

STATION ARCADIA OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT

Episode #9: The Eternal Party

BRONWYN. Hi, Bronwyn here, the voice of Alice Harlow. Have you subscribed to our patreon yet? If not, what are you waiting for? Our lowest tier is only \$3 a month, or \$36 a year and will get you exclusive access to behind the scenes information and content. Higher tiers will get you early access to episodes and merch, blooper episodes and super fun rpg one shots. It's also an easy way to support us as independent artists and help us improve the quality of the show. So go now to patreon.com/stationarcadia and pledge what you can. And make sure to stay tuned at the end of this episode to hear about the cryptozoology podcast, *Across the Veil*. Thanks, and enjoy Episode 9: *The Eternal Party*.

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Welcome, anyone. When's the last time you really looked at the stars? You're listening to Station Arcadia.

[THEME MUSIC PLAYS]

KASS. Hey there, listeners. It's interesting to think that there could be people listening in from anywhere - even all the way over in the Gannon Islands or the Empire. I know that technically this island drifts all over the world, but I always picture it as being just off the coast of Talsoria... that was where it was when I got here, I suppose.

I think some of the others forget that I ever lived anywhere else; they always seem surprised when I talk about Talsoria. I guess I don't mention it much, but it's not like Z. talks a lot about her time in the Empire either. Personally I'm always forgetting that *Lyssel* is from Talsoria. I'm not sure why they're still thinking about leaving. I know when they first found the Station they were actually on their way to the Gannon Islands, but still. They seem so in tune with this place - they're always hiding in a tucked-away corner or fiddling with the decks, and I swear the station maintenance bots are extra nice to

them.

Sorry, I think I've rambled long enough. Let's get into it, shall we?

[TWO CLICKS]

KASS. Lights. Music. Colours, flashing. Lights, flashing, cameras, flashing. People talk, people mingle, people dance. People drink, people eat, people dance. People take pictures, post on their feeds. Hash-tag eternal party. Hash-tag Twin Cities. Hash-Tag Shine Bright Talsoria. The music twists and spins, weaving its way between the bodies. Images flash on the wall, flickering in time. Everyone is smiling. Everyone is moving, a life in motion. Everyone is dancing, even when they're standing still. They say it's the heart of Talsoria; and they're right. They say it's the quintessential Twin Cities experience; and it is. They say it's unmissable. Well, how could you miss it? From the 99th floor, the rays of light flash over the entire city, and the ground below the building thrums with the bass. Not to mention the sign, lighting up the night sky, that shout the words in neon letters -
Join The Eternal Party.

At the center of it all is a woman, vibrant and radiant. She floats through the rooms, mingling and dancing and smiling, always smiling. If the Eternal Party is the heart of the Twin Cities, then Keina is the heart of the party. She is captivating. She is as eternal as her domain - day or night, sun or monsoon, she is always there. She is always dancing.

There used to be a girl named Maiko. She grew up at the bottom of the social ladder in Jeter, Talsoria. Her dads worked all day, every day, before collapsing in their TV room at the end of each night, but somehow their family never had a cent to spare. She resented the way her parents raced through life at the breakneck speed that Talsoria demanded, and yet never really seemed to get anywhere. But more than that, she was scared, scared of how easy it would be to just end up like them. If she didn't break free somehow she knew she'd end up working for the same pharmaceutical company her dads worked at, and that her grandparents had worked at before them.

Maiko knew that everyone felt the future closing in on them sometimes, and that everyone was scared of turning into their parents. She knew

that not everyone could be a superstar. But she also knew that some people did rise up from the crowd - emerging into something unique, and special. And though she could see one possible future in the lines of her parents' faces, she could see another in the bright lights and towers of the Twin Cities. And she knew she was better, better than her parents, better than her friends. She was destined for more. She had to be.

She began her campaign for a bigger life the same way she'd always gotten what she wanted. Networking. She used her existing connections to meet more people, and gain more invitations to increasingly elaborate events. She began going by the handle AlwaysKeina and dressing in strange and elaborate styles - anything to distance herself from her old life, and from the rest of the city.

