**OBLIVITY**

A scripted comedy series for audio

by Rob Stringer

**EPISODE 2: A CYBORG MEETS HIS MAKER**

**COLD OPEN: SCENE ONE: INT. CONTROL ROOM**

LOWELL: How’s my tie, Commando? Is it straight?

FALCONER: It’s *Commander*. Now stand still; let me just… There. Now, I do appreciate the effort in smartening up for today, Officer Lowell, but I do wonder if something isn’t quite…

LOWELL: Is it the hair?

FALCONER: It’s not the hair-

LOWELL: My nails? I scrubbed them twice!

FALCONER: No, it’s not that… It’s more… I mean, the tie is a good start, but-

CHRISTY: Clothes, Lowell. She means you’re not wearing clothes.

LOWELL: Oh I know! I was gonna wear *this*! (PUTS DRESSING GOWN ON)

FALCONER: The same dressing gown that you always wear.

LOWELL: Tie says “yeah it’s cool to see you again”. Dressing gown says “but y’know, whatever”.

CHRISTY: I still can’t believe Profoctor Proscepius is coming here! All the way to Pluto and *our* research station! I heard he built an actual working brain out of *bicycle* parts. (BEAT) Or was it a bicycle out of brain parts? Either way - genius! I can’t believe you’ve never heard of him!

FALCONER: Forgive me, Christy, for not being keeping track of the hippest scientists. I was rather busy in Martian no-man’s-land, avoiding the laser fire of Defectors. You see I’m a bit funny about internal organs, in that I prefer them to remain that way.

CHRISTY: *So* cool.

FALCONER: Not cool. Where’s Officer Burney? I’d’ve thought he’d be first in line to meet a distinguished scientist.

CHRISTY: Burney doesn’t like meeting celebrities. He says ‘they’re only human’.

FALCONER: (POINTEDLY) Perhaps you could learn from him.

CHRISTY: No, I mean, Burney has no time for the human race *as a whole*. At the moment his role model is the XB-347Y2A spectroscope with dual control filters.

LOWELL: Yeah he’s got a poster of it in our sleeping quarters. Total *weirdo* - he talks to it when he thinks I’m asleep, but he doesn’t know I’m actually using my cybernetic implants to project videos of penguins onto the back of my eyelids.

**BEAT**

FALCONER: Well, as clever as this Profoctor who-ever-he-is might be, just remember, Lowell - you don’t owe him *anything*.

LOWELL: Right. Except he saved my life.

FALCONER: Well, yes, but-

CHRISTY: And then paid for Lowell to go to engineering college.

FALCONER: I suppose there is also that-

LOWELL: Oh! And got me a job here!

FALCONER: Yes, OK!

**BEAT**

CHRISTY: And optimised his body with hi-tech augmentations giving him almost superhuman abilities and near invulnerability.

FALCONER: But *aside* from all that, you don’t owe him anything. He operated on you, sent you off in the world, then you hear nothing, and three years later he messages out of the blue saying he’d like to visit. Something just seems *off*.

LOWELL: Sorry. Happens when I’m nervous. And also in the times when I’m not nervous.

CHRISTY: You’re overthinking it Commander. Profoctor Proscepius a *luminary*, not some sort of whacko, creepy, evil arch-enemy.

FALCONER: (SIGHS) Maybe you’re right. I suppose I’m still adjusting to not being in the field; that not everything is a potential threat. And there’s nothing to suggest this Profoctor has hidden motivations. I should extend the hand of peace, instead of always reaching for the laser-blasters. In all likelihood, he probably genuinely wants to be part of Lowell’s life again. I mean, why wouldn’t he?

LOWELL: Fly little snow-clowns! Why won’t you fly?

**BEAT**

CHRISTY: I’ll charge up the blasters.

FALCONER: Just to be safe.

**GRAMS: OBLIVITY THEME MUSIC**

**SCENE TWO: INT. DOCKING BAY**

ORPHEUS: Pod secured. Scanning. No danger detected. Decompressing.

**FX: PNEUMATIC HISSSS**

FALCONER: Thank you Orpheus!

It was good of Burney to find a better solution to that quarantine nonsense. And whatever he’s done to Orpheus’ mainframe seems to have fixed it right up.

ORPHEUS: You have requested “Fixed right up” by Nik and the Sputs.

**GRAMS: FIRST FEW BARS OF CRUNCHING GUITAR WITH ‘*FIXED RIGHT UP’* BEING BARKED BY A PUNKY VOCALIST**

CHRISTY: Orpheus stop music!

**GRAMS: MUSIC ENDS**

CHRISTY: There’s still a glitch or two.

ORPHEUS: Opening pod.

**FX: A POD DOOR CREAKS OPEN**

FALCONER: Profoctor Proscepius, it’s our pleasure to welcome you to the Persephone Research Station– Oh. His message didn’t mention- Good morning*…* young person. Is… *daddy* with you?

