

STL 10 — Tokens and Orphans

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism
- Accidental death
- Manslaughter
- Childhood trauma

[Show Theme – Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Theme continues]

IMOGEN

[Beep] Accessing employee handbook.

DAVID

Come on, come on... There has to be something here! Something that can help me!

IMOGEN

Complaints procedures.

DAVID

Maybe I can file a complaint! Get a transfer! A new consultant, someone who might listen, *anything!*

IMOGEN

Clone-related issues.

DAVID

Right, right, right. Here we are... **(muttering)** Here we are, here, here. Hmm. **(speaking again)** Defective clones, maimed clones, lost clones, clones in airlock— No, no, no, this is all problems *with* clones! What if a clone has a problem with— Wait... What if I...

IMOGEN

[Beep] Consultant related issues.

DAVID

Yes! Yes yes yes yes!

IMOGEN

Make a complaint about a consultant. Please state consultant name.

DAVID

Trexel Geistman.

IMOGEN

Searching for:

(David's recorded voice played back) "Trexel Geistman".

Search complete.

[Error buzz] Error: consultant complaint file full. Goodbye.

DAVID

(Sighs) Well, that's about right I suppose. Another review day he's late for, another step closer to my inevitable doom **(singsong)** doom doom do-doom doomy doom. Doom. Doom. Where did he say he was going to be?

Some sort of gig?

[Footsteps approach and door swooshes open]

TREXEL

(Sing passionately) When stars are born—

(David startles)

TREXEL

And gas will flow,

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

I see your eyes,

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

And I do know—

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

—that you are the one for *me*.

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

How can you not see?

DAVID

Trexel!

TREXEL

Our love, it grows! And the supernova knows!

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

Oh, come with me,

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

And you will *be*—

DAVID

Trexel!

TREXEL

(Sings slightly quieter) —with... me...

(Finishes singing)

DAVID

Are you done?

TREXEL

David, I am more than done, I am completed. I have seen true art, David. True, pure art. I look at what we do here, scrambling around—

(David sighs softly)

—making planets for— for— for— for clients, and I think “What? What is this ash in our hand?”

DAVID

Trexel.

TREXEL

True art is music, David.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Did you— did— di— Did

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) True art is what flows from the hands and mouths of the greatest band I have ever seen in my life.

DAVID

Did you have to go see art during their lunchtime matinee on a Friday?

TREXEL

David, David, I am but a servant of art. And I'd already booked the tickets. What am I going to do, book the tickets and not *go*? They're very expensive tickets, David!

DAVID

Hartro knows where you are! And now Hartro knows you're here! For the review! Which you have missed and are late for!

[Footsteps approaching]

TREXEL

The review's... today?

DAVID

Yes!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Line Manager arriving.

[Door swooshing open]

HARTRO

Oh, hello! Oh, hello, Trexel!

TREXEL

Hartro!

HARTRO

Ahhh! You look like a worm!

TREXEL

Ah, well, that's, that's me—

HARTRO

And David. Of the seventh. Mmmm. Hi, boys!

TREXEL

Hello. Um...

HARTRO

I think right about now, Trexel, you're gonna try to tell me what you've been up to.

TREXEL

Now, I need to tell you that I had a very good reason to be late.

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) Hmm.

Yes.

TREXEL

I was seeing Gimble Hulk and the—

HARTRO

Are you going to offer me a chair?

TREXEL

A chair? Yes, yes, David!

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) Yes, I'd— I'd— I'd like to get comfortable for this explanation. I want to get nice and cosy while I watch you squirm.

TREXEL

Oh, okay.

DAVID

(Crosstalk, muttering to Trexel) I'll just— Shall I get— shall I get up again? I'll just get up again.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk, muttering to David) Could you— could you just get up— get up, get up, get up. I don't know why you sat in that same seat.

HARTRO

Thank you. Thank you. Oh, there we go. Ooh!

TREXEL

So, I went to see The Roneys. Turns out, not on that night. I've lost a day somewhere. Not sure how. So I re-booked to see Gimble Hulk and the Probe Knowers.

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

Who are wonderful! You— you must go see them—

HARTRO

No.

