

STL 7 — Trash and Mysteries

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Violence to Animals
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism

BEN

Hi, I'm Ben, I play David 7.

TIM

Hi, I'm Tim, I play Trexel Geistman.

BEN

We just wanted to let you know that we really appreciate the support that you've given us already. The response to the first couple of episodes has been fantastic.

TIM

It's been really really good, and I've seen we've already got some lovely, uh, reviews and ratings on iTunes, and various places and that is really the best way of, uh, getting the podcast out there and— and sharing it outside the pocket universe of Rusty Quill. So please take a moment to give us a rating or

review on iTunes and your podcast player of choice. It is incredibly helpful when you do.

BEN

(In a low tone) Just spread those glands.

TIM

(Forcefully) Smell our musk!

TREXEL

Special thanks to Full Featuritis for today's submission! May all your wishes occur in parallel realities.

[Show Theme – Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Theme continues]

DAVID

Trexel. Trexel!

TREXEL

(Muttering in his sleep) Who's the lamb?

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Trexel... Trexel!

TREXEL

(Muttering in his sleep) I'm the lamb!

DAVID

Trexel, I—

[Soft hitting noise]

(Both start yelling)

[Metallic noise]

TREXEL

(Yelps) Get away from me I've got a knife!!

DAVID

(Panicked) Oh! Ah! Trexel!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Knife detected. Security alerted.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Trexel! Where did you get that?!

TREXEL

David, why are you in my room?

DAVID

You're in *my* room! You fell asleep here last night!

TREXEL

What? I fell asleep in the office?! That's almost like *working* in the office!

DAVID

Well... it's not that similar, because we still only have roughly 20 minutes to finish your shift—

TREXEL

(Softly dismayed) How?

DAVID

—despite you having been *in the office, all shift, asleep*. Like a dead man! You don't breathe!

TREXEL

No, I've never breathed when I'm asleep.

DAVID

What?!

TREXEL

Breathing is for timewasters and the weak.

DAVID

Right. **(sighs)** Well, fortunately for us, I've had a chance to sit down and read the brief.

TREXEL

You've already—!?

DAVID

Well, you—

TREXEL

You've already got the brief?

DAVID

—you left the light on.

TREXEL

(Quietly) I left the light on?

DAVID

So I could press the button.

TREXEL

You mean *you* have pre-looked at the brief... *without me!*?

DAVID

...No.

TREXEL

I, D-David. I'm going to rewind my brain here. I'm going to walk a couple of brain steps back. And I seem to remember that you said you've had some time with the brief!

DAVID

...No.

TREXEL

You can't just deny it, David.

DAVID

I can.

TREXEL

You can't just deny it, David.

DAVID

I didn't do it.

TREXEL

You didn't do it?

DAVID

Didn't do it.

TREXEL

I'm starting to lose confidence, David. But I'm still pretty cross! I'm pretty sure you looked at the brief, David!!

DAVID

Nope. No. Would you like to look at the brief now, Trexel?

TREXEL

(Quietly) I don't trust you, David, but we haven't got long. So, yes.

DAVID

Right. Very good. Pressing the button.

(Imitates Imogen's beep) Shooooo-bup. Right.

TREXEL

David, I can see you just moving your mouth.

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

I know— I can see the brief is already there.

DAVID

Nope!

TREXEL

David, you can't just say things aren't true and hope that I'll just w—w— give in.

DAVID

So, the client—

(Trexel hums)

DAVID

—Lady Wimr Ikipidsah wants a planet where all the lost and found items of the universe end up, and the non-negotiable feature is ‘all of the items are all mysteriously grouped together making a whole continent of odd socks from all the species of the universe that have feet’.

TREXEL

Well, David, I— I don’t know about you, but I’m plum out of ideas.

DAVID

Oh. Me too. I, just... Nothing coming off the top of my head. No.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) No, nothing, nothing off the top of the head. No, nothing pre-planned for this, David?

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Nope.

TREXEL

Nothing, nothing been brewing?

DAVID

Nope.

TREXEL

Oh, well, I guess we’ll just submit an empty brief then, David. And, uh...

DAVID

Ah... a...

