**OBLIVITY**

A scripted comedy series for radio

Script by Rob Stringer/Production by Joe Carr

**SEASON 2 EPISODE 7**

**UMBRA: PART TWO**

**COMMANDER MILDRED FALCONER** CATE NUNN

Battle-hardened and bewildered.

**FIRST LIEUTENANT JOY CHRISTY** HANNAH WILMSHURST

A peppy thrill-seeker and over-achiever.

**OFFICER ALOYSIUS BURNEY** MAX WINDICH

Prodigious and introverted.

**OFFICER HOWELL LOWELL** ASHLEY HUNT

An impulsive wrecking-ball.

**ORPHEUS**: GUY GRIMSLEY

A bug-riddled computer.

**MAJOR GENERAL SILAS FALCONER**: MATT BLURTON

Mildred’s dad

**DR. HESTER FALCONER:** CAROLYN TAYLOR

Mildred’s mum

**SPECIAL OPERATIVE AMOS DEXTER:** ED BLAGROVE

An easy-going special operative

**COMMANDER GERTRUDE MINK:** CLARE DENTON

Mildred’s smug nemesis

**SECOND SECRETARY AMBROSE BURNEY:** MAX WINDICH

Burney’s twin brother

**TIMMY:** TBC – PROBABLY ROB TO BE HONEST

A character in a film

**MUSIC: DRAMATIC VARIATION OF THEME**

**RECAP FROM PART ONE**

[SEE SEPARATE SCRIPT]

**MUSIC: INTRO THEME**

ROB: Oblivity. Season Two, episode seven. Umbra: Part Two.

**SCENE THIRTEEN (SPLIT AROUND SC12): INT. CREWPOD**

LOWELL: You closed the hatch! There was still *time*! I can’t believe you-

BURNEY: I didn’t! I assure you I didn’t!

LOWELL: [ACCUSING] Then who did?

BURNEY: The only way the undocking procedure could have been initiated is if-

**BEAT**

CHRISTY: [D. OVER TRANSCEIVER] I wouldn’t have made it.

**BEAT**

LOWELL: No*…*

**SCENE TWELVE (NOW BREAKS UP SC13): INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

DEXTER: But that’s not what *really* worries you.

What *really* nags at you, is that you’re starting to question which side *you’re* on.

FALCONER: I’m on the *right* side.

DEXTER: And why wouldn’t you be? Good thing too – because if it turned out that the *other* side was the right side, you’d have to admit that all this time you’d been on the *wrong* side.

FALCONER: Well, maybe neither side is entirely right.

DEXTER: Almost makes the whole exercise seem farcical, doesn’t it?

FALCONER: I’ve saved lives. Thousands.

DEXTER: Yes.

But how many others, Mildred?

FALCONER: I can’t- I had to defend- You understand I had to-

DEXTER: I’m not talking about the countless Defectors you’ve slaughtered, Mildred.

I mean the people in your *own* charge. The ones that trusted you to keep them safe.

**SCENE THIRTEEN (SPLIT AROUND SC12.): INT. CREWPOD**

CHRISTY: [D. OVER TRANSCEIVER] It was my decision, OK? Mine alone.

**FX: CREAKING OF SINKING UMBRA COMES THROUGH TRANSCEIVER SPORADICALLY**

LOWELL: I dunno what to say…

CHRISTY: You don’t have to. Just… stay with me til the connection goes. Please?

BURNEY: Of course.

**BEAT**

CHRISTY: I did it. Didn’t I?

I was a pilot.

**BEAT**

LOWELL: Yeah. You did it.

BURNEY: Best damn pilot in the Sys’.

CHRISTY: Aloysius, you’re in danger of making me think there’s hope for you after all.

**BEAT**

And Howell, or Benedict, or whatever your name is – I hope that when you work out who you are, it’s someone that makes you happy.

**BEAT**

I want the Commander to know she taught me loads, even if she doesn’t believe it – which she won’t.

