

STL 72 — Clone Suite and Clandestine Succour

Content Warnings

- Bullying/taunting
- Discrimination & prejudice
- Electrocutation
- War & murder
- Discussions of: blinding, cannibalism, bees, family trauma, therapy
- Mentions of: death, food, blood, fire, alcohol, guns
- SFX: bubbling, loud rumbling & growling

TREXEL

Special thanks to Matt. May you dance the night away, because your dance is too unbearable for the night to be around.

[Show Theme – Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill Presents: Stellar Firma.

[Theme continues]

[Door whooshes open]

TREXEL

(Sings) Oohh, war is on the horizon!

But we do not stand in fear!

Oh, war is marching forward!

Ohh, so near!

But we stand so firm,

Stella Firma firm!

And we will not—

(Speaking normally) A— Da-Da-Da... David? David, when I walk into a room and start singing, I expect you to be there, wide-eyed.

[Room rumbles and door whooshes open]

TREXEL

David!

DAVID

Oh, sorry, Trexel! **(stammering)** Didn't hear you come in.

[A bubbling sound begins, accompanied by faint music]

IMOGEN

[Beep] I don't think that's physically possible.

TREXEL

Okay, David, I've got a couple of questions. You've just emerged through a door in the wall.

DAVID

A-huh.

TREXEL

I think I hear light jazz. You're in a fluffy bathrobe, **(bubbling sound)** and I'm pretty sure that's a bubble pipe. What is going on?

DAVID

Well, that's the executive clone suite.

TREXEL

(Laughing) That's funny. That's funny. I think— I— **(scoffs)** Sorry, I'm— I might be going mad here. I think you just said "executive clone suite".

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

David, I don't believe there's any such thing as an "executive clone suite". An executive suite, sure, but the day that Stellar Firma starts making executive suites for clones is the day that Stellar Firma has been engulfed in a quantum field of 'Oh No, We've Died.'

DAVID

Well, I mean— It's, it's in here—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—and, uh, this isn't where the executives live, they have their own executive suites, which you were just referring to. A-And I also got this by pressing a button, uh, on the panel that just said 'Clone.' I thought it was maybe gonna make another clone pop out, uh, but I was quite lonely, so I thought, 'That's okay.' So I pressed the button that says 'Clone' and that door popped open. And then, um, the—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) David, you are f—

You are fundamentally changing my understanding of the world that I live in. Are you telling me that there is a special class of war clone that they keep in a lovely apartment next to the war room?

IMOGEN

[Beep] Think of it as a really swanky toolbox.

DAVID

All I'm gonna say is that I pressed the button that said 'Clone,' and then that door opened and I walked in, and it said, "Hello clone." I didn't even have a name, so that kind of still tracked. Uh, maybe, you know, realise it probably wasn't a trick, it was some sort of actual thing. But then, uhh, yeah. **(burbles)** S'just quite nice.

TREXEL

(Incredulous) It's, it's nicer than **mine**, David. **(stammers)** That's— There's a, there's jacuzzi tub. A, a quadruple emperor bed. Is that an— Is that a

chandelier made out entirely of wineglasses? This is so much nicer than anywhere I've ever stay— David, we're swapping houses. I live here now. You live in wherever my house is, which I have forgotten the location of—

DAVID

Uh, n—

TREXEL

—and I think was on fire the last time I saw it.

DAVID

Trexel, I, I, I wouldn't try and walk in there.

[Footsteps as Trexel approaches the door]

DAVID

That, that does say it's a clone area only.

TREXEL

I don't take orders—

[Trexel is zapped by electricity]

IMOGEN

[Beep] What a shocking turn of events! Bit of fun.

TREXEL

Bit of a— **(sighs)** Bit of electrical forcefield there, isn't there?

DAVID

Yeah, um—

(Trexel vocalises, trying to re-orient himself after getting zapped)

It is. That's kind of— It's definitely just for clones.

TREXEL

I think— Well, hang on. I have had a thought. Maybe—

DAVID

(Crosstalk) No.

