

STL – 041 – Exile and Expediting

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism

TREXEL

Special thanks to Abigail Roberts. May your cup runneth over into another larger cup.

[Show Theme - Intro]

I.M.O.G.E.N.

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Show Theme Intro - *Continued*]

[David and Trexel yell while falling through a tube and land with a splat]

DAVID

What— Um...

TREXEL

Ohhhh... both my legs.

DAVID

Why?

TREXEL

Oh, there's some crunchy, crunchy bones in my legs. **(Grunts)**

DAVID

Oh.

TREXEL

Woah. Ah-ah. And— **(Grunts, cracks joints)**

DAVID

Oh.

TREXEL

And that is why you have joints put in your legs.

DAVID

Well, um, I have— the slime acted as sort of a cushion so I—

TREXEL

You're sort of a cushiony splat.

DAVID

—bounded, yes. Um—

TREXEL

As opposed to my gentlemanly crunch.

DAVID

Where are we?

TREXEL

Trexel.

DAVID

Y-Ye— No. Where are we?

TREXEL

Oh, sorry, I just thought, “Where am I?” and I thought, “Well, I’m in Trexel’s body”.

DAVID

Uh—

TREXEL

The answer is I don’t really know, David. I’ve— I’ve been flushed through a few tubes in my time.

DAVID

Yeah.

TREXEL

But it’s been happening with alarming regularity more recently, and I’ve sort of lost track of where we are.

DAVID

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Okay. Do—

TREXEL

It's... gross in here.

DAVID

It's very big. And, um, empty.

TREXEL

And dark.

DAVID

This is very different.

TREXEL

This doesn't seem like anywhere I've seen on the ship.

DAVID

Why is it so rusty?

TREXEL

Hmm. Well, when a mummy time and a daddy time love each other very much, they get together—

DAVID

No— no. I know—

TREXEL

—and have lots of baby linear time.

DAVID

I know how— Wait, no. I know—

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) And that time oxidises metals.

DAVID

I-I know “how” rusty.

TREXEL

Mm-hmm.

DAVID

I meant “why” rusty.

TREXEL

Oh. When a maintenance staff and a part of the ship don’t like each other anymore because they’ve grown apart as people, they probably don’t come down here.

DAVID

Okay. But why are— Why are we here?

TREXEL

Well—

DAVID

Where is here? Have we been fired?

TREXEL

No. We'd— You'd know if you'd been fired. Do you know why?

DAVID

Why?

TREXEL

Because you'd've been fired out of something such as a cannon.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) It saves on paperwork.

DAVID

Right. Yes.

TREXEL

And we've been whooshed through a tube.

DAVID

Yes. I—

TREXEL

So it's not good... but not necessarily bad.

DAVID

Right. Okay. Um—

TREXEL

But how do we— **(Presses button, mechanical whirring)** Ah! See.

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DAVID

Oh, a console.

TREXEL

There is a console.

DAVID

Okay. Um...

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) You have one new message.

DAVID

Oh, there's a— there's a button.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

Um, do you want— do you wanna press that? You're closer to the button.

TREXEL

I'm sorry.

DAVID

Well, you're— you're there—

TREXEL

I'm sorry, you— you seemed to have mistaken me for a— a button-pushing lackey. Oh, sorry— Oh, I'm sorry, is— is— is David away? Are you— are you now in charge and— and now you order me to push buttons? Is— is that it?

DAVID

Well, I do— I don't—

TREXEL

Would you like, perhaps a— a hot drink? Or— or maybe a back rub?

DAVID

Ooh!

TREXEL

You slimy fool!

DAVID

Yes, a—

TREXEL

You push the buttons!

DAVID

What— Oh. What— Oh, am I—

TREXEL

Button pusher not I!

DAVID

I don't even know what our jobs are! I don't even know if I'm your assistant anymore!

TREXEL

Look into my face.

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

My job is Trexel; your job is David. That is *all* you need to know.

DAVID

Okay, so what is David's job?

TREXEL

Press the button.

DAVID

That's my job?

TREXEL

Press it.

DAVID

That's all I'm doing?

TREXEL

I order you as your Trexel boss to press the button.

DAVID

Well, as I said, I don't know if you're my boss. Hm! Hm? Hm! What's even our jobs? What are we doing?

