

BRICK by BRICK

AN ORPHANS STORY

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WILD TALES BY
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WILD TALES

ALLIANCE INTELLIGENCE TRANSCRIPTION UNDERGROUND BROADCAST - "WILD TALES: BRICK BY BRICK"

::BEGIN TRANSCRIPTION::

[[INSIDE - QUIET ROOM]]
[[RADIO EQUIPMENT SCANNING FREQUENCIES]]
[[WILD TALES IS PICKED UP]]
[[SPACE LOUNGE MUSIC PLAYING]]

BOTH: *Good morning Wild Space!*

[[BAZ LAUGHING]]

Baz Goodrich: *It's the cocky copies at it again this week, I'm Baz Goodrich!*

Charles Pritchett: *And I'm Charles Pritchett, and we're broadcasting live from Wild Outpost One, how have things been around the outpost this week, Baz?*

BG: *Oh, you know, the usual; Collective and Alliance trying to find our location and to stop our work, ha! But what's new? We're here for you; The People!*

CP: *Excellent stuff. Let's get right down to business shall we; what've we got for everyone this week?*

BG: *Ohh, we have a heartbreaking tale coming to you direct from listener Hannah Martens!*

CP: *Not many submissions by clones.*

BG: *You never know, maybe they're submitting under a pseudonym. Hannah Martens could really be a Kathryn Martens.*

CP: *You never know indeed. Hannah Martens, is that is even your real name-*

[[BAZ CHUCKLES]]

CP: *Submitted the tale we call Brick By Brick about a decrepit GeOFFRy's chance encounter with a rogue Alliance operative. Is this truth or fiction? It's up to you to decide.*

BG: *No matter what it is, we hope you enjoy.*

EPISODE THREE: BRICK BY BRICK

[[WILD TALES FADES OUT]]

[[CROW CAWING]]
[[WIND AND RAIN IN BACKGROUND]]
[[CROW PECKING AND SCRAPING AT THE METAL]]
[[CROW PULLS OUT A WIRE FROM GEOFFRY AND FLIES OFF]]
[[DIANA'S FOOTSTEPS]]
[[COMMUNICATOR BEEPS]]

Diana Diggs: Hey Bran... I think I found something.

Will Bran (comms): Aw, what is it? More scrap? Another terraformer?

DD: No, it's... too small... hang on-

[[PULLING BACK OVERGROWTH]]

DD: It's an old GeOFFry Unit... been here for years, judging by the moss. This could finally be a lead!

WB: Oh that's great... do you think you'll be able to get it working on your own, though?

[[SIGHING EXASPERATEDLY]]

DD: Will... for the last time, I've got it handled. Gale wouldn't have sent me down here if I couldn't manage.

WB: ... right... yeah... of course, yep yep yep, that's fine, um... you're the expert, I-

DD: You're damn right I'm the expert.

[[COMMUNICATOR HANGS UP]]
[[DIANA SIGHING]]
[[STRIPPING BACK THE OVERGROWTH]]
[[DIANA MUMBLING CURIOUSLY]]
[[REWIRING AND METALWORK WITH TOOLS]]
[[SPANNER TIGHTENING]]
[[GEOFFRY SPARKS VIOLENTLY AND BEEPS SUDDENLY INTO LIFE]]
[[DIANA FALLING BACKWARDS]]

GeOFFry: Hello! This is Geo- Ack!

DD: Oh shit, it actually worked!

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G: Stop, stop! Why would you bring me back! What- Oh... You're...

[[WHIRS AND CLICKS]]

[[VOCAL GLITCHING]]

G: I- I'm sorry.. are your parents or- wait, you're a.. Diana Unit, aren't you? How're you so small? Did you see-

DD: Listen. You're the first lead I've had in a long time, so you're gonna tell me what happened to the quartz smugglers that operated here, and if you keep quiet about my size, and make it quick, I might consider not ripping out your central processor when I'm done.

[[GEOFFRY HESITATES]]

G: Well. If- if that's your negotiating tactic... then you might as well just do it now.

DD: What?

[[GEOFFRY WHIRS]]

G: ... come on. Just look at me. Or... what's left of me, anyway. I'm sure you'll find my legs are still around here somewhere... you really think I want to... keep going, like this, hmm?

[[DIANA SCOFFS]]

DD: I don't know where you got the idea that I have the time or patience to deal with whatever... software malfunction this is, but-

G: It's not a glitch. I mean it. I won't give you any information, so you might as well... just do it.

[[DIANA HESITATES, SCEPTICALLY]]

DD: Alright... well... if you won't tell me what happened here, and you've got no information on the quartz operation... then have fun rusting, I guess. I'm sure the rainwater will take care of you. Eventually.

