

STELLAR FIRMA SEASON SEASON 3 OUTTAKES PT. 2

Content Warnings

- **Spoilers for all of Stellar Firma**
- **Innuendo & sexual references**
- **Mentions of: death**
- **SFX: loud beeps throughout, coughing, shouting, & crosstalk**

TIM: Hi everyone, Tim here. Welcome to part two of the season 3 bloopers for Stellar Firma. I wake up thinking about some of these at night, screaming. Screaming at the unassailable mistakes of the past. Enjoy.

[beep]

TIM: Don't you worry, don't you cry, here comes Vice Admiral Fun to..
[bleep] Not got the songs today...

BEN: Yeah, you're songed out after yesterday.

TIM: I'm all songed out. We all spent yesterday singing and I've all run out, okay. Right, try again.

—

BEN: It's a brief, and—

TIM: What?

BEN: And Microsoft Teams has just decided to crash, so I can't read it out.

TIM: Ah, well.

BEN: So I'm gonna have to...

TIM: My gift to you is an error report to Microsoft.

BEN: Thanks, Teams, which just closed itself for no [bleeping] reason.

TIM: Who needs all of our work?

BEN: Just when I needed it. It was fine, and it just went bleeehh.

JENNY: Gaspd its final breath.

—

BEN: I'm just gonna challenge you on that, and you're gonna have to make some silly bull[bleep] up, cos that's how the show works.

—

TIM: Empire. Empire? I am empire. Fade to black. No... no. Probably re-do that, eh?

—

TIM: They signed a disclaimer. Disclaimer? [bleep] you.

—

TIM: I don't know, David, stop asking follow-up questions!

[Tim and Ben laugh]

BEN: Okay, well. Guess we'll wrap up the show, then.

TIM: Sorry! Sorry, that was a big ol' no.

BEN: That's fine, I mean, to be honest, I did say, 'Hey, do some stuff, I'm not gonna put in any work.'

—

TIM: Take ya up to Makeup Canyon... Makeup Canyon? Alright, try that again, Tim.

BEN: I like Makeup Canyon, though.

—

BEN: But before that, let's retroactively start the timer, because we have no idea how long we've been going for.

TIM: Yeah, that's a good point, David. It's a good point. [bleep] I think that's about five minutes. I think that's about five minutes.

BEN: I reckon.

TIM: Let's do some claps. Clapping, clapping to let Maddy know.

—

BEN: But if the Supreme Bag... Blah blah bah.

TIM: **[noises]**

—

TIM: Good point. Is this a free-market activity, or is it a Fright Market activity, where you're like, 'Get in my church-factory or I'll stab you in the ball!' Nope. Whoops. Sorry.

BEN: **[raspberry]** The 'ball' being an eye... ball.

—

BEN: Remember when a poo chair was one of our main plot points?

TIM: Ah, halcyon days.

BEN: Yeah.

TIM: Salad days.

—

TIM: A clone is the same base materialis... Materlialy?

—

TIM: A clone may be made of the same base material of you—

—

TIM: A clone may be made of the same materialis... Material as...

BEN: Ooh. Maybe change the sentence.

TIM: No! **[bleep]** you! [BEN: Okay!] Three, two, one.

—

BEN: No, that's crap, sorry. I said twenty-eight and thirty-eight, I'm bad at numbers.

—

BEN: Huh, make sure you don't record to 69 minutes, eh Tim?

TIM: That would be too long, Ben, I would never do that.

BEN: Mmm.

—

TIM: This is an illegal poster rave... Poster rave? [bleep] me. 3, 2...

BEN: We'll just put posters up everywhere, ha ha ha!

TIM: 3, 2, 1...

—

TIM: 3, 2, 1...

[Ben abruptly begins to choke and cough]

TIM: Nope. Not for Ben. Not for Beeeenn. No. Ben just wants to choke to death like a prick.