**BEAT**

CHRISTY: And as for Auntie Xi Win; I know she’s the reason I lost my shot at pilot academy. But I think it was her way of trying to keep me safe. So tell her… Tell her-

[DOESN’T MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS – TOO BROKEN UP TO UNDERSTAND] e – oo- f – bu-

**FX: STATIC OF LOST CONNECTION TO CHRISTY’S TRANSCEIVER**

**BEAT**

LOWELL: Tell her what, Christy?

*Christy!*

BURNEY: It’s gone.

**FX: STATIC ENDS**

She’s gone.

**SCENE FOURTEEN: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

FALCONER: That’s not *true*! I’ve always protected them!

DEXTER: Mildred; we won’t get anywhere as long as you keep lying to yourself!

You don’t *protect* them from danger…

MINK: …You *are* the danger.

FALCONER: *You*… You don’t know me.

MINK: I know what it’s like to see everything as a threat, believe me. We’re the same that way. Always waiting to see if that ribbon-wrapped gift is really a ticking time bomb.

The difference between us, Commander, is that y*ou hope that it* is*.*

Funny these little epithets they give us. ‘Mink the Modest’: a modest soubriquet in itself, but I like it; it’s *awfully* humbling.

But ‘Falconer the Fearless’. There’s not much I envy you for, but that - *that’s* inspiring.

Except it’s not quite true.

“I cannot do nothing,” you once said. Facing being stripped of your medals and returned to civilian life, you *begged* for mercy.

FALCONER: You weren’t there!

MINK: I’m not me! Really, Commander; how many times!

“I cannot do nothing.” Why is that?

FACLOENR: I like - *need* to have a purpose. Everybody does.

MINK: [LAUGHS] Oh that’s precious!

**PAUSE**

You’re afraid of being safe; you’re petrified of *comfort*: the kind of life where a knock on the door is nothing more sinister than a delivery of the latest twin-set, or teapot, or whatever you need to fill the void, while the universe cools around you.

But danger… *Ahh…* Now that’s when you’re alive.

Even if it means losing everyone around you.

**SCENE FIFTEEN: INT. CREWPOD**

LOWELL: [PROBABLY SNIFFLING] We should say something. Like… words?

BURNEY: [FRETTING] Indeed.

LOWELL: Do you… wanna…

BURNEY: Of course.

**BEAT**

Lowell, we must discuss your lineage.

LOWELL: What? *Seriously*?

We just lost Christy, and that’s all you can think about?!

BURNEY: I am deeply perturbed by the loss-

LOWELL: *Perturbed*?

BURNEY: But you must understand there are greater forces at play.

LOWELL: Yeah. There are greater forces.

And one of them is *me*!

BRUNEY: Ahhh! [STRANGLED] *You’re strangling me!*

LOWELL: Oh, am I stopping you from being *perturbed*?

BURNEY: [STRANGLED] I… can’t… bre…

LOWELL: You sent her back in there! And now you just wanna forget her?

**FX: A FAINT ‘DONK DONK DONK’ BEGINS**

LOWELL: She’s underground cos of us! She’s underground cos-

What are you hitting me with?

BURNEY: [STRANGLED] Dictation… device... Closest thing to hand...

LOWELL: Well you’re hitting the titanium half of my head.

BURNEY: [STRANGLED] That’s the other side.

**BEAT**

LOWELL: Oh yeah.

BURNEY: [GASPS AT BEING LET GO AND BREATHES]

LOWELL: Always forget that.

I’m *always* forgetting.

Ever feel like you’re not yourself?

BURNEY: Not to invite further asphyxiation, but recent evidence suggests you aren’t.

LOWELL: Yeah. Look, sorry for strangling you. I shouldn’t’ve done that.

BURNEY: I have never been one to externalise my… passions. But please understand that this does not mean I am unaffected.

And I’m sorrytoo*.*

**BEAT**

LOWELL: Did you just…

BURNEY: I believe I did.

**BEAT**

LOWELL: Neither of us are exactly good at ‘dealing’, are we.

