

**STATION 151**

EPISODE 1.5.1  
“THE INTERVIEW”

WRITTEN BY

ANDY SCEARCE

BASED ON THE SERIES BY

ANDY SCEARCE

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FRONT ROLL: Welcome back to Station 151! We're thrilled to present episode one of a three-part mini-season - a stretch goal we promised to our amazing 2022 Kickstarter backers. While our exciting full-length follow-up to Season One is still in the works, we're excited to offer this short prequel that takes place before the events of Season One. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride!

### **Summary of S1.5E1:**

Wayne finds himself in a satellite office of the Telders Corporation, unsure of how he got there. He is greeted by Q7, who explains that Wayne has qualified for an interview with the Telders Corporation. However, to protect company confidential information, Wayne has been administered a mild amnesia drug, which will prevent him from remembering the details of the session.

Wayne is skeptical and demands more information. Q7 informs him that his memory will slowly return over the next few days. She then begins to question him about his employment history and current romantic situation. Despite a rather bleak reporting for both, Wayne is told that he has passed the interview and is through to the next round. Q7 remains secretive about what the job actually entails.

The dialogue reveals that the Telders Corporation is very secretive and potentially even shady in its hiring practices, and that Wayne is caught up in a mysterious and possibly dangerous situation.

### INT. A WHITE ROOM. DAY.

**WAYNE** is a skeptical and suspicious person. He is confused and agitated about the situation he finds himself in and demands answers to his questions. He is also sarcastic and witty, using humor as a defense mechanism. Despite his current situation, Wayne appears to be intelligent and perceptive. He is also somewhat defensive and quick to become annoyed when his past behavior is brought up.

**Q7** is an American, corporate professional who is accustomed to dealing with difficult and/or emotionally volatile people. She is direct in her questioning and is more concerned with results than with building a rapport with the people with whom she interacts. She is cold, professional, and efficient.

**PRODUCTION NOTE:** Room hum, computer keys, chair rolling across floor, maybe muted overhead announcement in the background so that listeners get the impression that we're in a different place—not Station 151.

Q7

(low volume, speaking quickly to ID herself for recording)

Initiate recording.

[pause for SFX mic thump]

This is qualification engineer Q7 of the Telders Corporation conducting and documenting this interview. ID number 90568 dash 1. It is 10:47 am on Saturday, February 5th, 2022. The Station 151 applicant and interview subject is candidate Wayne William Robertson—

WAYNE

(groans)

Q7

... who is regaining consciousness at this time. Proceeding with interview.

[pause]

Q7

Wayne? Can you hear me, Wayne?

WAYNE

(gaps)

Wha... what is this?

Q7

Just relax, Wayne. You are probably feeling very confused right now.

WAYNE

(surprised, panicked)

What? Where am I?

Q7

Wayne—

WAYNE

(interrupts)

Who are *you*?

Q7

My name is Q7. I am a qualification engineer for the Telders Corporation.

WAYNE

(settling down. still freaked out because he's in an unfamiliar place, but once The Telders Corporation is mentioned, he instinctively composes himself)  
Telders Corp—? I-I-I don't understand...

Q7

I'll explain everything. Just please try to relax.  
Do you recall applying for a position with our company?

WAYNE

(pause to think)

Yeah, a few weeks ago. But... no, I mean, I never heard back from your recruiter.

Q7

Actually, you heard back this morning.

WAYNE

No, no, I would remember that. This morning I was... uh... I was... why can't I remember...  
(trails off)

Q7

Wayne, you have qualified to interview for a position with the Telders Corporation. However, in order to protect company confidential information which cannot be effectively secured by a standard non-disclosure agreement, we have administered a mild amnesia drug to prevent you from recalling the details of the session.

WAYNE

(flatly)

What.

Q7

You have qualified to interview for a position—

WAYNE

No, I mean, *what?* This is a joke, right? No one does that... (under breath) *right?*

Q7

I assure you it's no joke. Why don't you tell me the last thing you *do* remember?

