

STATION ARCADIA OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

SEASON 2: EPISODE 7 - FOREVER FORT MERCURY

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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, J.R Steele is reading for Kass. We're also grateful to actors Marius and Dylan for hopping on call the other day to record a missing scene.

The show's cancellation is reflected in lack of background sound and sound effects during the cutaway segments. So that you don't miss any context, I will be reading sound directions out loud. It will be very funny.

Only 8 out of a planned 30 scripts for season 2 were finished. We're getting to the end, folks. To anyone still with us, thanks for listening, and enjoy season 2 episode 7 - Forever Fort Mercury.

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INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Welcome, anyone. Don't worry, the world is always ending. You're listening to Station Arcadia.

[INTRO THEME PLAYS]

KASS. It's another rainy day at the station, the latest of... *many*. Either our little island seems to have drifted right under an absolutely massive storm-cloud, and not the metaphorical kind. Or, and this is my theory, it's possible that as the storm cloud has been moving across the ocean, Arcadia has been following along with it, keeping us eternally drenched whenever

we set foot outside. It's an occupational hazard of living on a moving island, I think.

Unfortunately, the rain brings... complications with it. It turns out that while a *bit* of rain is good for our garden, past a certain point things just start flooding and getting washed away. After two weeks straight of rain, we have officially reached that point. Rescue efforts are underway, but of course that means hanging out in the rain and mud for hours.

Luckily for me... I have a show to do! And if it just happens that I broadcast from a nice, cozy, indoor, non-rainy studio? Well that's not *my* fault. And Jo waterproofed one of our spare radios so they could all listen outside, as they work. Hi folks!! Hope you're not too soggy out there.

To start us off today, we'll go to some live audio. Should give me just enough time to let my toes finish thawing.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STORAGE ROOM IN L'AURE SPEAKEASY - DAY

[LONG, AWKWARD SILENCE.]

[CLICKY CLICK OF GUNS]

TEDDY. So, how long have you been here?

[NO RESPONSE.]

TEDDY. I'm still trying to get settled, honestly. Bluebell and I were at the uh... soup kitchen, the other day, and I...

VESPER. Mm.

TEDDY. (*deflates:*) Yeah.

[SILENCE.]

TEDDY. I used to work with guns like this when I was younger.

VESPER. Yeah?

TEDDY. *(relieved she's acknowledging him)* Yeah!

VESPER. Wanna elaborate?

TEDDY. Oh. Uh...

VESPER. *(Sarcastically:)* You're so good at this.

TEDDY. Well, you're not exactly a diplomat yourself. *(Oh, no, that was too mean)* Uh- maybe I could do better if you gave me more to work with here.

VESPER. Oh yeah? And why should I? You're in our territory.

TEDDY. I'm as much a part of the revolution as you are.

VESPER. You're the new recruit. If you want to join a clandestine organisation you have to be ready to give something up first.

TEDDY. *(I can tell there's more to that:)* Really?

VESPER. It's part of the application process. People have to warm up to you.

TEDDY: You seem to be a pretty consistent temperature all around.

VESPER. Oh yeah?

TEDDY. Yeah.

[PERIOD OF AWKWARD SILENCE]

So-

VESPER. Do you always feel the need to fill silence?

TEDDY. *(Defensively:)* No.

VESPER. We can just sit here and do our jobs. Is there a problem with that?

TEDDY. No, of course not.

VESPER. Good.

[ONE MORE SPOT OF AWKWARD SILENCE]

[TRANSITION]

KASS: Whoo! Awkwarddddd...

My toes are still a little numb, but I think that's all Arcadia wants to give us for now. We'll check back in later, see how that situation progresses.

In the meantime, I think I'd better tell you a story. Hopefully a nice long one.

[TWO CLICKS: KASS PLUGS INTO THE STATION]

A whole week has passed since Callum's troop transferred to Fort Mercury, or "Fort Merc" as most call it, but he's not complaining. It's a welcome change from the trenches he'd lived in for three weeks prior, where next to nothing had happened. When he'd first enlisted he imagined he'd be thrown right into combat, action, and camaraderie, but in the reserve trench of a quiet section, the reality was far duller. There were no blazing gunfights or opportunities for heroism in section 88G of the Westerfield-Clercourt border, only frozen toes, stale rations, and drooping morale. His fellow soldiers were... fine, he supposed, but Callum hadn't been able to connect with any of them. None of them wanted to talk about the war with him, even though they'd all served longer than he had.