What’d Christy say if she saw us like this, eh?

**FX: STATIC OF TRANSCEIVER**

CHRISTY: [D.] ‘*a - e – d – f’*

LOWELL: Exactly. She’d say ‘*a - e – d – f’*

**BEAT**

BURNEY: The transceiver-

LOWEL: Burney, look! The Umbra’s coming up outta the slush again!

BURNEY: She’s raising it! Somehow she’s raising it!

CHRISTY: [D.] I’m the best damn pilot in the Sys, and I’m going to fly if it takes *every last damn fume!*

LOWELL: How did you…?

CHRISTY: Modular auxiliary data system instrumentation!

BURENY: Of course! You rerouted the power from the auxiliary systems!

CHRISTY: [INCREDULOUS] What? *No*! How do you think aerospace engineering works exactly?! No, I noticed it was logging data from an external tank! Haven’t got long before it’s jettisoned though, so gotta do this fast!

LOWELL: You heard her! Dock with it!

BURNEY: I don’t think we can – it’s too unstable!

LOWELL: The Umbra’s air lock is opening!

BURNEY: What is she doing?

CHRISTY: [D] Keep the CrewPod steady!

LOWELL: Do what she says!

BURNEY: I am... But the SS Umbra is sinking again!

CHRISTY: [D] I know that, I’m *on* it!

LOWELL: What you gonna do?

Christy? Where are you?

Oh no no no! She’s just gonna go down with it aga–

BURNEY: What?

LOWELL: She’s at the hatch- Running all in slow motion – no –

Not running-

Jumping...

BURNEY: Jumping?

What’s her trajectory?

LOWELL: It’s perfect…

It’s *awesome*!

It’s –

**BEAT**

Yyyeah, maybe swing a bit to the right.

**FX: CERWPOD SWINGS A LITTLE. CLANG AS CHRISTY LANDS ALONGSIDE THE CREWPOD**

CHRISTY: [D] Oof!!

LOWELL: Christy?

CHRISTY: Not exactly a triple somersault, but I’m on!

LOW/BUR: Hurray!/Outstanding!

CHRISTY: I would very much like to go home now please.

BURNEY: Absolutely, First Officer! Setting a course for Persephone!

CHRISTY: Ace. But maybe you could let me in first?

BURNEY: Ah yes. My apologies.

**FX: PERHAPS WE HEAR AIR LOCK OPEN VIA CHRISTY’S TRANSCEIVER?**

CHRISTY: Did you just…

BURNEY: Do not get accustomed to it.

**BEAT**

LOWELL: We didn’t murder each other by the way.

CHRISTY: [BIT DAZED] I don’t care, Lowell.

I don’t care.

**MUSIC: INSTRUMENTAL**

**SCENE SIXTEEN: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

FALCONER: Stop it.

Whatever you are, just stop, or I’ll-

MINK You’ll what?

FALCONER: Where’s my laser blaster? I was holding a laser blaster.

MINK: Forget the laser blaster; you don’t need it.

FALCONER: Why am I *itching*?

MINK: Rage, Commander. It burns right through you.

FALCONER: How do I make it go away?

MINK: That’s up to you, Commander.

FALCONER: What’s that supposed to-

No…

No not you.

FALCONER 2: Oh don’t be like that. You knew this was coming.

**SCENE SEVENTEEN: INT. CORRIDOR OF PERSEPHONE**

**FX: WE MIGHT HEAR THE THREE OF THEM WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR**

BURNEY: The SS Umbra was a hyper-powerful satellite, designed to tap into, and relay communications from any one part of solar system to any other.

CHRISTY: Wow! But I’d rather you told *us*, rather than your dictation device.

**FX: SWITCHES DEVICE OFF**

BURNEY: The SS Umbra was a hyper-powerful satellite, designed to tap into, and relay communications from any one part of solar system to any other.

LOWELL: So why all that stuff about it being hacked by Deflectors and crash landing.

BURNEY: That’s the question, isn’t it, *Benny*?

