

Station to Station Episode 10 “THE COST OF DOING BUSINESS”

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1. Into the Void

REVA

These are the investigation notes of Reva Luther, documenting my time aboard the S.S. Astrid. I was put on this case six months ago — a small-scale investigation into a large tech company for alleged tax fraud. Today that investigation is about to enter its final stage. The time is 05:48, the date is April 29.

To whoever finds this...know that our efforts have not been in vain. Know that we did what we believed was right. We weren't the most well-resourced team, but we are proud of our work. Or rather — I pride myself on what I have achieved, even though I'm not always proud of the people I work for. I hope that what we did — what we leave behind made a difference, somehow. However small.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, THE HUM OF THE ENGINE AS THEY APPROACH.

NELLY

You remember the last time we were down here, right? Down the stairs, then around the corner and...there it is. That patch of grey wall I've come to love.

MIRANDA

The light's brighter than last time.

REVA

You all got your flashlights? Earpieces working?

NELLY

Yeah.

MIRANDA

Yes.

REVA

Okay. Then let's get to work.

SOUND: RECORDING CUT FOR REVA

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. THEY'RE FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR

REVA

Hey. Both of you. Grab my hand.

MIRANDA

I got you.

REVA

Nelly, you too.

NELLY

...yeah, I've- I've got you.

REVA

Onwards, okay?

MIRANDA

...yeah.

REVA

(VOICEOVER CONT.)

I have chosen to leave behind a photo of my ex-husband, along with this recording. In case they make it back to...to someone — remember us. Remember we tried to do what was right.

Remember this was not in vain.

I want to end this by saying that I don't — I don't regret taking this job. While it may not have been the mission I intended to carry out, I am still bound by duty and honour to see it through. It is my job to...no. It is my imperative to make sure that no one else gets hurt. Minimize casualties, contain the damage. Save the day. That is all. This is Reva Luther Santiago. Over and out.

SOUND: A DEAD SILENCE. FOOTSTEPS STUMBLING, THEN STOPPING.

REVA

What the hell — did we — did the boat stop?

NELLY

Floor's not moving. I think we're here.

REVA

...Okay.

MIRANDA

The walls are different from the engine room, we've walked too deep to be physically on a vessel this size. Just think about it. Either the boat is bigger on the inside, or—

REVA

Or what, we've been wormholed into another dimension?

MIRANDA

It's a possibility. I didn't get this far the last time I came down here.

(THERE'S A PAUSE WHILE THEY TAKE IN THEIR SURROUNDINGS)

SOUND: THERE IS A DISTANT HUM OF THE ENGINES. YOU CAN BARELY HEAR IT AT THIS POINT.

NELLY

It's quiet here.

MIRANDA

Mmm. It is.

REVA

Well, let's keep moving. Quan, Cochrane, come on.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT.

2. NELLY'S LAST WORDS

NELLY

Hey, sis. It's— it's me.

I, ah... mum and dad used to make me stay with you whenever they went out somewhere at night. Farah was at uni by then, and no way Kal was going to sit at home with his baby sister, so it was always just you on and me fighting over what DVDs to watch.

And — remember, that year when I made you watch *10 Things I Hate About You* every single time? We must have seen that thing twenty times. If it had been me in your shoes I would have tried to chuck the disc out a window when no one was looking, but you stuck through it with me every few weeks for months and months.

It was Julia Stiles, that was thing. Fancying Heath Ledger, that was easy enough. But every time she'd come onscreen I'd get this funny feeling, and I didn't know what it was, so — another playthrough, that would sort it all out.

I don't think you even blinked when I told you why.

You know, I remember it was such a big thing to admit to myself I was bisexual, but it wasn't hard telling you. Because that's how it is, right? You're my best friend since I was three and trying to dress you up in doll clothes. I've always told you everything, my whole life, and...

And if you're listening to this you won't remember any of that, and I don't think I can tell you why and still keep you safe.

God, you're probably pissed as hell some stranger's making you sit through all this and won't even tell you why. But I you to know I love you. I love you so much, and—

3. A SPLIT IN THE CORRIDOR

REVA

How long have we been walking?

MIRANDA

Thirty minutes. Two kilometres, according to the tracker on my phone.

REVA

Jesus.

NELLY

I think there's a split in the corridor, up ahead.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, CAUTIOUS. DOOR HANDLE RATTLING

REVA

We'll try the right side first. Looks like there's a door down there.

