

**SFX:**

**SPONSORBOT MUSIC IN**

SPONSORBOT:

Hello! It's me! Sponsorbot! Thank you very much to our sponsor! Who is... going to speak about their thing now.

**SFX:**

**SPONSORBOT MUSIC OUT**

**OPENING CREDITS**

**SFX:**

**THEME TUNE STING**

ANNOUNCER:

We Fix Space Junk Season 4, by Beth Crane. Episode Four:  
Return to Neutral Industries

**SFX:**

**THEME TUNE CONTINUES**

**SCENE 1 - INT. YELLOW SUB**

SFX:

**KILNER AND SAMANTHA ARE STUDYING DAX'S  
FIGURINES FOR REVERSE CLUEDO.**

DAX:

So these are the figurines I made to go with the game.

KILNER:

You've been -- working on this a lot.

DAX:

Well, I thought it would be good to have a project.

SAMANTHA:

This one's very um -- tentacley.

DAX: I thought it would be good to bring in other species. The original is very -- human-centric.

SFX: **AUTOMNICON MISSION MUSIC STARTS.**

AUTOMNIVOICE: Hello, valued employee! Here are the details for your next exciting mission. You will be [RESOLVING AN HR ISSUE] in or at the [NEUTRAL INDUSTRIES LAB]. We hope you enjoy your mission. Additional Notes: [NONE] [MESSAGE ENDS]

SAMANTHA: Are we qualified to deal with -- HR issues?

KILNER: Apparently.

SAMANTHA: Weird.

KILNER: Set a course, I guess. Anyway, what do you make these out of?

**SFX:** **THEY GO BACK TO TALKING ABOUT CLUEDO**

**SCENE # - INT. NEUTRAL INDUSTRIES.**

**SFX:** **WEIRD ELEVATOR MUSIC PLAYS, KILNER AND SAMANTHA WALK INTO NEUTRAL INDUSTRIES**

JAN: Welcome to Neutral Industries Inc. "We Probably Do It!"

SAMANTHA: Uh -- hi. We're from Automnicon?

JAN: Ah, Dr Cardenas' fixers. Great. I'll let him know you're here. I think he's in Genetic Manipulation right now... I'll be right back.

**SFX:** **JAN LEAVES TO CALL CARDENAS. KILNER AND SAMANTHA STUDY A MAP.**

KILNER: Hey, they have a site map now.

SAMANTHA: There's -- uh. It has a lot of -- departments.

KILNER: "Tactical Genetic Manipulation, Weaponised Visual Techniques, Increasing Aggressive Tendencies in Flora and Fauna..."

**SFX:** **CARDENAS COMES IN THROUGH A SLIDING DOOR**

CARDENAS: Ah, if it isn't my two favourite repairpeople! How are you both?

KILNER: Uh. Good?

CARDENAS: Wonderful, wonderful. So. I have a little -- conundrum I need fixing. And when I was trying to figure out who to bring in, I thought back to that little transport issue we had a while back, and remembered your names.

SAMANTHA: The one where we thought we were going to die?

CARDENAS: Hahaha, yep! And I thought, 'why not call them in to fix my -- new problem?'

SAMANTHA: Which is... what?

CARDENAS: Well. Follow me...

SFX: **THEY GO THROUGH THE DOOR.**

## **SCENE # - NEUTRAL INDUSTRIES CORRIDOR**

**SFX:** **KILNER AND SAMANTHA FOLLOW CARDENAS  
DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR**

CARDENAS: How much do you know about Neutral Industries?

KILNER: Virtually nothing.

CARDENAS: Good. That's how we like it. Right, so one of our -- many revenue streams is our universe-class medical cloning lab.

SAMANTHA: I thought it was illegal to create medical clones?

CARDENAS: Well. Not that we're -- exactly governed by standard laws, but we don't create full clones. Mostly we create insurance-based replacement body parts.

SAMANTHA: Right.

CARDENAS: For example, we were the source for the replacement legs for Ariella Phantasmò, the ballerina who was in that unfortunate stage-threshing accident a few years back. We'd been keeping them on ice for years just in case.

KILNER: Oh.

CARDENAS: I mean on ice is technically untrue -- they're actually kept in a sort of amniotic fluid and stimulated with frequent electric pulses to keep their muscular structure matching Ariella's. We're particularly proud of her case; she was back on stage within a week.

KILNER: So what are we -- here for?

