

STATION 151

EPISODE 2.6
“AWAKENINGS”

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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Summary of S2E6: After a terrifying experience with the strange, black substance, Richard becomes increasingly paranoid and violent, accusing Wayne of concealing its origin. Astrid attempts to mediate, but the situation deteriorates further as Doctor Alfieri regains consciousness and attempts to turn them against each other.

INT. STATION 151.

[SFX: Richard thrashing around, heavy, disordered footsteps]

WAYNE

Richard?

(pause)

Richard?

Whoa, buddy. Hey. Are you alright?

Are you okay?

Where'd it go?

RICHARD

(seething)

It went. Into my arm.

WAYNE

(inhales)

Are you sure?

Maybe it just—

RICHARD

Of course I'm sure, *Wayne*.

I felt it. I felt it... *slide* in through the cut.

I can feel it *right now*. Wriggling under the skin.

WAYNE

(stunned)

Okay, uh....

Does it, hurt? Or anything like—?

RICHARD

(seething)

Not yet.

WAYNE

That's a good sign then, right?
Maybe it's... benign or... whaddayou call it...

RICHARD

(very direct)

What is this shit, Wayne?

WAYNE

I don't know, Richard. I honestly, honestly have no idea—

RICHARD

(fierce)

I think you do.

WAYNE

No, I—

RICHARD

Bullshit!

Who knows what you've been doing down here?
You probably *created* this shit.

WAYNE

What?! No!

I don't even have the kind of equipmen—

RICHARD

(angry)

What's gonna happen to me, Wayne?!
Am I gonna turn into one of those fishheads? One of those... *Speggs*?
Is that what this is about?!

WAYNE

Jesus Christ, Ricahrd, I have no idea!

RICHARD

Tell me what this is or I'll *choke* it out of you!

[SFX: Sounds of struggle]

WAYNE

Seriously!

I don't—uh um ublabbb

Stophh—

[SFX: Wayne falls to the ground]

WAYNE
(choking as Richard grips his neck)

RICHARD
Try to enunciate, Wayne. I can't understand you when I'm crushing your windpipe.

WAYNE
Stophh–

RICHARD
If you're lying to me... if something happens to me—anything—I swear to God I'll–

WAYNE
(voice restricted—Richard is choking him)
Richard... pleasff.
I don'tff knowww. I don'tff–

RICHARD
(seething)
I don't *believe* you.

WAYNE
I swear–
I swearff–

RICHARD
Astrid!
You wanna corroborate this asshole's story?
(pause)
Astrid?

(silence)

RICHARD
Astrid!

WAYNE
(Choking sound)

RICHARD
(growling)
Where is she, Wayne?

WAYNE

(Released from Richard's grip, now gulping air)
I-I-I-

[SFX: Richard getting up, stomping across the floor. Then, crunching sounds as he treads on the pieces of the Telders Assistant]

RICHARD
What is this?!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?

WAYNE
(clearing throat, still recovering from Richard's attack)
Okay... um...
I know this... *looks* really bad.
But... I just... (sighs) I got pissed off and I smashed the Telders box.

RICHARD
What?! Why?!

WAYNE
I just got mad and...

RICHARD
And? And what?
What are you hiding?!

WAYNE
Nothing!

RICHARD
Liar!

[SFX: Richard picks up his gun, chambers a round]

WAYNE
Waitwaitwait, put the gun down.

RICHARD
I'm tired of your bullshit, Wayne.

WAYNE
R-Richard, I'm sorry, I swear, I swear, I don't know-

[SFX: Static from the kitchen]

RICHARD

The hell's that?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

(staicky)

Richard. Please wait.

(pause)

Richard. Richard.

RICHARD

(confused)

Astrid?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

Please put down the gun.

Wayne is telling the truth.

RICHARD

Where are you?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

I'm in the kitchen. In the food dispenser.

RICHARD

The *food dispenser*?

Hang on.

(forceful)

Stay down, Wayne.

Get up, and I'll put a bullet through your head.

WAYNE

Alright! Alright, man... *Jesus*.

[SFX: Heavy footsteps, follow Richard into the kitchen]

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

(a little louder)

Are you there Richard?

