

STL -23 – Wrangling and Wrestling

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism
- Sexual innuendo

TREXEL

Special thanks to Leslie Gideon! May your finishing move never be turned against you.

[Show Theme - Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Show Theme – Intro *Continued*]

[Footsteps approach]

[Door swooshes open]

TREXEL

(Singing) ♪ Who's that?

DAVID

What?

TREXEL *continued*

Who's that friend?

DAVID

Uhh—

TREXEL *continued*

A friend of mine 'til the very end!

DAVID

Uh—

TREXEL *continued*

I've got a bow! I've tied it 'round my hand. Extending my hand to you as a gift!

Don't touch my hand! You're covered in slime! But you're a friend of mine!

...Trexel Geistman! 🎵

DAVID

(Deadpan) You made a song.

TREXEL

I did, hello! **(Pause)** Did you like my song?

DAVID

Uh...

TREXEL

I wrote it for you! Also for me, to listen to my own beautiful voice!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Employees are reminded that all singing will be reviewed for seditious content.

DAVID

Well, um, your song was so beautiful, it reminded me that we have a brief to open.

TREXEL

My songs are inspiring.

DAVID

So, I'm gonna—

TREXEL

They inspire people to many things.... great works, uh... love. People love me for my songs. People *die* for my songs. Mainly when I sing loudly at them while they're trying to do something dangerous, like driving! Or cooking.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Initiating.

DAVID

So the brief is—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

...from... Roxanne Fuerteson.

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

And they are asking for a modern, show-stopping wrestling planet, dedicated to the biggest televised showdowns of this side of the galaxy.

TREXEL

Right.

DAVID *continued*

It will be the destination for big-name warriors and young rookies alike, with dedicated workout facilities, pyrotechnic technical institutes, and stadiums in every city. This planet will be non-stop, 24/7 entertainment central. So I hope you know a lot about wrestling.

TREXEL

I know next to... everything! Yes, everything about wrestling! Of course, I know about all topics!

DAVID

What— what’s— what— what is “next to everything”?

TREXEL

(Splutters) Next to everything is most things, and then next to that, it’s, you know, a lot of stuff. And then next to that, a— a— mediu— half and half. You know half the stuff, half stuff you don’t know. And then less than that is like, “Oh, I’m not sure”, but you know, give it a guess, and then beyond that it’s just

shouting, and people are angry because you've said you knew how to drive.

Ahh...

DAVID

So... if everything... were a train...

TREXEL

Yes, okay.

DAVID

And that was carriage one...

TREXEL

Yes, okay.

DAVID

What carriage would Trexel Geistman be getting on?

TREXEL

C-Carriage one. Best carriage. Big carriage. Carriage of knowledge.

DAVID

I thought you were *next* to everything.

TREXEL

Oh, well, you know, the— everything—

DAVID

Wouldn't that be carriage two?

TREXEL

Look. I don't want to get into a fight about a metaphorical knowledge train, but I *will*. I'm in carriage one because I'm a first-class boy.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Metaphorical first class is reserved for upper management.

DAVID

Okay, but first class was actually carriage four, next to the buffet car.

TREXEL

(Threatening) Do not be facetious about the metaphorical knowledge train.

DAVID

Well, this is *my* metaphor.

TREXEL

Is it *your* metaphor?

DAVID

It's my metaphor.

TREXEL

I bow to your metaphor. In which case, I start in carriage one, and then I go, "*What?! This isn't first class!*" and I just fight my way down the train, punching conductors in the face left and right!

DAVID

So carriage four, we're about 50/50 knowledge?

TREXEL

Yeah, about there.

DAVID

Okay. Right, well, hopefully your 50/50 knowledge will also help us to design the non-negotiable feature, which is “the capital must have the largest, flashiest stadium ever seen. It must have both environmental and gravity controls to ensure fresh new visual spectacles every night”.

TREXEL

Okay, well, David, I-I-I see— I see a core here, I see a core. We are creating not only the planet that actually creates this entertainment, we're also containing its *consumers*. Because they were saying they want modern stadiums in every city on this world, so we're creating a— a world with a centralised entertainment system, many cities on it, those cities gotta be full of people, and they're going to be the people paying for the content? So, it's a— a self-contained, wrestling empire in which its citizens are its consumers! It's the dream, David! It's a captive audience, literally! They're captivated by the atmosphere! They scrabble at the sky, saying, “Let me go!” But they can't get out! Because we've locked down the spaceports.