TREXEL

Hartro. You, y— okay. Well, I saw them and, and truly I think of it as work of a sort, because the perspective they gave me on—

HARTRO

Hmm.

TREXEL

on creativity and art and— and— and, you know, isn't designing a song much like designing a planet when you really think about it?

HARTRO

Is— is that the way you're going with this?

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) That's what I'm going with, so work with me here.

HARTRO

Oh, yes. Oh, right. So you've been doing homework.

TREXEL

Yes, yes, it was, it was *fieldwork*!

HARTRO

Ohh. Ohhhh. Yes, it's not gonna work.

TREXEL

(Crestfallen) Oh.

HARTRO

No, no. Do you realise when you make me wait, you pay?

TREXEL

(Starting to understand) Oh.

HARTRO

You hurt me, I hurt you.

TREXEL

Please, don't— don't— don't hurt me, Hartro—

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) It's quite simple, isn't it? It's like two sides of an equation.

TREXEL

Except both sides are full of sadness and pain.

HARTRO

They are for *you*.

TREXEL

Oh, um.

HARTRO

Yes. It does make me feel better though. So, to make you pay, we have had a little accident with your Gimble Hulk and the Probe Knowers.

TREXEL

(Growing upset) What's happened to Gimble?

HARTRO

Well, I—

TREXEL

What's happened to the Probe Knowers? They're good people, Hartro! They're good, sweet, innocent people!

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) They were— *were*. Were.

TREXEL

They were...

HARTRO

Yes. They got an invitation, didn't they? They were so excited! They got an invitation from The Winter Lettuce Collective. **(sarcastic gasp)** So we sent—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) No... no... We know that they're a murderer though!

HARTRO

Oh, we do, don't we?

TREXEL

Yes!

HARTRO

So we've sent them straight up to have a *grand* old time. And funny enough, we haven't heard a thing from them since.

TREXEL

Oh, I see. This is a “reap what you sow” sort of a deal, is it? I make you wait, and therefore, you take something I love and put it in a pod with a murderer with knife-dogs and explosives. It’s a tale as old as time, Hartro! I understand.

HARTRO

Good.

TREXEL

I understand. Well, I promise that this is the last time. You know, when it was things being taken from me? I can deal with that. But when you kill something pure...

HARTRO

When *you*.

TREXEL

When... *I*... kill something pure. I— I couldn’t stand for that! I— I promise you, and you, David—

(David groans doubtfully)

—that I will be on time now. You— you’ve shown me the light, Hartro. And the light is the corpses of great artists.

HARTRO

I’m so sorry someone had to die.

TREXEL

I am also sorry that someone had to die. David, are you sorry that someone had to die?

(David groans)

He seems sorry.

HARTRO

Well, I'm glad that's clear, Trexel. Moving on. Oh! I feel wonderful! First, can I tell you how wonderful I feel? I have just been to the Stellar Firma Ltd. Annual Intergalactic Space Ball. **(contented sigh)**

TREXEL

Oh.

HARTRO

All last night I danced, I sang, I drank... Oh! People adored me. I— me and the Design Team, we had such a blast! Look, look, look. Ooh! I've got this hologram here.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Opening hologram album "Hartro and the Whole Team".

[Electronic powering on sound]

HARTRO

Look it! That's all of us.

TREXEL

Oh, that's— Look at those— That's you and all the... all the... team.

HARTRO

There's Diane.

TREXEL

I... I don't think I was, um... **(awkward chuckle)**

HARTRO

There's Brant. Oh, a charmer.

TREXEL

Oh yes, Brant was— I don't— I don't think I was in— uhh... invited to that. Maybe there was some sort of mistake. I'm— Surely, I would've been invited to that. I'm one of the Design Team. And I... **(trails off)**

[Electronic powering off sound]

HARTRO

Oh, you'd think, yes— no— no. And last year you did come, didn't you, Trexel?

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

And do you remember what a disaster that was?

TREXEL

Let me think back. Um... I'm drawing a real blank— Oh no, wait! There is something.

HARTRO

It involved a punch bowl.

TREXEL

Yes, there was a big punch bowl full of, full of punch and then I'm— I'm *in* the punch bowl—

HARTRO

That happened.

