

[STATIC. THREE BEEPS]

VOICE 1: Regarding the incident at Quesnel Lake, we believe we have been able to compile a timeline of events through recovered segments of the diving team's communication. We will play those recordings for the committee now...

[STATIC]

TJ: 3 days til decompression if all this goes well.

QUINN: Ah, *if*. There's that classic TJ optimism to refresh you first thing in the morning. Just got climatized and you're already thinking about getting out.

TJ: Oh, like you aren't.

QUINN: I'm thinking about the job, actually.

TJ: Don't get me started on the job. You can't tell me this one doesn't give you the heebies.

QUINN: I believe there's supposed to be a 'jeebies' in there.

TJ: I'm just saying. I've never dived with a team this small. Or on such short notice.

QUINN: You got the briefing, you took the job. Complain all you want, by all means, but don't say you didn't know what you were getting into.

TJ: Hey, there were some numbers involved that made it hard to say no to.

QUINN: Not to mention the uh, intrigue. Secret government emergency research?

TJ So a big space rock crashes deep underwater and doesn't kill anybody. Big whoop.

QUINN: They're worried about radiation. Hence the quick turnaround.

TJ: And the absolutely unheard of two man team.

QUINN: You'll hurt Sam and Connor's feelings.

TJ: They aren't... *under the same pressure* we are.

QUINN: Boo. Bad joke.

TJ: Come on, that was funny.

QUINN: This lake supplies a substantial amount of freshwater to, kind of an overwhelming amount of people and animals and plants and it could poison the entire ecosystem.

TJ: Isn't it kind of too late then? It's already down there. Steeping.

QUINN: It's not a cup of tea. I don't know. Government wants it checked out. Good enough for me.

TJ: Should we be worried that this thing is radioactive? *That* was not in the briefing...

QUINN: Dunno. I'm not the radiation guy, I'm the rock guy.

TJ: Do we even have a radiation guy?

QUINN: Maybe you didn't get the briefing. We're collecting this stuff for the radiation guy. Turns out no one with experience was also a diver.

TJ: What, no radiobiologists also wanted to be saturation divers?

QUINN: One dangerous job is enough.

TJ: Yeah, save some workplace hazard pay for the rest of us.

QUINN: Quit whining and gear up.

[STATIC.]

TJ: Well, there it is.

QUINN: You see it?

TJ: Confirm, I have made visual contact. It's...

QUINN: What?

TJ: A big rock.

QUINN: I'm missing my kid's school play right now for this.

TJ: Hey, if this meteor's all clear, I won't tell anyone if you sneak him back some space rock.

QUINN: They're recording every second of this here, dumbass. You already told.

TJ: I'm sure no one would mind.

QUINN: Aren't meteor's government property? Like wherever they land.

TJ: Shouldn't you know?

QUINN: Why would I know?

TJ: Cause you're the rock guy.

QUINN: Science, not politics.

TJ: I still think it makes no sense that they'd send us like this if radiation was a genuine concern.

QUINN: That's a fair point. Maybe that's why they only sent two of us.

TJ: Fuck, we should have unionized when we had the chance.

QUINN: Hey TJ, I think your helium speech unscrambler is malfunctioning cause I have no idea what the hell you just said.

TJ: Ha ha. Coward.

QUINN: You remember that stint in Norway?

TJ: God, I was just thinking about Norway. More specifically about how much I'm hoping this doesn't turn out like Norway.

QUINN: Well, I'd knock on wood if there was any.

TJ: You heard from Katharina at all today?

QUINN: Yeah. So far so good. Think the baby will wait for you to get topside?

TJ: He better. It's only a few days.

QUINN: Katharina think it's a boy too?

TJ: Yeah. She does.

QUINN: It's your first, right?

TJ: Yeah, it is.

QUINN: That's exciting.

TJ: You and Todd gonna have any more?

QUINN: I don't know. Maybe. Once being retired from this shit actually sticks. Gotta wait for our youngest to be out of diapers before I think about it.

TJ: Gross.

QUINN: I don't know what to tell you, TJ, you wanna be a parent, you have to change diapers. And if I ever hear from Katharina that you're ditching diaper duty, I'm gonna kick your ass--

[TWO BEEPS]

QUINN: Shit, you okay? TJ, I'm getting a weird reading on your air saturation, you having a hard time breathing? TJ, this isn't funny man, come on, say something. TJ, do you copy? [PRESSING BUTTON] Connor.

CONNOR: Yeah Quinn?

QUINN: I've lost contact with TJ. I can't tell if something's wrong, I'm trying to get him in the bell, and I'm gonna get him up as quick as we can once I hear from him.