CHRISTY: Commander-

PROFOCTOR: Daddy hasn’t travelled with me since his erroneous calculations cost us the Interplanetary Award for Applied Quantum Cleverness. Mother said I must forgive family, but it’s the last time I employ him as a lab assistant.

FALCONER: Uh…

CHRISTY: Welcome, *Profoctor*.

PROFOCTOR: I may be more boyish than my peers, Commander, but what I lack in years I make up for in enthusiasm for ice lollies and cartoons. I’m joking of course. Cartoons are zombifyingly facile obstructions to intellectual development. And ice lollies make my fingers all yucky.

Now, *you* may not know *me*, Commander, but rest assured I have heard about *your* exploits. Falconer the Fearless: a born warrior! Such integrity -

FALCONER: Oh. Well –

PROFOCTOR: - to swallow your pride and resign yourself to an unfulfilling civilian life.

FALCONER: Wh-

PROFOCTOR: People say ‘the best is behind her’, ‘she’s over the hill’, ‘she’s been put out to pasture like a knackered old horse and must learn to be content with it’.

FALCONER: How *dare*-

PROFOCTOR: But I say: *they don’t know what they’re talking about.*

FALCONER: Right…

PROFOCTOR: In my experience, retired horses look very content indeed, merrily swishing flies away from their crusty bottoms.

FALCONER: I’ll be back on the front line soon. I’m just waiting for the call.

PROFOCTOR: This must be First Officer Christy, the exobotanist. I’ve been itching to debut a little creation of mine. Allow me to present: Smart-soil. Simply sprinkle one teaspoon over your existing loam. Trials have seen one per cent of produce grow anywhere up to one percent greater in mass at least one per cent of the time.

CHRISTY: (WHISPERING) See, Commander? *Genius*!

PROFOCTOR I note the distinguished Officer Burney isn’t here. A shame, as I have a gift for him too. I’m sure he’s heard all about the exclusive XB-347Y2A spectroscope. Well I happened to procure one recently, and…

CHRISTY: You’re not serious…

PROFOCTOR: I’m delighted to give him, with my complements: the box that it came in.

FALCONER: Look, about your visit…

PROFOCTOR: I haven’t forgotten you, Commander. Hold this.

**FX: A SQUEAKING DIN**

FALCONER: You got me a cageful of gerbils?

PROFOCTOR: Goodness no! They’re mine. Always handy to carry a few around -

FALCONER: One of them is purple.

PROFOCTOR: - for some informal experimentation.

FALCONER: And this one has wings growing on its… beak…

PROFOCTOR: Here we are! I’m sure these highbrow diversions aren’t up your own particular cul-de-sac, so I got you something I think you’ll really like:

**FX: CLINKING OF BOTTLES**

PROFOCTOR: Four bottles of something called *Crème de Menthe*.

FALCONER: Right. Thank you, I suppose.

PROFOCTOR: I’d never touch it myself, of course. And not just because mother won’t let me. No, for those of us whose career requires a sharp mind, alcohol would not do *at all*. But I do hope *you* enjoy it, Commander.

And finally to this handsome youngish buck. A tie and dressing gown! A class act, Master Lowell.

LOWELL: It’s cool to see you again. But y’know, whatever.

PROFOCTOR: You must have many questions.

LOWELL: Where’s my present, and is it a skateboard?

PROFOCTOR: As it happens, I do have a gift for you. However it’s nature is more… *metaphysical*.

LOWELL: Is there any way that word means ‘skateboard’?

PROFOCTOR: All will be explained. For now, Commander, I find myself to be a little peckish.

FALCONER: Really? I find you to be a little –

CHRISTY: *Commander*.

FALCONER: *– darling.* Spaghetti shapes? Mashed up carrots? A plastic beaker of warm milk perhaps? I’ll try not to accidentally overheat it to an agonising tongue-burning temperature.

PROFOCTOR: I have a few dietary stipulations to support my elevated mental faculties. I would thus be eternally grateful if you might arrange a beverage containing potassium and folate, and a foodstuff low in cholesterol, but with constituents of manganese.

**BEAT**

Orange squash and a peanut butter sandwich. No crusts.

LOWELL: My tummy gets funny with wheat too!

PROFOCTOR: Just one of the shared proclivities I am sure we will discover. Deliver it to the Recreation Room, Commander, where Master Lowell and I will be catching up on old times.

FALCONER: (SEETHING) Right.

PROFOCTOR: Oh, and one last thing?

FALCONER: Yes..?

PROFOCTOR. I’d appreciate you aiming that blaster away from my head. It’s making me a *mite* uncomfortable.

**SCENE THREE: INT. THE LAB**

**FX: KNOCKING ON DOOR**

CHRISTY: (OUTSIDE. MUFFLED) Burney? Are you in your lab? I’m coming in, so if you’re doing anything weird you need to stop now.

