

STL – 050 – Foreshadows and Filing

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism
- Corpses
- Putrefaction

[Show Theme - Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Show Theme – Intro *Continued*]

[Trexel yells while falling, hits the ground with a thud]

**[Background noises of machinery whirring, pneumatic tube hissing, echoing
clank]**

TREXEL

Oh! Oh, thank goodness I don't have bones. **[screaming]** Oh no! I do! I have bones! Oh! **[joints crack]** Ah! Ooh! Oh. Oh, there we go. That's... that's largely where it's supposed to be. **[groans]** Oh. D-David. **[panicking]** David! David, David, where are you? Oh no! Oh no, we've been separated! What do I do now? David, come back to me! David! David, I'm lost! David, help me! David— No, David! **[David yells while falling, hits the ground with a thud]** Oh, oh... ooh! Ah.

DAVID

Oh. Ooh. I'm so glad I landed on something soft. Oh. Hi Trexel.

TREXEL

David, get off of me!

DAVID

[rustling] Okay. Yep. No. Fine. Um... Sorry, what were you— what were you saying before I landed?

TREXEL

[defensive] Nothing! Nothing. I was saying how I— how I didn't— how it was fine, and you should shut up and...

DAVID

Right. O—

TREXEL

Stupid, st-stink face. Stinky head. Stinky head face with a face that's stinky.

DAVID

Okay. I'm not gonna— not gonna dig into any of it. Okay, Trexel, it's fine. Where are we?

TREXEL

[groaning] I—

DAVID

You are the vent master. Master of the vents. Where are we? Where are we—

TREXEL

Oh, I don't know. A vent master? More like a vent novice. I should have seen that— I should have seen that pit. Crawled straight into it like a— like a vent noob.

DAVID

Right. Well, vent noob or otherwise, can you vent navigate us some vent locations?

IMOGEN

[beep]

Vent pwned detected. Security pressing 'F'.

TREXEL

Well, this— let's— let's— let's just use our common sense, David.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Let's just use our common sense. So let's—

DAVID

Okay, so what are we seeing here? We got— It's a big room, and there's lots of snow here.

[rustling]

TREXEL

This is snow. Ah! I understand. This is an abandoned winter palace. Ah! Attend the leisure gardens! Take a scoop of flavoured snow **[rustling]** and put it on a loved one's face, and then hold it down...

DAVID

Okay.

[David begins protesting but becomes muffled]

TREXEL

...until it stops being fun.

DAVID

Ow! No, it doesn't— It— it tastes like paper! Wait, hang— hang on a minute, it is paper. These are— Wait, why are there so many drifts— Wait, hang on a minute. If there's— Let me just, uh, **[looks at paper]** yeah, this is a— this is a— this is a complaints form.

TREXEL

David, David, is this addressed to you?

DAVID

Oh, no, I suppose not. I'll just— I'll put it back down.

TREXEL

Ah. Ooh! Well, I'll read it then! Here we go.

[picks up paper]

DAVID

What? No! Is it—

TREXEL

[opens letter] This appears to be addressed to... Ah! Yes, yes. Technical Operations.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Mail tampering detected. Security alerted.

TREXEL

“To Technical Operations: It appears the crack in the reactor core has now become critical. Please send help. Please. We’re going to...” And then there’s just sort of like a weird, mushy smudge for the rest of the piece of paper.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Do not touch the person slurry.

DAVID

O... kay.

TREXEL

That feels like that should have gone somewhere. Right?

DAVID

Yeah! Why is it in a drift? Well, hang on a minute. Can I read them? They’re probably not all addressed to me, but sorry, *Trexel*, can I read them?

TREXEL

Tell you what, I'm going to make you Honorary Postmaster.

DAVID

Right. Can you do that?

IMOGEN

[beep]

No, he cannot.

TREXEL

And I'm going to make myself Honorary Post King.

DAVID

Fine.

TREXEL

Bow before my sceptre of postcode.

DAVID

[humouring Trexel] Okay. Fine. I'll just— I'll just bend down here and, oop! I've come up with a letter, so I'm just gonna—

TREXEL

Read peon.

DAVID

[opens letter] Yeah. Well, this is from Catering and they're saying, "We've run out of those tiny sausages in the client room, and, uh, and they're demanding more. They're getting angrier and angrier, and we're worried that they're going

to do something if it doesn't..." And then— and then there's just an ellipsis and then someone's sort of artfully torn off the bottom of the— the paper.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Heavy-handed dramatic tension detected. Security alerted.

