

STATION ARCADIA OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

Episode #11: For Love and Local Liberty

BRONWYN. Hey, Bronwyn here, the voice of Alice Harlow. Are you interested in discussing Station Arcadia with other fans, sharing fan theories, or asking questions to the cast and crew? Or maybe you could just use another place to share and view cat pictures! In either case, the Station Arcadia discord is the place for you. Come join us, using the link in the description. Thanks, and enjoy episode 11 - For Love and Local Liberty.

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Welcome, anyone. Try having a fruit, or a vegetable. They're actually really great. You're listening to Station Arcadia

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

KASS. It has been a wonderfully rainy day, which is great for the garden. I was worried my cabbages weren't getting enough water. Y'know, it is so cool the way things just *grow* out of the *ground*, and then you can eat them. It beats food pellets, that's for sure. I've been growing carrots too, oh and kale, and-

Oh, oh uh, the station has some audio for me, um let's see where we're tuning into today.

[TRANSITION]

INT. L'AUREORE

[A GLASS IS SET DOWN ON THE TABLE. TEDDY TAKES A DRINK AND PUTS IT DOWN WITH A SIGH]

BLUEBELL. (*From across the room:*) The speakeasy is going to close pretty soon. Even Alice has packed up.

TEDDY. Let me finish my drink.

BLUEBELL. Alright...

[FOOTSTEPS AS BLUEBELL CROSSES THE ROOM]

You've been here for an awful long time.

TEDDY. Where else would I go?

BLUEBELL. I meant at the bar itself. There's a table with more comfortable chairs here. Give yourself a break

TEDDY. I'm fine where I am.

BLUEBELL. *(Under his breath:)* You can be really stubborn sometimes.

TEDDY. What?

BLUEBELL. Nothing. I didn't say anything. I just... noticed that you seem a bit more down than usual.

TEDDY. I guess.

[BEAT]

BLUEBELL. Do you want to talk about it?

[TEDDY SHIFTS IN HIS SEAT]

TEDDY. I just left my office a mess before I went out because I didn't know I wouldn't be going back to it, and now I'm not allowed to leave without a "chaperone."

BLUEBELL. Is that all? I can just take you there myself.

TEDDY. You'd... what?

BLUEBELL. I'm resistance personnel, I can keep an eye on you. Plus, I can help you clean up.

(Somewhat talking over each other:)

TEDDY. I mean, if you really want to I don't want to inconvenience you-

BLUEBELL. It's really not that big of a deal-

TEDDY. You shouldn't have to deal with a big mess just because I-

BLUEBELL. (*Loudly:*) I'll just help you okay?!

(*Clears throat*) I'll just go get changed and then we can head out.

[BLUEBELL WALKS AWAY]

[TEDDY FACEPLANTS ON THE BAR]

TEDDY. (*Muttering:*) Vasha's Cow.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. I suspect that won't be the last time we hear from Teddy today, but in the meantime let's get to the story.

[TWO CLICKS]

KASS. Hermia Smith began as a popular graffiti artist in the Clercourt city of Montgomery. Her graffiti started with simple tags, mostly writing her name in large calligraphic fonts on the walls of abandoned buildings. Later, it evolved into illustrative work, then focused in on bugs, then spiders. All kinds of spiders, painted on all kinds of buildings, taking up vast amounts of space. She started with a web, then worked the spider into the lines. You had to look closely to see it, even when it was as big as the building itself. This attracted a lot of attention, but the authorities never took action against her, or the art. She was one of hundreds of graffiti artists in Montgomery. It looked better for the city if they just ignored her and pretended like they sanctioned the art, even if the public knew the truth. And for Hermia's part, she did keep it to fairly unproblematic structures. Until she didn't.

One night in May, a couple weeks before Clercourt Day, she splattered the statue in the town square with red paint. To sign it, she painted a little spider web in the corner. It was a pretty big statement to make, especially given the location of the statue. The town square was bordered with government offices and would fill with street vendors during the day, making it the busiest location in the city. It was too bad a certain new Local Liberty Officer, Pina Chaznia, got to work

cleaning the paint off right away. My mid-day, it looked like it had never even been touched.