**[Trexel audibly electrocutes himself on the forcefield
again as David protests]**

TREXEL

Okay. Electrocute me once, shame on you. Electrocute me twice, shame on you. But let's have—

[Trexel electrocutes himself again]

TREXEL

Electrocute me thrice, have—

[Trexel electrocutes himself again]

DAVID

Trexel, stop it!

TREXEL

Electrocute me fourth—

DAVID

Trexel!

[Trexel electrocutes himself]

TREXEL

Electrocute me fourth, put me in water, and I'll point north.

DAVID

No, ah, Trexel. Please, just—

[Trexel continues to electrocute himself]

TREXEL

(Slurring) Elec... trocute... me fifth... oh no... my head's... **(bubbles)**

[Trexel electrocutes himself]

DAVID

(Crosstalk) No, you've— Okay.

No. Hold up, hold up, I'm stopping you, I'm stopping you.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Don't stop him now. He was just beginning to crisp up nicely.

DAVID

Look, get back here. You're gonna start enjoying it, and then you're never gonna leave, and I'm not gonna be able to have my bath.

TREXEL

(Still slurring) I'm a little goose! Would you like some candied hams?

DAVID

Just... sit down.

[David forces Trexel into a chair]

[The electric forcefield rumbles off]

TREXEL

Okay, well, this is, uh— This has been a, a tricky, a tricky couple of minutes, David. Clones, clones are sometimes treated better than me, and there's an electrical forcefield that makes me feel tingly in both a bad way, and in a good way. Yes.

DAVID

Ah... I'm just gonna press the button to make the brief appear. Okay?

TREXEL

Okay. Alright.

[A mechanical whump as the brief is released into the room, before it flutters down from the ceiling]

TREXEL

Okay. Okay. And, um, I-I'm just gonna read this out so we can have a think. U- Uh, that, uh, yeah, um— Then we— I'll get you something. Alright, okay, so this is from Gloreetaa, copyright lawyer. And, uh, she is snitching on The Discoballers.

TREXEL

Ohh. I don't know The Discoballers. Do tell.

DAVID

Well, apparently they've been menacing every company engaged in spherical constructions since they're trying to copyright spheres.

TREXEL

Ah, they're copyright griefers, David. I might not know The Discoballers, but I know their type. 'Hey, I've got a copyright on cubes. All those sugar cubes are mine now, yum, yum, yum.' 'Oh no, I've got a copyright on rain. If it rains, you owe me credits.' **(stammers)** They're just— They're, they're, they're yobbos, David. They're legal yobbos.

DAVID

Yobbos. Right—

TREXEL

Yobbos.

DAVID

Well, they're yobbos whose main strength is that the main hive of tiny disco balls dazzle and distract their victims before the massive disco queen strikes and permanently blinds everybody in range.

TREXEL

Ah, the flash bee model. Have you encountered a flash bee?

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

A terrifying experiment gone wrong. We had cameras, and we had bees, and we were like, 'Wouldn't it be nice not to have to hold up a camera, and go ooh, I've clickety-clacked the clickety-clack. What if you maybe crossbred cameras and bees, and then released **millions** of them into the atmosphere, and then just take happy little snaps all the time.' Turns out, didn't change the temperament of the bees. They were very cross, and they blinded millions of people with their flashy bums. It was a great success, if by 'success' you mean 'they've died.'

IMOGEN

[Beep] It is a narrow definition, but a very useful one.

DAVID

Right, uh, well, um... The greatest weakness of these flashy-bum disco people is that they can't deal with emotional vulnerability.

TREXEL

(Scoffs) Who can, David? I know I can't, and if you expose me to emotional vulnerability I will snap off your face. With a hand. That I found.

DAVID

Well, you'll try.

TREXEL

But I'll do it emotionally.

DAVID

Yeah.

TREXEL

So you can't use your physical strength.

DAVID

No—

TREXEL

I'll be like, 'Hey David, that shirt? It's a bit last season.' Ohhh, kaboom.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) We, we— No, it's— **(stammers)**

It's alright, Trexel, we've had you exposed to emotional vulnerability before. And usually there's the little beeper that says, you know, 'Consultant Spiralling'.

TREXEL

Is that what that's about?

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

I always assumed it meant that some food was cooked somewhere.