TREXEL

Ooh! Very enticing! I— This is— this must be from a while ago. I remember the tiny sausage riots. We had a big client conference, and we were like, "Guess what? I know you're very cross that some of your planets exploded, but come to Stellar Firma, we've got those great tiny sausages that you eat so many of." Obviously, we don't eat them. We're only allowed slime, but they— they just— they chow 'em down like big sausage hogs, and there weren't any. And I— I think the death toll was two hundred and twelve in the end.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Two hundred and ninety-eight if you count the clones, which we don't.

DAVID

Right. Uh, I'm assuming just the... Well, I can't tell who wrote this letter because the bottom has been torn off in a mysterious and, uh, yes, intriguing fashion.

TREXEL

Some sort of murdered chef.

DAVID

Mm, probably. Um, well—

TREXEL

Well, hang on. **[stammers]** Let me try one. Let me try. This is a fun game.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

I like this game. I like reading other people’s mail, which is a crime.

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Yes, yes, it is a crime, but I like—

DAVID

I thought you were Post King.

TREXEL

Yes. I am the law! I am the Post law! **[opens letter]** Right, have a look at this.

Alright. Okay. Ah, from Medical! “We have encountered too many cases of no legs. Please supply more legs as a matter of urgency.” And then somebody’s drawn a lovely little pair of legs.

DAVID

Oh— Oh, just in case you don’t know what a leg is.

TREXEL

Just in case— Oh, no. Hang on. No, that could be a hand. Do feet have toes?

DAVID

Ye— Normally.

TREXEL

Are toes fingers or not? Is a hand a foot that you pick up food with? Is a foot a hand that you can't use properly because it's got no thumb? Or is the big toe the thumb that never was?

DAVID

Uhhhhh...

TREXEL

I'm not a doctor, I'm a king.

DAVID

Right. Okay. Um, well, we could try messaging a doctor, although apparently it won't go anywhere. These all seem quite urgent! Like that— sausage riots, no legs, wh-why haven't they gone anywhere?

TREXEL

Wait a minute! David.

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

I think I know where this is.

DAVID

Where?

TREXEL

It's not Complaints. It's not Expediting. This is Filing, David.

DAVID

Really?

TREXEL

This is Filing. This is... this is the central messaging hub of *all* of Stellar Firma's operations. I've— I've heard tell of Filing, but I've never seen it. The secretive people that work here see all that passes through Stellar Firma's veins. All the information, all the memos, all the complaints. Everything, everything, David, passes through here...

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

...so that Stellar Firma may *thrive*, thrive as a hyperconnected kinetic being of corporate glory, all information stored!

IMOGEN

[beep]

If you call this big random pile stored, then yes.

DAVID

That's lovely—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—but I have one question.

TREXEL

Oh, go ahead. I love questions.

DAVID

Where is everyone?

TREXEL

Hang on, I'll check. **[yells] Hello! [echoes, pause]** Right, we gotta give them a moment to, uh, to respond to my yelling.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

So what have you been up to, David?

DAVID

Well, I've been crawling through some vents with you and, uh, then we fell down and then, uh, then I've been reading some letters. How 'bout— how 'bout you, Trexel?

TREXEL

Well, we were crawling through the vents, and I fell down, and then you fell on me, and then we were reading some letters. **[loudly]** Right, that's enough social time! Wait— There's nobody here, David!

DAVID

Right, so— so where is everyone? If this is supposed to be the kinetic central messaging hub for the beast of corporations that is Stellar Firma, where is everyone, and why is there so much—?

TREXEL

I propose a hike across the peaks of letters and memos and— and what-not to find out where people are and what the Board-damn's hell is going on here!

DAVID

Yeah, 'cause these should all be in drawers and cabinets and— and have little, like, sticky pieces of paper on colours that— that make them so you can flick through them and be like, "Ooh, I'm looking at the red part! Ooh, ooh, I'm looking under 'B'!"

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

And then it says, “Bear Bexel, Bi bwould bike to baa bi baa...”

TREXEL

Because when you have those drawers with letters on them, the letters correspond to every letter at the start of every word of the sentence is that letter.

DAVID

Absolutely.

TREXEL

That’s how filing works!

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Right. Okay. Have you got your snowshoes? No, I didn’t pack them. Have you got your letter shoes? I have, hang on. **[crinkling]** You got your letter shoes?