DAVID

...Right. So, we're banning galactic travel—

TREXEL

Let's not get that— we haven't even designed the planet, David. Let's not talk about transport policy before we've designed a planet! ...We've got to design the government structure before that, even if we get to it!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Warning: dangerously off-topic.

DAVID

Mmm... no, let's talk about transport policy, actually.

TREXEL

Okay, fine, transport policy. Now, a fine, solid transport policy has to be, has to be based on absolute control. Can't have people just wandering about the place, walking on their own legs! That kind of freedom would send them mad! So, everybody has to wear special boots that only go where the government lets you.

DAVID

Okay, and where is the government sending you?

TREXEL

Where it wants you to go.

DAVID

Which is?

TREXEL

To your— to your assigned place of work, certainly, or maybe on prearranged leisure activities. **(Shouting)** *"You're having a walk in the park now!"*

DAVID

Why would I—

TREXEL *continued*

Walk that dog! No, you've gone too far the other way, turn left! I've forgotten the milk; back to the shop!" says the government.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Fascism detected. ...Carry on.

DAVID

Okay, Trexel, I just want to remind you...

TREXEL

Yes?

DAVID

What's the point of this planet?

TREXEL

Uh, that's a good question, David. Is it... total control of people's lives?

DAVID

No. We're gonna have to remember back the words that I said probably about *one minute ago*...

TREXEL

Okay, hang on. I can do this! **(Pause, starts muttering his thoughts to himself)**

DAVID

What was the most prominent word? The word that came up most?

TREXEL

(Muttering) Wasn't listening... wasn't listening or paying attention... wasn't—
Nope, you're gonna have to tell me, David.

DAVID

It's a word that began with a W?

TREXEL

Uhh... worrying.

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Wimple...

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Wendigo!

DAVID

No—

TREXEL

(Shouts) *Whale!* It's a *whale!*

DAVID

No. Nope. Whales was yesterday.

TREXEL

Oh. The Star Marlin!

DAVID

Nope, that was a few days ago.

TREXEL

Well, I'm just— I'm just at sea.

DAVID

Okay, no, that's— you're still with the whales. We don't get—

TREXEL

Oh, I'm in space! I'm in the vacuum of space!

DAVID

No, no, nope— get back on the planet—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) I'm in a box! Somebody's put me in a box!

DAVID

No, don't— Get out of the transport.

TREXEL

I'm on a train of knowledge— **(Makes train noise)**

DAVID

Wait, yes— if— if you're on the train of knowledge—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID *continued*

—and you're on this planet—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID *continued*

—where is your destination? Where are you going?

TREXEL

A wrestling station— **(realisation, shouts)** Wrestling! It was wrestling. We need wrestling involved in this planet.

DAVID

Yes, and you were suggesting a lot of leisure activities which were *not...*

TREXEL

...Ham.

DAVID

(Flustered spluttering) *Still* beginning with a W... **[Trexel thinks hard]** Gonna try that word again.

TREXEL

Not, uh... whales is it— whales is it?

DAVID

No, it was—

TREXEL

Star Marlin.

DAVID

Nope. Come on, keep going... keep going—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) The metaphor for knowl— *Wrestling!* Wrestling.

DAVID

There we go. Yes, okay.

TREXEL

I have to go around the cycle every time, David—

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL *continued*

—otherwise I can't get there.

DAVID

Okay, so—

TREXEL *continued*

Okay. Wrestling, yes— so! Okay. Right. Yes. I've had a wonder— wonderful idea. So, the main activity—in fact, the *only* activity other than work, and breathing, and metabolising sugar—is to go to wrestling. You wake up, you go to work, in your lunch break, look at a bit of wrestling, go back to the rest of the work, end of the day, look at that watch, choo-choo, the end work whistles going, *straight* to a wrestling match to watch oiled beings smash each other but in a pretend way.

