

**STATION 151**

EPISODE 2.4  
“REVELATION”

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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DRAFT DATE: SEPTEMBER, 2023  
RELEASE DATE: FALL, 2023

Summary of S2E4:

INT. STATION 151.

RICHARD

Wayne.

Wayne, you're not saying anything.

(pause)

*Wayne?*

WAYNE

(scoffs)

Okay, okay.

Let me get this straight, Richard.

You've been transporting me to Station 151 for *years*...

RICHARD

Yes.

WAYNE

And you've dropped me off sixteen times.

RICHARD

Sixteen or seventeen, yeah.

WAYNE

Uh huh.

And you've *never* picked me up.

RICHARD

Correct.

WAYNE

Oh, this is such horseshit.

(To Astrid)

Astrid...

(laughs)

I can't believe I'm saying this, but...  
have I ever been here before?

ASTRID

I see no evidence of that.

WAYNE  
Astrid says you're full of shit.

ASTRID  
That's not really what I said.

RICHARD  
Who the *hell* is Astrid?  
Wait... is she the *AI*? Is that what the earwig is for?

WAYNE  
(grunts)  
*Yes*. Richard. She's the AI.

RICHARD  
(scoffs)  
That's actually kind of cool. You got a little robot in your ear—

WAYNE  
No, Richard. *Not* cool.  
I created Astrid to replace the original AI, this piece of shit named Wilkins who controlled everything I did—when I worked, ate, slept... and he'd knock me unconscious I didn't comply.

RICHARD  
Oh, man. I *knew* there was some evil shit going on down here!  
That's why I planted the bug on the array—to expose all of this crap!

WAYNE  
Uh huh. I still don't believe your lame story.  
Astrid has full access to every system at the station and there's no evidence that I've been here before.

RICHARD  
Come on, hard drives can be wiped, right? That's not difficult.  
(To Astrid)  
Right Astrid?  
(To Wayne)  
C-can she hear me?

ASTRID  
I can hear him.

WAYNE  
(annoyed)  
She can hear you.

RICHARD

Alright, so, *Astrid*, if Wayne was here before, how hard would it be to delete those records?

ASTRID

As absurd as the question is, it would be easy enough.

Telders admins would simply need to delete the data, reset Wilkins, and overwrite any free space on the drives with dummy data to prevent any attempt to recover the information. Then of course they'd need to clean the station and remove any physical evidence left behind. It would actually be—

RICHARD

What'd she say? Is she still talking?

WAYNE

Yes, shut up!

ASTRID

I was just going to say that it would actually be a fairly trivial exercise.

WAYNE

Alright, well, she said it could be done. But that doesn't mean it actually happened.

RICHARD

Wayne, please, I'm telling you the truth.

WAYNE

(scoffs)

Alright, you know what, Richard? It's time for you to go.  
It's time to your coat and your bag and get the hell out.

RICHARD

Oh, wait, wait! I can prove it, Wayne. I can prove it.

WAYNE

Richard, goddam—

RICHARD

(interrupts)

I'm serious, just listen.

WAYNE

(sighs)

You've got sixty seconds.

RICHARD

Okay.  
I just need my bag.  
Come in here.

WAYNE  
(scoffs, annoyed)  
Oh my god...

[SFX: Wayne follows Richard into the Lounge]  
[SFX: Rummaging through the bag]

RICHARD  
It's in here somewhere, just hang on....

WAYNE  
Forty-five. Forty-four.

RICHARD  
Here it is.

WAYNE  
(unimpressed)  
A tape recorder?

RICHARD  
After the second time I dropped you off I got pretty spooked, so I wired this little device into the  
comms and started recording all of our cockpit conversations.  
Okay, here, listen...

WAYNE  
(dubious)  
This should be good.

[SFX: Click]

RICHARD  
(ON RECORDER)  
You all set?

WAYNE3  
(ON RECORDER)  
Yup, headset's a little loose—can you hear me okay?

RICHARD  
(ON RECORDER)

Loud and clear. How was the voyage? You get your sea legs?

[SFX: Fast forward]

RICHARD  
I'm gonna skip the pleasantries.