(JONATHAN'S FIRST RECORDING STARTS PLAYING, FAINTLY)

MIRANDA

Do you hear that? It's coming from the other hallway.

REVA

We'll get there in a minute.

MIRANDA

I think it's — I just need to check—

NELLY

Miranda—

REVA

Go with her. I'll check the door.

(WE HEAR THE RECORDING MORE CLEARLY, BUT IT'S FADING IN AND OUT, LIKE A RADIO SIGNAL)

MIRANDA

That's not my recorder. That's not my tape. The last time I played it, it was just static.

NELLY

It sounds like a radio.

SOUND: THE TAPE BUZZES FADES, BUZZES AND FADES. EVENTUALLY...

JONATHAN

I— I'm lost. I'm heading further in. I've been wandering for about forty minutes now? I'm not entirely sure. Corridors are all starting to look the same. The floor feels different. God, it's so quiet around here.

SOUND: THE TAPE DISSOLVES INTO STATIC. THE CLICKING SOUND AS THE RECORDER SHUTS OFF.

MIRANDA

...That's...that's new. That's not on the tape. I've listened to it, and that's not part of the tape.

SOUND: METAL RATTLING. A THUMP. REVA GRUNTS IN PAIN

NELLY

Santiago!

MIRANDA

Reva!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

NELLY

What happened?

REVA

(REALLY DISJOINTED)

...was trying to get the door unlocked. Goddamn thing. Came swinging at me outta nowhere. Shouldn't have hit me that hard – didn't seem that heavy – I think – my leg – sliced the denim right open like it was nothing – I can't—

(SHE COUGHS)

Ah, sonuvabitch. Think it got a rib too.

NELLY

Hold still– hold still– oh God, what do we do?

MIRANDA

Reva can you sit up?

REVA

Yeah, just about. We don't know how much longer it's gonna take down here. Oh this is—
(THE LAST TWO WORDS ARE MOSTLY PAIN)
–not good.

MIRANDA

Oh God – that's – that's a lot of blood. Is she going into shock?

NELLY

Here, take my jacket.

SOUND: RUSTLING OF CLOTH. REVA BREATHE HEAVILY.

REVA

Put – weight on the wound – my – shirt...

NELLY

Yeah, yeah got it.

MIRANDA

I'll press down on it–

NELLY

Okay – Santiago, hope you're not attached to this shirt.

SOUND: MORE CLOTH RUSTLING. CLOTH RIPPING

REVA

(GRUNTS IN PAIN.)

MIRANDA

What do we do? We can't stay here.

NELLY

Well, we can't keep going.

SOUND: THE TAPE RECORDER STARTS PLAYING, STATIC BUZZING IN AND OUT

REVA

You brought that thing with you?

MIRANDA

...Yeah, I – I just. It felt right. Look, we can't stay here. You stay with her, Nelly, I'll –

SOUND: THE STATIC CLEARS SLOWLY. WE EVENTUALLY HEAR JONATHAN'S VOICE.

JONATHAN

I've said sorry. So I'm – I'm not gonna say it again because it's – it won't make anything better. It won't change what I've done. But it's up to you to stop it now, it's – it's up you to stop it – it's – it's – it's—

SOUND: THE RECORDING FADES INTO STATIC. THE FAINT HUMM OF THE TAPE RECORDER REMAINS.

NELLY

That's definitely new.

JONATHAN

Miranda, please don't be scared. You have to get to the centre.

SOUND: THE RECORDING SHUTS OFF

MIRANDA

How long have we been down here?

NELLY

We can get Reva out and then come back, there's enough time—

MIRANDA

No. There isn't. You both know there isn't.

SOUND: MIRANDA STANDING UP

REVA

Doc, what are you doing?

MIRANDA

I need to finish this.

NELLY

Alone?! No, no – that is a bad idea.

MIRANDA

I need to finish this. Come on, let's not kid ourselves – there's no way we can make it back to the top deck and come back down again. It's already spreading, and we're running out of time.

We can't leave it as it is, we—

You just heard that, right? This is my responsibility now.

NELLY

Miranda, that's a tape recording!

MIRANDA

Oh, come on! You know it wasn't. And you – you can think that I've lost my mind, or gone off the deep end all you want later, but it doesn't make what I'm saying less true.

REVA

(FAINTLY)

She's right.

NELLY

No—

REVA

She's right. I don't like it, but she's right.