DAVID

(Strained) Yes. Okay, Trexel, look, I... I know this doesn't really matter, um, but for my own sake...

TREXEL

What do you mean it doesn't *matter*, David? This is— this is art! This is creativity! This is— this is the very *lifeblood* of Stellar Firma Ltd.!

DAVID

Uhhh...

TREXEL *continued*

If that doesn't matter, then what matters?! Do *I* matter? **(Sudden crisis)** Oh my Board, may— maybe I *don't* matter. Maybe I'm just dust—

DAVID

Uhh...

TREXEL *continued*

—on the space-time continuum. Maybe I should just tear all the panels off the walls and start beating people to death with them!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Warning: consultant spiralling.

DAVID

Okay, maybe we just forget what I just said there...

TREXEL

Hang on— **(Straining sound)** there we go. Okay.

DAVID

(Cautious) Okay... good... right, so... you're talking about the only two things being work and wrestling.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

Right. For the— the inhabitants of the planet.

TREXEL

Only thing they're allowed to do. If they even *think* about chess, they are done.

DAVID

Okay, but also, what if work *was* wrestling, *and...* what if the *guests* didn't live on the planet but came from off the planet—

TREXEL

Right.

DAVID *continued*

—using... spaceships.

TREXEL

Well, that means the whole liberalisation of the transport policy and I'm not sure if you have the legislative power to do that.

DAVID

Okay, Trexel, are you really married to the government-mandated—

TREXEL

I do like a government-mandated limited transport policy! It's really one of my things!

DAVID

What about a government-mandated entertainment policy instead?

TREXEL

(Soft gasp) That would be amazing! Forget all the transport stuff! It's drivel, it's drivel! Tear it up! Burn down Parliament! **(Passionately)** *Kill the queen!*

IMOGEN

[Beep] Sedition detected. Security alerted.

DAVID

Okay, and what entertainment are we mandating?

TREXEL

Wrestling! Wrestling 24/7! Work? Work is wrestling. Wrestling is work. Wrestling is— is life! You are inside the kayfabe, trapped in a— in a glass house of wrestling! Look outside, there's nothing there! Just a waste of endless time and fear and unpredictable narratives in which people don't fall in love for no good reason!

DAVID

Right...

TREXEL

I'm so bought into this, David, I can't even begin to tell you.

DAVID

Okay, well if you—

TREXEL

I am a wrestle man.

DAVID

Well, if you're bought in—

TREXEL

I am a wrestling boy.

DAVID

Okay, we've got—

TREXEL

Wrestle with me creatively! Don't touch me. Let's wrestle with our minds!

Haha! Ha hoo! Auugh! Auugh!

DAVID

You want me to intellectually wrestle with you?

TREXEL

Jump off my brain turnbuckle!

DAVID

Hmmmm...

TREXEL *continued*

Jump off my brain turnbuckle...

DAVID

Okay. So, we've got some wrestlers who are working here.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

Who else works in a wrestling stadium?

TREXEL

Ah, the... the— the rope tensioners. **(Struggling)** The... trampoline police. The people that, you know, point lights... and... stuff and— It's— it's not important! There's a *general staff!*

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

And in fact, if we could make almost—

DAVID

Now—

TREXEL *continued*

—everyone a wrestler, wouldn't that make for one— one heck of a battle?

DAVID

Well, just given that we're *intellectually wrestling* right now, and—

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID *continued*

—you did invite me to do this—

TREXEL

I did! Welcome to my mind ring.

DAVID *continued*

—that’s a terrible idea. You can’t have “generalised staff”. Right, if you’re designing a—

TREXEL

Ding ding! I’ve just decided that the wrestling match is over. If you’re gonna be so negative about all this, maybe I— maybe I don’t want to do any of it.

DAVID

Well, look, I’m just trying to make you better here, okay? You can’t just say things like “generalised staff”, okay? We’re designing a planet. You need to think about the detail!

TREXEL

Fine, okay, level one pay: intern. You have two weeks off a year and your sick pay is you get punched in the face. Level two: administrative staff and maintenance. Pays a little bit better— Are we get— are we getting granular enough for you?

DAVID

(Confrontational) / feel like you’re being a bit of a Facetious Freddie!

