

WE FIX SPACE JUNK

EPISODE 1: ESCAPE FROM HARGAN IV

By Beth Crane

For Battle Bird Productions

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ANNOUNCEMENT/INTRO

ANNOUNCER: We Fix Space Junk, by Beth Crane. Episode 1: Escape from Hargan IV.

SFX:

THEME MUSIC

SCENE 1: INT. HARGAN IV GALACTIC PRISON — NIGHT

SFX:

A PRISON BELL RINGS. CLANGING PRISON
DOORS. A METALLIC SPACE. IN THE
DISTANCE, A FAINT HARMONICA.
A DOOR OPENS.

FABIO: Psst!

Psst! Samantha!

SAMANTHA: Go away. I'm not signing any more autographs.

FABIO: Sweetheart, it's me. We've only got ten minutes.

SAMANTHA: Fabio?

FABIO: I came back for you. I told you I would. Come on. This way.

SFX:

IN THE BACKGROUND, A STABBED GUARD
GURGLES WEAKLY.

SAMANTHA: Is that man — okay?

FABIO: He's fine. Just step over him.

SAMANTHA: He's, uh — bleeding. Rather — rather a lot. Really quite a lot. That is — quite a lot of blood, Fabio.

FABIO: He was like that when I got here. Do you want me to rescue you or not? Come on!

SFX: **THEY FLEE INTO THE DISTANCE.**

SCENE 2: INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE — NIGHT

SFX: **A RADIO CRACKLES. THE AUT NEWS JUNGLE PLAYS.**

IDENT AUT News — News on the hour, every hour.

REPORTER: And you join me outside the courthouse where the accused, Miss Samantha Trapp, is due to stand trial. For Miss Trapp, the last six months have been a rollercoaster: formerly a member of the social elite with a social media following of millions and a night life I think we've all envied at one point or another...

SFX: **PAPER RUSTLES AS SHE IS HANDED A NOTE.**

REPORTER: Wait, hang on, I'm getting an update! It appears that Miss Trapp, has escaped from the infamous Hargan IV prison where she was being held prior to her trial. Leaving three — no, four dead guards behind her, she appears to have disabled the alarms and security measures surrounding her cell and fled. She is being reported as armed and extremely dangerous and should not be approached under any circumstances. And information pertaining to her whereabouts —

SFX:

CLICK: RADIO SWITCHES OFF.

KILNER EATS CRISPS, SLOWLY.

SHE KICKS A WOODEN BOX WITH A METAL FOOT.

KILNER: Looks awfully suspicious to me.

FABIO: Of course it looks suspicious. If it was innocuous I could move it myself. You're a smuggler. You smuggle things.

KILNER: The whole point is that the packages look ordinary. This crate just screams 'fleeing heiress'. It's too big. And too new. And too stylish. Nobody transports cargo in polished tigerwood crates.

FABIO: Please. We have no other choice. We're desperate people.

KILNER: Desperate people are my favourite kind of client.
You've done all the paperwork?

FABIO: Yes.

KILNER: So...that's a third of the payment now and the other two thirds when we meet you at the Crab Nebula.

FABIO: And I'll have had time to prove her innocence by then.

KILNER: Sure you will. And the payment's already been set up, yes?

FABIO: You'll get your money. So long as she's safe and sound at the end.

KILNER: And you know what happens if you don't pay up?

FABIO: I've read the contract. Can we hurry this up? I don't want to get caught by customs at the last minute.

KILNER: I'm just checking. I've signed a few contracts in my time. It's good to know what you're letting yourself in for.

SFX

**KILNER AND FABIO DRAG A HEAVY
WOODEN CRATE UP THE SHIP'S METAL
RAMP.**

KILNER: She's heavy for a socialite.

FABIO: She's in the other crate.

KILNER: And this is?

FABIO: Luggage, obviously. Just the basics.

KILNER: I'm not taking it. You've paid for one person. I've fueled up and stocked up for one person, not a crate full of — I'm not even sure what half of this stuff is.

FABIO: Well, you're hardly living the haute couture lifestyle.

We're paying you well. Extremely well.