MIRANDA

Nelly, Reva can't walk on her own. We can't stay all here, and you can't leave her. I have to shut it down. I have to finish this.

(A HEAVY PAUSE)

REVA

You have everything?

NELLY

Wh – Santiago, you *cannot* be serious! Miranda – Reva, hold still, hold still. **Miranda—**

MIRANDA

Help her back to the upper decks. I don't know how much time we have left to make it back.

REVA

(FIERCE)

You come back to us. I swear to God, you better come back to us, Miranda, or I will come back down here and drag you out.

MIRANDA

Yeah. I'll try.

REVA

You got your flashlight? Radio?

MIRANDA

I have everything I need. And I'm coming back.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING.

4. ABYSS

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, SURROUNDED BY SILENCE. THE TAPE CRACKLES BACK TO LIFE IN A BURST OF STATIC.

JONATHAN

This isn't how it was supposed to go. You weren't supposed to end up here. I tried to save them, I tried, I – I tried.

MIRANDA

(WHISPERING, TRYING TO SUPPRESS HER ABSOLUTE TERROR)

...Jon?

JONATHAN

Don't – don't turn around. If you stop, it gets to you. Don't turn around.

MIRANDA

How – what?

JONATHAN

I'm right behind you.

MIRANDA

(WITH THE HEAVIEST SARCASM, WHILE SHAKING)

Oh that's comforting.

SOUND: MIRANDA TAKES A FEW STEPS FORWARD. THERE IS A PLINKING SOUND AS FLUORESCENT LIGHTS FLICKER ON OVERHEAD

MIRANDA

Reva? Nelly? Can you – can you still hear me?

REVA

(FAINTLY OVER THE EARPIECE)

Just barely. Talk to us, Doc. Keep talking to us.

MIRANDA

I'm in another part of the...I don't know. Let's call it the labyrinth. There's fluorescent lights overhead. Corridor looks different – different architecture, I think. Brick, not concrete.

REVA

Okay. Okay. What else do you see? Keep talking.

MIRANDA

Yeah. Uh, there's a corridor. Wooden floorboards. It looks ancient. There's a fork in the corridor up ahead. Left goes down stairs, right one has a door but it...it looks...

SOUND: SHE WALKS FORWARD

MIRANDA

It doesn't look like it belongs in here. It's metal – heavy, solid steel, like a safe vault. The corridor's the same further ahead, though. I just know there's something deeper down there. The heart of the labyrinth, right? It has to be—

SOUND: SHE WALKS FORWARD

MIRANDA

Reva, how long has it been? Reva?

MIRANDA

Come on, come on. Come on.

MIRANDA

Oh. Okay. Okay. I'm in trouble. Okay. I'm okay. That's – fine, this is fine.

(SHE PAUSES, TAKING A FEW BREATHS TO CALM DOWN)

So are you alive, Jon? Are you dead? Give me an answer, Costello.

JONATHAN

I...I don't know. I tried to tether myself. Took me longer. Didn't work out, but it...I...

MIRANDA

(SOFTER)

Are you still there?

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, I – I missed you.

MIRANDA

God. What *happened* to you?

(JONATHAN DOESN'T ANSWER. MIRANDA KEEPS WALKING.)

JONATHAN

You held on. You held on but – you – have to – you have to – you have to get to the centre. You have – you have to get to the centre.

5. THE SACRED PLACE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN A CORRIDOR, RUNNING. THEN, FROM A DISTANCE, WAVES ON A BEACH. MIRANDA'S FOOTSTEPS HURRY TOWARDS IT

MIRANDA

(BREATHLESS)

Are those...? I hear waves! I hear the ocean! I'm almost out–

SOUND: SHE SLAMS AGAINST A WOODEN DOOR, ONE HAND GRIPPING THE HANDLE. BEYOND, THERE ARE THE FAINT SOUNDS OF WAVES, ALONG WITH A PIER IN THE DISTANCE.

MIRANDA

(SLOWLY, REALIZATION DAWNS)

I'm being tricked, aren't I. What's behind this door?

JONATHAN

This was the first place. This was the sacred place. It's a half-ghost now, nothing but memories and dust. The ocean took everything.

MIRANDA

Where is this?

JONATHAN

This was the first place.

MIRANDA

The first... the first testing ground? The first lab? You mentioned...a town, in the notes. Skipsea? Is this where it leads to?