TREXEL

Well, actually, maybe I’m being a F— a Facetious Fabian, which is like a Facetious Freddie, but sexier! And you meet him on a holiday!

DAVID

Well, what a Truculent Trexel you are!

TREXEL

Ooh, I like that! **(Singing)** ♪ The adventures of a Truculent Trexel... ♪

DAVID

(Muttering) It's— it's not a— it's not a good thing. It's just—

TREXEL

♪ Follow him through his life... ♪

DAVID

(Still muttering) It's— it's not a good— **(Sighs)** Being truculent is—

TREXEL

♪ He's at. A. Depot! ♪

DAVID

You're—

TREXEL *continued*

Shouting at someone's wife!

DAVID

Okay—

TREXEL *continued*

♪ **(Shouting)** Get out of my way! ♪

IMOGEN

[Beep] Analysing.

TREXEL

♪ I'm Trexel and I've got stuff to do... ♪ **(Speaking)** It's good! I can work it into an entire series.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Song free of sedition... and tune.

DAVID

Yeah, I do feel like you've actually captured the essence of *being* truculent while still making it a positive? I don't— Okay. Use that creativity... to design a planet.

TREXEL

Okay, will do. Right, so! We have got an entire world enslaved in the tight fist of wrestling! But we need to have this broken up into city-states. You can't just have, like, one giant state—

DAVID

Right, yes!

TREXEL

You could have one giant— **(realisation)** *Everything* is wrestling.

DAVID

Well, I mean, yes—

TREXEL

You're— you're in a school. The teacher is wrestling the cleaning staff!

You're— you're in a hospital. The doctor is throttling the patient, but in a mime way so they don't actually get hurt!

DAVID

(Trying to steer back on topic) Okay, well, that's good, that— they've asked for a wrestling planet where everything is wrestling, so you're giving them that—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID *continued*

—*but* let's deal with the warring city-states because that provides easy narrative.

TREXEL

Yes!

DAVID

You have different wrestle groups. Wrestle cabinets, wrestle governments.

TREXEL

We've got face states and heel states.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL *continued*

The face states can become heel states, but only if they betray a friend state. But a heel state? That could become a— a kind of comedy heel state. Its transport policy is laughably underthought! So, you know, you don't like 'em, but you're sort of cheering for them, you know?

DAVID

Yeah, okay, right. So... where do all of these different wrestle nations come together to wrestle, right?

TREXEL

The Wrestledome.

DAVID

The Wrestledome!

TREXEL

In Wrestle City. In Wrestle State! In *Wrestledonia*!

DAVID

Yes! Right. So, that's the non-negotiable option here, right?

TREXEL

There is a big central city on top of a mountain. Everything good's at the top of a mountain, and I'm *not* talking about clouds! Up high you climb. In fact, you have to be strong and supple and muscular in order to climb the sheer cliff up to— up to the Wrestledome in *Wrestledonia*!

DAVID

Unless you're part of the audience, at which point there are luxury shuttles.

TREXEL

Absolutely! Provided by the government in a very liberal transport policy!

DAVID

Exactly! So, you know they have those wrestle things—I-I've seen them on I.M.O.G.E.N.—where they have, like, a ladder, and there's a briefcase full of cash? Right?

TREXEL

Yes, yes.

DAVID

Well, what if that ladder was in fact *the mountain*, and 500 wrestlers start at the bottom of the mountain? They all have to wrestle the way up where the Wrestledome lives, and then on the top of the Wrestledome, there is on a flaming chain... the deed to Wrestledonia!

TREXEL

And whoever gets the deed becomes the...

DAVID and TREXEL

Wrestle Champ!

TREXEL

Yes!

DAVID

(Uncharacteristic enthusiasm) Champion of wrestling!

TREXEL

They wield—

DAVID *continued*

Wielding the mighty wrestle sceptre and the deed of wrestling, and they don their wrestle crown!

TREXEL

(Excited) David, I've never seen you so excited by any concept in your entire life.

DAVID

I did watch some wrestling on I.M.O.G.E.N., and I did get quite into it.

TREXEL

It's a lot of fun, isn't it? It's a lot of fun!