TREXEL

—and I'm not wearing anything at all and I'm swinging a ladle around my head and saying, **(shouting)** "Get away from me! *I am a genius!*" And then I was escorted away. And then these people hit me for about 45 minutes. Is that what you're referring to?

HARTRO

I was.

TREXEL

Yes. Yes, that makes sense. You don't want that guy in the punch bowl.

HARTRO

You don't.

TREXEL

I hadn't washed for quite a while. That punch was *not* potable.

HARTRO

The punch was delicious last night.

TREXEL

(Mutters in annoyance) Oh, wonderful.

HARTRO

Oh, in fact, I drank *way* too much. But don't you worry, I've had an induced regression deep sleep and most of my blood has been recirculated. I feel fantastic!

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) That would explain why you're glowing! You're glowing! You're glowing!

HARTRO

Mmm.

TREXEL

In fact, if I turned out all the lights, I think we'd still be able to see everything because of the glow coming off of your skin.

HARTRO

Are you done?

TREXEL

I am, absolutely, done.

HARTRO

Right. Getting on to the planets!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

(Sighs) Megatron_46, we'll start there. Now Trexel—

(Trexel hums)

—you know they have a known history of plotting against us humans.

TREXEL

They hate us.

HARTRO

Yes. Now you've gone and made them a prank planet.

TREXEL

Yes. Lighten the mood. Make everybody feel a lit— it's like it's a bit of fun. You know, oh, bygones be bygones. Here's some traumatised meat.

HARTRO

I don't understand why you do these things! You know, there is a consequence for everything that you do. And they've gone and got *well upset* with us, and they've executed an attack.

TREXEL

An attack? Oh, quick! Action stations! Put up the defences! Call the brigades!

IMOGEN

Attack warning.

[Alarms sounding]

IMOGEN

Security alerted.

HARTRO

Oh, right, right. Hush down. It's already happened.

TREXEL

Oh.

[Alarms stop]

IMOGEN

All clear.

TREXEL

Can't say I noticed an attack.

HARTRO

No, they've already done a full-fledged attack. They were coming after us and guess what they've done. They've gone after— Do you remember Megatron_32?

TREXEL

Ah... Oh yes. They wanted a— a very personalised planet, and I thought, "What would I want?" And I thought, "Where do I live?" And I thought, "On the Stellar Firma space station!" And so I built one of those and gave it to them.

HARTRO

Yeah, it was ridiculous, wasn't it?

TREXEL

It was a precise copy of our space station. It was very easy to design.

HARTRO

And that's what they've blown up. Do you see what's happened?

TREXEL

They blew it up thinking it was us!

HARTRO

Yes!

TREXEL

A decoy! Well, in many ways, isn't this a genius move on my part? Years before, I make a decoy— a decoy space station, and then when we finally,

inevitably annoy the Megatrons and they try and kill us, they kill that one instead!

HARTRO

Now, if you had actually planned for the future and executed that thinking that you were going to protect us in some way, then yes, that would be genius. But that's not exactly—

TREXEL

That's not exactly what happened.

HARTRO

That's not exactly what happened.

TREXEL

No, I got lazy and just used a design and...

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

But it's all worked out!

HARTRO

I would like to present you with these two shiny drink coupons—

(Trexel gasps)

—to use at the Cosmic Lounge.

TREXEL

I love drink coupons.

HARTRO

Now, no— Now listen. I'm giving these to you because something very, very terrible that you did—

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

—managed to *accidentally* work in your favour.

TREXEL

Oh, I can see them. Can I—

HARTRO

Do you understand?

TREXEL

I— I understand.

HARTRO

It's not, it's not necessarily a reward.

TREXEL

No.

HARTRO

It's because something horrible... that you did accidentally worked out okay because of something else horrible that you did.

TREXEL

It's like that old saying: two wrongs make a right!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Not a saying.

HARTRO

So, these are for you to use in the Cosmic Lounge at your leisure.

TREXEL

Hartro, can I just—

HARTRO

And I'll just keep them right here.

TREXEL

No, I got—

HARTRO

I'll just keep them right here inside my brassiere.

TREXEL

Oh. Okay.

