STATION 151

EPISODE 2.12
"STATION 151-B"

WRITTEN BY

ANDY SCEARCE

BASED ON THE SERIES BY

ANDY SCEARCE

Summary of S2E12: Richard, Alfieri, Wayne, and Buzz make their way to the doctor's underground refuge, Station 151-B. Once inside, Doctor Alfieri proves once again that he's not to be trusted.

EXT. STATION 151.
(wind and snow)

[SFX: Footsteps (everyone) in the snow]

RICHARD
I'm getting *real* tired of this weather, Doctor.
How much farther?

ALFIERI
Not much longer now.

WILKINS
We're point three kilometers from the station, Doctor Alfieri.
Too much farther and you'll be out of my effective range.
Need I remind you of the terribly unsanitary things that will happen to you if our connection is severed?

ALFIERI
Don't worry, Wilkins.
The entry point to Station 151-B is just up ahead. Right beyond that outcropping.
Well within your operating range.

WAYNE
I don't see a station anywhere.

BUZZ
(ruff)

ALFIERI
Well, it wouldn't be a secret station if we built it right on top of the ice, now, would it, Wayne?

RICHARD
It's underground?

ALFIERI
That's right.
Almost impossible to find if you're not looking in the right place.

ALFIERI
Though… oddly enough Wayne number 10 did stumble across the entrance.
And he actually got it open, too. Still not sure how he did it. But I was inside at the time.
Surprised the shit out of me.
(chuckles)
I was taking a nap, and I suddenly heard him in the kitchen making eggs. Can you believe that?
He got all the way into the inner sanctum then stopped to fry up an omelette before bothering to
search the place.

WAYNE
Yeah, that's… that's hilarious.

ALFIERI
I didn't even try to encourage him to return to his work.
I shot him right between the eyes then sat down and ate his omelette.
It was actually pretty good.
You know, I think about that omelette sometimes.
Hey, Wayne, once we get inside you don't think you could whip up–

WAYNE
What the fuck… Is there something fundamentally broken in you, Alfieri?
You literally just told me I'm a clone. And now you're out here regaling us with stories about
how you executed previous versions of me? *Me!*

ALFIERI
I didn't mean anything by it, Wayne.
It's not personal.

[SFX: Footsteps stop]

WAYNE
Are you insane?
I got half a mind to paralyze your ass right here and now.

RICHARD
That's enough, Wayne.
I don't have time for this.

WAYNE
Oh, go to hell, you traitor.
What, are you scared the Russians are going to be mad because you're late checking in?

RICHARD

You watch your mouth, asshole.

WAYNE
What do they have on you, anyway?

RICHARD
That's *my* business, not yours. Now move.

WAYNE
How long you been doing this?
Was it corporate espionage the whole time, or did you sell out our country, too?

RICHARD
I said that's *enough*.

WAYNE
Seriously… Have any Americans *died* because of your little arrangement with the Russians?

RICHARD
That's ENOUGH, Robertson!

[SFX: Rifle butt to the head, Wayne falls to the snow]

WAYNE
(yelps)

BUZZ
(barks angrily)

ASTRID
Wayne!

ALFIERI
Whoa! Settle down, Richard, that's not going to help our situation.
Wayne, are you alright, buddy?

WAYNE
I'm fine.

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
It's okay, Buzz. I'm okay.

ALFIERI

Here, let me help you up–

WAYNE
Don't touch me.

WAYNE
(groans)
Must've struck a nerve there, huh, Richard?

RICHARD
I pulled that one, Robertson.
Next time you won't be getting back on your feet so easily.

WAYNE
Whatever you say, *Comrade Johns.*

RICHARD
Shut up and *move!*

ALFIERI
Jesus, Robertson, are you trying to get both of us killed?

WAYNE
What do I have to lose? I'm just a *clone*, remember?

ALFIERI
Look, I know it's not optimal, but let's just try to get to the station alive, okay?
After we get out of here, maybe we can work something out. Try and get you set up with some semblance of a life back in the states.

WAYNE
(scoffs)
Not interested.

ALFIERI
Not interested? Wayne–

BUZZ

(barks)

ALFIERI
What the hell is *that*?

RICHARD
That's Spegg!

ALFIERI
Oh, Jesus.

[SFX: Bang! Rifle action]

BUZZ
(barks)

RICHARD
Where is he? Anyone see him?

[SFX: Bang! Rifle action]

RICHARD
We gotta get inside. Where's the goddamn entrance, Alfieri?!

ALFIERI
It's just over here, come on, come on!

[SFX: Footsteps (everyone) in the snow]

RICHARD
Move it, Robertson!

[SFX: Shoves Wayne]

WAYNE
I'm going, Christ!
Buzz, come on!
Come on, buddy!

[SFX: Spegg roar a little closer]

BUZZ
(going crazy)

RICHARD
Move it!

ALFIERI
Here's the entrance panel.