Officer Chaznia had a couple reasons to be so diligent about cleaning the statue. It was a statue of her great grandfather for one, General Lucas Chaznia, responsible for the Patriot's Stand at Steveston - or the Steveston Massacre, depending on which side you take. She came from a long line of decorated war veterans and the pressure was on to make them proud. She wore it in stride. In a statement to the press, the new officer said: "I'm very proud to be from a family of war heroes. And I couldn't be prouder to support them as a member of the Local Liberty force. It's my duty as a proud citizen and as an LLO to promote our patriot values and squash out any dissent. As long as I am on the force, nothing can be a threat to our liberty."

Unfortunately for Officer Chaznia, washing the paint off the statue didn't stop word from getting out. The vandalism didn't spark any immediate action. The people were too scared of the LLO to initiate anything risky. But it came in whispers, in the spread of information, and in little splatters of paint. Sometimes, an entire neighborhood would wake up and find that someone had gone through and slung red paint over all the lamp posts. Most neighborhoods washed it off immediately but a couple brave communities would silently agree to keep it on at least until the LLO took notice.

A couple people tried their hands at spray painting General Chaznia's statue, but it was always washed away in the morning by Pina Chaznia herself, and the statue was eventually placed under tight surveillance.

A week after the incident, Pina Chaznia's uncle, the esteemed military commander and inventor Simon Snuff, discovered his wallet was missing. It was returned to him a week later with all the contents missing and a note inside. "Thank you for your generous contribution to the resistance." A spider drawing pointed to a culprit: Hermia Smith.

From there, Detective Chaznia launched a manhunt and declared herself the head, claiming that her dedication made her the perfect leader for the case. No one disagreed. This put her in direct communication with the head of the LLO and they got to work immediately. The threat to Montgomery's liberty would be eradicated.

Over the next few weeks things continued to escalate. Pickpocketing cases surged until wealthy citizens who normally would have worn expensive clothes to show off their statuses started to dress down when going out. It became a trend in schools to graffiti slogans in

support of the resistance on the desks. Citizens who were more supportive of the LLO called for Pina Chaznia to step down, claiming that a more competent officer would have found Hermia Smith by now. Some even questioned her loyalty.

[TRANSITION]

INT. TEDDY'S OFFICE

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES]

BLUEBELL. Wow, you weren't kidding. This place is a disaster.

TEDDY. Well, I was the only one who had to worry about finding stuff in here so I didn't really care all that much.

If you can get started on sorting through all the old stuff in that cabinet I can take care of the stacks on my desk

[BLUEBELL OPENS THE FILING CABINET]

[HE COUGHS AS DUST FLIES UP IN HIS FACE]

BLUEBELL. What's in here anyways?

TEDDY. Cases from years back. They're either solved or cold. Just use your best judgement for what isn't needed, I trust you.

BLUEBELL. Oh.

[A FEW MOMENTS OF SHUFFLING THROUGH PAPER ON BOTH ENDS]

Hmm, how come it's so messy? Isn't there... someone who could have helped you organize?

TEDDY. No.

BLUEBELL. No family?

TEDDY. They don't live in town.

BLUEBELL. Oh yea? They move out or you move in?

TEDDY. I moved in. Not long after I was discharged.

BLUEBELL. That's something we have in common, then.

TEDDY. Pardon?

BLUEBELL. I didn't grow up in Steveston, or even Clercourt. I was actually born in Bremrig.

TEDDY. You... Why did you move?

BLUEBELL. Oh, you know how it goes. My parents got into a scuffle on the street and... Well. They didn't make it out. You live fast in Bremrig, and they just weren't fast enough.

But you can bet once that happened I was quick enough to get out. There wasn't much left for me there besides maybe meeting the same fate my parents did. Besides, the revolution had a stronger foothold over here.

TEDDY. So you joined willingly?

BLUEBELL. Of course. You know, you're a rather special case. Most of our members here are here wholeheartedly, you just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

TEDDY. That sounds... nice.

[BLUEBELL STOPS SHUFFLING THROUGH PAPERS; TEDDY KEEPS GOING]

BLUEBELL. What do you mean?

TEDDY. To be in something so passionately.

I haven't really... done that in a while. I'm kind of jealous of you guys in that regard.

BLUEBELL. If you believe in the cause you can just-

TEDDY. That's not what I mean.

BLUEBELL. Then what do you mean?

[TEDDY STOPS SHUFFLING PAPER]

[BEAT]

[TEDDY TAKES A SHAKY BREATH]

TEDDY. I'm standing in front of you right now because of spite. There is literally no other reason I'm alive. I haven't lived for hope in Tara knows how long. Years, at least.