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HARTRO

Right, just to keep them safe for you.

TREXEL

Trap them in there.

HARTRO

But those are yours, Trexel!

TREXEL

And, and I'll get them at the end.

HARTRO

Those belong to you.

TREXEL

I'll get them at the end.

HARTRO

Remind me at the end.

TREXEL

I will, yes.

HARTRO

Yes.

Stellar Firma 10 – Tokens and Orphans

TREXEL

Ohhh.

HARTRO

Two lovely drinks for you, Trexel.

TREXEL

Oh, lovely, lovely, that'll be a good start. Mmm.

HARTRO

Yeah. **(beat)** David?

DAVID

Mm. Y— yes. Yes. Yes, Hartro?

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) Is he—? It felt like he was breathing.

TREXEL

He does that. He does that.

HARTRO

Can he—

TREXEL

David, just stop breathing.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Um. Uh.

TREXEL

Just shut your mouth, shut your nose, don't breathe through your ears.

(David inhales and holds his breath)

HARTRO

Shut holes.

TREXEL

Wonderful. He'll be fine over there.

HARTRO

Alright. Great.

TREXEL

So—

HARTRO

It's very, very distracting. To have— to have a clone behind you breathing.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) I know! I-I don't like it. He just huffs— He's like a steam train, huffing away in the corner there. You know what's worse?

HARTRO

What?

TREXEL

When he opens his mouth. Oh, it's bad. David, you alright over there?

(David's attempt at speech muffled because he is still holding his breath)

You're turning a bit blue.

(David muffled speech)

Can you stop it? It's quite distracting.

(David muffled speech)

I think— **(sighs)** Hartro, I think he might die if we don't let him breathe.

HARTRO

Don't worry.

TREXEL

Okay!

HARTRO

There's more where he came from!

TREXEL

(Laughing) There is! Because! He's disposable.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

(Inhales through her teeth) Your second planet: Lady Wimr Ikipidash. Ah... That's funny, because— Oh! Me and the other design teams, we've got such a good little joke going on about that. They're calling you 'Sock Boy'!

TREXEL

Sock Boy?!

HARTRO

Yes!

TREXEL

Sock Boy?

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

That— that's—

HARTRO

I think it's quite fitting.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Redesignating consultant status to Sock Boy.

TREXEL

(Indignant ugh) Sock Boy.

HARTRO

In fact, I've got you this. It's a gigantic sock.

[rustling]

TREXEL

Oh.

HARTRO

I'd like you to wear this when you're out and about.

TREXEL

But it's just one enormous sock. My foot will be lost in there!

HARTRO

No, you can wear it on your head, I thought. As if a—

TREXEL

Oh, I... Like a—

HARTRO

Like a hat.

TREXEL

Do I ha— have to wear this hat?

HARTRO

You *have* to wear that hat. When you're seen in the Design Team corridor, you have to wear that hat.

TREXEL

Right.

HARTRO

(Serious) If I don't see it on your head, and we pass in the design corridor, there will be punishment.

TREXEL

No, abso— I will—

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) You will wear that hat.

TREXEL

I'll wear it with pride. Look at me! Trexel. Sock Boy. Old Socky Geistman. Try and— try and pack him in a sock. He'll come through! That's what it's saying. It's saying, "Look! Even with a sock on him, he's still the best!"

(David exhales loudly)

HARTRO

Oh!

TREXEL

David! Please, will you stop breathing!

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) Stop breathing!

(David pants for breath)

TREXEL

You're breathing everywhere!

HARTRO

I'm so distracted! Ugh!

TREXEL

I can— I barely— Oh look! What's this thing in my hand? Maybe I'll drop it on the floor and stamp on it.

HARTRO

Don't you dare. You put that up and you stick it on your head.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk, muttering) Okay, I'll take it back. Alright, I'll put it on my head. I'm putting it on.

HARTRO

Yes, so, you've had all the socks and the trash redirected from the black holes. Yada, yada, yada, yada. You created an eyesore.

TREXEL

An eyesore? I—

HARTRO

It's disgusting.

TREXEL

They wanted a— a trash world, Hartro.

HARTRO

I know, but couldn't you just do something with the trash?! To make it look a bit more appealing. I mean...

