

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Welcome, anyone. Thank you for tuning in today. You're listening to Station Arcadia.

[THEME MUSIC PLAYS]

KASS. Before we begin, I just want to apologize if you hear any... *music* in the background of this broadcast. Z. found an old harmonica in a closet last week, and has been playing it nearly non-stop. I'm fairly certain this booth is soundproof enough that it won't be an issue, but just in case.

At least we're far enough from the Empire today that there won't be any explosions in the background. We got close enough the other day that Z. made us stay inside in case there were patrolling planes. Jo tried to use our mandatory confinement as an excuse to make us all participate in a "winter cleaning", which went about as well as you'd expect. I couldn't see what I was cleaning, Lyssel kept stopping to rewire the station bots for "maximum efficiency" and Z. was... well, being Z. Which this week, means driving Jo up the wall with harmonica playing.

In any case, I'm happy to be here with you today, broadcasting from an only marginally cleaner building. Let's start out with some live audio before jumping into our story.

[TRANSITION]

EXT. SINCLAIR, HARDIZAN

[MOTORCYCLE REVS AND PULLS UP. PEACHES TURNS IT OFF, AND THEY APPROACH THE DOOR. AS THEY APPROACH, THEY HEAR SOMETHING AROUND THE SIDE.]

PEACHES. Hello?

[THEY WALK FURTHER, BEFORE STOPPING.]

GOON 1. Huh.

GOON 2. Is this the one?

PEACHES. (*confused and wary*) Can I help you?

GOON 3. Can't be.

GOON 2. He said the mail courier.

PEACHES. Ah. Sorry to interrupt but I have to deliver this so I'll just--

[FABRIC RUSTLES, BUT NOT THE NICE KIND. GOONS GRAB PEACHES AND THE PACKAGE DROPS.]

PEACHES. Hey!

GOON 1. Sorry courier. But you've gotten yourself into some trouble.

PEACHES. What? Listen, I don't even know you. I'm just doing my job--

GOON 3. And we're doing ours.

GOON 1. Someone very important hired us to, uh, take care of you.

GOON 2. Said you talked back. Loitered on his property. Distracted his employees.

PEACHES. He... Jebediah? That coward won't even confront me himself? He sends people to do it for him?

GOON 1. I can see why he's got a problem with you, you've got a mouth on ya.

PEACHES. I've got two fists too.

GOON 3. Oh a fighter! Let's see just how much bite comes with that bark.

[FIGHTING SOUNDS! PEACHES GRUNTS AS GOON 1 THROWS A FIST. GOON 3 LAUGHS.]

GOON 3. Come on courier, at least put up a little fight.

[ANOTHER PEACHES GRUNT AND GOON 3 LAUGHS AGAIN. MORE FIGHTING SOUNDS. PEACHES EVENTUALLY FALLS TO THE GROUND.]

GOON 1. They ain't so tough.

GOON 2. Come on, let's go tell Jebediah we dealt with his problem.

[THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY AS THEY LEAVE PEACHES LYING THERE. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, THE BUG CLICKS OFF.]

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Oh ghosts, I hope Peaches is alright. I don't think Arcadia will show me more until I've started the story, so, uh, let's get to it.

[TWO CLICKS]

In Hardizan, there exists an island that serves as a source of produce. Everything there is automated and follows along a simple process that gets the job done accurately and efficiently.

This place is known as Proteus Island, and it mass produces all vegetables and other crops for Hardizan. Like many things in Hardizan, Proteus is automated; run by clockwork and machines. The growing, the harvesting, the processing, the packaging- every aspect is mechanical. Food is then picked up and shipped to the mainland. From there it is distributed across the lands that fall under Hardizan's domain. Theoretically the food should be fairly allocated throughout the nation. In practice, it all ends up going to Vanfall once the shipments reach Hardizan for distribution, and it has never been a fair process under Vanfall's control.

There is one solitary presence though. While Proteus runs and relies on machinery, there is still someone on the island. In a lighthouse situated on the northern point, there lives a man by the name of Samuel Garnett. Samuel's job is to make sure everything is running smoothly on Proteus; to make sure the machinery is up to date and working properly, oversee the shipments, and to provide any necessary repairs to any of Proteus' automated systems. When you have a place that is responsible for the mass production of such an important item, it makes sense to have someone there to keep things in working order.

Samuel's days on Proteus follow along a routine that he's long since settled into.