I moved here from... the north east and every day since then I've gotten out of bed, gone to work and repeated over and over just to prove that I can do it. It's exhausting, but as soon as I stop there'll be nothing else to catch me and I'll crash.

And you guys—people like you and Alice—*don't do that*. There's something for you the next day besides the promise of pissing someone off just because you're alive. So yea, I don't know if I believe in your "cause" enough to vouch for it but I still wish... I wish... Nevermind.

BLUEBELL. Who are you trying to spite?

[PAPER SHUFFLING STARTS AS TEDDY GETS INTO IT AGAIN]

TEDDY. It doesn't even matter at this point. They've probably forgotten me by now. Which just makes my whole situation even more pathetic.

BLUEBELL. You're not pathetic, Teddy.

TEDDY. I didn't say *I* was pathetic, it's just everything about my life.

BLUEBELL. That sounds like you're equivocating.

TEDDY. Can we just get back to work, please?

BLUEBELL. Sure.

[SHUFFLING RESUMES ONCE MORE]

If it makes you feel any better, I'm rather happy that you're alive.

[SHUFFLING PAUSES FOR A MOMENT]

[AND BEGINS AGAIN]

TEDDY. Thanks.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Accusations of Pina Chaznia's incompetence built, and tensions continued to rise. There was a spike in arrests as anyone who was even perceived to be connected to the resistance was suspect. LLOs were stretched thin patrolling every street at night. Finally, things came to a head the night after Clercourt day. Sirens were heard throughout the city as every door to every cell in the Montgomery prison had been opened. The entire Local Liberty Force rushed to respond, but they were too late. The prisoners did the factory work and farm work and essentially every menial out of sight job that was needed to run the country. That kind of work takes a lot of manpower, and so the prisoners outnumbered the Local Liberty Force nearly 3:1. They were overwhelmed.

Too overwhelmed in fact, to respond to a distress call from a train that was passing through Montgomery. The train had been taken over by a small rebel force intending to steal it's cargo - a new type of lethal gas, developed in response to Phlegathon gas, and imported from Bremrig. The materials used to develop it were extremely rare, but the gas would be deadly. In use, the gas would spread fast and far killing everyone in a 100 league radius. Whatever big plan the Clercourt government had for it was something the rebel forces of Montgomery wanted to stop. With the exception of a brief skirmish with guards on the train, the heist went off without a hitch, leaving the city of Montgomery without any leads to look into. It all became clear, however, when an important officer didn't appear for work the next morning. The Local Liberty Force realized that there was only a small group of officers with the keys to the switch that could open all the cells at once. One of whom was Pina Chazn--

[CRASH AS VENTS GIVE OUT]

LYSSEL. WOAH!!

KASS. Aahhh! Ghosts, Lyssel! What- where did you come from?

LYSSEL. Uhh... the vents

KASS. Wha-Why?

LYSSEL. Wanted to listen. Normally do.

KASS. You know you're always welcome in the booth, right?

LYSSEL. Well, sure but you know how it is when a skytrain's in the wrong lane and it throws everything outta wack. Don't wanna be a virus, y'know?

KASS. Um, I'm not sure...

LYSSEL. I'm just gonna zap on out, y'know, uh... bye!

[FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSES]

KASS. Uh, that was Lyssel, our station's tech support and my good friend, being um, how they usually are. They're a joy to have though, and I don't know where I'd be without them.

(stammering:) Back to the story, though.

KASS. Within a week, the details were all over the newspapers and tabloids. It was mostly speculation, but they printed it anyway. They wrote about how Officer Chaznia had been corrupted with rebellious ideals in her teen years. They told the story of how she had deceived her whole family into believing she really did want to follow in their footsteps, all the while secretly meeting with those who threaten Montgomery and Clercourt's liberty. Bank transactions and mail records would reveal she frequently stole from her family's bank account, and public opinion said that she must have wired money to revolution operations in Steveston. Some said that she joined the Local Liberty Force with the purpose of using her family name to climb to the top and betray them all, while others figured she must have overheard a conversation about the gas between her mother and her uncle Simon and set the plan in motion then and there. Rumors even circulated that she and Hermia Smith were engaged to be married, and had run off to Steveston after the heist. Maybe she did, or maybe it's hearsay. If they're lucky, even time won't tell.