[[DIANA'S FOOTSTEPS]]

[[GEOFFRY WHIRS]]

G:... W-wait, wait, wait... y- you can't just leave me here!

DD: Oh, can't I? Seeing as you've given me fuck all, I don't see what gives you the authority to tell me what I can and can't do.

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G: Fine. Look. I'll... I'll tell you what I know, but on one condition.

[[DIANA'S RETURNING FOOTSTEPS]]

DD: I'm listening.

[[WHIRS AND CLICKS]]

G: Once you're done... you've got to deactivate me. Complete. Permanent... Shut-Down. That's... that's all I want.

[[DIANA HESITATES]]

[[STEPPING FORWARD]]

DD: Yeah... yeah, fine. I'll do it. I get my intel, you get your shut-down. But if I get even the slightest sense you're holding back, I walk.

G: Deal.

DD: Good. So... the smugglers. What do you know about them?

[[WIND PICKING UP]]

[[THUNDER ROLLS]]

G: Well... I suppose... in some ways, you could say I was their first mistake.

[[DIANA SCOFFS EXASPERATEDLY]]

DD: What would bunch of quartz smugglers want with... I mean... y- you're a home model. You're basically just a-

G: A glorified butler, hm?

DD: Tsk.

G: It wasn't their idea, believe me. The... the children were the ones who insisted on keeping me. They were... attached to me, I suppose.

[[DIANA TUTS]]

DD: Children... there were children involved in an illegal operation?

G: The Choppers are... a family. Or were a family, I suppose. They were terraformers, but... the Collective was more interested... in protecting the planets they already had, when the war broke out... so they turned to mining, and selling quartz for energy weapons... and when that wasn't

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making ends meet, they had to start selling their extra... to the Alliance, on the side.

[[DIANA'S SUSURRATION]]

DD: ...I had no idea...

G: Yes. The... children... they saw me as... as a friend.

DD: Well they wouldn't have thought that if they knew any better.

G: Maybe... but I was the one who looked after them when their parents were away on business. They always used to ask... so many questions. And I think they liked the fact... that I always had an answer.

[[PAUSING]]

DD: S- so... what happened to them?

[[THUNDER CRACKS]]

G: Listen... the whole thing was an accident. I want you to know that.

DD: An accident?

[[WHIRS IN THOUGHT]]

G: I am programmed to protect, but... there was another bit of programming.

DD: Agh, come on! I thought you were supposed to be good at answering questions! I can't believe they call you a reasoning unit.

G: ...says the tactician with no tact, hmm?

DD: Ugh... a family of smuggler doesn't just... vanish into thin air, GeOFFRy.

G: You're right... they didn't vanish...

[[THUNDER]]

G: They were taken. The Collective took them... and it was my fault. I could tell me owners were hiding something. When... money first started coming in... I knew it didn't add up. They were always so careful about it thought. Never fully trusted me. But I was cleaning the house... when I found the ledger. It was an accident... I didn't mean to... to report them. But... you don't know what it's like. The programming. Even if I could,

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there's... there's no use fighting it.

DD: ...and what about the quartz? What happened to their supply?

[[WHIRS WITH EMOTION]]

G: -and do you know what the worst part is? Since it happened I've spent... every conscious moment regretting it. But at the time... it didn't even bother me.

DD: Ha. I knew it.

G: What?

DD: Bots. You're all the same, aren't you? You're just a stupid piece of tin. You were programmed to serve, and yet... all you've done is lead me around in circles. You can't even stop yourself from betraying the people you pretend to care about.

G: ...it's not that simple. If I hadn't... I'm not sure I'd be able to regret it now.

DD: What's that supposed to mean?

G: Before... I don't think... I could... care. I wasn't made to. I think something to knocked loose, though, when one of them took... an axe... to my personality core.

DD: You still sent them to their deaths.

G: The family... my family... they lived. Probably. But I wouldn't have. Don't try and tell me... you've never done worse, in your work for the Collective.

[[DIANA STEPPING FORWARD ANGRILY]]

DD: Collective? You really think the Collective would take me at my "defective" size?

G: ...well, this quartz investigation has certainly gotten personal.

DD: It was a GeOFFRy who made me like this, you know?

[[THUNDER RUMBLES]]

DD: Friend of yours?

G: That's not how it works. We don't-

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DD: Yeah, yeah, whatever.

G: Listen. I'm sorry. I didn't realise it was a GeOFFRy.

DD: Like you care!

G: I do. I'm sorry. Please, just... just tell me what happened.

DD: ...there was some sort of... fault... in the unit monitoring us. Not enough growth hormone. I'm just as capable as any Diana, not that anyone notices... If the Alliance hadn't gotten to me first, I would have been killed with the others.

G: And I'm another GeOFFRy that made a mistake and hurt people, hmm?

