

# OBLIVITY

A scripted comedy podcast series

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## BONUS MINI EPISODE

### AMELIA BELL'S LAST HURRAH

#### SCENE ONE: INT. AMELIA'S SMALL CRAFT

AMELIA: (DISTORTED, AS IF BEING INTERVIEWED ON THE RADIO. AMELIA IS CONFIDENT AND CHIPPER. AN EXPLORER ENJOYING THE LIMELIGHT.)

You know, people say I must have a touch of madness to take this kind of trip.

But I always tell them it's something else.

I always say I think you need *faith*. In what or who - that's up to you; there's a big selection box on offer. But faith in *something*. Because when everything else is gone, that's what keeps you airbourne.

**PAUSE**

(LAUGHING) Well I suppose one of us must be right!

**FX: AMELIA'S FINAL SENTENCE ECHOES AND DISTORTS UNTIL WE ARE IN**

#### SCENE TWO: INT. AMELIA'S SMALL CRAFT

AMELIA: Fuel gauges; check. Altimeter; check. Radio; check; One last longing glance around Persephone, in case she's about to burst through those landing bay doors and beg me to stay...

1                   **PAUSE**

2                   Any moment...

3                   **PAUSE**

4                   Wake up and smell the photonic fuel, Amelia.

5                   That ship sailed. Time to haul anchor on your

6                   own.

7                   The first human-piloted flight around the edge

8                   of the solar system.

9                   Let's see what this big ol' doughnut brings.

10   **FX:**           **ENGINE STARTS UP**

11

12   **MUSIC:**       **BRIEF INTRO**

13   **ROB/JOE:**     *Amelia Bell's Last Hurrah: an Oblivity mini*

14                   *episode, starring Justine Malone as Amelia*

15                   *Bell.*

16

17   **SCENE THREE:**   **INT. AMELIA'S SPACESHIP.**

18                   **THE FAINT HUM OF AN ENGINE**

19   **FX:**           **BLOOP ON**

20   AMELIA:         All systems functioning. Which is fortunate

21                   really.

22                   Pilot physical status. Heart rate: healthy;

23                   muscle mass: healthy; general observations:

24                   smoking hot, thanks for asking.

25                   Pilot emotional status...

26                   **BEAT**

27                   Yeah.

28   **FX:**           **BLOOP OFF**

29

30   **FX:**           **BLOOP ON**

31                   "Dear Amelia, I hope this planet will keep you

32                   company."

33                   Planet?

1           `Plant'. Plant makes more sense. The cyborg was  
2           right Christy, your handwriting's a snake pit.  
3           Albeit a *delightful* snake pit.

4           "Please look after this plant. As I mentioned,  
5           we're sort of 'connected'.

6           "It's called a (ATTEMPTS TO READ NAMES OF PLANT  
7           - PSYCHOMIMICELLUM) psylo... a psy.. a psydo..."  
8           Let's just call you 'Plant Christy' shall we?

9           "I look forward to seeing the Sys' through your  
10          eyes. All my love..."

11          **BEAT**

12          (TO SELF) Chin up, chief.

13          (TO PLANT) Well, Plant Christy, you are looking  
14          *fulsome* right now, which, from what I  
15          understand means that *Just Joy* herself is in  
16          very good spirits. I'd like to think a brush  
17          with yours truly might've partly influenced  
18          that. Yep; still got it.

19          Apparently you don't need watering - just the  
20          occasional snatch of conversation. That's  
21          gardening I can get behind.

22          And, well, Plant Christy, as it happens, in  
23          between the odd bout of extended stasis, the  
24          dashboard is set to record sound, to capture my  
25          reflections and observations for my next book.

26          (DEFENSIVE) What? This lady's gotta find *some*  
27          way to fund her expensive record-breaking  
28          habits.

