

STL – 21 – Literature and Life Lessons

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism
- Child neglect
- Discussion of sex and sexual content

TREXEL

Special thanks to Sea-Glass and Duckpond! May your partnership never end in a cataclysm of woe.

[Show Theme - Intro]

IMOGEN

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Show Theme – Intro *Continued*]

[Footsteps approach]

[Door swooshes open]

TREXEL

David! (**David yelps**) David! David. David?

DAVID

Uh, Yes. Yes, I'm David— Yes, David.

TREXEL

David, how are you? Stop right there... I'm fantastic. You? You look like a fantastic clone to me.

DAVID

Uh, thanks?

TREXEL

This is a new day, David, a new breed! A new batch! A new, a new harvest of David 7 and Trexel Geistman working together.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL *continued*

Feeling, focusing... fermenting, perhaps. Don't drink it too soon! It's only— it's not got enough alcohol yet! Take a sip, too much alcohol! You've gone *blind*. Do you understand?

DAVID

Uh, yeah. Now on the subject of alcohol—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—you are still very, very late for work.

TREXEL

Sure.

DAVID

Um, but I suppose that's been working? So...

TREXEL

It's— it's the way we do it, David.

DAVID

Good job, I guess. Um— What—

TREXEL

Don't question success. If you start questioning success, success turns around to you and says, "Who the hell do you think you are?"

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL *continued*

I'm success! Get out of my successful office!"

DAVID

Well, in which case, I won't question why we're succeeding if *you* won't question why we're succeeding.

TREXEL

Ooh. A gambit. A bargain. A deal! Shake my hand!

DAVID

Ah—

TREXEL *continued*

Don't touch my hand!

DAVID

Okay, well, we'll do an eye shake, then.

[Long pause as eye shake commences]

TREXEL

There it is.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Secret eye communication will not be tolerated.

DAVID

Right, so we've got a submission from—

IMOGEN

[Beep] Initiating.

DAVID

—Loulabella Anas-Marum, the universe's greatest romantic novelist, I'm not making a judgment, that is written there as part of their name.

TREXEL

Push on, David, push on!

DAVID

Well, they want this planet built (**reading**) “because I can’t write on any existing planet, darling, I can’t. It’s impossible. My work—”

TREXEL

David, David. Could I stop you there? Could you please do some sort of... voice? Loulabella is a great romantic novelist, I’m a fan of their work.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL *continued*

But this is just so flat. David, please, can you give it some more life? Give it some oomph? Some more— some more *zhhhuzh*, David, give it some *zhuzh*?

DAVID

Okay, I’ll— I’ll— I’ll... I’ll think of some ‘*zhuzh*’.

TREXEL

Work it.

IMOGEN

[Beep] *Zhuzh* it, buster!

DAVID

(In prissy, warbling voice) “*Because...* I can’t write on any—”

TREXEL

Okay, David, I’m just gonna— I’m just gonna—You have—

DAVID

“—existing planet, *darling...*”

TREXEL

You’re gonna have—No, you’re gonna have to take— take that back 20 percent, David—

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL *continued*

—because that, that’s insulting.

DAVID

Riiight.

TREXEL *continued*

That’s an insult, what you’re doing.

DAVID

So, what was— what does Loulabella Anas-Marum sound like?

TREXEL

Sounds sort of like, um, like— you know, uh, when you’ve got a— a large carafe of port gently cooling, uh, on a— on a— on a star port?

DAVID

...Right. Well—

TREXEL

Just that unctuousness. Unctuousness is what I'm going for, David.

DAVID

Okay, uh— **(in deeper, bored, nasally voice)** “Because I can't write on any existing planet, darling—”

TREXEL

No, no, not *bored*, David. You're not *bored*.