BEN: I laughed! I laughed and I was drinking, I laughed and I was drinking.

TIM: What a **[bleep]**. Look at him over there. **[Ben continues to cough]**
Old Aspirating Ben, they call him.

BEN: Don't you— Why are you— You're making this worse!

TIM: I know. I want you to die. I want you to suffer.

BEN: Oh, no.

—

JENNY: Floatin' around in the... sky. Couldn't think of a word for 'sky' that started with 'f,' so there ya go.

[everyone cracks up]

BEN: And it's this kind of extreme office banter that was looking for.

[Tim and Jenny continue to giggle]

BEN: No, I like it, keep it in.

—

TIM: I'm back on board! Okay, if I can't be them, I'll... tell them how to be better, and then... wangle mo— Nope, let's do that again, that was absolutely nothing. Tell me I can make songs again.

—

BEN: Uh huh, uh huh.

[Tim burps, before Ben and Jenny burst into laughter]

TIM: Let's try that again. I just didn't want it to happen in the middle of a song... Did turning away help at all?

BEN: That's some real Brian Ino **[bleep]**.

—

JENNY: Yeah, but the snacks'll be hierarch.. hierar... frfrufuffuff.

TIM: Hey, what's that, you can't say a word, ya **[bleep]**head? I've got every word right I've ever said. Doot doot doodable.

BEN: Quack.

—
JENNY: Not the same.

TIM: Ever played Genshin Impact? Works there.

BEN: P-Pardon? **Pardon?**

TIM: Isn't Genshin Impact—

BEN: We're just gonna straight up talk about **Genshin Impact** after banning things from Earth—

TIM: Nooooo.

BEN: And you just **[bleep]**ing pull out your Waifu mobile game.

TIM: I just wanted to say it, really.

BEN: Yeah, I know you did. But yes, Genshin Impact, well done.

TIM: Cos I never get to say these things in real life. Nobody knows what I'm talking about.

BEN: You work with the normies.

TIM: I do, I do. I only know what Genshin Impact is from images on Polygon.

—

TIM: So bulbous...

BEN: Go on, I'm gonna have such problems with the knees.

JENNY: And your knob.

BEN: Jenny!

JENNY: It's because there's knob problems!

BEN: How— I can't believe you would say that—

TIM: Unfortunately that recording was lost—

JENNY: Nobody knows the reference I just made!

TIM: Nobody knows. Nobody knows, but weeee!

JENNY: I've said 'knob' once and they've said 'knob' like twenty times...

BEN: No we haven't, how dare you!

JENNY: And they just erase it all.

BEN: Lies and slander.

TIM: Jennifer Haufek is a filthmonger of the highest order, and—

JENNY: This is what happened with the feet as well. They were like—

BEN: All feet are Jenny's fault.

JENNY: So not true!

TIM: Yeah.

JENNY: Not true.

TIM: They call her... Jenny 'Talks About Feet' Haufek.

—

BEN: I'm a one person peer group. I have put pressure upon you both!

TIM: Yeah, it's like, 'And you will be judged by a jury of your peer,' and it's just Ben, 'Helllooo!' I'm gonna be judgy!

[they crack up for a while]

TIM: 'I dunno if you're coool enough!'

—

TIM: Wh— No— Don't— Ben! Ben, stay away from auto-erotic asphyxiation, Ben.

BEN: No, because I was gonna say—

TIM: We all know that's where you wanna go.

BEN: I was gonna say 'auto-erotic ideation,' and then I was like, 'No, wait, I've replaced the wrong bit.'

—

TIM: Judge, Judge! I would like Haufek's— Haufek's? No, sorry. Sorry, sorry, sorry.

—

TIM: I'm a horse! Look at me, I'm a horse!

[silence, followed by giggles]

TIM: Do you... do you wanna clean take of that?

BEN: Tim, remember, it is a clean take, because it's only your audio.

TIM: Oh, sorry, yes it is.