The recent transfer to the fort didn't fulfil Callum's visions of the war either, but he doesn't mind it in the meantime. So far on this first visit to Fort Mercury, it's living up to every rumour.

When his superior officer had made the announcement that their troop would be spending some time at Fort Merc, he was, on some level, aware of the reputation that the city had. Most of what he'd heard followed a common theme; a war town that's also a party town. That most people are either drunk or on some kind of drug. It was a place soldiers often rotated through in order to boost morale. A few of Callum's fellow soldiers had been there before, and echoed the same sentiments. They seemed relieved and excited by the news that they would soon be going back. So, Callum had resolved to enjoy the little retreat while it lasted. He figured it would at least be better than sitting around in the trenches, waiting in vain for the enemy to pop up and start a fight.

So there he is, a week into this "vacation" and starting to settle into the rhythm of the city. It's only noon, but Callum's already got his hands on a bottle of whiskey as he wanders through the fort. With half the bottle gone he's beginning to feel the effects of the drink, but he doesn't quite care. He briefly wonders what the other members of his troop are up to. He's barely seen them since he got to Fort Merc, aside from stumbling over a few people passed out at the barracks. They're probably just off doing... whatever. Hard drugs, maybe.

As he wanders through the Fort, Callum comes across a drunken group of people singing shanties. The sight is amusing enough that he decides to join them in their fun. He's not really a singer, or at least, he doesn't think he's a good one. But now? It might just be the whiskey going to his head, but he decides he doesn't care what anyone else thinks as he starts to sing along.

Callum loses himself in the moment, even trying to dance, clumsy as his movements may be. He feels giddy, and lets himself be pulled forward by a stranger, lets them link their arms with his and spin him around for a verse. Then he dances with another person, then another. The world beyond the dance circle blurs, and suddenly he can't tell if the shanty is getting faster or if people are just moving too fast for him. He tries his best to keep up with the pace of the music, but it's short lived. He

stumbles over his own feet, and sees the ground rush towards him, only to be caught by a fellow dancer reaching out. They say to him; "Might want to be careful where you step."

Callum looks up at the stranger. The first thing he notices is the amused quirk of his smile. Taking in the rest of him, Callum notices he's wearing a soldier's uniform like his own, if a bit more worn. He looks a few years older than himself.

He weakly pulls his arm back, and the other soldier lets him go without any trouble. He asks Callum if he's alright, to which he assures him that he's fine.

He learns that the other soldier's name is Louis. Callum doesn't recognize him as one of the thirty soldiers from his own troop, so he figures Louis must be from some other detachment at Fort Merc. Callum shakes his hand; not with a tight grip but with a little more vigor than necessary. Louis asks if this is Callum's first visit to Fort Merc, and Callum laughs awkwardly.

"Is it that obvious?"

KASS. Oh, Arcadia's letting me know I can patch us back over to Teddy! Let's take a listen to what's happening there.

[TRANSITION]

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

[NOISES OF STRUGGLE]

ALICE. Why am I the one who always has to crawl through the windows?

TEDDY. Bad leg.

BLUEBELL. *(Light-hearted:)* I'm just too pretty.

Sights up, you've got an important place in the team.

ALICE. And what place is that?

TEDDY. Usually small ones that me and Bluebell can't fit into.

ALICE. *(Sighs)* Right.

[SLIPPING NOISE]

AHHHH!

[THUD]

(Deadpan:) Ow.

BLUEBELL. You okay in there?

ALICE. *(Muffled, slightly strained):* Well, thanks to the cat-like reflexes I've been developing over my many trips through windows, I managed to only bruise *most* of my body!

TEDDY. That's the spirit.

BLUEBELL. You're a bad influence on her.

[DOOR SWINGS OPEN]

ALICE. You know, one of these days we'll have to break into some place that isn't on the ground floor. And then what are we going to do?

BLUEBELL. Uh... improvise?

[BEAT]

ALICE. Yeah, okay. Get in here, this guy doesn't even keep his weapons in a safe.

[FOOTSTEPS]

[DOOR CLOSSES]

TEDDY. Wow, you weren't kidding.

BLUEBELL. Alright, I'll look for valuables and you guys get weapons?

ALICE. Roger!

[SOUNDS OF DIGGING THROUGH SHIT]

TEDDY. Uh, while we're all working, can I raise a concern?

ALICE. Permission to fire.

TEDDY. I... don't think Vesper likes me all that much.

ALICE. What?! No! What makes you say that?

