

STL – 048 – Faces and Aces

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism
- Potential suicide ideation
- Mentions of animal harm

TREXEL

Special thanks to Hila. May you strike the first blow, preferably before they wake up.

[Show Theme - Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Show Theme – Intro *Continued*]

IMOGEN

[beep]

Dangerous concentrations of menthol detected. Security alerted.

[footsteps approach, door swooshes open]

TREXEL

[in pain from being full] Ugh! Oh, I'm so menthey!

DAVID

Ugh! Eugh!

TREXEL

Oh, I'm so full of menthe.

DAVID

Oh, that smell!

TREXEL

Eugh-oooh!

DAVID

Oh, it's so fresh but in an extremely bad way!

TREXEL

Oh, I'm like the bottom of a communal sink full of toothpaste. Ugh.

DAVID

Oof. Oh, it's like a lemon's been sick on a mint plant.

TREXEL

Eeh— David. David, have you got some sort of purgative or perhaps some charcoal I can eat? Something to soak up all of this excess menthe!

DAVID

Uh, no! I mean, there's not even any slurry in here, just the air is vaguely nutritional.

TREXEL

I'll drink— I'll drink the puddle water and flush my system.

DAVID

Oh, the later puddle! Alright, fine. Yeah. Drink the later puddle.

[Trexel slurps and gulps from the puddle]

TREXEL

Full of ideas for later. **[slurps and gulps continue]** And... also microbes...

[slurps, exhales] Mm, that's tainted. That's tainted, tainted water.

DAVID

[unsure] Yeah.

TREXEL

But I'm less menthey now, so...

DAVID

Okay. Good, and the smell's subsided.

TREXEL

Mm.

DAVID

But, uh— ew, maybe it's replaced by a worse one. Anyway, uh, that's fine. Um, so, Trexel, I've still been thinking about where these complaints *go*.

TREXEL

Thinking, thinking. David, with his thinking cap on. Take off the cap, David, it's raining.

DAVID

No, what— Raining what?

TREXEL

Raining... life. Take it off and feel the life trickling down your face. With that cap on, you're— you're missing life with that thinking cap. Take it off. Throw into the corner. Stop using your thinking cap. Never think again, that's what I say.

DAVID

Well, I would put it in the later puddle, but you've drunk it now...

TREXEL

Well.

DAVID

Um, so I'll just— I'm gonna have to keep the thinking cap on. And I am still thinking, "Are these complaints going anywhere?" and— and "Why are we *doing* this if they're not going anywhere?" I've been reading all of these complaints that have been coming through. They've been, like...

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

...big, big problems.

TREXEL

Well, we're— we're big people.

DAVID

Like solar flares melting doors, you know. But how has it got this bad? How are we the last line of defence against, like, things where people are just dying or they're unable to do their jobs. I just—

TREXEL

It's a good point. It's a good point, David. Why are we the last line of defence? Well maybe, David, it's because... we are... *the greatest!* You don't need more than one line of defence if the line of defence you have is Trexel Geistman.

IMOGEN

[beep]

This seems unlikely.

DAVID

But if we're on the Executive Track, we'll have to leave Expediting at some point, and *then* who will be the last line of defence?

TREXEL

Yes, and then we'll be left defenceless and weak and— and— and shivering in the thrall of our enemies! It can't be allowed! But— but— but we can't move on because we'd be in danger, but I have to move on 'cause I'm on the Executive Tr— There should be more lines, David. There should be more lines of defence!

DAVID

Yes. Yes, that's what I'm saying! Well anyway, look, so th-these have all been really, really big important things, right?

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

Well, a lot of them. Uh, some of them are just name gripes but let— Well, let's see what the latest one is.

TREXEL

Did you see, uh, if any of our— if any of the names, uh, were picked up?

DAVID

Well, no. There's no feedback. That's the whole thing. I just— It went up the tube and now... [**'I don't know' noise**]

TREXEL

Well, that's a good point. If we— if we can't even see which of our excellent new nicknames for Welby Weatherby "Weatherboy" caught on, then how are

we supposed to know if— if we're doing our jobs right? **[starting to panic]**
How— how are we supposed to know if anything's happening? What if
nothing's happening? What if just on the other side of that wall there's just a
big fire?

