

STATION ARCADIA OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

Episode #10: The Wreckage

BRONWYN. Hey, Bronwyn here, the voice of Alice Harlow. Pledging to our patreon is a quick and easy way to help support us in creating Station Arcadia. But we understand that not everyone is able to give financially. Sharing Station Arcadia with others in your life is another great way to help us out. This could mean recommending the show to friends and family, posting about it on social media, or talking about it in podcasting spaces. Word of mouth is the most effective way for a show to grow and we really appreciate your help. Thanks, and enjoy Episode 10: Wreckage.

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Welcome, anyone. Breath in, and out. You're listening to Station Arcadia.

[THEME MUSIC PLAYS]

KASS. *(yawns)* Welcome, anyone. You're listen- wait. No, wait, I said that already. Sorry, it's been... a day. Jo and Z wouldn't stop bickering, which normally wouldn't bother me but I have this headache and...

Ugh, I need some painkillers before I plug into the station. Let's go to a break while I ask Jo what she's got.

[TRANSITION]

INT. 7RC BROADCASTING STUDIO

INTERVIEWER. Hello, Miss Moore, thank you for dropping in for our little show tonight.

AXEL. Oh, well, it's, uh, really not that big of a deal.

INTERVIEWER. It's not every day we at 7RC get to interview a candidate for Premier.

AXEL. Well, I'm just glad someone actually wants to talk to me.

[AXEL GIGGLES NERVOUSLY]

[AWKWARD SILENCE]

INTERVIEWER. Well! Let's start off with some personal stuff, shall we? We can save all the boring policy stuff for later.

AXEL. That sounds great to me.

INTERVIEWER. You were born here on Island 7, right?

AXEL. Yea. I lived here for a few years before my parents moved to Island 3 to work at Oko University. I came back here to campaign, but I'd forgotten how bad the humidity was.

INTERVIEWER. Don't I know it. So, did you go to Oko University?

AXEL. Yes.

INTERVIEWER. What did you study?

AXEL. Uh, political science.

INTERVIEWER. *(with a laugh)* Did you enjoy your time at OKU?

AXEL. Yeah! Their programs were good and I met some great people there. That's actually where I met my campaign manager, Sorren. He's my best friend.

INTERVIEWER. And now you're working together! It's got to be fun to work beside a friend.

AXEL. He can be a little overbearing, but sometimes that's a good thing.

INTERVIEWER. Of course. Now, onto that boring politics stuff we mentioned earlier. Your campaign is doing pretty well these days, isn't it?

AXEL. That's right. We had a bit of a rough start, but have made some good headway in the past month or so.

INTERVIEWER. What sets you apart from the other candidates? I've been hearing a lot of buzz about your "unique approach", tell me more about that.

AXEL. Oh, well, the big thing is that a lot of my policies are quite long-term. Knowing how to guide the islands in the short term is one thing, and I think our current leadership has been doing a great job on that front, but it's time to look to the future. Where do we want our Islands to be 10, 20, 50 years from now? What about one hundred years? My team and I have been considering these questions, and I'm ready to put plans into motion that will benefit not only our present selves, but future generations.

INTERVIEWER. I see. Do you believe your age or lack of political experience will affect your ability to lead, or the choices you'll make as premier?

AXEL. I do not. I've studied politics extensively, helped to organize community events such as the Night of Song memorial in Oko, and am always willing to learn and improve. Many older residents of the Gannon Islands grew up on the water, or were born shortly after our return. They see these islands as something impermanent that could be taken away. Their perspectives are important, but I believe it's time to plant more serious roots, and invest in our future.

INTERVIEWER. What a great response. It looks like we're just about out of time. Next up on 7RC: an amazing story on this year's contestants for the Island 7 boat races.

Thank you very much for coming out today, Miss Moore.

AXEL. Thank you for having me.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Welcome back. Hopefully my headache will go away soon but in the meantime... well, let's just get through this, shall we?

[TWO CLICKS]

KASS. Captain Torryn has been on the water his whole life, and he's been fishing for most of that. He's had his own boat for years, and every scratch on the deck and chip in the paint is familiar to him. It's just as much a part of his family as the ship's crew- Astrid, the navigator, Captain Torryn's adopted daughter, Anaya, and Winter, Anaya's partner. None of them are related by blood, but they're family all the same.

Today, they're hoping for a bigger catch than usual, the sort that's only found further away from island nine- closer to the empire. So Captain Torryn and his crew of three set out into the ocean.

It's a beautiful day. Clear skies, sunny, with just enough wind. Winter and Anaya play cards while Astrid directs the boat towards the spot they chose to start fishing.