DAVID

They just look like stamps.

TREXEL

Well how are you supposed to hike across letters without stamps for shoes?

DAVID

I don’t have any... things! I’m wearing everything I own. Do I even— I don’t even own—

TREXEL

[crosstalk] Oh, fine. Fi— We'll use this postal order for shoes then.

DAVID

Oh, fine. Alright, we'll just— **[crinkle, struggling]** Right. Oh! Ooh, I'm very tall.
This is fun.

TREXEL

Yes. Yes, there's nothing better than having mail paraphernalia on your feet,
David.

IMOGEN

[beep]

Nice!

DAVID

Um, Trex— I just—

TREXEL

Don't... do it! You're better than that, David.

DAVID

Uh, yes, Trexel, but, um, are you?

TREXEL

Let's not dwell. Right, come on.

DAVID

Alright. **[letters rustle]** Gah, this room is so big! I can't even see the edges!

TREXEL

No. No, no. No, I like a room where you can't see the edges. It's like being outside but without, you know, the vacuum of space.

DAVID

[anxious] I don't like it.

TREXEL

No?

DAVID

I mean, at least we're so close to the roof, but I don't— it's all a bit... wide. Like the other corridor was all long, and this one is like that but— but everywhere except up, where—

TREXEL

So, David, David, David, what you're telling me is you didn't like corridors because they were thin and long...

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

...and now you don't like this because it's wide and low.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

I mean, what do you like then?

DAVID

Oh no, I like the low. The low is good. But the wide, it's got like— I know it must have walls, but the walls are so far away that I can't see them, so it basically doesn't— doesn't have any walls which means I could, like— if I trip and fall and I'll just slide away forever!

TREXEL

Yes. That's very possible, and then you'd be dead.

DAVID

Wah! Oh! Uh...

TREXEL

But! Remember this, David. If you've got a view all around, you can see for ages when people are running at you waving demands, summons, bills.

DAVID

Uh.

TREXEL

It— it really relaxes me, because no one can get me, because there's nowhere to hide. **[gasps]** Unless they're hiding in the letters! Quickly, punch the letters!

[David and Trexel punch the letters, exertion noises]

DAVID

[halting from punching letters] This is, I guess, making me feel a bit better, but I don't really see what the point of this—

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

You've buried yourself.

TREXEL

Okay. Okay, I have buried myself somewhat.

[letters slide against each other as Trexel sinks, rustling]

DAVID

You're just—

TREXEL

I'm sort of sinking, David. Um, could you— Hang on.

DAVID

Uh. Uh. Wait.

TREXEL

Hang on. I think I— I think I know. I think I know what's going on. I've angered the letters with my spite. And what do letters want? Letters want to be read.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

If we read some letters, maybe they will... release me.

DAVID

Uh, right. Okay. Uh, well, this one— uh, m-maybe read this one. It's— it's from, um, **[opens letter]** Gilly Gil Gizzard? I don't know.

TREXEL

Give me— Okay. Just give it— just give it here!

DAVID

Okay, okay, okay.

TREXEL

Uh, this is from Gilly Gil Gizzard. That's a poem. It's a poem, David. Okay.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

I wish to inform the wondrous Board
that I have discovered a most monstrous fraud.

In dingley dells and denizens deep
there is a crime, and it does seep.

The dampness of evil spreading through the air,
but where, you ask? Well, let me tell you where.

They've rhymed 'where' with 'where'. What is that? Anyway.

In heart of iron and mind of gold,

fortune favours the sexy and bold.
But who is they and why is he?
But do they bleat as sheep? Yes, three.
Three sheep do ask a delicate question,
'Do you want a new suggestion?'
'Yes', bleats one and turns to other.
'Do not bask covered in butter.'

And then it says, "These sheep are planning some sort of rebellion. We should kill them."

IMOGEN

[beep]

Buttery sheep rebellion detected. Security preparing rosemary and garlic.

DAVID

Yeah, that was— that was interesting. It kind of just had a real, like, beat kind of vibe to it, like a real improvisational feel, like there were just—

[rustling]

TREXEL

[crosstalk, panicking] Oh no! I'm being sucked further into the letters, David!

DAVID

Oh! Ah! Oh, no! Oh!

TREXEL

You read this one! Read this one!

DAVID

Okay! Okay! Okay!

TREXEL

It'll— it'll appease the letters.

