

“Station to Station Episode 7, “ALTERNATIVE RESOURCES”

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1. ASTRID HALLWAY

(NELLY AND REVA ARE DOING A CLASSIC WEST WING WALK AND TALK - BUT WITH THE ADDED COMPLICATION OF TRYING NOT TO BE OVERHEARD AND NELLY'S RAPIDLY ADVANCING MASSIVE FREAKOUT. LITTLE TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THE END OF EPISODE 6.)

REVA

—slow down, you're not making sense. Is Quan okay?

NELLY

I think so — she's still a little hazy, but she was sitting up alright — I just don't want to leave her alone. You should have seen the way people were looking at us when I pulled her out of the med room.

REVA

Are you sure they weren't staring because you kicked down the door and forced her to leave in the middle of medical treatment?

NELLY

Look, I didn't *kick* the door in. It wasn't latched properly when I knocked—

REVA

Cochrane, keep it together.

NELLY

People are already talking — one of the oceanographers pretty much ran to the wet lab to gossip after seeing her. Apparently she was wandering the halls, babbling about McKinnley for anyone to hear.

REVA

McKinnley?

NELLY

Right, sorry, sorry, we should have caught you up to speed. Miranda and I thought we'd check him out on a whim — I don't even know if we thought we'd find anything, but—

REVA

You mean McKenzie, the grad student.

NELLY

(IF WE WERE A DIFFERENTLY RATED PODCAST NELLY WOULD BE SWEARING
HERE.)

Jesus, Santiago, really?

REVA

Keep your voice down.

NELLY

I know you've met him. I catalogued the damn samples of sea bugs you picked up for him on one of your dives. Tall, thin, white, receding hairline? Really regrettable moustache choices? Smoked like a bloody bonfire?

REVA

Calm down.

NELLY

Don't tell me to— [calm down.]

REVA

Cochrane.

NELLY

(DEFLATED)

You don't remember him at all?

REVA

If I did I'd say something. You think it's that thing below deck?

NELLY

(STARTING TO SPIN OUT AGAIN)

I mean, what else? You don't remember him, Miranda basically short circuited trying to. I'm probably going to forget any minute here, and then our best chance of figuring out what's going on around here is going to be — poof — gone — just like that— God, do you even believe me right now? I must sound *insane*.

REVA

Cochrane. Stop.

NELLY

(BEGINNING OF A PROTEST)

REVA

No. *Stop*. Listen to me. You're gonna take a breath. One in, one out.

(THE DO SO TOGETHER. BREATH IN, BREATH OUT.)

Now, you need a minute before we go in there?

NELLY

I'll be fine.

REVA

Good. We'll figure something out.

NELLY

Or die trying?

REVA

That's the spirit.

2. MIRANDA'S CABIN

SOUND: REWIND ON A TAPE RECORDER. CLICK OF THE PLAY BUTTON. SINCE EPISODE 2 THIS TAPE HAS MARKEDLY DEGRADED. THERE IS A DRIFT OF STATIC, AND THE TAPE SKIP SEEMS LONGER AND SOUNDS UGLIER.

COSTELLO

I- I screwed this one up. I screwed this up real bad and I'm not asking you to fix it, but please, please just- be careful.

(THE TAPE STOPS, THE PLAYER CLICKS, THEN PLAYS AGAIN, LIKE IT WAS TAPED OVER.)

COSTELLO, CONT.

—the lab right after orientation.

MIRANDA

(WHISPERING OVERLAPPING THE TAPE)

Don't...

COSTELLO

All the restaurants and stuff are right on the campus, but the whole place is covered in guards. we're not allowed to take anything out of the labs, so—

SOUND: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR INTERRUPTS US AT 'NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE'. STOP BUTTON ON THE RECORDER.

MIRANDA

Hello?

NELLY

(THROUGH THE DOOR)

It's me. I've got Reva.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

REVA

How you feeling, doc?