DAVID

Wait, no— **How?** How did— How, how would 'Consultant Spiralling' mean—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Hm? Yes?

TREXEL

—'Somebody has cooked some food somewhere'?

TREXEL

Because you **saltant** things. Saltant is a way of cooking things. It's sort of like, you cover it in and salt, and you, and you toss it in the air. And you just laugh with your friends.

DAVID

So what is a— What— What is a 'con'?

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) And ‘con’ is a ‘con artist’ that you’ve killed and chopped up. So if you’ve got a chopped up con artist, and you’ve tossed him in the air with some salt while laughing with your friends, they’re consalted.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

And it’s spiralling, because you’ve put it through a spiraliser, cos that’s all the rage.

DAVID

So you’re thinking this is a, a spiralised con-artist—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—who has been... stir-fried with salt?

TREXEL

I don’t know how I can be any clearer, David. And I just assumed every time that went off, it was like, ‘Hey, if you’re interested, got some of that stuff, yum, yum, yum.’

DAVID

Just a general Stellar Firma-wide announcement that they might have some food.

TREXEL

Exactly, David. It's like, 'Beep beep beep, hello everybody in Stellar Firma. I know all of the food is slurry, and it always has been, and it always will be. But guess what: we just spiralised a con-artist in salt, so dig in.'

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

I mean, ah, with Occam's Razor and all that. That's what I thought it meant.

IMOGEN

[Beep] It is surprising how many people have bled to death due to misuse of Occam's Razor.

DAVID

(A long sigh) Okay, yeah, no, fine. And, and just like **you**, The Discoballers's greatest weakness is exposure to emotional vulnerability.

TREXEL

Well, David. When you're dealing with legal matters, sure, we could go to the legalese, although I seem to remember they've all been killed by the legal bees. Come to think of it, we **do** do a lot of experiments with bees here at

Stellar Firma. And it always ends in death. I wonder if we can make some sort of death-preventing bee to solve this problem.

DAVID

Hang on a minute... the legal bees... and the bum bees... and The Discoballers

TREXEL

Yes.) who are bringing legal proceedings.

TREXEL

Do you think it's linked, David? Do you think it's all part of a matrix of lies and deceit?

DAVID

What happened to the legal bees once they killed the legalese?

TREXEL

(Gasps) Are you saying, David, that after they defeated their only enemy, the legalese, they looked around and thought, 'Hey, let's form a guerrilla group called The Discoballers because guess what, we've also got shiny light bums.'

DAVID

Yeah, or, or, or they allied with the bum bees.

TREXEL

Oh! And they were like, 'Hey, you've got the weaponry, we've got the know-how. Let's copyright grief Stellar Firma out of existence.' It's the perfect plan, David, I can't believe we didn't see it before! Simply because it's truly idiotic!

DAVID

I mean, that's a bit rude to them. I mean, they seem to be doing quite well, given that they've come to our attention.

TREXEL

Quite well, David. They're about to get slammed by the newspaper of Stellar Firma's might. Y'know?

DAVID

(Stammering) Yeah, actually, I, I did—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) You, you come— You come at the king, you better not be a bee of some kind, cos we'll get you with the newspaper.

DAVID

Yeah, I d— I did get a bit distracted by the bee conspiracy, but I-I did wanna ask—

TREXEL

'Bee-spiracy,' David, please. If we're gonna talk about it, let's talk properly. It's a bee-spiracy.

DAVID

Con-bees-ant spiralling.

IMOGEN

[Beep] No. That's not for you. That is for me. Warning: Conbeesant spiralling.

DAVID

Uh, look. The thing is...

TREXEL

Yes?

DAVID

I-I-In Business Warfare...

TREXEL

Sure.

DAVID

We are directly planning the murders of people.

TREXEL

What else would war be? War is just murder on a massive scale, and that's why I love it. Just— **(bubbles)** It's so, it's so economical.

DAVID

Okay, like— **(sighs)** I know that some of our suggestions and your planet designs—

TREXEL

Mmmhmm.

DAVID

—have definitely resulted in people— I mean, we did literally recommend that Bathin grease the hinges of his planet with the blood of people.

TREXEL

Blood of people, yes.

