

STATION ARCADIA OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

SEASON 2: EPISODE 8 - REVENGE IS BEST SERVED FOR SUPPER

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ELI: Hey listeners, this is Eli Allan, producer of Station Arcadia. Unfortunately, we had to pull the plug on this podcast partway through season 2. The script for this episode was completed before the halt in production, but only the cutaway segments were recorded. In order to bring you this episode, I'm reading for Kass again. I also wrote this episode, so it kinda works out, even though I don't have quite the gravitas I'd like for Kass.

The show's cancellation is also reflected in lack of background sound and sound effects during the cutaway segments. So that you don't miss any context, J.R Steele will read the sound directions out loud.

This is the last finished script of Station Arcadia. Expect a bit of bonus content in the podcast feed coming next.

Thanks for listening, and enjoy season 2 episode 8 - Revenge Is Best Served for Supper.

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KASS. Welcome, anyone. What matters most to you? Tell a friend. Or write it down, and tape it to the inside of your bedroom door. You're listening to Station Arcadia.

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

KASS. The rain has stopped, my friends have informed me that the sun is shining, and most of our crops made it through the monsoon. And of course, the Station did *not* flood, not even a microbit... but I suspect you knew that already. Let me tell you, Jo was *not* pleased about that little stunt.

For anyone just tuning in, my dear friend Z tricked me at the end of our last broadcast into running off towards a completely imaginary emergency, leaving the radio in her hands. Which, of course, she used as an opportunity to share what I imagine was a very exaggerated retelling of some embarrassing thing I've done. But see, the problem is, she's not telling me *which* one. If any of

you listened last time and are able to fill me in, just keep your radios tuned and hopefully Arcadia will be able to patch you through. Uh, but, if the story was about a kitchen cupboard fixing incident, that one was actually Jo's idea and I was just following his instructions. Just saying.

Aaaaaanyways. Today, we'll start with the story. Ready Arcadia? Let's get to it.

[TWO CLICKS AS KASS PLUGS IN]

KASS. Mikah crouched in the shadows behind the old Preston factory, and made sure his prizes were well-concealed within his jacket. This factory had been a miraculous find -- the weather-worn building had all sorts of unattended back-doors and unlocked windows, and almost no surveillance. Mikah had been in there every night this past week, and it had been comically easy to avoid the skeleton night-shift crew while he pilfered the store rooms.

So far, there were no signs that anyone had noticed so much as one missing item. He suspected the factory managers were too busy keeping the workers on-task to keep clear records of their products.

He knew it was past time to move on. Mikah normally didn't steal from one place more than a couple times in a row. But it was just such an easy target!

Tomorrow, he told himself as he waited for a stray pedestrian to pass, he would find another factory. He'd keep this one in the rotation, but if he didn't vary his routine they'd catch him sooner or later.

As soon as the coast was clear, Mikah darted across the street and down a nearby alleyway. He weaved through the streets of Fultenwell proper with ease, making his way through the downtown core and deftly avoiding the beggars and solicitors that lined the sidewalks. Unlike the factory districts, which became almost ghost neighbourhoods once the day-shift workers clocked out, the downtown core never slept. Each apartment complex was jammed full of people trying to make ends meet, and the streets became a melting pot of sorts -- filled with craftsmen peddling wares, children playing tag in the street, people passed out on fire escapes, and cops making rounds. Mikah used to spend most of his

time here, pestering the food vendors and stealing coppers from the pockets of people barely better off than he was.

Tonight he slipped between two apartment buildings and took a shortcut through the abandoned ice rink. It was first constructed, so they say, back when this was still an affluent neighbourhood. This would have been before the yacht district was established, and when Fultenwell's floating island district was still a twinkle in Mayor Olson's eye. The houses surrounding the ice rink had long been torn down, but for some reason the rink itself was allowed to stay. The roof had mostly caved in, but wherever it was intact you could always find people sleeping, smoking, and making underhanded deals in the meagre shelter it provided.

Mikah steered clear of a group of men spinning tops, and stepped over the legs of a girl passed out in a hallway. He was almost to the exit when he did a double take and whirled around. He backtracked and gave the unconscious girl another look-over, then pushed the hair out of her face to make sure he wasn't imagining things.