Maiko-who-was-now-Keina climbed and crawled and squeezed her way into the high society life of Jeter and New Sirium, but still she felt a craving for something *more*. Her social media feeds had more views than ever before and her channel was growing steadily, but in her day to day life she found herself dissatisfied with... well, everything. The lights never felt quite bright enough and the noise of the city couldn't drown out her own racing thoughts - what if this was as far as she got? What if this was her whole life, struggling to keep afloat in high society, always feeling like she was pretending?

Keina would spend all her free time at the loudest and brightest parties the twin cities had to offer, but the only times she felt truly happy were the few minutes a night she could lose herself completely to the dance floor. Keina could dance in a sandstorm, without missing a flick of her wrist or a twist of her hips. She felt the lights shine on her, *through* her, and thought - I want this. Forever. I never want to leave this moment.

Of course, all parties must end, or so she thought at the time. Eventually the crowd would disperse and Keina would have to make her way back home to her small apartment on the edge of Jeter where her parents would scold her for the pills they thought she'd taken. That was, if they talked to her at all. She knew that at 22 she should have moved out years ago, but the money from her streams was barely enough to keep her up to date on the latest clothes and technology, and if she slowed down enough to take a job she'd lose everything she'd

worked for.

Keina was not naive enough to think she was the only one walking the path she did. Even the most elite of the events Keina got invited to had so many outer city nobodies desperately pretending to be someone they weren't. Each one held firm to their belief that they were special, that they would make it, that they would be one in a million.

Keina is only special in that, eventually, she got lucky. [TRANSITION]

EXT. THE NEXUS, TALSORIA

[THE SOUNDS OF A TALSORIA CITY STREET. MEMORIE AND SOMA ARE WALKING.]

MEMORIE. We're just gonna hang out for a little while, I'll see what information I can get, and then we'll head home okay?

SOMA. Okay.

MEMORIE. Remember, always make sure you can see me because that means I can see you. And don't leave E.R.I.S.

ERIS. --- . . .

MEMORIE. It should be a good place to find revolutionaries, or at least someone who can help me find one. You can hang out wherever, as long as I can see you. And don't get in the way.

SOMA. I won't.

[THEY CONTINUE WALKING, MEMORIE'S COMM BEEPS AS FAE

TYPE.] **SOMA.** How'd you find this place anyway?

MEMORIE. Uh... book club.

SOMA. Really?

MEMORIE. Yup. Stitch's uncle runs it. He said we could come hang out anytime, so we're going now.

SOMA. Huh. Okay.

[THEY CONTINUE WALKING, MEMORIE CONTINUES TYPING INTO
FAER COMM. AFTER A BIT OF SILENCE:]

MEMORIE. Okay we're gonna turn in here.

SOMA. But this is an alley. I thought you said this place was like...
popular?

MEMORIE. Yeah, but only to people who know how to find it. Come on.

SOMA. Okay. Come on E.R.I.S.

ERIS. --- -.-

[THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY FADE AS THEY WALK INTO THE
ALLEYWAY. THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHO A BIT MORE. THEN THE
FOOTSTEPS STOP AS MEMORIE AND SOMA COME TO THE ENTRANCE.]

MEMORIE. Right, this should be it.

[MEMORIE KNOCKS A COUPLE TIMES IN A PATTERN, AND AFTER A
MOMENT THE DOOR CLICKS, THEN WHOOSHES OPEN. MUSIC CAN BE
HEARD FROM INSIDE AS WELL AS TALKING. IT SEEMS TO STILL BE
FAIRLY FAR AWAY.]

MEMORIE. Come on, up we go.

[THEY GO UP STAIRS AND THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM, SEALING
OUT THE SOUNDS OF THE STREET. THE MUSIC GROWS LOUDER AS THEY
GO UP. THERE IS ANOTHER DOOR AT THE TOP THAT OPENS, AND AS
SOON AS IT DOES THE MUSIC AND TALKING IS CLEAR. MEMORIE AND
SOMA HAVE TO SPEAK LOUDLY TO BE HEARD.]

MEMORIE. Let's go find a seat.

SOMA. Okay.

MEMORIE. I see one over there.

[THEY GO AND SIT DOWN.]

MEMORIE. Remember, you stay here with ERIS. Don't talk to anyone you don't know. Stay out of trouble. I'm going to go walk around, see what I can find out.

