

STL - 043 - Detectives and Detonations

Content Warnings

- Comedic violence
- Emotional abuse
- Alcoholism

ALEX

Hi everyone, Alex here. I'd just like to take a moment to thank some of our patrons: Jamie Galioto, isobel, Sarah Kershaw, jenni from the block, Hannah Kincannon, Jortin Blims!!!, Lunagalemaster, Mae, zaraegis, Luceil GreenAppleSause, Mary Lanners, Gabriel Murphy, Art Stephens, Em, Cassie Waln, Joshua No Relation To Sarah Baldwin, Milan Nigam, Mackenzie Massey, Tavin Kastner, Nathaniel Beck. Thank you all. We really appreciate your support. If you'd like to join them, go to www.patreon.com/rustyquill and take a look at our rewards.

TREXEL

Special thanks to Mimic325. May your admissions of guilt always go unrecorded.

[Show Theme - Intro]

I.M.O.G.E.N

Rusty Quill presents: Stellar Firma.

[Show Theme – Intro *Continued*]

[Distant music playing, footsteps approach]

DAVID

What is that?

[Door swooshes open, jazz noir music playing]

TREXEL

It was a room **(David yelps in surprise)** where he'd been in so many times before. The walls, the chairs all stained with memory.

DAVID

Hello Trexel.

TREXEL

A clone sat there, a simple clone, a stupid clone, but a clone he was stuck with.

DAVID

Um... rude and also do you want to sit down maybe? You're just standing on the door kind of looking—

TREXEL

He walks over to his chair, **(Chair scrapes on floor)** takes a seat, **(Sounds from actions being narrated)** takes out a packet of cigarettes—

DAVID

Wait, where have you got—

TREXEL

—realises he doesn't smoke—

DAVID

Yep, you don't. Okay.

TREXEL

—closes them and puts them in the bin.

DAVID

Okay. Well, all the room's a bin, so you just kind of threw them into a corner.

TREXEL

He turns to his... mandatory compatriot and speaks. David, how are you?

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) If he is like this all shift, I may crush you both.

DAVID

Uh, confused.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) He is definitely more confused.

TREXEL

Well, aren't we all confused in this crazy, mixed up world?

DAVID

No, what—

TREXEL

He turns to a viewing port and gazes out into the blackness of space—

DAVID

Okay, there are *no* viewing port—

TREXEL

—considering his life.

DAVID

There are *no* viewing ports in here!

TREXEL

He views a part of the wall he imagines a space-viewing hole is—

DAVID

This makes more sense.

TREXEL

—and considers his life.

DAVID

Okay. And would you mind turning off your little... I don't know, theme tune.

TREXEL

He turns off his background music.

[Switches music off]

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

He turns to his compatriot.

DAVID

Uh, so— **(Sighs)** Alright Trexel, what— what— what is— what are you doing? You've walked in, you're narrating yourself, you've tried— tried to smoke—

TREXEL

What case have we got today, David? What's on the docket? What's on the desk? What's the DA getting up our backsides about today?

DAVID

Don't know who the DA is, but this is the quickest you've asked to actually get on with things, so tell you what, let's get on with things.

TREXEL

(Sounds from actions being narrated) He reaches for the cigarettes in the bin, opens them, realises again he doesn't smoke and throws them away!

DAVID

Okay, again that was a second packet of cigarettes, and you threw them into the same corner as the first packet of cigarettes.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) You may just need to push through this.

DAVID

Right. Um, so, this... case? Fine, case... is from—

TREXEL

Aren't all cases the same really, when you get down to it? There's always a dame or a dime or a *dome*. Remember the case of the dome? That dome killed *so many people*.

DAVID

O... kay.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Initiating.

[Pneumatic tube seal breaks]

DAVID

This is from **(Closes tube door)** Kathbier Ninden. Pronouns: ze/zir. The department of the... case person—

TREXEL

Ah! A case. It's always a case. A case in a case. The case of the case. Case closed.

DAVID

Everyth—

TREXEL

Case opened.

DAVID

Okay, no—

TREXEL

Case revealed! Case in point.

DAVID

Wha— no— yeah— Every time you've been in here there has been a case or a brief or a complaint or something. It's the only way that we interact with each other, alright, so of course there's a case!

TREXEL

He's getting het up.

DAVID

Yeah, I am! I am het!