BEN: All takes are clean takes unless you laugh when you're saying it.

—

TIM: You **lose!** You stole— **[unintelligible]** I'm sorry **[mumbles]** how close that was. You get nothing!

BEN: I mean like, I was—

TIM: You touched the CEILING which now has to be washed!

BEN: I was willing to let that slide, but then ya killed it yourself. Ya took it out the back of the shed and shot it in the head.

—

JENNY: Trexel, when I was a young girl—

TIM: **[begins to sing]**

BEN: Tim! What is wrong with you?

TIM: Sorry, sorry! I have no self control! I have no self control at all!

—

TIM: David's happy with his lot, you're happy with yours, I'm sure as hell as happy as— **[nonsense noises]**

—

JENNY: He's in that slide!

BEN: What?

JENNY: I caught him! Yes.

BEN: That's just like a loose pile of slime.

JENNY: Yeah... yeah, at the end of the slide. It's a...

BEN: Sorry. You said 'slide,' and I heard 'slime.'

TIM: Slime slide. Slime slide.

BEN: And I was running with it, I was like, 'this is weird, but fair enough.' A slide, okay.

JENNY: It doesn't make sense that he would be in a slide, but somehow he is in a slide.

BEN: Oh, have you dragged in— Okay, this is ridiculous.

—

BEN: Uh huh.

TIM: And your immediate reaction was to say, 'Oh, so you don't love something else that's important to you.'

BEN: Yeah.

TIM: You're a real **[bleep]**. Sorry.

BEN: He just calls 'em as he sees 'em.

—

BEN: Someone has shipped copious casks of... **[tongue-tied]** Now it's my turn. Now it's Ben's turn.

TIM: Now it's your turn to not— It's full of Cs. More Cs than you can sch..sthc.. take a kick at it.

BEN: You're a C, shut up, let's go.

JENNY: Seas of Cs.

—

TIM: Ah, yes, I've used them. Count Corporeal Carpet Cleaning Company. We'll get any stain out, or we'll... kill your wife.

[everyone breaks up laughing]

BEN: I love the idea of 'If we fail, we'll punish you.'

TIM: Yeah.

—

TIM: Any sea! The sea of tranquillity, the sea of shouting, CC Barnek
[random mouth noises].

JENNY: Oh, yeah.

—

BEN: I thought it was like one of those ready-made soup bowls that had
like a special made spoon slotted in to a special handle.

TIM: You never mentioned it, so I'm gonna need to get Imogen to say it
now.

BEN: Well Tim, it's improv! We were making it up!

—

TIM: Gangsters, please! Please! Don't make me sleep with the spaces!

JENNY: Ay yi yi yi.

[Ben and Jenny laugh]

TIM: What was that? What was that? Ayi yi yi yi yi, I'm a gangster, yi yi yiyi!

JENNY: I was imagining I had a cigar!

BEN: Oh, the, 'ya, aghahaha.'

TIM: Arrarara. There's a real visual element there!

—

BEN: The gang stars! They've stolen the shooting talent out of all of these gansters, and now they're the Gang Stars, and we've got to play them in a gangster match!

TIM: With Mikhail Jordanne!

BEN: With Mikhail Gorbachev!

TIM: Mr. Gorbachev, take this damn plot!

BEN: Oh, we can't use any of this, but it's [bleep]ing gold!

—

TIM: I've forgotten the name of the [bleep]ing department. What's the department we're going to?

ANNIE: Business warfare, I thought?

TIM: Business warfare. Thank you. Thank you, Annie. You know what you're [bleep]ing doing. Right.

—

TIM: Exactly. Not because of some vague, wide-ranging plot that we haven't detailed out properly. No, it's more— No, Ben, no?

BEN: No, that's great, but I was like, 'Just tell the listeners everything, I suppose.'

—

BEN: The ink—

TIM: Write it in **[bleep]**— Nope. Sorry.