29          Point is - you're going to get very used to the  
30          ramblings of a lonesome pilot.

31          **FX:            BLOOP OFF**

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35          **FX:            BLOOP ON**

36          Always odd, the first day.

37          I remember my first biggy. Solo jaunt from Mars  
38          to Jupiter. Months of meticulous planning, and

1 when it actually came to leave, the anti-climax  
2 hit me like a ton of holographic bricks.

3 Don't get me wrong - it was no stroll for the  
4 Sunday papers; but it didn't *feel* like the  
5 start of a trailblazing feat either. Which it  
6 was, by the way.

7 But I've come to appreciate that. That *calm*.  
8 Besides, I've projected this moment a thousand  
9 times, so if my stomach was loop-the-looping,  
10 it'd only make me question what was in this all  
11 this *tubed food* I have to eat while I'm out  
12 here. And I *really* don't want to do that.

13 Not that I'm not *excited*. Course I am. But I've  
14 got more than two years ahead in this cosmic  
15 cocoon, and most of that in stasis. Makes sense  
16 to apportion my elation out accordingly. I'll  
17 let myself smile modestly every three weeks.

18 Realised today I've never named my craft. Ah  
19 well; bags of time to come up with a goody.

20 **FX:** **BLOOP OFF**

21 **FX:** **BLOOP ON**

22 AMELIA: Day two. Cracking night of rest thanks to  
23 stasis chamber. Not switched on yet of course -  
24 but still a bed. And pretty darn comfy - if not  
25 exactly anti-allergenic synthetic down.

26 Now seeing the view with new eyes.

27 Hadn't quite anticipated it. Strikes me right  
28 now just how *lucky* I am to see what I can see.  
29 The eternal pitch, dotted with lights like a  
30 galactic flight deck.

31 To experience the universe in its infinite  
32 glory. And for the first time ever, to feel  
33 *part* of it.

34 Could stare out this window for ever and not  
35 get bored.

36 **FX:** **BLOOP OFF**

37 **FX:** **BLOOP ON**

38 AMELIA: *Pffft...* Wish I'd brought Boggle.

39 **FX:** **BLOOP OFF**

1    **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

2    **FX:**                   **WARNING BLARES**

3    AMELIA:                (SLEEPY) What the.. What's? Ahhh crappo.

4    **FX:**                   **BLOOP OFF, ALSO ENDING BLARES**

5    **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

6                            Have to hand it to your crew - they did a bang  
7                            up job with the impact warning system. Haha! In  
8                            your face, space debris!

9                            And apologies, fellas, if I ever doubted you.  
10                           Turns out you are professionals. Ten out of  
11                            ten.

12   **FX:**                   **BLOOP OFF**

13   **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

14                            Found a half-chewed Cornish pasty under my  
15                            seat. Revising score to a nine.

16                            Miss proper nosh. The only blue cheese I'm  
17                            gonna see for a while is my legs if I don't  
18                            stretch 'em out every once in a while.

19                            Don't look at me like that, pasty. You're not  
20                            coming anywhere near my gut. You're going  
21                            *straight* in the waste.

22                            Man, just a few days in and already whacked.  
23                            Could sleep for a week.

24                            I mean... I really - *could*, with the ol' chamber.  
25                            Sleep for a week, I mean.

26                            Wouldn't be so bad to dabble now would it? And  
27                            with proper rest I'll have more focus.

28                            Yep. Executive decision.

29   **FX:**                   **BLOOP OFF**

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33   **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

34                            (YAWNS) OK, yeah, had a lie in. Month, I think.  
35                            Pottiest dreams. People in the craft with me.  
36                            Me in the craft on a planet but can't get out

1 and no one will help. Me being crushed in craft  
2 by a pasty that just kept... growing.

3 Full moon dreams - which makes sense in a  
4 pseudo-science kind of way, given the tides.

5 What tides are those, Amelia? Glad you asked,  
6 Plant Christy.

7 See, where I am now, is on friendly terms with  
8 the Kuiper belt. Beyond that is the Oort cloud,  
9 a sort of husk, made up of trillions of icy  
10 bits.