RICHARD

Yeah.

You're... *inside* this thing?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

I'm using a diagnostic speaker on the food dispenser's mainboard, so I probably don't sound very good. And there's no microphone, so I need to listen to you through Wayne's earwig. Can you ask him to come a little closer?

RICHARD
Ugh.
Wayne, get in here.

WAYNE
(from a distance)
You're not gonna shoot me?

RICHARD
Not yet.

[SFX: Footsteps into the kitchen]

WAYNE
Okay, alright, I'm coming in. Where do you want—

RICHARD
Sit. Down.

WAYNE
Alright, alright.
I'm sitting down.

RICHARD
Astrid, do you know what this shit is that crawled into my arm?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
I don't. And I can promise you that Wayne doesn't either.
This is not something we've seen before.

WAYNE
See, I told you.

RICHARD
Shut up!

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
Let's just relax, okay?
We will figure this out.

RICHARD
Oh yeah?
And how do you propose we do that?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

You said you can feel it under your skin.
Can you still see it?

RICHARD
Uhh.
No.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
And it doesn't hurt at all?

RICHARD
No.
And I already went through this with Wayne.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
Sorry.
Perhaps we could–

RICHARD
Wait, hang on.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
What?

RICHARD
There's some discoloration around the wound now.
Like a thin band of white... I dunno... fibers.

WAYNE
Fibers? Let me have a look at that–

[SFX: Wayne getting up while he speaks]

RICHARD
Sit down!

WAYNE
Ughh.
(to himself)
Goddamn, man.

ASTRID
Wayne, you should probably do as Richard says.

WAYNE
(sighs)

Alright...

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
Richard, please continue.

RICHARD
The fibers are surrounding the wound, and, uh....

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
What's wrong?

RICHARD
(starting to breathe hard)
They're starting to thread across the wound, bridging it....
Like...

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
Laces?

RICHARD
(he is freaked out)
Yeah, something like that.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
And it doesn't hurt?

RICHARD
No.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
Do you feel any pain or discomfort anywhere else?
Do you feel tired or sick or... anything?

RICHARD
(freaked out)
No. My arm is a little warm, but that's it.
Jesus. The wound is... it's *closing*.
I'm watching it *close* in real time.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
Curious.

WAYNE
(clears throat)
It's healing?

RICHARD

Yeah.

That's exactly what's happening.
The stitches are already falling out.
How is this possible?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

So, the strange substance that you found in Alfieri's gut, crawled up your arm, embedded itself into the wound, and then several minutes later it healed.

RICHARD

Yeah.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

Well unless this is a prelude to some grisly morphological alien transfiguration, designed to take over your body, and then spread from host to host as the organism slowly claws its way across the planet, subjecting all living things to countless years of horror and suffering... then it's probably just some kind of advanced medical gel.

RICHARD

You know Astrid, I don't know you too well yet, but I think maybe I don't like you all that much.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

That's fair.

RICHARD

Magic healing gel, huh?
Has Telders been working on anything like this?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

Not that I know of.

RICHARD

But it's possible?
Like, maybe Alfieri had some and tried to save himself after Wayne shot him.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

I don't have access to the company's research database, but I'd reckon that this kind of technology is far ahead of anything on the market. Probably decades, if not centuries away.

RICHARD

Then Spegg did this.
That's the only other reasonable option.

ASTRID

Perhaps.

WAYNE
But why? Why would he try to heal Alfieri?

RICHARD
Why don't *you* tell me?

WAYNE
How the hell would I—

ALFIERI
(groans/gasps/moans from the other room)

[SFX: Some distant thumps]

WAYNE
Oh, *shit*.

RICHARD
Well, speak of the devil.

WAYNE
This is the last thing I need right now.

ALFIERI
(groans, coughs)

RICHARD
Stay here, Wayne.

[SFX: Richard stomping into the other room]

RICHARD
Emilio?

ALFIERI
(groaning, struggling)

Oh, boy.
RJ?
Where am I?

RICHARD
You're at the station.

ALFIERI

Station 151?
How did I... what are *you* doing here?