TREXEL

But he's also sitting. There's too many he's. You refer to everybody in the third person, occasionally you're gonna get burnt.

DAVID

Well, no— **(Stammers)**

TREXEL

He let him continue. He continued.

DAVID

Okay.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) There is only one he in this room and this is a catastroph-he.

DAVID

Anyway, the department that Kathbier Ninden is from is the Office of Redundancy and Explosion Management. I assume you know very little about managing explosions, eh, Trexel?

TREXEL

An explosion managed is an explosion halved. And half an explosion, still kill you dead. I should know, I've lost four partners that way.

DAVID

No, they've all been recycled because... you.

TREXEL

Recycling is an explosion internally. An implosion? Perhaps. But is it? No.

DAVID

Hmm... Anyway...

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Tactlessness detected. Security offended.

DAVID

So, their role is Planetside Relations Programmer.

TREXEL

(Scoffs) A stuffed shirt. A pencil neck. A pencil pusher. A pusher of pencils into the neck of someone you once loved lying dead on the floor, blood pooling! You didn't mean to, you didn't want to, but now, the DA, he's on your ass.

DAVID

Is that— is that what a Relations Programmer does?

TREXEL

All relations are the same in the end. You try and relate, the relate turns to hurt, the hurt turns to hate. Now you're a relat-hater.

DAVID

Okay, now hang on, Trexel. You're obviously— you're doing— This is— this is— I know this is usually you just do a thing, but this is, like, a really specific thing. Are you just—

TREXEL

He puts a hat on **(Puts on hat)** and turns away. He doesn't want to talk about it.

DAVID

No, I don't want to talk about it either, but if you're gonna do this for the entire shift we're not gonna get anything done!

TREXEL

(Scoffs) They never understood his methods. A loose cannon, they called him. He didn't belong in the department, but he *was* the department. I am the

department! **(Yells)** *Trexel Geistman is the greatest detective the world has ever seen!*

DAVID

A detective?! You're not! You're an Expeditor! We are Expeditors! We are in the Expedition hole!

TREXEL

(Scoffs) Detect-peditor, perhaps.

DAVID

No, that's just a portmanteau of detective and expeditor but it doesn't make you one of them! You're just an Expeditor! You're not a detective! What are you doing?! Why are you doing this?

TREXEL

He puts on his hat. **(Puts on another hat)** He doesn't want to talk about it.

DAVID

You're already wearing a hat! You are now wearing two hats!

TREXEL

(Puts on another hat) A third hat.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

He doesn't want to talk about it.

DAVID

Why— Oh—

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Hat on a hat on a hat detected. Security alerted.

DAVID

Trexel, we need to get this done, okay? So, I don't know whatever thing you're doing where you're talking about yourself in the third person, you keep picking up cigarettes and then throwing them in the corner, you're wearing three hats now... Honestly, this isn't the weirdest shift I've had with you, so, fine. Shall I just get on with the... complaint? Or am I gonna have to call it a case to get you to engage?

TREXEL

The clone had a point; the case was on.

DAVID

(Sighs) The clone always has a point. Anyway, the complaint: “The explosions during initial planet building have become increasingly more likely to grow exponentially. Probably some crossover between the redundancy systems and the explosion management systems. We have now accidentally destroyed twelve solar systems, which can't be good.”

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) All systems failures, including automated systems, are legally the fault of user error.

DAVID

So that's the problem.

TREXEL

Hmm.

DAVID

And, um, we're gonna have to use our expertise to solve this case.

TREXEL

Systems in systems in systems. You know when they brought in the explosion management system I said **(Scoffs)** it's madness. You can't manage an explosion. Explosions are wild things. They— they should be allowed to roam free like me around the city at night. But... they brought it in. And then when that didn't work, they brought a system in to manage that. And when that didn't work, what did they do?

DAVID

Bring another system in.

TREXEL

That's darn tootin'. And now it's just systems all over. And when a system manages a system and that system isn't systematic enough, there's a system clash. And now we've got exponential explosions. I tried to tell the DA about it, and he said, **(Yells)** *"It's not your department, Geistman!"* And I said, "The world's my department and everyone living in it." But how, how—?

DAVID

Hang on a minute.

TREXEL

Partner David.

DAVID

Is the DA Hartro?

TREXEL

The DA is the DA.

DAVID

What's the DA— what's the DA's name?

TREXEL

...Dartro Diltz.