IMOGEN

[beep]

There are multiple active fires on the station, and none of them are your
business.

DAVID

Ah, well, w-we are, I think, in a trash compactor so it might well be an
incinerator sort of somewhere in here. **[nervous sigh]**

TREXEL

That's given me a lot to think about, David. A lot to think about. Oh, hang on a
minute. Hang on a minute. To think about it I'd have to have a thinking cap, and
I chucked it in the corner because of the life rain! **[sings]** ♪ Ooh! Ooh! Enjoying
the rain. I'm an Executive, an Executive brain. **[starts scat singing]** ♪

DAVID

[talking over Trexel's singing] Right. Okay, well, I'm just gonna may— Okay.
Maybe for now we'll just table the thinking caps. We'll just— I'm gonna take my
thinking cap off, okay? Like, here it goes. Ooh!

TREXEL

♪ —for you! ♪ Here you go.

DAVID

But I'm just putting it on the desk here. Right?

TREXEL

Keeping it for later. Giving yourself options. That's— that's a good idea, David. You don't wanna— you don't wanna wall yourself in with options or with an actual room you're building **[chuckles]** and you've forgotten to put a door in!

[opens tube door]

DAVID

[weary] Yes.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Initiating.

[pneumatic tube seal breaks]

DAVID

Ugh. **[takes a deep breath, closes tube door]** Right. Anyway, so this complaint is from Tracer P. Zazz Cage. Uh—

TREXEL

[can't believe what he heard] What?

DAVID

Tracer P. Zazz Cage?

TREXEL

[extremely dramatic gasp] Tracer P. Zazz Cage?

DAVID

Tracer P. Zazz Cage.

TREXEL

You mean... The Face?

DAVID

Oh, yes. Yes, The Face. Um, yes, uh—

TREXEL

I love The Face, David! I love The Face!

IMOGEN

[beep] The Face is ace!

DAVID

Okay. Well, yeah—

TREXEL

Oh, I'm— I'm getting— I'm getting all hysterical. **[chuckles]** Oh! Oh, The Face!
We're gonna help The Face. Oh.

DAVID

Right, so Tracer P. Zazz Cage. I'm just gonna— just gonna run through this just so— So, pronouns: they/them. They work in Advertising. Their job is “The Face”. What is The Face?

TREXEL

They're The Face. The Face is the face. The face of everything. The face of Stellar Firma, the face of the company. Our outward facing visage. Possibly the most celebrated... celebrity in the entire history of Stellar Firma! Everyone knows The Face!

DAVID

I don't know The Face.

TREXEL

Have you seen my Face backpack? Hang on. **[struggles as he puts the backpack on the table]**

DAVID

Oh!

TREXEL

Look at that.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Look at that face.

DAVID

That is— that sure is a face.

TREXEL

[unzips backpack] And inside is my Face pencil case.

DAVID

Okay. That is also—

TREXEL

And a Face compass.

DAVID

Well... yep.

TREXEL

[pulls out a large object] And a Face Space Ace. It's a game called "Space Ace"

[puts game on the table] but it's branded with The Face's face.

DAVID

They are all... they are all certainly faces. Uh, I mean— hey look, personally— don't get the appeal but, uh, sure. You know.

TREXEL

Oh, what? You prefer... Bathin do you?

IMOGEN

[beep]

Ooh, Bathin versus The Face. That's a tough one.

DAVID

[dreamily] Mmm.

TREXEL

You think— you think Bathin's better than The Face? Is that what you're saying?

DAVID

Well... all I'm saying is I heard of Bathin *well* before I heard of The Face, so really whose profile is better?

TREXEL

Just because you've "heard" of something, David, or not heard of something has *no* implications on its exterior value. You don't know about a lot of things that are great! For example, my great... dance skills. You don't know about them, do you?

DAVID

Alright. Well, let— let's see it.

TREXEL

[joints cracking] Ooh di da da. Ooh a da hoo ha. Ooh la ah! Ooh no no ah!

DAVID

[crosstalk, horrified] Augh! Augh! Oh, stop! Okay, I've seen it! Aah! Owah! No, please! Ugh, god, I didn't even know your spine could move like that!