TEDDY. We got assigned to weapon cleaning together I'll admit, I'm not always the best at picking up on social cues, but I'm pretty sure all the ones that she was giving me were... actively hostile?

BLUEBELL. Vesper just takes a long time to warm up to people. Kind of like someone else I know!

TEDDY. ... Who's that?

BLUEBELL. You, Teddy.

TEDDY. Oh, right, yeah. Of course.

BLUEBELL. Just... give it some time. Give Vesper the benefit of the doubt for a little while and you might be surprised.

ALICE. Plus, like, you two *have* to get along. You're the coolest people I know. ...No offense, Bluebell.

BLUEBELL. That's fine, I'm more "inspiring" than "cool."

ALICE. Exactly.

All I'm trying to say is that if you two don't like each other, I'll *probably* cry. And that is a threat.

TEDDY. Way to set the stakes, Harlow. What if I can't fix this?

ALICE. *Look,* everything's going to be fine! Just go talk to her and tell her how you're feeling, she appreciates that kind of thing. She's probably wondering where you guys stand just as much as you are.

TEDDY. Alright, if it means that much to you.

ALICE. It does.

BLUEBELL. *(Joking:)* No pressure or anything.

[TRANSITION]

KASS. Now, I don't know her, so I could be wrong! But if you ask me, Vesper did not sound anywhere close to 'warming up' in that first conversation. What was it Teddy said? She seemed to be a consistent temperature? I think that's about the level there. Still, Teddy may be awkward, but he's got a certain charm to him. I bet he can find a way to crack that code.

Speaking of relationships, let's see how things shake out between our soldier friend and his new acquaintance.

[KASS CLEARS HER THROAT]

KASS. Somehow, between one moment and the next, Callum finds himself at a bar with Louis, tucked into a corner booth. They quickly fall into conversation. Callum is immersed as they slide easily from one topic into another. It feels as if they were two friends catching up, not two men who'd barely met. At one point Louis lights up a smoke and offers it to Callum, who takes a drag.

They talk until they lose track of time. Callum learns that Louis is from Surrigen, and takes note of the differences between their respective countries. Surrigen seems more rural than Westerfield, based on how Louis describes it. Lots of fields, and lots of places left destroyed from past conflicts.

Louis's eyes light up as he describes the big city he visited once as a kid; Alliums. It used to be the capital of the entire Empire, and Callum gets the sense that people who live in Surrigen still take pride in that. Some, Louis admits, are still waiting for the day when the royal family will come home to their former seat of power. He also admits that Alliums is barely recognizable these days, its shining spires and gilded palaces having been all but reduced to ruins. Callum wasn't aware anyone still thought of the present-day capital as temporary, the royal family having now spent over 70 years in the Westerfieldian city of Thiazi. As they talk, Callum notices all sorts of differences in the way he and Louis view their fractured Empire. Though Louis speaks fondly of his home country, Callum doesn't think Surrigen sounds like a great place to be. Ever since Clercourt betrayed the True Empire Alliance 70-or-so years back, Surrigen's been surrounded by enemies on three sides, and it seems to have taken a toll.

When they start discussing the civil war in more detail, Callum learns that Louis has already completed three years of his active service requirement. That prompts a discussion about how Louis' time in the service has been; what he's seen in his three years, the places he's been stationed at, how his training had differed from Callum's. Louis remarks that whenever his troop is sent to Fort Merc it's only a temporary relief, a brief respite from the battlefield that lasts just long enough to make returning to the trenches feel even worse. Nonetheless, it's appreciated. The Fort barracks are dingy, but beat dugouts by a landslide, and it's easy to forget your demons when you're non-stop drunk or high.

Compared to Louis, Callum's service of under two months is next to nothing. He hasn't even experienced a live exchange of fire yet, and Fort Merc itself is far enough back from the fighting that it's not a major threat. Bombings, though not constant, are more of a concern. Louis on the other hand, has obviously seen some pretty distressing things during his time in the trenches, and Callum feels bad for the guy.

That's why he proclaims, a bit louder than he intended to, that he's going to get Louis another drink and then they can go find

something to take their minds off the fighting. Louis gives Callum a slightly dazed look before that amused smile returns to adorn his face.

The two continue to keep company with each other over the next few days. Louis knows Fort Merc pretty well, and since this is Callum's first visit, Louis shows him his favourite places, including where to get the best drugs and alcohol. Callum likes being around Louis. It's nice to have a friend- or, Callum thinks they're friends anyway. While he has the company of the other soldiers in his troop out in the field, he can't escape the feeling he has to prove himself to them at every turn if he wants to be accepted. Being around Louis, on the other hand, just feels easy.