KILNER: I have a lot of subsidiary costs.

FABIO: Like what?

KILNER: I'm taking one person and one — small — suitcase. Think of

me as the EasyJet of the smuggling business.

FABIO: We don't do budget.

KILNER: Think of it as... minimalist.

FABIO: She's not going to be happy.

KILNER: She'll live. Unlike the guards she killed on the way out.

SFX: **THE CRATE THUMPS DOWN.**

SAMANTHA: (MUFFLED) Ouch!

KILNER: Okay, now clear off.

FABIO: Goodbye, my love. For you it will feel mere seconds but for me it will be an eternity. I cannot wait to —

KILNER: Yeah, I'm — closing the doors now.

FX: **DOORS WHIRR, BEGIN TO CLOSE.**

FABIO: I love you my angel!

FX: **THE DOORS SLAM SHUT.**

SCENE 3: INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE — NIGHT

KILNER: Jesus.

FX: **SHE PUSHES THE CRATE INTO POSITION,**
COVERS IT WITH ANOTHER BOX.

KILNER: Bruce, the things I have to do for this job.

FX: **A BEEP ON THE COMMS.**

INSPECTOR: This is customs!

KILNER: Sorry, I'm just leaving! I'm in a real hurry. (TO DAX, SOTTO VOCE) DAX, can you do something?

DAX: Like what?

INSPECTOR: Can you please open the door, ma'am?

KILNER: (QUIET) Ma'am? Must be serious.

FX: **DOORS WHIRR OPEN. THE INSPECTOR ENTERS.**

INSPECTOR: Good afternoon, young lady. We're checking all outgoing cargo ships for suspicious packages. Due to a high level of smuggling in the area we're conducting a random search.

KILNER: Right.

INSPECTOR: And I thought it was a little strange, a woman travelling all on her own in a big ship like this.

Did you pack your cargo yourself, ma'am?

KILNER: Yes.

INSPECTOR: Really? How did you manage that? Those crates are — rather large. Are you sure you didn't —

KILNER: Well, thank the wonders of cyborg technology.

INSPECTOR: I see.

So what's in that?

FX: **HE KICKS A CRATE.**

KILNER: I believe that — that's army boots. Well, ex-army boots. For the orphans.

INSPECTOR: For the orphans.

KILNER: They turn them into a nutritious stew. Disgusting, but well. Orphans can't be choosers, right?

INSPECTOR: I'll just give them a once over. Just in case.

FX: **CROWBAR, SPLINTERING WOOD. HE OPENS THE CRATE.**

INSPECTOR: Oh. Old — army boots.

FX: **HE RUMMAGES AROUND IN THE CRATE.**

KILNER: Picked them up on my way here. Just — you know. Automnicon. Doing its bit for the less fortunate.

FX: **MUFFLED SQUEAL OF PANIC FROM THE INSPECTOR.**

INSPECTOR: You're from Automnicon?

KILNER: You didn't see the sticker on my windscreen?

INSPECTOR: No. No, I — I didn't. I'm — I'm so sorry.

KILNER: My windscreen is a little dirty. I suppose you couldn't see it. So sorry. I'm so untidy for a woman.

INSPECTOR: Haha, I guess — I guess it could happen to anyone, right? Anyone at all! It's a harmless mistake —

KILNER: Yeah. You have a nice day now.

INSPECTOR: I — I can go?

KILNER: Go on.

FX: **FLEEING FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE RAMP**
AND AWAY ACROSS THE LANDING FIELD.

THE HATCH SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HIM.

SCENE 4: INT YELLOW SUBMARINE — NIGHT

DAX: That was a little cruel.

KILNER: Obnoxious little creep. He was about three seconds away from asking to speak to the man of the ship. And you're a computer.

FX: **KILNER PUTS THE KEY IN THE IGNITION.**
PRESSES BUTTONS. THE SUBMARINE FAILS
TO START.

SHE HITS THE DASHBOARD.

KILNER: Oh, come on! Pile of junk.

DAX: Hey, less of that! I don't take it out on you when you park badly!

KILNER: Sorry.