WAYNE

I... I don't even know. What day is it? I mean I sure don't remember coming *here*.  
Where *am* I, anyway?

Q7

You are at a Telders Corporation satellite office in White Plains, New York.

WAYNE

I... *drove* here?

Q7

No. We sent a car for you.

WAYNE  
(exhales loudly, exasperated)  
Okay... this is really freaking me out.

Q7  
My apologies, Wayne. But I assure you, your full memory, with the exception of what is discussed here this afternoon, will slowly return over the next few days.

WAYNE  
A few days? I didn't consent to this. I would have never—

Q7  
You did. And we have a recorded video of your consent.  
Would you like to see it?

WAYNE  
(a brief pause as he considers this)  
Uh... *okaaay*.

Q7  
Please direct your attention to the display at the front of the room.

WAYNE  
What disp—

SFX: Brief static. Maybe Telders Corp. musical sting or whatever?

TV WAYNE  
Hey Wayne! It's me, uh, Wayne.

WAYNE  
What the hell.

TV WAYNE  
(very excited about the opportunity)  
*Surprise.* The Telders Corporation tells me that I will have no memory whatsoever of making this video in a few minutes, so I'm sorry if I'm blowing your mind right now.

WAYNE  
(completely freaked out)  
Yeah you could say that.

TV WAYNE  
But, uh, yeah... a Telders recruiter called me this morning and said that I'd "qualified" for interview. They didn't say what the job *was* or anything, but they asked if I was interested and I

was like, *Telders Corp?* absolutely... *when?* And they were like, “RIGHT NOW—there’s a car waiting for you outside.” And... so now I’m here.

Q7 (OFF SCREEN)

(muffled, distant)

Wayne, please don’t forget to—

WAYNE

Oh, yeah I forgot, I’m supposed to tell you the time and date. Right now it’s, uh, 10:15 am on February 5<sup>th</sup>, 2022. They tell me that you will probably be watching this video in 30 or 40 minutes. So, I guess it’s like 10:45 for you right now.

WAYNE

Eleven.

TV WAYNE

(this line of dialog tramples on Wayne’s “Eleven” just a bit, or maybe comes very quickly after)

Anyway, I’m about to take this little pink pill here, which will apparently prevent me from remembering anything we discuss in the interview. For legal purposes I’m supposed to say that I give my consent before I swallow it. So here I go. (clears throat) I... uh, Wayne Robertson of sound mind, or whatever, hereby give my consent to eat this pill and forget everything that happens for the next few hours.

(to someone off camera)

Okay. Is, uh... is that sufficient?

Q7 (OFF SCREEN)

Perfect.

TV WAYNE

Alright, here we go, then. Down the hatch.

SFX: swallowing pill, drinking water, putting glass down on the table.

TV WAYNE

(ahh sound after drinking something)

Okay, I guess that’s it! Oh, and, Wayne, they told me a lot of people are interviewing for this gig, and it’s supposed to pay extremely well, so no pressure *alright?*

But, hey, if you do fail the interview, I guess we’ll never know about it! (laughs) See you on the other side! (Hopefully.)

SFX: Static for ½ second.

WAYNE

That *was*... that was really, *really* weird.

Q7  
Any questions?

WAYNE  
Uhhh....  
(beat)

Q7  
Excellent. Let's get started.

WAYNE  
Oka-

Q7  
Please grip the bio-orb with your dominant hand in a secure, but comfortable fashion.

WAYNE  
(very hesitant)  
Th-the what?

Q7  
The bio-orb.

WAYNE  
This, like, round metal thing?

Q7  
That is correct. Please go ahead.

WAYNE  
(hesitant)  
Ok-kay... is that right?

SFX: Bio-orb beeps twice.

Q7  
Perfect.

WAYNE  
Thanks? What exactly does this thing-

Q7  
Just try to relax. And remember to keep a secure, but comfortable grip on the bio-orb for the duration of the interview.

WAYNE  
Sure.

Q7  
Now, please state your name and occupation.