MIRANDA

We need to go to McKinnley's cabin.

REVA

Woah there. Cochrane, get the door.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MIRANDA

Our photos of McKinnley's work deleted themselves, just like last time, and we've only got a few hours before his notes start to disappear — it could be less than that, I don't know how long he'd been gone when I started to forget. I should have been more careful logging mental effects with the rat, but I had so many references — bad experimental design —

REVA

(TO NELLY)

What's she talking about?

NELLY

Miranda, are you feeling alright?

MIRANDA

I'm fine. I've been running — trials, sort of. Gauging the effects of Mallux's experiment. Once a subject enters the space beyond the engine room, things connected to them start to disappear. We might have seven, eight hours at most before everything that could link McKinnley to Mallux is gone. We should go now.

NELLY

You can't go out there.

MIRANDA

I'm fine now. I'm not even dizzy.

NELLY

No, listen, you told me Simmons and McKinnley got into it over stolen research, right? And we know he's been working on the same project your friend was.

MIRANDA

(RIGHT THERE WITH HER)

She could have been going through his notes for Mallux — Costello said they had spies watching the researchers. Do you think she...

NELLY

What if McKinnley got sick of feeding people to an evil hallway and wanted out? Or maybe his work wasn't going well and they've got a really screwed up way of firing people. Either way, Simmons knows you're interested in Mallux. If she sees you near his stuff—

REVA

Guys.

MIRANDA

What about Reva? No, that's too suspicious, she's almost never in the labs.

NELLY

And I still remember him — for now. I can write his name on my arm like you did in case... you know, for when it all goes.

REVA

Hey, seriously, anyone want to bring the rest of the class up to speed here?

NELLY

Miranda can fill you in — we made notes of everything I still remember. I'm going to go get us some evidence.

MIRANDA

Be careful.

NELLY

Hey, I'm always better on deadline. And if Simmons comes round, be ready.

3. IN THE LAB

SOUND: A FLURRY OF SHUFFLING PAPERS

NELLY

C'mon... c'mon... I know you were here earlier. Let's see: Diagrams... napkin... used napkin... cigarette packet — hey here we go.

SOUND: PAGES OF A BOOK FLIP

NELLY, CONT.

(READING)

Cold water coral specimen *paragorgia arborea*... 6.34 metres tall... estimated age - no, this isn't even his. Damn it.

SOUND: MORE PAPERS RUSTLING

NELLY, CONT.
Where did you go...

SOUND: A DOOR OPENS.

SIMMONS
Oh, uh...

SOUND: THE RUSTLING STOPS.

NELLY
Dr. Simmons. Hi.

SIMMONS
I didn't think anyone was using the lab over lunch.

NELLY
Oh, you know. It's just so much easier to get this place cleaned up when you scientist-types have all gone off. Can you believe all the napkins someone's left lying around in here? You can tell some people never have to clear off their own workbenches back home, am I right?

SIMMONS
I always thought we had janitors for that kind of thing — silly me. I'll just leave you to it. You're obviously busy—

NELLY
Me? Nooooo.

SIMMONS
...really don't want to disturb you...

NELLY
No, no, no, it's all yours. I'm about ready to take this load of rubbish out anyway. Make yourself at home.

SOUND: A BUNCH OF PAPERS GATHERED UP.

NELLY, CONT.
Nothing to worry about. Let me just get these out of — uh, can you hold the door for me?

SIMMONS
Yes. Yes I can do that.

NELLY
Perfect...

SIMMONS

So you don't get a lunch break at all?

NELLY

Oh, um, later maybe. Got to keep this place spic and span, you know.

SIMMONS

Right, but you need to keep you energy up. You don't want to end up like Dr. Quan did.

NELLY

(WAS THAT A THREAT?)

Yeah, yeah, right, definitely. Maybe I'll get a sandwich after I dump this. You should have lots of time in here by yourself.