CONNOR: Copy that. We'll be ready on your call.

QUINN: TJ, I don't know what's going on, but I want you to get in the bell. I'm bringing you up. [BEAT. STATIC] TJ-- please confirm you're in the bell. TJ.

TJ: I'm in-!

QUINN: Bringing him up.

SAM: Copy.

QUINN: TJ, what the hell happened.

TJ: I don't know, I- I... I grabbed the sample, and then-- oh god..

QUINN: What?

TJ: Bring me up! Bring me up!

QUINN: We're bringing you up as fast as we can. Connor, where--

CONNOR: Sam and I are out here on standby. We're ready the second you get here, TJ.

TJ: Oh god! Bring me up-- Quinn!

QUINN: We can't go any faster TJ, decompression--

TJ: Oh god what the hell is that-? [STARTS GROANING AND CRYING OUT IN PAIN]

QUINN: TJ?!

TJ: Ahh- Help me-!!

CONNOR: Okay, we're hookin' her up--

TJ: Open the door!

QUINN: TJ, what's--?

TJ: Open it now!

SAM: We can't, the trunk isn't-

TJ: Jesus fucking christ, Quinn- open it now-!

QUINN: I can't- TJ, you know that I can't-

TJ: Open the fucking door-!

QUINN: Connor-

CONNOR: We're going as fast as we can-- I'll give you the signal as soon as I--

TJ: Please, oh god-!

QUINN: What? TJ, talk to me, what's going on?

SAM: Almost there.

QUINN: TJ, you copy?

TJ: [BEAT] Guys, I'm okay. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to freak you out.

CONNOR: All clear.

SAM: All clear.

QUINN: Alright, TJ, it's okay, you're good to come in.

[THE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.]

QUINN: What happened?

TJ: Hey...

QUINN: What the fuck was that? You okay?

TJ: [LYING] Yeah, I'm fine. Sorry- a bad joke. Didn't land, huh?

QUINN: No it did *not*, you asshole. You-- I thought something had happened.

TJ: I'm fine.

QUINN: You sure?

TJ: Got you some rocks.

QUINN: [SIGHS] And it's not even my birthday. How'd you know?

TJ: Good guesser.

QUINN: You doing alright?

TJ: I'm fine.

QUINN: You sure? I got these, why don't you go lay down for a bit?

TJ: I need to--

QUINN: Take a few minutes. I'll package this up and uh, handle the report.

TJ: Okay.

QUINN: Maybe eat something, too. Have you had enough to drink--?

TJ: Quinn. I'm fine.

QUINN: I just-- okay.

TJ: I'll- I'll go lie down.

QUINN: Good idea.

[TJ walks away]

CONNOR: Quinn, what the hell was that? Everything okay?

QUINN: I don't know.

SAM: You should report--

QUINN: No, Sam. I'll- I'm gonna give him a chance. It might just have been an air thing, there was a weird reading on the monitor. I'll make sure everything's working, and...

CONNOR: Quinn...

QUINN: If something's wrong, of course I'll call in.

SAM: Alright.

QUINN: Thanks, as always, guys.

CONNOR: No problem. Same time tomorrow?

QUINN: Ha. Yeah, we'll talk to you then.

[STATIC]

CONNOR: Hey, Mitchell, we're gonna turn in for the night.
Anything you need from us topside?

QUINN: No, we're good. Thanks.

CONNOR: How's TJ?

[THE SOUND OF TJ VOMITING IN THE BACKGROUND]

QUINN: He's... okay. Hopefully he can just sleep it off.

SAM: It's not too late to call in--

QUINN: We've been on worse dives together. It's better just to push through sometimes.

CONNOR: If you're sure.

QUINN: ... Yeah. I am. Goodnight.

SAM: Night.

[STATIC]

SAM: How's it going in there?

QUINN: I'm gonna go collect the rest of the samples. TJ's too sick to go down.

CONNOR: Quinn, you can't go down alone.

QUINN: It's not my fault they didn't send us with enough people.

SAM: Give us-- give us the chance to get another LST on board.

QUINN: That'll take too long. I'll just do it. We only need a little more.

CONNOR: No, we should call it.

QUINN: It's okay. I know what I'm doing.

TJ: [ENTERING] I'll go.

QUINN: No, you will not. Get back to bed.

TJ: Quinn, it's fine. I got it. I'm okay.

QUINN: Hey, let me take my turn.

TJ: Okay. But I'm still the supervisor, so... I'll supervise.

QUINN: Deal. I'll suit up, and...

[STATIC.]

SAM: Alright, all good.

QUINN: Thanks, guys. TJ?