There's a night where they talk about what their lives were like before they became soldiers, and how they found themselves here. Louis details that he grew up in a manufacturing town called Clements. Most of the residents were quite poor, Louis's family included, and he had enlisted as soon as he was just barely old enough. It was the only logical way to both escape Clements and to earn money he could send home. Besides, he'd have had to enlist sooner or later, so at the time he figured - why not get a head start? Louis's voice turned bitter as he spoke, but Callum felt a twinge of jealousy. His parents hadn't let him enlist until the very end of the grace period, at the point where it was no longer avoidable, and by then he'd already witnessed all his peers head off without him.

After Callum shares his story, he takes a long drink from his whiskey bottle and asks Louis if he has any plans for after the war. Louis looks confused by this, so Callum asks again. Louis doesn't respond at first, averting his eyes. Eventually he gives an answer, but it's a simple one: he'd like to take a nap.

Callum stares at him for a moment and then bursts out laughing, and asks if he's really being serious; there must be more than that! Louis hesitates, and asks Callum to answer the question instead. Callum frowns, - he was interested to hear his friend's answer - but he starts talking anyways.

He says that he'd like to travel at first, and see what's out there, and spend some time on the coast. He doesn't know where, exactly, but he's lived his whole life inland and he's always wanted to see the ocean. Maybe he'd even settle down in a village by the beach, and make a home for himself.

Callum is taken aback when Louis asks him if he believes that the war will end. He shrugs and replies, "Sure. All wars have to end eventually, don't they?"

Louis regards him for a moment, before turning his gaze down toward his drink.

"You're hopeful," he says quietly. "I'd like to believe that too."

KASS. Ooooooh I am not hopeful. I am not hopeful about this at all. Not about the war, or about the ending of this little narrative. Now, I've been wrong before about these stories, and with any luck, this will be one of those days. But about the war overall... I mean, even *Nikki* doesn't remember a time before the fighting, and she's the oldest person I know. What would the Empire even *be* without its war?

I guess if it ever does end, they'll figure that out! Today though, the Clercourt revolution has bigger bosses to beat. The question on everybody's lips; Will Teddy manage to befriend his most intimidating colleague?

[TRANSITION]

INT. L'AUORE BACK HALLWAY

[TEDDY'S FOOTSTEPS.]

TEDDY. *(to himself)* Vesper, hey. I was just wondering if you could explain why you don't like me... no, no. Too straightforward. Hi Vesper. Hey so, uh, is there something we should... talk... about? Vesper, there's something we should talk about. Alice really wants us to get along. Or, hm. I noticed you and Alice are close, and I think we should... hmm.

[VOICES IN THE BACKGROUND]

Alright, I think that you're the kind of person who would appreciate this, so I want to say that I'm getting sick of your hot-and-cold bull-

Urgh!

(over the top, mocking self:) Hi Vesper, can you be nice to me?

[VOICES ARE NOW AUDIBLE, SLIGHTLY DISTANT]

SNAKEBITE. He's been here for a while and Alice trusts him well enough.

VESPER. With all due respect, I think Alice might be a bit too biased to think clearly on the matter.

[FABRIC RUSTLE: TEDDY PUSHES HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL]

SNAKEBITE. I want to trust your judgement, but he's been a known quantity for a long time now. The likelihood of him being a spy is slim given the fact that he didn't exactly volunteer himself for the position in the first place.

VESPER. Maybe he's a spy, maybe he's not. What we don't know is if he has any external loyalties. It's like the man just appeared out of thin air! Is it not strange to you that after having him under surveillance for a year, we still don't know what ties he has, to anybody? You don't just fly under the radar like that unless you've got a damn good reason to.

SNAKEBITE. So you're proposing that he could both have previous loyalties and also be a rogue agent? Vesper, there's a lot of pieces you're putting forward here that just don't fit together.

VESPER. I don't know exactly what it is yet. I just know *something's* off. It could be one or the other.

SNAKEBITE. What exactly about him is making you so nervous?

VESPER. Well, for starters, do we even know his last name?

[A HEAVY SILENCE; LET THE INFO SINK IN]
[TEDDY DRAWS IN A SHAKY BREATH]

SNAKEBITE: (*More gravely:*) No, we don't. He hasn't volunteered that information.

VESPER. Do you understand now? He's not even using a code name.

SNAKEBITE: So what are you proposing? That we try to do a background check?

