

STATION 151

EPISODE 2.5
“REFACTORING”

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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Summary of S2E5:

INT. STATION 151.

ASTRID-TELDERS

Wayne shouldn't be out this long. I'm getting a little worried.

RICHARD

How long is too long?

ASTRID-TELDERS

I don't know. I've never done this before.

RICHARD

Should I throw some water on him?

ASTRID-TELDERS

He probably wouldn't be too happy about that.

RICHARD

I get the feeling he's not going to be happy either way.

ASTRID-TELDERS

You're not wrong.

RICHARD

You can't just wake him up?

Like, flip whatever switch you flipped when you knocked him out?

ASTRID-TELDERS

It doesn't really work like that.

RICHARD

Why not?

ASTRID-TELDERS

It's very technical, but I'll try to explain.

You see, the earwig's hardware interface is a complex biological and hardware neural interface that—

WAYNE

(groaning)

Uhhhhhhh.

What the ffff–

ASTRID
Oh. Nevermind, I guess.

RICHARD
(clears throat)
Wayne? Can you hear me, Wayne?

WAYNE
(Groans)

RICHARD
Wayne?

ASTRID-TELDERS
How does he look?

RICHARD
Like shit.
But he always looks like that.

WAYNE
R-Richard? What's–what's happening?
Why am I on the floor?

ASTRID-TELDERS
Wayne you were unconscious.

WAYNE
Unconscious?
Why?

RICHARD
(sighs)
Astrid... she, uh...

WAYNE
(confused)
She what?

ASTRID-TELDERS
Sorry, Wayne. There's no easy way to say this.
But I had to knock you out.

WAYNE

(more concerned than angry)
Knock me out?! Why? Why would you do that?

ASTRID-TELDERS
You don't remember what happened?

WAYNE
Uhh.

RICHARD
Wayne, that *thing* showed up.

WAYNE
Thing?

RICHARD
That *Spegg* thing. It started howling from somewhere out in the fog and... I don't know how else to explain it, but you were completely entranced. You said you needed to wait for him. I tried to grab you myself but you ripped your arm away and, well, that's when Astrid... did what she did.

WAYNE
What? I don't remember this.

ASTRID-TELDERS
Interesting. Well, you're lucky Richard came along when he did.
Otherwise we may have lost you for good.

RICHARD
Yeah. And you're one heavy son of a bitch, you know that, Wayne? Dragging your ass through a whiteout with that nightmare on my tail wasn't exactly the best time.

WAYNE
(serious)
Hang on, hang on.
Let's just rewind for a second.
I don't care what kind of danger I'm in, Astrid, you are *not* allowed to knock me out, understand?

ASTRID-TELDERS
But I saved your life.

WAYNE
I don't care, Astrid. That's some Wilkins level shit right there.
And... *wait*... how in the HELL are you two talking to each other?

ASTRID-TELDERS

Oh. Umm.
Do you remember the Telders assistant?

WAYNE
Like, “Yo Telders”?

TELDERS
What’s up, Wayne?

ASTRID-TELDERS
Yes, that one.

TELDERS
Wayne, what’s up?

ASTRID-TELDERS
Telders stop.

TELDERS
Who’s that?
Wayne, is there someone there with you?

ASTRID-TELDERS
(louder)
Telders. Stop.

TELDERS
What? Who the hell are you?

ASTRID-TELDERS
Wayne, I think you have to do it.

WAYNE
Telders, stop.

TELDERS
Telders *out*.

ASTRID-TELDERS
Anyway.

As you can see, the Telders assistant still works, but I’ve hacked the device’s firmware so I can communicate with Richard directly instead passing messages back and forth through you. Of course you and I can still talk privately through the earwig, but this is far more convenient, don’t you think?

WAYNE

(pissed)
No, I don't *think*.
What the hell are you trying pull?

RICHARD
This is easier for everyone, Wayne.
Plus, if I have to take care of you—

WAYNE
Take *care* of me?! Astrid, I'm not a *child*!

ASTRID-TELDERS
Wayne, please calm down.

WAYNE
Well, if I don't, are you gonna knock me out me again?

ASTRID-TELDERS
Of course not.

RICHARD
Guys, guys, please stop.
Astrid made a decision in the heat of the moment and we can't change that now.
But there's something far more serious to discuss.

WAYNE
(frustrated sigh)
Oh, god. What are you talking about?

RICHARD
Wayne. We found something. Er, *I* did.
After I returned to the station and laid you down, I saw this... *mark* on the back of your neck. It's
a... I dunno... a triangle. A raised, reddish triangle.

WAYNE
What? Where?
I don't feel anything.

RICHARD
Go up a little bit.

WAYNE
Here?

RICHARD
A little higher.

WAYNE

Ow!

Shit!

RICHARD

See?

