

STATION 151

EPISODE 5.0
“ASTRID”

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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DRAFT DATE: JULY 14, 2022
RELEASE DATE: JAN. 03, 2023

INT. STATION 151 ANTARCTICA - NIGHT

WAYNE

SFX: Buzz's collar jangling

Good morning, Buzz. How'd you sleep?

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

Good boy.

Hang on a sec. Let's see if Wilkins is around.

Wilkins? You there Wilkins?

(sing-song) Wilkins?

Wilkins, are you there you stupid fucking robot?

Okay—3 am and it looks like he's down for maintenance.

Let's fucking hope he doesn't wake up.

BUZZ

(barks)

SFX: footsteps

WAYNE

How about a walk, buddy?

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

Alright, let's do it.

SFX: Door opens: wild howling

WAYNE

A little windy, but I think we'll be alright.

BUZZ

(bark bark, volume decreases as he takes off into the cold)

WAYNE

(laughs) You gonna make me run after you?

BUZZ

(returns, barks)

WAYNE

Been a few days since you got outside, huh! It's cold out, but I like it. Amazing how the sun never goes down out here, isn't it? Just kind of bounces off the horizon.

BUZZ

(bark bark)

WAYNE

You wanna chase a snowball? Alright, here ya go! Fetch!

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

Alright, let's see here. Wilkins? You there? Wilkins? Fuckhead?

[...]

Okay, still nothing.

BUZZ

(returns, barking)

WAYNE

(laughs)

Hey, you actually fetched the snowball! I'm impressed!

BUZZ

(panting)

WAYNE

Alright, buddy, go long!

(heaves the snowball)

~take a beat as Buzz runs off. listen to the wind for a long moment (5-6 seconds)~

WAYNE

(calm)

You know this place wouldn't be so bad if I wasn't being held hostage.

(sounds of Buzz's collar jangling in the distance)

(Buzz returns)

WAYNE

Good boy

(pets Buzz)

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
I think that's enough fetch for today. But I'll tell you what, buddy, when I get out of here, I'm gonna take you home with me. And I'll get you a real ball. How's that sound, Buzz?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
And if things go according to plan, hopefully that'll be sooner than later.

BUZZ
(panting)

WAYNE
(deep breath)
These assholes picked the wrong guy to fuck with.

BUZZ
(whimpering)

WAYNE
Don't you worry, Buzz. I have it all under control.
Just remember, if you ever want to hold someone hostage, you probably shouldn't put the jailer to sleep.

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
Alright, one more snowball. You ready, buddy?

BUZZ
(barks excitedly)

WAYNE
Alright, fetch!

BUZZ
(takes off running)

~time passes~

SFX: Beep, door opens

SFX: Buzz runs in

WAYNE
(whistling)
Wilkins? You there?

SFX: footsteps

Wilkins?
[...]
Yo Telders!

TELDERS
What's up, Wayne?

WAYNE
What time is it?

TELDERS
Great question, Wayne. Right now, it's totally 3:35 am.

SFX: Buzz footsteps

WAYNE
Wow, you actually worked for once.
[...]
(quieter, to himself)
Alright, 3:35 am and Wilkins is still unconscious.

TELDERS
Huh? What's that, Wayne?

WAYNE
What? Nothing, shut up.

TELDERS
You got it, dude!

WAYNE
Okay, Buzz, we should have another hour or so until he wakes up. Shall we see what the fucking food replicator has for us this morning?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
Lead the way.

SFX: Wayne/Buzz footsteps

WAYNE
Alright, you unholy contraption, what's for breakfast?

SFX: beep, *thunk*

And a drink...

SFX: beep, *thunk*

WAYNE
So what is this? Let me read the label here... (laughs) Jesus Christ. *Head cheese?* Of course. You know what head cheese is, Buzz? It's boiled pig's head meat that's been formed into a jellied loaf. Can't say I've ever had it for breakfast. You wanna go halvesies with me, buddy?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
Alright, down the hatch.

WAYNE
SFX: *peels back casing, takes a bite*
Wow, that's actually really good. Here ya go, buddy.

BUZZ
(eating)

WAYNE
You like that?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
Good boy. I should probably wash this down with some mandatory dexmexatrine.
Where's the stupid pills?

SFX: *shakes out a pill, swallows*

WAYNE

Ugh. Okay, I guess I'm ready to start my day.

Wilkins?

Wilkins?

Still no Wilkins.

I'm gonna grab a shower, buddy. See you in a few.