DAVID

Okay! Okay! Oh!

TREXEL

It— it appears to be some sort of, I don't know, apology note.

DAVID

Oh, okay. Uh, uh, right. “Dear The Board, I'm so very, very sorry. So very, very sorry. I'm writing this pressed against the ground. My forehead is touching the ground. My nose is touching the ground. My chin is touching the ground. My eyes are not touching the ground so that I can look at this paper, which is touching the ground.” They are obsessed with the grou— So much is—

TREXEL

Is that— How— how long is this note?

DAVID

Well, this is sort of like a— **[flips through pages]** Well, y-you say note. I'm thinking more of a novella. Hang on, page 23. “And that is the full list of the things which are touching the ground.” Oh, thank Board for that, that went on for a while. Right. “I'm really sorry that I looked... at the management slurry that one time, but it was only for a second, but I felt so bad. I should just—”

TREXEL

David, I'm gonna stop you there. I'm gonna stop you there. I wouldn't even bother reading the rest of this. You know why?

DAVID

Why?

TREXEL

Apology or not, that person is dead.

DAVID

Really?

TREXEL

You can't look at the management slurry! That's not for you! You're not management! I mean, hang on a minute. Check. Are they management? Who's it from?

DAVID

Oh, it's from Inky Fisto, Executive Assistant.

TREXEL

Ah! Ah ah ah, Assistant. Not management. Dead.

DAVID

Yeah.

TREXEL

Throw it away. Burn it. You know what? I'm glad it wasn't delivered, because if you deliver that kind of tripe to the Board, what are they gonna do?

DAVID

Well, I think it was delivered, right?

TREXEL

What do you mean?

DAVID

That's what all these things are. Well, but it got sent. It— it was... sent.

TREXEL

That's not what *delivery* is. That's sending things. Like, if I was— if I was— Let's say I'm given a valuable, big-ticket item to take to— let's say, a— some sort of dowager aunt.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

And they give me— Let's say it's a vase. **[yells]** *Aunts like vases! Don't ask me why!* **[normal]** So I've got this big vase and they're like, "You've got to deliver this, Trexel." And I take the vase, and then I chuck it into a room that nobody's in and then leave. Would you say I delivered it?

DAVID

Oh. No, I'd say it was out for delivery.

TREXEL

Exactly! It's in the eternal phase space. Neither delivered nor not. It is merely *out* for delivery. How many stops away is it? Who can tell, because the little map won't refresh? Well, it appears at least I've stopped sinking, David, **[rustling]** but it's not— it's not releasing me. G-Give me another letter. I'm gonna— I wanna— I wanna— I need to read another one.

DAVID

Uh, I'll just, uh— Oh, this— this one's a nice green colour. Uh, it looks like— Ooh, it's some sort of love letter!

TREXEL

[opens letter, dramatic] Oh, okay. Okay. “Dearest Love, As I sit here writing this, I can barely think for my longing for you. I can't eat. I can't sleep. I try to go about my daily tasks, but I am a lost ship, rudderless and alone without you. I can't— I can't go on without your love. You must come to me. You must hold me. You must touch your flesh against my flesh and make most use of **[announcer voice]** the three-day sale at Harrison's Coupons and Garbage! Come to Harrison's Coupons and Garbage for your coupons and garbage needs! If you don't, we'll never marry, and it'll be all your fault!

IMOGEN

[beep]

High pressure sales tactics detected. Security locked into 18-month plan.

DAVID

Wow. That was a hard sell.

TREXEL

That was a hard— Yes. That’s— that’s sort of an emotionally manipulative, corporate love coupon.

DAVID

Have they been reading your Ten Steps to Ultimate Sales Domination?

TREXEL

[gasps] Where are my royalties? I am King Post and I demand my royalties!

[paper rustles] Oh. Oh-o! Woah, ah. Ah, but at the very least, David, it appears that the letters have been assuaged and released me, so we should continue... continue onwards I feel.

[paper crinkles]

IMOGEN

[beep]

Letter gods are not a thing. I don’t know what happened or why that worked. Probably best not to think about it.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

We’ve reached the peak now, so we can now start just to slide down the other side. Now, David, I don’t want to slide down on my bottom, because I feel it might chafe, so I am going to use you as a toboggan.

DAVID

Wait. No. No!