11 And just as a couple of Mars' moons have a pull  
12 on our tides, so the *galactic* tides - forces  
13 exerted by the stars around us - influence  
14 those icy bits, those *comets*.

15 And what's more - the comets can get *dislodged*.  
16 Sometimes they're pulled inwards, into the  
17 Sys', towards home. But sometimes... Sometimes  
18 they go *outwards* towards... something else.

19 Think I know which ones you and I relate to..

20 **FX:** **BLOOP OFF**

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33 **FX:** **BLOOP ON**

34 (SINGS) *Oh see the splendid llama soar!*

1 Yes, according to the dashboard calendar, it's  
2 that most merry of days! Shame I don't have a  
3 door to hang my thermal socks on.

4 First I've spent alone in a while too. Last  
5 year I spent it planning this last hurrah. My  
6 ex wasn't thrilled. And now I'm single again,  
7 suppose I'd better think about my next hurrah.  
8 After all - what's the alternative? A job? I'm  
9 not wired that way. Hit the lecture circuits  
10 with tales of my glory days? No thanks, chum.

11 Here's a funny thing, Plant Christy. Caveat:  
12 what's funny to a pilot who's spent many weeks  
13 alone and goes to the toilet through a pipe,  
14 may not be funny to you.

15 So, in a nutshell, time moves faster the  
16 further you get from gravitational mass. So out  
17 here, I'm aging faster. But thanks to another  
18 phenomenon, time moves slower as you travel  
19 faster. So zooming along as I am now - even  
20 stasis aside - I'm also reaping the benefits of  
21 space-time's baffling elixir.

22 Point is: I no longer know how old I am. Happy  
23 Llama Day to me, I guess.

24 **FX: BLOOP OFF**

25 **FX: BLOOP ON**

26 I spy with my little eye... - space. It's always  
27 space.

28 **FX: BLOOP OFF**

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36 **FX: BLOOP ON**

37 Totally forgot! I have radio!

1 (GLEEFULLY) Let's see if these long-range  
2 receivers work! According to your pal the Human  
3 Calculator, I should get around half-minute a  
4 day. OK... What's on the wireless...?