[SFX: Click]

WAYNE3  
(ON RECORDER)  
...was the coolest thing I'd ever seen.  
(pause)

That was the beginning for me. On clear nights, I'd spend countless hours on a blanket in the back yard staring up at the sky and imagining distant galaxies, strange planets, quasars, pulsars, supernovas, black holes... *everything*.

WAYNE  
What is this shit?  
This sounds like our exact conversation from the ride over.

[SFX: Click]

RICHARD  
No, no, no. It sounds similar, but, okay, just bear with me.  
Let's see... the Yumi stuff was around the five-minute mark....

[SFX: Fast forward]

WAYNE3  
(ON RECORDER)  
...yeah, her name's Yumi. We met at Yale a couple of years back, and actually just got engaged last week.

RICHARD  
(ON RECORDER)  
Wow. Congrats, man.

WAYNE  
(ON RECORDER)  
Yeah, I'm a lucky guy. I just wish I wasn't leaving for Antarctica right after—

[SFX: Click]

RICHARD  
See?

WAYNE  
Again, this is our *exact* conversation.

RICHARD  
Okay, hang on.  
There's got to be something.

[SFX: Fast forward]

RICHARD  
Okay, okay, here. This is trip number five.

WAYNE5  
(ON RECORDER)  
...spend countless hours on a blanket in the back yard staring up at the sky and imagining distant galaxies—

[SFX: Fast forward START]

RICHARD  
One sec.

[SFX: Fast forward END]

WAYNE5  
(ON RECORDER)  
...if there's intelligent life out there, and they've been transmitting, we'll fucking find them.

RICHARD  
Christ, so we're all going to be watching reality shows from Proxima Centauri in a few years?

[SFX: Click]

RICHARD  
See?! Right there.

WAYNE  
What?

RICHARD  
The last time I flew you out here, I said "Alpha Centauri" not "Proxima Centauri!"  
That's proof right there!

WAYNE  
(laughs)

The hell it is! First, I don't remember that.  
Second, you could have easily inserted that after the fact.

RICHARD

Okay, maybe, but why would I bother to do like that?

WAYNE

I don't know!

Maybe you're bored?

Maybe this is your sick idea of a good time?

RICHARD

This hardly qualifies as entertaining.

WAYNE

(pish)

I don't know what gets you off, man.

RICHARD

Look around, Wayne. You've got a machine in your ear that by your own admission can control your every move, a husky that was grown in a *cryo*-chamber, and no way *at all* to contact the outside world.

And somehow you think *I'm* the bad guy?

WAYNE

There can be more than *one* bad guy, Richard.

RICHARD

(sighs)

Look... okay, obviously, but, alright, (thinking) maybe...

WAYNE

Oh, enough of this shit, man...

RICHARD

No, wait! Listen... okay, every time I picked you up, you talked about the same exact shit. I mean, you never deviated from it. It was always "growing up by the VLA," "dreaming of the stars," "going to Yale," blah blah blah. Even when I tried to get you talking about something else, you always went right back to the script. Here listen to this...

[SFX: Fast forward, Click]

WAYNE5

(ON RECORDER)

Yumi would kill *me* if I screwed this up, especially on—



[SFX: Fast forward, START]

RICHARD

Hang on... I think this was the eighth or ninth trip out here...

[SFX: fast forward some more... *Click*]

RICHARD

(ON RECORDER)

So you got engaged and then bailed for a year, huh? Can't imagine she's super thrilled about that. So what else do you do back in the States? Got any hobbies or...

WAYNE8

(ON RECORDER)

Huh? Uhh... yeah, um, I dunno, but yeah, Yumi wasn't super thrilled at first. But I'll be getting a huge payout at the end of my contract and that'll really set us up.

[SFX: *Click*]

RICHARD

See?

WAYNE

See *what*?

RICHARD

You completely dodged the question. Don't you think that's a little weird?

WAYNE

No.

RICHARD

Well, do you?

WAYNE

Do I what?

RICHARD

Do you have any hobbies?

WAYNE

(scoffs)

I don't even know how to answer that.

RICHARD

Just tell me if you have any hobbies.

How hard is that?

WAYNE  
I don't have to answer to you.

RICHARD  
Holy shit.

WAYNE  
Holy shit what, Richard?

RICHARD  
They've been screwing with your head.

WAYNE  
Who?

RICHARD  
Telders!  
That's why you can't remember the previous flights.  
They've been screwing with your memory!