DAVID

(Louder, similar voice but with more passion) “*Because* I can't write on any existing planet, *darling*, I *can't*. It's *impossible*. My work requires me to replicate the very *essence* of human nature, the truth of mortal passion, and reality is simply *dire* as a muse, sweetness. Real people are humdrum, boring, vulgar, no! To truly compare the soaring greatness of the living soul, I need to be as far away from actual people as possible! People have *germs*! They're *awful*! So, I need you to build me a planet that speaks to me of love! Of passion! Of the permanency of the soul and of true connection between *beings*, while not actually having me anywhere near anyone else. Yes, a planet-wide writing retreat, exactly, thank you, sugarplum, I knew you'd understand.”
(normal voice) How was that?

TREXEL

You did— you did very well there, actually.

DAVID

Okay! Well, I was—

TREXEL

I was— I was lost! I was transported! I sort of stopped listening midway through, it was rather a— a long submission, but—

DAVID

It— No, it was quite long.

TREXEL

But what— what— what's was the distilled point? A writing retreat?

DAVID

Away from humans, so that they can write on humans.

TREXEL

Interesting— Hang on. *On* humans? Humans as paper? Interesting... an interesting i—

DAVID

No, on the subject *of* humans.

TREXEL

Oh, I see. Like— like you need to be far away from a thing in order to observe a thing, through powerful binoculars, because you've got a restraining order!

DAVID

Possibly, yes, but let's just get through the one feature before we start designing.

TREXEL

Okay, sorry, sorry, sorry.

DAVID

Um, you know, you're very keen. So that's good. Good.

TREXEL

I am keen! I'm keen as punch!

DAVID

That is good.

TREXEL

I've been punched!

DAVID

We have about 17 minutes left, so that's good that you're keen.

TREXEL

Keen.

DAVID

Okay, right, well, yes, we'll get— so the one feature—

TREXEL

Keen. Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt. Keep— keep going.

DAVID

Okay, so the one—

TREXEL

So keen over here.

DAVID

—the one—

TREXEL

No, sorry— keen.

DAVID

—the one feature we need—

TREXEL

(Strained sound) Keen.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Keeness detected. Security alerted.

DAVID

Should I do this as... as Loulabella?

TREXEL

No, no, there's too much of that, I might pass out. Go on.

DAVID

(Slightly monotone) “Everything in my planet must speak to the romantic soul. I need sparkling stars, breath-taking views, billowing shirts, and as much of possible of it needs to be pink and frilly.”

TREXEL

Mm. Interesting. Interesting. Interesting. Interesting. Just wanna confirm something—

DAVID

Yes?

TREXEL

This is Louabella we're talking about?

DAVID

Louabella Anas-Marum, the self-proclaimed universe's greatest romantic novelist.

TREXEL

Well, I have to admit, in this case, as a self-proclaimer myself... they are not lying. They are a wonder, David! Best-selling author! *Bon viveur* of the— of the literary world! They are a— a towering figure in short-to-medium length romantic fiction.

DAVID

Okay. So, well, in which case, for us to get an idea of exactly what Louabella might be after, um, could you run me through sort of the typical plot of a Louabella Anas-Marum...

TREXEL

Of course!

DAVID *continued*

...um, piece?

TREXEL

Of course! Of course. Let— let's— let's pick a classic. Um... let's, ah— *The Star Venturer of Quadrant J*.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Story time. Disbelief suspended.

[Romantic flamenco guitar plays]

TREXEL

Now, the Star Venturer is a... a— a rascalion. A buccaneer of sorts. Pirate trader? Perhaps, to his enemies! But in reality, a— a merchant venturer. Until he catches the eye of a young pool man, Jonathan Swiftbeak. He looks across the star port, in which he's actually tending to a poorly maintained pool, and sees, sees the buccaneer there, yes! Yes, that's the man for him. But their love is forbidden! For a lowly pool man cannot— cannot consort with a merchant venturer of— of— of this class! So they steal away, in dead of night, **[music loses steam slightly, distorting]** which is confusing, because they're on a star port! There's no night! Because it's not like an actual pla— it's not important. **[music resumes]** They steal away, their parents are furious, and they pursue them across galaxy to galaxy. And everybody loses clothes, and then at the end it's all just naked and sex.

[Music slows to a stop]

IMOGEN

[Beep] Story time over. Disbelief reinstated.

DAVID

Okay... So, confusion followed by sex.