TREXEL

We did somewhat go with piles, didn't we, David? Just big piles. I seem to remember that was your idea—

DAVID

(Crosstalk) What? Um.

TREXEL

—if I'm remembering that correctly. Just big piles of trash?

DAVID

(Flatly) Yes, fine, all my idea. Piles, piles, I said.

TREXEL

See? See?

DAVID

Tr-Trexel tried to stop me, but I insisted because I have... so much decision-making power in this, yes.

HARTRO

I—

TREXEL

And you see how sassy he is?

HARTRO

Are you just going to let him push you around?

TREXEL

No, no, I'm not! No, I'm not.

HARTRO

Are you— Trexel, are you the sort of man that lets his clone push him around?

TREXEL

No. No, I don't think so.

HARTRO

That's what I'm seeing.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Uh... I mean— Nononono. That was, uh, that was all very honest.

That was no...

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Now, David—

DAVID

No, yes, yes.

HARTRO

I'd like you to put him in his spot and make me believe it.

TREXEL

Okay. Right. David. Right. Look at me, David. You —

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

—are a puddle of urine.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

I have seen better puddles of urine on the floor of a men's bathroom at a sporting event! David.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

You smell as if a week-old side of ham has been put in an oven with a big sack of used exercise wear and just put on low.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

And just cooked on low. And you open it, and that hot fog, that hot meaty sweat fog that comes out? That is just a *small reflection* of what you are, Sally boy!

DAVID

Yes, Trexel.

TREXEL

Shut up! (**getting increasingly angry**) You shut up! And you stop judging me with your eyes!

HARTRO

(**Crosstalk**) It's very difficult to take—

TREXEL

(**Crosstalk**) 'Cause I am a big boy now!

HARTRO

—take you seriously.

TREXEL

And I'm tall! And I'm strong! And I am a genius! I love you, you idiot! Get out! Don't look at me! (**suddenly calm**) Is that— is that what you were looking for, Hartro?

HARTRO

Ooh. Aah!

TREXEL

Really put him in his place there.

DAVID

(Flatly) Uh. Yes, I am very... place-put. I will— I'll go back in—

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) I feel you've revealed something, Trexel.

TREXEL

Really?

HARTRO

Hm. Slightly.

TREXEL

What, about— about me and my interpersonal relationships and my crushing, crushing self-worth problems? **(slight laugh in his voice)** I don't think so! I think I just asserted my authority there. Uh, did I assert my authority there well enough, Hartro? Please tell me I asserted my authority—

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) It's very difficult to take you seriously in that hat.

TREXEL

Well, you made me wear—

HARTRO

I love it. **(contented sigh)**

TREXEL

I look like a weird foot-elf.

HARTRO

(Stifling a laugh) You do.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

Hypnos Soulbiter. I'm going to move on. The Pillow Planet.

TREXEL

Mm.

HARTRO

Hmmm. What a *complete* disaster we have on our hands now. Ohhhh, Trexel.

Ohhhh, Trexel. Can you just hit him? David, I'm talking to you.

DAVID

What?

HARTRO

Can you just give him a hit?

DAVID

Um...

TREXEL

I thought— We just—

HARTRO

It's okay. Nothing will happen.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk, softly) But I just asserted my— don't— Oh, go—

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) Just give him a little hit.

DAVID

Um... um... Oh...

TREXEL

Go on, David. It's your—

[David hits Trexel]

HARTRO

There we go.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Authorised clone violence logged.

TREXEL

...Ow. **(whispering)** You'll get yours, David.

(Beat)

HARTRO

Yes, back to the Pillow Planet.

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

Oh, what were you thinking! You created a *dream-eating monster*.

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

What a mess. Now, what I don't understand—

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

HARTRO

—if you're going to create a monster, why don't you create some sort of boundary? Invisible fence? An electrocution device? What were you thinking?!

DAVID

(Softly) Ah. Yes. That's—

TREXEL

So I'm— I'm gonna, I'm gonna extrapolate here from what you've said.

HARTRO

Please.

TREXEL

I'm gonna take a wild guess that the haunting, terrifying, super-powered monster that eats dreams that we created for a religion has somewhat escaped the planet we made it on and is now, let's say... running amok?