WAYNE  
My memory is fine, Richard.

RICHARD  
Then what do you remember from your days at school?  
Or anything about Yumi? Like, how did you two meet?

WAYNE  
(seething)  
I told you, Richard, we met at Yale.

RICHARD  
Sure, but *how*? Where? Like, did *you* talk to her first? Did *she* make the move?

WAYNE  
(pause)  
(annoyed)  
I don't know, we just *did*!

RICHARD  
Holy *shit*.

WAYNE  
What?

*What?*

RICHARD

How did you propose to her?

WAYNE

*What?*

RICHARD

You said you got engaged right before you came down here. How'd you propose? Did you get down on one knee in the middle of a restaurant, or did you propose on some idyllic beach as the sun set over the waves? Surely you remember that right?

WAYNE

I'm not answering these questions.

RICHARD

Wayne, these are *easy* questions.

How about your childhood? Other than just looking at those twenty-eight gleaming dishes, what else do you remember? Who were your parents? Did you have any brothers or sisters?

WAYNE

Does it *matter*?

Seriously.

RICHARD

Of course it *matters*! If you can't remember anything from your past except for a few minor details, then we're one step closer to figuring out what the hell they've been doing to you!

WAYNE

(silence)

RICHARD

Wayne? *Wayne*? You don't look so good all of a sudden.

WAYNE

(silence)

RICHARD

Wayne? You want some water?

I'll get you some water.

[SFX: Footsteps]

RICHARD

Where the hell is the fridge?

WAYNE  
(from other room)  
I don't need water.

[SFX: Footsteps]

RICHARD  
*Okay, no water.*  
(sighs)  
Hey.  
Wayne.  
*Wayne?*

WAYNE  
(explosive)  
Alright!  
Jesus!

RICHARD  
*Alright?*  
What do you mean *alright?*

WAYNE  
(frustrated)  
I know, *okay?*  
There's nothing there.

RICHARD  
Nothing *where?* In your head?

WAYNE  
I can't remember anything else because there *is* nothing else.  
Like you said, it's a couple of memories of the VLA, a class or two at Yale, a single conversation with Yumi, and... that's it. I mean, I know how to do things, but as far as memories go, there's just nothing.

RICHARD  
And you never thought that was even a little strange?

WAYNE  
It never came up.  
But now that I think about it. There *should* be more.  
A hell of a lot more.

RICHARD

(blows out a breath)  
I'm sorry, Wayne.

WAYNE  
Jesus, I should have realized it the last time I talked to Yumi.

RICHARD  
You... *talked* to Yumi?

WAYNE  
I Skyped her a couple of times from the outside coms room. But her voice was more like a recording, or... some kind of rudimentary AI. We had the *exact* same conversation each time. Honestly, I thought they'd just created some artificial Yumi to stop me from talking to the *real* one. But it sounds like there *is* no real Yumi, and my entire life is a lie.

RICHARD  
That's... really messed up.  
But just, let's, rewind for a second. Did you say there's an *outside* communications room?  
With a PC? With *Skype*?

WAYNE  
(swallows)  
Well, there *was* a PC. I kind of destroyed it in a fit of rage.

RICHARD  
(deflated)  
Yeah, of course you did.

WAYNE  
(despondent)  
Yeah.  
Hey, I think I'm gonna go for a... *walk*.

RICHARD  
*Outside?*

WAYNE  
I could use some air.

[SFX: Footsteps (Wayne)]

RICHARD  
Wayne, wait.

[SFX: Footsteps (Wayne + Richard following)]

RICHARD  
You can't just *go* out there!

WAYNE  
Why the hell not?

RICHARD  
Well, for one, there's some serious weather rolling in, and two, if you haven't heard, there's a goddamn monster on the loose.

WAYNE  
(scoffs)  
Spegg?

RICHARD  
(alarmed)  
*Spegg?!  
What do you mean, Spegg?*

WAYNE  
That's his name.  
The monster's name... it's Spegg.

RICHARD  
How the *fuck* do you know that?

WAYNE  
Don't ask.

[SFX: Footsteps (Wayne)]

RICHARD  
*Wait!*  
You can't just tell me you know that thing's name and then walk out of here like it's nothing!  
Wayne. Do you *know* what it is?