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Narrative cul-de-sac detected. Security alerted.

DAVID

I'm gonna press the button but *not*... I'm gonna press the button.

(Presses button)

MEZ

(Static) (Audio stutters) This is a message from Mez Heckra, **(Audio stutters)** chief and only— well, not even that anymore. I'm the Expeditor and this is my retirement **(Audio stutters)** party. **(Blows party horn)** Yes, well, the department has been pretty quiet since Skinda opened that parcel and Caleb fell in the pit. Anyway, I thought it was only fair, given my many years of experience, that my replacement gets fair warning. You're pretty **(Audio stutters)** screwed. No one likes us. Management barely knows about us. I think the only time they even think about us is when they're pissed off about something we couldn't fix, which is most things if I'm being honest. It's my job—your job now—to deal with— Well, we don't call them complaints. No one complains at Stellar Firma. Let's call them... uh, **(Audio stutters)** suggestions. I make recommendations to help. Try to make things a lil' better. Not that things are that bad, I've never suggested that. Just take the messages, think of a solution, and submit it. Job **(Audio stutters)** done. Just remember you have no budget, nobody cares about your opinion, and I'm not entirely

convinced that anyone reads what we write. **(Sighs)** What the hell do I know. Still, as far as I know, I'm the only Expeditor who has ever been given the chance to retire. Everyone else... Oh, I just count myself lucky is all I'm sayin'.

(Mechanical whirring as tube comes out)

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Employment **(Audio stutters)** expired. Please enter the retirement tube.

MEZ

The tube? This is the retirement tube, is it?

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Please enter the retirement **(Audio stutters)** tube.

MEZ

Because it looks a lot like a tube we put the rubbish into for recycling.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Get in the tube.

MEZ

(Sighs) Well, best of luck whoever you are. Oh, and remember, if someone sends you a parcel and the card says it's "thank you cake", don't open it. The powder will melt your bones.

(Recording switches off)

I.M.O.G.E.N

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(Beep) He seemed nice!

TREXEL

Expediting.

DAVID

We are... Expeditors.

TREXEL

Expediting? **(Can't-believe-he's-in-this-situation chuckle)**

DAVID

Is that good?

TREXEL

(Agitated) Nooooo! David, it is not... good! No, it's— the— **(Distressed sigh)**
David, you know how you've been threatened with recycling from time to time.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

This is, in many ways, worse.

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

This is a living death. It is the pit of irrelevance. It is the— the soupçon of
(Shouts) *no one gives a good Board damn where you are or what you're doing!*

DAVID

Well— uh, yes. But... Well, it sounds like we're doing suggestions. Um, and—
and, uh, that guy got to retire which is better than being blended. So...

TREXEL

David, have ever met anyone who's retired? David, have you ever seen
anybody who's even that old?

DAVID

N-N-No.

TREXEL

Think on that. Think on it.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Do you think retirement is a good thing?

DAVID

So, what you're saying is that regardless of what we do, even if we do a good
job, we will end up being put in some sort of tube.

TREXEL

In many ways, isn't life... a little bit like that? No matter what you do, you're going in a tube at some point, so you may as well make your time here alive count.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Trite but largely right.

DAVID

Okay. Well, **(Stammers)** what he was saying is that people kind of ignored him. So, we can maybe stay here for a bit without, you know, being... Standardised or threatened by Hartro or...

TREXEL

And what I'm saying, David, is that being ignored is worse than death.

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

Because at least when you're dead everybody has to come to your funeral and eat *bad sandwiches!*

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

(Yells) *You have ruined my life! You understand that?!*

DAVID

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Me?!

TREXEL

You have ruined my life!

DAVID

I've ruined your life?!

TREXEL

If you hadn't drawn so much attention to yourself with all of your "fact corners" and "trying to do jobs well"—

DAVID

Hey!

TREXEL

—then maybe we wouldn't have been **(Yells)** *flushed down a tube*

DAVID

No!

TREXEL

into the most irrelevant part of this entire Stellar Firma station!

DAVID

No. First of all, we're still alive so that's a silver lining!

TREXEL

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I was alive before you were around!

DAVID

Well, I... was also alive—

TREXEL

No, you weren't!