HARTRO

Ah, bingo! You get a prize!

TREXEL

(Excited) What's the prize?! I love prizes!

HARTRO

Hit him again.

TREXEL

No! Ow! Oh— **(sighs)**

DAVID

Uh, oh. I'm sorry, Trexel.

TREXEL

No, it's fine.

[David hits Trexel]

TREXEL

(Whispers) It's not fine. I'm gonna get you.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Authorised clone violence logged.

HARTRO

So they've escaped. And I've had to fix it. But don't worry, I've relocated them to Quarterspy Biosphere.

TREXEL

Oh, right! Right.

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

One of the dead zones!

HARTRO

Yes, yes, and I've had holovision go and pick it up, and they've created a lovely show of it. They've got the monster running around, chasing people. It's all on film. It's fantastic viewing! Everyone's tuned in.

TREXEL

Wonderful.

HARTRO

So well done, me!

TREXEL

Yes, yes. Yes.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) Oh wait— Now, well done, Hartro. Yes, well done Hartro. Very good.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Well done, Hartro. Y-You've taken our— you've taken our monster and turned it into a block-busting reality show where people are chased down by a frightening, dream-eating monster that consumes them.

DAVID

Well, to— to be fair, that was the monster's purpose, just on *that* planet. So it's probably...

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Yes, but on that planet, people chose to go there. With this one, I-I don't know how they—

DAVID

Did they?

TREXEL

I don't— You know what, I'm not entirely sure. The whole religion thing got so out of hand. So, are these just regular people, or...?

HARTRO

Oh, no, no. No, we only use people who've been imprisoned, people who... needed to be fired but we didn't know where to relocate them to. Is that? Yes. Yes, yes.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Right, right, redundancies. Yeah, that sort of thing. Well, you've got— you've got to do something with those people, I suppose. Why not have them... have their very souls consumed by a monster. Yes! No, that— that's a wonderful fix!

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) You know, people that might be embarrassments. Hm. Just know there's a place to go for everyone!

TREXEL

Yes! **(nervous chuckle)** Everybody's got a place to go! And sometimes that place... eats your dreams. Okay. Wonderful. Wonderful.

HARTRO

Wouldn't that be interesting? If Trexel was devoured by his own creation?

TREXEL

Oh, we're going right to it.

HARTRO

Ohhh! I didn't quite think about that.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Right to it! Oh, I thought we were just dancing around it but we're— we're there. We're there now.

HARTRO

What a beautiful ending.

TREXEL

Please don't. Please don't put me there.

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) David? You're smiling.

DAVID

(Crosstalk) I will— No. I will be blended at the time.

TREXEL

(Softly) David—

HARTRO

Oh, that's right.

DAVID

So that's... bad.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Yes, David, you remember—

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) I would enjoy it now then, David. Enjoy the vision now. In case you're blended when it happens.

TREXEL

(Whispering) David, if I go, you go. Remember that.

DAVID

Yes, under—

TREXEL

We're in this together, David.

DAVID

Yes, Trexel.

TREXEL

Okay. So. We're all— we're all just having a lovely joke about me being— me being... soul-eaten.

HARTRO

You make it so easy! Awwww.

Stellar Firma 10 – Tokens and Orphans

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

Pinch that cheek.

TREXEL

Oh, my cheeks. **(awkward chuckle)**

HARTRO

Aww! Keep the hat on!

TREXEL

Ow, ow.

HARTRO

Mm.

TREXEL

Ow. Okay, yes, it's on.

HARTRO

Well, we've got one more planet to discuss. Let's do it.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Consultant design recommendation file.

HARTRO

The Intergalactic It's-probably-not-a-good-idea-to-touch-that Club.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

The lava ball.

HARTRO

Lava pleasure park.

TREXEL

Yes!

HARTRO

Ohhhh, some hiccoughs there! Several hiccoughs with the LavLev technology.
Everything's melted, Trexel.

TREXEL

Ahh.

HARTRO

Everything is melted. You've basically created a giant sun.