TREXEL

And then, and then we'll see what happens. W— I— let me, let me think what will happen. Will it— will it be me th—that is dissolved in acid—

(David strains, holding back a comment)

—and then— and then recycled into another version of me that will then also have to work here and then al— almost certainly also betray me? And then I, and then I'll have to have that one recycled? Is that me? No, I believe it's you. So, do you have any—

DAVID

(Yells) I looked at the brief, Trexel!

TREXEL

I knew it! I could see it in your tiny eyes and your sweaty, sweaty palms! David, why?! Why would you betray me like this, David!? I trusted you! Not with anything, but, just, you know, sort of generally!

DAVID

I just wanted to get the *work* done so I wasn't dissolved in acid!

TREXEL

Ohhh. Oh, that's what they all say! "Please, Trexel. I was only trying to help."
"Please, Trexel. Put down that bat." "Please, Trexel. Not in there. Not in there."
...put people in cupboards.

DAVID

Right... don't put me in a cupboard.

TREXEL

Well, then you shouldn't look at the brief when I'm not here!

DAVID

Well, look. **(stammers)** In which case, I— All of my ideas are garbage. Trash
garbage.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

What do you think, Trexel? You're the designer!

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Hot trash garba— No no! No! You know what, David? Baby David
needs to grow up into a Big Boy David. That's what I've decided. No, no. If
you're going to look at the brief, then it's time for you to walk on your own two
hooves. Give me a *seed*, David. You have the brief. You've spent *plenty of time*
looking at it. So why don't you give me the— the starting motif, eh?

DAVID

Okay, well. **(scoffs)** Well, they want all the lost and found items of the universe ending up here.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

So, wh— how does... how does garbage collection in— in— in the galaxy happen? Because we need to hook into that system if we're going to do that.

TREXEL

Hm. Well, most— most civilised societies choose a star that they don't particularly like and collapse it so it becomes a black hole. And that pretty much drags everything towards it. So you just get the trash, you take it towards the black hole, you let it go, and you don't think too hard about where it might end up.

DAVID

Okay. Well... it just follows logic that all those black holes go *somewhere*.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

So what if we just rerouted them to go to the same place?

TREXEL

“What if we just rerouted all the black holes?” Is that what you’re saying, David?

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Do you have any idea how black holes work, David?

DAVID

Yes?

TREXEL

Okay, good.

DAVID

(Beat) And so that means that works!

TREXEL

No, no, David. That— that means you have to tell me. How do— how would that *work*, David?

DAVID

Well, everything gets very small and very fast. And then it goes somewhere else. And it comes out the size it was and the speed it was. And that place could be a planet?

TREXEL

Have you been reading, David? Have you been accessing Imogen.?

DAVID

W... Well, the light was on.

TREXEL

Oh, and the terminal was on too. So, you thought you'd go on Imogen and look up facts? Facts about— about physics and planet-building? Infamy upon infamy, David! You've not only looked at the brief you've also learned! And I hate when people learn without me!

DAVID

But, if I learn, I can help you to do better.

TREXEL

But, if you help, you can learn me to do worse.

DAVID

Why would I do that? I'm going to literally die if I learn you to do worse.

TREXEL

I don't know, David! You're just some kind of crazy, mixed-up kid at this stage!

DAVID

(Affronted) I'm not! I am a perfectly normal clone child!

TREXEL

(Sinisterly) *Clone boy...*

DAVID

Well, yes.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Alright, clone boy. Smart clone boy with your big brain and your smart eyes. So, we can reroute all of the black holes. Okay. Fine. Okay. Sure. Okay. yes.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) W—well, as you say, ‘the Build Team will handle that’.

TREXEL

Yes. Yes. They’ll handle it. We’ll just— You hear that, Build Team?

DAVID

(Crosstalk) No, no—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) We don’t normally directly talk to you, but turns out that David—

DAVID

(Crosstalk) I was referring to them!

TREXEL

—David’s remaking the wheel!

DAVID

No! I was referring to them, I wasn't directly talking to them! Build Team, ignore this!

TREXEL

Oh, Build Team, if you ignore it, then it means you were directly listening to him!

DAVID

Well, then you didn't hear anything that happened, Build Team, so Trexel never directly spoke to you, which means that *I, David 7, was always* right!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Sass detected. Security alerted.

TREXEL

Pretty good, David. You've been practicing. Okay! I'm back on board! Right! So we are using the black holes to reroute all the trash from all the collections of space into one single place. And that place... is a planet... we call... Trash Hole.