WAYNE  
Okay. Umm.  
Wayne... uh... Wayne William Robertson.  
Currently, I'm uh, I guess you could say I'm... *open* for work.

Q7  
So *unemployed*, then?

WAYNE  
Well, yeah, you know, technically, but—

SFX: Bio-orb beeps once.

WAYNE  
What'd I say? Why'd did it beep?

Q7  
Just relax.  
Now could you please state the name of your most recent employer?

WAYNE  
Uh... yeah, I worked for a small engineering firm. Um...

Q7  
Red Pixel?

WAYNE  
That's—that's right. Red Pixel.

Q7  
And you were a Linux kernel developer at the firm, is that correct?

WAYNE  
Yeah. So, you already know all of this?

SFX: Bio-orb beeps three times.



Q7

Wayne, please try to hold the bio-orb securely but comfortably during the interview process.

WAYNE

Sorry. Is this—

SFX: Bio-orb beeps twice.

Q7

(quickly after the beep)

Good.

And... about how long were you employed by Red Pixel?

WAYNE

How long? Oh, uh, yeah, I'd say... seven... *eight* months?

Q7

Our records indicate a shorter duration. Was it maybe more like three months? A little less?

WAYNE

I mean, it's hard to recall exactly how long—wait, what *records*?

Q7

And you were fired from Red Pixel, is that also correct?

SFX: Bio-orb beeps.

WAYNE

(exhales, clears throat)

Well, I guess you could say I had a, uh, “difference of opinion” with the lead product manager—

Q7

And did that *difference of opinion* entail you dumping a... oh what was it... an... Iced *Mochaccino*... in his lap?

WAYNE

Ehhh... you heard about that huh. Yeah. I mean, it was basically an accident. And for the record it was *his* mochaccino, not, mine... I'm more of a black coffee kinda guy—

Q7

(interrupts)

The official report indicates that after you dumped the beverage into his lap you subsequently threw his monitor to the floor, stomped on it, and then unleashed a storm of profanity so deafening and so unrelenting that it sent employees on adjacent floors running for the exits. I suppose that was an accident, too?

WAYNE  
(channeling Bill Murray)  
I'm not proud of that.

Q7  
I've seen the YouTube video. Do you know it has over five million views?

WAYNE  
(groaning)  
Um hmm.

Q7  
Not a good look, Wayne.

WAYNE  
Noooo. No it's not.

Q7  
You have quite the mouth on you, you know.

WAYNE  
(grumbles)

Q7  
It's pretty impressive, to be honest. Your HR profile states that even before the incident you received a *staggering* number of complaints about the level and frequency of profanity you used on a daily basis.

WAYNE  
Alright, I get it... I say *fuck* a lot.

Q7  
Let's get back to the matter at hand. You assaulted a co-worker in the middle of the office in front of dozens of people. What could he possibly have done to warrant such an explosive response?

WAYNE  
(italicized words are stated mockingly)  
Well if you ask Red Pixel, Bruce—the product manager—was *perfectly* innocent. Just minding his own business when *Evil Wayne Robinson* came stomping over and unleashed hell on Earth for no reason whatsoever.

Q7  
But that's not how it happened?

WAYNE

No.

That asshole had it out for me since day one. Apparently, his nephew applied for the job at the same time I did, but he *bombed* the interview. So ever since I started, Bruce was doing everything he could to get me fired. Like coming in late at night and deleting all the code I'd written that day or sending spoofed emails from my account to VPs. I mean, the e-mails were obviously faked, but no one could prove who sent them, so...

Q7

Um hmm.

WAYNE

Bruce did that shit *all* the time.

And I knew it was him. It was obvious. Just by the way he'd look at me after I'd seen what he'd done.

(scoffs)

So I finally cracked when he remoted into my workstation one afternoon and formatted the fucking hard drive *while* I was working on it. I saw him grinning at me across the way and I just fucking lost it. I went over there, and... well, I guess you saw the rest on YouTube.

Q7

Well, for what it's worth, we've already heard this. And, without going into too much detail, you could say a few of our more... *inquisitive* network engineers have independently verified your story.