DAVID

It is! It's a lot of wrestle fun! I'm just really into those big oily people just slapping their meat around!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Watch it, buster!

TREXEL

David, that actually brings up an— an incredibly important point. Oil! We need so much oil! People can't wrestle without oil, David! You'd start to grip to each other; it would become weird!

DAVID

And meat! You need so many calories to keep them big muscley muscles muscling about!

TREXEL

What substance can we— can we really just stuff this populace with that's both oily and meaty? Umm... Uhh...

DAVID

(Dramatically) Chorizo.

TREXEL

Chorizo?

DAVID

Chorizo!

TREXEL

It's the ultimate wrestler's snack! Packed with red meat but also so oily that whenever you eat it, everybody can see that you've just eaten it!

DAVID

Chow down on that oily red sausage and become a big, *big* wrestler!

TREXEL

Excellent, David, excellent. I think we've *really* nailed down the core concepts of how this is all going to work. An entire world built around the concept of

wrestling. At its centre, a Wrestle Mountain. At the top, the deed to wrestledom! The champ sits atop with a pile of chorizo sausage.

DAVID

Perfect. **(Calm again)** Right, yes, well, I could probably just...

IMOGEN

[Beep] Would you like to submit?

DAVID

...work this through and maybe remove some of the more overtly sexual bits, but, uh—

TREXEL

Remove? You— What? Remove, David?

DAVID

Uhhhhhh...

TREXEL

You— what— what are you going to start editing it right here in front of me, with your big judgy pen, crossing things out?

DAVID

Um...

TREXEL *continued*

All of that's gold, David! All of it stays in!

DAVID

Yes, yes, yes, no, it will all— all of it, every single last drop of letters, will stay in. Def—

TREXEL

David...

DAVID

Yes, what?

TREXEL

Something's up.

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

I'm—

DAVID

Nothing's up.

TREXEL

I may come across—

DAVID

I'm down. I'm on the floor.

[Thump of David falling to the floor]

TREXEL

D-David, get up off of the floor. You can't pull that just to get away— that's a real Geistman move, I've used that move before. You can't just pretend to have passed out on the floor in order to get away from your responsibilities!

DAVID

(From the floor) Nope, I'm down on the floor now.

TREXEL

Get up off of the floor and face me like a clone!

DAVID

(From the floor) Shan't!

TREXEL

(Splutters) David, I will come over there and put a government-issued hook in your face in order to get y—

DAVID

(From the floor) No, you can't catch me, I'm slithering away!

[Trexel and David quietly struggling with each other]

TREXEL

Oh, you're so oily— Come here! Ah, come here!

DAVID

No. No! No!

TREXEL

Gah, you're so difficult to grip—

DAVID

No!

TREXEL

Get your back in—

DAVID

Eat clone slurry!

[Mechanical whirr, Trexel is hit by torrent of slurry]

TREXEL

(Pained shouting) Ah! My eyes! Ahh, It's so vinegary and hot! Gah, the clone slurry! **(Deep exhale trying to catch his breath)** What is up with you David?!

DAVID

Nothing!

TREXEL

You sprayed hot clone slurry into my face from a tube!

DAVID

(Out of breath) No, I— no, I didn't!

TREXEL

My suit is ruined!

DAVID

Well, no, you did that!

TREXEL

What do you *mean*, I did that?! You just— you pointed at my face and screamed, “Eat clone slurry!”

DAVID

That was you!

TREXEL

David, I may come across as a happy-go-lucky scamp, but only so long can I be pushed before I say *no!* Something’s changed.

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Something’s weird.

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

You spray me with hot clone slurry—

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

—you make less and less oblique comments about, about changing things on—
on the plans.

DAVID

No, I didn't!

TREXEL

I accept that you have to edit my certain creative eddies in the process, but—
but you can't just change things, David! And I think— I think you're starting to
change things!

DAVID

(Frantic) No, I'm not changing anything! No, because obviously, the deadline—
the deadline is so sacrosanct and— and fixed, that I couldn't possibly make any
edits within the time you leave the office and the time that we have to— I
actually deliver the... briefs while you're here, so how could I possibly edit it?! I
think you're just thinking things, Trexel, you're being paranoid! Paranoid about
the David! Obviously paranoid!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Yikes!