He wakes up early, makes a quick breakfast of eggs and toast, and then gets ready to do his daily rounds of the island and its facilities. From the northern point of the island, they make their way down to the growing fields, starting at the very beginning of the production line. From there, after making sure things are running as normal, Samuel makes his way from the fields through to the rest of the sectors. These sectors represent different stages of the process, and he is responsible for making sure each stage is running smoothly without issue.

Once they're done checking through all the sectors, Samuel looks at the shipping schedule to see if there's any ships coming in - none today - and then he just goes and wanders for a bit. Mostly he'll walk along one of the shorelines, gazing out onto the water that separates himself from any other source of land... or from any other living soul for that matter.

When the afternoon comes around, unless there's something going wrong in one of the sectors or there's a scheduled shipment, Samuel will take the rest of the day off for himself. Sometimes, he'll use the afternoon to work on anything that needs to be done around the lighthouse where he lives. While Proteus operates entirely on machines, the lighthouse does serve a purpose. It is a landmark and guide for cargo ships coming to the island, and its light is crucial for guiding the way on rainy and foggy days. A lot of the lighthouse itself is also automated, but there are a few tasks that fall under Samuel's care, such as cleaning the lenses of the light or any technical maintenance.

Samuel doesn't have any work to do involving the lighthouse this afternoon, so he decides to do some knitting. Samuel may not ask for much, but they do request to have yarn included with their monthly supplies. They've managed to knit a couple things since they started their job, and their newest project is a scarf they've been working on for a few weeks. In the evening, Samuel makes himself some dinner and checks to make sure there's nothing special he needs to see to in the morning. He also makes sure to check the shipping schedule for early morning visits. Today in particular, he takes one of his books and reads until he gets tired enough to wander to bed.

KASS. Alright, Arcadia can patch us back into Sinclair now. Let's go see what the damage is.

[TRANSITION]

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE

PEACHES. He didn't even make it a legal matter, which tells you I didn't do anything inherently wrong.

CHARLIE. Hold *still* Peach.

PEACHES. (*ignoring him*) He can't take something so petty to anyone important, so he hired people to do it. In my opinion, that is just plain cowardly and all the more reason for me to stop trying to talk to him.

[PAUSE. FABRIC RUSTLES. PEACHES MAKES A NOISE OF PAIN. LIKE "Ah."]

CHARLIE. Peaches--

PEACHES. I'm *fine*, Charlie.

CHARLIE. You're lucky they didn't kill you. If they hadn't left--

PEACHES. I'd still have been okay. I lost on purpose.

CHARLIE. You... what?

PEACHES. I let them win. You know I can take a beating.

CHARLIE. I do... I just worry.

PEACHES. You don't need to worry about me.

CHARLIE. I *wouldn't* need to if you'd stop pissing off rich people.

[BEAT]

CHARLIE. You're sure you're alright?

PEACHES. I'm *fine*, Charlie. I know how to defend myself.

CHARLIE. (*more inquisitive than accusing*) Then why *didn't* you fight back?

PEACHES. It'd be a risk. Plus, I can't wait to see the look on Jebediah's face when he sees me delivering the mail tomorrow.

CHARLIE. I wish I could give you a day off. You need to rest and heal up.

PEACHES. We both know that isn't something you can do. Besides, it's all minor.

CHARLIE. Your elbow is fractured.

PEACHES. Like I said, minor. I have another arm.

CHARLIE. That's not a great mindset.

PEACHES. Well, it's how we all think. You know it, I know it. We have to keep working to live. If it's minor injuries like this, I can still come to work. And I will.

[PAUSE.]

PEACHES. *(sigh)* Cogs, I hate the rich.

CHARLIE. You can't *just* hate the rich, Peach, you also have to care about people.

[HEAVY SILENCE]

PEACHES. Do you think that I don't care?

CHARLIE. No, I-

PEACHES. Do you think I'm only doing this out of, what, *spite*? My *family* is out there, working to feed us. And that's all there is, is work. I think we deserve a little more. But that's not out of pure hate for the owning class! It's *because* I care about my *family*. And I'm not just talking about the ones that live under the same roof as me.

[PEACHES STANDS.]

I mean, look at you! All you do is work and you don't have time for breaks, you don't have time to spend with the people who... *(choosing words)* care... about you. You barely have time to sleep for cogs sake, and neither does anyone else. We're raised to think that if we aren't born with money, we have to work every day of our lives for it. So yeah, Charlie. I hate the rich, but it's because they are hurting the people I love. So don't you *dare* accuse me of not caring.