BURNEY: OK. (SUDDENLY) Wait…. OK.

**FX: THE SWISH OF A DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING**

CHRISTY: I finished my work for the day, and I can’t go to the Recreation Room cos the Profoctor and Lowell are bonding, and Falconer’s hanging round our Sleeping Quarters doing that same face she did when you used her toothbrush to clean your collection of coprolites. I’m bored and the only options left were to bang my head against the wall, or talk to you.

BURNEY: Do you need something for that graze?

CHRISTY: No, the wallpaper sort of peeled off and stemmed the bleeding. Oh! The Profoctor brought this for you.

**BEAT**

BURNEY: OK.

CHRISTY: Wow. Don’t be *too* grateful.

**BEAT**

BURNEY: OK.

CHRISTY: What’s this metal helmet with all these wires in it for? Oh no, you *are* doing something weird…

BURNEY: It’s Stage One in a test I’m designing.

CHRISTY: I’m good at tests! At the academy I got given an award for it, which they gave to me at the end of the awards ceremony after everyone else had gone home when I was the only person who hadn’t been given an award because they said that other people would get jealous because it was the most important award of the night. They said I was ‘incredible at tests’. No… That wasn’t it. They said that I was ‘incredibly testing’!

BURNEY: It’s more of a personality test.

CHRISTY: Even better! A memory test? An intelligence test? A memory test?

BURNEY: You wouldn’t be interested.

CHRISTY: (READING) Neu-ro-vi-sion.

BURNEY: It’s based on the same technology as Lowell’s cybernetic laser implants. I scanned him when he thought that I thought that he was asleep, while he was actually projecting penguins onto the back of his eyelids. You put the helmet on, and it’s *supposed* to transpose imagery from your subconscious and project it onto the wall, to give an insight into your personality type.

CHRISTY: Supposed to?

BURNEY: It’s not working. Maybe if I try adjusting the cortexical hyperanalyser, or increasing the amygdala proximity sensors, or -

CHRISTY: Unicorns! And they’ve all got my face! (BEAT) Why is that one so angry?

**BEAT**

BURNEY: Interesting.

**SCENE FOUR: INT. CONTROL ROOM**

FACLONER: The sheer *gall*.

**FX: SOUND OF A CORK BEING POPPED OFF.**

FALCONER: (PUTTING ON A PROFOCTOR VOICE) Do this, fetch me that (DRINKS) have lots of disgusting minty – actually that’s quite nice. How *dare* he get me something I like! Stop it Falconer. Don’t let him get to you. (DRINKS) But really; mint liquor? Everyone else gets clever presents about clever things, while I get the leftovers from a school tombola. As if I have no other interests. I have interests! There’s…

**BEAT**

**FX: SOUND OF ALCOHOL GLUGGING INTO GLASS**

FALC (CONT): Well it doesn’t matter what I like doing. I might enjoy anything. He doesn’t know. I might- Gosh these glasses are big, you could probably get a quarter of a bottle in them… Let’s do a scientific test shall we. Ha! Maybe THAT will impress the amazing Profoctor Prepubescent.

**FX: SOUND OF ALCOHOL GLUGGING INTO GLASS**

FALC (CONT): Fill the glass once. That’s the control. (DRINKS, GASPS) Fill the glass again, that’s the variable.

**FX: GLUGGING AGAIN**

FALC (CONT): Definitely at least a quarter at the very most. Conclusion: Profoctor Y-Fronts can go swivel on his Ninjago. Still at least while they’re all busy I can get some peace and quiet.

ORPHEUS: Playing ‘Police Riot’ by the Nik and the Sputs.

**GRAMS: NOISY PUNK MUSIC – *“POLICE RIOT, POLICE RIOT”***

FALCONER: Orpheus stop! Actually, Orpheus - Display holographic monitor.

**FX: ELECTRONIC ‘*VOOP’* NOISE**

FALCONER: Let me see…

VOICE OF SIN.: You are now accessing the interplanetary public news archive, carefully curated for your protection by the Syndicated Intelligence Network for Interplanetary Science, Technology and Experimental Research.

**GRAMS: A BLAND JINGLE**

VOICE OF SIN.: (SINGING) *Deciding what’s best for you!*

FALCONER: Right.

**FX: POP; GLUG**

FALCONER: Let’s see who you really are, *Profoctor.*

**SCENE FIVE: INT. RECREATION ROOM**

LOWELL: And that’s when I realised that it wasn’t a freckle at all; it was a raisin! What a day! Catch!

PROFOCTOR Fascinating, Lowell! The things you’ve seen! It really is good to spend this quality time with you. Catch!

LOWELL: Oh! I’ve got another about a cheese and onion crisp on my elbow, but when I ate it, it turned out to be a massive scab. Wanna hear that one? Catch!

PROFOCTOR: Oh… No. Let’s not over-indulge on the first night. Catch.