[Trexel struggles with David, they start sliding down the letter hill, Trexel shouts joyously, David yells in terror]

TREXEL

Ooh, slalom! Whoosh! Ah! Ooh! Ah! Ooh! Ah!

DAVID

Ooooh! Wah! Wah! Woo! Eeeh! Woo! Ah, there's a mound! There's a mound!

[thud] Ow! Another one.

[thud, David and Trexel yelp]

TREXEL

[shaking] How do I turn?! How do I turn? **[yells while bouncing up and down, they crash the sled and fall]** Ow.

DAVID

[exhausted exhale] Ah. Oh.

TREXEL

That— that should be a sport.

DAVID

Oh! Oh, I'm all covered in ink. Oh, I've just— there's so many words. Words stuck to me.

TREXEL

You're like a pen clone. If I— You know what?

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Let me just pick you up and see if I can write something with you. **[struggles to pick up David]**

DAVID

What? Ah. Ah! **[makes noises while being used as a pen]**

TREXEL

[writing] “Hello there. I’m using a clone as a pen. How are you? Lots of love, King Post Geistman.” That works.

[puts David back down]

DAVID

[exhales] Right. So, where— where are we?

TREXEL

On the other side of the drift, David.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

We’re on the other side of the drift. And what’s— Ah! Here we are! Here we are! I knew it had to be here somewhere. If you’re in Filing, David, what do you have to have?

DAVID

Files!

TREXEL

A filing office!

DAVID

Oh, right. Yes. Okay.

TREXEL

There it is. You see that— you see that mound up there?

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Perhaps another drift of letters. You would be wrong! Because you can see a door. Come.

[rustling from walking on letters]

DAVID

Alright. Okay, okay, okay. **[exhales]** Right.

TREXEL

I'm gonna get answers here if it's the last thing I do! I don't know why I'm so invested in Filing success now but I am. After you've used a clone as a toboggan, you really, you know, shift your priorities.

DAVID

Okay. Well, I mean, maybe if Expediting won't have us back, we could become File Clerks.

TREXEL

David, do you think I wish to trade... a pile of garbage for a heap of trash?

DAVID

Yes. You did say that Expediting was literally the worst thing that could ever happen to you.

TREXEL

Oh, I— I really, really just sort of went full on with the language there. Left myself nowhere to go. Well, let me say this— this is equally the worst.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Let's say that.

DAVID

Alright.

TREXEL

It's equally the most worst. Now, I think that— I know two things can't be the most worst...

DAVID

Mm.

TREXEL

...but they are.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

And do you know why?

DAVID

Why?

TREXEL

'Cause I'm King Post Trash.

DAVID

'Kay, well if you're the King Post person, you've basically taken the entire job anyway, so you're actually already working for the Filing office. You've— you've opted in.

TREXEL

Does that make me... King Trash?

DAVID

I guess so.

TREXEL

I think it does! I'll take it. I'll take any monarchy position. I feel— **[suggestive tone]** Oh, ho ho ho ho! What's this?

DAVID

Wha— What is what? What is what?

TREXEL

Oh my! This would appear... to be a very... hard to come by copy of Board-approved *Bodices Monthly*.

DAVID

Um, okay.

TREXEL

Ooh, this is... this is not for you, David. This is, uh, this is for Trexel, so I'm just gonna put this away here.

DAVID

Well, n-no. No, hang on a minute. Let me see. That's a lot of colours. Just give me—

TREXEL

No no no, no you're, no you're not, you're not allowed. Da-David. **[struggle]** Give— David. David. David, you're not old— **[magazine drops to the floor and skids]** Oh! David, don't look inside.

DAVID

Uh, no, I'll just have a look in—

TREXEL

Don't look inside, David. No, Da-Da-David!

DAVID

[oblivious] Oh! Uh... Oh! Right! Yes. Okay. No, I— I see. I see. Yeah, no, this is all very— I mean, these are actually very— These articles are really interesting. I'm really enjoying this.

TREXEL

[relieved] Oh, he's reading the articles.

DAVID

Oh!

TREXEL

Oh, yes, yes. They're all about cars and... pipes and...

DAVID

I didn't— I didn't know you could do that to a space yacht. I really didn't.

TREXEL

You can.

DAVID

Yeah.

TREXEL

You can. You can. And for— and for less than you'd expect.

DAVID

Yeah. Alright.

TREXEL

And there's actually a wonderful article in the back, uh, by The Face on success and tips to it.

DAVID

Oh, yes. Yes, talking about a lot of tips here.