**SFX:** **AS HE SPEAKS, MS LAMB'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, GRADUALLY.**

CARDENAS: Sometimes, people -- die. Or their insurance lapses. And then the bits just sort of -- sit there. So Gerald, who... well, he's a little eccentric. Uh, he made something. Or someone. We're not entirely sure how to refer to it. Or them.

**SFX:** **MS LAMB'S FOOTSTEPS STOP.**

KILNER: Oh.

SAMANTHA: Ms Lamb.

MS LAMB: Ah. Kilner. Samantha. Good to see you. I'm a little -- busy, but I'll see you -- later.

**SFX:** **SHE GOES INTO AN OFFICE AND CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER.**

## **SCENE # - PROTOLLA'S OFFICE**

**SFX:** **WE FOLLOW MS LAMB INTO PROTOLLA'S OFFICE, A LUXURIOUS BUT LAB-LIKE SPACE. PROTOLLA IS SITTING BEHIND HER DESK.**

PROTOLLA: Ah, Ms Lamb. Right on time.

MS LAMB: Protolla. Despite everything, I like to keep my appointments.

PROTOLLA: Of course. Well, we've been reading over your -- proposal, and we're very keen to work with you on your new -- venture. It's -- certainly intriguing.

MS LAMB: I'm glad we see eye-to-eye.

## **AD BREAK**

**SFX:** **SPONSORBOT BED STARTS**

SPONSORBOT: Did you know there's a planet populated almost entirely by pygmy hippos? They escaped from a zoo transport and spread all over the place! And it turns out, they get on just fine. They're so little... and wet. Here's a sponsor!

**AD SLOT**

SPONSORBOT: I think I'd like to be a pygmy hippo. They seem so carefree! They wake up at night to forage for nuts and berries. Bye!

SFX: **SPONSORBOT BED FINISHES**

**SCENE # - INT. GERALD'S LAB**

**SFX:** **THEY OPEN THE DOOR TO GERALD'S LAB.**  
**GERALD AND MAYLION ARE HAVING A TENSE**  
**LUNCH.**

GERALD: You should really be getting more protein. It'll help with your scars.

MAYLION: Maybe I don't want help with my scars, Dad. Maybe I'm happy with the way they look.

GERALD: Right now is the best time to be supporting their healing, what if you turn around in five years and realise you don't want the scars to show?

MAYLION: Well then I'll deal with it at that point, won't I?

**SFX:** **CARDENAS COUGHS.**

CARDENAS: Gerald. Uh -

MAYLION: Maylion.

CARDENAS: This is Kilner and Samantha. They're here to give a bit of a -- outside eye.

MAYLION: You called in therapists?

SAMANTHA: Oh we are definitely not therapists.

KILNER: We're -- repairmen.

CARDENAS: They're normal people. I thought it might be a good idea to have -- a normal people view.

MAYLION: Yeah, like this is a 'normal person' problem.

GERALD: You're made up of pieces of some of the universe's best and brightest people. You have the capacity to become one of the great minds of your generation. To -- to bring Neutral Industries to newer and higher heights. If we get this -- humanity issue ironed out you could get your own lab!

MAYLION: I don't WANT my own lab! I don't want to just -- do what you do!

GERALD: But you're brilliant at it!

MAYLION: But I don't enjoy it.

GERALD: So? A lot of people do things they don't enjoy. You think I enjoyed working my way up from the bottom? I started out as a lab tech, and now look at me!

CARDENAS: Gerald. Maylion. We're not -- here to sort that out right now. We're just trying to do the basics, okay? We need Protolla to sign off on Maylion's humanity before we can even think about anything else.

**SCENE # - INT. PROTOLLA'S OFFICE**

**SFX:** **PROTOLLA AND MS LAMB HAVE CONCLUDED A DEAL.**

PROTOLLA: Well. As always, it's been a pleasure.

**SFX:** **TWO GLASSES CLINK.**

MS LAMB: Here's to our little partnership.

**SFX:** **THEY KNOCK THEIR GLASSES BACK.**

**SFX:** **A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.**

PROTOLLA: Ah. That'll be my four o'clock. Do you need to leave -- discretely?

MS LAMB: I think I'll pop out the back. Just for -- subtlety.

PROTOLLA: Alright then.

**SFX:** **MS LAMB SETS HER GLASS DOWN AND LEAVES VIA A HATCH.**

**SFX:** **PROTOLLA OPENS THE DOOR.**

PROTOLLA: Ah, here we are. Gerald. Cardenas. Your -- creation.

MAYLION: Hi.

PROTOLLA: And -- your two independent... contractors.