LOWELL: You mean, you’re staying longer that just one night?

PROSCEPIUS: Why of course! You didn’t think I would leave again so soon? No, I plan to stay for at least *two* evenings. Perhaps even half a week, or less.

LOWELL: Do you need a bed? You could use mine and I’ll sleep under it! Then we could talk all night! There’s just enough room if I lie with my face in the carpet-

PROFOCTOR: Thank you, but the infirmary should suffice.

LOWELL: Wow. Two evenings. I mean… I just didn’t…

PROFOCTOR: What’s up?

LOWELL: Nothing. It’s just… Ah she’d kill me for saying…

PROFOCTOR Go on. I’m all ears. Like a gerbil that’s been genetically modified to be covered in ears.

LOWELL: The Commando thought it was weird that you would want to come here just to see me.

PROFOCTOR: What? Outrageous! She really implied I might have an ulterior motive?

BEAT

Oh, but it’s understandable that she should be concerned for your well-being. And you do deserve the truth, Lowell.

You see, life goes fast. It doesn’t seem so long ago that I was a mere twelve years old. Now I am long past twelve and three quarters, entering the mid-spring of my life, it causes one to reflect: on regrets; on what one could have been if only one had *time*. Like you and me Lowell. Do you see?

LOWELL: Uh…

PROFOCTOR: Three years ago. That’s when they brought you to me for augmentation. I remember it as clearly as if it were just three years ago.

LOWELL: After the big accident. It’s my first memory. They never found out who I was before then. S’weird when other people talk about stuff they used to do, and I can’t join in. Y’know, sometimes I wish I could-

PROFOCTOR: So I set to work, and when I saw what we had achieved together, I was so proud! Of me. But I knew then I needed to give you the opportunities I never had myself. So I recommended personally that you be recruited in the most promising research station in the solar system.

LOWELL: It’s just… Pluto is literally the furthest possible place-

PROFOCTOR: You know sometimes when I’m back home on Mars, surrounded by civilisation, home comforts, a breathable atmosphere etcetera, I think ‘Gosh, I envy Lowell, out there having the time of his life.’ How could I, a mere genius, philanthropist and A-list celebrity, ever measure up to whatever it is you do here?

LOWELL: I mean, a phone number would’ve been-

PROFOCTOR: I don’t claim to be perfect, Lowell, no matter what my weekly self-assessments continually conclude. But aside from all that I *know* (due to being very clever) there’s just one thing I *feel* (or at least I would, had I not performed a procedure to disable the emotional limbic system of my brain) and that’s that I want to know *you* again. Would you allow us that, Lowell? I don’t expect an answer right now.

LOWELL: Well…

PROSCEPIUS: I expect an answer right *now*.

LOWELL: Uh… OK?

PROFOCTOR: Marvellous! You’ve made a prodigiously mature preteen very happy. You know, of all my achievements and discoveries, do you know what my greatest creation is?

LOWELL: What?

PROFOCTOR: Mechanical termites. My second greatest however, (THINKING) is… (BEAT) uh let’s just pretend it’s you.

LOWELL: Wow, that’s-

PROFOCTOR: No, I can’t lie. But you’re definitely in the top three to… twenty-six, twenty-nine. So. Friends?

LOWELL: I’d like nothing more, Prof!

PROFOCTOR: Please. Call me *The* *Profoctor*.

LOWELL: Sure thing Prof. And you can call me Howell!

PROFOCTOR: How… lovely that you would request that, Lowell. Now, why don’t you try and catch *this*!

LOWELL: That’s nothing! You gave me a bionic arm, remember, so *you* try and catch *this*!

**FX: PANICKED SQUEAK OF GERBIL. A WHISTLE, CRUNCH. SLOW, PAINED SQUEAKING OF GERBIL**

PROFOCTOR: Y’know, it’s a real shame we couldn’t find a ball.

**SCENE SIX: INT. THE LAB**

CHRISTY: I don’t know why you’re bothering. Dream analysis isn’t even a proper science. It’s just there to take advantage of stupid people - like astrology, or perfume adverts for this perfume that I’m wearing.

I mean, just because last night I dreamt that I was in an exam, and I was naked, and everyone else knew what was going on except for me, and then in walked my school maths tutor, Ms Holloway, who happened to be very attractive, and then I was a robot being controlled by my Auntie Xi Win, and the Commander was there shouting DISPLACEMENT! DISPLACEMENT! And I was screaming FOR FLIP’S SAKE, WHY CAN’T YOU JUST ACCEPT WHO I AM! (BEAT) It doesn’t mean anything.

BURNEY: OK. Quick-fire questions. What’s your favourite colour?

CHRISTY: Vermillion. No! (BEAT) Red.

BURNEY: Interesting.

CHRSITY: Was that wrong? What if I said blue?

BURNEY: There’s no right answer.

CHRISTY: Then why would you ask it?

BURNEY: I mean any answer you give is OK.