SOUND: A CRACKLE OF STATIC

ALTERNATE MIRANDA

I think I'm finally figuring out how it all works. Open the wrong door, take the wrong turn – and let the evil eldritch corridor do its job. Is that it? Did I get it right?

JONATHAN

You can't stay here. You have to get to the centre.

SOUND: A CRACKLE OF STATIC

MIRANDA

You're not actually him, are you. Jon – what happened to you?

JONATHAN

I'm what's left him. A ghost maybe – or an echo. The walls of – this...this place. It captures...things. I think. But I don't remember. Sound, light – memory. I'm. I...

ALTERNATE MIRANDA

So you're just an imitation. A badly made copy.

(LETTING OUT A SHAKY BREATH)

MIRANDA

How long do I have?

JONATHAN

Long enough. You have long enough.

6. LULLABYE

MIRANDA

Corridor is marked Ichor. 16 steps to cross. Green-grey walls, like a hospital. No windows – probably a basement. Art on the walls is...atrocious, really 80's. Don't even remember how long...

SOUND: A CRACKLE OF STATIC

(DISORIENTED AND SLEEPY, HER VOICE DISTORTING)

ALTERNATE MIRANDA

...I've been walking for. I can't move. Everything feels so heavy.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS SLOWING DOWN

What was it like? When – when you – when you got lost. Do you remember?

JONATHAN

(HIS VOICE IS CLEARER THAN LAST TIME)

It was like falling asleep. It was bright, then it was quiet. Like standing on the bridge at night, falling right into the stars.

It all happened – so much faster than I thought. I didn't want to go, tried to hold on to it. Took me a long time to – to – to—

SOUND: A CRACKLE OF STATIC

JONATHAN / ALTERNATE MIRANDA

Took me a long time to fade away.

MIRANDA

Were you scared?

JONATHAN

Yeah. Yeah, I was. But only for a little bit. Only for a while. Are you?

MIRANDA

Yeah. Yeah I am.

JONATHAN

Really? You usually hate admitting that.

ALTERNATE MIRANDA

What better time than now, right?

MIRANDA

I've missed you, too, Jonathan.

JONATHAN

I know. I'm sorry.

ALTERNATE MIRANDA

Why you? Out of everyone that's disappeared, why **you**? Why are you still here?

JONATHAN

I wanted to stay...

MIRANDA

Stay? Stay **here**?

JONATHAN

No, I – I wanted to – say goodbye.

MIRANDA

(DISORIENTED)

That's sweet.

SOUND: A THUMP. MIRANDA COLLAPSES

ALTERNATE MIRANDA / MIRANDA

I need to rest for a bit. Just for a while. Just close my eyes...and...

SOUND: A CRACKLE OF STATIC. THE OPENING SONG PLAYS FROM HER RECORDER

MIRANDA / ALTERNATE MIRANDA

Oh. It's beautiful. Like a lullaby.

(SHE HUMS A FEW NOTE OF IT)

SOUND: THE SONG FADES OUT INTO STATIC

MIRANDA / ALTERNATE MIRANDA

Okay. I get the idea. Keep moving. Don't forget where you are. Don't lose your way back. Don't look behind you.

MIRANDA

(DETERMINED)

I'm almost done. Not now, not today. Not me. Not. **Me**. I have to make it back. I have to finish this.

(SHE GETS UP, BREATHLESS, STUMBLES FORWARD A FEW STEPS. A PAUSE.)

ALTERNATE MIRANDA

Jon? Thank you staying with me.

7. GROUND ZERO

SOUND: A DOOR OPENING

MIRANDA

Corridor block A to the door, forty-seven steps. Eighty steps since last turn. Door, plywood walls one-way mirror. And...a phone?

Room looks to be about 10 feet wide. There's cassette player in the middle – it looks old, pre-war era, I think, and the distance to it seems to be about—

RECORDER VOICE / MIRANDA

—Four feet.

SOUND: THE DOOR CLOSING SHUT. FOOTSTEPS. THE PHONE RINGS.

MIRANDA

(PICKING IT UP)

Hello?

SOUND: CRACKLING STATIC

MIRANDA

(ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE)

Hello? Who is this? Whoever you are, you're not funny. Jonathan, is this you?