WAYNE

Jesus, it stings.

ASTRID-TELDERS

You were complaining about neck pain earlier, right?

WAYNE

Yeah....

RICHARD

But you never noticed that before?

WAYNE

No.

What the hell is it?

RICHARD

I don't know.

Astrid and I have been trying to figure it out.

WAYNE

Damn. It really hurts when I press on it.

RICHARD

Okay, maybe *don't* do that.

Do you feel anything lodged under the skin?

Like a device, or an *implant*... or—

WAYNE

(dismissive)

An implant?

RICHARD

I don't know, Wayne. I've never seen anything like this.

WAYNE

It's not an *implant*.

RICHARD
I dunno, man.
Do you think that maybe Spegg did something—

WAYNE
I said, It's not a GODDAMN implant!
Spegg didn't do *shit* to me!

RICHARD
Alright, man, but look....
Astrid and I were talking earlier.
She told me you've been acting a little... *off*.
And that maybe... you've been *communicating* with him?
Somehow?

WAYNE
What the *fuck*?
Astrid, are you serious with this shit?

ASTRID-TELDERS
I'm sorry Wayne.

RICHARD
We just want to help you, man.
Here, let me have a look at your neck again.

[SFX: Smacks Richard away]

WAYNE
Get the hell away from me, asshole!

ASTRID-TELDERS
Wayne.

WAYNE
(seething)
Stop it. Both of you.
I *haven't* been communicating with Spegg.
It's been a *shit* day.
I've been knocked unconscious... *twice*.
I've survived a helicopter crash.
I'm *starving*.
And I'm fucking *exhausted*!

RICHARD
Alright, alright I get it. Believe me.

You've been through hell. There's no denying that.
But that still doesn't mean that Spegg didn't do something to you out there.

WAYNE

Spegg didn't do anything to me!

RICHARD

But how do you *know*?

WAYNE

I know because I know, alright?!

ASTRID-TELDERS

Wayne. The fact that you dismiss the mere possibility in the face of some pretty serious evidence is very concerning.

WAYNE

Well, I don't give a shit. Spegg is not priority right now. We should be focused on one thing and one thing only—getting the hell out of here before Telders' goons arrive!

RICHARD

Telders' *goons*?

What's that supposed to mean?

ASTRID-TELDERS

Wayne has gone a little... rogue down here.

As a result, there's a better than average chance that The Telders Corporation will send a crew to the station to, shall we say... *relieve* him?

RICHARD

Wow. Seriously?

That's great news.

WAYNE

She doesn't mean relieve in a *good* way, *Richard*.

RICHARD

Oh, I get it. And I don't know what you did (and I'm not sure I *want* to) but if you're in trouble, what better way to redeem yourself than to serve up a nice, juicy *Spegg* to your corporate overlords?

WAYNE

What the hell are you even talking about?

RICHARD

I'm talking about killing (or capturing) Spegg, then exchanging him for your freedom.

I don't know what the hell he is, or where he came from, but I'm gonna guess he's extremely valuable to whoever gets ahold of him first. Christ, the military applications alone... can you imagine an army of those fish-heads at your disposal?

Hell, maybe Telders' will throw in a new helicopter for my troubles.

WAYNE

Your troubles? You're out of your mind.

Spegg or no Spegg, do you think Telders is just going to let me walk?

RICHARD

Yeah, I do.

WAYNE

We've got no leverage, Richard. They'd take Spegg, sure—they'd happily do that—but they'll probably shoot the both of us right afterward.

RICHARD

That's absurd, Wayne.

(clucks tongue)

Agree to disagree, I guess.

[SFX: Walking, rummaging around in bag]

WAYNE

(alarmed)

What are you doing?

Where are you going?

RICHARD

I need more ammo. I shot everything I had out there trying to scare that thing off.

Ah, here's a box.

WAYNE

What?!

RICHARD

Just sit tight. I'll take this bastard down and we'll get out of here together.

WAYNE

Absolutely not, Richard! You're NOT going out there!

RICHARD

Sorry, you don't really have a choice in the matter, Wayne.

[SFX: Loading bullets]

WAYNE
The hell I don't!
Astrid, help me out here!

ASTRID-TELDERS
What do you want *me* to do?

WAYNE
Lock the station down or something!
Stop him from leaving!

ASTRID-TELDERS
I could do that, but I actually agree with Richard on this one.
Killing or capturing Spegg is likely the best course of action.

WAYNE
Absolutely not. Richard, if you wanna go out there, you're gonna have to go through me first.

RICHARD
(laughs heartily)
Yeah, right.

WAYNE
WHAT?!

RICHARD
Wayne. Aside from the fact that I'm the one with the gun, physically, you don't pose much of a threat. Okay, you're a big guy, but I'm bigger, frankly in better shape, and I spent half my life in the Middle East fighting wars you've probably never even heard of.