5 **FX: STATIC**

6 VOICE OF SIN: (D) This has been a message from the Syndicated  
7 Intelligence Network for Interplanetary-

8 AMELIA: Oof; none of that, thank you.

9 **FX: STATIC**

10 DEXTER: (D) We're listening too.

11 AMELIA: Creepy. Moving on...

12 **FX: STATIC**

13 **MUSIC: NIK AND THE SPITS: OH WHAT THE DEUCE**

14 AMELIA: Ah, *that's* the badger!

15 **FX: AFTER A FEW SECONDS TRANSMISSION ENDS - BACK TO**  
16 **STATIC**

17 AMELIA: Correction: that was the badger.

18 Ah who needs civilisation? If you're bored then  
19 you're boring, right?

20 Besides. Another 12 hours and I'll be back in  
21 the Chandler.

22 **BEAT**

23 Raymond Chandler? 'The Big Sleep'. Stasis  
24 Chamber.

25 *It's clever.*

26 **FX: BLOOP OFF**

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33 **FX: BLOOP ON**



1 AMELIA: Two months. I think. More dreams. One big long  
2 dream, actually. This time just me outside the  
3 craft, just... drifting..  
4 Wasn't scary though.  
5 Wait - what are-  
6 Swear I threw that pasty in the waste. Didn't  
7 I? Well you're going in now.  
8 Practically a new life form.  
9 Pasty, meet waste. Waste, meet pasty.  
10 **FX: BLOOP OFF**  
11 **FX: BLOOP ON**  
12 AMELIA: Been thinking. Edge of the sys'.  
13 Where is it?  
14 I mean, I'm following Pluto's peripheral path,  
15 right... But what if I launched from an inch to  
16 the left? Just a few centimetres further out  
17 from the sun? A tiny amount on-ground, but once  
18 you consider the slightly larger concentric  
19 circle that would create - that has to add  
20 miles to the journey, right? Hundreds of miles?  
21 Thousands?  
22 What I'm saying is... what's in scope for this  
23 adventure?  
24 What do I define as 'success'?  
25 **PAUSE**  
26 **FX: BLOOP OFF**  
27 **FX: BLOOP ON**  
28 (SINGS) *Oh see the splendid llama soar!*  
29 Yes, according to the dashboard calendar, it's  
30 that most merry of days! Shame I don't have a  
31 door to hang my thermal s-  
32 Hang- Didn't I-?  
33 **FX: BLOOP OFF**  
34  
35 **FX: BLOOP ON**

1 AMELIA: Apparently passed old space probe other day.  
2 Voyager 37 - meant to go interstellar but  
3 packed up before threshold.  
4 Seminal event in space history, coinciding with  
5 the time when passing the Kuiper Belt was  
6 banned - not that any human had actually *done*  
7 it yet.  
8 Wonder if the law killed the appetite?  
9 Death of curiosity.  
10 Back to radar.  
11 Raymond?  
12 What was it again?  
13 **FX: BLOOP OFF**  
14 **FX: BLOOP ON**  
15 AMELIA: (YAWNS) Just another week.  
16 Then I'll focus.  
17 **BEAT**  
18 Cryonic lullabies.  
19 **FX: BLOOP OFF**  
20 **FX: BLOOP ON**  
21 AMELIA: Still there.  
22 I don't...  
23 Put you in waste...  
24 Put you in...  
25 Picking you up. Remember this. Happening now.  
26 *Remember.*  
27 **FX: BLOOP OFF**  
28 **FX: BLOOP ON**  
29 AMELIA: (SINGS SLOWLY) Oh see the splendid...  
30 **FX: BLOOP OFF**  
31  
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1    **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

2    AMELIA:               (DRAWS BREATH TO SPEAK - STOPS SELF)

3    **FX:**                   **BLOOP OFF**

4    **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

5    AMELIA:               Who could stop me?

6                           If I adjust coordinates... Who would stop me?

7                           Next hurrah.

8                           Have enough tubed food... Stasis too.

9                           Even after I kick the bucket, the ship carries

10                          the baton. Forever. New record after new record

11                          after new record...

12                          Does record still count? If I'm... bunch of bunch

13                          of... bones? As long as the *ship* stays true...

14                          I'd be remembered.

15                          Isn't that why I-?

16                          **EXTENDED PAUSE**

17   **FX:**                   **BLOOP OFF**

18   **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

19   AMELIA:               *Wake up, Amelia.*

20                           *Amelia, wake up.*

21                           OK.

22                           OK OK OK.

23                           Think.

24                           Right.

25                           Yes.

26   **FX:**                   **BLOOP OFF**

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1   **FX:**                   **BLOOP ON**

2   **FX:**                   **BEEP BEEP BEEP OF BUTTONS BEING PRESSED**

3   AMELIA:                Going into stasis for rest of journey.

4                            Executive decision.

5                            Autopilot engaged. Back in a year or so.

6                            Best thing for all.

7                            This is Amelia Bell saying a final toodle pip,

8                            sweet dreams and a very good night.

9                            Oh- Before I go, Plant Christy, I came up with

10                           a name for my craft. The *Fnurblewing*. Thought

11                           you'd appreciate th-

12                           (SUDDENLY WORRIED) Plant Christy?

13                           Wh...

14   **FX:**                   **SCRABBLE OF PAPERS BEING FLICKED THROUGH**

15                           Where are those guidelines?

16                           You're... You're dropping leaves? They're just -

17                           they're just falling off in front of my eyes...

18                           And the petals they're... They're closing up...

19                           Which must mean...

20                           Oh... *Just Joy*...

21                           What's happened?

22                           **END**