SFX: **THE ENGINE SPUTTERS INTO LIFE.**

DAX: There we go. I'll get a nano service while you're in cryo. It'll give me something to do. In the long, lonely months.

KILNER: I can't stay awake just to keep you company while you barrel through space, Dax. You're a computer, you're not supposed to get lonely.

DAX: Can you at least renew your Netflix account? It expired four months ago and I nearly went mad with boredom. Full HAL.
I don't know why they don't just give us warp drives.

KILNER: You know why. Our time's worth nothing to then.

SFX: **BUTTON PRESS. CRACKLE OF COMMS.**

KILNER: This is Yellow Submarine repeat Yellow Submarine. Are we cleared for takeoff?

CONTROLLER: (FUZZY) Yellow Submarine this is Kilo Romeo Yankee Sierra Niner, you are cleared for takeoff.

KILNER: Thanks, pal. Sub out.

SFX: **THE YELLOW SUBMARINE TAKES OFF AND FLIES AWAY.**

SCENE 5: INT YELLOW SUBMARINE — LATER

SFX

KNOCKING FROM INSIDE THE CRATE.

KILNER HUMS.

MORE KNOCKING.

SAMANTHA: Are you going to let me out?

Come on!

SFX:

KILNER SIGHS. SHE GETS UP.

SHE CROWBARS THE CRATE OPEN.

SAMANTHA STUMBLES OUT, SPLUTTERING.

KILNER: Ah, you must be Samantha.

SAMANTHA: Yes, I'm — what happened to your face?

KILNER: What happened to yours?

SAMANTHA: What?

KILNER: That nose is natural, is it?

SAMANTHA: Well, no, but it's like — you've got like — sorry, I've never actually met a full on — one of you before. I mean I've got a friend with a robot hand but I think it's ironic?

KILNER: You can say it. It's not a dirty word.

SAMANTHA: You're a — sorry, I mean, I'm just —

KILNER: I'm a cyborg. There you go.

SAMANTHA: But, like — can I ask you what actually happened?

KILNER: Some things.

SAMANTHA: Like what?

SFX:

KILNER SIGHS.

SHE CLUNKS HER METAL LEG.

KILNER: Mining accident.

SHE CLUNKS HER OTHER METAL LEG.

Industrial accident.

TINK. SHE TAPS HER ROBOTIC EYE.

Radiation.

**PLUNK-WHIRR. SHE MOVES HER ROBOTIC
ARM.**

Crocodile.

Etc etc. I can go on. Oh, you've gone all pale.

Little tip for you. If you wonder whether you should ask something, ninety percent of the time it's better not to.

SAMANTHA: So... what do you call this place?

SHE PICKS UP A SPANNER.

KILNER: Put that down. This is the Yellow Submarine.

SHE PUTS IT DOWN.

SAMANTHA: Why's it called that?

KILNER: No idea. It was secondhand and changing the name was a hassle.

SAMANTHA: Right.

KILNER: You've not been cryo'd before, have you?

SAMANTHA: Excuse me?

KILNER: Cryo'd. Put in suspended animation.

SAMANTHA: I know what it means. But nobody cryos any more.

KILNER: Well, you're in for a treat then. Hope you like spending the next six months on your own with no food.

SAMANTHA: Look, we're not going to get on. And that's fine. But my fiance is paying you a lot of money to take me to the Crab Nebula so power up your warp drive and get going.

KILNER: You think I'm joking?

SAMANTHA: I can't spend six months in a tank! What about my social media presence?

KILNER: Think of it as a really long spa. A bit of a digital detox.

SFX: **METALLIC SNIGGERING.**

SAMANTHA: What was that?

KILNER: That's DACHSHUND, the shipboard computer. Say hi.

SAMANTHA: Uh — hello.

DAX: Mm. Yes, hello.

KILNER: He prefers to be called DAX. Be nice, he's controlling your cryo settings.

Look, Samantha — they're checking every warp-ready ship. Not checking like that guy from customs just now, I mean tearing them apart looking for you. We were lucky just now but Automnicon isn't always as scary a name as it should be.