SIMMONS

Well... I won't keep you.

NELLY

Me either! Uh, bye.

SOUND: THE DOOR SHUTS. A PAUSE.

NELLY

(GROANS)

Oh my god.

4. MIRANDA'S CABIN II

SOUND: A COUPLE SLOW PAGE TURNS

MIRANDA

She's going to be fine.

REVA

What?

MIRANDA

You're frowning at the door — Nelly knows what she's doing.

REVA

(BLUFFING)

I'm just letting my eyes recover from trying to read Cochrane's chicken scratch.

MIRANDA

Is it — does it feel like it's bothering you?

REVA

It's not *that* bad. Some of the guys in the regional offices, now that's bad handwriting—

MIRANDA

No, not — I meant thinking about McKinnley.

REVA

What's it doing to you?

MIRANDA

It's nothing...

REVA

Doc.

MIRANDA

My head feels strange. Muddled. Listening to Nelly talk about things we did hours ago — it was like her voice was fading in and out and everything felt tight and shiny at the edges.

REVA

How've you been sleeping?

MIRANDA

No, it's not like that. I can still grasp simple concepts when I'm tired. With this — nothing's sticking. I've read the notes we made over and over and — I know Simmons is involved, but everything else is... blurry.

REVA

Hm.

MIRANDA

What does it feel like for you?

REVA

Like reading a case file on a stranger.

MIRANDA

You weren't there for it — maybe that makes it easier?

(WARMING TO THE HYPOTHESIS)

You said it was like that with the ROV technician too, didn't you? You held on when the people who knew him forgot—

SOUND: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

(A BEAT OF SILENCE)

FREDRICKSEN
(THROUGH THE DOOR)
Dr. Quan?

REVA
(LOW)
I'll get behind the door. Don't let him into the room.

MIRANDA
Uh, coming!

SOUND: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS/SHUFFLING, MAYBE. DOOR OPENS

MIRANDA
Dr. Fredricksen. Is something the matter?

FREDRICKSEN
I wanted to see how you were doing. I saw your friend outside the lab, figured you might want some company.

MIRANDA
I'm fine! It was just – low blood sugar.

FREDRICKSEN
You should get some lunch. Mess hall's still serving.

MIRANDA
Right. Yes. I will in a minute. Thanks for stopping by.

SOUND: DOOR STARTS TO CLOSE, BUT ONLY STARTS AS FREDRICKSEN CUTS IN

FREDRICKSEN
Got too wrapped up in the research, huh?

MIRANDA
I...

FREDRICKSEN
Don't worry about it. Happens to the best of us.

MIRANDA
(WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE)
Uh huh...

FREDRICKSEN

I was working on this project last summer, exposing archaeobacteria to these different chemical compounds and watching for — you get the drift. I swear I lived on coffee and two hours of sleep for days.

MIRANDA

(SHARPER NOW, MOTIVATED TO GET HIM GONE AGAIN)

I'll try not to follow your example.

FREDRICKSEN

We should grab a coffee some time. I could use a fresh set of eyes on my lab data.

MIRANDA

Sure. Maybe tomorrow?

FREDRICKSEN

Tomorrow sounds great. Don't forget to get a sandwich, okay Miranda?

MIRANDA

I will. Bye.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

(ANOTHER LITTLE PAUSE)

REVA

Someone's coming on strong. You think he'd wait until you'd been conscious for more than a couple hours.

MIRANDA

What?

REVA

He's flirting with you.

MIRANDA

(GENUINELY NOT AFFECTED BY THAT)

No... I don't think he is. I need to listen to something.

5. NELLY'S CABIN

NELLY

Audio log of Janelle Cochrane. I don't even know if there's any point to making notes right now... for all I know, it could all turn to static the second I stop recording. Or maybe it'll still be here, but I'll just... forget about it?

Oh God.

I've been going through the papers I collected from McKinnley's lab bench, but there's nothing here.