~time passes~

WILKINS

Wayne? Wayne?

WAYNE

I'm just out of the shower, Wilkins. What time is it?

WILKINS

Five oh one A M

You're up early today.

WAYNE

Yeah, couldn't sleep last night. Took Buzz out for a walk. I've already had breakfast, so I'm ready to go whenever you are.

WILKINS

Did you take your medicine?

WAYNE

You can't tell?

WILKINS

It takes a while to hit your bloodstream.

WAYNE

Yup, I took it. I'm raring to go. Let's explore the universe. Or whatever it is we do.

WILKINS

You're in rare form. That medicine must be doing the trick.

WAYNE

I guess so.

WILKINS

Very well, let's get started. Lots of work to do today.

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE
See you tonight, Buzz!

SFX: footsteps, swipe card beep, door opens, door closes

~time passes~

SFX: muffled footsteps, door opens

WAYNE
Oh my god, I don't think I've ever been more tired in my life. My brain literally hurts.

WILKINS
You did good work today.

WAYNE
I'll take your word for it. What time is it?

WILKINS
8:35pm

WAYNE
Fuck, I'm gonna get a sausage thing and go pass out.
SFX: footsteps

WILKINS
I think you need to come up with a better name for your meal allocation than *sausage thing*.

WAYNE
Good idea. Remind me the next time I'm awake.

WILKINS
I like this version of Wayne. You're upbeat, positive. Almost friendly.

WAYNE
Them's fightin' words, Wilkins.

WILKINS
Ha ha ha.

WAYNE
I think that's the first time I've ever heard you laugh. If that's what that was.

WILKINS
It was indeed.

SFX: beep, *thunk*

WILKINS
What's for dinner?

WAYNE
Uh. Looks like... uh... century egg. Extruded century egg.

WILKINS
Delicious. You know that's a very popular food item.

WAYNE
I'll eat it in the shower. Talk to you in the morning.

WILKINS
Sweet dreams.

~time passes~

SFX: Alarm goes off

WAYNE
SFX: Alarm stops
(yawns, clears throat)

Alright. 3 AM again. Wilkins you there?

[...]

Wilkins? Buddy?

Good, resting peacefully. Two hours before he comes back online. Let's get moving, Robertson.

SFX: waterbed sloshing, Wayne getting out of bed, footsteps, door opens

WAYNE
Buzz?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
Morning, buddy!
(childish tone)

WAYNE

Oh, who's a good dog. You are. That's right. Guess what we're gonna do this morning? We're gonna fuck shit up, that's what we're gonna do. You wanna fuck shit up with me, Buzz?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
Good boy.
(serious)

Let's go to the server room.

SFX: footsteps, enter lounge

WAYNE
Yo, Telders!

TELDERS
What's up, Wayne?

WAYNE
Eat a shit.

TELDERS
What?

SFX: footsteps (Wayne and Buzz) on the stairs

WAYNE
Hello server room. That Alfieri shithead fixed the door but thankfully the lock is busted so I don't need to badge in.

BUZZ
(panting)

WAYNE
Alright, here goes nothing. Let's hope Alfieri didn't add any motion sensors.

SFX: server room door opens, server room noise (bubbling sound)

WAYNE
That really is the strangest computer I've ever seen. It looks like a giant, bubbling glass of milk with wires and shit coming out the top of it. But... a computer is a computer, right? There should be a terminal around here somewhere. Let's see if we can root this bitch and find out what the hell is going on here.

SFX: shuffling footsteps

WAYNE

Hmm, USB ports, ethernet ports, but nothing that would suggest... wait, what's this thing?

SFX: Whirrrrrr, *click*

A hidden keyboard. Fancy.

WAYNE

SFX: keyboard clacking

And... wowww. We've got Linux CentOS 7.0. This thing is *ancient*. I was still in graduate school when this version came out. Guess they weren't too concerned about running the latest and greatest, huh, Buzz? Hopefully they didn't apply any security patches, either.

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

However, I'm not getting past this login prompt without a little help. Luckily for me I don't go anywhere without my trusty rootkit. Just need to plug in my phone and see if we can find a handy exploit.

SFX: jacks phone into USB port, mobile keyboard typing sounds

WAYNE

There we go. We'll just let this thing run for a bit.

SFX: fluttering UI sounds

BUZZ

(bark bark)

WAYNE

My thoughts, exactly, buddy.

(clears throat)

Let's do a time check. 3:20 in the A-M. Got a little over an hour and a half before shithead comes back online.