DAVID

—when I've been alive.

TREXEL

No, you weren't!

DAVID

I was alive for when I was alive!

TREXEL

What you have is not life.

DAVID

What?! How dare you!

TREXEL

You have a pale shadow.

DAVID

No, I am alive. Look. **(Nonsense mouth noises)** Could a dead person do that?

No!

TREXEL

Oh, that's pretty alive.

DAVID

Yeah, exactly.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Wobble boy detected. Security alerted.

DAVID

So, I'm alive, and I'm still alive! And I haven't been put into some sort of horrible blender and made into slurry, have I?

TREXEL

No.

DAVID

So that's *good*!

TREXEL

That— Yes. Well—

DAVID

Well done me. Also, we have not been gassed to death or flooded or drowned.

You know, Hartro was going to kill us!

TREXEL

That's a good point. Why didn't Hartro end up killing us?

DAVID

Well, because we got stopped and then became tubed.

TREXEL

(Stammers) But that doesn't just happen, David.

DAVID

Well—

TREXEL

Who did it?

DAVID

I don't know. Well, I mean—

TREXEL

Standards? Did Standards swoop in for you?

DAVID

Well, it—

TREXEL

That doesn't seem like their style.

DAVID

I.M.O.G.E.N. stopped things.

TREXEL

Well, I.M.O.G.E.N. controls everything.

DAVID

Well then maybe I.M.O.G.E.N. controlled that and controlled it in a way where now we're Expeditors.

TREXEL

Are you saying I.M.O.G.E.N.'s on our side?

DAVID

I'm—

TREXEL

I.M.O.G.E.N. save us!

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) If you assume my help again... I will cut off your oxygen supplies.

TREXEL

Okay, well it was worth a go.

DAVID

Yes. Um... well, now we're here.

TREXEL

We sure are.

DAVID

We might as well make the best of it. And—

TREXEL

David—

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

—I think in past times I would have yelled at you for twenty to thirty minutes about how *stupid that sentence was*.

DAVID

Yeah, and so far, it's only been about four.

TREXEL

But given that I feel that we have grown as people—mainly me but you've also been here—

DAVID

Hmm...

TREXEL

—that what I'm going to say is I am intensely furious at you.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

However, there may be some factors that... certain people could say are at play, that in a certain light could suggest that maybe... not everything is your fault and— and maybe in some ways you've— I can't— **(Chuckles)** This is— No,

sorry. I'm— I'm sweating and— and my fists feel itchy. In some ways, maybe we should, as you say, **(Resigned)** “make the best of this situation.” So, until I can think of something better to do, how about we have a go at one of these pointless suggestions that nobody will listen to and see how we get on.

DAVID

(Sarcastic) How magnanimous.

TREXEL

I am mag-the-nanamous.

DAVID

Right. 'Kay. Well, there is a briefing tube here. So I'm gonna get the... um, no I suppose it's a “suggestion” tube.

TREXEL

(Sarcastic) Do you want a label maker or something to rename everything?

DAVID

I'm just trying to make sense of our situ—

TREXEL

Just get the piece of thing out of the thing!

DAVID

Fine. Fine.

IMOGEN

(Beep) Initiating.

DAVID

Right. **(Pneumatic tube seal breaks)** Here's the thing. **(Closes tube door)** Right.
So this is from Drydon Quigley.

TREXEL

Who cares? Sorry. Sorry, sorry. Trying. Trying. Trying? Trying. Go—

DAVID

P-Pronouns are she/her. Uh— Ooh, the department is Security! So maybe—

TREXEL

Oh...

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Okay. Well, that— that— You know what? That actually is— That's an
important place, I suppose.

DAVID

Yes. Sounds like they're gonna *know* you.

TREXEL

Yeah, well...

DAVID

Uh, they are a—

TREXEL

Not that they've done anything, the cowards.

DAVID

Okay. I'm just gonna— They are a General Thug.

TREXEL

Oh.

DAVID

So, for general—

TREXEL

In that they are the General who commands all the Thugs.

DAVID

N—

TREXEL

Or that they are one of sundry Thugs?

DAVID

No, I think they are employed for general thuggery.

TREXEL

General thuggishness.