WAYNE  
Sort of.  
See ya.

[SFX: Door opens. Wind blowing pretty hard]

RICHARD  
Jesus Christ, Wayne, at least take your parka!

WAYNE

Don't wait up.

[SFX: Door closes]

RICHARD  
Oh my god. Where's *my* coat?

[SFX: Richard stomping around, runs to Lounge, gets jacket, zips up]

RICHARD  
(to himself)  
What the hell is happening down here?

[SFX: Footsteps (Richard)]  
[SFX: Door opens. Wind still blowing pretty hard]

RICHARD  
*Aghh*, this goddamn weather.

[SFX: Footsteps out onto the stairs]

RICHARD  
Waaaayne!  
(pause)  
Waaaayne!  
(fade out on the Waaaayne)

~TIME PASSES~

[SFX: Fade in footsteps]

ASTRID  
Wayne, you shouldn't be outside right now. Winds are approaching 80 kilometers per hour.

WAYNE  
(screaming through the wind)  
Oh, I know. I can barely stand upright.

ASTRID  
This is extremely dangerous. You need to turn around immediately.  
I'll guide you back to the station.

WAYNE  
Richard can have it.

ASTRID  
Have what?

WAYNE  
The station.

ASTRID  
This is crazy.

WAYNE  
Is it?  
Or is this the *sanest* thing I've ever done?

ASTRID  
Voluntarily strolling into a whiteout is the precise opposite of sane.

WAYNE  
I have no idea who I am, Astrid.  
(scoffs)  
I'm probably just some *junkie* that Telders pulled off the street.

ASTRID  
You're a little rough around the edges, Wayne, but you're a far cry from a junkie.  
You did create me, after all.

WAYNE  
I *configured* your program and ran it. Not really genius level stuff.

ASTRID  
Okay, but you've shown rare ingenuity overcoming the challenges you've faced down here.  
Don't sell yourself short.

WAYNE  
Yeah. Maybe.

ASTRID  
I'd be willing to bet that you were someone important before Telders got ahold of you. Perhaps you even worked for him. Considering your computer expertise, you may have been one of Telders' lead engineers. Maybe you even had a hand in designing the AI you're talking to right now.

WAYNE  
Why would Telders sabotage one of his lead engineers?  
That doesn't make a lot of sense.



ASTRID

Maybe you volunteered for it.

WAYNE

Why would I have done that, Astrid? Why?

ASTRID

Maybe this is some grand experiment that requires the subject to have his mind wiped before they go to Station 151. And all of this has nothing to do with outer space or transmissions from the future or anything. Maybe *you're* the experiment. And maybe when you get back home, they'll restore your mind and delete the Antarctica stuff, so you don't have to live with the trauma that you experienced here.

WAYNE

That's the stupidest idea I've ever heard.

ASTRID

You never know.

WAYNE

Astrid, I *killed* a guy.

ASTRID

Did you really, though?

Maybe Alfieri was an actor, and the gun was loaded with blanks, or—

WAYNE

Doctor Alfieri was *bleeding out* when I left him.

ASTRID

Squibs.

WAYNE

What?

ASTRID

Squibs. Those little exploding packs of fake blood they use in movies?

Maybe he was rigged up with those.

It could have been nothing more than special effects.

WAYNE

Even if that was true, that asshole *shot* Buzz. That was *real*.

ASTRID

I'm not sure how to reconcile that.

Maybe Buzz is a robot?

WAYNE

Come on. Buzz is not a robot.

ASTRID

How can you be sure?

WAYNE

Alright, enough. I may not know exactly what's going on here, but you're right, I don't feel like some asshole off the street. I might have a pretty awesome life. Maybe even a family. A wife. Some cool kids.

ASTRID

A bad-ass car in the garage.

WAYNE

Sounds good to me.

ASTRID

So you're not throwing in the towel?

WAYNE

Not today. I'm gonna find out exactly who I was—who I *am*. And then, I'm gonna track down Michael Telders and I'm gonna kick his mother *fucking* ass.

ASTRID

That's the spirit.

WAYNE

Okay. I... have no idea where we are. Can you help me get back to the station?

ASTRID

Of course. Standby.

(pause)

SPEGG

(howls in the distance)

ASTRID

What was that?