SOMA. Good luck!

MEMORIE. Thanks. See you soon.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. Ah, it's been a while since we heard from Memorie. I hope fae isn't getting into anything over faer head.

[KASS CLEARS THEIR THROAT]

KASS. The tides started turning for Keina when she got her very first sponsorship. It wasn't one of the Senate brands, but she had a contact do a bit of digging and found out that the small family owned lipstick brand was actually a subsidiary of CosmeticCAN, so she figured it was close enough. With that sponsorship, she was able to grow her channel even further, get bigger and better sponsorship deals, and enlist several marketing agents. The agents helped her plaster the username AlwaysKeina on flashing billboards across the cities, until, in the span of a month, she became a household name. With her wacky documentary-style commentary on party life and her always-changing looks, she became both a trendsetter and a popular entertainer. She was finally able to move out of her parent's place and into her own inner-city apartment. As she gazed out the window at the Glitz, Talsoria's largest party tower, she began to form an idea.

Of course, even the biggest stars in Talsoria fade, and most fade very quickly indeed, so it came as no surprise to Keina or her marketing team when slowly but surely, the public began to lose interest in her exploits. Keina could feel it in her bones the first day she was no longer "it," no longer the hot new thing on the scene. And she knew it was time to act.

Three days later Keina was standing on floor 99 of The Glitz, millions of credits in debt. She walked through the giant sprawling rooms of the penthouse party suite. The metal edges of her boots echoed up to the tall, open ceilings as she paced back and forth, deep in thought. She could picture where everything would go. Speakers, carpets, drink dispensers, display screens, a holographic dance floor, the works.

A week later, all eyes were back on Keina when her idea was announced to the public. It helped that everything was stamped with the CosmetiCAN logo, because everyone knew that senate corporations have their best interests at heart. At the grand opening of the party, the vice-president of CosmetiCAN herself made an appearance, giving a speech and shaking Keina's hand in front of the massed media. Then, the party started. Anyone who was anyone came that night, and the rooms were packed. There were no pretenders- no wannabes or fakers like Keina herself had been less than a year ago. She made sure of that. Her parents, who of course had seen the news along with the rest of the nation, didn't even try to come. They knew by now what answer their daughter would give them if they asked.

At first, "Keina's Eternal Party", as it was dubbed, wasn't truly eternal. How could it be? Keina had to be there to play host, she insisted on it, and there were no drugs out there that completely eliminated the need for rest. So there was a scant 5 hours of downtime during the day where the party closed, and the halls cleared out. It was a necessary evil, but one that resulted in huge losses to CosmetiCAN who profited off the hourly fees and Keina's makeup endorsements. Once, the company tried keeping the party going during those five hours by having a different host take over, much to Keina's displeasure. She could easily see herself being replaced by this bright new influencer, this young man who needed fewer layers of makeup to hide the tired circles under his eyes. That night, she forwent her rest and entered her own party as a guest, her features completely disguised by the products she sold for a living. Keina knew every nook and cranny of the party halls, and every little thing that could malfunction. This young man may have been the most charming host CosmetiCAN could find but he had not yet mastered the skill of keeping his eyes everywhere at once, and Keina was able to wreak such havoc on the party that there was never a daytime host again.

Still, the incident ate at Keina. The party really *should* go 24/7, but if she didn't make sure to keep the marketing focused solely on her face, she could lose everything. She stewed in this problem for several weeks before she approached her sponsor company with a proposal. She barely got through the elevator pitch before they agreed.

The first test subject didn't go so well. That was fine, as far as Keina was concerned. The subject was only slightly disfigured, and CosmetiCAN promised they'd do their best to restore the subject's face. Keina threw more money into the trials, and the cosmetic surgeons tried again. The second try was close, but she thought about how many camera close-ups she had to do in a day, and ordered them to give it another go. She made sure to throw enough money at the first two subjects that they wouldn't cause her any trouble.

The third and fourth ones were successful. Keina met them in person for the first time after they'd been released from the Cosmetic Surgery Clinic, in a back room of floor 99. She greeted them warmly, with a genuine smile. Things were falling into place.