CHRISTY: I’m just glad to be back home on solid ground.

LOWELL: Not long til the *Nik and the Sputz* gig either! *Nothing’s* stopping me watching that.

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN**

CHRISTY: Hi Commander, we’re-

Oh. Where is she?

LOWELL: Gone for a dump?

BURNEY: Perhaps the sleeping gas has cleared?

CHRISTY: Oh yay! I can go see my whelks!

LOWELL: Still don’t get why you wanted a load of whelks.

CHRISTY: I didn’t. I *ordered* goldfish. But the Horticultural Resource Facility sent me loads of substitutes: Whelks instead of goldfish… Different sticking plasters…

Can’t *wait* to get back to work. Haven’t been in the organisphere since-

**BEAT**

Oh flip…

BURNEY: What?

CHRISTY: [STARTS TO RUN] I just worked out what the phantom astronaut is!

**SCENE EIGHTEEN: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

FALCONER 2: Listen to you. Still clinging on to the hope that there might be a shred of good left in you. How *dare* you…?

FALCONER: I can’t help it. My father-

FALCONER 2: I can’t help it! My father-

FALCONER: [BEGINNING TO GET ANGRY] Stop.

FALCONER 2: Stop…

FALCONER: Let me *talk*-

FALCONER 2: Did it ever occur to you not to blame someone else for what you’ve become?

You *love* to think the world is against you. But we both know it’s a world of your own making.

You alienate everyone that means something to you, and you do it willingly.

Because you want them to hate you, the way you hate yourself. For your contempt. For losing your purpose. For the way you only ever *destroy*.

Because if you can make them hate you, they might not feel the thing you *truly* fear:

**BEAT**

*Pity.*

**SCENE NINETEEN: INT. PERSEPHONE CORRIDOR**

CHRISTY: [RUNNING] We just have to hope she hasn’t touched it! It can’t move – so it needs its prey to voluntarily make contact. So it makes them hallucinate things, like people they know.

LOWELL: [RUNNING] Well that’s OK then! The Commando’s not really a hugger! She says so herself!

BURNEY: [RUNNING] No… But I’m fairly sure she knows how to throw a punch…

**SCENE TWENTY:INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

FALCONER 2: [OVERLY PITYING] I mean look at yourself: exhausted; unstable; neglecting your team. On Calypso you even took a back seat to *Mink*. When was your last real *win*?

You can’t cope anymore, can you. And it’s so…

FALCONER: Stop…

FALCONER 2: *Sad*.

FALCONER: Stop it.

SILAS: Time you saw yourself for the deadbeat you are. The deadbeat you’ve always been.

FALCONER: Don’t…

HESTER: There’s a darkness in you.

FALCONER: I swear, I will-

DEXTER: You don’t know who to trust anymore. [CHANGE TO: You barely trust yourself]

FALCONER: *Now*.

MINK: You’re *addicted*. [CHANGED TO: Rage Commander… it burns right through you - repeated from earlier]

FALCONER: *STOP IT NOW.*

**BEAT**

FALCONER 2: [SOFTLY, GOADING] Make me.

**PAUSE**

FALCONER: No.

You think I have contempt? You’ve obviously not met Burney. Lost my purpose? Spend some time with Christy. Destroy everything? Hello Lowell.

But you know what? I see how Burney cares about what’s right. How Christy burns to excel. How Lowell takes a bright yellow colouring pencil and creates... well, some sort of burping superhero, but you get the picture.

And I see what they’ve taught me.

I feel rage alright.

But *my* rage is good. My rage is kind. My rage keeps me fighting for the people worth fighting for.

*My* rage is worth saving. And I *will not waste any more of it on myself.*

**PAUSE**

Oh.

FALCONER 2: What’s up?

FALCONER: I thought you might - I don’t know – scream and shrivel up? Disappear in a puff of smoke?

FALCONER 2: Why would I do that?

FALCONER: Moment of self-discovery. Wasn’t that the point?