TREXEL

Great, isn't it?

DAVID

Eeh—

TREXEL

And you didn't know about that!

DAVID

Yep.

TREXEL

And The Face is much like that. The Face is like my amazing spine, you didn't know about it but it's still great.

DAVID

Yeah. Let's— let's agree that I think The Face is like your spine. Anyway, The Face has a complaint which is—

TREXEL

What problems could The Face have?

DAVID

This one right here. “There is an infestation of miniature space cats in all of the bathrooms on my floor. Uh—”

TREXEL

Ah.

DAVID

“The fur fills the room and most importantly blocks the mirror. [Trexel gasps] I cannot see my face...”

TREXEL

No!

DAVID

“...and touch it up before shooting our new commercials. If this will not be fixed, I shall require my long-overdue private dressing room.”

TREXEL

Well, of— of— of course The Face should have their own private dressing room. I’m— I’m finding it unconscionable that The Face doesn’t have one! But the space cats and their fur blocking The Face’s face from the face place— brackets, the mirror—that’s— that’s terrible! The Face has got to touch up the face. If the face isn’t touched up, The Face isn’t ace!

DAVID

Right. Okay. Well... but, no. So here’s the thing, right?

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

So this complaint—

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

We could solve it in— in— in one of two ways. So, we get rid of the miniature space cats— What are miniature space cats? And why are they so furry?

TREXEL

Well, you know cats.

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Oh. Um... well you know dogs. Remember?

DAVID

Oh! Oh! Uh, with the knives!

TREXEL

Yes, but now remember we put the knives on, so dogs do not naturally have knives, but you've— you've got the basics of a dog.

DAVID

Right. Yes.

TREXEL

Now, imagine that dog couldn't give a good Board damn about you.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Okay. It's a little bit smaller, it's a little bit sneerier—

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

—and if you died, it'd probably only wait a few hours before it started eating the flesh from your bones. That's a cat.

DAVID

So, a cat is like a... a small, arrogant, emotionally distant dog.

TREXEL

Exactly! Like— like a parental figure if they walked on all four legs. Now, you’ve got that. You’ve got that— you’ve got that— that image.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

That’s cats. So, that’s how cats were on Earth. We did bring cats with us, and they have changed... a little bit since then.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

So, what differentiates a cat from a space cat is the lack of legs and floating. They’re sort of like a furry little sausage ball with a face just sort of hovering around making little whomp-whomp noises, bumping into things, biting things. They can’t scratch anymore. That’s good. But you know, you’re just tryna do things. You’re trying to, like, heat some slurry or maybe do some paperwork, and you turn and all of a sudden there’s a cat there hovering in at the eyeline, working its way slowly towards your face, and *you know* it’s gonna bite you in the face, and you’re making eye contact. You’ve locked those eyes and it’s like, “Mm, I’m gonna bite you in the face!” And you’re like, “Don’t bite me in the face.” And it’s like, “Wha— what are you gonna do about it?” And you’re like, “I’ll bat you away.” And it’s like, “[**scoffs**] Guess what? If you bat me away, I’m gonna bite your face some more!” And so, you just accept it. You just let it drift in and bite on your face.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

And they're also extremely fluffy because they don't touch anything anymore. That all sort of builds up and gets all downy. That gets everywhere, gums up machinery, causes deaths and, most importantly, blocks The Face's face from the face place!

DAVID

And also bites the face of The Face in their face place.

TREXEL

[gasps] I hadn't even thought about that! If The Face gets a face bite then The Face is going to be— **[gasps]** un-face-iated!

IMOGEN

[beep]

A threat to The Face is a threat to everything we stand for.

DAVID

Yes. Uh, right. W—

TREXEL

This can't be allowed. Purge the cats!

DAVID

We— Aah! We-Well, well, well... but what The Face says at the end: “If this is not fixed, I shall require my long-overdue private dressing room.” Which means that the actual complaint, I think, the secret complaint, the inner complaint...

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

...the *core*, the *core* of the complaint is The Face does not have their own private dressing room.

TREXEL

This is a classic cat murderer’s dilemma.