Slowly, without their noticing, the fishing boat drifts further from the shore, towards the mainland. Captain Torryn is leaning on the rail looking up at the sky when he realizes exactly how close to the Empire they've come. Then, in the distance, he hears the first bomb fall.

He instantly gives the order to head in the opposite direction of the bombs, and the other members of the crew join him in his work. They need to get as far away from the coming conflict as possible. Their boat isn't equipped to survive a fight, not in the slightest. It's a fishing vessel, unarmed and small. Even though it's speedy, it isn't a match for the warships of the Empire and if they get in a skirmish they'll go down quickly.

Captain Torryn stands on top of the ship's cabin with his spyglass, knee deep in plants and watches as the warships and planes on the horizon come closer and closer. They won't be able to outrun them.

He looks down when Astrid yells. They run up to him, and point wordlessly in the opposite direction of the approaching warships. The captain turns to see a second line of ships and planes.

They're about to be trapped in the middle of a battle.

KASS. The first plane zooms overhead, and a bomb crashes down into the water. Captain Torryn almost falls off the roof, as he topples into some of the plants on top of the cabin. His hat and spyglass go flying overboard as the ship rocks violently.

The second bomb crashes into the water as well, sending the ship tipping wildly again. Captain Torryn watches numbly for a moment as the playing cards flutter over the railing, before he leaps to his feet and starts to give orders.

He's going to do everything he can to get them through this. There's still a chance that their small boat will be able to maneuver through the empire ships and back home.

At least, until a cannonball slams through the mast of the boat. Captain Torryn covers his head as shards of wood and sails rain down, watching his boat, his *home*, get ripped to shreds.

Captain Torryn gathers the crew together in the cabin, and they watch as the air around them is filled with smoke and explosions.

Winter and Anaya hold onto each other like the ship will fall apart if they let go, and Astrid is pale and silent. Each one is trying to stay strong for the other three. Captain Torryn gives them the news they all knew was coming- unless they were incredibly lucky, they weren't getting out of there.

KASS. Alright listeners, let's go to our second break of the night.

[TRANSITION]

INT. AXEL'S OFFICE

AXEL. Hey Sorren.

SORREN. Welcome back from your interview. How are you feeling?

AXEL. Exhausted. At least it was nice to share some good news for once. We were really in a rough patch there for a while.

SORREN. Yea. Really nice. It's all really great.

AXEL. What does that mean?

SORREN. What does what mean?

AXEL. You're talking really weird.

SORREN. I'm not talking weird

AXEL. You're just repeating everything I say!

SORREN. I'm not-

AXEL. SORREN!

Just tell me what's going on.

[SORREN SIGHS]

SORREN. It's really cool that you could go on that show and talk about the things that are going well for us, but...

AXEL. But?

SORREN. They aren't really going *that* well.

You've got good traction in the rural areas, but Hayyacynth has a major foothold in a lot of the older institutions, and without them it's harder to crack the urban center. Besides, Islands 4 and 6 think that you should be doing more about foreign policy.

AXEL. More *what*?

SORREN. I don't know, that wasn't on the questionnaire.

AXEL. I'm not sure what you want me to say then!

SORREN. What is going on with you? You barely listen when I try to tell you campaign details, and when you do you don't respond to any of it! We can't win this if you don't try, Axel!

AXEL. I *am* trying! I'm going to all these pointless interviews and debates.

SORREN. They're not pointless, they're important!

AXEL. Then why don't *you* do them?

SORREN. That's not how this works, and even if it was you know I couldn't do it.

AXEL. Come *on*, every time we get even a little close to a lead, we just fall back again!

SORREN. You're arguing your opposite point now. Are you trying or do you want to stop?

AXEL. You're just more invested in this than I am!

SORREN. *You are the one who asked me to join this campaign!*

(Softly:) What happened to the woman who showed up at my husband's apartment saying she wanted to make the world a better place?

[CHAIR SQUEAKS; AXEL SITS DOWN]

AXEL. I didn't really want to do this. I mean, I *did*, but not like...

[SIGH]

My whole life plan after graduating was to run a fishing shop, maybe run for mayor or city counsel of a small town on Island 3. But I saw Hayyacynth was running for Premier, and all her policies are terrible, and *no one* was seriously running against her. I had to do something.

And I can handle it, you know, I know what I'm getting into. This just isn't what I expected.

SORREN. I'm sorry, Axel.

AXEL. Don't be. I'm the one who made this choice.

You're right, I haven't been taking this seriously enough. This is bigger than me and I can't keep getting bogged down in what could have been.

SORREN. If it's any consolation, I'll be right by your side for this whole thing. *(Jokingly:)* Even your future assassination.