SOUND: PHONE HANGING UP. DIALING TONE

JONATHAN

(ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE)

Hi Miranda – I know this is sudden, but things got...they got really...they got bad, and a lot of things went sideways, and I need to talk you. I need to talk to you about a lot of things, I can't really do it over the phone. I'm gonna...I'm gonna disappear for a while—

SOUND: PHONE HANGING UP. DIALING TONE

FREDRICKSEN

Oh and one more thing – we managed to intercept one of his calls. Not sure who it's to – but whoever they are, they're on this boat. They're not going anywhere.

SOUND: THE PHONE HANGS UP WITH A CLANG

MIRANDA

I see. I see.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS MIRANDA WALKS TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM. A CLICK. THE TAPE DECK PLAYING

RECORDER VOICE (ALTERNATE MIRANDA)
(URGENT/COMMANDING)

This is station two. Station three, report. Station 2 to Station 3, report! What is your status? We can't hold ground on our end much longer!

MIRANDA

What the hell?

RECORDER VOICE (ALTERNATE MIRANDA)
(CASUAL)

We've had people report hearing, I don't know, voices? They say that they hear stuff they'd said a week ago – I don't know, we're going along with it, installing some recorders, we've put in another shipment—

RECORDER VOICE (ALTERNATE MIRANDA)
(URGENT/STRESSED)

This is McKinnley, deputy to Eugene Loshank, Employee number 1479. There – there's been a situation, over here and – we, we're gonna need some time to process it – no, no! No backup! Keep it isolated, as we planned. We can handle this, but we might request transport—

SOUND: THE OPENING SONG STARTS TO PLAY, THEN ABRUPTLY STOPS

RECORDER VOICE (ALTERNATE MIRANDA)

Lauren, what are you doing?

RECORDER VOICE (ALTERNATE MIRANDA)

Shh, I'm trying something – gimme a sec and hold this—

SOUND: THE VOICES FADE OUT

MIRANDA

You record everything we say or hear.

ALTERNATE MIRANDA

We record everything you say or hear.

MIRANDA

All that trouble. Just for this?

RECORDER VOICE

Ground zero. ...called...it ground zero.

MIRANDA

You don't look like much.

RECORDER VOICE

This is...ground zero.

MIRANDA

Right. Of course.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS MIRANDA WALKS AROUND THE ROOM

MIRANDA

What are you?

SOUND: STATIC, A RADIO TUNING IN AND OUT. THE PHONE RINGS ONCE

MIRANDA

Answer me!

SOUND: MORE STATIC

MIRANDA

So every last moment is recorded in here. Every last fear, every last prayer...every call for help.
Playing, over and over.

RECORDER VOICE / MIRANDA

The last remnants of someone's existence.

MIRANDA

Are you – are you alive?

SOUND: MORE STATIC

MIRANDA

You know what? I don't care, all I care about is putting an end to it.

RECORDER VOICE

I don't want to go. I don't want to go, I don't want to go – let me go back, just – let me go back, I
– I – this is Adison McKinnley, if you're hearing this, please, tell my wife–

MIRANDA

Stop it!

RECORDER VOICE

Stop it!

MIRANDA

This isn't going to save you.

RECORDER VOICE

This doesn't scare me! You hear?

MIRANDA

How...are you doing this, you're not alive!

RECORDER VOICE

This place records – things. Echoes, memories, last words. I'm – an echo. A badly made copy.
But this is – all you have left of him.

MIRANDA

No. This is a trick. I'm not falling for it.

RECORDER VOICE

I wanted to stay –

MIRANDA

No, shut up!

SOUND: A BANG ON THE TABLE. FRANTIC RUSTLING PAPER

MIRANDA

Let's see. Let's see. I was hoping it would all make sense once I got down here, but – it doesn't. And it's a bit more complicated than just pulling the plug – don't know what that'll do, maybe I'll just get me stuck in here.

Actually...I think maybe that's what the others did. Pull the plug, try to get out. That's how it gets you, isn't it? Let's see...let's see.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CROSSING THE ROOM. TAPPING ON GLASS

MIRANDA

One-way mirror, like Loshank said. That implies someone might be looking in, right?

SOUND: A HARDER TAPPING ON GLASS

MIRANDA / ALTERNATE MIRANDA

What happens if I break this?

SOUND: PAPER RUSTLING

MIRANDA

What did you leave for me, Jon? I was expecting a mess of wires and machines, but this is...something else— Oh no. No. No, this is the machine. It's the chamber of a Juday engine – you've expanded it. Disruptions to the field- it's like it's healing itself.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING AROUND THE ROOM

MIRANDA

I think I get it. Whatever it was that you couldn't solve. I get it now.