TREXEL

You make a very good point, David, but in a way that is so suspicious...

DAVID

No.

TREXEL *continued*

...that I have got a suspicious hat on.

DAVID

Nope. That was perfectly spicious.

TREXEL

I have got a hat on full of suspicion.

DAVID

That was *unspicious*.

TREXEL

It's a 10-gallon hat of "I know something's up, but not just on top of my head like the hat! But actually up, like in a situation like now."

DAVID

Well, I'm wearing a 20-gallon hat of... "David is fine, thank you"!

TREXEL

Well, I'm wearing a 40-litre hat of "I don't believe your 20-gallon hat!"

DAVID

Well, I've just exploded your 40-litre hat with a 20-megaton bomb of true facts—

TREXEL

My hat!

DAVID

—and this fact is that David is not lying about anything, and the deadline is sacrosanct, and Trexel Geistman is... fine! Goodbye! Good day, sir! Good day!

TREXEL

I got that hat on holiday and you've ruined it.

DAVID

Well... **(rapidly)** then you shouldn't have been so suspicious about something that you shouldn't be suspicious about, because my truth bomb then came and blew your hat up because it was suspicious about things!

TREXEL

You can talk to me, David, if something's wrong. If somebody's, you know, being mean to you and... and needs taken care of, you can tell Trexel. Who's coming into the office, maybe every day, and making your life harder? I'll have a long word with them and make sure they don't do it again! **[Beat]** You're sort of going weird, and sort of red.

DAVID

Um— just— Hang on. I think I've got something here.

TREXEL

Okay?

[David hands something to Trexel]

DAVID

Just look at this.

TREXEL

Ah, it's sort of a... flat plane...

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

...highly polished...

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Almost glass-like—

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

—but there's a... some sort of silver backing! Ha! Who's that fellow?

DAVID

Oh yes, who is it?

TREXEL

Hello! They waved at me when I waved! It's a friend! Wait, they're copying me.

(Bitterly) You think you're *so* funny, don't you? You're mocking me, aren't

you?! You, come here— **[glass shatters, shouts]** Ahh! Ahh, my hand! I punched it and it was a mirror!

DAVID

Okay, Trexel, that— that wasn't a trick, that was— I was just literally holding up a mirror!

TREXEL

My hand is bleeding now!

DAVID

That's not some kind of like—

TREXEL

Where did they go?!

DAVID

Well, that's not a mirror Trexel. That's not like, Trexyl spelled with a Y or something!

TREXEL

Where did they go? They— they— they smashed a mirror over my hand and then went away!

DAVID

No, *you* smashed the—

TREXEL

You come back here, mirror me!

DAVID

(Giving up) Well, maybe mirror you ran out of the door, I need to submit this deadline that's absolutely on time!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Would you like to submit?

DAVID

Good day sir, I said, *good day!*

IMOGEN

Submitting.

[Chime, pneumatic tube hissing]

[Clunk]

TREXEL

I'll get you, *Mirror Trexel!*

[Door swooshes closed]

DAVID

(Shakily) Ooh... can't believe I got away with that one. That was close.

[Door abruptly swooshes open again]

TREXEL

What was that?

DAVID

(Yelps) What— no— mmm...

TREXEL

Sorry, I— I just came back in because I left my briefcase. What was close?

DAVID

Uh, I was writing a letter **[grabs pen]** to Mirror Trexel telling him to

(Screaming) *never return!*

TREXEL

Oh, do read out that letter to me right now.

DAVID

[Writing sounds] Dear Mirror Trexel: *Never return!*

TREXEL

Ah, can I take that?

DAVID

Uhh... yep, there you go!

TREXEL

I've got a letter for you, Mirror Trexel! Oh, I've got blood on it. Anyway, bye!

[Door swooshes closed]

IMOGEN

[Beep] Yikes!

DAVID

Oh, Board. That was— that was close... *too* close. Far too close! He's an idiot... but he's... he's still got a brain of sorts. Right. **(Taking quick breaths to calm himself down)** Keep it together... keep it together...

[Show Theme - Outro]

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