[Beat]

DAVID

What an incredibly rich fiction you've built up. And this city is called?

TREXEL

...Dellar Dirma.

IMOGEN

(Beep) Barely even trying.

DAVID

‘Kay, is everything just a D? Are you— are you detective Dixel Deistman?

TREXEL

No! I’m Trexel Geistman! But you’re... Clone David.

DAVID

Cl-Clone David?

TREXEL

Partner.

DAVID

Part—

TREXEL

Confidant. Hated rival.

DAVID

What?

TREXEL

Triangle.

DAVID

What?! Okay, fine. We apparently now need to deal with a complaint about a very complex multilevel system, which has been implemented by somebody... with Programmer in their job title... and we are David 7 and Trexel Geistman.

TREXEL

(Scoffs) You know, the people we are and the people we pretend to be, maybe they're— maybe they're more of a shell, more of a defence mechanism than anything else. Maybe when things get hard and times get tough and people are moved into departments where they don't feel they belong, and all of a sudden... power dynamics are shifted. Shifted! *Shifted in unacceptable ways* then... we retreat. We retreat into... *characters*.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Stating facts is not the same as being profound.

DAVID

Okay, so that was just extremely self-reflexive, and still we're not— And what are you doing, Trexel?

TREXEL

(Scoffs) What are we doing?

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

What's anyone doing? **(Sounds from actions being narrated)** Takes cigarette out of pocket where secret cigarettes were hidden, realises he—

DAVID

Still don't smoke. Still don't smoke.

TREXEL

—really doesn't smoke, throws them away.

DAVID

Yep. Okay, so you just—

TREXEL

So at the end of day (**David scoffs**) you got a choice. Do you push against it? Do you let it grind everything to a halt? Or do you lean in as a partner, as a friend—

DAVID

No, hang on a minute.

TREXEL

—as a confidant.

DAVID

(Irritated) Ah! Aah! One level up. *One* level up! This all happens to you, you are thinking, “Do I become a weird annoying character, or do I just get on with my job and do a good job, eh? Do I rail against it or just lean into it?” Hey Detective Trexel Geistman, which one are you gonna do?!

TREXEL

He puts on a fourth hat.

[Puts on another hat]

DAVID

Right, I—

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Maximum legal hat height exceeded. Security alerted.

DAVID

(Sighs) Fine. Detective Trexel Geistman.

TREXEL

(Scoffs) Yes?

DAVID

(Annoyed but going along with it) Errrr... It's me, your faithful Triangle.

TREXEL

(Scoffs) Great. Has the DA been on your ass?

DAVID

Yes, the DA's standing on my ass right now! Hey Dartro Diltz, what should we be doing? **(Imitating "Dartro")** "Ah, you should be getting on with the complaint."

TREXEL

Augh! Damn that DA Dartro Diltz! Her declarative declarations of disappointment are crushing me!

DAVID

Yeah. She's burning my bottom. **(Trexel scoffs)** There really is— I'm in a frying pan. I'm sitting in a frying pan like a little David sausage, and Dartro Diltz is like, **(Imitating "Dartro")** "Mm, I'm gonna cook you for breakfast if you don't do

this case.” **(Normal)** So my bum is very hot right now, and we need to do this case, okay? So—

TREXEL

So, how are we gonna get out of this particular jam, Partner Clone Triangle David?

DAVID

Oh, well, as— as the partner, I really am only here to sort of provide a sort of narrative context around which the detective, you know, the protagonist of this story, Trexel Geistman, who is—

TREXEL

Detective Trexel Geistman—

DAVID

Detective Trexel Geistman—

TREXEL

—attorney at justice.

DAVID

What— no. Mmm—

TREXEL

Justice at law.

DAVID

(Frustrated growl) Are you also—

TREXEL

Private justificator.

DAVID

—Detective Trexel Geistman PI?

TREXEL

(Scoffs) In a way.

DAVID

I'm gonna regret this. Trexel?

TREXEL

Yes.

DAVID

You're a PI?

TREXEL

I am.

DAVID

What does PI stand for?

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Why would you do this?

TREXEL

Predisposed... to Investigative justice.

DAVID

Okay. So, how are you gonna investigate this case?

TREXEL

...I've forgotten the case.

DAVID

Right. D-Do you want me to read it out again?

TREXEL

Y-Yes please.

