

STL – 005 – Fear and Feet

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism
- Accidental death
- Accidental genocide
- Manslaughter
- Electrocutation

[Stellar Firma Theme – Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Stellar Firma Theme – Intro *Continues*]

DAVID

Right. Um... Okay. Shift's almost over. No Trexel. No brief, either. The light's still off.

[Footsteps approaching]

DAVID

Are we— are we doing a—

[Door swooshes open]

TREXEL

Harto! Hartro, please, I can explain! It's all David's fault! I haven't entirely worked out how, —

DAVID

Wha—

TREXEL (Cont.)

—but I'm absolutely, 100% convinced that if it wasn't for this *clone idiot*, I would have been here on time. In fact, I'd have made you a drink! I'd have made you a wonderful drink! **(He starts stumbling over his words here, getting rapidly less coherent)** Maybe even a plate of— a plate o—of delights, a little— a little— a little— soup—

DAVID

(Interrupting, deadpan) Hello, Trexel.

TREXEL

I— Hello David. W— you're not Hartro!

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Where's Hartro?

DAVID

...Who?

TREXEL

Hartro! Hartro, our line manager! Th— this is review day, it's review day, and I'm—

DAVID

Oh, so that's why we haven't got a brief. No, she's not here.

TREXEL

(In awe) She's not here.

DAVID

No. No one's been here all day, during the shift which you didn't turn up for.

TREXEL

David, this is wonderful. David, this is an absolute Boardsend! David, don't you understand? It is review day! And Hartro is supposed to be here! And she's supposed to look through all the planets we've designed, and— and tell us whether we did well, or badly, and I have to admit to you, David, I was somewhat dreading this, because normally at the end of a review, —

DAVID

Mm?

TREXEL (Cont.)

—I get told off—

DAVID

Yes?

TREXEL (Cont.)

—and the clone gets recycled—

DAVID

(Very concerned) Oh!?

TREXEL (Cont.)

—because the planets are terrible, David!

DAVID

Oh...

TREXEL

We did *not* do a good job!

DAVID

Well, that's good— good we missed that, then, eh?

TREXEL

It is absolutely incredible that she has— I dunno if she's forgotten about us, I don't know if she— if she— if she doesn't—

[Heeled footsteps approaching]

TREXEL (Cont.)

—care anymore, but either way, David, either way—

[Door swooshes open]

IMOGEN

[beep] Line Manager arriving.

TREXEL

Oh, Hartro! Hartro.

HARTRO

Oh, hello! Hello, Trexel!

TREXEL

(Nervous laughter) H—Hartro!

HARTRO

Ah. And... David?

TREXEL

Yes, David 7!

HARTRO

(Excited) Oh, yes, new David! **(Much less excited)** Oh, yes, new David.

DAVID

Hello.

TREXEL

We were—

HARTRO

(Ignoring Trexel) Right, move right along there. I'm just gonna be—

DAVID

Um.

HARTRO (Cont.)

—using that chair, David.

DAVID

Oh, uh, yes. Okay, I'll just—

HARTRO

(Sing-song voice) To put my shopping on! **(Laughs)**

DAVID

I'll just... stand in the corner.

TREXEL

(Nervously, as he always sounds while talking to Hartro) We were just talking about you, Hartro! We were just wondering—

HARTRO

Oh, you were? Me? Oh, my ears were burning. **(Forced laugh.)**

TREXEL

“Where— where’s Hartro? I hope— I hope we get to do a review soon!” But we’ve obviously all been waiting here waiting for you, you know, quietly and happily, but just waiting here in this room where— where we should have been!

HARTRO

Oh, yes. Yes, I’ve changed something. Somewhere in your body there’s a lovely little tracker now, so I— I never have to sit and wait for you ever again!

TREXEL

A tracker? You— you put a tracker in my body?

HARTRO

Yes, don’t worry, you were asleep. It only hurt a little bit, but we gave you a sedative and then we erased that part of your memory.

TREXEL

Right! Right. So, you— you—

HARTRO

And don’t try to find it, ‘cause we put it somewhere really deep.