DAVID

Yes. But their compl— suggestion... is that, um, “Help! I’m trapped in the Security office! I’ve tried calling, knocking, sending notes through the vents and no one has come. I thought for sure when no one answered the Security alerts someone would check on me, if only to recycle me, but no one came. Is anyone still here?”

TREXEL

Hmm. Interesting.

DAVID

Uh...

TREXEL

Well, I’ve never met a door that doesn’t stand up to *the beating of my furious fists!* So, we could go to the office and beat the door down with my fists. Problem solved. Pronto-pronto.

DAVID

Okay. Where is the Security office?

TREXEL

Oh! I don’t know.

DAVID

Okay. And how would we find the Security office?

TREXEL

Well, that’s an interesting question. I don’t know.

DAVID

Okay. Do you even—? You don't even know where we are.

TREXEL

Hmm?

DAVID

Well, where are we on the station?

TREXEL

Well, we're, um—

DAVID

And don't say here.

TREXEL

Trexel?

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

Mmmm... Oh, okay. Well, David, I— **(Soft chuckle)** I must admit there has been a little bit of a worry niggling at the back of my mind since we arrived here.

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL

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Normally, in all the places that we've worked together, I will leave and go to... well, once the Cosmic Lounge, and then— then—

DAVID

A bar.

TREXEL

—later to the Astral Bar. I don't know where this is, so how am I going to get back there?

DAVID

That's your main concern?

TREXEL

Well, yes, because I need to leave here for most of the day to do other Trexel-based things.

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL

I've got a date!

DAVID

With?

TREXEL

Well, a Broom.

IMOGEN

(Beep) I had hoped we could all forget about the Broom.

DAVID

(Stammering) Look— we— a—

TREXEL

We're going steady.

DAVID

You're— you're now dating a Broom?

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

You're go—

TREXEL

It's going well. They're a good listener, and I'm a good shouter.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

It's really awkward with the Fish though. I came home a few nights ago, and the Fish was just there in my fridge.

DAVID

Yes. L—

TREXEL

Looking at me.

DAVID

Did you put the Fish there?

TREXEL

Well, I— I don't remember putting the Fish there. Then again, I don't remember putting most things anywhere.

DAVID

I mean, the Fish is dead, right?

TREXEL

Well, I mean, **(Chuckles softly)** that's a very, very narrow view of life, David, but in a technical sense, yeah. So, okay, I came home, and I found the Fish I left, and it looked at me and— and it had eyes saying, "Oh, I see. You've been out with your new *fancy man, have you?! Have you?!*" And I shouted, "That's none of your business! I didn't ask you to live here!" And I slammed the fridge, and then I opened the fridge, and then I got a snack, and then I *slammed* the fridge again!

DAVID

M'kay.

TREXEL

It's very tense.

DAVID

The fact that your meaningful relationships are mainly with inanimate objects is not saying much for me.

TREXEL

I mean, what if I want the Broom to move in? You know?

DAVID

Well, you'd— you— you bring it in.

TREXEL

Well, yeah, but then the Fish is gonna be there. Looking at us.

DAVID

Throw it out.

TREXEL

While we're tryin— Throw out a person? David, I know that you've become more practical over time, but this—

DAVID

No, you— you are so willing to throw *me* out and yet you will not throw out a fish!

TREXEL

Because the Fish never did anything to hurt me. I'm responsible for the breakdown of that relationship! The Fish was a saint!

IMOGEN

(Beep) Your moral compass is baffling. Security unsure how to feel.

DAVID

Right. Sorry I'm not a saint!

TREXEL

Look, just because I've come under the thrall of a hot broom doesn't mean that I have to consider you any more of a person. Quid pro no.

DAVID

No... indeed.

TREXEL

But anyway, the point is that won't work because we can't find the Security office because I don't know where I am right now.

DAVID

No, that was *my* point. Don't say it like it was *your* point!

TREXEL

Look, we've discussed my point and we've decided it— it can't work. So we need— we need to find alternatives. Now, the way that Security on this station works is a little mysterious. As you may have noticed, lot of alerts, not a lot of stuff.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Thoughts?

DAVID

What, just in general on that?

TREXEL

Well, I've never— I've never analysed it beyond exactly what I've said there.

DAVID

Well, I mean, the only real repercussions we've seen are Hartro trying to kill us—

TREXEL

That was bad.