FALCONER 2: Oh, I see. I think lasting psychological change requires a bit more hard work than some fleeting epiphany

But, y’know. [PATRONISING] Yay you…!

FALCONER: Then why is this happening? *What am I not seeing here?*

**SCENE TWENTY-ONE: INT. PERSEPHONE CORRIDOR**

LOWELL: Door won’t open.

CHRISTY Orpheus, open the door!

**MUSIC/SFX: COMIC FIDDLE/BANJO JINGLE**

ORPHEUS: At the worthy Commander’s behest  
I cannot carry out your request.

For reasons unknown  
She must be left alone.  
Humanum mihi alienum est.

CHRISTY: What the- *Latin*?

LOWELL: It didn’t even *scan*.

CHRISTY: What do we do?

BEAT

BURNEY: I think I know.

**SCENE TWENTY-TWO: INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

FALCONER 2: Look, why don’t you come and untie me, and we can have a nice-

FALCONER: Shh. When did I first see the astronaut? – No not see, I *heard* it. It was the day mum visited. I’d spent the morning in-

The organisphere!

I can see it! Except I can’t. But I can *sense* it. Does that make sense?

FALCONER 2: I honestly don’t think-

FALCONER: I said *‘shh’.*

And I cut myself - on some kind of… plant! Yes! I can see that now too! But it’s grown. It was a tiny spiky thing, but now it’s *big*; with long, dark blue glimmering leaves…

FALCONER 2: I could help you if you’d only untie me and-

FALCONER: But that’s just it - I don’t remember tying you up in the first place!

Why is this important? *And why am I still itching?*

It’s important because-

Because I’m its prey.

I’m right, aren’t I!

That’s why you’ve been goading me – to untie you, to fight you, anything to make contact!

[CHUCKLES] Well nice try, but it takes more to defeat Commander Falconer than a conversational cabbage.

Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to concentrate very hard on waking up.

FALCONER 2: I wouldn’t do that if I were you.

FALCONER: Oh *really*. And why is that.

FALCONER 2: Because I’m not the plant.

FALCONER: Oh enough with the mind games; of course you’re the-

FALCONER 2: Did you actually swing by the weapon store on the way here?

FALCONER: Yes.

[UNSURE] I must have done.

I grabbed the laser blaster.

I… grabbed-

The… laser blaster…?

FALCONER 2: “So snug in your palm; so reassuringly familiar.”

That ‘cabbage’ has been feeding on you for a good couple of hours now.

I’m simply the part of you that’s allowing it to happen.

**BEAT**

FALCONER: Oh you *bloody*-

**SCENE TWENTY-THREE: INT. PERSEPHONE CORRIDOR**

BURNEY: We just need to speak the same language. For example…

‘Orpheus: we require… ingress…

Our colleague is… in some distress!

CHRISTY: We don’t mean… to be rude…

LOWELL: But she might be plant food!

BURNEY: And we’d rather not clean up the mess.’

**BEAT**

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN**

CHRISTY: Ace! Come on!

**FX: DOOR SWISHES CLOSED**

**BEAT**

ORPHEUS: *Vivere militare est.*

**SCENE TWENTY-FOUR INT. ORGANISPHERE**

CHRISTY: [RUNNING] Commander!

BURNEY: [RUNNING] Falconer!

LOWELL: [RUNNING] Commando!

The organisphere’s so *big*… Why does it have to be so *big*?

**FALCONER/FX: [SOUNDS OF WHAT COULD BE PAINFUL SCREAMS, BUT ARE ACTUALLY SHOUTS OF RAGE – ACCOMPANIED BY PLANT BEING SHREDDED (LIKE A RAW CABBAGE) THEY BECOME LOUDER AS THE TEAM/WE APPROACH]**

CHRISTY: It’s over there – It’s got her! I can see her struggling! We have to get her -

Oh…

**BEAT**

BURNEY: I don’t believe *she’s* the one in trouble…

**BEAT**

LOWELL: That is one scared-looking houseplant.