TREXEL

...Okay! Um, that’s a lot to take in. I’m gonna admit, Hartro, that’s a lot to take in, but okay, so that— that means you know I—

HARTRO

Know where you are.

TREXEL

—haven't, necessarily been... here. All day.

HARTRO

No. No, that's why I've only *just* shown up.

TREXEL

Right! This makes so much sense.

HARTRO

Yeah.

TREXEL

This makes— this makes a lot more sense than— than what I thought.

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) In fact, according to my— I'll just load this.

IMOGEN

[beep] Employee movement history.

HARTRO

Let me just see. Oh. Little beep moving around that's— Do you see this little flashing light?

TREXEL

Is that me? Is that me?

HARTRO

That's you! Yeah.

TREXEL

Oh! Lovely! Look, there I am.

HARTRO

So and you can see where you've been.

TREXEL

Yes, in the...

HARTRO

Yeah, you've been in the Cosmic Lounge—

TREXEL

Yeah, been there.

HARTRO

—for one, two, three, four hours!

TREXEL

Four hours. **(Nervous chuckle.)**

HARTRO

Oh, prior to this— That’s the smell, isn’t it?

TREXEL

(Over Hartro humming sardonically) Yeah, it does somewhat, uh, somewhat get into the old clothes, just the, uh— **(Nervous chuckle.)**

HARTRO

Interesting.

TREXEL

Cosmic stank.

HARTRO

Yeah. So, we’ll start a log, David.

DAVID

A log?

HARTRO

Yeah.

DAVID

(Stammering) Uh, yes, yes, yes, no, sure, I can do a log. **(Chuckles)** That’s my job!

HARTRO

Great!

IMOGEN

[beep] Performance review log.

HARTRO

And I'd like to say for the record that Trexel's shown up drunk, we'll say.

TREXEL

I'm not drunk! I'm not—

HARTRO

We'll just call it drunk. We'll just call it drunk.

DAVID

(Slowly) Drunk...

TREXEL

I would say, tipsy! David, could you write 'tipsy'?

HARTRO

(Over Trexel) Drunk.

DAVID

Drunk...

HARTRO

There we go. D-R-U-N-K.

IMOGEN

[beep] Drunkenness logged.

HARTRO

Lovely. Right! So, now that I've established that I know where you are *all* of the time, uh, we'll move on to the review!

TREXEL

Yes, the review.

HARTRO

Cheerio! Great. So, I'm just looking at the last four planets. We'll call 'em planets. Eh, I dunno, you call 'em something else, but, yes, that you've been responsible for. I'd like to just put this under the umbrella of "ego". I'm gonna call it that. "Ego." That's— that's the overriding problem I have with these last four planets. Let me flesh that out for you. Nurturer 163.

IMOGEN

[beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

Right, so, your *ginormous* ego has created 2,392 murders.

TREXEL

Murders...

HARTO

You have *killed* hatchlings on that planet. I don't know what you thought you needed to be doing, other than designing a planet, at the Cosmic Lounge,

having a shantay around the deck, but because of your lack of detail, of skill and design, we now have hatchlings that are never going to see their parents. Never— never grow up. Never work for Stellar Firma, perhaps.

TREXEL

But what— what happened?

HARTRO

Well, you had them in a boiling trough, and it's *very important* for a hatchling to have the *exact temperature*! You wrote down “right shade of boiling”.

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

You *fried* them!

TREXEL

So, it was so hot that the water boiled off, and then it turned into basically a big frying trough, and— and what we've made is essentially a— a dish.

HARTRO

You *cooked* their children in front of them, Trexel.

TREXEL

And that's... not... what we were going for.

HARTRO

Not exactly, no.

TREXEL

Okay.

HARTRO

I think that is a fail on your part.

TREXEL

(Quietly) Okay.

HARTRO

Now, David.

DAVID

Mm-hmm?

HARTRO

Would you say Trexel is spending time in a design session?

DAVID

Um...

HARTRO

You're allotted, uh, let me see... eight hours, I think, per planet.