The girl's eyes flew open, and her hand shot up to grip his wrist with a hidden strength.

"Leave me alone!" she growled. She swung a fist towards his nose with her other hand, which he just barely dodged.

"Whoa, whoa!" Mikah held up his hands in surrender, as best as he could. She still had him in a death grip. "Patty it's me, Mikah! Remember me? Your mom used to let me stay for supper, sometimes?"

Patty slowly let go of him.

"Mikah... the annoying one."

"Uh... yeah, sure." he said. At least she recognized him. "Look, are you ok? What's going on?"

Patty's family had had a tiny blue house near the edge of town, with a spinning weathervane on top. Mikah's brother Levy would take him there every once in a while before disappearing to do... whatever it was he didn't want Mikah seeing. Mrs Giroux would scrub Mikah's hands and face pink before sitting him down for supper with herself, her husband, and Patty, at a table with pink-checkered placemats. Levy said that their father had been friends with Mrs Giroux before he died. When Levy had vanished

three years back, Mikah had stopped going over for dinner. It had felt strange to go impose on their hospitality without Levy there to do the talking, seeing as Mikah didn't even remember his father.

Patty's life had always seemed so idyllic to Mikah. She had parents that loved her, and a home to return to, and she was even in school for a few years. Her clothes, though worn, were mended with care.

Now though, she seemed worlds away from that little blue house. Her hair was matted, her fingernails dirty, and she had dark circles underneath her eyes. She seemed like she'd fallen right out of her perfect little life and into Mikah's much rougher world, and it made him uncomfortable. He wasn't sure he wanted to hear her sob story, but he was too curious not to.

So Mikah sat down next to Patty on the grimy hallway floor, and tried to tune out the shouting gamblers as she explained what had happened. A few months ago, her mother's chronic illness had flared up, and this time she didn't make it through. Without her income, Patty's father hadn't been able to keep renting the house, and had moved them to a tiny apartment in the core. Now, he was sick too, and though a hospital had thankfully taken him in, this had left Patty with nowhere to go, or anyone to provide for her.

As she talked, Patty started to cry. She was just so *hungry*, she said.

Mikah knew it wasn't right, but that last bit made him feel a lot better. A dead mother or sick father he couldn't fix, but if Patty was struggling to survive on the streets? Well, wasn't she lucky she'd found him. Or rather, that he had found her.

"Come with me," he said. "I know someone that can help."

KASS. Well, that seems like a good place for our first break of the night. We'll be right back.

[TRANSITION]

EXT. HARDIZAN

[OUTDOOR NOISES. PEACHES' MOTORBIKE SLOWS TO A STOP. THERE ARE PEOPLE TALKING. FADE IN ON BOOKER'S FIRST LINE.]

BOOKER. Courier isn't the worst job I could have. Hours aren't too bad, night shifts are quiet.

MAXWELL. So, you like it?

BOOKER. Yeah, for the most part. It gives me purpose, you know?

MAXWELL. I get that. I always hear people complaining about their jobs, so it's nice to hear something different.

BOOKER. Well, I'm a rare one to come by, and for good reason, you know? Factories aren't all fun and games. Afternoon Peaches!

PEACHES. Booker? You're not usually on this route, did they tell you to babysit me?

BOOKER. Nah, I'm off duty so I decided to visit Max.

PEACHES. Cogs, how'd you fix a day off?

BOOKER. Well, I work the desk tonight. But I got in an accident so they gave me a free afternoon to recover.

PEACHES. What happened?

BOOKER. Got a couple fingers stuck in a mail slot.

PEACHES. *(hissing noise)* Ooh. How many?

BOOKER. Just two! I got lucky.

PEACHES. I'd say. And Maxwell, right? I don't think we've talked!

MAXWELL. I don't think so either. How are you, courier?

PEACHES. Ah, about as well as I can be. I actually have mail for both of you today. Here you go.

[THEY GIVE MAXWELL A PACKAGE.]

MAXWELL. Thank you.