[PAUSE]

CHARLIE. I'm sorry.

PEACHES. It's... *(breath)* I'm not mad at you.

CHARLIE. Come sit down, let me finish your bandage.

[PEACHES GOES OVER AND SITS AGAIN.]

PEACHES. I'm mad at *them* and I'm taking it out on you.

CHARLIE. I don't blame you. The situation isn't good. But that's why we're doing something about it. *(pause)* I'm glad you're alive.

PEACHES. Can't get rid of me that easily.

CHARLIE. And thank goodness for that.

[CHARLIE FINISHES OFF WRAPPING PEACHES' ARM AND PUTS THE
BANDAGES IN THE DRAWER AFTER SECURING IT.]

PEACHES. *(sigh)* Thanks Charlie.

CHARLIE. Of course. Try not to get into too many more of these fights? I don't like seeing you hurt.

PEACHES. Ah don't worry, I'm not going to let it happen again. Remember last time?

CHARLIE. Oh do I. Please don't make me clean up another body.

PEACHES. S'alright, I'll clean up myself.

CHARLIE. *(laughing)* Peach--

PEACHES. Joking! Mostly.

CHARLIE. Peaches.

PEACHES. Don't worry, I'll be safe. See you tomorrow.

CHARLIE. Rest up.

PEACHES. You too, goodnight.

CHARLIE. Goodnight Peach.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Oh good, I'm glad Peaches didn't flatline. It's nice that they have Charlie to be concerned about them in person, and it's not just me worrying from across the world. Now, back to the story.

KASS. There are days, as he makes his rounds, when Samuel finds he has to fix a robot in one of the sectors. Like today: they found a robot in the processing sector that had been experiencing malfunctions. He hadn't seen any problems in it the day before, so this must have popped up early that morning. Oh well, these things happen. That's why he was here.

They go down to the sector to fix the robot, bringing their tool kit with them. Other robots file in to fill its place as Samuel pulls the troublesome one aside.

"So, what have you done to yourself this time?" They ask as they look over the robot.

The robot doesn't respond; it can't respond, and they know it. Samuel doesn't care. Talking to the robots makes him feel less alone. He can pretend that someone is listening to him. Not like there's anyone else on the island but the machines.

Once the robot is fixed and he sets it back with the others, he continues his walk around the rest of the island to make sure nothing else is wrong.

Later on in the afternoon, he finds himself on the shore, having nothing better to do at the moment. He finds a couple smooth rocks, picks them up, and tosses them into the water, each skipping a couple times before sinking down below the surface.

There are also days when Samuel wakes, and he feels overwhelmingly lonely. It should be expected when you're the only one on an island with nothing but machines, but that doesn't make it much better.

When the next lonely day comes, he finds it's foggy outside, which means he has to go up to the top of the lighthouse and make sure the light is on. They don't want to, not today, but they have to; especially if there are any boats in the area. So, Samuel drags himself out of bed, and forces himself up the steps to the top of the lighthouse. He runs his usual checks on the light and sets it to run on automatic. Now, with that taken care of, they can move on to their usual routine.

Samuel makes his rounds of the island, but it's in a sort of stupor; running on automatic as he makes the checks. They're just as much clockwork as the rest of this place, and they worry sometimes that's all they'll ever be. They feel like there's nothing else beyond this island and this solitary life.

Around noon, he checks the shipping schedule and finds there is a cargo ship set to arrive in just a few hours. Samuel brightens up a little and heads down to the pier to make sure the shipment is ready.

Samuel is familiar with the person who has come to pick up the shipment; a man by the name of William who transports packaged produce to Vanfell for distribution. The moment he steps off the boat, Samuel forces a smile and greets him with a wave.

"Hello there! How are you on this fine day?" He asks.

William tells him that it's not much of a fine day on account of the chill and the fog. Samuel responds with a quick remark acknowledging the foggy weather and it's unpleasantness, hoping to spark a conversation. They just want to talk to someone; anyone. Anyone that's not a robot. They tried to get William to stay for lunch, or even just to chat for five minutes- anything to stop the ache of loneliness from crushing them in its grip.

William declines, gathers up the shipment, and leaves. Samuel is alone again.

He returns to the lighthouse, and for a while he sits by the window and looks out over the foggy land outside. He's been here for so long, with just him and the machinery. He knows someone has to do this job, but he's started to forget why it had to be him; why he ever signed up for this miserable position.