TREXEL

Oh, no! Give that— give that— give me that back.

DAVID

What? Oh, oh.

TREXEL

Give me that back. Gonna just put that...

IMOGEN

[beep]

Almost too innocent to live, and also nearly the most jaded being on the station. Isn't life incredible?

DAVID

I mean, uh—

TREXEL

Remember, David, if you ever think about picking up a magazine and reading it, check with me first. I don't want you to become corrupted in some way.

DAVID

Hang on a minute. There's a—

TREXEL

What is it now, David? We're so close.

DAVID

Well, this one looks— This is really old. This is all, like, you know, looks like it's been dipped in tea. It's all— it's all craggily.

TREXEL

Is it a treasure map?

DAVID

What? No.

TREXEL

Does it lead to a pirate's gold?

DAVID

Well, hang on a minute. I'll quickly read it. It's from—

TREXEL

Is it the Magna Carta? I don't know what that is, but it's a fun set of words.

DAVID

Okay. Uh, it does— It's not— it's not titled the Magnum Carting, so I don't know, but, um, no, it— it's from... This was someone to IT. It says there's a "critical RAM shortage in the central processing system and—"

TREXEL

Why would there need to be sheep in the central processing units?

DAVID

I don't know, but it says this, "This is really urgent and if— if this doesn't get sorted out then this could have some really serious ramifications going on—"

TREXEL

[mocking] Nyah nyah nyah, serious ramifications. All— all critical problems, all will end in—

DAVID

"—and then it could possibly result in the—"

TREXEL

David, give that to me! **[hits David]** Give that here! Give it here! Give it here!
David, this is old trash. This is old, stupid trash that isn't treasure and therefore—

DAVID

No, but that could be important.

TREXEL

—deserves to be thrown on the floor like this. **[Throws the letter on the floor]**

DAVID

That could be mind treasure— Oh.

TREXEL

[stamps] Stamp. Stamp. Stamp.

DAVID

Oh. Oh, it's—

TREXEL

Because, David, unless it's a treasure map, everything old is rubbish. Okay?

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

Great.

TREXEL

Anyway, let's knock on the door.

DAVID

Alright. Okay. Uh, well, so I'll— I'll just, um... ahem. **[knocks on door, clears throat]** Hello.

TREXEL

You call that a knock?

DAVID

What? I think, yes.

TREXEL

Get out the way, David. **[David yelps]** This is a knock. This door is a face, and my fist is a fist, and I shall punch it to say hello!

[loud thud, minimal door breakage]

DAVID

Uh, Trexel, you just put your fist through the door.

TREXEL

Yeah, that's gone right through.

DAVID

'Kay.

TREXEL

That's gone right— And all the jaggedy edges are all around my arm.

DAVID

Eugh.

TREXEL

I don't really wanna pull it back.

DAVID

Well, hang on a minute—

TREXEL

Could you just, sort of, like—

DAVID

Well, no, hang on a minute, I'll just— Look, I'll just— I'll just widen it open for you, like—

TREXEL

Yeah, yeah.

DAVID

Whoop! [**breaks a larger hole in the door**] And whoop! [**door breaks a little more**]

TREXEL

I do keep forgetting how strong you are, David. Why didn't you just tear off the door off the hinges in the first place?

DAVID

Oh, well, I thought that would be rude. Well, but— but if you—

TREXEL

It would be, but I'm quite rude, so, you know.

DAVID

Okay. Well, I mean, if you insist.

TREXEL

Oh, David.

DAVID

Whoop!

[tears door off the hinges and throws it across the room]

TREXEL

D'oh!

IMOGEN

[beep]

If anyone cared about this place you would both be in big trouble, but they don't! So carry on.

DAVID

Right. Let's just—

TREXEL

Yeah, vast darkness, rows of desks... Ah! David.

DAVID

Yes?

TREXEL

I've made a find.

DAVID

Ooh! What have you found?

TREXEL

Please let me present to you...

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

A skeleton! [**bones clatter, David yelps in surprise**] Hello! Ha ha, hello!

DAVID

Ah! Oh! Ah! Ho ha hoo, hoo, hey, ho.

TREXEL

One of many, I believe. Huh.

DAVID

[**out of breath**] Wait, there are more?

TREXEL

Oh yes. If you look over there, you see all those rows of desks? They're just skeletons.

DAVID

Oh, it— Oh no!