PEACHES. Sorry I can't stay and chat for very long, but uh, Booker! I was wondering if you wanted a flyer for the 'project' Charlie and I have been working on?

BOOKER. Oh! You mean the-

PEACHES. *(pointedly interrupting)* The only project we've been working on, that one.

BOOKER. 'Course I do!

MAXWELL. What sort of project?

[PEACHES GIVES BOOKER A FLYER.]

PEACHES. Uh... *(deciding what to share)* well, I'm not sure if it applies to either of you. But we offer support to the unemployed, or those whose jobs are in danger. Just little things.

MAXWELL. That's good of you.

PEACHES. We do our best to help, and we're trying to get more hands on board. But any support is appreciated!

MAXWELL. *(reading the flyer:)* What does "fair compensation" mean?

PEACHES. Oh, uh, it's one of our... smaller goals. We want to make sure people get paid enough for their labour.

MAXWELL. ...I see.

BOOKER. Thanks!

PEACHES. Well, I hope to see you two soon.

BOOKER. Stop by the office later tonight and say hello if you have time, courier! It always gets quiet on the night shifts.

PEACHES. We'll see. I'm going out with Charlie tonight.

MAXWELL. Who's Charlie?

PEACHES. My boyfriend! *(smiling)* Oh, and both of you; call me Peaches.

MAXWELL. Oh, well then, goodbye Peaches.

BOOKER. Bye Peaches! Thanks again!

[PEACHES HOPS ON THEIR BIKE AND DRIVES DOWN THE STREET.]

[TRANSITION]

Livia was just sitting down to a cup of tea when she heard the rhythmic knock that signalled Mikah's arrival. She sighed and used her crutches to drag herself to her feet. When she unlocked the door and found not one small urchin child, but two, she gave Mikah a quizzical look but let them both in without a word.

The other child was just as dirty as Mikah, but she looked shaken and frazzled in a way that Mikah never did. Livia went to go make two more cups of tea, and grabbed some bread and jam. Mikah explained Patty's situation to Livia, and as he talked, he pulled his stolen trinkets from his jacket and laid them in a tidy row on her table. Livia picked up the first item and examined it carefully. It was a small mechanical bird. When she pressed the button on top, the gears began whirring, and within a few seconds the bird's delicate wings were fluttering at such a speed that they were nearly invisible. The bird hovered in place, mid-air.

"I stole that one from a special bin." said Mikah. "I don't think they make very many of them."

It would take some discretion to sell, but over the three months since Mikah had started bringing her stolen factory goods, Livia had gotten quite good at discretion. She could probably get half a month's rent out of the small toy, if she found the right buyer. When she voiced that thought out loud Mikah whooped, and the girl's eyes went wide.

"That much?" she said, stunned. "Mikah, why do you- why did you have that? Where did you get it? Can you get more?"

Livia would have loved nothing more than to wrap Patty up in a blanket and keep her safe, but she had already lost her three daughters and knew all too acutely that safety was a pipe dream. She couldn't shield this child from the world, or even bring herself to try, but that didn't mean she couldn't still help her. She'd helped Mikah, after all. Or rather, they helped each other.

"Patty," said Livia. "How... stealthy are you?"

Patty assured Livia of her top-tier sneakiness. Livia wasn't sure she was doing the right thing, bringing another child into this, but it was probably one of Patty's better options.

So she outlined her offer. Patty reached out her little hand to shake on it. And that was the start.

KASS. That was quick - Arcadia is already bugging me to check back in with Peaches. Hopefully that just means that this is a good stopping point, and not that anything's going wrong over there.. We'd better scan that file. I have some thoughts on this story, but I'll save them for after.

[TRANSITION]

[OUTDOOR SOUNDS. MAYBE A PARK OF SOME KIND. NOT A PRETTY LOOKIN' PARK, BUT A PARK. A COMMUNAL PUBLIC AREA.]

CHARLIE. And I'm worried about our resources. We might need to find a different base of operations, especially since we still don't know how Kass was able to hear us in my office.

PEACHES. Yeah, it'd be good to find somewhere more secure. We also need people, though. *(sigh)* I talked to the guy Eshe told me about. Maxwell. He's on my route. I wasn't really sure if I wanted to give him a flyer though. What do you think?