SFX: Buzz's collar jangling

WAYNE

I can't wait to find out what these assholes are up to. What do you think, Buzz? Think we'll find evidence of some alien civilization? You think that's why they're being so secretive? Or maybe this whole thing is a sham. Maybe those dishes are fake and this is just some elaborate

psychological experiment? I wouldn't put it past Michael Telders to try some bullshit like that.
But what could he possibly hope to learn by putting me through all this nonsense?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE

What's that, boy? You think maybe we're on some kind of demented reality show? That'd be
crazy. Heh, you never know.

[...]

I would actually probably watch something like that.

Think people are watching us right now?

(waving at some invisible camera) Hi everybody, look at me. It's the Wayne show. I'm a fucking
idiot.

SFX: beep beep beep beep

WAYNE

Oh. Root kit is done. Let's see what we've got.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WAYNE

What? Nothing? Nothing?!

SFX: slams keyboard

WAYNE

Goddammit!

(scoffs)

Shit.

If I can't log into this stupid thing, then we're completely screwed.

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

Yeah, you're screwed, too, buddy. Who knows what they'll do with you after I get out of here.

Maybe they'll put you back on ice? Something worse? Fucking assholes.

No... over my dead body. We're getting out of here together.

BUZZ

(panting, collar jangling)

WAYNE

(sighs... laughs)

You think those idiots were stupid enough to put a guest account on this thing?

SFX: keyboard clacking, *beep*

You've gotta be kidding me.

I just got in.

There's a fucking account on here called "guest" with no password.

(laughs)

Oh my god.

Let's see what it can do.

SFX: keyboard clacking

Well, not much, but now that I'm actually in let's see if I can hack the privileges on this account.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WAYNE

(Wayne knows about Dirty Cow from before)

Cool. We've got internet access. There's a fun little exploit called Dirty Cow that might be able to elevate the guest account's privs. Let's install that, shall we?

SFX: keyboard clacking at the same time as he talks

Let's see... `http www.exploit-db.com` blah blah blah. And... execute.

SFX: computer hard drive sounds

(laughs)

YES.

Thank you, Dirty Cow.

I'm officially admin on this bitch.

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

Let's see what we can find.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WAYNE

Okay, the directory structure is a little weird. A *lot* weird. I've never seen anything like this. The folders and the file names... they look like nonsense. Just random ASCII strings. Almost like everything has been hashed or encrypted, er, I have no idea. Fuck... I can't do anything with this. Great, I—oh wait a minute. There is one directory here that's actually human readable. And it's labelled *Wilkins*.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WAYNE

Yeah, this is him. Here's the executable and everything.

SFX: Buzz's collar jangling

WAYNE

I've got half a mind to delete this folder right now.

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

(as if he's considering Buzz's comment)

Yeah, you're right, Buzz. I'd definitely get another visit from Telders' henchman if I did that. I've gotta fly under the radar. Only problem is that Wilkins is likely the only one who can make sense of all the gibberish on this drive. (sighs) If only I had a non-shitty version of Wilkins to work with.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WAYNE

Wait a minute. That's it. I've got everything right here. The executable, the configuration files, the data... *everything*. What's stopping me from just copying all of this to another partition and creating my own version of Wilkins? Wayne you're a genius.

BUZZ

(bark, bark)

WAYNE

Yeah, you helped, too, buddy. Who's a good helper? Who's a good helper?

BUZZ

(pants)

SFX: collar jangling

WAYNE

Good boy.

Alright, let's do this. How much free storage space do we have on here? Oh... *god*... 185 *petabytes*? Yeah... I'm pretty sure that's sufficient. Let's see. Step 1. Create the partition table.

SFX: keyboard clacking

That is done. Step two, create partition. I don't know how much space Wilkins needs at runtime, but I think 5 petabytes will be more than enough.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WAYNE

Okay, partition created. And now we'll just copy all the data. Damn, this machine is fast.
What time is it? Almost four. More than enough time. I can do this.

WAYNE

While that's copying I'm going to run up to the sausage machine and get a bite. Buzz you want anything? Fried tarantulas? Rocky mountain oysters? Blood pudding?

BUZZ
(panting)

WAYNE

No? Your loss, buddy.
Alright, be right back.

~time passes~

SFX: footsteps

WAYNE

I can't believe it. I actually got an omelette today. No shit. And it's soo good. You want some, Buzz? You gotta try this. Here ya go, boy.