DAVID

Yes. The Trash Hole.

IMOGEN

[Beep] The Trash Hole: trademarked.

TREXEL

The Tra— Welcome to The Trash Hole! Population: trash.

DAVID

Yes. Trash *and* the Lady Wimr Ikipidsah.

TREXEL

Oh, yes. Well, I— You know, David? This is something you need to learn: it is not necessarily the case that everybody is going to be living on their planet.

DAVID

Uh.

TREXEL

I mean, maybe. Maybe they will. I don't know. I'm not going to judge them. But if it's a place entirely for trash, would you live there, David?

DAVID

...Do I like trash?

TREXEL

I don't know. Do you like trash, David?

DAVID

Well, no, I'm ask—

TREXEL

(Interrupting) Are you a trash boy?

DAVID

If I would—

TREXEL

(Interrupting) Are you a trash lark?

DAVID

It—

TREXEL

(Interrupting) Do you lark about in trash? Are you some sort of bird made of trash?

DAVID

Well, no, I'm more— If— if I were the kind of person who would ask for a planet full of trash—

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

DAVID

Well, you know, they said the lost and found items, but really that, that is trash.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Oh, that's trash. You ever seen a lost and found box?

DAVID

(Crosstalk) That's trash. It's trash, absolutely trash.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Nobody loses things that they like and no— nothing that's found is ever good.

DAVID

I did actually find a database including all of the lost and found boxes in the galaxy, and, um, I did read them, and it all was just trash.

TREXEL

Wow, you had a... you had a lonely evening, didn't you, David?

DAVID

(Sadly) ...Yes. Yes, I did.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Sadness detected. Security alerted.

TREXEL

So we've got this Trash Hole planet. So, may— maybe— maybe they want to live on it. Okay fine. So it needs to... Okay. Okay. Here's a thought. Here's a thought. You don't want the trash all just falling around willy-nilly.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

That'd get in your face.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

And perhaps on your hair and skin.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

So we need some sort of sorting system. The trash is— Okay, let's— let's take it like this. We've managed to get all of the black holes to dispense their trash from a singular point.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

So it's— it's manageable. It's controllable. It's all flowing into one sort of area.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) So it all goes into some sort of massive trash funnel.

TREXEL

Massive trash funnel! If there's one thing that I've learned over the past planets that I've designed with you, David, it's that I really love a funnel. Didn't know that before. Turns out, when given the choice, I will have a funnel—

DAVID

A chute.

TREXEL

And— and a chute on that funnel—

DAVID

A slide. A conveyor belt.

TREXEL

Anything!

DAVID

Some sort of linear transportation system which involves gravity.

TREXEL

Anything that means you don't have to walk. Because, David, if there's one thing I've learned over my many years of living, it's that walking is for suckers and falling is for champions.

DAVID

(Tentative) Right. Duly noted...

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

DAVID

...for the future

TREXEL

In the future.

DAVID

Right. So, funny you should say some sort of sorting system. That is specifically what the brief asks for!

TREXEL

Oh lovely! I wasn't listening.

DAVID

But they want a specifically *mysterious* sorting system.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk, quietly) A mysterious sorting system...

DAVID

(Crosstalk) So that means one that doesn't make sense.

TREXEL

Mm. Mm.

DAVID

Or! Its purpose is not made clear. However! They do desire... a continent... made out of all of the odd socks... of all of the foot-possessing species... in the galaxy.

TREXEL

Well—

DAVID

Assumedly ones that throw socks away.

TREXEL

Oh. *All* species throw socks away. By— by design or— or by natural progression.

DAVID

I—

TREXEL

Socks are one of those items, David, I'm sure you're aware. You— Well, you've got— You've only ever worn a onesie, so you don't really know much about socks. But socks are one of those items that just get away from you.

DAVID

Yeah. I—

TREXEL

Many a time I've woken up: "Where are my socks? I don't know."

DAVID

So I have a question.

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TREXEL

Yes?

DAVID

What are socks?

TREXEL

Oh, socks! Um. You know... your feet?

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

You know there's cloth on them?

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

You know your cloth is attached to the rest of your trousers.

DAVID

Yes!

TREXEL

Imagine if I cut away—

DAVID

What?!

TREXEL

—part of that cloth.

DAVID

But there'd be a gap there. It would be awfully cold and breezy.