It should have been uncanny, to see two people that looked exactly like her, but she'd seen her face on too many screens for it to even register as strange. So she set about training her two doubles on the ins and outs of the Eternal Party. With two of them she would finally have enough time to rest. She could afford to slow down once in a while without fear of falling behind or being replaced - after all, "Keina" would still technically be at the party, reigning over the proceedings.

KASS. I think now would be a good time to check back in with Memorie, if the Station will allow it. Let's see...

INT. BAR

[MEMORIE WALKS AROUND, WE HEAR SNIPPETS OF CONVERSATION. THE CONVERSATIONS OVERLAP, YOU PROBABLY CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING OF ALL OF THEM.]

PATRON 1. I heard Proteus Island's falling a bit behind this year. I wonder if it's the season or if that man's just getting old.

PATRON 2. Did you hear about the new skyscraper they're building in Deadline? They're saying it's going to be taller than the national communications center.

PATRON 3. I can't believe my day at work, Fyle spilled coffee all over my mobile and it started smoking. I hope he has to pay for it because if it comes out of my paycheck I'm going to take it to the boss.

PATRON 4. So they're meeting on the east side again. I told her it's not a good idea, since they're bound to realize it's the same place, but she's going anyway. Said something about a kid too, dunno what she meant.

[MEMORIE STOPS NEARBY TO LISTEN TO THIS

CONVERSATION.] **PATRON 5.** She's a senile old lady, probably meant nothing. **PATRON 4.** You know she's smarter than she looks.

PARTON 5. And thank goodness for that. She looks like she's been living on the streets.

PATRON 4. That's because she has been. Anyway she and Mel have been talking.

PATRON 5. That's never good. Think it affects us?

PATRON 4. Probably not, to be honest. But who knows? Maybe they'll send us to track down whoever was talking about the Prince.

MEMORIE. Excuse me.

[THE TWO PEOPLE FALL SILENT.]

MEMORIE. I think you're talking about me. Mind if I sit?

[FAE SITS.]

MEMORIE. I met the woman you're talking about.

PATRON 5. Kid, It's not polite to eavesdrop.

PATRON 4. We're having a private conversation.

MEMORIE. Fairly loudly, in a public place, and mentioning the Prince? I think you weren't being very careful.

PATRON 4. Look, if you're the kid Nik was talking to, then I have a message for you from her.

MEMORIE. Oh? She asked you to give me a message?

PATRON 4. *(with a laugh)* No, but she did say "I wish that kid would keep faer nose out of what fae don't understand." Something to that effect.

MEMORIE. I understand enough. The revolution still has hope, and I want to help. I can help.

PATRON 5. Sorry kid, I don't think you're of any use to--

[PATRON 4 KICKS PATRON 5 UNDER THE TABLE.]

Ow!

PATRON 4. If fae didn't know we were a part of the revolution, fae do now.

MEMORIE. So, you might as well include me in your conversation! I can be useful.

PATRON 4. Here's all I'm going to say. We don't need kids, we certainly don't need you, and it's not a place for those who don't know what faer getting into.

[AS MEMORIE SPEAKS AGAIN, THE DOOR TO THE ROOM LOCKS. IT'S A SUBTLE THING, BUT IT CAN BE HEARD.]

MEMORIE. What can I do to prove myself? There has to be something...

PATRON 5. Sorry kid, you're out of luck.

MEMORIE. (overlapping) No, wait. Hold on, (pause) has the door locked?

PATRON 4. What?

MEMORIE. The mechanism above the door... it...

[FAE IMMEDIATELY GET UP OUT OF FAER CHAIR, RUNNING OVER TO SOMA THROUGH THE CROWDED ROOM.]

MEMORIE. Sorry, excuse me, uh pardon me, sorry about this, uh, excuse me, sorry, sorry, excuse me, sorry. Soma, we've gotta go.

SOMA. Oh, hey! Did you--

MEMORIE. No time. The door just locked. We've gotta get out.

SOMA. What?

MEMORIE. Come with me.

[THEY GO UP TO THE "BAR."]

MEMORIE. Excuse me?

BARTENDER. Hi there, what can I do for you?

MEMORIE. Is there a back door that we could use to exit? I think the front is locked.