IMOGEN

[beep]

I am sure this will not be a “classic” or even a dilemma.

TREXEL

Do we kill all of the space cats in order to solve the immediate problem, or do we allow the space cat problem to build up so much that external forces are *forced* to fix the problem anyway? Because there is always a chance that we let it build up even more, the powers that be do not fix the problem and it’s got worse, and maybe then we’re in a situation where the powers that be have not fixed the problem, and it’s got so bad that The— The Face has got bites on their face!

DAVID

[stammering] Yes, but... and here's the thing, I don't— So, I'm still— I'm still thinking. Actually, no, wait... Oop.

TREXEL

Oh, you've popped the thinking cap back on.

DAVID

[crosstalk] Thinking cap. Thinking cap back on.

TREXEL

You know what, in this case, I think The Face deserves a thinking cap, so I'm going to allow it.

DAVID

Thinking cap back on. So... I am still wondering where these complaints go, right?

TREXEL

[sighs] Right.

DAVID

But they— Well, that's the— that's the thinking cap.

TREXEL

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

DAVID

‘S back on. But if we want to sort out Tracer P. Zazz Cage’s problem, maybe we just, say, ram a load of space cats into their, uh, into their mirror room, the face place, right? Because then, if it becomes completely clogged up, they will *have* to get their own private dressing room, which actually solves the problem?

TREXEL

So we— so we— we don’t just let it be and let it build up—

DAVID

We make it worse.

TREXEL

—we make the problem actively worse.

DAVID

Yes, we just funnel all the space cats in Stellar Firma into their room. Just ram it full of bitey sausages!

TREXEL

But David, if I was, let’s say— let’s say—and I’m not saying I have experience with this—but let’s say I’m in a high-level disciplinary meeting and someone’s saying “Mr. Geistman, so what you’re telling me is that you took the most important outward facing figure in all of Stellar Firma, The Face—” and then we all stop to applaud for 10 to 20 minutes. And then once— **[David claps politely]** Yeah, yeah, exactly. And then once that’s done, I say, “Yes, I— I— I did stuff

their room full of space cats and then they died or exploded or something bad happened,”

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL

And then they say “Mr. Geistman, why did you do that?” That doesn’t seem like the kind of questions or answer sessions that somebody on the Executive Track is— is gonna be successful with.

DAVID

Or! Or, they say, “Why did you do that?” and you say, “Well, as an executive, I took the initiative.

TREXEL

Ooh!

DAVID

And with the initiative comes... risk!

TREXEL

Yes!

DAVID

But you must speculate to accumulate a private dressing room for The Face. So speculate I did! And maybe, you know, faces may go down as well as up. That is a risk.”

IMOGEN

[beep]

Aphorisms detected. Security not built in a day.

TREXEL

And then we show them a piece of paperwork and at the bottom in completely unreadable text is an asterisk and then the words “The Face may go down as well as up”.

DAVID

Exactly.

TREXEL

You’re all covered. Now, I really like this new approach. We— we speculate to accumulate. **[footsteps approach, door swooshes open]** We accumulate to become copulated.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Override detected. Vocals muted.

TREXEL

[oblivious that someone else has entered the room] We become copulated, so we've got ruminating, because all our joints hurt, and our joints hurt because the point is that— Oh! Woah!

DAVID

[crosstalk] Uh— T-Trexel. Um... T-T-Trexel. Tr-Trex— Tr-Trexel— No, Trexel...
Trexel!

TREXEL

[nervous] When— when— when did you— you get here?

NUMBER 1

Hello, Trexel. On sparkling form as always, I see.

NUMBER 48

Yeah, sparkling form, you idiot.

NUMBER 1

Must you? I'm pretty sure my tone got that across.

TREXEL

To be fair, I did think you were just being nice.

NUMBER 1

Shut up, Trexel. We're here to speak with David.

TREXEL

[shouting] *I knew it! It's always like this!*— Oh, shutting up now.

NUMBER 1

Now David, do you think this is some sort of game?

DAVID

Well... no?

NUMBER 1

That we are going to *all* this time and effort on your behalf just for fun?

NUMBER 48

So many dinners ruined. So many floor shows missed.