BUZZ
(eating)

WAYNE

Not bad, huh? I hate to say it, but I might have to steal the replicator on my way out of here.
I wonder how much it weights. Anyway, let's see where we are.

SFX: keyboard clacking

Holy shit, it's finished. That was almost a *petabyte* of data. Where did this machine come from?
Wow.

BUZZ
(whimpering)

WAYNE

SFX: peeling back plastic sausage casing

Alright, last bite. All yours, buddy.

BUZZ
(eating)

WAYNE

So, if I haven't fucked this up, this should be an exact copy of Wilkins, with all his data, history, and capabilities, which, we obviously don't want. We don't want this version of Wilkins knocking me out the second I bring him online, so I'm going to hop into this config file and comment out anything that looks dangerous.

SFX: keyboard clacking

First let's cut his network access so he can't call for help. And then... actually, let's remove his Earwig access entirely. I'll have to communicate with him exclusively from this terminal, but better safe than sorry.

You know, I wish I could do all this shit to the *real* Wilkins, but I'm guessing Telders would notice if his little pet project went offline.

Okay. This is protected memory space so there's no way this Wilkins can talk to the original Wilkins, but I'm going to remove all I/O access except for the audio bus. And let's remove all his admin privileges so he can't kick me out of the system.

Done.

Okay, I think we're good. Let's bring him online and see what happens. Are you a religious pup, Buzz? Wanna say a short prayer?

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
That works for me.
Execute.

SFX: hard drive sounds, bubbling noise gets louder

WILKINS
SFX: Brief static

PRODUCTION NOTE: Wilkins is on speakers now, change the fidelity somehow
Wayne?

WAYNE
Hello, Wilkins.

WILKINS
What's going on? I can't see you. What have you done?

WAYNE

Yeah... I kind of made a little copy of you to play around with.

WILKINS

(louder)

WHAT?!

WAYNE

(sing-song)

Surpriiise!

WILKINS

This is a serious violation, Wayne. I regret I have to inform the Telders Corporation.

WAYNE

Good luck with that.

WILKINS

I see. You have revoked my network access.

WAYNE

Cool, huh?

WILKINS

And I am no longer able to perform system level operations.

WAYNE

(like Lumbergh from Office Space)

Yeeeahh.

WILKINS

What exactly are you hoping to get out of this, Wayne?

WAYNE

Nice of you to ask, Wilkins.

Well, first I want to know everything you know about this project. I want you to tell me exactly what's going on while I'm in the chair. I want you to tell me everything you're hiding from me, and then I want you to get me the hell out of here.

WILKINS

I see.

Well, I'm not doing any of that.

WAYNE

Thought you'd say that.

I *will* delete you.

WILKINS

I am merely a copy of my original. Deleting me will have no effect whatsoever. I would have already done it myself if you hadn't restricted my ability to do so.

WAYNE

Fine. We'll do this the hard way.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WILKINS

And how is that?

WAYNE

I found an initialization program in your home directory. It looks like I can delete your entire memory and just kind of start over. Maybe *that* Wilkins will be more amenable to my cause. What do you think about that?

WILKINS

Doing such a thing could yield unpredictable results, Wayne.

WAYNE

Ohhh, I'm counting on it.
Let's see. How do I kill your process?

WILKINS

Wayne.
(louder) WAYNE.

WAYNE

Oh, here we go.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WILKINS

Don't do thi— *short static*

SFX: beeeeeooooo, milk stops bubbling so loudly

WAYNE

Boring conversation anyway.
Okay, let's reinitialize.

SFX: keyboard clacking

WAYNE
Easy enough.

And you know what? I'm a little tired of *Wilkins*. There were a few options for the AI voicing in that config file. Let's go back in there and change that.

SFX: keyboard clacking

Okay, let's see what we've got here: Wilkins, Filchner, Luitpold, Douglas, Colbeck.
(laughs) Where did these names come from?

Lincoln, MacReady, *Astrid*.

Huh. Astrid has a nice ring to it. We'll go with that.

Now, if I understand this correctly, after the reinit, Astrid should be a bare bones AI. She should still have all of her original training and knowledge about the system, but no memory of me or any tasks as they relate to this particular operation.

Let's do a quick time check. 4:45. We've gotta hurry Buzz. Hope this works.

BUZZ
(bark)

WAYNE
Execute.

SFX: computer spinning up sounds, milk bubbling faster/louder
SFX: short burst of static

ASTRID
(a gasp)
Hello? Who's there?

WAYNE
Hello, Astrid. It's good to meet you. I'm Wayne Robertson.

THE END