AXEL. Oh, stop it.

SORREN. It'll be incredibly unfortunate. I don't know how I'll continue, but somehow I will know that you're still there. In spirit. And that will make it all worth it.

AXEL. You seem way too invested in this fantasy.

SORREN. Only a little bit.

AXEL. Let's go over the areas our campaign is falling behind, shall we? And this time I'll actually listen.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Another bomb hits, and Captain Torryn and his crew are thrown against the cabin wall.

Captain Torryn scrambles out of the cabin to look around at the destruction. His life is in shambles, scattered around them, and the boat is taking on water fast. He spots the lifeboat a little ways away, floating through the water in pieces.

When the next bomb hits their ship, it sends Captain Torryn flying into the bitterly cold water. He flails wildly, not sure which way is up.

He floats back to the surface and grabs onto a plank of wood. He doesn't see his family anywhere, just debris in the water.

Captain Torryn has almost completely given up when he hears a voice yelling to him from a little ways away. A voice he doesn't know, asking him if he's still alive. He calls back to them, looking up and around for the source of the voice. Then, the shadow of an empire ship passes over him. He closes his eyes, ready to be run over or shot- but the thing that hits him in the back of the head is a coil of rope, not a bullet. He grabs onto it blindly. The voice calls down to him, says to hold on, and though his arms shake with the effort, he maintains his grip.

He feels himself dragged out of the ocean by several people, and is gently tossed onto the deck coughing up water. Someone pats his back.

After a few minutes, he wipes his face with a sopping wet sleeve and looks up at the empire soldiers gathered around him.

One of them kneels down - a young woman with a scar that just barely misses her eye. She smiles gently at him and asks if he's okay.

Instead of responding, he tries to stand back up. He almost falls over, but feels several hands help to hold him steady. He pushes them away, but when he tries to stand on his own he becomes aware of a shooting pain in his left leg, and collapses back to the deck.

The captain asks about his ship, and his crew, and is met with shaken heads. The young woman with a scar hands him a canteen. A slightly older person helps him out of his soaked coat and hands him a blanket. He doesn't resist. He doesn't have a reason to. After all, everything he loved is gone, lost to the bombs and the ocean waves.

There's a sudden burst of yelling on the other side of the deck, and he looks up to see the soldiers pulling a second person up from the water. He tries to run towards them, but his injury keeps him pinned

in place. The young woman gives him a hand up and helps him limp across the deck.

The person lying in a puddle of seawater and blood is Anaya, his daughter. Still alive- but just barely.

He drops to his knees next to her and looks up at the soldiers. He asks with genuine confusion; "Why do you do this?"

The woman with the scar shrugs. "We're just following orders." The words look like they're hurting her. She offers to help him belowdecks where it's safer and he can see a medic. Exhausted, he accepts, and she helps him limp belowdecks while two other soldiers carry Anaya.

By the time his wounds have been treated and he is drifting off under the sedatives, he still doesn't know if Anaya will survive, or where the rest of his crew is. He can still hear bombs and gunfire from the battle, and for all he knows, this ship will sink as well before the sun sets. But for now, he's alive.

KASS. *(yawns)* And with that, on that great note, I'm gonna go sleep, for a few days straight. Stay safe, stay moving, and stick close. You've been listening to Station Arcadia.

[OUTRO MUSIC]

ELIANA ESDI. 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 Quinn O.A. Feinburg with scenes from Tovah Branter and J.R. Steele. It featured Jade Virginia as Kass, Rachel Cameron as Axel Moore, Akaash S. as Soren and Antigone Brickman as The Interviewer. 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 instrument feature of the week is the oboe. This is what an

oboe sounds like *(plays the theme to Station Arcadia on the oboe)*,
Thank you.

This Planet Needs a Name Trailer

ZAHAVA. Tomorrow, I'll do something out of stories. My feet will walk on Earth that is not of Earth

CYRUS. Unforeseen circumstances are hard to prepare for. If you can prepare for them, they're foreseen.

JAMES. Unless our plans change cata-fucking-strophically, it should be fine.

QUILL. I have been asleep for decades, how much more patience do you want?

MANDRY. They're growing us a village, next to the base of a space elevator on a brand new planet.

ZEI. For you to have this new and better world, I have to stay behind and make it.

KOLIAN. *(singing)* unimaginable animals, mmmmmmmmm hmmmmmmmm mmmmmmmmm

CYRUS. You didn't try the cheese!

ZAHAVA. What will it mean for all the stories you've told me to be alive on a new world?

QUILL. It's so beautiful...

MANDRY. Trust me

ZEI. Here we go

EVAN. Check out *This Planet Needs a Name* everywhere podcasts are found.