TJ: Yeah?

QUINN: All ready to go?

TJ: Yeah.

QUINN: You still feeling okay?

TJ: I'm fine, Quinn.

[STATIC]

QUINN: You weren't kidding, TJ, it is a big rock. Weird texture, though. You notice? Almost spongy in places. Feels brittle, like it'll crack in others.

TJ: Hm.

QUINN: Sorry. Just trying to make conversation. Never been down alone like this before. Where did you-- oh, never mind, I see it. I'll try to get some from the otherside. [SHE CHIPS AWAY AT THE ROCK]

[STATIC]

CONNOR: How's everything going down there?

QUINN: I'm good. What's up?

CONNOR: Just got a weird response from TJ, wanted to check in.

QUINN: I'm doing good. Almost done.

CONNOR: Gonna say, you been down there a while.

QUINN: Well, figured if I get everything we still need in one go, then we don't need to worry about coming back down here.

CONNOR: Can't believe either of you went down in the first place.

QUINN: Ah, this is why we're getting paid the big bucks. Besides, its not everyday a girl gets to collect space rocks.

[STATIC]

QUINN: Alright, all aboard. TJ, I'm in the bell, ready to come up whenever.

SAM: We'll be there, Quinn.

[SOUND OF THINGS MOVING. BEAT]

QUINN: TJ, this feels- I'm coming up a little fast, what's going on? TJ? TJ, what's going on? Are you okay? [BEAT. GROANING, PAIN] Ah, god, it's fast-- TJ, please. Fuck! Sam, Connor, I don't-- I don't know...

SAM: Quinn, what's going on?

QUINN: The bell, it's coming up too *fast*-!

CONNOR: Shit. We'll be there to meet you. TJ, man, what's going on?

QUINN: I can't get a hold of him.

TJ: I'm here.

QUINN: Argh-- TJ, what are you doing? Slow it down-- [SUDDEN CRY IN PAIN]

CONNOR: Quinn, what's going on?

QUINN: There's-- there's something in here! [GROANING IN PAIN]
It's cutting through my suit, I--

SAM: What the fuck?

QUINN: It's too dark, I can't see what it is-! Gah--

CONNOR: We're almost there, hang on!

QUINN: Oh my god-- ah-! Get it off me, I--

SAM: Quinn-!?

[QUINN SCREAMING, CHOKED. THEN, STOPS. STATIC.]

CONNOR: Quinn, you're up. Just hold on. Can you hear us? Quinn?
Jesus christ... Please, say something.

[LOUD, MUFFLED NOISE]

SAM: TJ, what the fuck are you doing?

CONNOR: What's going on?

SAM: I think he's trying to open the door-

CONNOR: We don't have the trunk sealed yet-

SAM: I *know*! TJ, stop!

CONNOR: Move faster-

SAM: TJ, stop it! What the hell is wrong with you?

CONNOR: Can he hear us?

SAM: TJ, the pressure's not-- you'll kill all of us--

[LOUD NOISE. STATIC]

VOICE 1: Using the uh, remains discovered in the wreckage, we have been able to confirm the deaths of life support technician Quinn Mitchell, and both diving tenders, Sam Zaborsky, and Connor Houle.

VOICE 2: There was a survivor?

VOICE 1: Yes, Timothy Jensen, uh, "TJ", is being treated at a nearby military hospital.

VOICE 2: He was *inside* the habitat at the time of the incident?

VOICE 1: Yes.

VOICE 2: That's... remarkable. Unbelievable.

VOICE 1: He has sustained incredible injuries and we have been unable to collect testimony from him as of yet, but... yes. And we were able to recover some of the samples retrieved. If you turn to the next page of the report in front of you, we can discuss initial findings-- if there are no questions pertaining to this chapter?

VOICE 2: Yes-- you were able to recover samples from the meteor that the team themselves collected?

VOICE 1: Yes, we were.

VOICE 2: It says here in the report that they were found with Mr. Jensen?

VOICE 1: Uh, inside, yes.

VOICE 2: They were found *inside* him?

VOICE 1: If you would turn to the next page, we had the doctors provide a diagram--

[STATIC. THREE BEEPS. END. 'LAST FLOOR' by TRACE CALLAHAN]

JESSE: The Quesnel Lake Incident was written, performed, and produced by Jesse Syratt, with additional voices from Logan Hockley, Carson Rafuse, and Taylor Micheals. For more of my work, check out Nowhere, On Air wherever you get your podcasts, or find me on Bluesky at [jesssydratt](https://bsky.app/profile/jesssydratt). Theme music, "Last Floor", by Trace Callahan. Thanks for listening.