Samuel closes his eyes, and listens to the foghorn. Listens to the foghorn and takes a deep breath. They pull their quilt around them as if that will provide some sort of comfort. They may have their hobbies and the robots to talk to, but they're just as forlorn as this place. They know deep down that this is a crucial job; that's why they applied for the position. He just has to try and remind himself that he has a purpose here. That his work is important. That he helps people, even if he can't see them.

Doesn't make it any easier, but it's what he keeps telling himself so he can get through to the next day.

The days will come and go; sometimes slowly, sometimes seeming to blend together. That's is how Samuel lives their life on Proteus. He is the caretaker, and he'll remain such until... until... -

[KASS STRUGGLES TO FIND THE RIGHT WORDS]

KASS. What... where did the story go? Arcadia, why did you cut me off?

[BEAT]

KASS. Someone's on the island? Who?

[BEAT]

KASS. Oh, well let him in!

[MARVIN ENTERS]

KASS. Marvin!

MARVIN. Hello, Kass!

KASS. Oh, it's good to see you again. How did you- how did you get here?

MARVIN. If I'm honest, I was trying to get to a port in Rilke. Then, there was Arcadia, right ahead of me.

KASS. Well I'm glad you decided to come pay us a visit!

MARVIN. 'Course I did! I couldn't pass up a chance to come back here. Who knows when that'll happen again?

KASS. It's been a while since you were last on the island.

MARVIN. Oh yes, it has been; but there are storms out there on the horizon-

KASS. And someone has to chase them- I know.

MARVIN. What have you been up to?

KASS. Well, I was in the middle of a story until Arcadia told me you were here. I think it was wrapping up anyway, so let me do my sign off and then we can get caught up.

MARVIN. I'll let you finish up. Then I can tell you about the storms I've seen since we last talked; I've got some new tales that will *blow* you away!

KASS. Ha. Alright then.

KASS. Sorry for the interruption. I wasn't expecting Marvin to show up. Marvin is, of course, an Empire storm chaser and friend of the show - he's called in before to tell us the latest news from the war.

I suppose I might as well call it there; Arcadia still isn't sharing any more about Proteus island. Hopefully Samuel's days brighten up. Living on an island by yourself must get pretty lonely. I lived on Arcadia by myself for almost a week when I first arrived, and even that was too long.

Until next time, stay safe, stay moving, and stick close. You've been listening to Station Arcadia.

[THEME SONG]

C.V.V.M. Station Arcadia is a podcast by Metal Steve Productions, and licensed under a creative commons attribution noncommercial share-alike 4.0 international license. It is produced by Eliana Esdi and C.V.V.M., and directed by Tovah Brantner. It is edited by Eliana Esdi and J. R. Steele, with soundscaping by Becker Hoang and music by Theo Goodwin. Today's episode was written by Shay Topaz, with scenes by Tovah Brantner and J.R. Steele. It featured Jade Virginia as Kass, Dylan Ramdin as Marvin, CaraLee Rose Howe as Peaches, Cory Repass as Charlie, Rowan Wright as Goon 1, Sam Lueke as Goon 2, and Noel Miller as Goon 3.

Join us on twitter and tumblr, @stationarcadia, for more content. Join us on Discord to chat with other fans, using the link in the description. Check out our website, stationarcadia.com for a transcript of this episode as well as information on the cast and crew. And finally, don't forget to subscribe to our patreon!

Today's number of the week is fifteen. This episode is also number 15. These two things are not related.

[CLICK]

Mina: Welcome to Murray Mysteries.

[Theme music begins.]

Mina: I'm Mina Murray.

Lucy: My Mum wants me to come home and visit and I am not leaving you here alone to brood over your long-lost love.

Mina: So, the Bachelorette here has been keeping three suitors on the back-burner while she was away.

Mina: Poor, hot Quincy.

Jane: New patient in today, and a promising case.

Mina: I haven't heard from Jonathan in a while.

Mina: I know what I saw. It wasn't human.

Van Helsing: Did you see those marks on her neck?

Quincy: Yeah, did her teeth look longer to you?

Captain: I can hear it pacing outside.

Jonathan: He's here, I saw him, he's here. Mina, we have to go.

Captain: If someone hears this, if anyone. We're all doomed. He can't be stopped. Run for your lives, or – Oh no. Please, oh God.