mr Frisbee-head, and then it's Uranus - that's near where my mate Lexell lives!

Finally, before we get to us here, it's Neptune, which I dunno much about really, except that its magnetopause - where the pressure of the magnetosphere counterbalances the solar wind - lies at a distance of 23 to 26.5 times the planet's radius.

Hehe, 'wind'.

#### **PAUSE**

Do you ever still think about me up here? I guess it'd be nice if you got in touch again. But this time as a mate, not as someone who wanted me to shoot rockets out of my bum.

Cos it gets a bit lonely here, which is why I liked havin' Cybergerbil around. He was always there,

getting' up to his little tricks, an' callin' me 'master', and completely accidentally nearly killin' everyone except for me.

But now he's gone, and it's just me and that lot again. I see the Commando a bit, but she doesn't do much except read those detective books and drink green stuff in the rec. room. And when she's in there she puts a cushion over the Cybergerbil statue.

Burney's building stuff. I went past the other day and he'd left the door open. I thought that he was maybe just showin' off about the work he was doin, so I just closed the door and went off.

Christy's basically nowhere - except sometimes I see all these muddy footprints around the base which I think are hers. I was gonna go get a mop earlier to sort it out, but I couldn't find them. I swore we had a mop cupboard around here somewhere, but there's only this journal room. Weird.

I saw everyone at the thing we did for Cybergerbil though. That was when Christy put flowers on the table. I mean, on a plate, on the table. I wasn't feelin' very hungry - and it seemed weird servin' up flowers anyway - but then I saw that no one else was eatin'. And I thought it was a bit rude, cos we were all there for Cybergerbil. So I decided if one of us was gonna respect him by eatin' the flowers it would be me.

After that I went to my room. My tummy was all hot, and my eyes were all stingin' an stuff - probably the flowers makin' me feel funny and definitely not cos I felt a bit sick and weird and sad - and then Burney came in with a bottle of the Commando's green stuff.

He put it on the side, then he picked up Cybergerbil's cage and walked out without sayin' anything.

And then I just got this feeling - like being all annoyed, but times a hundred. Cos I was thinking it's not right!

There's Falconer coverin' up the statue, and then there's Christy making everyone eat flowers instead of proper food, and then there's Bumface now takin' the cage, and I just thought - why doesn't anyone care about Cybergerbil? Nobody cares!

So I went out after him, but he wouldn't give it back.

And then Christy was there, and she, like, grabbed it from him - and then held it out at me.

And I was gonna take it.

But then I saw the Commando, and she looked... different. Sort of blank, like she wasn't really there. And then I looked at Christy, and saw that she was all covered in mud and looked really sleepy, and then I remembered how Bumface had been acting a bit weird lately, like takin' his own pulse an' dryin' his hands all the time.

And I just thought... well, maybe the cage didn't really actually matter at all.

Is that weird?

Anyway, I just said it was OK and that I didn't mind.

#### **PAUSE**

But I dunno. I musta said something wrong - as usual - cos Christy threw a wobbly, and lobbed the cage all the way down the corridor for *miles*.

An' everyone just walked away.

So I got the cage and put it in storage.

Right. Apparently we should all feel better after doin' this. I dunno, maybe I do. I can't tell yet.

I don't think it'll stop people from doin' mad stuff though. Like for instance, when I saw the Commando comin' out of here, I went and got the green stuff from our quarters cos I thought she'd want it back.

But she just gave it a funny look, and then dropped it in the bin.

I don't get that lot.

Anyway, that's about everythin'.

Oh and hey, if you want to meet up and talk about stuff again, then that'd be cool. I honestly don't even mind about the bomb stuff. I mean you probably had good reasons for it. So let me know, yeah?

Oh no, hang on. The Commando said not to actually send the letter, didn't she.

But that can't be right can it? Cos then why would I bother writin' it?

I'll go and ask.

Unless - ah, I know. She must've meant for no one else to send their letters, but to wait 'til I'd gone in cos I was the last; so it must be up to me to send *all* the letters.

Yeah, that's definitely it.

Orpheus: send everyone's letters.

ORPHEUS: Three files are in the Deleted items folder. Are you sure you wish to retrieve these?

LOWELL: What? (LAUGHING) Those idiots. Yeah get those and send them all to Mars.

ORPHEUS: All files contain recipient designations, but not their intended delivery addresses. Would you like me to match the files to the most likely delivery addresses?

LOWELL: Yeah duh! Do I have to do everythin round here?

ORPHEUS: Sending.

LOWELL: Ooh! Cool torch!

On off on off on off on off on off on off

**FX: CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK**

LOWELL: Oh. Now it's just flickerin'.

I'll just leave it here.

**FX: CHAIR SCRAPES BACK.**

LOWELL: (SINGING) Here I go to the observation room, to find the mops, and maybe also a broom...

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN AND CLOSED.**

ORPHEUS: (SINGING) All files deliveeeeered.

**End**