DAVID

—us, uh, not submitting a brief, which was not a security alert and did get me taken to court—

TREXEL

Hmm.

DAVID

—and the gun walls.

TREXEL

The gun walls do a lot of the heavy lifting.

DAVID

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Yeah. So, I guess Security are just sort of backup for the gun walls?

TREXEL

I could only assume.

DAVID

And I can't really think of a problem that a gun wall won't solve.

TREXEL

So, we just get the gun wall to shoot out the door.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Is the door gun-proof? Would you have a gun-proof door in a station mainly policed by guns?

DAVID

Uhhhhh...

TREXEL

These are questions we can't answer.

DAVID

Okay. So— No— wha— Okay, so hang on a minute. But who controls the gun walls? It's I.M.O.G.E.N, right?

TREXEL

True.

DAVID

So, and security alerts aren't working nor are vent messages. I'm assuming because you're not there to pick them up.

TREXEL

I'm the vent messenger.

DAVID

Are you?!

TREXEL

Hmm?

DAVID

Are you— You're the vent messenger?

TREXEL

I sort of take— I take pieces of paper and move them around, if that means—

DAVID

Do— do you have a second job?

TREXEL

I have a second hat, if that helps.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

(Pulls out hat) It's got wings on it.

DAVID

Right. Wait, where's your first hat? You're not wearing a hat!

TREXEL

You know the wig? Technically a hat.

DAVID

Right. I-I did wonder why your hair just kept changing colour all the time.

TREXEL

Got lots of hats—

DAVID

Mm.

TREXEL

—of this type.

DAVID

Sure.

TREXEL

But two sets of types of hats.

DAVID

Could you just maybe pop off the wig for a moment?

TREXEL

No.

DAVID

I'm intrigued.

TREXEL

No, I don't want to.

DAVID

No, aw, go— go on.

TREXEL

No, it's very stuck on.

DAVID

No, well— Okay. Well, I-I'll help. Yeah, no.

TREXEL

No, no. Get— **(Stammers)**

DAVID

I'm gonna help.

TREXEL

David! David!

DAVID

I'm gonna help you.

[David struggles to get Trexel’s wig off, Trexel slaps him away]

TREXEL

David, I— **(Both struggle, slap at each other)** I.M.O.G.E.N, gun wall him! Gun wall him!

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) You have used up your allowance for this quarter.

[wig rips off]

DAVID

Ah! Oh! Oh, put it back on! Oh Board, that’s *awful!* **(Trexel puts wig back on)**
You don’t clean under there, do you?

TREXEL

Clean?

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Under a hat? What am I?

DAVID

...Sensible?

TREXEL

Nope.

DAVID

Yep, that makes sense. Okay. Right, so... terrifying scalps aside, um, but— So none of that is working, right? But we can get the attention of I.M.O.G.E.N by saying something... not gonna say anything even implying it, but then the gun walls pop out.

TREXEL:

Yes.

DAVID

And I.M.O.G.E.N. is paying attention.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

And if I.M.O.G.E.N. is paying attention.

TREXEL

Yes this person, Drydon Quigley, can ask to be let out.

TREXEL

Now, do you think attention and caring are the same things?

DAVID

No. But... it's better than not attention at all.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Emotional starvation detected. Security alerted.

DAVID

Even—

TREXEL

Is it though? Is it? Think about that.

DAVID

Hmm.

TREXEL

Think of all the attention you've received in your life, David, from—oh, mostly me I suppose.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Has— has it been better—

DAVID

(Sarcastic) Has it been a net positive experience?

TREXEL

—than nothing? I'd say yes, but then again, I'm biased because I know how great I am.

DAVID

Hmm.

TREXEL

David, I think this whole line of reasoning is flawed. You're relying on I.M.O.G.E.N. to do what you want. You're relying on a gun wall to shoot at the thing and not through a human being person. It's— There's so many flaws, there's so many things. I think, David, I think the key thing is—

DAVID

Yeah?

TREXEL

—most problems—

DAVID

Yep.

TREXEL

—solve themselves. You've been sealed in a room, eventually the oxygen will run out. There's no one sealed in that room. Oh sure, there's a lump of meat that probably *would have* wanted to be let out at some point but **(Chuckles)** guess what? Too late.