TREXEL

Right. That was always a bit of a risk with LavLev. I was pretty sure that the... the people down in Build could, uh, could, uh, sort that one out, but I'm guessing that's not... quite... how it...

HARTRO

They followed the design plans and they created what it created and, oh no! Poof!

TREXEL

Everything's melted.

HARTRO

Everyone died in a big burst of flame. Oh! Except for the children!

TREXEL

(Gasps) Wonderful! The children survived! You know—

HARTRO

In the marmalade crèche area.

TREXEL

That is a big relief because, after last week when I found out I killed all those larvae, I am glad that the children survived. In, in the marmalade crèche! That worked! It insulated them!

HARTRO

It did! I don't know how, but they're all there. I'm so glad that you care so much for them because— Do you know what? I was trying to think, "What should I do with them? These poor little... orphans."

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Oh, I mean, relocate them to new families, I suppose?

HARTRO

Yes, well, we're gonna keep them in the marmalade, 'cause that's what they know.

TREXEL

Right.

HARTRO

But we thought I'd arrange for you to go and just spend some time with them!

TREXEL

Oh, um...

HARTRO

Just look into the eyes of the orphans. Perhaps, entertain them, do a song and a dance.

TREXEL

D-Do they know that I am responsible for the planet that—

HARTRO

Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Yes. We've got posters all around, big lines through your face—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Right. Right.

HARTRO

—and it's quite clear who killed their parents. But we thought, you know, let's give you the chance to do some healing for yourself.

TREXEL

Yes.

HARTRO

Can you sing? Can you dance?

TREXEL

Um, **(stutters)** I can sing, yes. And I can— I've been known to dance.

HARTRO

I was thinking, David, could you just lay down a beat?

DAVID

Um...

TREXEL

Wh— I— Um—

HARTRO

Now come on, I'm a little— I'm a little orphan.

TREXEL

Okay.

HARTRO

Ooh! I'm in my marmalade.

TREXEL

Okay.

HARTRO

I hate your guts! You killed my dad!

IMOGEN

(Crosstalk) [Beep] Roleplay holovision initiated.

[Electronic powering on sound]

DAVID

Uh... uh...

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Okay, uh, give me, give me a minute.

HARTRO

Entertain me.

TREXEL

And a-one. And a-two. And a—

DAVID

(Poorly beatboxing) A boom, boom ba-tish. Boom-ba-toom. Boom-ba-tish...

(continues in the background)

TREXEL

(Sings) Some things happen for a reason! Don't blame Trexel, leave him be. Your parents might have died at any point. So take that finger and please don't point at my face saying, "Trexel, you did it! Trexel, you killed them! My parents are dead!" Don't say it! "Trexel, you're a monster! Trexel, why could you? Trexel, you're an idiot!" He's a genius inside. So don't reside too long in this realm of hate.

HARTRO

Alright, big ending! Big ending!

TREXEL

(Sings) Forgive Trexel, for he's. Only. Doing. His. Best! Pa-chaaa! Pa-chaa! Jazz hands! Pa-cha.

DAVID

(Stops beatboxing) Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch.

IMOGEN

Roleplay holovision terminated.

[Electronic powering off sound]

HARTRO

Ohh, this is gonna be so much better than I thought! Ooh!

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Was that—

DAVID

(Nervous) Um... I don't have to come to the marmalade crèche to lay down any— any beats, do I?

HARTRO

Oh, nonono.

DAVID

(Sigh of relief) Oh. Okay. Oh, well that's—

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) No, you're not allowed out of the room.

TREXEL

You're not allowed out of the room, David.

HARTRO

No, we'll just— we'll just use that recording—

DAVID

Oh, right. Okay.

HARTRO

—and, we'll, I don't know... We'll make it work. Yeah...

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Play it over some sort of marmalade speaker system.

HARTRO

It's going to be terrible.

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Well, so that's, so that's my weekend sorted, I suppose?

HARTRO

Yeah. Well, I thought you'd appreciate that. Just a chance to—

TREXEL

Chance to give something back.

HARTRO

Yes.

TREXEL

Right.

HARTRO

Sweet.

TREXEL

So, I'm— I'm— Uh— What time—

HARTRO

You're spoken for this weekend.

TREXEL

Yeah. What time do you need me there for?