There's no sign of the notebook Miranda and I photographed. He must have taken it back to his room. I'd have checked already if the halls weren't so full of people right now. It's like no one on board has heard of a leisurely lunch. Fingers crossed they'll head back to the labs once the usual break time's over. So until then I'm... stuck here... waiting.

Ugh, you heard the lady — keep it together, Cochrane. Yeah, just ignore the bit where any second now my own brain's going to start gaslighting me into believing this very-real scientist never existed and the one ounce of real, tangible evidence I might have been able to take to an editor on this whole mess will be — pfft. Just a bunch of notes I won't even remember writing. Yeah, no big thing, right? Totally fine.

(SHE SIGHS THEN WAITS A MOMENT, LISTENING TO SOMETHING)

...God, I wish they'd stop moving out there.

6. MIRANDA'S CABIN

COSTELLO

(AS WITH THE FIRST TAPE IN THIS EP, THE RECORDING QUALITY HAS DEGRADED IN A MAJOR WAY. WE COME IN A BIT MID-SENTENCE)

—guy who works next to me keeps talking about his project back home — he says it's in Europe somewhere. We're not allowed to actually reveal where we're from, it's really — I don't know why, it's something about, uh, workplace equality or something? It's got to do with archaeobacteria, I think he calls them. Yeah, archaeobacteria. When they're—

SOUND: TAPE RECORDED STOPS

MIRANDA

There. "Archaeobacteria." Fredricksen said "archaeobacteria," and Costello — oh God, "management." They both called them "management" — he's been saying it for *weeks*. I've been so distracted, I didn't even—

REVA

What am I missing, Quan?

MIRANDA

Archaeobacteria. It's an old classification for a type of prokaryotes — ah, single-celled micro-organisms, so things like bacteria and eukaryota and—

REVA

I get it.

MIRANDA

Sorry — it's an outdated classification. Archaea aren't bacteria, we figured that out a long time ago. No one calls them archaeobacteria any more. ...except Costello did, and he should know better.

REVA

And management?

MIRANDA

Right, that- what do you call your boss? On this ship, I mean.

REVA

A person of interest.

MIRANDA

You're not funny.

REVA

Chief scientist, I guess. Or admin - that's what everyone else says.

MIRANDA

Right - Fredricksen's the only one who calls them "management". I know- it's a small thing, but that's what Costello called Mallux. I think Fredricksen must have worked with him. It didn't even occur to me that other members of the research team might have survived.
Stupid.

REVA

Hey, stop that. You have a lead, feel good about that.

MIRANDA

No wonder he keeps trying to talk to me. He must know our research overlaps — maybe he's trying to stop it too.

REVA

We're going to need to question him.

MIRANDA

We can't let Simmons know. God — he might not even know she's here — why she's *really* here. We have to tell him.

REVA

Doc... that tape of yours...

MIRANDA

What?

REVA

Your battery getting low?

MIRANDA

No, I just changed it yesterday. It should be—
(SHE CATCHES ON TO WHAT REVA'S ASKING)
Oh. It's — maybe I left it on all night again.

REVA

Were you planning on telling me that our best piece of evidence is, what, erasing itself?

MIRANDA

We don't know that — it could be an old tape.

REVA

I can't help you if you don't let me.

MIRANDA

What could you do about it?

REVA

We could make copies, see if any of those hold up longer. ...but I get the feeling that's not what you mean.

MIRANDA

(AWKWARD)
It's just...

REVA

You won't be the first person to try to tell me I can't do this job. Go ahead.

MIRANDA

You investigate financial crimes, not things like this. And you're not a scientist. How do you help?

REVA

I can get a witness to tell you what they actually know, not what they think you want because you tipped your hand early. I can make sure the interview we conduct stands up in a court of law, so we have some hope of making sure the people who've been hurt by this get some form of justice — and side note: I have an degree in mechanical engineering, so I think I can handle basic concepts.