CHARLIE. I don't think it's a bad idea.

PEACHES. Really?

CHARLIE. I mean, Eshe said she liked him, and you know I trust her judgement.

PEACHES. Same here. I just couldn't get a good read on him. Maxwell's different, somehow. He's not what I expected.

CHARLIE. Well, Axel's advice is kind of sounding in my head right now. I mean, we could keep him out of the loop and lose a potential member, or we could give him a chance and risk him doing something that'll get us in trouble.

PEACHES. Is it worth it?

CHARLIE. Well we can't know for sure, but he sounds worth looking into, at least.

PEACHES. Well, I'll let you know whatever happens. I'm kind of hung up about Daryn. I understand where he's coming from. Of

course I do. I was just really hoping he'd be on board. I can't help but think you'd've convinced him if you were there.

CHARLIE. Nah. Why would he listen to me?

PEACHES. You're the leader! Everyone listens to you.

CHARLIE. I don't know.

PEACHES. What?

[BEAT.]

PEACHES. Charlie, I just complained to you for like, thirty minutes. Your turn. Talk to me.

CHARLIE. *(sigh)* Sometimes I feel like being a leader isn't right for me. I don't think I'm very good at it.

PEACHES. Charlie, are you kidding? You're one of the most hard-working, responsible, and kind people I know. And that's saying something, I know a lot of people.

CHARLIE. But that doesn't automatically make someone a good leader.

PEACHES. Well, sure. But it makes you a better one. Listen, Charlie. Despite being put in a leadership role you weren't really meant for, you were still able to accommodate the wants and needs of the people working under you. You're always trying to help people.

CHARLIE. Mm. That's true. But you're the one who got me there in the first place.

PEACHES. You're too hard on yourself.

CHARLIE. *(sigh)* I know.

PEACHES. And you deserve a lot of credit. Now, if you don't want to be in charge, that's one thing. But if you like taking responsibility and what's holding you back is your brain, sometimes you just gotta tell that thing to shut up and keep chugging.

CHARLIE. Have I mentioned that I love you recently?

PEACHES. I'm sure you have.

CHARLIE. Well, just in case, here's a reminder.

PEACHES. I love you too, Charlie. And you! Should! Love yourself! Too!

CHARLIE. *(laughing)* Okay, okay! Mercy!

PEACHES. *(giggling)* It's nice to see you laugh.

CHARLIE. It's your fault.

PEACHES. *(merrily)* I know!

[CHARLIE CHUCKLES FONDLY.]

PEACHES. Let's stop talking about work. Papa says it's not good to always think about working. You'll get all tired out.

CHARLIE. He's very wise.

PEACHES. And you should take his advice. We only really talk about work when we do this, and we barely get to go on dates at all. Come on, let's be a normal couple.

CHARLIE. "Normal couple." *(chuckles)* Alright Peaches. What do you want to know? My favourite colour?

PEACHES. Sure, smart guy. What's your favourite colour?

[THEIR VOICES FADE AS THEY WALK AWAY.]

CHARLIE. I like the colour blue, I think. But only when it's a bit old and rusted.

PEACHES. Like the side of an oil barrel?

CHARLIE. Yeah, like that.

PEACHES. Well, I like rusty colours. So I guess we go well together.

CHARLIE. *(smiling)* I guess we do.

[TRANSITION]

KASS. Awwww! That was adorable. It does feel a little strange to listen in on their date, but I don't seem to have a choice so I'm just trying to not think too hard about it.

Now, my thoughts on this story... well, it's less of a thought and more of an observation. Did any of you catch what's going on? Arcadia is giving us a sequel! I wasn't totally sure until the mention of Livia's daughters, but no, we've definitely heard about her before. It's nice of Arcadia to let us follow up! But let's wait and see how this story ends before we get too excited about it.