HARTRO

Oh, let's say 9:00. But then, you know—

TREXEL

—A.M.?

HARTRO

Yeah, 9:00 A.M.

TREXEL

Right.

HARTRO

And you know what they say, on time is late. So, early.

TREXEL

Right.

HARTRO

Let's say 8:30.

TREXEL

Well, as I've said—

HARTRO

And if you're there at 8:00... you know...

TREXEL

Yes. That's fine. Well, as I've said, I— I've turned over a new leaf. I don't want anyone else getting hurt because of... my mistakes. So, I will be there.

DAVID

So, speaking of people getting hurt because of Trexel's mistakes—

HARTRO

Hmm.

DAVID

—how did the review—

HARTRO

Are you breathing?

TREXEL

You've been breathing this entire time, haven't you, David?!

HARTRO

(Crosstalk) I thought his holes were supposed to be shut.

TREXEL

I— I— I'm pretty sure I ordered his holes to be shut.

HARTRO

Hmm.

TREXEL

He's been— he's been huffing gas through them the entire time. Let's turn our attention away from what *I've* done and look at David over here!

(David tries to speak while holding his breath)

Huffing away!

(David muffled speech)

Metabolising sugars like an idiot!

(David muffled speech)

HARTRO

I think we'll leave him like that, to ponder whether or not he'll live. I love it!

TREXEL

Yes, wonderful, wonderful. Will he live? I mean, have we...

(Hartro hums knowingly)

That's not— I'm sorry, Hartro, that's not really an answer. You just sort of smiled—

(Hartro hums again more exaggerated)

Well, well, well— So I guess—

HARTRO

Oh, I'm thinking about my float tank. **(hums contentedly)**

TREXEL

Oh, I see. You've got a floatation tank booked.

HARTRO

(Contented sigh) Off I go!

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Right. Oh, there, there.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Line manager departing.

[Door swooshes closed]

TREXEL

Well, David, I think we're alright because normally, you'd... Oh, I didn't get those drinks tokens. Gah! I get one, one good thing from that, and that was those drinks tokens, and she walked out without them!

DAVID

(Mumbling) C— can— can I breathe again, please?

TREXEL

I don't— Yes, David, you can breathe again.

DAVID

(Sigh of relief) So... d-did—

TREXEL

A whole weekend with orphans that I created in a marmalade crèche.

DAVID

So, is— is next week... happening?

TREXEL

Yes, yes, next week's happening, David.

DAVID

Okay, so would I already be—

TREXEL

You'd already be dead!

DAVID

Okay, that's—

TREXEL

Stop whining! Stop thinking about yourself! Think about me! I've got to spend an entire weekend looking in the faces of orphans... in a marmalade— I hate marmalade! I'm more of a jam guy.

DAVID

(Flatly) Well, we should have designed a jam crèche then, shouldn't we, Trexel?

TREXEL

Oh, yes. Well— well, wish, wish, *wish*. If wishes were horses, then Trexel would ride! We haven't. We've got a marmalade crèche, and I'm gonna spend *all* weekend in it! Maybe I'll just, I don't know, hide out somewhere and see if she finds me. No, she won't find me. She can't find me!

DAVID

(Flatly) She has a tracker in you.

TREXEL

She has a tracker in me. What if I hide *real* well? What if I— what if I bury myself deep in the mainframe? Where am I? I am but dust. Pfff. I'm gone!

DAVID

Well, as long as the mainframe's a Faraday cage, then I guess you will be fine.

TREXEL

A what-a-day cage?

DAVID

A Faraday cage.

TREXEL

A what-a-day cage?

DAVID

A *Faraday* cage.

TREXEL

What's a Faraday cage?

DAVID

Well, it's a... sort of—

TREXEL

I haven't got time for this! I need to go find a place to hide. *Goodbye, David.*

DAVID

Okay—

TREXEL

Think about what you've done. Don't breathe out of any of your holes until I get back!

[Door swooshes closed]

DAVID

(Exhales) Oh, he's gone. **(sighs)** Well, I'm not dead, so that's a plus. And Trexel's having a miserable weekend, so that's a plus.

(Show Theme – Outro)

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