DAVID

Yes.

HARTRO

So eight hours. Somebody— somebody who wanted to invest and care about the planets they're creating, somebody that might want to actually have a client *enjoy* a planet that they're making might spend 8 hours on a planet.

DAVID

I-I'd assume so, yes.

HARTRO

Someone with a ginormous ego who might rather be drinking or perhaps lazing and sleeping, would spend... what would you say?

DAVID

Roughly about twenty minutes.

HARTRO

Oh! Right.

TREXEL

What— what— what a coincidence! That's normally the amount of time I spend— Oh, I see what's happening here.

HARTRO

Yes. Right, I'm going to need something. David, do you have any sweets? Do you have any liquid...?

DAVID

Um.

TREXEL

Some bonbons and refreshments, David!

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

Bon— For our guest! For our guest Hartro!

DAVID

Well, no—

TREXEL (Cont.)

(Stammering) Any— anything— anything to refresh, fresh her parched, parched mouth?

DAVID

No, I can't get out of this office. I'm trapped in this office. I can't, I can't—

TREXEL

(Softly) We have— Hang— **(to Hartro)** Sorr— I'm so sorry about this, Hartro— David, David come over here. Come over here, David.

DAVID

What? Oh.

TREXEL

We have some facilities over there, over there. You see those pipes? You—
(Stammers) where you get your slurry and your nutrients.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Yeah, well, **(stutters)** use some of them! That's a drink of some sort, isn't it?

DAVID

O— okay?

TREXEL

Pop over there and get a glass, and— and give it to Hartro. **(to Hartro, laughing nervously)** I'm so sorry about that, Hartro. He'll— he'll be right back with a— with a— with a— with a lovely refreshment.

IMOGEN

[beep] (crosstalk) Employee refreshment unit online.

HARTRO

Stop waving your hands around me.

TREXEL

I apologise.

HARTRO

Just sit— sit down.

TREXEL

I'll sit on them! I'll sit on them! I'll sit on them!

IMOGEN

(Crosstalk) Clone slurry selected. [slurry dispensing]

TREXEL

It's like I don't even have hands anymore! They're gone. They're gone. No hands. No hands Trexel, they call me.

HARTRO

And can you just... look at the wall for a minute.

TREXEL

Okay.

HARTRO

I don't want to see your face.

TREXEL

I'll look at this wall—

HARTRO

Oh, David!

DAVID

Um... your glass. Of... slurry.

[Sipping, Hartro gags and spits it out loudly]

HARTRO

(Very angry) Is that cl— is that clone slurry?!

DAVID

Well, it's— it's the liquid I—

HARTRO

Augh! You do not give a line manager clone slurry! Do you know what that could have done to me?!

(David makes a small “uhh” noise.)

TREXEL

David, I can't believe this!

HARTRO

Sit on your hands, Trexel!

TREXEL

I'm sorry.

HARTRO

In fact, Trexel.

TREXEL

Yes?

HARTRO

Take one hand out.

TREXEL

O-Okay?

HARTRO

Drink that, you idiot.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) It's clone slurry! I— uh— **(trails off)**

HARTRO

Right. Do you know how to operate a slurry machine?

TREXEL

Oh, god.

HARTRO

Obviously not.

TREXEL

Oh god, it's horrible! It's so—

HARTRO

Drink it all. Drink it all.

TREXEL

It's so sharp and tangy! **(Gagging)**

DAVID

...Um.

HARTRO

(Overenunciating, slowly) I want *line manager* snacks. Alright?

DAVID

I'll go find another tube.

TREXEL

Please David, please. Please get the right tube. **(Very quickly)** She's gonna make me eat whatever you bring back if it's not line manager snacks, David. I plea. I implore you, find the right slot or tube or whatever it is over in that corner. I don't look over there very much and I— I need this, David. I can't drink any more of this— ugh, it— it smells like hot socks! **(Various retching and gagging noises.)**

HARTRO

Right, moving swiftly on.

IMOGEN

[beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

Burn Market, 23rd Earl of Armica.