TREXEL

Socks. That's what they are.

DAVID

Socks sound horrible. No wonder people throw them away.

TREXEL

Well, often you have the trouser longer than the end of the socks. So, one might think, "Well, why don't you just put the sock on the end of—"

DAVID

(Crosstalk) It's a waste of cloth!

TREXEL

It's a waste of cloth! Surely, surely. But somehow this is where we've ended up. I don't know, David. I don't understand. I'm just, you know. I just put them on one leg at a time like every other bipedal being.

DAVID

Well... I must say I prefer your onesies.

TREXEL

David, you've really got hung up on this socks idea. You're just gonna have to accept that people wear socks, and you don't like it.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) And sometimes they go away. Fine.

TREXEL

And sometimes they go away.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Often when you wash them or dry them or if you are blackout drunk and then you wake up, and you have just got, like, rags— rags left on your feet.

DAVID

Well, however people may lose their socks—

TREXEL

Hmm.

DAVID

—we have to assume these *stupid* articles of clothing will need to go somewhere, and this *person* wants to put all their *stupid* articles of clothing into one great big *lump* the size of a *continent* so they can *stamp around on it* for *some reason*. So.

TREXEL

David—

IMOGEN

[Beep] Sass detected. Security alerted.

TREXEL

...I'm sensing a lot of contempt for the client—

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

—and as you know—

DAVID

It's contempt for socks.

TREXEL

No, no. Well, you've called them a stupid person for wanting to keep all of these socks in one place.

DAVID

Well—

TREXEL

And as you know, David, the client. Is. King.

DAVID

Queen. *Lady Wimr Ikipidsah*.

TREXEL

Ohhhh, I see what, you've high-roaded me, have you, David?

DAVID

Yes, I have.

TREXEL

Oh, because I assumed the gender of a client. Well, fair enough, David!

DAVID

(Crosstalk) No, nonononono. No no no, Trexel, you didn't assume anything. You were told explicitly one way and just went with the other.

TREXEL

What, like that's illegal? Like all of a sudden, just because I didn't listen to basic facts and made assumptions based on what *I* wanted? All of a sudden, *I'm* the bad guy? Is that what you're saying, David?

DAVID

I'm going to leave this here for *you* to work out.

TREXEL

Okay, let me just... **(muttering, reading the brief to himself)** I wanted it to be that way... **(muttering)** Facts. Otherwise. Ignore, ignore. **(muttering)** Angry, angry. **(yelling)** Alright! Fair enough! They are queen.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

The client is queen in this particular instance.

DAVID

A queen who likes socks... which is *fine*.

TREXEL

It's fine, David.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) *That's fine*. And they want to put them all in a continent-sized lump.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

And walk around on them with their perfectly adequate legs.

TREXEL

Wonderful, David. I'm still sensing a certain amount of contempt, but it's veiled. It's veiled contempt, David, and, as you know, veiled contempt is the sweet spot of contempt. No one can prove it, but it's still there!

DAVID

Right! Good.

TREXEL

So how are we going to build some sort of mysterious, confusing, obfuscating, oblique method for sorting socks away from the rest of the trash?

DAVID

Well, as we know, any sort of oblique method is known as a black box.

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

DAVID

So, what if we had a massive black box with a big funnel pointing at a wormhole, where *all* of the galaxies' black holes went and stuffed *all* of the trash in there. And then, in that black box, there was sort of whirring and clanking—

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

DAVID

—and whizzing about and things and stuff.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

And then there are two holes—

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

—on either side of the black box, one of which is labelled “socks” —

TREXEL

Sure.

DAVID

—and one of which is labelled “other”.

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

And everything that is a *sock*, comes out of “socks”. And everything that is *not* a sock, comes out of “other”. And the beauty... is that this system is so mysterious (**smugly**) even its designers *don't know how it works*.

TREXEL

Ohh, that's good, David. How could we know? It's unknowable.

DAVID

Exactly.

TREXEL

“Oh! Oh! Mr. Geistman? Mr. Seven? Can you please explain this diagram? W—
” We can't know! We can't know!

DAVID

(Crosstalk) No, couldn't possibly! Couldn't possibly!

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) We can't possibly know! We couldn't possibly know!

DAVID

That would be against the brief.

TREXEL

Even— even asking us would— would be insulting to both us and the client. Do you—

DAVID

Exactly! Exactly! Exactly!