FALCONER: *..And that’s! What you get! When you mess! With Commander Falconer! [SARCASTIC]* SSSSCOUT*!*

[DUSTS HANDS – GIVES SATISFIED SIGH] Aaah!

**BEAT**

[CHIPPER] Oh! Hello team; you’re back early.

BURNEY: Are you… OK?

FALCONER: Excellent thank you. You?

CHRISTY: We thought…

FALCONER: Yes. It tried to eat me, so I tore it to shreds.

LOWELL: You’re covered in…

FALCONER: Digestive fluids. It’s a little sore.

BURNEY: Perhaps you’d like to…

FALCONER: Shower? Heading there now.

Seems I sent you on a wild goose chase. Apologies.

Debrief in the Rec Room in 30 minutes?

**PAUSE**

Excellent. And I’d be grateful for a spot of lunch.

[LEAVING – CALLING BACK] Tempura perhaps…! I have a sudden hankering for battered vegetables…

**PAUSE**

BURNEY: Now *that* was an apposite remark.

**MUSIC: INCIDENTAL**

**SCENE TWENTY-FIVE: INT. RECREATION ROOM**

LOWELL: And having wondered if he was more robot or human, the Bionic Belch decided he was a bit of both, and that was OK, and having had enough of an existential crisis, leapt off the page.

And that’s why the last few pages are blank.

FALCONER: Very good, Lowell.

LOWELL: Also I got bored.

I’m starting another story. A *real* one this time.

FALCONER: You’re going to find out if you’re a member of the most powerful family in the Sys’.

LOWELL: How’d you know?

FALCONER: It’s scrawled on the back of your hand: ‘Find out if I’m a member of the most powerful family in the Sys’.

LOWELL: Oh yeah! [BIT CONFUSED] Would you look at that…

**FX: DICTAPHONE SWITCHES ON**

BURNEY: Burney’s log. While Falconer is suffering superficial complaints of the epidermis, the only lasting damage is to her pride. She is-

CHRISTY: Burney, I love that you’re developing empathy, but I’m going to smash that thing over your head.

**BEAT**

BURNEY: I shall resume this update later.

**FX: DICTAPHONE OFF**

FALCONER: He’s right though. Outfoxed by a sociopathic shrub. Is that what it’s come to?

CHRISTY: That’s the whole trick of a Venus Deathspike Flesh Digester that’s been cultivated on Janus. *Not* the type grown on Mars, like I ordered.

I called the Horticultural Resource Facility and gave them a piece of my mind, don’t you worry. They were very apologetic, and offered a five percent discount on my next order.

They also said the effects might take some time to wear off.

FALCONER: You mean the ceiling isn’t actually covered in snakes?

**BEAT**

Just joking!

*Note to self. Snakes not real.*

LOWELL: So what did it make you see?

FALCONER: Oh, just family… friends…

CHRISTY: How did it convince you to make contact?

FALCONER: It asked to… shake my hand. Like -‘You’re doing great, Commander. Come shake my hand.’

BURNEY: It seemed rather… intense…

FALCONER: A really *firm* handshake. So there was really nothing of interest at the SS Umbra?

LOWELL: Eh? Yeah there was; there w-

BURNEY: Nothing. Sunk without a trace.

LOWELL: Bu-

CHRISTY: [FIRMLY TO LOWELL] Nothing happened that our recuperating Commander needs to know about.

FALCONER: That act’s not going to fly forever, you know.

Look. While you’re all here… I know I haven’t been myself recently – or – possibly – I have. Either way, I’m on the mend now.

And I’m no good at this sort of thing, but I want you to know that what saved me back there, was… it was thinking about how all of you-

**FX/MUSIC: NIK AND SPUTZ GIG BLARES OUT ‘LIVE’ FROM TV SCREEN ‘OH WHAT THE DEUCE! OH WHAT THE DEUCE’**

LOWELL: What?! Nik and the Sputz. Nothing‘s gonna stop me watching it.

**FX: GIG ABRUPTLY STOPS**

VOICE OF SIN: [REPORTING LIVE] We interrupt this broadcast with breaking news.