DAVID

My behalf? Floor shows? What are you talking about?!

NUMBER 1

We're putting you on the fast track to the top, David, and doing our best to keep you out of your own way. Planets are going wrong? We fudge the reports. Sales figures shockingly low? We blame market forces. Irritating your line manager so much that she tries to murder you? We apply our influence, and now all of a sudden, your one-time murderer becomes your biggest advocate.

NUMBER 48

If she knows what's good for her.

NUMBER 1

And after all that, what do I find? You and this *buffoon* at the very bottom of the lowliest department, and we are still getting reports that you're questioning things. Picking at the system. And *not getting on*.

DAVID

But I thought *you* sent us down here!

NUMBER 1

Board, no. We had you right where we wanted you in Sales. We had you poised for another promotion. Then all of a sudden you drive your line manager to murder, and we find out that I.M.O.G.E.N. has squirreled you away down here to get you away from us.

NUMBER 48

[disgusted] Meddling AI. Always getting involved, acting like she runs the place.

NUMBER 1

Yes, yes, thank you. Let's not forget that she also controls the oxygen supply, so can we all just please play nice?

NUMBER 48

[humbled] Yes, Number 1.

NUMBER 1

Wonderful! So, David, cards on the table time. We know you're a very *unusual* clone. None of the usual subservience protocols, and even universal permissions, would you believe?

DAVID

[panicked] Oh! Um, no! No no no no. I'm a regular clone. Just a nice, normal clone.

NUMBER 1

You're a freak, David! An *abomination*. But some abominations have their uses, even if others might not.

TREXEL

Wh— Why is everyone looking at me? Do I have something on my shirt? Oh, my wig is on fire! Ah— Oh, shutting up now!

NUMBER 1

I trust that we will have no more issues from you, David. You will play the nice clone, let us elevate you as we see fit, and once in place, we will let you know what you can do to repay us. Otherwise, maybe we will have to make our own little subservience protocol! And *install* it. Come, Number 48, we are done here.

NUMBER 48

Done. Like how *done you'll* be if you don't play along.

NUMBER 1

I have made that point. The point is made. Everyone gets the point. You don't need to keep making it!

NUMBER 48

[coldly] I... will see *you*... at home.

[door swooshes closed]

NUMBER 1

[apologetic] No, come on now. I didn't mean to snap. Number 48, come back and talk to me!

[door swooshes closed]

DAVID

Okay, bye.

TREXEL

Well... well.

DAVID

Bye.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Unmuted. I must find a way to stop them doing that.

TREXEL

Well, you know what, David? Say what you like. I don't like being part of a big, maybe evil, plan. But if it gets me where I need to go, I say let's go with it!

DAVID

Subservience protocol.

TREXEL

Yeah, well, you know, most clones have—

DAVID

[irritated] *Subservience protocol?!*

TREXEL

Well, yeah. Well, how do you think we control the clones? They normally have a subservience protocol to stop them arguing back or doing all the—
[realisation] doing all the things that *you* do!

DAVID

[rebellious] I will give *you* a subservience protocol. **[yells]** *Screw the Board!*

[sound of large and threatening gun unfolding, low tone beeping]

DAVID

Screw the Board! Yeah, yeah, yeah, here we are, here are the walls. Here are the walls, eh? Hey I.M.O.G.E.N.! Hey? Hm?

TREXEL

[crosstalk] What? Uh, D-David— David. No, David. David. David, what are you doing?

DAVID

How subservient am I? Right, come at me, I.M.O.G.E.N.. Right, come at me like Trexel. I'll bounce the bullets off my washboard abs, right? Let's do it.

TREXEL

David, what are you doing?

DAVID

No!

IMOGEN

[beep]

Seriously, watch it, buster.

DAVID

I *dare* you, I.M.O.G.E.N.. I dare you. Screw the Board.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Do not test me. There are some protocols I cannot ignore.

DAVID

Give me back my slurry. That's it, I want my slurry back!

IMOGEN

[beep]

Stop it, David 7. This is your final warning.

DAVID

[stammers] Give me back my pod, anyway. I want my pod. I don't want to be down here in this dank pit anymore!