DAVID

But—

TREXEL

And, and if by ‘some’ you mean ‘all,’ then, also, yes, correct.

DAVID

Yeah—

TREXEL

David, what’s your point?

DAVID

I-I ju— I just, I just feel like directly planning somebody’s murder on purpose is a bit, um... evil?

TREXEL

Evil. Evil. Evil. Not sure I’m awa— I’m w— I’m with you there, David. Evil. Evil, how?

DAVID

Well, I mean, you're just... You're saying, 'Hello, this is an alive person—'

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

'And I'm going—'

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Hello alive person!

DAVID

'And I'm going to make them dead.

TREXEL

Ah!

DAVID

Because, because Stellar Firma wants them dead.'

TREXEL

Sure. And that's different from just designing things so aggressively negligently that they die anyway is, is different becau— I'm, **(bubbles)** I'm just struggling to see the difference here, David.

DAVID

I just— There's a, there's a difference in **intent**. You know, o-our, our—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Are we camping now?

Are we camping? Are we camping in this moral quandary? Oh, don't worry, I bought a gas stove so we can drink tea in our moral quandary camp.

(Sings) Oh, the camp of quandary's here!

Don't you have a beer with me

Because I've killed you before

We started Camp of Quandary War! Yeah.

DAVID

Um... Tha— Wh—

(Wordless sounds of frustration)

TREXEL

What, you never heard a Quandary Camp song before? You should sing one. Sing a Quandary Camp— You've entered the Mire of Quandary, and you've camped out because it's getting dark, and you're worried about the moral bears that roam at night. And we all sit around the moral campfire, burning books on moral philosophy, and you start to sing... this.

DAVID

(Sings) There's a moral quandary coming

Over the yonder hill

It's making me wonder if what I'm doing

Is right anymore

TREXEL

(Sings, more buoyant than David) And then I push it in the face

DAVID

Wha—

TREXEL

Because right is right and I'm so great

Trexel—

DAVID

No—

TREXEL

—Geistman's going to war!

Dum dalum dum!

Pick up your rifle!

Do not stifle!

My cheering voice of joy

Because I do what the stage wants me to without questioning it

Because 'why not'? It's easier this way.

'Bum badum' go the guns,

'Ahh, ahh ahh!' go their mums,

Cos they've died,

Yes, they've died,

Yes, they've died!

Total war! Total war!

Oh for lovely, lovely total, total war!

Burn the book.

IMOGEN

[Beep] I see you couldn't let them be the centre of attention for even a moment there.

DAVID

A-And you sing that around your campfire?

TREXEL

Incredibly loudly. The enemy always finds me.

DAVID

Okay. Right, I-I, I can s— Fine. Fine, you've, you've convinced me, Trexel. I...
Yeah, no, yeah, let's—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Ah, thank goodness.

I could barely— I could barely bring myself to do another song. It's so exhausting, singing about war.

DAVID

Oh, you must be tired all the time.

TREXEL

I'm so tired.

DAVID

Right, le-let's— Let's just get on with this brief—

TREXEL

Yes.

TREXEL

—where we're **definitely** gonna plan to murder a bunch of, I guess, bees.

TREXEL

I guess, I guess bees. In fact, you don't have to guess. I know bees. Bees, I know 'em. I love 'em. I hate 'em. I've got a mixed emotion for bees. So, if we are going to— The thing about bees, David, is when you swat one, there's a thousand more.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

You swat a thousand, that's just one hive. There's a load of hives. You gotta get 'em all in one. With fire. So we need to find where they live, and burn it down. What if it's out in space and there's no oxygen? We bring a tank of oxygen. We explode the oxygen, and then burn that.

DAVID

Okay, well—

TREXEL

There's always a chance to burn things.

DAVID

Fi— It— Look, it, it says that there is a main hive of tiny disco balls.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

And then there's a big disco queen who blinds people with her bum.

TREXEL

Funk. We kill them with funk. What is disco's enemy? It's the sweet, bassy sound of funk.

(Begins badly beatboxing what he probably interprets funk to sound like)

(Singsong) Disco, disco's dead!