WAYNE

Shit, I think that was—

~BEGIN SPEGG TRANSMISSION~

WAYNE  
(pained)  
Argggghh!  
Goddammit! Not again!

ASTRID  
What?  
Wayne can you hear me?

CHILD-SPEGG  
<wayne come out to play? wayne build snowman?>

SPEGG  
Of course Wayne not build snowman!  
What you think this is?

WAYNE  
What are you doing to me?  
Get out of my head!

ASTRID  
Wayne, who are you talking to?  
Wayne!

WAYNE  
Quiet, Astrid!

CHILD-SPEGG  
<it's the robot in his head! the imaginary friend!>

SPEGG  
Chikushou!  
Not imaginary! It's primitive bullshit!  
Wayne, I was trying fix you, but stupid pilot ruined everything!

AGGRO-SPEGG  
SHUT UP BOTH OF YOU!  
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THE PILOT?!

WAYNE

(pained, struggles to talk)  
Richard?  
Aggh... he's at... the station?

AGGRO-SPEGG  
(roars)  
I'LL CUT HIM INTO PIECES!

CHILD-SPEGG  
<spegg very mad! pilot suffer! who want popcorn?>

SPEGG  
Wayne! You one of us! First kill Richard, then we save the others!

WAYNE  
(comPLETELY out of it)  
Others?  
*What others?*

CHILD-SPEGG  
<other speggs! other speggs! other speggs!>

WAYNE  
Other *Speggs*? What are you even talking about?

SPEGG  
You stay.  
We come to you.

WAYNE  
No way. I'm going back to the station.

SPEGG  
You stay!

WAYNE  
Get out of my head, goddammit!

[SFX: Lilith Influence Sound BEGIN]

SPEGG

No. Wayne. You stay and wait for Spegg.

WAYNE

(dizzy)

What? What is this?

My head's... oh *shit*.

SPEGG

Wayne. You sttaaaay.

[SFX: Lilith Influence Sound END with a whoosh or *snap*]

WAYNE

(as if in a trance)

Uhh. Okay. Yeah. I'll stay.

(two breaths)

I'll wait right here.

~END SPEGG TRANSMISSION~

WAYNE

(heaves a heavy sound as the pain subsides)

Oh god.

ASTRID

Wayne, what is going on?

What are you saying?

WAYNE

(breaths)

Huh?

ASTRID

Something is very wrong.

You need to get back to the station immediately.

Turn approximately 120 degrees to your-

WAYNE

No, no, I need to wait here for Spegg.

ASTRID

Wayne.

Turn 120 degrees to your right and run as fast as you can!

WAYNE

I'm can't.

ASTRID

Wayne, please.

[SFX: Richard's footsteps running in the snow]

RICHARD

(panicked)

Wayne, Jesus Christ, there you are!

WAYNE

(Still entranced)

Richard? What are you doing... get out of here!

RICHARD

Saving your ass *again*, apparently!  
Spegg is out here! Did you hear him?

WAYNE

It's fine.

I'm waiting for him.

RICHARD

What?

WAYNE

Go back to the station, Richard.  
You're not safe here.

RICHARD

I don't know what wrong with you, man, but I'm taking you back *right now*.

[SFX: Richard grabbing Wayne's arm]

WAYNE

Get away from me.

SPEGG

(Howls)

RICHARD  
There it is again!  
(screams)  
Show your face, you asshole!

[SFX: Rifle action, rifle shot]

RICHARD  
*Wayne, let's go!*

ASTRID  
Wayne, go with Richard.

WAYNE  
No.

SPEGG  
(Howls)

RICHARD  
Eat lead, you freak!

[SFX: Rifle shots x3]

ASTRID  
Wayne. Seriously.

RICHARD  
Come on! We're sitting ducks out here!

ASTRID  
I'm sorry.  
I wouldn't do this under any other circumstances.  
But this is in your best interest.

WAYNE  
What?

ASTRID  
I'm truly sorry.

WAYNE  
What's in my bes—

[SFX: Knockout noise]

WAYNE  
(panics)  
No, Astrid, wait, don—  
(convulsing/struggling noises)

[SFX: Wayne loses consciousness and falls into the snow]

RICHARD  
Wayne?  
Wayne?  
What the hell?  
Get up, Wayne!  
Get up!!

SPEGG  
(distant howl)

END