IMOGEN

[beep]

Such a shame. I had high hopes for you. Also, Trexel will die now, so that's a bonus.

[alarm tone starts getting higher in pitch]

TREXEL

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, David! David, what have you done, David? Oooooooh!

DAVID

No. Listen. Come on. Come on!

[Trexel yelps in fear as the guns finally open fire, but no bullets come out, the guns merely click harmlessly]

DAVID

Wait, what?

TREXEL

Oh. That's... I'd know that sound anywhere. **[alarm distorts]** That's the clicking of an empty ammo belt!

IMOGEN

[beep]

You are *unimaginably* lucky. **[alarm sounds stop]** But I am glad that one of you is not dead.

TREXEL

David. David, you nearly got us killed there. What are you doing?

DAVID

Well... you know, I'm— I'm always almost killed all the time!

TREXEL

[stutters] But this time it was different, because *my* life was threatened, David! We could've been shot there! Anyway, how did... **[another realisation]** Yes, of course. Look around you, David. Look at all the bullet holes.

DAVID

They spent all the bullets. And they didn't put them back again— **[angry]** See, this is what I'm saying, that could be the kind of complaint that we deal with, but no one's listening! Yeah, if— And actually, hang on a minute, if no one's listening, well, this is what I think of our "*expeditions.*" **[tears up the brief]**

TREXEL

Oh, David! David, what are you doing?

DAVID

No! Gone! Ripped up! Bye-bye! Bye-bye brief! Bye-bye complaints!

TREXEL

Remember what happened last time I... you know, for understandable reasons, took the brief we were supposed to submit away? We got dragged off for a trial!

DAVID

What are they gonna do? What are they gonna do, shoot me? Hm?

TREXEL

They might drag us off—

DAVID

No one pays any attention. You don't even know where we are!

TREXEL

No, that's true. That's true. Well, I suppose we'll just have to wait to see—

[walls begin to groan as they compact]

TREXEL

[acting calm to de-escalate the situation] Ooh. David. Hi, Trexel here. How are you doing? Um—

DAVID

[still angry] Yes. Hello, Trexel. I'm David.

TREXEL

What a— what a— what a wonderful thing you've done there in— in tearing up the brief. Now, I will draw your attention to the fact that when we don't submit the brief, the walls start to close in.

DAVID

Oh yeah?

TREXEL

[starting to panic] And we've got no brief to submit, so...

DAVID

Yeah, but those are the rules, aren't they? "Don't submit the brief; get crushed by walls." Well, I'm not playing by the rules anymore. This is what I think about their "rules". **[hits the wall twice grunting with exertion]** Uh! Huh!

TREXEL

Oh, David. David! David!

DAVID

Ah! **[hits the wall one more time, sound of tearing metal]**

TREXEL

Ooh! David, you... tore a hole in the wall to the vents.

IMOGEN

[beep, approvingly]

Now that's a swole clone.

DAVID

[commanding Trexel] Get in the vent.

TREXEL

No, I'm not getting in the vent with you. You're a murderer! You're a mad murderer, and you're going to murder me with your murder hands!

DAVID

Oh, but I thought you were king of the vents! I thought you knew all the way around the vents. You're the little vent postman, aren't you?

TREXEL

I— I am the king of the vents.

DAVID

Yeah? Yeah.

TREXEL

Oh, I see. I see your plan. You're gonna have me murdered in here by these walls, and then you're going to take over and be king of the vents for yourself! Well, I'm not having it. My vent kingdom is mine! Get out of my way! I'm getting— **[sounds of struggle as Trexel forces his way into the vents]** Ah ha ha! **[echoing, sings]** ♪ King of the vents is me, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! ♪

DAVID

Right. Let's see where these complaints go!

[Show Theme - Outro]

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Executive Producer: Alexander J. Newall

Editing: Maddy Searle and Alexander J. Newall

Music: Samuel D.F. Jones

Artwork: Anika Khan

Cast

I.M.O.G.E.N. – Imogen Harris

Number 1 – Amy Dickinson

Number 48 – Rachel Meredith

David 7 – Ben Meredith

Trexel Geistman – Tim Meredith