RICHARD
It's a long story. Just try to relax. You're injured. Or, I guess, you were, but now...
Damn, you can't even see the bullet hole anymore.

ALFIERI
I shouldn't be here.
I died out there. I was dead.

RICHARD
Well, now you're not. When I found you, your wound was packed with this, this, I don't even know what to call it. It was like, some kind of healing goo.

ALFIERI
Healing *goo*.

RICHARD
Yeah. *I* got some on a gash on my arm and it completely healed it in minutes.
Telders doesn't have tech like that does he?

ALFIERI
No. You saw that on me?

RICHARD
Yeah. Then I went in the other room for a while and now you're... you're nearly healed.

ALFIERI
Please tell me you saved some.

RICHARD
(hesitant, lies)
Uhh. Uh, no.
I didn't think to do that.

ALFIERI
Ugh.
Any idea where it came from?

RICHARD
It may have something to do with the creature from that pod that crashed nearby.

ALFIERI
The *pod*? You mean the meteorite?

RICHARD
You saw that?

ALFIERI
Yeah.
Hard to miss.

RICHARD
Yeah. But, it was no meteorite. It was a ship. Like nothing I've ever seen. It crashed nearby and this—I don't know how else to put it—this fish-thing came out of it. I mean, I guess he came out of it. I didn't actually see that part, but when I showed up, the fish thing had Wayne Robertson out there on the ice and I think he may have implanted some kind of communication device at the base of his skull.

ALFIERI
What makes you says that?

RICHARD
There is a protrusion on the back of Robertson's neck. Painful to the touch. That, and the fact that it appears that Spegg has been communicating with him.

ALFIERI
Huh.
Where is... *Wayne* right now?

[SFX: Footsteps]

WAYNE
(seething)
I'm right here, Alfieri.

ALFIERI
(disgusted sigh)
Hello Wayne.
And it's *Doctor* Alfieri.

WAYNE
Like I give a sh—

ALFIERI
(interrupts)
Richard, did this asshole tell you *he* was the one who shot me?

WAYNE
You're damn right I shot you, and I'd do it again, you piece of shit!

[SFX: Heavy, rushed footsteps, a struggle]

ALFIERI

Richard! Get him off of me!

RICHARD

Back off, Wayne! Sit down!

[SFX: Wayne getting tossed backward]

ALFIERI

You're a dead man, Robertson.

[SFX: Groaning as he starts to get up]

ALFIERI

Ahhhgh.

My guts are in knots. I don't think I can get up.
Richard, be a good boy and shoot this asshole.

WAYNE

Now just a goddamn minute!

[SFX: Wayne gets up]

RICHARD

Stay where you are, Wayne!

WAYNE

Ughh.

RICHARD

Why should I shoot him?

ALFIERI

Richard, this man is a psychopath.
He already shot me, and, I guess, killed me, once.
God knows what he'll do if he gets the upper hand again.
Plus I'd like to remove that implant you say he's got.
He'll scream a lot less if he's dead already.

WAYNE

Fuck you, Alfieri!

[SFX: A couple footsteps]

RICHARD
Wayne, I said stay back!

ALFIERI
Shoot him, Richard.
That's an order.

RICHARD
No.

ALFIERI
Excuse me?

RICHARD
I am not your monkey, Alfieri.
I'll shoot Wayne when I *feel* like shooting him.

WAYNE
If anyone deserves to get shot, it's *him*!
I only shot this asshole because he tried to kill me first. *And, AND* he shot Buzz!

ALFIERI
(scoffs)
You're still on about that stupid dog, Robertson?

WAYNE
Who talks like that?
What did Buzz ever do to you?

ALFIERI
It's not a real dog, Wayne. You know that, right? We grew it in a lab.
Christ, I've got a warehouse full of those things. And a lot of other weird shit, too.

WAYNE
You're sick.

ALFIERI
(sighs)
Yeah, yeah. Alright, Richard, if you're not going to take orders, how about we make a deal
instead?

RICHARD
A deal? What kind of deal?

ALFIERI
Wayne stood to earn a million bucks for his time down here.

You kill him right here and now and I'll slide those funds over to *your* account instead.