TREXEL

(Still gagging on the slurry) Yes.

HARTRO

Right. Now that was a— that was a whopper.

IMOGEN

[beep] Employee refreshment unit online.

HARTRO

Right, so, somebody suffering from ego would definitely build themselves, I don't know, a giant ivory statue of themselves? In the middle of a planet for someone else?

TREXEL

Well, some could say that that's a sign of ego, yes, I— I suppose so.

IMOGEN

[Error buzz] Access denied.

[David yelps as the machine gives him an electric shock]

TREXEL

(Continuing on his merry way) I— I feel like maybe you are tying this massive statue I made into a broader theme?

HARTRO

Good. That's exactly what I'm trying to do.

TREXEL

But— but— but— but perhaps **(stutters)** it's just, you know, like a signature!
You know, just a little, tiny signature.

IMOGEN

[Error buzz] Access denied.

[David is shocked again, and lets out more loud yelps]

HARTRO

It's interesting how you had all the other parts of the planet all aligned to look at that ivory statue in the middle. What an *interesting* choice.

TREXEL

(Failing to be convincing) Well, everything has to face somewhere, Hartro, and it just so happens that my... statue is in the middle.

IMOGEN

[Error buzz] Access denied.

(David, yet again, wails)

HARTRO

Yes, and the orbit? It's all circulating around this, —

TREXEL

Statue of me.

HARTRO (Cont.)

—this statue in the middle.

TREXEL

Yes. Yes, I— I see your point! I see your point, and I apologise. Oh, David!

DAVID

I— I— I—

HARTRO

What? Just speak.

DAVID

(Voice trembling) I touched the line manager tube, and it— it just— it tased me. I couldn't get any, um...

HARTRO

Oh, yes. Of course. Yes, you don't have clearance. Ooh, interesting! Trexel, —

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO (Cont.)

—could you please go get me some line manager slurry?

TREXEL

M-Me?

HARTRO

Yes, please.

TREXEL

Me. Go get the... the drinks? Uh...Y-Yes! Yes, yes, of— of course, I'll— I'll go get the drinks.

HARTRO

(Whispering) Now, David, do you see what I've done here? See, now he also doesn't have access—

IMOGEN

[beep] Employee refreshment unit online.

HARTRO (Cont.)

—so in a moment you're going to hear a really, —

IMOGEN

[Error buzz] Access denied.

HARTRO (Cont.)

—really sharp— well— well, you've been through it, haven't you?

DAVID

Yes.

HARTRO

Yeah.

(Trexel lets out a yelp much louder than David's.)

TREXEL

...So it turns out I— I'm not allowed line manager slurry or juice either, and I have been tased.

HARTRO

Hm! ...Right, that's fine. I don't need a drink. It's fine. I've had several drinks. I'm going for an ion scrub later anyway, ahh! **(She makes some groans of ion scrub euphoria)**

TREXEL

What a wonderful life you lead, Hartro.

HARTRO

I want to move on.

IMOGEN

[beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

Right, we've got your third planet here. Mitsy Van Shuten, ring a bell?

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

Oh, there's a whopper. Oh, we've got a mess. Legal are up to their eyes in it right now. You've created a life and death gun.

TREXEL

Yes! Yes, I— I must say, I thought this was one of— one of our— one of our highlights. You know? Giving the client—

HARTRO

No, no, no, let me stop you there. Let me stop you there. No, no, no. You've given— you've given the power that only Board should have, someone— someone of great knowledge and, and understanding, and yet you've given it to, well, anyone who— anyone on that planet can just now pick up a gun and kill or bring back to life something. They're trying to bring back dogs that have been dead for years, their mom and dad, oh my! So— so teenager comes home, had a bad day, oh, kill dad, oh, bring dad back to life— **(stammering)** it's very difficult, mentally, to deal with such a—

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO (Cont.)

—*power*.