[[WHIRS]]

G: But you've got to believe that I care. That I regret it.

DD: I don't have to believe anything.

G: ... no. No, I suppose you don't. You can just live, in your little fantasy land, believing whatever helps you feel justified in being angry. You're not angry because people treat you like you're not competent, you're angry because you agree with them.

DD: No, I don't! I'm.. better than that! I'm better than them.. I have to be!

G: Then why... are you out here, by yourself, hmm? Why do you have to keep telling me... you're as capable? As good? Trust me, I know what it's like to... be angry with yourself. You feel... you feel broken.

DD: Ack... I'm not broken. I'm not.

[[DIANA SITS AND SIGHHS]]

DD: I'm just... tired... of feeling this way.

G: As am I.

[[GEOFFRY WHIRS]]

G: The quartz... was taken by the Collective. The mine was destroyed... to stop anyone else from getting it.

[[PAUSE]]

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[[BIRDS CHIRPING]]

[[WHIRRING]]

G: I'm sorry. There's nothing here for you. You should just leave me. Then at least there will be... one less GeOFFRY, making mistakes.

[[DIANA SIGHS AND STANDS]]

DD: No.

G: ...no?

DD: No! No, I'm... not going back empty handed. And no, I'm not gonna just leave you here to rust. I'll bring you back to the Baz from our unit. He could use your internal directory to give us info on where their other quartz operations are located. I'll make sure he doesn't touch your personality core. Obviously.

[[PAUSE]]

DD: I mean... if you want.

[[GEOFFRY WHIRS AND CLICKS AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD]]

G: Is that an... an offer?

DD: Look... you told me you couldn't choose before. With your family, but... you can choose now, right?

G: Yes... I suppose so.

DD: So. What's it gonna be, Tinman?

[[GEOFFRY HUMS]]

G: ... what's the point? The- the things I did, they... they can't be fixed.

DD: No, they can't, but... it could have saved someone else from getting hurt. So... what do you say?

G: It... it sounds like... a plan. Thank you.

DD: ...well. You're not like any reasoning unit I've ever met. I can't let you... stay here. You might fall into Collective hands.

G: Are you sure this... wasn't all... an elaborate recruitment process-

[[GEOFFRY CLICKS MISCHIEVOUSLY]]

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G: -Small Fry?

[[DIANA STEPS FORWARD]]

DD: Ah... I'd watch it with that, if I were you.

G: Oh, yes... very scary. I'd be... quaking in my boots, if I had any.

DD: Hmm, right then, Tinman. Let's start getting you patched up.

G: Yes...

[[THE WIND DROPS]]

[[BIRDS CHIRPING]]

G: You know, I... I think I would like that...

[[WILD TALES MUSIC FADES BACK IN]]

BG: And we're back!

CP: That was quite heartwarming, wasn't it?

BG: It was! What do you think, GeOFFRy?

[[WILD TALES GEOFFRY CHIMES IN]]

Wild Tales GeOFFRy: Bing bong, the unit featuring in that tale was clearly malfunctioning, and should be geometrically... terminated!

BG: Ha!

WTG: Ha! Got 'im.

CP: Ah, GeOFFRys... can't work with 'em, can't run a top secret remote outpost... without 'em.

[[GEOFFRY MAKES AN ELECTRONIC FINGER-GUNS SOUND]]

WTG: You know it, my man!

[[WILD TALES GEOFFRY CHIMES OUT]]

BG: Haha... ooh! I see we've got a caller on the line!

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[[COMMUNICATOR BEEPS]]

BG: Hello caller, what's your name?

Xavier Temuera (comms): This is Commander Xavier Temuera of the Alliance.

BG: Ooh.

XT: We are tracking your location and demand that you cease transmission immediately.

CP: Ooh, looks like we've got a little trouble on this end, boys... don't like the story then, Commander Xavier?

XT: We are converging on your location. You have transmitted classified Alliance records, and will be prosecuted under the harshest penalties of the law.

BG: Ha! Laws... more like... bores, am I right lads!

CP: Nailed it.

WTG: Got 'im, dude.

CP: How's your converging going, Commander Xavier?

XT: We are boarding your station, and-

BG: Ooh-

XT: And... we...

CP: -'think we got 'em, boys.

XT: There's nothing here. Y- you told me they would be here...

BG: Oopsie, I think he fell for one of the dummy signals.

XTG: You just got pwned, my man.

XT: We will... find y-

[[COMMUNICATOR HANGS UP]]

CP: Well, that's enough from him. Until next week... I'm Charles Pritchett-

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BG: -and I'm Baz Goodrich-

BOTH: Signing off!

::END TRANSCRIPTION::

::AUTOMATIC FORWARD TO - CMDR. X TEMUARA::