[TEDDY STARTS MOVING AWAY, SLOWLY AT FIRST, THEN
FASTER]

VESPER: As a start, yes. I don't think we should be trusting him with anything until we at least know why he's so cagey.

TEDDY: Dammit. Dammit, dammit, dammit.

[TAPS CANE ON THE GROUND A FEW TIMES]

This is fine.

[TRANSITION]

KASS. Well. Things are not looking good on the friendship front. But beyond that, this made me realise that I don't know much about Teddy either. He was a private investigator before stumbling into the revolution, but before that? Only Teddy knows. I can't believe that Teddy would want to sabotage the revolution, but there's clearly *something* he's worried that they'll uncover. Hopefully I haven't misjudged him.

I wonder if Marvin has been over to Clercourt recently, and had a chance to speak to that crew. He may have a different view on the situation. Marvin, if you're listening, maybe we can patch you in after the story to hear your thoughts.

But for now, back to the story in question.

KASS. They knew it had to happen sooner or later. They were both bound to get redeployed into the field, and someone has to be the first to go. In the end, it's Louis who has to regretfully break the news to Callum that he's marching out the next morning. To Callum's surprise, he can't find it within him to say more than a simple, "Oh". Louis nods, saying he wanted Callum to know, and thanks him for making this latest visit to Fort Merc more enjoyable. Impulsively, Callum grabs a piece of paper and writes down his name, unit number, and hometown. He tells Louis that they should try to keep in touch, and after this war is over maybe Louis can come with him to the coast.

An uneasy smile comes across Louis' face, but he takes the paper regardless and places it carefully into the pocket of his jacket, saying he might just take Callum up on that.

"Or maybe we'll meet again here" he says.

Then Louis leaves to pack his kit, and that's that. Callum is sad that the one friend he managed to make at Fort Merc is gone, but he figures it was bound to happen. They're not in the same troop; it was inevitable that they would part ways sooner or later. Still, he misses Louis, however short lived their friendship might have been. Callum clings to the possibility that they could meet here at Fort Merc again; that their troops might happen to end up rotating back at the same time. Or who knows; maybe their sections would one day fight side by side in a battle. Whatever might bring them back together, if it gave him another opportunity to see Louis, Callum would be happy with it.

Callum doesn't click with anyone else in the same way for the remainder of his time at Fort Merc, though he does make an effort to hang out with members of his own troop a bit more. It's probably smarter, using this time to build connections with those he's serving alongside. He'll still see them on a regular basis after their time here ends, after all.

Still, it doesn't stop him from missing the brief moments he spent with Louis.

A few weeks after Louis's troop was shipped out, Callum's sergeant gives the notice that they'll be leaving Fort Merc in a day. Just as he finishes getting his things packed, he overhears other soldiers in his group discussing a recent attack. It seems bad; a troop from Surrigen was caught off-guard by enemy forces out by Montgomery, and the entire unit was lost in the fighting that ensued. It gives Callum a sense of dread to know how many people were lost in a single battle, but it's hearing the troop's number that makes him freeze up. That was Louis's group.

Someone takes notice of how still Callum has gone, and they ask if he's okay, if he knew anyone in that troop. He lies and says no; only that he's shocked by the number of casualties. Another soldier pats him on the shoulder and says he'll get used to it soon. It is a horrible thing to hear, but it's the truth.

Callum nods to show he understands, but his mind wanders back to that last meeting with Louis. Louis knew, he realizes. Knew that Callum was naive for having hope, about any of this. He knew, and he let Callum hope anyways, for the off-chance that things could work out. Through the pain, he thinks he's still grateful to have had those optimistic weeks.

But there won't be any future possibilities of meeting here again at Fort Merc. There won't be any more shared drinks and conversations, or imagining what they might be doing after the war. The only thing that remains will be the short-lived time they spent together, a memory remaining only with Callum.

Maybe that's all it ever could have been; a brief flicker of connection. A memory, and nothing more.

KASS. There you have it. No sudden twist of fate or cosmic intervention for a happy ending. There rarely is, especially not in the Empire.

There's a lot to be felt, but little to say. So we'll go now to Marvin, who Arcadia tells me is waiting on standby.

[BUTTON PRESS - KASS PATCHES IN MARVIN]

MARVIN. Hey there. Can you hear me?

KASS. Yes! Hi Marvin.

MARVIN. How're you doing, Kass? Bit of a heavy one there, huh.

KASS. Yep, well, that's the way it goes with Arcadia sometimes. They can't all be happy fluffy ones.