RICHARD
Interesting.

WAYNE
Richard isn't gonna take your money, Alfieri.

ALFIERI
He's not?

RICHARD
I'm not?

WAYNE
Richard, after everything you told me, do you actually expect him to *pay* you?
Christ, he'll probably have your mind erased too.

ALFIERI
(laughs)
What?

WAYNE
You heard me.
Richard told me exactly what you've been doing down here.

ALFIERI
(laughs)
And what have we been doing down here, Wayne?

RICHARD
Wait, Wayne, don't.

WAYNE
He said he's been flying me down here for *years*.
Sixteen or seventeen times, isn't that right, Richard?

ALFIERI
(pish)
RJ, what kind of bullshit have you been feeding this idiot?

WAYNE
It's not bullshit, and you know it.
He even recorded the conversations we had in the cockpit.
I heard the tapes, man.

ALFIERI

Tapes?

Richard, what's this about?

WAYNE

Oh, stop acting all innocent, Alfieri.

ALFIERI

Wayne, you're an asshole and I'd kill you right here and now if I could, but I promise I have no idea what this is about.

WAYNE

Yeah? Then why do I only have like six or seven core memories? Most of my life is completely blank! I don't remember my friends, my family....

I know I have a fiancé but I can't tell you how or *where* I even met her!
And I sure as hell don't remember coming down here sixteen or seventeen times.

ALFIERI

(scoffs)

Well, I'm sorry, but this sounds like a *you* problem, Wayne.
You applied for this job voluntarily and moved down here under your own volition.
I dunno. Maybe you're having an adverse reaction to the earwig. Or the Azathol.

WAYNE

(laughs)

That's a *stretch*.

ALFIERI

A *stretch*? Really? The device you currently have implanted in your ear is an experimental brain-hardware interface that's only been tested on a handful of monkeys and... some, uh, "volunteers" from a local community college. And the Azathol? You know, the *amnesia* medication we gave you in the Core? You remember that?

WAYNE

(angry)

How could I forget?

ALFIERI

Yeah, well, it's... it's *amnesia* medication. Can't imagine that didn't mess with your head—at least a little. And the Dexmexatrine probably didn't do you any favors, either.

You're a walking, talking lab experiment, Wayne.
You haven't been hallucinating, have you? Seeing ghosts? Hearing voices? Anything unusual like that?

WAYNE

(pause)

(introspective)
Uhh.

ASTRID
(to Wayne directly)
Wayne, you have been seeing things recently.
Remember seeing that ghost in the hall?
And the entire morning walk you hallucinated?

WAYNE
Umm.
(to Richard)
Richard, are you *sure* you're telling me the truth about all of this?

RICHARD
Wayne, are you that stupid?
Can't you see what he's trying to do?

ALFIERI
Oh, for Chrissake, Richard. Enough of this.
You are so fired. And I've got half a mind to report you to the authorities for even being here.
When Telders hears about this—

RICHARD
Oh, the hell with you!
How about I kill *you* instead? Hell, maybe I'll kill both of you.

WAYNE
What?!

RICHARD
Yeah. Then I'll hunt down that monster and offer it to Telders for a nice little payday.

ALFIERI
(scoffs)
Oh yeah?
That thing, whatever it is, is already Telders property.
Pull that shit and you'll be lucky to escape with your life.

WAYNE
That's exactly what I said.

RICHARD
Fine. You what, Alfieri? I *did* save some of that healing goo. I could walk out of here with a vial of that shit and Telders would be none the wiser. Can you imagine what a pharmaceutical

company or a *major country* would pay for something like that? I'd make a fortune! A hell of a lot more than a million bucks, that's for sure.

ALFIERI

See what I'm talking about, Wayne?
This guy's a self-serving piece of shit.
Personally, I didn't want to work with him, but Telders swore he was reliable.

RICHARD

Shut your mouth, Alfieri!

ALFIERI

Fuck you, *traitor*!

RICHARD

Alright, the hell with this.
Both of you—against the wall!

[SFX: Gun cocks]

WAYNE

WHOA WHOA WHOA, HANG ON!