LOWELL: Ohhhh.

**FX: VOICE OF SIN CUTS TO ‘IN THE FIELD’ REPORT - HELICOPTER - PERHAPS SIRENS - GENERAL SHOUTS/CONSTERNATION**

CHRISTY: It’s that bleeping bleephead reporter.

FALCONER: What’s he saying?

NICHOLLS: In an unprecedented aerial attack, Defectors have targeted three arms factories. Martian troops *were* able to neutralise the bogeys *before* they fired.

The Syndicated Intelligence Network for Interplanetary Science Technology and Exploratory Research say there is *no* cause for alarm; the attack *appears* to be a one-off. However, out of an abundance of caution, *all* interplanetary travel is temporarily *prohibited*. More when we have it.

**FX: CUTS BACK TO SINISTER ‘IN STUDIO’**

**VOICE OF SIN**: In additional unrelated news: All

applications to military academies, including rejected applications, will now be honoured. Participation is optional; and refusal regarded as treason. Stay tuned.

**FX/MUSIC: RATHER THAN RETURNING TO GIG, TV PLAYS MUZAK –SAME MUZAK FROM SERVICE SATELLITE IN EPISODE TWO**

LOWELL: Whoa…

FALCONER: Indeed…

LOWELL: I can’t *believe* they interrupted Nik and the Sputz for something as boring as *that*.

CHRISTY: [SHOCK] I’m going to pilot academy…

[HAPPINESS EMERGING] I’m going to be a *pilot*.

[SHOCK] Oh flip!

[PANIC] I’m going to fly! It’s what I always wanted! To fly a thermo-nuclear jet- In thermo-nuclear dog-fights… That’s totally… Ace! Yeppo. Ace. [LEAVING] I’m going to go and cry. With happiness! *Aaaaace*…

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN AS SHE LEAVES**

**FX: WINDCHIMES FROM ORPHEUS**

ORPHEUS: [HAIKU]

A missive arrives

On celestial waves. *Whoosh*!

It is from Burney.

LOWELL: Oooh a haiku! Complete with a *kireji*. Could’ve done with some seasonal anchoring though.

**PAUSE**

FALCONER: Wh…

Wait - from *Burney*?

BURNEY: My brother. A senior official.

FALCONER: Really? You never-

**FX: MESSAGE BEGINS**

AMBROSE: [BROADCAST VIA ORPHEUS] Commander Falconer; Second Secretary Ambrose Burney. You’ll have heard the news. I am dispatching a small but critical delegation to Persephone for tactical dialogue. Discretion is paramount. Await further instructions.

P.s. Aloysius: I did *not* appropriate your Comrade Clarence action figure.

**FX: MESSAGE ENDS**

BURNEY: That explains where my digital telegram went.

FALCONER: There are two of you?

BURNEY: I have four siblings. Ambrose is my unbearably pompous twin brother.

[LEAVING] I shall retire forthwith to meditate on these eventuations!

LOWELL: I’m off too. Gotta go and… What was it? Ah yeah; wrote it on my hand.

‘Read – other - hand’.

Eh?

Oh yeah!

Whoever you are, Benedict, you sure know me well…

**FX: DOOR SWISHES CLOSED**

FALCONER: I guess I’ll just- stay here then.

Oh… Burney! You left your dictation thingy. A little blue light is flashing! Does that mean it’s still recording?!

Must be a stop button somewhere…

Ah-

**FX: BEEP**

DEXTER: [D. FROM DEVICE - FURTIVE] Burney – I must be brief. The alleged attack is a fabrication. The jets were nowhere near those factories. Something’s fishy. May be connected to the satellite you knocked out – sterling work, incidentally. Let’s reconvene when I-

FALCONER: Amos?

**PAUSE**

Amos, is that y-

**FX: CLICK OF TRANSCEIVER BEING SWITCHED OFF FROM OTHER END.**

**END**

**CREDITS [READ BY ROB]**