WAYNE

Wait, are you saying what I think you're saying? (whispers) You hacked Red Pixel?

(pause, suddenly an idea)

So, can you clear my name? I'm basically blacklisted from the industry. I haven't worked in almost two years!

Q7

We know. But given our methods of investigation, going public with our findings is not something we're going to do. And the fact remains that regardless of your treatment at Red Pixel, you did react... *poorly* to the situation.

WAYNE

Fuck.

SFX: Bio-orb beeps. Maybe a weird beep this time.

WAYNE

Alright what the *hell* is this thing even measuring?

Q7

Just re—

WAYNE  
(interrupts)  
Relax. Right. I know.  
(getting annoyed)  
So... *what?* Is this *actually* a job interview or... am I on some kind of *reality* show?  
Is this TikTok or some shit?

Q7  
What's *TikTok*?

WAYNE  
It's... *nevermind*.

Q7  
I assure you that this interview is legitimate.

SFX: Bio-orb beeps

WAYNE  
(exhales loudly, frustrated)

Q7  
Let's move on.

WAYNE  
Please.

Q7  
Next question. Wayne, how would you describe your current romantic situation?

WAYNE  
What?  
Can you even ask that in an interview? I mean, legally?

Q7  
Allow me to rephrase the question.  
Are you, Wayne Robertson, currently romantically involved with anyone?

WAYNE  
(laughs, aghast)  
I'm not sure how that's any different.

Q7  
Please just answer the question.

WAYNE

No, I haven't dated anyone for a while.  
And frankly I don't see how that's any of your—

Q7

Not since Jennifer Klein?

WAYNE

*Jennifer?* How do you know about *her*?

Q7

We do a thorough background investigation on all of our candidates here at The Telders Corporation, including citizenship, criminal records, credit history, education, employment history, and select personal details *including* past relationships. It's been, what, about eighteen months since you and Jennifer broke up?

WAYNE

(pure disbelief)

Yeah, something like that. So what?

Q7

That would put your breakup with Jennifer right around the same time as your termination from Red Pixel, wouldn't it?

WAYNE

(more disbelief and annoyance)

Yes. She broke up with me after I got fired. But why does that matter?

Q7

So no other relationships, since then? No flings? No prospects? Tinder...

WAYNE

No! Jesus, man. Where is this going?

Q7

How about friends? Family? You lost your parents a while ago, correct?

WAYNE

Ten years ago, yes. Both of my parents died in a helicopter crash.

Q7

Sorry for your loss. How about extended family? Still keep in touch with anyone?

WAYNE

No. And no close friends, either. No one really wants anything to do with me after that video dropped.

Q7  
I see.

SFX: Bio-orb makes a flutter of noises.

Q7  
Okay, Wayne, that's all the questions I have for you.

WAYNE  
Wait, what?

Q7  
You may release your grip on the bio-orb now.

SFX: Electric shock

WAYNE  
Ah, fuck! That thing *shocked* me!

Q7  
(unconcerned)  
Um-hm.

WAYNE  
*Je-sus! Ahhrgh.... god-damn.*

SFX: Maybe some kind of computer tally noises and dot matrix printout sounds?

WAYNE  
(after settling from the shock)  
I don't understand. So, what, that's the interview? That's it?

Q7  
That's it.

WAYNE  
(deflated)  
Okay. Ugh... that did not seem to go too well.  
I'm guessing I didn't get the job?

Q7  
Oh, no. Actually, the bio-orb has tallied your result and determined that you are a prime candidate for this position. You're through to the next round.

WAYNE  
The next round? I *am*? (laughs/scoffs) Great! So, what uh, what exactly is the job?

What did I just interview *for*?

Q7

We'll get to all that.

Now, if you wouldn't mind following me, I'll take you somewhere you can relax before the next session begins.

SFX: Chair slides back, footsteps, door opening.

WAYNE

So I just... ?

Q7

Follow me please.

SFX: Footsteps toward the door which opens and closes

(pause)

SFX: Bio-orb beeps

THE END