The one place they aren't checking are the freezer ships because they assume you won't go cryo-class.

SAMANTHA: Right.

KILNER: You killed four guards on your way out. I doubt you'll last that long if you go back.

SAMANTHA: Pardon?

KILNER: It's a really easy way to vanish for six months. Just floating slowly through space, frozen in time. I do it all the time. It's like a long sleep. Or a short death.

SAMANTHA: Well that's comforting.

KILNER: Did you do it, by the way?

SAMANTHA: No. I didn't. I've been framed.

KILNER: So why were you so afraid to stand trial?

SAMANTHA: I was ready to stand trial.

KILNER: Seems like you went to a lot of trouble to avoid it. Makes you seem... less than innocent.

SAMANTHA: **(PRESS CONFERENCE VOICE)** As I said in the press conference, myself and my family are entirely innocent of any wrongdoing whatsoever. We are merely a philanthropic... what?

KILNER: I grew up on Pluto.

SAMANTHA: Then you of all people should know. My family have been a boon to Pluto. Our partnership with —

KILNER: Where do you think I lost my legs? And I was lucky.

SAMANTHA: Well if you're going to be like that why did you bother picking me up?

KILNER: I need the money. And I haven't been back to Pluto in a few decades. You're what, twenty? It's not your fault your family are a bunch of murderers.

SAMANTHA: Wait, how old are you?

KILNER: Cryo has its advantages. Anyway, I have bigger problems than that.

SAMANTHA: Like what?

KILNER: It's getting late. We better get in the tanks.

SFX

CREAK OF TANK DOORS OPENING

SAMANTHA: So what do I — do?

KILNER: Just get in. DAX'll do the rest.

SFX

SQUELCH: SAMANTHA SLIDES INTO THE TANK.

SAMANTHA: Ugh.

KILNER: And don't worry if you feel like you're drowning. That's perfectly normal.

SAMANTHA: Wait, what?

SFX

THE TANK DOOR CLOSSES

SFX

KILNER SIGHS

DAX: She's interesting.

KILNER: She's alright. We've only got to spend a couple of days with her. And then I can get my debt paid off and we can get a better ship. With no ghosts. And a warp drive.

DAX: Ooh. I'll look up some second-hand models. Put some feelers out.

KILNER: Thanks. See you in six months, Dax.

SFX: **SQUELCH: KILNER SLIDES INTO THE TANK.**
DOOR CLOSSES.

DAX: **(SIGHS)** I'll miss you.
Back to the Sudoku. Just me and the fridge.

SFX: **SOFT CRACKLING. A DISTORTED VERSION**
OF YELLOW SUBMARINE PLAYS SOFTLY ON
A XYLOPHONE IN A MINOR KEY.

DAX: Well, that was unsettling. Did you hear that, fridge?
(SIGHS)
Of course you didn't. You're a fridge.

ANNOUNCEMENT/OUTRO

SFX: **THEME MUSIC SLOWLY RISES**

NARRATOR: With six months of cryo ahead of them, what's waiting in the future for Kilner and Samantha? What sinister being is lurking in the hull of the Yellow Submarine? And will Dax ever finish his Sudoku? Find out in next week's episode of We Fix Space Junk.

ANNOUNCER: In that episode of We Fix Space Junk, Samantha Trapp was played by Rebecca Evans, Kilner was played by Beth Crane, DAX was played by Jack Carmichael and Fabio was played by

Chris Montague.

All other parts were played by the cast along with Aaron Simmonds, Rosie Alys, Krystel Hewitt and Hedley Knights. The programme was written by Beth Crane and produced by Hedley Knights for Battle Bird Productions.

SFX:

THEME MUSIC

SCENE 6: INT MR TRAPP'S OFFICE — NIGHT

SFX:

**A CRACKLING FIRE. A DOOR CREAKS
OPEN.**

MR TRAPP: It's done?

FABIO: It's done. She'll be dead before she can get to trial.

MR TRAPP: Thank you, Fabio. It's a shame I'll never have you as a son-in-law.

FABIO: Just doing my bit for the company, sir.

SFX:

FINAL BEAT OF THEME.

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