MIRANDA

(WHATEVER RESERVE SHE'S BUILT UP SINCE THE END OF 6 — THAT DID IT. SHE CRUMBLES)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, I should have told both of you. I didn't want — I don't have anything of him left except this tape and I don't remember him, I don't remember having him in my life — I shouldn't —

REVA

(SOFTLY, OVERLAPPING RATHER THAN CUTTING IN)

Hey...

MIRANDA

It shouldn't *hurt* — I hardly have anything — it shouldn't *feel like this* to lose the rest of him. It doesn't make sense.

REVA

(GENTLE, BUT FIRM)

Grief doesn't always make sense.

MIRANDA

Nothing makes sense.

REVA

I can't tell you it's going to get better. I wish I could, but most of the time you... I guess you figure out how to carry it with you, cause there's no one to do it for you.

MIRANDA

I'm trying. I just — I wish I knew how to —

(SHE TAKES A BREATH, TRYING TO PULL BACK TOGETHER)

It's all going to be gone soon and all I'll have is that empty space — and. And I just carry it with me and I can't put it down because I can't afford to, but it is — it is so heavy.

REVA

I know.

(SHE REALLY DOES.)

Give me your hand. You've got a chance to fix what he thought needed fixing. Maybe get some closure. That's more than a lot of people.

MIRANDA

I know...

REVA

Keep your eyes on that. Can you do that for me?

MIRANDA

Yes.

REVA

Good. Now, I need you to tell me anything else you've been holding back.

7. HALLWAY OF THE ASTRID

NELLY

Right, anyone planning on coming down this hallway in the next two minutes, now would be a good time to make some noise.

(THE SILENCE HANGS A SECOND.)

NELLY (CONT'D)

No takers? Good.

SOUND: A QUICK BURST OF FOOTSTEPS

NELLY, CONT.

Nothing to see here... no, I'm not going to pick the lock... why would you think I'm picking...

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENS

NELLY, CONT.

...the... lock?

This shouldn't be unlocked.

SOUND: A FEW SLOW STEPS INTO THE ROOM. A PAUSE AS NELLY TAKES HER SURROUNDINGS IN.

NELLY, CONT.

What the?No... no — this is bad, this is wrong.

SOUND: A FLURRY OF FOOTSTEPS THEN A MATCHING FLURRY OF PAPERS SHUFFLING, OBJECTS BEING MOVED.

NELLY, CONT.

Miranda — Miranda can you hear me? God, no, you silly twit of course she can't. She lost her earpiece. I should — oh, God, what should I do—

SOUND: RECORDER BEEPS ON

NELLY, CONT.

Um, audio log of Janelle Cochrane, I— I'm in McKinnley's cabin. Someone's been here. The mattress is half on the floor, there's clothing everywhere, papers scattered all round — It looks like whoever it was tore some of them up. There's a whole corner that looks like New Year's Eve after they've shot off a confetti canon.

SOUND: WE HEAR SOME MORE SUBDUED PAPER RUSTLING IN THE BACKGROUND AS SHE SPEAKS, WHICH STOPS WHEN—

NELLY, CONT.

Damn it. It's the notebook Miranda and I found in the lab. So that's what all that torn paper used to be. All I've got left is the covers, fat lot of good that does.

SOUND: MORE PAPER RUSTLING, A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE RECORDER. FIVE OR TEN SECONDS OF THAT.

NELLY, CONT.

(ONTO SOMETHING NOW)

It doesn't make sense. It's all going to disappear within hours anyway. Why worry about loose ends?

No... better question: How would you even know there were loose ends to tie, if no one's supposed to remember him? How would someone else even know to come here? The only way would be if someone remembers him the way I remember...wait I remember—

(DING GOES THE LIGHTBULB)

Holy sh—

SOUND: THE RECORDING CUTS OFF

8.MIRANDA'S CABIN

MIRANDA

I think it started to happen when I got to the door.