DAVID

Yes. So we avoid the disco inferno and we instead encourage disco to be dead.

TREXEL

Sure. Because disco infernos— That just encourages them. They like ‘em. I’ve heard a song about it. They love a disco inferno! They’d be like, ‘Keep bringing the fire.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Keep bringing the oxygen. Make that fire triangle, and we’re gonna disco dance around it.’ Funk, on the other hand— It’s the Funk Antithesis.

DAVID

Okay, so it’s like a negative waveform, and, and it’ll cancel out the disco just to create silence.

TREXEL

It’s like noise-cancelling headphones, except for disco. It takes the— All the, the things that disco isn’t, and broadcasts them into it, thus creating a null signal. And then the bees fall silent in space, their bums no longer bright, their legal challenges unfiled... for the funk has destroyed them. We have become funk: killer of disco.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Hail the funk.

DAVID

Okay, alright. So, what you're saying is—

TREXEL

And we've got a big set of platform shoes and some cool glasses.

DAVID

Yeah, u-uh, and, and maybe like, you know, a-a bunch of people with sort of leg warmers can, can turn up with like, big boomboxes. Just stick on the funk and just, you know, play it at them. And, and, and maybe, cos their weakness is emotional vulnerability, maybe just confess their love. A-ask them to take them back, baby. You know, wh-whatever they said, and whatever they did, they're— They just— They didn't mean it.

TREXEL

We didn't mean it! How about this: sad funk. A new genre of music. All of the upbeat tempo of funk, but with the lyrics of loss and sorrow.

(Begins slowly beatboxing music)

(Singing interspersed with beatboxing) If I'd only opened up,

Then maybe I'd have a relationship

With the people that I love.

But now it's too late,

Now the song is done.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Both groovy and harrowing.

TREXEL

No one can stand up to that.

DAVID

Okay, well, let's just— Let's just record that. We'll send it over—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—we tell them to put it all in boomboxes. We'll, we'll get the entire Stellar Firma legal team — cos they'll be challenging this — into pop socks and leg warmers.

TREXEL

Yep!

DAVID

Give 'em all a beatbox with, with that recorded on it—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—surround the hive, play it at high volume, and ask them to take them back.

TREXEL

Because we didn't mean it.

DAVID

We didn't mean it.

TREXEL

(Sings) We just want you dead for goooooood...

DAVID

(Crosstalk) No, I—

Okay, no, no— But I— I just— I don't— We want this problem neutralised, right?

TREXEL

Yes, absolutely.

DAVID

So I think by opening up to The Discoballers, uh, leveraging their emotional vulnerability,

TREXEL

Yes.) um, although manipulative, isn't, isn't murder, um, a-a-and, and—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Murder of the soul, perhaps?

(David stammers)

Murder of the emotions.

DAVID

No, I just— I think—

TREXEL

Like a thief in the night with a dagger of emotions. 'I love you!' Stab.

DAVID

Well no, I think, if they're, if they're, if they're so vulnerable to their emotions, they, they really need to work through some stuff. And maybe just find somebody to talk to. You know, maybe—

TREXEL

Ooh, and, and, and, and we say, 'Here's the number for a great therapist.' The therapist is an assassin. Stab!

DAVID

No!

TREXEL

'Ahh!'

DAVID

No, what if the therapist was just a therapist?

TREXEL

Oh, oh, okay, but the therapist is in league with a group of assassins. Stab, ahh!

DAVID

What— No, what if the therapist was in league with a sort of another group. A larger group of therapists, who all like, mutually shared information in order to become better a-a-at what they did?

TREXEL

Ah, yes. And then that organization is called STAB, argh! Which is the ‘Society... to... Ahhh! Boy, you’re dead.’

DAVID

No, no, no, no, wh-what, what if it was, ‘The Society of Therapists About... Beautifying the Soul.’

TREXEL

Okay, David, **(stammers)** that’s great, but at what point do, do people get stabbed? I just, **(bubbles)** I just really feel that there needs to be a point where a knife just really gets involved.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) (stammering) Oh no, no, sure.

No, we are, we are aurally, and that’s with ‘au,’ not ‘o,’ it’s through the ears, not the mouth— Um—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) No, nobody’s eating anything here.