RICHARD
Fantastic. Open it, already!

ALFIERI
I can't! I can't move my goddamn arms!
Wilkins, I need my arms back!

WILKINS
Sorry, I'm not doing that.

ALFIERI
Come on! Spegg's almost on top of us!

[SFX: Spegg roar a little closer]

BUZZ
(barking)

WILKINS
Is it a code? Just tell Richard the code and let him open it.

ALFIERI
It's not a just code!
It's a biometric keypad.
It has to be my fingers on the keys.

[SFX: Spegg roar a little closer]

ALFIERI
Wilkins!

WAYNE
Yeah, Wilkins I think we should speed this up.

[SFX: Spegg roar a little closer]

WILKINS
Fine.
You can briefly have your arms back.

ALFIERI
Finally! Ughh. Goddammit…

RICHARD
Hurry!

ALFIERI
Hang on!
Wilkins, I've got to lock it from the other side as well with the same code, so just give me a second once we're inside.

WILKINS
Just make it quick.

ALFIERI
I will!

ALFIERI
There! Done.

BUZZ
(barking like crazy)

WAYNE
Wait, Buzz, no! Come back!
Buzz!

RICHARD
Get inside!

WAYNE
Hold on, alright!
Buzz just took off!

RICHARD
Get the hell inside! NOW!
We'll get the dog later!

RICHARD
Jesus Christ that was close!

WAYNE
Open the goddamn hatch!
Buzz is still out there!

RICHARD
That's not happening, Wayne!

AGGRO-SPEGG
(severely muffled)
Wayne!

RICHARD
Jesus, that thing's screaming your name, Robertson.

WAYNE
I can hear it.

RICHARD
Hey, Alfieri, that thing can't get in here, can he?

ALFIERI
Not a chance.

RICHARD
Good.
(laughs)
My god. What a nightmare.

RICHARD

It's pretty quiet. You think he's gone?

ALFIERI
I wouldn't count on it.

RICHARD
Yeah, right… So, you got any lights in this place, doctor?
Or are we just going to stand around in the dark?

ALFIERI
Yeah.
Let me find the switch.

[SFX: Light switch, lights flickering on]

RICHARD
Holy *shit*.
Look at this place.

WAYNE
Jesus Christ. You're not kidding…
It's like a luxury condo in here.

RICHARD
Is that a *Viking* range?

ALFIERI
Oh, yeah. I think so. I don't use it that much, honestly.

[SFX: Footsteps]

RICHARD
What. A. Set up.
If you didn't know any better, you'd think this was the South Pole Ritz-Carlton.

[SFX: Footsteps]

WAYNE
(disgusted)
Jesus Christ… This is unbelievable.
Flatscreen TV.
Massage chair.
A tropical aquarium?
Is that an Andy Warhol painting?

ALFIERI

It is…

RICHARD
It's… It's almost obscene.

[SFX: Footsteps]

RICHARD
Let's see what's in the fridge. I gotta know…

[SFX: Opens refrigerator]

ALFIERI
Oh… Sure. Be my guest.

RICHARD
Damn, doctor.
You've got like a whole side of beef in here.
Tenderloin, porterhouse, ribeye…
I could live down here for a lonnng time.

ALFIERI
You know… it's kinda funny how wrong you are about that, Richard.

[SFX: Gun cocks (handgun)]

RICHARD
What the *fuck*?
Drop the gun, Alfieri!

[SFX: Richard's rifle action]

ALFIERI
(laughs)
I knew it.

RICHARD
What?

ALFIERI
That's the second time you've cocked your weapon.
You're out of ammunition, Richard.

RICHARD
The hell I am.
Now drop the pea shooter or I'll–

WAYNE
Holy shit, Alfieri!
You just shot Richard!
Is he dead?
Holy shit!

ALFIERI
You're so observant, Wayne.
I like that about you.

WAYNE
Immobilize!
(pause)
Wilkins, Immobilize!

ALFIERI
(laughs)
Nice try.

WAYNE
What the fuck?! What'd you do to Wilkins?!

ALFIERI
Wilkins can't hear you.

WAYNE
(panicked)
Wilkins!
Astrid!?
Where are they? What's happening?

ALFIERI
(laughs)
You ever heard of a Faraday cage, Wayne?

WAYNE
Oh you son of a bitch.

ALFIERI
This entire station is shielded from electromagnetic frequencies.
Nothing gets in. Nothing gets out.
And I'm going to assume that goes for your little Spegg communicator, too.

WAYNE
You *dick*.

ALFIERI
    Relax, Wayne. This is how it was meant to be.
        This is the natural order of things.

                    WAYNE
                The hell it is!

            [SFX: Searching coat pockets]

                    WAYNE
            What are you doing?

                    ALFIERI
    What's it look like? I'm looting Richard's body.

            [SFX: Searching coat pockets]

                    ALFIERI
        It's a real shame, you know.
    It's so hard to find a good pilot around here.