TREXEL

Yes, I can see how having actual power over life and death, over everything that you survey, might, *maybe*, cause a little bit of, shall we say, emotional

distress. Um. Yes. Are they doing— are they doing well down there? Or are they— **(stammers)** are they adapting, you know, as creature can—

HARTRO

Well, Trexel, I'm not going to mince words here. Uh, we've had to completely destroy the planet. No, we— we pushed that right into a sun.

TREXEL

You pushed it into a sun?

HARTRO

Well, we needed to. I mean, luckily, we were able to contain it, and nobody left the planet with one of those guns, 'cause— well, I don't know what we would have done then.

TREXEL

No.

HARTRO

I mean, there's only so much I can cover up!

TREXEL

Sure.

HARTRO

Yeah, so, no, there's— there's a whole planet on your shoulders there.

TREXEL

Wow. And everybody— everybody on— everybody—

HARTRO

Every.

TREXEL

—on the surface—

HARTRO

Every single one.

TREXEL

—all dead.

HARTRO

In fact, we had to get a team to pull them out, and they're dead as well.

TREXEL

That's— that's a lot.

HARTRO

All because somebody thought they might want to make a God gun.

TREXEL

Yes, puts things in— **(awkward chuckle)** in perspective, I suppose.

HARTRO

I mean, I wouldn't be able to sleep.

TREXEL

No, I— I must say, there's been a couple of— a couple of, uh— couple of wakeful nights, you know? Couple of sessions in the Cosmic Lounge more than I'm used to, since I learned of all the deaths I've caused, I'm sure. Anything— anything else, Hartro?

HARTRO

Ah, but you know, we can move on, can't we?

TREXEL

Yes! Yes!

HARTRO

Ah, we put on a smile!

TREXEL

Put on a smile.

HARTRO

Yeah, we've got to trudge ahead, don't we? Some of us have to just lead the way.

IMOGEN

[beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

Well, your last planet. Oh, that was the one for the lead singer, wasn't it, of
The Winter Lettuce Collective?

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

We weren't too sure about them, were we?

TREXEL

[laughing] No!

HARTRO

A-Are they a murderer, are they not? **(makes maybe-maybe not noise)**

TREXEL

Who knows? Who knows!

HARTRO

Did they— did they destroy their whole band? Did they not? I dunno.

TREXEL

Who can say?

HARTRO

I know, I know what we should do!

TREXEL

Wh-What's that?

HARTRO

We should give them *two rooms* with explosives in! Oh, oh, I know, I know, we should give them a whole *gang* of dogs and strap knives to their heads!

TREXEL

Knives... to their heads.

HARTRO

Yeah, does that sound familiar?

TREXEL

Yes. No, that is ringing a couple of bells, and— and now you say it back to me, giving a potentially murderous lead singer access to... quite a lot of explosives and many, many well trained knife dogs... some people could look at that and say “What have you idiot?! What have you— what have you done, you *massive idiot!*”

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) What *have* you done?

TREXEL

So— so— is it— is it all worked out fine?

HARTRO

...No.

TREXEL

Oh.

HATRO

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, we've got— we've got a dilly-dally down there. Oh, yes.

TREXEL

A dilly-dally?

HARTRO

Yes, yes. Not the good kind either.

TREXEL

No.

HARTRO

You know they like to have lots of parties?

TREXEL

(Stammering) I imagine—

HARTRO

Musicians...

TREXEL

Yes, something like that. Parties all the time!

HARTRO

Oh, he just— Oh, oh, just party after party, getting all sorts of famous, lovely, galactic artists, —

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO (Cont.)

—just bringing them to that planet and then destroying them.

TREXEL

Destroying them?!

HARTRO

We've got— some of our greatest artists now have been knifed and/or exploded, because of this planet that you've created! You've created a hedonistic party deathmatch!

TREXEL

...A hedonistic party deathmatch?

HARTRO

That's what you've created!

TREXEL

I mean, that sounds pretty great, but I'm getting the feeling that—

HARTRO

I mean, *they're* happy! Couldn't be happier!

TREXEL

Well. Well, you know— you know what they will always say? Client knows best, client first, if the client's happy, then— then— then **(slight existential crisis)** maybe the deaths of many of the galaxy's greatest artists isn't too much of a...