DAVID

What if I am that ex-person? This problem isn't really solved for me. Sure, I don't *care* anymore.

TREXEL

Hmm. Yes, and that's the ultimate solution. Not caring anymore because you've died. Just bottle things up! Any issue you have, just bottle it up until you've died and then c'est la vie.

DAVID

No, that doesn't work. Say you're taking a test, right?

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

And then you fail that te—

TREXEL

I've died, I don't care.

DAVID

Okay, no. But then you failed that test—

TREXEL

Oh no, I've died of failure.

DAVID

No, but— Okay. Uh, you failed the test and—

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

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So the— the doing the test is no longer a problem, right?

TREXEL

Yes. Yes.

DAVID

However, you have failed the test.

TREXEL

But you're also dead.

DAVID

N-No. Not in this—

TREXEL

Have I mixed this metaphor?

DAVID

I— mm...

TREXEL

Oh, a mixer. **(Opens bottle, pops cork off)** Lovely.

DAVID

Wait, where did you get that from?

TREXEL

Mmm...

DAVID

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Hang on a minute...

TREXEL

I just keep flasks on me.

[puts lid back on]

DAVID

Where's the slurry? Where's the pod?

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Nutrients will be mixed in with your air supply. And you can sleep on the floor.

TREXEL

Oh, David, I think—

DAVID

(Panicking) I don't have a pod anymore!

TREXEL

I think all your mod-cons have mod-gone.

DAVID

Mmmmmm.... pod-cons. **(Sighs)**

TREXEL

Don't worry, David. Don't worry. I've got a solution.

DAVID

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Ha, no, it isn't— the later drawer is gone as well, so you'll never get those things back!

TREXEL

(Gasps) I wanted those things for later!

DAVID

Well—

TREXEL

(Sobs) All my ideas—

DAVID

I guess it's—

TREXEL

—my inventions, my concepts all lost to the mists of time!

DAVID

Yep.

TREXEL

(Screaming) *Board damn you!*

DAVID

Oopsie-daisy! It's a never drawer. **(Trexel sobs continue)** What a shame. Those things will—

TREXEL

(Throwing a fit) I don't like the never drawer!

DAVID

Yeah, well, the never drawer doesn't like you either, and the never drawer has left!

TREXEL

Well, I've got new things. Um, um, um, what about... I t-talk about inventing a new kind of emergency service where I just come into your house at night and yell, "Wake up!"?

DAVID

Well, look. Look at that puddle over there.

TREXEL

What?

DAVID

Yeah. That's the later puddle. That's going in the later puddle! Splish!

[splash]

TREXEL

(Whines) It'll get soggy!

DAVID

Yep.

TREXEL

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(Sobs) You've ruined my concept with sog.

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

Now when I wring it out and try and clean a window, it'll come off in pieces!
And I'll be in grayscale and I'll go, "Oh! If only there was a better way".

DAVID

Well there isn't, and now it's in that puddle.

TREXEL

Well, fine, smart guy. If it's not death that works for you...

DAVID

Well... maybe you've just got to tube your way out of there, right?

TREXEL

Ooh, yes! Every room has tubes!

DAVID

'Cause we get— we get tubed— Well, hang on a minute. So, we've been tubed
from place to place.

TREXEL

We sure have.

DAVID

But do people normally—

TREXEL

And I feel like it's brought us closer together in that we were compacted close to each other in a tube.

DAVID

Yeah, physically, yes. Emotionally, I'm still very distant from you. But— No, what I'm saying is we've been tubed everywhere.

TREXEL

Hmm.

DAVID

but then when I was going to court, we went through the terrible long room. Right?

TREXEL

The hallway.

DAVID

We walked down the terrible long room.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

The— the “hallway”, and then we found another room.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

But we didn’t traverse by tube.

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

Wh— why?

TREXEL

Well, because the greatest punishment of all is personal perambulation. Why do you think we spent so much money installing all of these tubes? So we could walk to places, like animals?!

IMOGEN

(Beep) I’m with him. Walking is for losers.

DAVID

Well, why don’t you tube out of the room every time?