CHRISTY: Then how do I pass?

BURNEY: You don’t *pass* the test; you complete it.

CHRISTY: Ohh! (BEAT) I don’t get it.

BURNEY: Let’s move on. Name an animal.

CHRISTY: Pickle.

BURNEY: What?

CHRISTY: Or Bounder. Both are brilliant names for animals, but it depends on the animal. What’s the animal?

BURNEY: No, that’s what you decide

CHRISTY: Oh! OK. Hmmm. (THINKING) Something that would suit the name Pickle…

BURNEY: No, I mean say a type of animal.

CHRISTY: Oh I see! Like… A llama?

BURNEY: OK. A lla-

CHRISTY: A camel. *That’s* like a llama. Except for the obvious difference: the *eyes*. Looking into a camel’s eye is like staring into a well of abandoned hope and abject failure and-

BURNEY: Forget the animals. We’ll do word association. I’ll say a word, and you say the first thing that comes into your head.

CHRISTY: Got it.

BURNEY: Blanket.

CHRISTY: Blanket.

BURNEY: No... You say something different.

CHRISTY: Oh, start again.

BURNEY: Ocean.

CHRISTY: Blanket.

BURNEY: Green.

CHRISTY: Ocean.

BURNEY: Peach.

CHRISTY: Miss Holloway.

**BEAT**

BURNEY: Interesting.

CHRISTY: Boring.

BURNEY: No-

CHRISTY: Yes.

BURNEY: No, I mean we’re done.

CHRISTY: Phew! That was intense! So what can you tell me?

BURNEY: Let me see. Interesting.

CHRISTY: What is?

BURNEY: Too early to say. Everything up to now was only Stage One.

CHRISTY: But I’m exhausted! What’s Stage Two?

BURNEY: Stage Two takes into account your response to Stage One. Now we begin Stage Three.

CHRISTY: What’s Stage Three?

BURNEY: Hmmm. Onto Stage Four.

CHRSITY: How many stages *are* there?

**BEAT**

BURNEY: Hmmm.

CHRSITY: You’re just making fun of me! I don’t want to do anymore of this stupid test. I quit.

BURNEY: Expressing a desire to quit the test at Stage Six is indicative of a common personality type.

CHRISY: What? Then I don’t quit!

BURNEY: And Stage Seven meets all predictions.

CHRISTY: This isn’t fair! I’m leaving!

BURNEY: By the door?

CHRISTY: Of course by the- How else would I leave?

BURNEY: Hmmm.

CHRISTY: I’m going!

BURNEY: I know you are.

CHRISTY: I mean it!

BURNEY: Don’t close the door on the way out,

**FX: SWISH OF DOOR OPENNG AND CLOSING**

**BEAT**

**FX: KNOCK ON THE DOOR.**

BURNEY: Come in.

**SCENE SEVEN: INT. CONTROL ROOM**

**GRAMS: PUNK MUSIC: “Stupid Profoctor! Stupid Profoctor!”**

FALCONER: (SNORING AND TALKING IN SLEEP) Stupid Profoctor…

(*SNIFF)* Little twerp

ORPHEUS: Playing Nik and the Sputs *“Snifflittletwerp”*

**GRAMS: PUNK MUSIC: Snifflittletwerp! Snifflittletwerp!**

**SCENE EIGHT: INT. INFIRMARY**

**FX: REGULAR BEEPING – APPARENTLY A HEART MONITOR**

LOWELL: And my favourite band are Nik and the Sputs. They have like a million songs. How’s he doing?

PROFOCTOR: I think we’re done. He may not be quite the same as before - and I don’t just mean the electro-sensory whiskers or bionic paw. However if I return him to the other gerbils there’s a one-in-two chance the fold will accept him and allow him to reintegrate.

LOWELL: Or?

PROFOCTOR: He’ll ingest them. Now. Time to check his heart rate. But first let me turn my playlist of soothing beeping noises off.

**FX: BEEPING STOPS**

PROSCEPIUS: One moment…

**FX: MANIC ERRATIC FAST-PACED BEEPING**

PROFOCTOR: There. Perfect. For a cybernetic gerbil. (SIPS) Hm. This coffee has a certain… tang.

LOWELL: We’re out of coffee, so I invented this while you were operating. Hot chocolate, Bovril, jam, cough medicine, three Tic-Tacs, and an ingredient so secret even *I* don’t know what it is! I call it the *Time-Traveller*.

PROFOCTOR: (CAUTIOUSLY) Why?

LOWELL: Cos after a mugful you can only see stuff that’s *already happened*.

PROFOCTOR: Really. That’s… quite remarkable.

LOWELL: I *saw* you saying that just now!

PROFOCTOR: Perhaps it’s time we left our patient to recuperate.

LOWELL: Thanks for saving the little fella. I thought he was lost for good.