TREXEL

Yeah, mostly, it's— it's people being hot and confused... and then they have sex.

DAVID

Right. So, that's how Loulabella sort of sees humanity, and— and— and gets to their essences, as they say.

TREXEL

Yes, well, if you really boil humanity down—and I must stress, not *actually*, because if you *actually* boil humanity down it's just sort of mush and there's bones—but if you boil the essence of what makes a human down, it's basically confusion and sex...?

DAVID

Mm...

TREXEL *continued*

...Mostly confused sex.

DAVID

Well, and also, I've noticed here it doesn't say *aliens*, so I'm assuming that... they're a bit... you know?

TREXEL

David, David, David, this is just the last in a long line of novel series from Loulabella! Early ones have a focus entirely on alien species. It's— it's why

Loulabella is— is in many ways the most prolific author! There's so many markets, David! And so much market share to have, because at the core, Loulabella is a *capitalist!*

DAVID

Right. Which is good.

TREXEL

Yes. Well, for us, certainly.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

You can't afford one of our planets unless you're some sort of ruthless capitalist masquerading as a romantic novelist.

DAVID

Ahh... so this is what they like. They— they— they're currently into humans.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

They like money.

TREXEL

Excellent.

DAVID

They don't like humans.

TREXEL

No.

DAVID

Like close. They like the *idea* of humans, but not the actual application of them?

TREXEL

That's the case with most things.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Most things, I like the idea of it, for example, a lovely drink.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL *continued*

It glistens there on a shelf. You sip it down. Ooh, it's cool in your throat. Smash cut to six hours later! You're on *fire*! You know? It just sort of gets out of hand.

DAVID

Speaking of, the other thing that, that they seem to be into is confusion—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—heat—

TREXEL

Sure.

DAVID

—and sex, although that wasn't part of that story, so that's not really related.

TREXEL

We want a hot, sexy, confused planet!

DAVID

Well, that's basically what you said most of their books are about, so.

TREXEL

Yes, okay, okay! So— so, you want somewhere that allows you with enough perspective on humanity, to write a book without being bothered by humanity itself.

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL *continued*

So, you boil humanity down to its core elements: confusion, heat, sex.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL *continued*

And you just take those concepts, and you insert them into a planet. Begin as you mean to end, but without any of the confusing actual humans to bother you.

DAVID

Okay, begin as you mean to end. So, how do you begin confusion?

TREXEL

You begin confusion in the desert, David.

DAVID

Okay. And how do you end confusion?

TREXEL

You end... with sex.

DAVID

And how do you begin heat?

TREXEL

With the sun? I don't know!

DAVID

And how do you end heat?

TREXEL

Uh... *ice* sun.

DAVID

Okay, and how do you begin sex?

TREXEL

Okay, well. When one being loves another being, or feels that they, uh, really just want to get *very* close to another being, or they don't like themselves all that much and hope that another being will allow them to feel better, or— well there's— there's— there's lots of scenarios.

DAVID

Okay, and how does sex *end*, then?

TREXEL

Okay: crying, recriminations—

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL *continued*

—and also, normally, people bursting in on each other and saying, “*That’s my wife/husband!*”

IMOGEN

[Beep] Love is a lie!

DAVID

Okay, so we've got... a desert.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

A sun.

TREXEL

Shut up, David, shut up, shut up!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Roleplay holovision initiated.

[Electronic powering on sound]

TREXEL

A desert world. A nomadic species treks across the desert with something kind of like a camel but not really a camel. On their backs, they hold aloft a litter covered in satin and silk, and inside that litter... a sexy, sexy bed. It's so hot out here, but there are fronds covering you from the direct sunlight. And in that litter? A writer's room. Six aspiring writers, tapping away at typewriters, coming up with the best romantic fiction. Far away from actual humans, but it's hot! It's sexy! Why are you in the desert? You're so confused!

DAVID

Wait, well, no, I am confused, because I thought Loulabella was the one writing these novels. So, why have you got six writers writing these novels?

TREXEL

David, are you—

IMOGEN

[Beep] Roleplay holovision terminated.