HARTRO

Let me stop you there, there. No no no, 'cause when some of the greatest artists end up being sent off and killed, ooooh, Stellar Firma Ltd. gets taken to court, don't they?

TREXEL

Ah.

HARTRO

Oh, and legal are up to their *heads...* trying to defend this!

TREXEL

Well, I—I—

HARTRO

It's a new low.

TREXEL

Okay, well you've— you've really put things into perspective for me there, Hartro. You've— you've really laid it— laid it out on the line.

HARTRO

And with this knowledge, I want you to *learn*. I want you to look at yourself and say, “it’s not all about me”.

TREXEL

Do you— do you want me to do that now? Do you want me to do it—

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

Okay. Um, right. So I’ll— I’ll just uh— Can I look at you? Or do I need to—

HARTRO

Don’t ever look at me.

TREXEL

Okay, I’ll just look in this mirror here. Okay. Trexel. Hello! Looking— looking good! Did you do something with your face? Ha ha. Yes. Ah... Hey buddy. Old Trexe-y boy. Old Geistaroo.

HARTRO

You can’t do it, can you?

TREXEL

Oh, you...

HARTO

“It’s not all about me, Trex—”

TREXEL

It’s not al... ways, but sometimes—

HARTRO

(Whispers) Trexel.

TREXEL (Cont.)

—but, but— Look. Now, between you and me, I love you. That’s important. But sometimes you need to take a long hard shower with yourself and think, “Hey, Mister. Old Geistyboy. Old Trexeloo. You’re so handsome! But the important thing is that sometimes, somethings might not be about you entirely.” Oh, gosh. That was tough. That was tough.

HARTRO

(Unimpressed, crosstalk) Yeah, I saw that was tough.

TREXEL

That was hard.

HARTRO

No, no, we’re going to do it again.

TREXEL

Oh, again?

HARTRO

We're going to do it again. Don't romance yourself. Alright?

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Okay, just— just right into it. Just right into it.

HARTRO

I want you to say, "it's never about me".

TREXEL

It's never about me— Okay.

HARTRO

"It's always the client."

TREXEL

Okay.

HARTRO

And I'm just going to stick my foot just right into your mouth.

TREXEL

In my mouth? Okay.

HARTRO

Just like that.

TREXEL

Oh, okay, uh—

HARTRO

Right. Yeah.

TREXEL

Right. O-Okay. There it— Okay.

(Trexel’s voice is muffled around Hartro’s foot.)

HARTRO

It’s not ever about me.

TREXEL

(Muffled) It’s not... ever about—

HARTRO

Look in the mirror, Trexel!

(Trexel groans.)

HARTRO (Cont.)

Look in the mirror!

TREXEL

(Muffled) It’s not ever about me.

HARTRO

What?

TREXEL

(Muffled) It's— it's not ever about me.

HARTRO

When is it about you?

TREXEL

(Muffled) Never!

HARTRO

What?

TREXEL

(Muffled but determined) It's never about me. It's always about the—

HARTRO

Who is it about? Who is it about?

TREXEL

(Gags) The client!

HARTRO

What?

TREXEL

(Starts sobbing) The client!

HARTRO

Alright, there we go. There we go.

TREXEL

(Gasps for air) Did I do— did I do well, Hartro?

HARTRO

Well, you started to cry, and that's what I was going for.

TREXEL

Well, ah... thank— thank you, Hartro. Thank you for, for doing that. You have a delicious foot... Clean.

HARTRO

David. Just... clean that for me.

DAVID

Uh—

HARTRO

Just clean that foot for me.

DAVID

Your— your foot.

HARTRO

Yes, clean— Without touching me with you. Find something to clean it.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) I've got a— a spritzer...

[Two spritzes of water]

TREXEL

Shine that foot right up.

HARTRO

Alright, stop that. That's enough there.

DAVID

Oh! Yeah, okay. Yeah, sorry. Yep.