[TWO CLICKS]

KASS. Well, I think that's all the station has for me today, listeners. It was an interesting story. Arcadia doesn't have any details on where Pina and Hermia are now and I'm hoping that's a good thing. I'm curious what Marvin thinks though, if he's heard anything about that weapon or what Clercourt was planning. It seems like Clercourt's revolution is based in Steveston, but it does make sense there'd be smaller chapters in other places. It would be nice if they worked together, but they don't seem that organized... Seems like the

only thing getting organized over there is Teddy's desk. Which, speaking of, let's check back in one more time.

[TRANSITION]

INT. TEDDY'S OFFICE

[SHUFFLING PAPER]

BLUEBELL. A lot of these cases are pretty boring, I would have expected more from you.

TEDDY. Those are the early ones. I hadn't gotten enough of a reputation at that point to attract the big jobs.

BLUEBELL. And you do now?

TEDDY. I did. I've been shot at almost as much as a private eye as my time in service.

BLUEBELL. Another thing we have in common.

TEDDY. I can't imagine why the revolutionary in a stratocratic government would be shot at so frequently.

BLUEBELL. Is that sarcasm I detect in your voice?

TEDDY. I have no idea what you're talking about.

BLUEBELL. Ok, we have to stop before we're unable to communicate without irony.

TEDDY. Right.

I've almost finished with the stuff over here, once you're done with the cabinet we can call it quits.

BLUEBELL. I'm on the last drawer. Looks like the really old cases. You don't even have an alphabetical system?

TEDDY. I got distracted by other things. Besides, you saw my desk. If I can't keep *that* clean what makes you think my drawers would be any different.

[BLUEBELL SNORTS]

[SHUFFLING SLOWLY STOPS]

BLUEBELL. What's all this stuff?

TEDDY. All what?

[FOOTSTEPS/CANE AS TEDDY WALKS OVER]

Oh. That's just a personal case I was on when I first moved here. The whole thing's bunk, you should probably just put it back-

BLUEBELL. You've got a lot of records in here. Merikal, Grened... Oh, my higher ups would kill for stuff from Montgomery. Vanfell... wait...

TEDDY. Give it back.

[TEDDY SNATCHES THE PAPER FROM HIM]

BLUEBELL. What are shipment records from the capital of Hardizan doing in your case files?

TEDDY. I was investigating Talsorian and Hardizanian involvement in the war, alright? Like I said, the whole case was one big dead end, and I dropped it years ago. I get that it was stupid, I've moved on to more realistic things.

BLUEBELL. Stupid? Teddy, that could be *huge*! If it's true that they've been sending funds or supplies and we find a way to block it, the military would take a huge hit. Not to mention the public outcry for such blatant corruption!

TEDDY. You don't think it's fake?

BLUEBELL. I mean, I don't know really, but some of that stuff looked pretty shady, and how many pages did you have from Vanfell? Two? Imagine if we got *more*.

TEDDY. We *can't* get more, it's a miracle that I even have that much. I don't exactly have a vast network of contacts in Hardizan.

BLUEBELL. I'm sure we can get something. You said this was a personal case, you must have cared a lot about it at some point, right?

TEDDY. Yes, but now I'm just trying to *survive*.

BLUEBELL. This is a chance for something more than spite, Teddy.

[BEAT. TEDDY DOESN'T RESPOND.]

Can I keep these?

TEDDY. If you really want to.

BLUEBELL. Thanks. You know, you don't have to pick this up again, but I'm going to figure it out and you're welcome to help.

TEDDY. It doesn't lead anywhere, Bluebell.

BLUEBELL. Then that's something I can find out too.

[BLUEBELL STUFFS THE PAPERS IN HIS BAG]

I think that's the last of it. We can head back to the speakeasy. If you're ready to, that is.

TEDDY. It's fine. It was nice to get some air even for a little bit.

[FOOTSTEPS]

[DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES]

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. I don't *think* Talsoria is involved in the war... I mean, feel like I would have heard about that. Maybe Hardizan is? I wonder if... I wonder if Peaches and Charlie know anything about that. Or Nikki, with all her contacts. Of course, I guess if they did it wouldn't help out the Clercourt revolution all that much...

This is all hypothetical anyway.

Listeners, if you're out there, stay safe, stay moving, and stick close. You've been listening to Station Arcadia.

[CLOSING THEME]

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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 Emily Bennett, with scenes by Tovah Brantner and J.R. Steele. It featured Jade Virginia as Kass, Olly Davis as Lyssel, Andrew Simons as Teddy, and Cole B. as Bluebell. 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 crew member of the week is Becker. Becker, we appreciate you.