                    WAYNE
                (grossed out)
        Can you at least cover the chest wound?

                    ALFIERI
Seriously? After everything you've seen down here, you're shaken by the sight of a little blood?

                    WAYNE
        I refuse to become desensitized to this shit.

                    ALFIERI
    Oh? Well, it didn't seem to bother you when you shot *me*.

                    WAYNE
            That was self-defense.

                    ALFIERI
    It's all self-defense, Wayne. If you look at it from the right perspective.

                    WAYNE
                You're *insane*.

                    ALFIERI
                Yeah.

ALFIERI
Hey hey hey. Look at this.

WAYNE
What?

ALFIERI
Looks like a vial of salmon eggs.
Any idea what this is, Wayne?

WAYNE
Uhh. Nope.

ALFIERI
(laughs, then turns sinister)
Are you sure about that?

WAYNE
(howls in pain)
My leg!
What the *fuck,* man?!

ALFIERI
(laughs)

WAYNE
(screams)
(pained)
Wait! Wait! Stop it. Okay! Just stop, stop fucking shooting me.

ALFIERI
You know, I'm pretty sure this is the, quote, unquote, "healing goo" that Richard said he found
in *my* gunshot wound.

ALFIERI

I kinda hate to waste even *one* of these eggs on you, Wayne, but I'm very curious about how it works.

WAYNE
(groaning in pain)
Ahh… oh, my god

ALFIERI
Don't pass out now.

WAYNE
Goddamn you.

[SFX: Tap on vial]

ALFIERI
WOW! These are wily little things!
Jumped right onto your leg.
That's incredible.

WAYNE
(groaning)

ALFIERI
What does it feel like, Wayne? Talk to me. Does it tickle? Does it hurt?

WAYNE
Fuck off.

ALFIERI
It divided!
(pause)
And again!
These things are self-replicating!
How are they *doing* that?

WAYNE
(groaning)
Oh, my god

ALFIERI
How's the pain, Robertson?
Say, on a scale from one through ten.
Is it getting better? Worse?

WAYNE

I'm not your lab rat, okay?

ALFIERI
(laughs)
Oh, is that right?
Have you not been paying attention?
That's exactly what you are, Wayne.
I *literally* grew you in a lab.

WAYNE
Oh yeah? You're gonna wish you hadn't.

ALFIERI
(ignores him)
Hmm. Now, hang on. There's a white, fibrous material crisscrossing the wound now.
Like little filaments.
This material works fast.

[SFX: Light, gooey sounds]

ALFIERI
Fascinating.

WAYNE
I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.

ALFIERI
Oh, we're just getting started, Wayne.
We may be locked in here for quite a while, so we're gonna make real good use of the time.

WAYNE
What? What the hell is that supposed to mean?

ALFIERI
I'll need to thoroughly test this material.
So, once you're healed up, we'll go ahead and try this again, but with a more *methodical* approach.

WAYNE
What?!

ALFIERI
I need to see how the material responds to a variety of injuries, minor to severe trauma, and even huge, gaping wounds, maybe some missing limbs… that kind of stuff. And because the eggs appear to self-replicate, we should have a never-ending supply to play with.

WAYNE
You *sick* bastard.

ALFIERI
You know what? I should probably get my recording equipment.
Oh, but before I do that… where did I put that earwig extractor?

[SFX: Rummaging]

WAYNE
An earwig *extractor*? Why?

ALFIERI
Can't have Wilkins making me shit my pants the next time that hatch opens. Right?

WAYNE
Yeah, God forbid.
(weakly, to himself)
Oh, I really wanted to see that.

ALFIERI
Ah, here it is!

[SFX: Fumbling with the device]

ALFIERI
Never actually used one of these on myself.
Wayne, remind me to remove all the earwigs from all the dead Waynes after we're done here.
Wouldn't want to be in that situation again!

WAYNE
I don't have the best memory, sorry.

ALFIERI
(laughs)
Yeah okay.
Defiant to the end.
Alright. Here goes.

[SFX: Mechanical noise, like a weird drill]

ALFIERI
(screams)
(pause to breathe)
Well, that was awful.
Now let's make sure that never happens again.

ALFIERI
And done.
Okay, you stay put, Wayne. I'll be right back with my toys.

WAYNE
Can't wait.

ALFIERI
(distant)
We're going to have a grand time!

WAYNE
(to himself)
The hell with that.
Ughh. Goddammit, I can't get up.

WAYNE
Arrghgh.
(groans)

WAYNE
Ughh. God those eggs are disgusting.
(pause)
Wait a second. If they're self-replicating, then… oh shit.
Hey Richard! Richard… You feel like having another go at Alfieri?

WAYNE
Come here you wiggly bastard. Gotcha.
Alright. I'm just gonna toss you at Richard.…
See if you can't work your magic while Alfieri is pre-occupied.
Ready? One, two, three!

END