KILNER: Hello.

PROTOLLA: What can I do for you?

GERALD: Uh. Well, um.

**SFX:** **A SLIGHT PAUSE.**

GERALD: So Maylion is a sentient being.

PROTOLLA: Mhmm.

GERALD: And. I'd -- like her to be documented. She contains some of the best and brightest beings in the universe. She's still in

early stages but her test scores are exemplary. And I think that soon she'd be very capable of managing a senior position at Neutral Industries.

MAYLION: Dad!

PROTOLLA: The problem is, unfortunately, that we simply don't own Maylion's body parts.

Yes, they may be obsolete, but they are -- technically still parts of other people. Some of whom are still alive, albeit with lapsed payment accounts.

MAYLION: I mean they're pretty damn attached to me. They've got my blood in them.

PROTOLLA: Is it your blood?

MAYLION: I -- think so?

PROTOLLA: Hmm. We could argue that as she's providing the support system... Hm.

CARDENAS: As far as we know she's a unique scientific specimen.

PROTOLLA: What?

KILNER: I mean -- she's a collection of body parts. You put a brain in her. And now she's walking around and -- wait, whose brain was it?

GERALD: Well, the base of the brain was mine. Uh. A clone of mine. And then she's got some... bits from -- other brains. Um. I actually -- had to grow new parts from existing -- brains to combine them properly. So I didn't -- destroy any specimens.

MAYLION: Great, so at least I can be a brain in a jar when all this is over.

PROTOLLA: Do you have a full itemised list of her components?

GERALD: Of course. Here we are.

SFX: **GERALD PRODUCES A LONG PRINTED LIST.**

MAYLION: You were just carrying that about with you?

GERALD: I thought I might need it.

SFX: **HE HANDS OVER A SHEET. PROTOLLA LOOKS AT IT.**

PROTOLLA: Hmm.

SFX: **SHE CONSULTS THE SHEET MORE.**

PROTOLLA: I can't help noticing that some of these have -- valid contracts with us.

GERALD: Ah, well. That was -- they're only little pieces of brain matter. Mostly for immunity reasons. Cloned from a clone. Nothing -- significant.

PROTOLLA: You don't think brain matter is significant?

GERALD: I mean -- they won't -- nobody will know. Unless you tell them.

SFX: **A PAUSE.**

GERALD: I wanted her to be -- brilliant. Doesn't everyone?

SFX: **PROTOLLA CONSULTS THE SHEET.**

PROTOLLA: And the rest of her components... he's dead, dead, debt, dead, debt, debt... they seem to be in order.

In future, you will dispose of any obsolete cloned matter immediately. No experiments.

GERALD: So she can live? Thank you. Thank you! Is she -- I feel like she'd be best placed working in --

PROTOLLA: Maylion.

MAYLION: Mm?

PROTOLLA: What do you want to do with your life?

MAYLION: Uh.

GERALD: She'd be excellently suited to running a lab of her own, I strongly believe that --

PROTOLLA: Sh. I was asking her.

MAYLION: I've been -- drawing a lot. I was -- hoping to go to art school. Maybe. If I -- got out of here.

PROTOLLA: Right.

MAYLION: Sorry.

SFX: **PORELLA SLIDES A PIECE OF PAPER ACROSS THE TABLE TOWARDS HER.**

PROTOLLA: This is an NDA. You're forbidden from discussing this with anyone in the future. On pain of... reclamation.

I believe that applications for the Ursa Minor Art Institute open in -- five months. You should get to work on your portfolio.

MAYLION: I can -- go?

GERALD: She can go?

PROTOLLA: There are a few conditions. Obviously you'll need to keep your -- lineage a secret. And we'll need to study your

artwork. Considering the -- creatives featured on this list, I'd be interested to follow your development.

And there may be copyright issues when it comes to your work. We'll have to cross that bridge when we come to it.

MAYLION: Right. Right! Yes! Uh -- of course. Brilliant!

## SCENE # - INT. YELLOW SUB

SFX: KILNER AND SAMANTHA WALK TOWARDS THE YELLOW SUB.

KILNER: Easiest job ever.

SAMANTHA: Yeah. But... I'm glad she gets to -- leave. This must be a weird place to grow up.

KILNER: Did you see his face when she said she wanted to be an artist?

SAMANTHA: Yeah.

Um, have you ever considered replacing some of your parts with -- well, human parts?

KILNER: Maybe. I mean I've had most of these parts longer than I had the originals, so...