DAVID

Okay. So, Kathbier Ninden, Planetside Relations Programmer, and the problem that ze have is the explosions during initial planet building have become increasingly more likely to grow exponentially, right. So we've got a chain reaction of explosions.

TREXEL

Yeah. Yeah.

DAVID

Probably some crossover between the redundancy systems and the explosion management systems. So it looks like the redundancy systems are doing the *opposite* of what they should be doing. So instead of—

TREXEL

That’s how it seems.

DAVID

Instead of suppressing explosions, they are creating more.

TREXEL

(Scoffs) Okay.

DAVID

And, um—

TREXEL

Seems logical!

DAVID

Yes, and they have now accidentally destroyed twelve solar systems, which can’t be good. And do you know what? I agree. It’s probably not good.

TREXEL

Probably not good. Well, if my many, many years as an investigator has taught me anything, the obvious... the clear... the most reasonable point, it’s never that! **(Scoffs)** Redundancy systems. Explosion management systems. All jargon and hoo-ha!

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL

All thought up by the bean counters and the pencil neck pushers to confuse the working person like you and me!

DAVID

Right.

TREXEL

You know what?

DAVID

Eh?

TREXEL

When there's a problem, when there's a mystery...

DAVID

Yeah?

TREXEL

Follow the money.

DAVID

Okay.

TREXEL

Follow it all the way to the top! Cui bono? Who be-ne-fits?

DAVID

Right, so what your saying is we might have a problem here. You need to look for the most complicated thing and then follow the money. So, by the principle of Trexel's Razor, what is the problem, Detective Trexel Geistman PI?

TREXEL

The problem?

DAVID

Yeah.

TREXEL

The problem is... corruption.

DAVID

Where?

TREXEL

Who would benefit from the destruction of solar systems? Stellar Firma? Surely not. That would cause problems. People don't want to buy planets if planets keep exploding, that's a terrible thing! Nobody wants to be exploded!

DAVID

Unless—

TREXEL

Unless you have a very specific kink!

DAVID

—all of their planets have been exploded and then they *need to buy* more planets.

TREXEL

(Gasps) Supply and demand! Insurance fraud! All these things, so many more options, each one more complicated and reasonable than the last!

DAVID

This goes all the way to the top!

TREXEL

It does!

DAVID

It was—

TREXEL

Wait! Wait, wait, wait, wait!

DAVID

But that means... the culprits are... **(Whispers)** the Board.

[Sound of larger and more threatening guns unfolding, low tone beeping]

[Trexel and David yell in terror]

DAVID

No! No! Augh!

TREXEL

No! No! David! David, what are you doing, you idiot?!

DAVID

Oh! Eeh! Eeh!

TREXEL

(Stammers) It's— Whatever it is—

DAVID

No.

TREXEL

—whatever's happening, it's not the Board.

DAVID

Yep.

TREXEL

The Board have never done anything wrong.

DAVID

No. No. Nope. Nope, not at all.

TREXEL

Everybody loves the Board!

DAVID

Yeah— no.

[Beeping stops, big guns disassemble and retract]

TREXEL

Okay! **(David sighs deeply)** It's not the Board. It's all— it goes all the way—

DAVID

(Distressed) Those guns are so big!

TREXEL

It goes all the way to a different top!

DAVID

Yes.

TREXEL

It goes all the way to the top—

DAVID

Of?

TREXEL

Galactonium!

DAVID

(Offended) What— No! It's not Bathin! Bathin would *never* do that!

TREXEL

It's Bathin!

DAVID

No! Never!

TREXEL

Think about it! Think about it!

DAVID

No, Bathin would never do that!

TREXEL

Argh, come here!

DAVID

Bathin could— Oh!

[Trexel and David struggle and hit each other]

TREXEL

Calm down, David. **(David breathes heavily)** Think about it with your tiny brain. Who would benefit more from the downfall of Stellar Firma?

DAVID

(Immediately) Megatrons!

TREXEL

(Scoffs) The Megatrons couldn't plan like this!

DAVID

The Polar Bears!

TREXEL

The Polar Bears couldn't plan like this!

DAVID

A Star Marlin!

TREXEL

The Star Marlins couldn't plan like this!

DAVID

The Gooba-gabbas of Gibblygam!

TREXEL

You made that one up to trick me!

DAVID

Wha—

TREXEL

But it's not them either.

DAVID

Oh, okay.

TREXEL

It's Bathin!

DAVID

No, it's not!