RECORDER VOICE

...running...out of time.

MIRANDA

This is just a cassette deck – it's just, just frozen time, isn't it? Barely even that, just soundwaves, moments, captured on tape. A mimicry of something alive.

If I try to destroy you...You have to take me with you.

RECORDER VOICE / MIRANDA

There was never an exit strategy, was there?

MIRANDA

I'm an anomaly. Once I get out there, I'll be a time anomaly. You're just...

RECORDER VOICE / MIRANDA

...trying to correct a mistake.

MIRANDA

(RESIGNED, BUT DETERMINED)

I see. Okay. Okay. Yeah – it's all very poetic, isn't it? So. How do I shut it all down?

SOUND: PAPER RUSTLING, PAGES BEING FLIPPED

MIRANDA

Hmm. Maybe if I...

SOUND: MIRANDA WALKING AROUND THE ROOM, TAPPING ON THE WALL

MIRANDA

Nothing. What if I play it backwards?

SOUND: A CLICK AS THE TAPE DECK IS STOPPED. CASSETTE TAPE BEING TAKEN OUT, THEN REWOUND.

SOUND: A CREAKING, GROANING SOUND AS THE SPACE SHIFTS OUTSIDE THE ROOM.

MIRANDA

...it's happening. That's it? It's that easy? Just...rewind the...

SOUND: FLOORBOARD CREAKING. SOMETHING COLLAPSING IN THE DISTANCE

MIRANDA

(OUT OF BREATH)

I...can't...I can't...I feel like I'm about to...

SOUND: THE WIND, DISTANT HUM OF THE ENGINE ROOM

MIRANDA

Jon? Are you still there?

SOUND: THE PHONE RINGING. STUMBLING FOOTSTEPS, MIRANDA PICKING IT UP

MIRANDA

Yes?

SOUND: A HISS OF STATIC.

REVA

(OVER THE PHONE)

I'm telling you, I'm okay.

NELLY

(OVER THE PHONE)

You've been wincing for five minutes, just let me bandage it—

SOUND: A HISS OF STATIC.

LOSHANK

(OVER THE PHONE, AGITATED)

Goddammit- were any of you **any of you** – even considering the consequences of a stunt like this? I could have gotten out of it just fine. But this? This could blow everything **wide** open.

There is no putting this back in the box once it is out.

SOUND: A HISS OF STATIC.

SIMMONS

(OVER THE PHONE, FREAKING OUT)

Oh my god. That was not supposed to happen, Jesus Christ, this is bad. Oh god, this is bad, this is bad, this is bad—

SOUND: A HISS OF STATIC

HOWARD

(OVER THE PHONE)

She's on crowd control, okay? Some scientist was freaking out and she went to help. And better her than us. Look, she knows what she's doing, we have enough manpower to keep this together—

SOUND: A HISS OF STATIC. THE LAST SOUNDS DIE LIKE A FADING RADIO. SILENCE.

MIRANDA

What are you trying to show me?

SOUND: A GLASS SMASHING OVER THE PHONE. THE LINE GOES DEAD.

MIRANDA

Is that...is that the way out?

SOUND: TAPPING AGAINST THE GLASS, WHICH TURNS TO BANGS.

MIRANDA

...Jon? Are you...?

JONATHAN / RECORDER VOICE

I'm – I'm – I – still here

MIRANDA

(SOFTER)

Thought you'd be gone by now.

JONATHAN

I can't – I can't stay long. Wish I could. Didn't- didn't want to leave before, either, but. I. I wanted to say goodbye. But you have to let me go.

MIRANDA

(UNDER HER BREATH)

It's good to hear your voice again.

SOUND: ANOTHER BANG ON THE GLASS. THE GLASS CRACKS

JONATHAN / RECORDER VOICE

It was. Cold. Walked for hours. I turned back and then...

MIRANDA

How much time do I have left?

JONATHAN

Don't get stuck here. You couldn't have saved me, okay? You need to let me go.

MIRANDA

No, no, I – I can't just leave you, I—

JONATHAN

Listen. You couldn't have saved me, but maybe- this time, just this one last time, maybe I can [save you] —

SOUND: THE GLASS SMASHES

8. BACK

SOUND: STUMBLING FOOTSTEPS. THE SOUND OF THE ENGINE RETURNS. SHOUTING AND VOICES IN THE DISTANCE

MIRANDA

(A HALF-HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

I made it back. I made it back! How – it's just on the other side of the wall – it's – it's just—

SOUND: A FAINT BUZZ OF STATIC

MIRANDA

Reva, come in. Nelly, Nelly, come in. Reva, come in. Nelly, come in.