BARTENDER. Oh dear, I'll go and check that. But sure, you can use that door there.

MEMORIE. Thank you! Come on Soma, we--

[SOMEONE SHOUTS, AND THE MUSIC SKITTERS TO A HALT.]

ENFORCEMENT OFFICER. No one move. We're looking for--

[SOMETHING IS PUSHED OVER, A GLASS BREAKS AND TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS RUN AWAY.]

Hey!

[COMMOTION ENSUES, AND WE HEAR THE BACK DOOR SLIDING

OPEN.] **MEMORIE.** Come on!

[THEY RUN DOWN A HALL AND THE DOOR SLIDES CLOSED BEHIND THEM, MUFFLING THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS AND SUCH THINGS.]

SOMA. Memorie, what was that?

MEMORIE. (whispered) Shh! Through here, come on.

[A DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND THEY EXIT INTO AN ALLEY. THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY CAN BE HEARD QUITE CLEARLY, AS THEY'RE BY THE FRONT OF THE ALLEYWAY.]

SOMA. What just happened?

MEMORIE. I don't know, but I got all I needed. Are you okay?

SOMA. Yeah.

MEMORIE. Good, good. Let's go home.

SOMA. Okay.

[TRANSITION]

INT. STATION ARCADIA

KASS. That... could have gone a *lot* worse.

KASS. The party continued, day and night, for five years without issue. It grew and grew, and became a fixture of New Sirium.

People

from all across Talsoria came to stay at the party for as long as they could afford, and then came back again when they were next able. There were events hosted, albums debuted, new makeup lines announced, and weddings held, all within the constant noise and movement of floor 99.

Keina was happy, more or less. She had what she wanted. Besides, whenever she felt annoyed by something, or someone, she could toss some credits at it and generally, the problem would get solved. Her dads had told her that there were some problems money couldn't fix, but if there were, Keina hadn't found them. For enough credits you could get anything.

One night, Keina was lying in her bed, staring up at the screen on her ceiling, twitching her fingers to flip through her feed with her connector nail polish. She was drifting off to sleep when a call came through. She frowned. There were only a select few people whose calls would come through at all, let alone at this time of day. She answered, feeling a mixture of annoyance and anxiety churning in her stomach. Almost before she heard the voice of the Eternal Party's security manager, she was flicking her fingers to bring up the live camera feeds from floor 99. She gasped as she saw a scene from her nightmares.

Not a single person in the room was smiling. She muted the call and turned on the feed's audio, only to hear her own voice ringing out over the horrifyingly low music. Static rang in her ears and she could barely make out the words her double was saying, but she knew they weren't flattering. Obscenities, directed at some of the most affluent patrons. Screaming, horrible, life-shattering words. Then the awful speech stopped and Keina flicked through the different cameras in time to see her double jump off of the punch table and run to the wall and - no. NO.

She reached behind the hidden panel and pulled the lever. Keina jumped out of bed, but she could only watch in horror as the sprinkler system activated. The guests were drenched. Worst of all, it seemed like the double was far from finished. Keina stood helplessly in her room as the double ran throughout the floor, wrecking everything that Keina had worked so hard on. She longed to go over there and punch that miserable imposter, but she knew that if they were ever together at the same time, the jig would be up and her empire would crumble regardless.

Then Keina came to her senses. She didn't need to go *personally*. She just needed to tell- ah, right. She just needed to tell the security manager to fix this. She got him back on the phone, and told him in no uncertain terms that it was his job to stop whichever double this was.

Keina spent a few hours screaming down different com lines, offering raises and bonuses to get things done fast. She got the other double in to go host the party while she slept, and by the time it was the original Keina's turn to host, things were well on their way to being smoothed over. Keina's rage was still present but had been somewhat soothed by the satisfaction that the double had failed. It was a decent plan, she conceded. Use her own face to ruin her reputation. But it would never work. In fact, in the coming days, the press that she gained from the incident brought even more guests to the party.

She gave her face to someone else, and the show carried on.

Tonight was the new double's first time hosting without a com device feeding her instructions. Keina watched her on the screens in her apartment for a bit before switching to her favourite streamer and watching that instead. No need to micromanage.