TREXEL

Galactonium's always looked very jealously on Stellar Firma. They have very minor terraforming technology, and they want more!

DAVID

No!

TREXEL

But they can't get more—

DAVID

No!

TREXEL

—if Stellar Firma's the big dog!

DAVID

No, it's a proven fact that Bathin is lovely and very kind, and if you blow up twelve solar systems, you're gonna kill a lot of people, which is the kind of thing that certain people with the initials T. G.— "*D. T. G. P. I.*" might do, but *not* Bathin!

TREXEL

(Scoffs) Think about it, David.

DAVID

Mm-hmm.

TREXEL

There might be another way.

DAVID

Mm?

TREXEL

Galactonium?

DAVID

Yeah?

TREXEL

It's a feudal system.

DAVID

Hm?

TREXEL

Sure, Bathin's the lord, but... them working under him? They're the lord, too, in the name of the lord. So perhaps somebody's trying to do a little good turn for old Bathin, impress him like so many others want to impress him.

DAVID

So what you're saying—

TREXEL

He might not even know!

DAVID

So what you're saying is that by solving this case, we'll be *saving* Bathin!

TREXEL

W— Let's not get too hasty, because we can't save Bathin, because Bathin isn't something that you would save, but we might be able to—

DAVID

Bathin's something / would save.

[Trexel splutters]

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Saved for later, like the snack he is. Yum!

TREXEL

David, if it seems like your loyalty is more to *Bathin* than to *Stellar Firma*, guess what's gonna come out of the walls full of guns?

DAVID

No no no no. Look, I can like Bathin, I can like Bathin more than *certain individuals* who are also in this room with me, but Stellar Firma—

TREXEL

Who? Who are you talking about?

DAVID

(Extremely sarcastic) Oh, I don't know, Trexel, who could it be? Maybe it's this pile of cigarettes in the corner or your four hats!

TREXEL

He picks up a handful of still smoking cigarettes **(Picks up cigarettes)**, puts them in a hat, puts 'em on his head **(Puts hat on head)** and sings his wig.

DAVID: Okay... We're just gonna... It— it's caught— it's caught— **(Fire sizzles)**
No, your hair—

TREXEL

(Covering up being in pain) No, it's fine.

DAVID

No, your—

TREXEL

No, it's fine.

DAVID

Okay—

TREXEL

Keep going.

DAVID

No, Tr-Tr-Trexel— Trexel, get—

[Fire starts crackling]

TREXEL

Ow. Ohhh...

DAVID

Get in the puddle! Get in the puddle! Get in the puddle!

[David and Trexel yell, David throws water on Trexel, they calm down as the fire is put out]

DAVID

Okay—

TREXEL

(Scoffs) Perhaps that was an attempt on his life by the agents of Bathin.

DAVID

(Trying to control anger) I... **(Splutters)** Okay.

TREXEL

(Leading) ...Could it be an attempt on his life by the agents of Bathin?

DAVID

(Angry) No, no it couldn't! No, I'm done playing with this! No! Look, Trexel, what is going on? Why are you doing this? Why are you pretending you're some kind of detective in a fake city and just—? Wh— Stop it!

TREXEL

...You couldn't let me have this, could you, David?

DAVID

Let you have what?!

TREXEL

(Desperate) Something! I'm not good at this!

DAVID

(Screaming) You have loads! You have loads! You have your own office! You've got your name! You can go outside! You can go to the Astral Bar whenever you want, during shifts apparently! You're basically immune from ramifications, and I'm stuck here in this horrible little trash hole being an Expeditor's assistant, and you're *so sad* about being an Expeditor!

TREXEL

It is ash in my mouth, David! You think I want to spend time out there, really, wandering around with people avoiding my eye? Saying "Oh, hello there person!" And they're like, "Oh, don't want to talk to him because he's an idiot! A worthless idiot who can't even do his job!"

DAVID

Fine! If you—

TREXEL

I could do my job, David! Back before you. I was the best!

DAVID

Oh, really? You were the best?

TREXEL

I was the best!

DAVID

You were the best, is that why you kept killing clones?

TREXEL

The clones aren't important!

DAVID

Oooh!

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Oh snap!

DAVID

So now it comes out, hm? Hm?

TREXEL

(Spluttering) No, I— um—

DAVID

Ever since Percy, ever since Percy, eh?

TREXEL

No—

DAVID

Oh, clones are unimportant.

