

# **STELLAR FIRMA**

## **TIMEBOTS**

### **Content Warnings**

- **Discussions of: policing, death**
- **Mentions of: guns, alcohol**
- **SFX: distorted sounds & voices, beeping, rain, explosions**

TREXEL: Geistman productions proudly presents... Time Bots!

**[Time Bots theme begins]**

Time Bots!

Solving crimes inside of time

Time Bots!

It's a quarter to three, and a quarter to justice

Time Bots!

**ANNOUNCER:** In a time when time is cheap and lives are cheaper, and yet still not as cheap as time, time crime runs wild on the streets of New Quartzopolis. And when there's no time for justice, then time is running out... for humanity.

**PRESIDENT MAYOR:** Professor Pinion, please, have you gone completely mad? A pair of sentient time-traveling robot detectives could never work. That technology would take... a thousand years to perfect!

**PROFESSOR PINION:** But President Mayor, that is the beauty of my plan. With the power of time travel, it already has. Behold: the Time Bots.

**[generic beep boop beep booping]**

**BOB:** Goddammit. These streets stink of time crime, and you're never gonna get that stink off with your button down atomic clocks.

ROD: But Bob, if the D.A. gets wind of this, they'll take your time gun and time badge for sure.

BOB: Shove it up your calendar, you son of a clickspring.

PRESIDENT MAYOR: Professor, why did you make them a veteran loose canon and a by-the-book rookie?

PROFESSOR PINION: I just get so lonely. I thought it would be exciting, you know? Would you like to stay for a drink?

PRESIDENT MAYOR: Yeah, okay.

**[exciting music]**

ROD: Look, Bob, that's a street horologist, selling seconds to some innocent children. We must do something.

BOB: Don't waste your time, Rod. You could run in small time time hawkers for the rest of time, and it wouldn't make a moment's worth of difference. We've got to take this fight straight to the top.

ROD: You don't mean...

**ROD/BOB:** Big Clock.

**[bell chimes ominously]**

CHIEF: Thank you Mr. Big Clock, sir. You have a nice day, sir. What in Great Henlein's Ghost did you two think you were doing, bringing in Big Clock?

ROB: But Chief, Big Clock is at the centre of the dial of crime.

CHIEF: I don't want to hear it, Rod. You're a rookie, so I could chalk this up to a lack of time on the force. But you, Bob, you're a grizzled veteran. You should know by now that nobody in this town touches Big Clock... apart from the clock keeper twice a year. Maybe it was a mistake bringing Time Bots onto the force. I'm calling the Mayor right now.

BOB: Twenty-four hours.

CHIEF: What?

ROD: What?

BOB: You give us twenty-four hours, and if we haven't taken down Big Clock by then, well, you won't have to fire us — we quit.

ROD: We didn't discuss this beforehand, Bob.

CHIEF: Deal. Here's your twenty-four hours, and at the end of them, I want both your time guns and time badges on the table by yesterday.

**[scene change]**

BOB: End of the line, Big Clock.

BIG CLOCK: **[chimes]**

**BOB:** Oh, you'd like that, but this time we're doing it the kid's way: by the book.

ROD: Don't do it, Bob. He's too dangerous. If he strikes midnight, the countdownium reactor will blow, and he'll blast you both back to before when you were after when you had previously been.

BOB: No, Rod, you were right. Sometimes a Time Bot has to play by the rules. Without that, we're not better than a bunch of sundials.

ROD: In what way?

BOB: In that we work very badly at night, or with cloud cover.

ROD: Bob, nooooo.

BOB: Ahhhhh.

**[explosion]**

CHIEF: Don't beat yourself up, kid. There was nothing you could do. There was no time.

ROD: What's the point of being a Time Bot if I don't have time to save the only Time Bot who I ever considered a friend? Who also happens to be the only other Time Bot.

CHIEF: Funny you should say that. President Mayor Hairspring?

PRESIDENT MAYOR: Thank you, Chief. Professor Pinion?

PROFESSOR PINION: Thank you, honeybunch. Time Bot Rod, it is not entirely accurate what you say. There is one more Time Bot in existence. I present to you: Time Dog.

TIME DOG: Bark bark, tick tock.

ROD: What a good time boy.

PROFESSION PINION: A good time boy indeed. And with him, you'll be able to travel back into the time web, and save Time Bot Bob.

ROD: I'll do my best, Professor. Ready, boy?

TIME DOG: Bark bark, tick tock.

ROD: Whenever you are, Bob: we're coming.

**[generic sci-fi wormhole noises]**

ROD: Ahhhhh.

CHIEF: Did anyone give them any coordinates or anything?

PROFESSOR: Oh, shi—

——-

TREXEL: Time Bots is written, directed, and entirely thought of by Trexel Geistman. Geistman Productionsssss!

---

Created by Tim Meredith and Ben Meredith

Produced by Katie Seaton

Executive Producer: Alexander J Newall

Featuring: Tim Meredith

Editing: Maddy Searle

Music: Samuel DF Jones

Artwork: Anika Khan

Mastering: Jeffrey Nils Gardner