TREXEL

Do you hold the client in contempt?

DAVID

Exactly!

TREXEL

Do you hold them in contempt?

DAVID

(Crosstalk) No. No. No. No.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) No. No. Neither do we.

DAVID

Do you hate socks?

TREXEL

Do you hate socks?

DAVID

No. No. No.

TREXEL

No.

DAVID

Of course you wouldn't. Why would you hold the client in contempt?

TREXEL

So build it! And stop asking questions!

DAVID

Exactly!

TREXEL

That's brilliant, David. That's brilliant. Really high road them into just not understanding what's going on.

DAVID

Exactly.

TREXEL

And then they'll feel like if they have to ask any questions, *they're* the stupid ones.

DAVID

They're not clever enough to understand it!

TREXEL

Exactly! What *idiots* they are!

DAVID

Stupid Build Team!

TREXEL

Wait—

[Error buzz]

IMOGEN

Warning: Build Team insulted.

[Alarm sounding]

TREXEL

I respect the Build Team.

DAVID

Yes, very much respect the Build Team.

TREXEL

The Build Team is a wonderful organisation which has many strong qualities and features and often fixes things that I've done wrong.

[Alarm stops]

TREXEL

So, notwithstanding what we've already said...

DAVID

Not the stupid Build Team.

TREXEL

Not the stupid Build Team.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Very *clever* Build Team that is able to solve this without even knowing the problem themselves because it was mysterious.

TREXEL

Pass the buck.

DAVID

Exactly.

TREXEL

Pass the buck. Wonderful! Okay. So we've now got two streams of stuff. One trash, one socks, all good.

DAVID

Yes. Okay. Are we gonna have any other... method of sorting? They— they wanted a mysterious sorting system.

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

DAVID

We've given them socks; we've given them other. Does "other" need to be broken down into anything else? And—

TREXEL

Oh, maybe— Oh. Go on. No.

DAVID

No, and I was going to say and *how* are the socks made into a continent?

TREXEL

Ah, well that was—

DAVID

Because a big lump of socks isn't really a continent. It's just kind of a pile of socks.

TREXEL

Okay, well, you've brought up two issues there, David. Let me take them in turn.

DAVID

Right. Okay. Yeah.

TREXEL

Round and round we go; an idea do-si-do. First point: do we need to sort the trash any further? I say, no! Because, once you're on the planet, you've got to have something to do.

DAVID

What if we tell them the trash *is* already sorted?

TREXEL

Oh, but by a method... that I'm *sure* you understand.

DAVID

Absolutely.

TREXEL

Oh! Well, obviously, anybody could work out the method by which this trash has been sorted. Oh! Unless you *need* us to explain it to you? Condescending head tilt?

DAVID

What if we give them an acronym? Everything sounds official with an acronym!

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

Call it the S.O.S.: Socks. Other. System.

TREXEL

Socks. Other. System.

DAVID

“Sos.”

TREXEL

(Repeating David) “Sos.”

IMOGEN

[Beep] S.O.S. trademarked.

TREXEL

“Oh, sorry. Do you...? Do you not have ‘sos’ where you come from?”

DAVID

Exactly.

TREXEL

“No! No! No! Obviously, **(stammers)** I understand ‘sos.’ I-I wish you to explain it to... a small passing dog.” “Well, madame, I’m sure you can manage that because you’re so smart.” And then you just walk away.

DAVID

Exactly.

TREXEL

And then you just walk away. Wonderful. Okay. So, that side of things, sorted. No need to touch it.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) The “sos” system.

TREXEL

The “sos” system. Wonderful. We should use that in other things. The other side of thing: How. Do. We. Get. The. Socks. In. To. A. Landmass?

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

That implies water as well.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

This planet... untrashed... needs to be just an entire blue marble of water.

DAVID

Right! We just find a water world.

TREXEL

Find a water world! Build a water world! We build worlds!

DAVID

Oh yeah!

TREXEL

We don't have to find one.

DAVID

We'll just make one!

TREXEL

We'll just make one!

DAVID

We'll make one!

TREXEL

You just get a small world, fill it with water so it's big.