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

Richard, if you harm either of these men, I will make sure you spend the rest of your life in prison.

RICHARD

(scoffs)

They'd have to catch me first.

ASTRID

I won't let you leave this place.

ALFIERI

Who the hell is *that*? Is that another AI?

RICHARD

Shut up, Alfieri.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

Richard, I understand you're frustrated, but please try to calm yourself.
There are other ways to deal with this.

RICHARD

(sarcastic)

You got a better idea?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

You don't have to kill them. There's a secure storage room downstairs.
You can lock them in the room until you figure out your next move.

WAYNE

What the hell, Astrid?!

ASTRID-SAUSAGE

I'm Sorry, Wayne.

WAYNE

No way, man. You are *not* locking me in a room with Doctor Alfieri.

ALFIERI

(sarcastic)

That hurts, Wayne.

(to Richard)

Richard, if you're going to lock us up, fine. But I'd advise you to choose another room.

RICHARD

And *why* would I do that?

ALFIERI

That's not just some random storage room.

It's a containment ward that houses the toxic materials leftover from the station's construction.

RICHARD

So what?

ALFIERI

I'm not talking about paints and varnish, Richard. This is the kind of shit that'll give you a half a dozen cancers by breakfast tomorrow. We can't go anywhere near that storage room. Believe me.

WAYNE

I went in there, and I'm fine.

ALFIERI

(surprised)

You what?

WAYNE

This is the same room that has like 15 or 20 huge wooden boxes in it, right?

ALFIERI
How did *you* get in *there*?

WAYNE
That's my business.

ALFIERI
You're lucky to be alive, Wayne. I'm gonna assume you didn't try to open any of those boxes, given the fact that you're still standing upright and not, you know, vomiting up blood and...
organs.

RICHARD
(dubious)
Why the hell would the construction of this place generate *any* toxic waste? There may be a lot of bells and whistles around here, but at the end of the day it's just a building. Where's all the toxic waste coming from?

ALFIERI
It's not from the *building* itself, Richard. We prefabbed this place in South Africa, slid it across the ice, and assembled it on site. It's the *AI* that's toxic.

RICHARD
The *AI*?

ALFIERI
Oh yeah. Have a look in the server room sometime. You'll see a gurgling cauldron of milky goo that sits on top of the machine. It's a nutrient solution that feeds the AI's bioreactor. The solution itself is harmless, but the manufacturing process generates some real nasty byproducts—some of which emit a high amount of alpha radiation. It's the whole reason we built Station 151 in Antarctica and not somewhere more convenient, like New York, or LA.

RICHARD
Huh, well, I don't really give a shit.

ALFIERI
What's that?

RICHARD
I said I don't care. If you guys are worried about growing multiple heads or whatever, just... maybe don't lick the boxes.

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
I agree. Let's proceed.

WAYNE
Jesus, whose side are you on, Astrid?

ASTRID
(through Earwig)
Just play along, Wayne.

WAYNE
(whispers to himself)
What?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
I'm going to dispense some food and water, so Wayne and Doctor Alfieri don't starve while they're inside. Steak and eggs sound okay?

WAYNE
I... guess.

[SFX: Food dispenses]

ALFIERI
(sighs)
Oh my god.

[SFX: Cocks gun]

RICHARD
Okay, assholes, grab your sausages and we'll head downstairs.
Wayne, why don't you give the good doctor a hand. He still looks a little pale.

WAYNE
Screw that, I am *not* helping this asshole—

RICHARD
(direct)
Let's go, Wayne.

WAYNE
(sighs)
Alright, come on, *dickhead*.

ALFIERI
I'm getting up.
(groans as he gets up)
You know you really screwed the pooch, Wayne.
All you had to do was play the game and collect your check.
Now look where you are.

RICHARD
Enough yapping. Let's go.

[SFX: Footsteps]
[SFX: BING!]

RICHARD
Bing?
What the hell was that?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
(a little distant)
Oh. It looks like the husky's incubator healing cycle is complete.

WAYNE
The incubator?
Wait, Buzz is done?

ASTRID-SAUSAGE
It's time to remove Buzz from the chamber.

END