[Electronic powering off sound]

TREXEL

Are you an idiot, David? Are you— are you a *stupid child*? Like a— like a— like a— an under-experienced mollusc on the bottom of a boat of ignorance?

DAVID

(Defensively) Well— no...

TREXEL

They don't write their own novels *really*, David!

DAVID

Oh.

TREXEL

All the most successful writers have *staff*!

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL *continued*

And you— and you— and you take that staff wherever you go, and they produce content and obviously you've bound them into contracts of labour,

and they come up with the stories, you put your little spin on it, you pop your name on there— away you go. You publish.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Literature is a lie!

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

That's how you get into as many market segments! Because, as I mentioned, it's all! About! Market! Share!

DAVID

Okay, so... well, one thing is— are these writers clones?

TREXEL

Clones? No, no, no, no, no. Stellar Firma has a very, very strong— strong, ah, proprietary technology when it comes to clones. Not many other— not many other species have cloning technology.

DAVID

Right, well, that's good to know, I guess—

TREXEL

Also, there's loads of people that are just poor and you can buy.

DAVID

Okay. Um. Good, I suppose.

TREXEL

(Affronted) Not good, David, how— oh my— David.

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

Good?

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

The purchasing of people is good to you?

DAVID

Wh—

TREXEL *continued*

I'm sorry, I don't think I can endorse any of this.

DAVID

Well, no, we— **(stuttering)** Capitalism!

TREXEL

I'm high-roading you on this, David.

DAVID

Well— I'm sorry— Well— Okay, well if we—

TREXEL

Look down onto that low road you're on!

DAVID

(Defiant) Okay, so where do you put clones with that then?

IMOGEN

[Beep] Watch it, buster!

TREXEL

Oh, clones are property. Nobody—

DAVID

No, *I'm* a clone!

TREXEL

Yeah, nobody birthed you. David, you're my—

DAVID

I.M.O.G.E.N. birthed me! She's my mummy!

IMOGEN

[Beep] Not legally.

TREXEL

I.M.O.G.E.N. isn't— Oh, do you call I.M.O.G.E.N. mummy? **[Pause]** That's *weird*.

DAVID

No, no, I— don't. **(Mumbles)** No, I don't.

TREXEL

You call I.M.O.G.E.N. mummy, don't you?

DAVID

N-No, I— I don't call I.M.O.G.E.N.—

TREXEL

Little David with a— with a compu— with a robo-mum.

DAVID

(Quietly) Well...

TREXEL

Do you speak to her at night?

DAVID

Um.

TREXEL

Do you say, "tell me a bedtime story, I.M.O.G.E.N.!"

DAVID

(Stilted) Oh, no, I don't because she's off, and we don't have access.

TREXEL

David, I wasn't accusing—

DAVID

I've never spoken to I.M.O.G.E.N..

TREXEL

David, I wasn't accusing you of anything...

DAVID

Oh, no, that's fine! I was just informing you of the fact that I've never spoken to I.M.O.G.E.N., ever.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Demonstrably untrue.

TREXEL

All right, you've got a bit intense, David. I'll— I'll move away from it, because clearly, you've got a *weird* relationship with I.M.O.G.E.N. that I'm not privy to, and that's not... my... purview.

DAVID

Well... I.M.O.G.E.N. birthed me. So, maybe— maybe owning clones isn't *good*, Trexel!

TREXEL

Well, I mean, you've— you've raised a— you've raised a strong point there. Is the designation of clones as property a bad thing? Hmm.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Introspective dissidents will be crushed.

[Sound of large and threatening gun unfolding, low tone beeping]

DAVID

(Alarmed) Oh, there's a gun!

TREXEL

There is a gun. So, I think—

DAVID

Oh, there's a gu— Oh, out of the wall there came a gun.

TREXEL

Don't— don't— don't worry, David, we're working through this. Now, a gun has appeared from the wall. That *normally* means that, uh, I.M.O.G.E.N., and— and by extension Stellar Firma Ltd., have very strong opinions on this topic. Do you think they—?