PROFOCTOR: It was an amusing diversion, however I fear a robotic rodent is of no use to me. In fact, perhaps you should take it.

LOWELL: A pet?

PROFOCTOR: Many of its augmentations are based on your own.

LOWELL: You know Prof, I know you’ve not been around since you sent me here, but this morning, you’ve been like a father to me.

PROFOCTOR: And you’ve been like an enhanced organic and bio-mechatronic subject for potential further experimentation to me.

LOWELL: (SHYLY) Awww.

PROFOCTOR: I mean it. And of all the subjects of mine that I’ve met these past few weeks, you're by far the most suggestible.

LOWELL: What's that mean?

PROFOCTOR: It means you can trust me implicitly.

LOWELL: Hurray!

PROFOCTOR: (SIGHS). Oh but if only...

**BEAT**

PROFOCTOR: I said *(SIGHS) ‘Oh but if only’...*

**PAUSE**

PROFOCTOR: Are you going to ask me what's wrong?

LOWELL: Ugh… The drink. I think it’s about to repeat...

PROFOCTOR: I’ll level with you, Lowell. The truth is my work has been languishing of late, ever since I was taken to court over the braincycle. You know, I was nearly sued for the paltry reason that some of the brains - which I had collected and kept in a big store cupboard - were still attached to their owners. Honestly, they were only Estate Agents, it wasn’t like they were *using* them. I was acquitted of course, but my reputation was dented. Ever since then I’ve needed a new project to get me back on track. A *legacy,* if you will.

And then – a brainwave! And after I had swum my way out of the brains, I had an *idea*! An idea that could get me a multi-flillion contract with the Syndicated Intelligence Network for Interplanetary Science Technology and Exploratory Research! You’d like me to have a multi-flillion contract with… them… wouldn’t you, Lowell?

LOWELL: Thanks for saving the little fella. I thought he was lost for good.

PROFOCTOR: Have you listened to a word I’ve been saying?

LOWELL: A pet?

PROFOCTOR: Oh, I see: the drink is *literally* making you repeat… *Ugh…* Look, I have an idea, but it needs a young, fit, intelligent or otherwise cyborg for it to come into fruition. All I need is a volunteer.

LOWELL: Thanks for saving the little fella.

PROFOCTOR: I said all I need is a – Oh for heaven’s sake. Two minutes ago I asked you to sign this,

LOWELL: OK!

**FX: SCRIBBLE,**

PROFOCTOR: And then I told you to put this chloroformed cloth on your face, and breathe in.

LOWELL: Right you are. What’s chloro-

**FX: THUMP.**

**SCENE NINE: INT. CONTROL ROOM**

**GRAMS: Nik and the Sputs song: ‘I can’t feel my face…I can’t feel my face…’**

FALCONER: Wh… What? Orpheus stop!

**GRAMS: ENDS**

FALCONER: I must have fallen asleep. How far did I get.

ORPHEUS: Thirty-two albums into the back catalogue.

FALCONER: I was researching the Profoctor.

ORPHEUS: I have taken the liberty of distilling the information down to the key facts for you.

FALCONER: Thank you Orpheus. Here we go… Performed an appendectomy on a grasshopper, Nobel award for discovering three purposes of the male nipple, discovered a new species of kidney, pioneered the first ever ego transplant, discovered the cure for the common… person.

He’s completely clean. Aside from a small legal battle with some Estate Agents for which he was acquitted… with honour. There’s nothing we can touch him with here. He’s…

Wait, what’s this? (BEAT) I have to find Lowell…

**SCENE TEN: INT. THE LAB**

CHRISTY: Are we done yet? This stupid test has more Stages than Nik and the Sputs have songs, and is less enjoyable than Nik and the Sputs are enjoyable.

BURNEY: Please confirm: are you First Officer Christy.

CHRISTY: You know I am.

BURNEY: Are you sure?

CHRISTY: I…um…

BURNEY: Sign here. Now with the other hand. Now tear it up.

FX: TEARING UP PAPER

Now sign this one. Backwards. Very good. And here you go.

CHRISTY: What’s this?

BURNEY: Your results.

CHRISTY: My *results*?

BURNEY: This folder contains your entire personality documented to the final detail.

**FX: PAPER BEING THUMBED**

CHRISTY: It’s seven pages long!

BURNEY: Three and a half. I used double spacing.

CHRISTY: But... A person is more than this! You can’t learn *everything* about me from a test! What about my hopes and dreams? My spirit? What about my *soul*?

BURNEY: Page two, paragraph four.

CHRISTY: No… No I don’t want to read it. I’m more than just a test result. I’m a person! I have depths! I’m unpredictable! I’m -

BURNEY: What are you doing?

CHRISTY: Taking off my uniform! This arbitrary shackle that pigeon-holes me! You can’t define me with your assumptions and your cultural expectations! I’m a free spirit! Maybe I’ll shave my hair. Or maybe I *won’t*. Maybe I’ll change my name. And then change it again. Unless I don’t like what I’ve changed it to in which case I’ll change it back! You don’t know me! YOU DON’T KNOW ME!!!