HARTRO

(Sighs) Well, I think my work is done. Hmm! So, moving forward, you learned a lesson today, didn't you, Trexel?

TREXEL

Ab— absolutely.

HARTRO

You did.

TREXEL

Absolutely. It's not— it's not all about me.

HARTRO

(Interrupting) It's *never*.

TREXEL

It's— it's *never* about me.

HARTRO

(Threateningly) Do we have to do it again?

TREXEL

No! No, no no no—

HARTRO

I will get my foot out again.

TREXEL

Please, please, please!

HARTRO

I will get my foot out again.

TREXEL

I don't think I could take the joy. It's *never*—

HARTRO

I'm not above it.

TREXEL

—about me.

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

I understand, I— I—

HARTRO

Fantastic.

TREXEL

We— we can do this.

HARTRO

Right, so! I'm off to the ion scrub! It's been real— oh, it's been great. Didn't we have fun? I had fun! Didn't we have fun?

TREXEL

(Weakly) Yes.

DAVID

(Weakly) Yes.

HARTRO

David, stop talking. Didn't we have fun?

TREXEL

Lots of fun.

HARTRO

Aww.

TREXEL

I look forward to it, ah, next Friday!

HARTRO

Well done, us!

IMOGEN

[beep] Line manager departing.

TREXEL

Oh, bye— bye Hartro!

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) Bye! Ciao!

[Door swooshes closed]

TREXEL

Bye Hartro.

DAVID

(Shellshocked) ...Uh.

TREXEL

Oh, David.

DAVID

Yes, so, um...

TREXEL

Oh, David.

DAVID

So, what happens now?

TREXEL

Oh, David. I have never **(suddenly upbeat)** had such a good review in my entire life, do you understand? That was incredible!

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

That was absolutely incredible, David! She didn't recycle you! That never happens! The clone *always* gets recycled! **(laughs)**

DAVID

Oh. Right. Um—

TREXEL

Goodness, I— I— I— She only put one foot in my mouth!

DAVID

So that's... good?

TREXEL

That is excell— David, this could not have gone better. I must be getting so much better! I am a genius!

DAVID

Could have gone better.

TREXEL

I am the gen— I am *the* geni— it's not about me, but in a very real sense, isn't it not being about me the greatest genius of all? My Board, I'm good! Ah! I'm going to celebrate at the Cosmic Lounge.

DAVID

Um.

TREXEL

I will see you at some point in the future!

DAVID

(Hurried) No, early on Monday!

TREXEL

And we will design *such* planets, David! Such planets that your eyes will fall out of the back of your head,ahaha! Avant! Avant Geistman!

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Okay, I— I— I think that you've missed the poi— **[Door swooshes closed]** He's gone.

IMOGEN

[beep] Performance review log complete.

DAVID

Wait, if... if the other reviews went so badly that the clone was recycled, and... what we just had was a good review, and I've survived, then... hmm.

IMOGEN

[beep] I.M.O.G.E.N. online. How can I help you, **(David's recorded voice played back)** "Um... David 7?"

DAVID

How bad can they really be?

IMOGEN

Review log database. Searching.

DAVID

I mean, one of ours had to be pushed into a sun!

IMOGEN

Search complete.

DAVID

Hmm.

IMOGEN

[beep]

[Saw noises in the background]

TREXEL

[recorded, screaming] *No! Please, Hartro! No! No! Stop hitting me! The clone is already dead! Stop hitting me!*

DAVID

(Crosstalk, panicked) Oh, oh, oh! Oh my! Oh! Oh, oh no! Turn it off! Turn it off!

IMOGEN

[beep] I.M.O.G.E.N. terminal offline.

DAVID

I'm doomed.

[Stellar Firma Theme – Outro.]

Stellar Firma is a podcast distributed by Rusty Quill Ltd. and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International Licence.

Created by: Tim Meredith and Ben Meredith

Producer: Lowri Ann Davies

Executive Producer: Alexander J. Newall

Editing: Edward von Aderkas and Alexander J Newall

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

Hartro Piltz – Jenny Haufek