TREXEL

That was un— No, I— **(Sighs)** Da— Okay David, I'm— I'm—

DAVID

'Cause all you've done previously is heavily implied that, but it's good to hear you say it explicitly! Now we know where we stand!

TREXEL

No, that was wrong. That was wrong, David. I got— I got— I got cross. The clones— the clones, **(Sound of pain)** the— the— the clones, they— **(Stammers trying to get the right words out)** ooh— they— mm, ahh— they— the clones, they wa—

DAVID

They wha—?

TREXEL

The clone— they w—

DAVID

They hmm...?

TREXEL

They wa—

DAVID

They wha—?

TREXEL

They are... **(Struggling)** They are—

DAVID

They... ooh, ah, eee, ooo?

TREXEL

—of value. And I should not treat them so lightly, because they are still... people.

DAVID

Wow.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Both the barest minimum, and the best you could hope for.

TREXEL

(Distressed) And I am trying... to work on it, but it is difficult, David, because I had an anchor, and that anchor was my work, and now my work keeps changing, and now it's changing to something I just can't *do* very well. So I was just, you know, having a go at a different person. Maybe if I was a different person, maybe if I was the world's greatest detective, I'd have value. Maybe if I'm the world's greatest doctor, I'll have value. Maybe if I'm someone who can make a blind bit of difference!

DAVID

Okay. Well, why don't you actually try?

TREXEL

(On the verge of tears) Because trying is difficult! And I don't want to do it!

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Two steps forward, one step back.

DAVID

Mm-hmm. Okay, fine. Okay, yes, trying is difficult.

TREXEL

(Verge of tears) It is...

DAVID

Board knows I know. So—

TREXEL

(Verge of tears) So hard...

DAVID

(Gentler towards Trexel) Why don't we just try together, eh? Why don't we just engage with the problem, think about it, come up with some suggestions, write them down, and put them in that little tube.

TREXEL

Should I take off these hats?

DAVID

You can keep the hat if you want.

TREXEL

I'll keep two hats.

DAVID

As long as we don't mention the hats anymore.

TREXEL

But... they're on my head.

DAVID

So they can remain there.

TREXEL

Alright, but I'm putting them at a rakish angle.

DAVID

Hats are better seen and not heard.

TREXEL

...It tracks.

DAVID

Right. So the problem that they have is that their redundancy systems for their explosion management systems are causing a cascade, which is causing more explosions, right?

TREXEL

Right.

DAVID

Very similar to sort of a nuclear reaction, right?

TREXEL

I suppose so.

DAVID

So, let's think about this. What do—

TREXEL

Switch off one of the systems.

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Good idea detected. Everyone baffled.

TREXEL

The systems are interacting badly and they... cause an exponential problem then you keep turning them off until it stops happening, and then you turn them back on one by one and isolate the problem, and... there you go.

DAVID

...Fine. Troubleshoot.

TREXEL

(Stutters) W-Was that it? Did I do it?

DAVID

Yes, you did it!

TREXEL

Ha! Well, that wasn't that hard!

DAVID

No!

TREXEL

...I don't need to personally grow at all!

DAVID

Oh, no, hang on—

TREXEL

(Yells) Secretly all the time, I was amazing at this!

DAVID

No, no, hang— no! No!

TREXEL

Huzzah!

DAVID

No! No! No!

TREXEL

I am the king Expeditor! **(David groans in frustration)** No problem can stand against my mighty brain! Fear me issue, for I shall shoot your trouble dead and laugh as I dance on your troublesome corpse!

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Beep) Warning: clone temperature rising to critical levels.

[David starts yelling and angrily goes off destroying things in the room]

TREXEL

Oh... oh, D-David... oh, David, uh— David? D-David— Oh, ah. Okay, David, stop kicking things! David, please—

DAVID

(Angrily, through gritted teeth) I try, and I try and I just— **(Become incomprehensible, knocks something over, continues smashing things in the room)**

TREXEL

Okay, um... I'm just gonna... pop the— pop the solution into the tube...

I.M.O.G.E.N

(Chime, pneumatic tube hissing) Submitting!

TREXEL

Gonna submit. I'm just gonna... back out of here. Okay. I'll see you next— I'll see you next time, David! Um... lovely working, uh, with you. Bye!

[David yells in frustration and anger at the top of his lungs]

[Show Theme - Outro]

I.M.O.G.E.N

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