DAVID

Yes. Well, perfect. So it's— it's a big water world. With a big box. With a chute, leading to a wormhole—

TREXEL

I love a chute. Sorry, David, I— I hate— I hate to stop you there, but I love a funnel and I love a chute. A steep chute. I love a steep chute.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

A shallow chute? Not so much. Yes, I love a steep chute.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Yes. We don't even know what goes on in the black box.

TREXEL

Who knows?

DAVID

Could be a plethora of chutes, conveyer belts—

TREXEL

Ohhh, whirligigs.

DAVID

—ladders, rollers—

TREXEL

Lovely.

DAVID

—rotors—

TREXEL

Just clanking.

DAVID

—buckets.

TREXEL

Clanking away.

DAVID

Buckets with chutes.

TREXEL

Oh!

DAVID

Buckets that tip onto chutes.

TREXEL

Don't stop, David. You're— you're making me too excited.

DAVID

One of those big nets. That kind of, like, when the ball goes in the chute and the man jumps into a bucket then it kinda—

(Making a sound effect like a stick hitting against the many rungs of a ladder)

— d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d! Down. Onto a sock.

TREXEL

David, I know this is going to sound weird... but I know exactly what you're talking about. Wonderful! Wonderful! I love this box! I love this confusing, unknowable box!

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

So, we're on a water world.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

The rest of the trash, that's in the S.O.S. system. If you need us to explain it, to us, then you're an idiot, and you should be ashamed of yourself.

DAVID

Unless you're the Build Team. Very clever.

TREXEL

Very clever Build Team. Now, the socks themselves. I've met socks. They sink when they're waterlogged.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

D— Don't— No— no two ways about it. You fill a sock with water and put loads of other socks on top of it? That's gonna get 'logged. It's going to sink.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

So, how are we going to make a continent out of socks? They're just going to— just going to sink to the bottom of the sea, and then we'll never see them again.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Well. Where are continents made?

TREXEL

Wh— Continents are made on the ground?

DAVID

And where's the ground?

TREXEL

The ground is belo— Oh I see! So as the socks sink, they gently pile up—

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

— until they emerge triumphantly from the water and say, “Look at me! Look upon my wet cottony-ness! I am a continent! Bow before me and my squishy ways!”

DAVID

Yes. If we make the planet big enough, that continent will grow and grow and grow.

TREXEL

Ah, lovely. Ooh! Ooh! It's a planet with a journey.

DAVID

Yes!

TREXEL

Everybody loves a journey, David. You know? People— people want something in their life. People who buy planets from us, they're often they're very rich. They've never had to— to ask for anything before. It just— just come to them. And that makes you very spiritually empty, David. And I should know, **(loudly, through bitter laughter)** I'm a gaping maw of spiritual emptiness!! **(a sudden, more serious tone)** It's why I drink. So we just need to give it a journey that allows us to just say, "Look. Let it grow in front of your eyes."

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Look at this *trash*, this wet trash ball we've made for you. This *intensely* expensive wet trash ball.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

And you're welcome.

DAVID

I mean, that is *literally* what they asked for. Now, the other journey this planet is going on is the angry honking is about to begin! Because we do not have much time left!

TREXEL

Oh!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Would you like to submit?

DAVID

(Crosstalk) We need to get this in the bucket! Here we go! And it's gone.

[Chime, pneumatic tube hissing]

IMOGEN

Submitting.

TREXEL

Lovely.

DAVID

Didn't think we needed to dot any I's or cross any T's?

TREXEL

No, I— You know what? I think that one was pretty much done. Do you know how I know?

DAVID

How?

TREXEL

The tone.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

You know when you get to the end of a... a long design session, and you start looking wistfully off into corners, and saying things like, "You know... Heh. It's funny. I always liked that planet."

DAVID

Yeah.

TREXEL

That's when you know it's done.

DAVID

You know... maybe socks aren't so bad after all.

TREXEL

Hey.

DAVID

You know?

TREXEL

You know... maybe the Build Team didn't deserve all of the insults we gave them.

DAVID

You know... maybe the Build Team are big enough to accept that as part of the journey. And that they *really* control things. That such things are below them.

TREXEL

Hey. You know... I think I could turn up later tomorrow and it would still be fine. Well! Have a lovely evening, David! I love you. Goodbye!

[Door swooshes closed]

DAVID

(Sighs) You know... maybe Trexel isn't as bad as he se— No, he is. Oh no. *Oh no!* He's gonna be even later tomorrow!

(Show Theme – Outro)

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