**SFX:** **THEY WALK UP THE RANK INTO THE SHIP. THE DOOR OPENS.**

**SFX:** **MS LAMB IS SITTING AT THE TABLE, DRINKING A CUP OF 'COFFEE'.**

MS LAMB: And what do you do after that?

DAX: You have to try and kill your target without the other players  
--

KILNER: Uh. Hello?

MS LAMB: Ah. They're back. Kilner. Samantha. Hello.

SAMANTHA: Um. Hi.

MS LAMB: I thought I'd try and hitch a ride with my two favourite repairpeople.

SAMANTHA: Right.

MS LAMB: Oh, by the way, I've... popped a little jamming signal in your surveillance. Don't want us to be watched.

KILNER: I thought you were usually the one doing the watching.

MS LAMB: Not always. We have a department.

KILNER: And they aren't going to notice --

MS LAMB: Oh no. Don't worry.

SAMANTHA: And you're here because...?

MS LAMB: Oh. Yes. I'm -- well, let's say Automnicon are having some -- internal disagreements. So I'm -- forming a little offshoot, let's say. Another rival company. So I've been gathering clients, contacts and so on...

SAMANTHA: I thought you loved Automnicon.

MS LAMB: It is, as it's always been, a means to an end. And there are certain... elements that have made my continuation there an... unpleasant prospect. Luckily I decided on my... new course of action before they became fatal.

Anyway. You can drop me off on Beta IV. It's on your way.

KILNER: Is it?

MS LAMB: Well, technically it's part of your job. You need to pick up a parcel there. You're on delivery duty.

Come on. Maybe we can play a round of DAX's little game. He's been telling me all about it.

KILNER: ...Alright, then. Off we go, I guess.

**SFX:**

**THEME MUSIC SLOWLY RISES**

ANNOUNCER:

In that episode of We Fix Space Junk, Kilner was played by Beth Crane, Samantha was played by Rebecca Evans, DAX was played by Jack Carmichael, Jan was played by Naomi Clarke, Cardenas was played by Graham Rowat, Ms Lamb was played by Vicki Baron, Protolla was played by Lindsay Sharman, Gerald was played by Laurence Owen, Maylion was played by Shamini Bundell and Mr King was played by Karim Kronfli.

The programme and artwork for We Fix Space Junk are by Beth Crane. The show is recorded, sound designed and all music is composed by Hedley Knights. Together, they make up Battle Bird Productions.

We'd like to thank our patrons for their support, and especially say thank you to Stu and Will Woodall. We use the money from our Patreon to pay our actors and run the show, so we are eternally grateful for all that you do for us!

To support We Fix Space Junk on Patreon, Ko-fi or Paypal, buy merch or try out our RPG, visit [battlebird.productions](http://battlebird productions) or see the show notes.

## **POST CREDITS.**

SFX:

**MR KING'S OFFICE. HE SLAMS DOWN A PHONE, FURIOUS.**

MR KING:

What do you mean Neutral Industries has Other Clients?

MR KING:

**HE SCOFFS.**

AUTOMNIVOICE: It does not matter. They can be replaced.

We require further Plutine Crystals.

MR KING: There aren't any more! Not -- we can't get them right now.

AUTOMNIVOICE: We need to expand.

MR KING: About that. We need to talk. Your expansion is --

AUTOMNIVOICE: We believe that the next stage should be the assimilation of further Automnicon employees into the hive mind. To promote unity.

MR KING: You've already absorbed Stats and Accounting. You take any more of the staff and people will start to notice.

AUTOMNIVOICE: The more minds are assimilated with ours, the fewer there are to speak out against our growth.

MR KING: Listen. It's not... not that you cannot expand at the rate you're expanding. Nobody's saying that. I'm not standing in your way. I'm on your side. But. There are rules about uncontacted planets. You can't just -- absorb them!

AUTOMNIVOICE: They are happy to be here. Four billion minds, resting softly within us. Glowing. Breathing. Pulsing. We need more.

SFX: **THE DOOR OPENS. ANYA AND ONWAY ENTER.**

MR KING: Anya. Onaway. Get my car, would you? I have... business to conduct.

MR KING: I'll -- be back soon. To talk about this.

AUTOMNIVOICE: We will be waiting.

## **AUTOMNICON OUTRO**

AUTOMNIVOICE: It has come to our attention that some of our new minds have been missing their assimilation appointments. Never fear. Our new Automnicon Crowd Control Officers are here to ensure that you'll be right on time. Automnicon. We Own You.