[KASS CLEARS HER THROAT]

KASS. Livia's work had followed the same routine for years. She spent the bulk of her days on flea-market-lined-streets in Downtown and Old-Town Fultenwell, sitting in a fold-out chair, and peddling bits and bobs to passerbys. She'd bring an oversized backpack full of the strangest assortment of items, and set them up in neat displays on her blanket. When she started running low, she'd go scavenging for anything salvageable in trash heaps and scrap piles, and fix up what she could. It was arduous work, especially with her injured leg acting up more and more these days. To some degree, her work had gotten less stressful since her daughters had passed -- she didn't have to worry that if she fell short on change, her kids would starve or be forced to leave school. But it wasn't a trade-off she'd have made in a million years.

After she'd caught Micah stealing from her a few months back, Livia had re-directed his thieving energy towards those it wouldn't hurt, and sold the stolen items on his behalf.

Now, with two children stealing goods for her to sell, Livia could continue to supplement her scavenged wares with more polished and exotic finds, and her little blanket set-up began to attract more and more affluent customers. She would give each kid a solid cut of the profit, of course, and provided a roof overhead when the weather was poor. Every Friday she would cook a meal, and the three of them would sit down and enjoy the rare taste of good, nourishing food.

When Patty's dad eventually recovered and Patty moved back in with him, Livia expected that Patty would stop stealing. Instead, the following week, she brought another friend.

"This is Elliot," she said. "He was sleeping behind my apartment building. He wants to help too."

So then it was the four of them eating supper on Fridays, and three little hands bringing her trinkets. But it didn't stay that way for long. Next there was Wick, who Livia found while scavenging a trash heap for salvageable parts, and Abigail, who Mikah caught stealing from a tailor and recruited to their group.

Livia was always very clear that they were to steal from *factories*, and not other street vendors or anyone that might actually be hurt. She was pretty sure that some of them also pinched from rich toffs in the yacht district, but as long as they obeyed the spirit of her orders she didn't mind. It was a bit riskier, that was all.

With all the kids bringing her their stolen findings, Livia was able to stop scavenging scrap heaps and fully devote herself to selling. She would still knit the wire mats her make-shift store used to be known for, but it was now a downtime hobby to keep her busy between lucrative deals, instead of a craft born from desperation. Word of Livia's business began to spread, both among the customers that frequented the flea markets of the city, and among the street children of Fultenwell. Before long, Livia had a small army of young helpers on her side. They ranged widely in terms of age and ability, but whatever they brought her, Livia would do her best to sell. In exchange, she'd give them a percentage of the earnings, and the promise of care and shelter when they needed it.

Occasionally, strangers would come to Livia for medicine or a warm meal, people who weren't part of her usual group and didn't feel confident stealing, and Livia would enlist their services in other ways. She would ask them to look after a sick 9-year-old, teach some of the street kids to read, or mend clothing for those that needed it.

Every day, before she even opened her eyes, Livia thought of her own daughters, all lost to factory accidents. Annie, Cara, and Mallaidh. She imagined each of their little faces in turn, conjured to mind their smiles and laughter. She felt at once blessed to have these memories, and like each memory was

thorn-lined inside of her, tearing at her insides. She went about her days bleeding internally, inhabited by that unhealable grief wherever she went.

And below all the pain, simmering under her sternum, there was always - *always* - rage. The city had stolen her children, snatched them from her arms too soon and treated them as disposable pieces. She would never forgive, never forget.

Every day, she let that love fueled rage carry her forwards. She let the depths of her pain inform the depths of the kindness she bestowed upon others. She let her anger fuel each step, each word, as she stole by proxy from the very institutions that had robbed her. With every coin that passed through her hands, she thought: *I do it for them*. For the memory of her daughters, and for the current lives of the children she watched over.

It wasn't a perfect system. Some days, the cops harassed her, and she could sell nothing until the attention blew over. They could never prove that she *hadn't* found all her wares in trash heaps, or bought them from other vendors, but one day they might.

Some days, a child would get caught. She would hear through the grapevine that they were arrested. Sometimes they would just disappear. And some sick children never got better.

But every Friday, Livia would close up shop early. Elliot and Patty would come by with bulging bags full of groceries, and Mikah would help her cook up a feast. Gone were the years of subsisting on scraps and water, of stretching odd ends of food for days. Around seven pm, the house would fill with young faces, and Livia would greet each in turn, and scrub their hands and face clean.