**FX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY. DOOR SWISHES OPEN AND CLOSED.**

BURNEY: Interesting.

**SCENE ELEVEN: INT. RECREATION ROOM**

FALCONER: Here you are, Lowell! Where’s the Profoctor?

LOWELL: He went for a nap. Why the dark glasses?

FALCONER: I have a very special headache that only superior ranking employees get.

Look, about the Profoctor, you need to know… I misunderstood him. I did some research and found… nothing. He’s just a scientist who’s trying to help people.

So I wanted to make it up to him, and I need to stop treating him like a child. And when I was looking into his background, I also discovered it was his birthday tomorrow. Do you think he’d like chocolate cake, or a fruit trifle?

LOWELL: I dunno. Who cares? I don’t care.

FALCONER: I know I’m not always good at reading emotions, but I get the impression you’re upset.

LOWELL: No. I dunno. Maybe.

FALCONER: Look, I really am sorry about what I said. I’ll make it up to you both. I’ll –

Is there something different about this room? It looks like it’s been reinforced with steel.

LOWELL: He told me to wait in here. I think it’s something to do with my new augmentations.

FALCONER: *New* augmentations?

LOWELL: Yeah. Every time I point my my arm like this -

**FX: BANG BANG BANG!**

FALCONER: Stop! My god, you’re firing bullets from your wrist! And I REALLY can’t deal with loud noises right now.

LOWELL: And when I lift up my neck there's...

**FX: SEARING FLAME**

FALCONER: A flamethrower, I see.

LOWELL: You don’t even wanna know where the rocket launcher is. What do you think it’s all for?

FALCONER: Lowell. I think what he might have done, is he might have made you into a weaponised war machine.

LOWELL: Nah… He’d never do that to me. Would he?

FALCONER: This is... Right. Come with me.

LOWELL: Hold on – ooh! Someone dropped a penny! Uh oh-

**FX: ROCKET LAUNCHER**

FALCONER: Rocket Launcher.

LOWELL: Yep.

**SCENE TWELVE: INT. BEDROOM**

FALCONER: Wake up, Profoctor. It’s time to answer for what you’ve done, you contemptable sprog.

PROFOCTOR: Wh… What do you want… I'm... (YAWNS) I feel uncharacteristically slothful. Falconer! You shouldn’t still be here! Didn’t you drink the crème de menthe?

FALCONER: I… Oh good god, you poisoned it!

PROFOCTOR: Poison? Heavens no. I just hoped to get you out of the way for a while. I’m told that alcohol makes adults either talk gibberish, fall asleep, or text ex-partners to invite them over for pitiful liaisons.

FALCONER: How dare you imply that-

**FX: A TEXT MESSAGE BEEP**

FALCONER: (COUGH) I’ll answer that important message from… Headquarters… later. Now listen to me. You are going to remove these ‘new augmentations’ and put Lowell back to normal right now.

PROFOCTOR: That’s where you’re wrong, Commander. You see, one of his new augmentations is a voice activation function. He’s programmed to respond to my orders, and thus is completely under my control.

LOWELL: Uh oh…

PROFOCTOR: Yes. ‘Uh oh’ indeed. Lowell, (HIS VOICE STARTS TO BREAK) *Kill them all.* What, I– my voice! What’s happened to my beautiful voice?

FALCONER: Sudden laziness, a breaking voice: This can only mean one thing.

PROFOCTOR: No… But I’m not thirteen until tomorrow! And I had *specifically* planned not to reach puberty until then! (GASP) Unless… Lowell, what did the secret ingredient in that concoction of yours look like exactly?

LOWELL: It was some stuff in a little white pot. *Looked* a bit like coffee.

PROFOCTOR: You fed me the Smart-soil! Implausibly, it’s affected my own organic growth rate and I’ve hit puberty a day early. I thought I had more… time…

Well, it’s no problem. I can just shoot you with *this freeze ray*

**FX: A CLATTER**

FALCONER: The one you just knocked onto the floor?

PROFOCTOR: Curse these ungainly adolescent limbs!

FALCONER: And now I have your freeze ray. Now get out of bed this moment, and fix him up.

ORPHEUS: Playing ‘Fixed Right Up’ by Nik and the Sputs.

ALL: NO Orpheus.

PROFOCTOR: Fine! Well. It seems you have me cornered, like a gerbil that’s been genetically modified to have corners. Fine. I’ll get out of –

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN AND CLOSED**

CHRISTY: You can’t put me in your box-! Oh. Hello.

FALCONER: Christy, be careful. The Profoctor has been playing us for fools and – Y’know, there are arguably bigger things happening right now, but where’s your uniform?