TREXEL

Skeletons upon skeletons.

DAVID

Ew.

TREXEL

It would appear that this— this little— little staffing situation has aged out. By which I mean, they've all died of old age, and it appears no one's replaced them so...

DAVID

But— but do they not have any clones? I mean, why do they— **[splash]** Eugh, this puddle. **[gasps loudly, shudders]**

TREXEL

Oh, David, I didn't want you to find out this way, but that is what happens to a clone when they get old and die. They just turn into a puddle. That is a very traumatic way for you to find this out but, hey, you're a big boy now, you've seen that *Bodices* magazine, so...

DAVID

Oh, right. **[shakily exhales]** Okay. No, that's fine. I'm just gonna be a puddle when I die.

TREXEL

Do you wanna hug this skeleton to make you feel better?

DAVID

Uh... yeah, okay.

TREXEL

Give it a lil' cuddle. Lil' cuddle.

[skeleton bones clatter together]

DAVID

Okay. Oh, it's so— Oh, it's all ridged and— and then there's a bit of a— Hang on, there's something in here. Eugh! **[soft squelching]** Oh.

TREXEL

What?

DAVID

Oh, there's some... there's some soft bits.

TREXEL

Oh no, David! No, David, David. Oh!

DAVID

Eugh. **[squelching continues]** Oh, my hand is all covered in... softness.

TREXEL

Oh. Yes, it would appear that the dryness in this room has somewhat preserved...

DAVID

Eugh!

TREXEL

...more— more than you'd find on your average skeleton, but you just—

DAVID

Okay, I'll just...

TREXEL

—wipe it off. Yeah, no.

DAVID

Eugh! Yeah, no, I'll find— I'll get some letters and— **[wipes liquid off with letters]** Yech!

TREXEL

Ah.

DAVID

Wah ah.

TREXEL

Just put the skeleton back in a respectful pose. **[bones clatter]** Actually, you know what? Let's do a fun one. High five! **[bone cracks, falls to the floor]** Oh, yeah. I've snapped off— Okay, well, you know.

DAVID

Oh dear.

IMOGEN

[beep]

If they were alive, this would be a crime.

DAVID

Um... wait. Hang on a minute. Tr-Trexel, there— there's a— there's a pipe here and— and this is, um— **[picks up paper]** Yeah, this is— this is the last suggestion we made. Look! We can find all of ours 'cause of all the trash juice. No, so here's— Yeah, no, here— here— here's one and here's— here's another one and... and— but there's—

TREXEL

That's Doug Whimperton.

DAVID

—there's loads around it. There— ever—

TREXEL

That's Gog— that's Gonks!

DAVID

It looks like every piece of—

TREXEL

[scandalised] [gasps] Hartro lied! Hartro lied! She— she was giving us feedback about these, and she was saying...

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

...that we did well and—

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Hartro lied!

DAVID

No— Obviously. Yes.

TREXEL

What a shock!

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

[gasp] I am shocked!

DAVID

Trex— Really? Trexel.

TREXEL

[quickly] I don't know if I'm ever gonna recover from this!

DAVID

Trex— Okay.

TREXEL

The betrayal of trust! **[David sighs]** What is love?

IMOGEN

[beep]

Don't worry, it is unlikely to come up for you.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

[sobs] Oh god.

DAVID

Right, so... No, but— **[Trexel sobs]** Okay. Yes, Trexel. It turns out that you continue to do your—

TREXEL

[sings] ♪ When will The Face know me? **[David sighs]** When will Gonk feel the reach of my hand? When will Tracer P. Zazz Cage know that I am the great one with the great plan? Doug Whimperton. Oh, Doug Whimperton. Oh, Doug Whimperton should know my name! ♪

DAVID

I thought we didn't like Doug Whimperton.

TREXEL

[sings] ♪ Welby Weatherby shall know my fame. ♪

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

But no.

DAVID

Yeah, but— but no!

TREXEL

All lost.

DAVID

But also, more importantly...

TREXEL

Hmm?

DAVID

...in this pile is a bunch of really recent stuff. Look, there's— there's suggestions. There are some HR complaints. There are just letters to people! This is just—

TREXEL

So, it would appear, David, that almost all the communications throughout Stellar Firma, everything that, you know, makes it tick, is being delivered to an empty office full of the dead.

DAVID

No but hang on a minute. When we were delivering planet designs, they were getting made by the Build Team, so the Build Team got theirs.