MARVIN. That's life. Always gotta-

[THE STUDIO DOOR OPENS ABRUPTLY]

[FOOTSTEPS - Z RUSHES IN]

Z. (*urgently:*) Kass, Kass the basement tape deck's flooding!

KASS. (*starting to panic*) Oh, break. What do we do?

Z. Jo says to come quick, she wants to pass cassettes up to Lyssel in the vents to save them, but you're the only one tall enough.

KASS. Ok. Listeners-

Z. I'll take care of the broadcast, just go!

KASS. Thanks Z. Sorry Marvin, we'll talk later!

[KASS RUSHES OUT]

MARVIN. Good luck Kass!

[THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND KASS]

[Z SITS DOWN]

MARVIN. I'm guessing you'll be heading right to the sign-off?

Z. Actually, funny about that! I... wanted to talk to you.

MARVIN. Oh. You don't need to... help with the flooding thing? Not that I don't want to chat, but-

Z. Ah, no. I... made that up.

MARVIN. Wait, so the station isn't flooding?

Z. Nope. So let's keep this quick, alright? Before Kass finds out.

MARVIN. Now I'm a little scared. What can't you say in front of Kass?

Z. I... um. I'd like... a favour. From you.

MARVIN. Go on?

Z. (*forcing the words out:*) Can you... it might not be possible. But I want to know if my family is ok. Can you check?

MARVIN. You're right, it might not be possible. Do you think they're in *particular* danger? Beyond just... the regular kind?

Z. I think... yes. I mean, from what I've heard from your weather reports, and in Kass's stories, and just... in general. I just want to know.

MARVIN. (*dubious:*) I can try. Where do they live?

Z. Match-gully, Surrigen. It's like an hour from Perrimon.

MARVIN. Surname?

Z. Bridges. First names, Kirk, Jodie, and Allison. And Johanna, but she'd still be enlisted. If she's, y'know, a-alive.

MARVIN. I'll keep an eye out for a Johanna Bridges in any troop records or casualty lists I get access to. Soldiers are often

easier to find than civilians, actually. Is she serving in Surrigen? Do you know the general area she was last, and when that was?

Z. She would have enlisted a few months after me, so. I don't know.

MARVIN. Then are you sure she's still enlisted? She wouldn't have gone home after her mandatory service ended?

Z. It wouldn't have ended yet. Not for another year.

MARVIN. (*putting the pieces together*) And she enlisted just a few months after you did...

Z. Yeah.

MARVIN. And you've been at Arcadia for-

Z. Yeah.

[BEAT.]

MARVIN. That's why you think they're in danger.

[BEAT.]

Z. I should go.

MARVIN. Wait, Z, it's not-

Z. Kass might turn the radio back on when they realize I lied. Time to wrap things up! Y'know what, just- forget it, you don't have to look for-

MARVIN. (*Reassuring:*) Hey, hey, it's alright! I'll see what I can find out, k? Might not be much, might not be *anything*, but I'll give it a go. I know what it's like, to not know if someone you love is alive or dead. You deserve that peace of mind. Or, closure.

Z. *(angry at self:)* I don't deserve anything!

MARVIN. *(crosstalk:)* No, that's not-

Z. *(cont from prev line:)* If they're dead it's probably my fault.

MARVIN. No, stop that. You and Kass make quite the pair, really. So you deserted. I probably woulda done the same if I'd ever got as far as enlisting. The war is... horseshit. And that's an understatement. You can't-

Z. *(trying to get out of the conversation:)* Yeah, yeah, I know, sorry. So you'll look for them? Thanks.

MARVIN. Do the others know, about...

Z. No, it- hasn't come up. So if you don't mind-

MARVIN. I won't tell em, but really, Z. You shouldn't keep this bottled.

Z. No yeah, it's all good, it's fine, don't worry. Just- let me know what you find out! Thanks, bye.

MARVIN. Of course, but Z-

[RADIO END CLICK]

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

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

The radio story for this episode was written by Shay Topaz, with cutaway segments by Tovah Brantner, Arcadia segments by Eli

Allan, and copy editing by Eli Allan. It featured theme music by Arps.

This episode featured Andrew Simons as Teddy, Taylor Maimone as Vesper, Bronwyn as Alice, Cole B. as Bluebell, and Juno Miller as Snakebite.

The role of Kass was originated by Jade Virginia and read here by J.R Steele. In a hotel room at PAX west. Thanks J.R Steele.

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Today's noise of the week is [birdlike noise].