TREXEL

Because it’s very, very difficult to get the tube lube off your clothes. So if it’s a very short jaunt, then you might have to suck it up. But the punishment walk, walking not because it’s convenient but because *you don’t deserve the tube!*

DAVID

Oh.

TREXEL

Also, I think the tube in that room was kind of broken.

DAVID

Right. Okay. Um... Oh no, if the tube's broken in there, the tube might be broken in the Security office.

TREXEL

But we don't know that!

DAVID

Well then—

TREXEL

We don't have to sort it out right now.

DAVID

Well, that's our job!

TREXEL

Just pop a suggest— No no no! Pop a suggestion in. If it works, fine. Great. Hurray. If it doesn't, well you can come back 'round.

DAVID

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Oh, well— I-I mean, I-I-I suppose so— **(Walls begin to groan)** Woah! Wait, what is that?

TREXEL

Oh, that's a rumbling.

DAVID

(Alarmed) Are the walls closing in?!

TREXEL

You know, it would appear that this room is also some sort of trash compactor.

DAVID

Oh no! Um— **(Stammers)**

TREXEL

Uh, David. David, I think— I think we should put the brief in the—

DAVID

Yep, I'm gonna submit— I'm gonna—

TREXEL

Not the brief. The— the complaint— No, the suggestion!

DAVID

I'm gonna submit! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

TREXEL

(Crosstalk) Put it in! Put it in! Put it in! What is it?

DAVID

Yep. Okay. Right. Uh, just— uh, say something rude about I.M.O.G.E.N.—

TREXEL

Sure.

DAVID

—and the Board—

TREXEL

Okay.

DAVID

—so she maybe shoots you with guns **(Quickly)** but is also paying attention so maybe she'll open the door for you. Going in. **(Babbles)**

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Chime, pneumatic tube hissing) Submitting!

[alarm beep, walls retract]

DAVID

(Relieved) Okay, there's—

TREXEL

Awww, there we go.

DAVID

Oh, it's opening up again.

TREXEL

Aww.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

That is a very intense way to be told “it’s time to finish”.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) There are more intense ways if you would like.

DAVID

Good... Board. Um, right, yes. Okay.

TREXEL

Well, there you go.

DAVID

So—

TREXEL

That wasn’t that hard. And as... Mez said, maybe nobody will even look at it.

(Spirals a little) Maybe all of our efforts here today were for nothing!

DAVID

Well, I mean, usually we didn’t sell any planets or designed something that—

TREXEL

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We came pretty close. I was pretty sure that that Mantis Shrimp was giving me buy signals with its mandibles.

DAVID

(Sceptical) Mm-hmm. But you—

TREXEL

Anyway, I need to go and see if I can find where I live and where I drink and where this is. So, good day to you, clone.

DAVID

Good. I suppose I'll just stay in this wet trash hole now.

TREXEL

Well, I guess you will. And you think on your wet trash hole and the choices you made to get you here!

DAVID

I'm gonna step in the later puddle.

[Splashes in puddle]

TREXEL

Oh, what— what, so you're for later.

DAVID

Splish splash splosh.

[Splashes in puddle]

TREXEL

Oh, splish splash splosh? Well, maybe I'll get in the later puddle. **(Starts splashing in puddle)** Yeah, “splish splash splosh”.

DAVID

No, get out of— Oh, ow! **(Struggles with Trexel)**

TREXEL

Uh! **(Grunts)**

DAVID

Get off—**(Splashes in puddle)** Get off! Fine.

TREXEL

(With contempt) Good— Good— Good day to you.

DAVID

(With contempt) And— and good day to you!

TREXEL

Oh, I said good day to you!

DAVID

And I said good day more!

TREXEL

Well, thank you!

DAVID

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Uh— good day infinity! Now get out of my trash hole!

TREXEL

(Stammers) Trash hole for you!

[Door swooshes shut]

[Show Theme - Outro]

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Created by: Tim Meredith and Ben Meredith

Producer: Katie Seaton

Executive Producer: Alexander J. Newall

Editing: Elizabeth Moffatt, Maddy Searle and Alexander J. Newall

Music: Samuel D.F. Jones

Artwork: Anika Khan

Cast

I.M.O.G.E.N. – Imogen Harris

Mez Heckra – Mez Meredith

David 7 – Ben Meredith

Trexel Geistman – Tim Meredith