CHRISTY: My name’s not Christy, I don’t have a name, and I refuse to conform to your socially constructed identities. So I burnt my uniform. But not this underwear because I paid lots of money for it.

FALCONER: Right. We’ll come back to you later. For now, Profoctor, I ordered you to get out of bed and come with us.

PROFOCTOR: I… actually can’t anymore…

FALCONER: What?

PROFOCTOR: I seem to have experienced a certain physical response to the stimulus of the First Officer’s arrival.

FALCONER: Oh… *Oh*. For heaven’s sake. Lowell, give him your dressing gown. You at least will need to be undressed for him to operate on you anyway.

LOWELL: I’m taking off the tie and all. I thought that if I changed who I was, you might like me. But it turned out you just wanted me to have a rocket launcher that fired out my bum.

Oh hey! Christy! Now we’re both in the nuddy! Low five!

**SCENE THIRTEEN: INT. CONTROL ROOM**

FALCONER: All finished?

LOWELL: Yep, all back to completely normal.

FALCONER: Excellent. The pod is ready for you, Profoctor.

PROFOCTOR: You will regret this. Lowell. We could have made a fortune together, you and I. You could have been *worth* something.

FALCONER: He’s worth more than you will ever be.

PROFOCTOR: No, I mean as in *money*.

FALCONER: Get into the pod. You’re lucky I’m blasting you home to your mother and not into space. But if you *ever* come back here, there *will* be repercussions. Do you understand?

PROFOCTOR: You know, I rather *like* the authoritative thing. It’s *sexy*…

FALCONER: Go!

PROFOCTOR: Curse this debilitating lust! Well don’t think you’re safe from me! I will find a way to expedite this ridiculous biological process, then you shall be encounter: the grown-up me! This isn't the last you've heard of (VOICE BREAKING) Profoctor Proscepius!

FALCONER: Of who now?

PROFOCTOR: Shut up! I hate you all! You’re the worst!

FALCONER: Don't slam the pod...

**FX: SLAM**

FALCONER: …door.

ORPHEUS: Launching pod.

**FX: POD LAUNCHING**

FALCONER: And that’s that.

**FX: SWISH OF DOOR OPENING**

FALCONER: Officer Burney, thank goodness you weren’t involved in all this too. It turns out the Profoctor had a secret murderous agenda after all.

BURNEY: Oh.

CHRISTY: Isn’t that the XB-347Y2A spectrometer box he gave you?

BURNEY: I’m throwing it away.

FALCONER: Out of respect to Lowell. Good.

BURNEY: No. The XB-347Y2*B* came out this morning.

CYBERGERBIL: SQUEAK SQUEAK

FALCONER: Lowell, I don’t want to worry you, but there’s a semi-robotic gerbil poking out from the top of your dressing gown.

LOWELL: Oh! That’s the little scamp who completely accidentally got smashed against the wall. Commander Falconer, meet Cybergerbil.

CHRISTY: Oh he’s cute! We should call him Pickle!

CYBERGERBIL: SQUEAK SQUEAK

LOWELL: He hates Pickle. He likes *Cybergerbil*.

BURNEY: Gerbils can’t talk.

LOWELL: Must be on a frequency only I can hear. What’s that Cybergerbil? Yeah I hate him too.

BURNEY: *Falconer*!

FALCONER: Look, Lowell’s had a very difficult day. If he says the gerbil can talk, then I’m sure it can.

CYBERGERBIL: SQUEAK SQUEAK

LOWLEL: He says ‘don’t patronise me’.

CHRISTY: Burney, I’m sorry I overreacted a bit before. I was just nervous. But I think I’m ready to see my results now.

BURNEY: I can précis it. Of all personality types recorded, you are utterly unique in being the only person not to think of themselves as being utterly unique. Everyone else thinks they’re special in some way. You know you’re not.

CHRISTY: The only person who doesn’t think they’re special? So that must make me special!

BURNEY: Exactly.

CHRISTY: Which means I’m not unique and therefore not special.

BURNEY: Yes.

CHRISTY: Which means I am!

BURNEY: Exactly.

CHRISTY: Which means I’m not. Oh this is awful! Or it’s amazing. My head hurts. I need to sit down.

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN AND CLOSED**

FALCIONER: Burney, that was really cruel. She’ll be worrying about that for hours. Go and apologise.

BURNEY: OK. And then I’ll start Stage Forty-one.

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN AND CLOSED**

FALCONER: Well I don’t know about you, Lowell, but I’m shattered. I saw what looked like a nice pot of coffee on the boil earlier. Join me?

LOWELL: Yeah in a minute. Just need a moment, y’know.

FALCONER: Of course. Take all the time you need.

**FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN AND CLOSED**

CYBERGERBIL: (HIGH-PITCHED, COMPUTERISED, MONOTONE) They know nothing. You are the special one.

LOWELL: I know, Cybergerbil. I know.

**GRAMS: ‘OBLIVITY’ CLOSING THEME**