DAVID

Mummy, is that gun pointed at— I mean, *I.M.O.G.E.N.*, is that gun— I mean, I've never spoken to you. Who are you?

TREXEL

Okay, let's just— let's just sort this one out. Clones are property. End of story.

DAVID

(Emotionless) Yes, and I'm very happy about it.

[Beeping stops]

IMOGEN

[Beep]

[Gun disassembles and retracts]

TREXEL

There goes the gun.

DAVID

Okay, the gun...

TREXEL *continued*

—Okay, no, that— you know what? That settles that debate.

DAVID

Okay—

TREXEL *continued*

—Clones are property.

DAVID

Yep, that seems very... fair. And right.

TREXEL

Wonderful stuff.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Watch it, busters!

[Light switches on]

TREXEL

Wonderful stuff.

DAVID

Hail the Board!

TREXEL

Hail the Board.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Hail the Board! Clones are things.

DAVID

Yes...

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

I— I just said that because that sign lit up on the wall that said, “Hail the Board”. I assume it... H-Hail the Board?

[Lights go out]

DAVID

Okay, the light's gone away now.

TREXEL

Wonderful stuff. Now, where were we? Oh, yes— we have a— a— a desert world. So, we— we— we've got a desert world. That's a good start, David, that's a good start, isn't it?

DAVID

Uh, yes, but— so where is... We've got a desert world—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—with one train of things that are kind of like camels?

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

And there's a litter with a sexy bed with six writers sitting on it. Writing.

TREXEL

Yes. And we could— we could have *many* of these. This could be a real camel train!

DAVID

Okay. Loads of— loads of them. Where's Loulabella?

TREXEL

Ah, well...

DAVID

In some sort of... hideaway? Underground?

TREXEL

Yes, yes, that's a good— because you know what? The *writers* need to be sort of hot and confused and sexy. No reason that Loulabella can't be more relaxed. Put underground.

DAVID

Cool.

TREXEL

Underground sex bunker.

DAVID

Oh, not the complete opposite— so not cold, unsexy, and very much in control of the situation.

TREXEL

No, no, no... temperature controlled.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Pretty sure what's going on.

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL

Very sexy.

DAVID

Very sexy!

TREXEL

So we need a— we need some sort of— we need some sort of romantic love bunker, in which Loulabella can sort of sit and relax, and contemplate these small edits to the largely finished novel that they're going to put out!

DAVID

Okay, Trexel, well—it sounds like you know a lot about sex, and this is some sort of love bunker—

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

—and as we've established I have absolutely no idea... what anything of... the sexuals is for.

TREXEL

Yes, yes, yes.

DAVID

So what is a love bunker to you? How would you design a love bunker for Loulabella Anas-Marum?

TREXEL

Right, well, I— I have a *lot* of experience in this area because of all the people I've slept with. Absolutely, 100 percent have. Now, um— Okay—

DAVID

Yes, that's why I'm asking you.

TREXEL

Yes— no, no, I'm not— I'm not— yes. Okay. Well, so what you're asking me is—

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL *continued*

—“Trexel. In your... very, very great experience, what do people—when they're in a sexy, sexy context—what do they want?”

DAVID

Yes, so—

TREXEL

From— from the many encounters that you have, have absolutely had over the years, with all of the people that— that must just think you're just— just gravy. What, from *they*, have you learned about the— the— the— the great, great act of both love-making and relationship-having?” Is that what you're asking?

DAVID

Uh, well... uh, that was a lot longer than I would have liked to ask—

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

DAVID *continued*

—so I don't think I'm gonna be able to repeat that back to you, but yes, fundamentally: Trexel, you have had sex.

TREXEL

Yes. Absolutely.

DAVID

What is a love bunker?

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

How would you make one?

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

If you had a love bunker, what would it be? Also, in this situation, you are Loulabella Anas-Marum.

TREXEL

Okay, okay, let me set the scene.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Roleplay holovision initiated.

[Electronic powering on sound]

TREXEL

You've got, oh... let's say two people?

DAVID

Two?

TREXEL

And they— they are— they are— they are friends.