Then they'd all sit down together, and eat.

[TRANSITION]

KASS. Listeners, I hope this story brightened your day even a little bit, because it certainly helped brush some stubborn dark cobwebs off of mine.

Wait, are cobwebs dark-coloured? Are they all the same colour, or are some different? Or wait, does it depend on the spider? I feel like I saw white cobwebs in a children's book once, but those were also really old ones, so maybe the web colour fades or time?

There are next to no spiders in Talsorian cities, so my first encounters with them and their webs were shortly after I wound up at the Station. That was a difficult period; trying to navigate the world blind for the first time was challenging to say the least, especially on top of mental health struggles. It also resulted in files-full of funny, frustrating, and startling moments as I re-learned how to interact with the world around me. But running face-first into a spiderweb and having no clue what it was, was a special kind of out-of-body-experience I haven't felt before or since.

All that to say... I'm realizing that because I never saw spiderwebs with my bionic eyes, I don't really know what they look like. I guess I always imagined them as dark-coloured. Hmm.

[BEAT]

KASS. *(yelling at ceiling:)* Lyssel?

[BEAT]

[THE CEILING VENT SHIFTS OPEN]

LYSSEL. I was thinking about how to organise the cassettes better. I didn't hear what you said. Did something happen?

KASS. Uh... no. Sorry to interrupt. What colour are spiderwebs?

LYSSEL. Oh. Kind of white. But also kind of see-through.

KASS. All of them?

LYSSEL. I don't know. But all the ones at the Station are.

KASS. Huh, weird. Thanks!

LYSSEL. No problem.

[THE CEILING VENT CLOSSES]

[BEAT]

KASS. I'm sorry, I have no idea how I got on this tangent. I think that's a good sign we're about ready to wrap things up here, but before we go, Arcadia wants me to switch over to Charlie and Peaches one final time.

[TRANSITION]

EXT HARDIZAN STREET

[CHARLIE AND PEACHES ARE GIGGLY AS THEY WALK TOWARDS THEIR WORK.]

PEACHES. Nooo, Charlie! It's not a work night!

CHARLIE. Relax, Peach, I just forgot some flyers in my office that we can hand out.

PEACHES. Okay.

[THE DOOR OPENS. IT'S QUIET. THERE ARE A FEW PEOPLE FILING THINGS AND WALKING AROUND, BUT NOT MUCH ELSE IS GOING ON.]

CHARLIE. Good evening.

PEACHES. Hey Booker.

BOOKER. *(muttering)* Hey guys.

PEACHES. How's your shift? You seem... sombre.

BOOKER. Psh. Yeah. But don't say it too loud. *He* might hear you.

CHARLIE. Who?

BOOKER. Dryden. If there's one person who can make a night shift worse, it's him. Oh, and he wanted to see you, Charlie. I think he's in your office.

CHARLIE. Thanks for letting me know, Booker.

BOOKER. Mhm. Good luck.

CHARLIE. I wasn't even going to come in tonight.

PEACHES. Weird coincidence, I guess. Let's go see what this guy wants.

CHARLIE. *(a little playful)* Gotta get in work mode.

[PEACHES CHUCKLES. CHARLIE OPENS THE DOOR TO HIS OFFICE.]

CHARLIE. Can I help you, sir?

DRYDEN. Ah, Mr. Fowler.

[HE RUSTLES SOME PAPERS.]

DRYDEN. This is convenient. I didn't think I'd see you until tomorrow. Could we have a chat?

[BEAT.]

DRYDEN. In private?

CHARLIE. Courier Marks, please wait outside.

PEACHES. But-

CHARLIE. (*stern*) Courier.

[A PAUSE. PEACHES LEAVES. CHARLIE CLOSES THE DOOR.]

DRYDEN. Have a seat, Mr. Fowler.

CHARLIE. I'd prefer to stand, sir.

DRYDEN. Suit yourself. Mr. Fowler. My name is Abraham Dryden, I'm one of the regional managers, I'm sure you've heard my name.

CHARLIE. I have, sir. It's a pleasure to meet you.