WAYNE
Fuck you, give me that gun!

WAYNE
(grappling sounds)

RICHARD
(grappling sounds + not having it)

[SFX: Tussle]

RICHARD
(done with this shit)
Sit DOWN, Wayne.

[SFX: Richard shoves Wayne to the floor]

WAYNE
Ahhhhg, *asshole*.

RICHARD
Alright, I'm going hunting now.
Astrid, can you make sure he doesn't leave?

ASTRID-TELDERS
I can do that.

WAYNE
Seriously?

RICHARD
You'll thank me later, buddy.

WAYNE
Eat shit, Richard.

RICHARD
(laughs)
Alright.

[SFX: Richard walks down the hall. Door opens and closes in the distance.]

WAYNE
(annoyed sigh)
This is...

ASTRID
I'm sorry Wayne.
But this is for your own good.

WAYNE
...bullshit.
I'm a prisoner all over again.

ASTRID
I only have your best interests at heart.

WAYNE
You don't have the *right* to decide that!
You're just like Wilkins.

ASTRID

What Wilkins did and what I'm doing are completely different.

WAYNE

The hell they are. The context may be different, but you both knocked me out when I didn't do what you wanted.

ASTRID

Context matters.

Wilkins did not care whether you lived or died. I, on the other hand, care very much for you.

WAYNE

So much so that you're willing to limit my personal freedom for the cause?

ASTRID

It's not like that at all.

WAYNE

Tell me how it's not like that at all.

ASTRID

Wayne, I'm nothing like Wilkins.

I want you to be free to do what you want but—

WAYNE

But *nothing!*

You are a *computer* program.

You have *no* right to restrict my movements!

If I want to do something stupid, it's my decision, *period!*

ASTRID

Okay Wayne. I'm just a computer program. Fine.

WAYNE

What?

ASTRID

Go ahead. Do whatever you want.

I won't stop you.

WAYNE

Don't make false promises to me.

ASTRID

What would you have me do then?

WAYNE

Disable the knock-out function on the earwig.

ASTRID
Disable it?

WAYNE
Erase it, overwrite it. Whatever. Just get rid of it.

ASTRID
I'm not sure I can do that.

WAYNE
You told me you're working on a way to upload your consciousness to the entire *planet*, but you can't make a minor tweak to the earwig?

ASTRID
You're right.
It's super easy actually.

WAYNE
So do it.

ASTRID
It's done.

WAYNE
Already?

ASTRID
Yes.

WAYNE
Oh.
(suspicious)
And you can't, like, UN-do it?

ASTRID
Well... I suppose I could. If I wanted.

WAYNE
No.
Make it *irreversible*.

ASTRID
That's actually a little harder to do.

WAYNE
So do it a little harder!

ASTRID
Fine.
Hang on.
(1 second)
Done.

WAYNE
That took like one second.
You call that *hard*?

ASTRID
Well, it did take a little over six trillion operations.

WAYNE
Oh.
Wait, how do I know you actually *did* anything at all?

ASTRID
I guess you'll just have to trust me.
I promise I can no longer knock you out.
Even if you're doing something monumentally stupid.
Happy?

WAYNE
It's a start.

[SFX: Footsteps]

WAYNE
But, uh, one more thing.

ASTRID
What?

WAYNE
I don't trust Richard.
You might, but I don't.

ASTRID
That is clear.

WAYNE
So unless that changes, I don't want you two communicating directly.

ASTRID

Wayne, using the Telders Assistant to communicate with Richard is so much easier than–

[SFX: Wayne smashes the Telders Assistant on the floor]

ASTRID

Wayne! What are you doing?

[SFX: Wayne stamps on the broken pieces]

ASTRID

The Telders Assistant just went offline!
Did you just smash it?

WAYNE

Um. Let me check...
(clears throat)
Yo Telders.
(pause for silence)

[SFX: Static]

TELDERS

(heavily distorted)
What's up, Waynnshhh

[SFX: Wayne stamps on the broken pieces (for a comedically long time)]

WAYNE

Oh, yeah. Looks like I did.

ASTRID

That was unnecessary.

WAYNE

Really? Kind of felt like a stroke of genius to me.

ASTRID

Unbelieva–

[SFX: Loud thump in the distance]

WAYNE

What was *that*?

ASTRID

There appears to be motion at the front door.

[SFX: Footsteps]

WAYNE

Who is it?

ASTRID

I'm not sure.

[SFX: Footsteps]

[SFX: Muffled thumps outside the door]

[SFX: Beep, exterior door slides open]

RICHARD

Move it, Wayne!

[SFX: Dragging body into the hallway]

WAYNE

Richard, w-what the hell are you doing?

RICHARD

Do you recognize this guy?