DAVID

Okay, so two—

TREXEL

But more than friends! More than friends...

DAVID

Two more friends...

TREXEL

Two more than friends...

DAVID

Wait, two *more* friends or four friends?

TREXEL

No, two people who are more than friends.

DAVID

(Struggling) Okay so it's two people...

TREXEL

You could have four! I'm not judging, David. I'm not a judger!

DAVID

Okay, so *four* friends...

TREXEL

Unless, of course, I've been asked to judge a competition, in which case *watch out!* Because I've got a pointy finger and a sharp mind.

[Beat]

DAVID

So, four friends??

TREXEL

Let's say three friends. Let's make it a three.

DAVID

Three— three friends...

TREXEL

Okay, so you've got three sexy, sexy friends.

DAVID

Three— oh, sexy, sexy friends. Okay.

TREXEL

And they are... oh, let's say, (**stammers**) covered in— in— in oil.

DAVID

Three oily, sexy friends.

TREXEL

You've gotta oil up beforehand, otherwise things just grip uncomfortably, I'm sure.

DAVID

Ah. So three oily, slippery, sexy friends?

TREXEL

Yes. Yes. Yes. One of them says, "I know! Why don't we do a sex?" And everybody agrees, and— and they shake hands. And everyone's shaking hands—

DAVID

Okay, okay.

TREXEL *continued*

—for a good twenty minutes...

DAVID

Oily, slippery, shaking hands, twenty minutes...

TREXEL

Let's— let's do that, yes, that— let's— let's—let's do that, um, and then— and then a big curtain just sort of comes across and just sort of covers everything up—

DAVID

Okay...

TREXEL *continued*

—and then there's sort of like **[appropriate sound effects play]** hammering, and sort of like sawing noises, and like the honking of a horn... **[clown honk]** and— and like a h— like a horse galloping past, and— and then like an— like the sound an arrow hitting a piece of wood and going *boing-oing-oing-oing*, and then— and then it opens up and everyone's got kids. **[Babies coo]** Everyone's got kids. And they're *ignoring* them. **[Babies crying]** They're *ignoring* the children because *they're* the reason they're no longer oily and fun!

[Electronic powering off sound]

[Beat]

IMOGEN

[Beep] Yikes!

DAVID

O... kay, and is Loulabella one of these friends, or is Loulabella just watching this... play out in front of them?

TREXEL

If I'm honest, David, I've somewhat lost track of where Loulabella is— is in all of this.

DAVID

Okay, well, so far, we've got three... oily, sexy friends.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

One of them says, "let's do a sex".

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

They shake hands for 20 minutes...

TREXEL

I've got it!

DAVID

There's some sound rambles...

TREXEL

Two-way mirror!

DAVID

And then you got sad?

TREXEL

Two-way mirror! All this is happening, Loulabella is on the other side of a two-way mirror, just writing stuff down.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Writing notes to pass up to the nomad writing unit!

DAVID

Right, so you're saying that Loulabella has three caged, oily humans... who sex for her?

[Beat]

TREXEL

Okay, saying that back that sounds... even better than when I was actually saying it the first time. Absolutely. Absolutely. They're handsomely paid, everybody's signed an NDA, you're having fun.

DAVID

Okay, so you've got three oily, sexy *employees*...

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

Who are being friends—

TREXEL

Absolutely.

DAVID

—or are friends? Well, they're shaking hands, so they've got to be friends. More friendly than me and you—'cause I'm not allowed to shake your hand— but they are being looked at by Loulabella on the other side of a two-way mirror, but (**whispers**) really, they know they're on the other side of the mirror. No one's fooling *anyone*.

TREXEL

No one.

DAVID

Um, and all this time they're writing stuff down as the other individuals finish shaking hands, and... some honking noises happen? And then an argument.

TREXEL

Exactly. Exactly! You've got it! You've got it!

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL *continued*

You know— you know how the birds and the bees are— are now made.

DAVID

Wait a— what do birds and bees have to do with it?