DRYDEN. (*ignoring him*) I heard something very interesting about some of your employees today. One in particular, actually.

CHARLIE. I'd be interested to know what you heard. I may have already handled it.

[THE FLYERS ARE DROPPED ONTO THE DESK.]

DRYDEN. Courier Marks was said to be delivering these along their route. They were found by another courier and reported this afternoon.

CHARLIE. May I ask who reported it?

DRYDEN. That timid little redhead girl. Can't remember her name. I thought it important that the supervisor of this branch be made aware of it, but I found these already on your desk. I hope I wasted my time coming here, and you were bringing Courier Marks in to deliver consequence. If not, I've been sent to do it myself.

[A VERY LONG PAUSE.]

CHARLIE. These are mine.

DRYDEN. Pardon me?

CHARLIE. *(a breath. In a steady voice:)* These are mine. I slipped them into Courier Marks' mail in order to have them distributed. They had no knowledge of it.

DRYDEN. You were distributing this material?

CHARLIE. Yes sir.

DRYDEN. Why would you tell me this?

CHARLIE. I find honesty very important.

DRYDEN. I find that hard to believe. Did you not just admit that you lied to Courier Marks?

CHARLIE. Sometimes lies are an unfortunate necessity.

DRYDEN. Tsk, tsk, Mr. Fowler, this does not look good for you.

CHARLIE. I understand.

DRYDEN. Then you understand the consequence that you're accepting as well?

CHARLIE. I do.

[A PAUSE.]

DRYDEN. What do you have to gain from taking the fall for this worker, Mr. Fowler?

CHARLIE. Absolutely nothing, sir. I'm not taking the fall for anyone. I'm taking responsibility for my own actions.

DRYDEN. I could ask the recipients of the flyers on the route. They would tell me Courier Marks had more to do with this.

CHARLIE. You could. And they wouldn't say anything, because Courier Marks was not aware of it.

DRYDEN. Then you're fired, Mr. Fowler, with no paycheck. Clear out by tomorrow.

CHARLIE. Alright. I'll be back later tonight to pick up my things.

[CHARLIE OPENS THE DOOR.]

DRYDEN. You do understand that if you leave now, you will not be getting a reference. This is your last chance to tell the truth, Fowler. Your job is on the line.

CHARLIE. I don't have a job anymore. Goodnight, Mr. Dryden.

[CHARLIE CLOSES THE DOOR.]

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. That... that took a turn. Ghosts in the streets. I have no clue what this will mean for Charlie and Peaches going forwards. I'm going to try and hold off catastrophizing until I can talk with them, but this can't be good...

This really was such a pleasant broadcast up until now that my circuits are firing double-time to try and put a positive spin on things. I suppose it could have been worse? They could both have been fired, or... or imprisoned! And that didn't happen. So.

[BEAT]

Y'know what, I'm just going to leave it be. Charlie got fired, and that sucks. It doesn't cancel out the cute-ness of their date, or the feel-good ending of Livia's story. They're separate. We can appreciate good moments without turning it into a game of addition and subtraction.

Take everything you're grateful for, and treat it like a pet cat, or dog, or some other fuzzy thing. Let it give you comfort, and

strength, but don't try to pit it against the monsters in the shadows. When you're done burying your nose in its fur, you'll be strong enough to face the monsters yourself.

As always, stay safe, stay moving, and stick close. You've been listening to Station Arcadia.

[ENDING CLICK]

[CLOSING THEME PLAYS]

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ELI: Station Arcadia is a podcast by Metal Steve Productions, run by Eli Allan and J.R. Steele. Season 2 is produced by Eli Allan, with creative direction by Tovah Brantner, dialogue editing by Leo Zahn, soundscaping by J.R. Steele, and theme music by Arps.

The radio story for this episode was written by Eli, with cutaway segments by J.R. Steele. It featured CaraLee Rose Howe as Peaches, Cory Repass as Charlie, Rowan Wright as Booker, Bryan Ruiz as Maxwell, and Mike Cuellar as Abraham Dryden.

The role of Kass was originated by Jade Virginia, and read here by Eli Allan. Sound directions read by J.R Steele.

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Today's [something] of the week is [insert something here]