It - there wasn't anything special about it. But it was the first door I'd seen and - I could tell it was important, even though there weren't any locks or keypads or any of the things you'd expect on a top secret science project.

I, ah, I guess I should have known then I was in trouble. If you don't need to lock something like that up...

I think if I'd gone in then I would have found something? But, it was dark inside and - I'm not afraid of the dark, but all I could see was this rectangle of blackness, and I felt all my hair stand up on end at once — I thought if I turned on the torch on my phone I wouldn't feel so, so stuck. I don't remember letting go of the door handle to do it, but I remember hearing the door shut. And when I looked up from my phone it was gone.

REVA

What do you mean gone?

MIRANDA

It was a blank wall. But a little way down the hall there was a corridor I'd never seen before, leading away from the main path.

REVA

And this *wasn't* the point where you decided to get the hell out?

MIRANDA

I tried. I went back the same way I'd come, I know I did. But I only walked another minute before I found the door again.

REVA

You're sure you didn't get turned around? Panic can do funny things.

MIRANDA

I'm sure. I never went past the new corridor, and when I found the door again I couldn't see it at all. And I hadn't passed any other doors on my way in. I, um, I got the torch out before I tried it this time. I'd been expecting a room - hoping for a room, I think, at that point. But I was back in the hallway — or a hallway that looked exactly the same as where I'd just come from, except that new corridor was there again, branching off.

I was... there was a lot of walking after that. I tried going past the corridor, down the corridor, back through the door. Sometimes I'd walk for 30 seconds, and sometimes I'd go farther, two minutes, three minutes, and I'd start to think I'd got it right that time, found a way out — and then I'd be right back there, staring down that door.

When Nelly found me and got me out of there, I tried to keep track of the way we went — but I don't even remember passing the normal things, like the labs or the mess hall. Somehow she got it to spit us out. That's the only description that feels right.

REVA

So what was different about her?

MIRANDA

Right — that's what I've been trying to figure out. I have some theories, but Fredricksen should be able to tell us more. If he's survived this long, he must know what the rules are.

REVA

That coffee he wants the two of you to have, think you could convince him to go somewhere more private?

MIRANDA

I think so. But Simmons—

REVA

We bring her in at the same time. There's a lot of free rooms on this boat now. We pick two within range of the earpieces, see if we can't play what we learn from one off the other.

MIRANDA

Uh, about those —

REVA

Then you stick with me. We'll let Cochrane try softening Simmons up. She likes accusing people of murder.

MIRANDA

(LAUGHS A LITTLE)

REVA

That's a good sound to hear.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry I doubted you.

REVA

(UNCOMFORTABLE)

Hey, it's—

MIRANDA

No, it's not. I'm glad we have you.

REVA

(SO AWKWARD)

Doc...

SOUND: THE DOOR RATTLES ON ITS HINGES, THEN A SHARP KNOCK

NELLY

Guys! Let me in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

REVA

What did you find?

NELLY

Look at this.

MIRANDA

...why are we looking at your jacket?

NELLY

It's not mine — I know, yes, you've seen me wearing it — but it belonged to David Won. He gave it to me, on one of our first nights out at sea. We had this stupid conversation — I was complaining about the cold and he said 'you should try working next to the engine room' and

— God, I spent so much time trying to figure out how this stupid thing got into my room and
— it was so simple—

REVA

What are you trying to say?

NELLY

I must have forgotten him giving it to me when he disappeared.

MIRANDA

(RIGHT THERE WITH HER, AND IT'S LIKE THE BOTTOM'S GONE OUT OF HER
STOMACH)

But you remember now.

NELLY

Exactly! I do. I think it's been coming back for a while but it didn't really click until—

MIRANDA

You still remember McKinnley too, don't you.

REVA

Cochrane?

NELLY

I do. I —

I remember **everything**.

And I don't think I'm the only one on board who does.