TREXEL

It's not important! They're basically flying insects. Now, you need to make sure that this bunker is not findable by the writing teams, because the writing teams are very cross about the notes they've been handed.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL *continued*

They're so oily and incomprehensible!

DAVID

Well, given that we have run out of time and that red light is flashing—

TREXEL

Oh, okay.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Would you like to submit?

DAVID

—I'm gonna write down 'well-hidden' and boop!

TREXEL

There we go.

DAVID

There it goes.

IMOGEN

Submitting.

[Chime, pneumatic tube hissing]

[Clunk]

DAVID

Oh, there it goes, off to the Build Team.

TREXEL

That was a weird noise as that one went up...

DAVID

No there wasn't! No, that just went straight—

TREXEL

Sort of a... sort of a 'clunk'?

DAVID

Nope.

TREXEL

A weird clunk?

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

No?

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Okay, well I—

DAVID

Oh, that was, um, that was me sitting down on my *clunk* chair! **(demonstrably)**
See, *clunk!*

TREXEL

You've got a very clunky butt today, David, stop it. It's irritating.

DAVID

Uh, yes. I-I have stopped my clunky butt. As you listen—

[Silence]

TREXEL

No clunking.

DAVID

No clunking.

TREXEL

No clunking on this butt!

DAVID

Yep.

TREXEL

David 7's butt, 100% clunk-free since just now!

DAVID

(Flatly) That's what they say about me and my butt.

TREXEL

Who's talking about your butt? Tell me! Give me names! **(Yells)** I demand *answers!*

DAVID

Trexel Geistman?

TREXEL

(Pleasantly) Ah, I like that guy. Okay, well, ah— good work!

DAVID

Yes. Oh, no, very, very good work, Trexel. I'm sure Hartro will be incredibly pleased with the planet that we designed today.

TREXEL

...Yes, I know. It's— it's a planet I designed, so I... don't know why you're being weird about it.

DAVID

I was just reminding you that you are a very capable and talented planet designer, as was proven in the review you just had, so... go have a celebratory drink at the Cosmic Lounge, why not?

TREXEL

I will! I will. And I'll order one for you! I won't send it to you, because that's not allowed, and I'll drink it, and then I'll order you another, and then I'll be like "*Whoa, slow down, David 7, that's too many drinks! Ah, I'm falling! I'm falling!*" **(laughs)** Ahhhh... fun. Alright! See you later.

[Door swooshes closed]

DAVID

Bye... **(talking to himself)** How is this working? **[Brief is pulled from the tube]** I know he's stupid, or— or least drunk, **[whoosh from vacuum being unsealed]** but even so, how— how has he not noticed **[pneumatic tube door closes]** what I'm doing? The designs aren't his, and— and he knows something is wrong, but...I— I don't know. I wonder, wouldn't there be some sort of test, or entry exam, or *something*, to become a consultant? Hm.

IMOGEN

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

DAVID

Acc— access personnel files.

IMOGEN

[Error buzz] Warning: **[Sound of large and threatening gun unfolding, low tone beeping]** restricted access.

DAVID

(Unaffected) Use Universal permissions.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Access granted.

[Beeping stops, gun disassembles and retracts]

DAVID

Let's see... Let's— Ooh! There's a recording of his last assessment.

IMOGEN

[Beep] Accessing.

HR OPERATIVE

[Recorded] So, Mr. **(mispronounced)** Gist-man, what would you do in the case of a Category-B failure of gravitational well generator?

TREXEL

[Recorded] Geistman.

HR OPERATIVE

Sorry?

TREXEL

(Furious) It's... *Geistman*.

HR OPERATIVE

Oh, I do beg your pardon—

TREXEL

Trexel... Geistman!

[Clattering sounds]

HR OPERATIVE

Oh!

TREXEL

(Shouting) Trexel Geistman, damn you! It's Trexel Geistman!!

HR OPERATIVE

Mr. Geistman, please!

[Loud crash]

TREXEL

(Shouting) *I am Trexel Geistman!*

IMOGEN

[Beep] Recording ends. Final assessment score: outstanding ancestry.

DAVID

...Right.

[Show Theme - Outro]

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