Keina's earpiece chimed with the familiar tone that let her know someone had been let up to her flat. She frowned. She couldn't think who would be on the access list that wouldn't know to call her first.

She looked to her cameras, and saw herself. Odd, the doubles didn't normally come by her place. Still, Keina let her in.

In the end, it was the oldest of tricks that did her in. As soon as the double stepped in the door, she shouted suddenly and pointed towards the window. Keina turned to look, and felt a sudden sharp pain in her back as the double stabbed her right between the ribs.

Keina screamed. She tried to flick her fingers in the right pattern to trigger the alarms, but suddenly the double had her hand pinned. Keina was terrified, but she wasn't worried. She was famous, she was rich - of course she had constant biometric tracking enabled. Judging by the amount of blood she was losing, security had already been notified and were on their way. There was no way the double could get away with this, and Keina told her as much.

"They'll catch you". She said. "I'm tracked and watched at all times, they'll know I'm dead. They'll know you did it. They'll cut your wires or throw you in a cell"

The double laughed, though there was no joy in it.

"No they won't." She said. "Who'd run the party?"

Keina bled out on the floor. The woman above her kept talking.

"The city won't care. Do you think they care about you, really? They care about the party, Keina. The party is good for the city, the party is good for the brand, and they'll do whatever's best for them. Your face is the heart of the party, not you, Keina.

And I have your face".

At the center of Talsoria's Eternal Party, is a woman, vibrant and radiant. She floats through the crowd, mingling, dancing, and smiling, always smiling. If the Eternal Party is the heart of the Twin Cities, then Keina is the heart of the party. She is captivating. She is as eternal as her domain - day or night, sun or monsoon, she is always there. She is always dancing.

The party carries on.

KASS. Wow! I wonder when that was. It's strange to think someone could just be... *replaced* like that, and no one would notice. I mean, We- (*Kass catches herself*) I- I always meant to go to that party someday, Y'know, just to see what it was like. Not really my brand, but sometimes things can just be for fun, yeah? Theoretically.

Well, from wherever you are, to wherever we are, stay safe, stay moving, and stick close. You've been listening to Station Arcadia.

[THEME MUSIC PLAYS]

C.V.V.M. Station Arcadia is a podcast by Metal Steve Productions, and licensed under a creative commons attribution noncommercial share-alike 4.0 international license. It is produced by Eliana Esdi and C.V.V.M., and directed by Tovah Brantner. It is edited by Eliana Esdi and J. R. Steele, with soundscaping by Becker Hoang and music by Theo Goodwin. Today's episode was written by Eliana Esdi, with scenes by Tovah Brantner and J.R. Steele. It featured Jade Virginia as Kass, Ellison Cardenas as Memorie, F. A. Calkins as Soma, J. R. Steele as

ERIS, as Josefin Berntsson as Patron 1, Rowan Wright as Patron 2, Quinn O. A. Feinburg as Patron 3, Sterling Rae as Patron 4, Eliana Esdi as Patron 5, Cedomir as the Bartender, and Tovah Brantner as Enforcement.

Join us on twitter and tumblr, @stationarcadia, for more content. Check out our website, stationarcadia.com for a transcript of this episode as well as information on the cast and crew.

The week of the week is the 20th to the 26th of December, 2020.

[SPOOKY MUSIC PLAYS]

ZELDA. Hello hello, ghouls,

EMMA. Ghosts,

ZELDA. Goblins,

EMMA. And everything in between. Welcome to Across the Veil with hosts Emma-

ZELDA. And Zelda. We're two amateur cryptozoologists on a mission to explore the things that lie... beyond.

EMMA. Beyond what?

ZELDA. I- I don't know, the veil? It- it just sounds poetic and mysterious!

EMMA. True! Learn about cryptids, folklore, monsters, and things that are just, kinda haunted.

ZELDA. Anything that seems a little *otherworldly*, and strange.

EMMA. Just like us.

ZELDA. (laughs)

EMMA. New episodes out every Thursday on all of your favourite

podcast platforms, like, Spotify, and Apple podcasts.

ZELDA. Follow us on Instagram at across dot the dot veil, and Twitter at acrossstheveil1.

EMMA. We hope you just us next time...

BOTH. Across... the veil!