TREXEL

So, do you think maybe it's... 'cause these aren't core functions?

DAVID

Is this— is this stuff that Stellar Firma considers... aren't important?

TREXEL

Not worthy. Just unimportant trash.

IMOGEN

[beep]

If it's not billable, it's going on the pile.

DAVID

But there are whole departments dedicated to resolving these... issues, and they're really important, and a lot of the people who we got suggestions from probably already died because you were late, but probably definitely died because they never got the suggestions that we gave.

TREXEL

But this— this wasn't always the case, David! This wasn't always the case, because these corpses, whilst not fresh, there's still some stuff in them, so clearly... in the last hundred or so years something's changed. You don't have an office and just fill it with skeletons for no reason. There were people working here. There were people doing this stuff, but they've... they've just died and not been replaced.

DAVID

No one's noticed... that *nothing* has been getting done, and everything, I assume, has just slowly been getting worse— That's why they had the electric corridor! The corridor where it was electric!

TREXEL

Yes, that's it! That's probab— All of that stuff probably started happening around about the same time that the vital communications network that underpins most of what Stellar Firma does all died of old age and became skeleton friends.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Well, howdy doody. Anyway, probably not our problem, so we should probably find our way back.

DAVID

[softly] Goodness. Oh Board. This is... so much worse than I thought. And... I think— I think Stellar Firma is completely broken.

[beat]

TREXEL

Oh, okay. That— that's lovely but how do we actually find our way out?

DAVID

Uh...

TREXEL

I don't wanna die of starvation in this filing corpse room.

DAVID

Oh, well we... we— we fell down a big... big hole that was quite... high up.

TREXEL

Okay. I'm gonna start using you to beat at the walls and floor.

DAVID

Uh, no.

[Trexel and David start struggling]

DAVID

Ow.

[Trexel starts using David to hit things, David yelps]

TREXEL

It's not working, but I'm feeling better!

DAVID

Stop it, Trexel! Stop it!

[hitting stops, Trexel cries out in pain, joints crack]

TREXEL

Oh! I've been crunched.

[fade to new scene, machine whirs, door swooshes open]

NUMBER 1

Gone?

HARTRO

[nervous] Um, mm, well... You see—

NUMBER 48

Just gone? Poof. Into thin air?

HARTRO

Well, no. Not— not exactly. Not— No, not into thin air.

NUMBER 1

Well, where then? David has never left any room by choice, and Trexel is the loudest thing this side of Vega, so how can you not know where they are?

HARTRO

Mm, well, I-I got there to do the review, and I— I had this great review planned, just like you'd asked. I was— I was going to put in the paperwork for the promotions back up to Sales right after, and— but—

NUMBER 48

But what?

HARTRO

Uh, the— the room was very... com— compacty. The com— the compactor it had compacted.

NUMBER 1

So they're dead?

HARTRO

No! No. Well, no, I don't think so. I mean, there was no organic smearings, just some furniture and— and a hole. A hole on the wall. And it went into the vents.

NUMBER 1

Your dramatic insight into the matter is that they've gone and are somewhere.

NUMBER 48

Very helpful.

NUMBER 1

As such, your services, Ms. Piltz, are no longer required. We can no longer offer our protection in the matter of your attempted destruction of company property.

HARTRO

Uh, no! No, just wait. Please.

NUMBER 1

You had a purpose, but you failed! You lost them and now our plans are all but ruined, so please forgive my taking a little pleasure in your slow and painful death!

HARTRO

I can find them! I-I can! I could find them, and I could sort it out. And then— and then it will be fine. And— and everybody can live! Living! Living, hurray! Yay!

NUMBER 48

Ooh, I'll go find a hammer!

HARTRO

Ah! Oh!

NUMBER 1

No, no. Wait. Hmm. Perhaps it is worth a try. It might even be amusing to see how you do.

HARTRO

Yes. Yes.

NUMBER 48

And we can always kill you later.

HARTRO

Uh... uh...

NUMBER 1

Find them, get things back on track, or fail. And Number 48 here can have their fun.

NUMBER 48

Found it!

[hammer thuds]

HARTRO

I'll find them! I'll find them. I'll sort it out. Don't you worry. Hartro is on it.

[door swooshes closed]

NUMBER 1

Right. Where were we?

[champagne bottle pops, lively music starts playing]

NUMBER 1 and NUMBER 48

Whee!

[Show Theme – Outro]

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