BEN: Really? Just without irony?

—

BEN: Um, is it they can't deal with emotional bull**[bleep]**— Is it they can't deal with emotional— It's become a thing.

—

BEN: Their weakness is emotionable—

TIM: It's about what now? We can't speak!

[Ben screams]

TIM: **[singing]** Cancel the show, we can't speak anymore!

—

TIM: Okay, the rule of two, that's what they say.

BEN: Definitely keeping that. Prevented the corpse as long as I could. Ahh. Love it. That's bathos, everyone. That's called comedy.

TIM: Yeah! Put that in your comedy pipe, you **[bleep]**.

BEN: Wowww!

TIM: Maddy, keep that in. Just drop me saying that into the middle of an episode.

BEN: Just any of them.

TIM: Just any of them.

BEN: Repeatedly.

TIM: Go back into old episodes and edit that in.

—

TIM: The pixels can't keep up with the hunkiness of this.... Guy. **[cracking up]**

—

BEN: Not beep boop beep, but I'll just say, 'Yes, I'm a clone, I'm just gonna do it.'

TIM: Well hang on, I just heard a clone say 'beep beep beep,' so mabily they do— Mabily they do? Maybe it's— Maybedadoo.

—

TIM: On Stellar Firma, and there's a button that says, 'Combust,' you stell.. You stell? Stellar Firma Limited, a podcast in three parts.

—

BEN: Is this the first time a Board Member has died?

JENNY: Yes!

TIM: Well, no, of course Board Members have died—

JENNY: Oh.

TIM: Oh, hang on. We've got lore crash.

BEN: Explicitly no!

JENNY: Sorry.

TIM: We're in a lore loop! We're in a lore loop! Ahh!

—

TIM: Dusty sex.

JENNY: I thought we were going to have a song again.

TIM: Oh, you want a song?

JENNY: No, no!

TIM: King Lint, King Lint, [bleep]ing all the time!

—

TIM: Two dead chairs at the hands of David Severen. Chair murderer.

BEN: David Severen?

TIM: Shut up.

JENNY: I heard it too.

—

JENNY: It's just a general prostr... prostrating.

BEN: And do I say, 'Do you mean prostrating?'

JENNY: I did mean that.

TIM: Cos if it's prostrating, that's a very different thing.

BEN: You can give me an exam. A free Board exam. Gotta make sure!

TIM: You just gotta make sure. You just gotta have a regular check. The Board is worried about your health.

BEN: Hey, look, it doesn't matter if you're a member of the Board, you've still gotta have your regular checkups, alright?

—

TIM: Um, and then, if you can basically make noises as if you've just rugby tackled someone, and are punching them again and again and again.

JENNY: We know you've done it at hockey, Rachel.

TIM: Yeah, imagine someone tackled you really badly.

JENNY: Imagine you're in one of those balls from your hen-do.

RACHEL: Oh lord.

—

AMY: They kept... melting. That was horrifying, I'm sorry.

BEN: No, perfect.

TIM: That's exactly what we were looking for.

—

AMY: That's so tight! I kinda like it.

[everyone starts laughing]

BEN: Yes! Yes.

TIM: In another context— ahghg.

—

TIM: One final Trexel. **[snaps]**

JENNY: TREXELLL!

TIM: Perfect. Simpsooooonnn!

JENNY: Seymouuur!

—

TIM: And scene.

JENNY: Ahhh.

TIM: And sceene. And then Imogen— 'This is it, boys,' blah de blah de blah. And there we go! Right.

BEN: Some solid final chunter.

TIM: Some final bull[bleep]. Alright, we'll stop recording.

—

TIM: **[laughter]** Ah, those were some costly, costly mistakes that we can't take back. Well, I hope you enjoyed Part 2 of the bloopers from Season 3. I hope your thirst for our mistakes is quenched, because there's no more seasons to bloop. I hope you enjoyed them, and we'll see you again sometime soon.

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