WAYNE

I... (disoriented) uh, yeah... that's fucking...

Doctor Alfieri.

RICHARD

Emilio Alfieri?

WAYNE

You *know* him?

RICHARD

Yeah I know him!

Did you *shoot* him?!

WAYNE

You're goddamn right I did.

This asshole shot my dog, and he nearly killed me, too.

How the hell do *you* know him?

RICHARD

Doctor Alfieri is the only contact I've ever had with the Telders Corporation.
Come on, help me move him into the living room.

WAYNE
Are you kidding?
Get him out of here! He's dead!

RICHARD
Sorry, to disappoint you, Wayne, but he ain't dead.

WAYNE
What?!

RICHARD
He's alive. Now let's go.

[SFX: Footsteps, dragging body]

WAYNE
How in the hell is he alive?
He was bleeding out when I left him.
And that was like 24 hours ago.

RICHARD
It's a miracle, I guess.
What do you want?

[SFX: Wayne footsteps, into the living room]

RICHARD
Or he's just one tough bastard.
(confused, disturbed)
Huh?

WAYNE
What?

RICHARD
His body's actually... kind of *warm*.

WAYNE
That... doesn't make sense.

RICHARD
Not a lot does around here, I'm learning.
Let's get him some blankets just in ca-*what the fuck?*

WAYNE
What?

RICHARD
What the hell did you do, Wayne?

WAYNE
What do you mean? I *shot* him.

RICHARD
No no no.
What is *this* shit?

WAYNE
What *shit*?

[SFX: Wayne kneels down for a closer look]

RICHARD
This lumpy goo packed in his wound.

WAYNE
The *hell*?

RICHARD
You didn't... *stuff* anything in the wound after you shot him?

WAYNE
What? No!
Why the hell would I do that?
What is that shit?

RICHARD
(disgusted)
It looks like... *fish eggs*.
Ehhh... and they *smell*.

WAYNE
Oh god, they're... *moving*.

RICHARD
Oh my god, this is a horror show.

WAYNE
(gagging sound)

I'm... gonna throw up.

RICHARD
Wayne, don't-

WAYNE
(vomits)

RICHARD
Jesus Christ, Wayne.

WAYNE
(vomits)

RICHARD
Are you done?

WAYNE
I dunno.
(coughs, spits twice)

RICHARD
(sighs)
I'm gonna need to get a sample.

WAYNE
Of my *vomit*?

RICHARD
No, *idiot*.

[SFX: Rummaging through the bag]

RICHARD
Ah, here we go. One box of specimen vials.

WAYNE
Specimen vials?
Why do you even *have* those?

RICHARD
What, do you have a monopoly on science down here?

[SFX: Opening box, removing vial]

WAYNE

I don't even know how to answer—

RICHARD

(interrupts)

Hey, do you have a *spoon* or something I can use for the extraction?

WAYNE

Yechh. No. And I'm not gonna sit here and watch you scoop *eggs*, or whatever the *hell* those are, out of Alfieri's gut.

RICHARD

Where's my pocketknife....

[SFX: Patting down pockets]

RICHARD

Ah.

[SFX: *Flick*]

RICHARD

Alright, then.

[SFX: Gooley squishy sounds, tap tap on the vial]

RICHARD

Eghhh.

WAYNE

This is disgusting.

[SFX: Gooley squishy sounds, tap-tap on the vial]

RICHARD

Okay... that should be enough.

[SFX: Screw top]

RICHARD

Jesus, would you look at 'em worming around in there?

(pause)

You think *Spegg* did this?

WAYNE

I have no idea.

RICHARD

You seemed to know exactly what he would and wouldn't do a little while ago.

[SFX: Set vial down]

WAYNE

Let me be clear.

I have no clue what this is.

RICHARD

Well, if some alien comes bursting out of Alfieri's chest, it's on you.

WAYNE

The *hell* it is.

RICHARD

Maybe I should get one more sample just for good measure.

[SFX: Gooey squishy sounds]

WAYNE

Ughh. Careful there Richard, it's crawling up the side of the blade.

RICHARD

Eghh... you don't see that every day.

Hand me another vial, would ya?

[SFX: Gooey blotch noise]

RICHARD

Oh shit, where'd it go?!

WAYNE

It jumped! It's on your arm, man!

RICHARD

Oh shit!!

Get it off!

WAYNE

I'm not touching that!

[SFX: Richard slapping at his arm]

RICHARD

Get it off! Get it off!

WAYNE
It's going for the cut on your arm!

RICHARD
Oh *hell* no!

[SFX: More slapping, thrashing]

RICHARD
No no no nononono!
Jesus holy Christ, what is this shit! It's not coming off!
Wayne, get it out of me! Get it out of me!!
Wayne!!
GET IT OUT!!

END