DAVID

(Crossatlk) No. No, no, no, no.

So we're, we're aurally stabbing them with... sad funk in order to open up their emotional vulnerability so they can talk to the people they need to, and just, and just stop this silly game of trying to copyright spheres. Because Stellar Firma or not, that means they're gonna be trying to sue everybody who lives on a planet, and loads of people who make marbles.

TREXEL

Yeahhh... Yeah, I mean, David— It ticks all the boxes, it stops the problem, it, you know, i-i-it deals with the brief, but... **(sighing)** it's somehow empty in a way that I can't define. Except I will define it: nobody's dead at the end. What's the point of being in Business Warfare if you just business negotiate all the time? Where's the shooty-bangs, David? I need the shooty-bangs!

IMOGEN

[Beep] He does get awfully restless without his shooty-bangs.

DAVID

Okay. What if we accompany the boomboxes with a bunch of galactic fireworks—

TREXEL

Oh?

DAVID

—which spell out 'We're sorry. Talk to Terry.'

TREXEL

Talk to Terry?

DAVID

‘Brackets... Terry is the therapist that I’ve found, and he really helped me. Close brackets. Full stop. So maybe you should too, question mark.’

TREXEL

Firework aside: Terry’s got a knife. I like it, David! The triple bluff. Again, you’re like, ‘Oh, no, we’re not gonna kill you. Oh, no, we’re not gonna kill you. Look at those fireworks! Talk to Terry. Terry’s gonna get you. Ka-pow!’ Ha ha. They’ll never see it coming. And we’ll never see it coming, because that’s so complicated to plan I’m pretty sure it’ll get messed up at stage three. But that’s not my problem, David—

DAVID

No!

TREXEL

—that’s the problem of whoever has to deal with this. So submit that brief! That’s a great brief.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Yeah! It’s Akteraks’s problem.

[Sounds of scribbling on the brief]

DAVID

Great. Okay, uh, so, so she can deal with this, and, uh, uh, fine.

[Sounds of the brief fluttering]

DAVID

Wait. I've placed it in the table, just prepare yourself. I'm gonna press the button.

TREXEL

Okay, I'm just gonna hold on to something.

DAVID

Okay.

[Exclaims as they hit the button, then vocalised surprise from both as the table opens, room rumbles and brief is retrieved]

TREXEL

Ooh, that makes you fizzy, doesn't it?

(David sighs)

Look at that!

DAVID

That just really puts the fear of death in you.

TREXEL

Yeahhh.

DAVID

Woo.

TREXEL

What would actually, if you fell in there? I wonder if it's like one of those— You know when you've got a sink, and you want to dispose of, like, bone chunks down it? And you get one of those grinders so you can dispose of bone chunks down your sink. You know that? It's like that, but in a table.

DAVID

I mean, maybe. I dunno what it would do to the brief. And th-that should be read, unless it's sort of digested somehow by Imogen?

TREXEL

Could be. Could be digested, and then Imogen pats her digital tum and thinks, 'Mmm, tasty info. Send!' Could be.

DAVID

Could be.

TREXEL

Could be. So, David. I **do** want to come back, however, to the fact that I really need that room. So I need you to deactivate whatever electrical forcefield is here so I can get into that jacuzzi tub. Because that bad boy— That bad boy looks comfy. Are there any scented candles? Can the scent be gin?

DAVID

So, first of all, yes? Second of all, no, it's lavender.

TREXEL

Blech.

DAVID

And thirdly: no, I don't think I can do anything about that. But I have found this button... called 'Trexel,' which I'm just gonna press right now.

[David presses the button and a hatch opens beneath Trexel's feet]

TREXEL

(Surprised but rapidly fading into the distance) Whoaaaaaaaaa—

DAVID

That is my favourite button so far.

[Show Theme – Outro]

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Stellar Firma 72 – Clone Suite and Clandestine Succour

Mastering: Jeffrey Nils Gardner

Music: Samuel D.F. Jones

Artwork: Anika Khan

Cast

I.M.O.G.E.N. – Imogen Harris

David 7 – Ben Meredith

Trexel Geistman – Tim Meredith