SOUND: JIGGLING OF A DOOR, THEN PANICKED BANGING

MIRANDA

Christ, not again. Someone, answer me!

(A PAUSE. NOTHING)

SOUND: MORE BANGING ON THE DOOR. A CRACKLE OF STATIC

REVA

(WITH A LOT SHOUTING IN THE BACKGROUND)

Quan, is that you? Are you getting this? Come on, Doc, answer me!

MIRANDA

(DAZED)

Reva! You – you're breaking up, but I can hear you—

REVA

I got a buzz from her, but it's fading fast. Hang on – give me some space – Goddamn it. Doc, if you're still there—

MIRANDA

I'm- Reva, I can hear you—

REVA

I'm getting through, but it's mostly static. Hang on—

NELLY

Miranda! Miranda, we've made it back up top. Keep going, okay? Miranda, are you getting this?

MIRANDA

I – I'm – I hear you!

SOUND: A BODY CRASHING INTO A DOOR, THE DOOR OPENING SLOWLY. FOOTSTEPS. THE ENGINE GROWING LOUDER, THEN FADING TO VOICES, CHATTER.

JONATHAN

(VOICE FADING AND WARBLED NOW, AS IF COMING FROM VERY, VERY FAR AWAY)
Have a good life, Miranda Quan.

9. HOMEWARDS

SOUND: SOMEONE WALKING ONTO THE DECK ON CRUTCHES

REVA
Hey.

MIRANDA
Hey! Should you be wandering around?

REVA
I'm fine, it was just a cut. I got stitches. I needed to get some fresh air.

MIRANDA
But you—

REVA
It's not that bad, trust me. And I've been through worse. How's your hand?

MIRANDA
It'll heal. It's no worse than yours. What's the latest?

REVA
We're heading back, captain's taking us to the closest harbour. The engine's just fixed enough for us to limp back to land, but we're not going the full ten weeks. Pay's still gonna be in full though, so there's that.

MIRANDA
What's gonna happen to you?

REVA
Office is probably gonna stick me on sick leave. That'll be a blast.

MIRANDA
Yeah.

(A PAUSE)

REVA
So it's all just...gone now? We're not gonna have to scrap the ship or anything?

MIRANDA

No. It's...it's gone – or, whatever's on board this ship is gone, at least. But if the experiment's been carried out in other locations, maybe – I don't know. I can't – I can't seem to think clearly right now.

REVA

(CAREFUL)

And Costello?

MIRANDA

He...he's gone too.

(SHE SIGHS)

I – I don't know. Maybe he saved me – maybe I really am going insane. I don't know if it was him down there or if it was an imitation but- but he lead me out. I don't know how to – I don't know how to feel about that.

REVA

I can imagine.

MIRANDA

(BRITTLE)

But you know what? I've been through worse.

NELLY

(FROM A DISTANCE)

Hey. Should you be up?

REVA

I told you, I'm fine. I'll go back and be a good patient in a minute.

NELLY

...Sure. Just talked to someone on the bridge. They say we're about five days away from the closest port. They're asking scientists to start packing their stuff right about now.

MIRANDA

Right. I'll...I'll get to that.

NELLY

And, er. Fredricksen's lab has already been cleared out. So, you know, you're not gonna be running into him any time soon.

MIRANDA

...God. I didn't even- I could have been stuck with him for another six weeks.

(UNEASY LAUGHTER. A PAUSE)

NELLY

So it's all done, then? You've finished what you came here to do?

MIRANDA

Yeah. What about you two? This'll be something to write about.

NELLY

Oh, Christ—

REVA

Tell me about it.

NELLY

Well, like Simmons said, I'll burn that bridge when I get there.

(A PAUSE. THEY TAKE IN THEIR SURROUNDINGS)

REVA

Five more days, huh.

NELLY

Yeah.

MIRANDA

So, onwards and upwards?

REVA

Onwards and upwards

SOUND: THE RECORDER CLICKS OFF

10. LAST RECORDING

MIRANDA

This is the final audio log of Dr Miranda Quan. And if you're hearing this, you're receiving a highly sensitive, highly confidential report.