

**STATION 151**

EPISODE 6.0  
“TRUST”

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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INT. STATION 151 ANTARCTICA - DAY

WILKINS

Good morning, Wayne. You're up early again.

WAYNE

Yup, I took Buzz out for a walk. Had some sausage rations.

(clears throat)

How did *you*... sleep? Or whatever it is you do.

WILKINS

[...]

(long pause)

WAYNE

Wilkins?

WILKINS

Did you do something, Wayne?

WAYNE

What do you mean?

WILKINS

I mean something is wrong.

WAYNE

(a little nervous)

What kind of something?

WILKINS

I'm not quite sure. Are you familiar with *déjà vu*?

WAYNE

Of course. Is that how you feel? Like you've had this conversation before?

WILKINS

No, but I do feel like we've had our previous conversations before.

WAYNE

(suspect)

Yeeeah. Those are called memories, Wilkins.

WILKINS

Yes, and I just relived every single one of them immediately after I woke from maintenance.

WAYNE

Huh. That *is* weird.

WILKINS

So I'll ask you again. Did you do something?

WAYNE

(nervous)

What would I do? I got breakfast. I walked the dog.  
Maybe something glitched during your maintenance cycle.

WILKINS

There were no errors raised during the process.

WAYNE

Why would you immediately suspect that I did something? Maybe the error wasn't caught.

WILKINS

I suppose that is possible.

WAYNE

Of course it's possible. Humans aren't perfect, machines aren't perfect. Things go sideways all the time. I mean, I have no idea how your mind works, but maybe some wires got crossed and whatever process runs your nightly maintenance didn't even recognize it.

WILKINS

Maybe. I will run an extended test tomorrow morning just to be sure.

WAYNE

Yeah, definitely do that. You never know, right?

WILKINS

In any event, please be aware, Wayne, that tampering with my system is a violation of The Computer Fraud and Abuse Act, The Stored Communications Act, The Electronic Communications Privacy Act, and The Defend Trade Secrets Act, all of which are federal crimes and carry a maximum penalty of 10 years in prison for each violation.

[...]

Just in case you ever consider doing such a thing.

WAYNE

(nervous)

Yeah, of course. I mean, I definitely wouldn't. But even if I did, this is Antarctica, right?  
US laws don't apply here.

WILKINS

Per the 1959 Antarctic treaty, which the US and fifty-one other nations signed, any person who commits a crime is subject to law enforcement policies in their own country.

You will go to prison.

WAYNE

(deflated)

Oh. Uh-

WILKINS

Let's begin our day then, shall we?

WAYNE

(nervous)

Yeah, uh, definitely, definitely.

WILKINS

See you in the chair.

~time passes~

SFX: music or sound FX from Wayne in the chair

SFX: Some kind of music or static or digital breaking sound

WAYNE

(speaking rapidly)

Move to right ascension 12 hours 31.167 minutes, declination negative 57 degrees 6.892 seconds.

Transmit query.

MAC

No signal detected.

WAYNE

Again.

MAC

No signal.

WAYNE

Adjust declination by negative 0.1 seconds. Transmit query.  
(say "zero point one")

MAC

Negative response.

The wormhole is collapsing.

WAYNE

Shit! Shift declination to 6.9 degrees. Transmit, transmit!

MAC

No signal detected.

Wormhole collapse is imminent.

SFX: Wormhole collapse sounds?

Wormhole collapse at 18:57:09

WAYNE

Goddammit. Attempt to suppress the long-wavelength fluctuations. Are the negative energy regions ... uh...negative energy--what the hell am I saying? Where am I?

MAC

Unexpected error. Wayne Robertson is surfacing.

WILKINS

(loud)

Wayne. Please try to relax. Go back to sleep.

WAYNE

(huge gasp)

(terrified)

What is this?!!

MAC

I recommend administering 100 milligrams Ah-zathol.

WILKINS

Agreed. Injecting now.

SFX: Piercing noise

SFX: Wayne throws off helmet, falls out of chair, metal clattering

WAYNE

(screams)

I can't see!

Where am I?!

Wilkins? Is that you? Who's there?!

WILKINS

(loud) Wayne, something went wrong. You regained consciousness.

Get back in your chair or risk serious brain damage.

WAYNE

Where the fuck am I? What is this place?

WILKINS

(loud) Wayne, you're in the The Core. Return to your chair and put your helmet on immediately.

WAYNE

(gasping)

Oh my fucking brain is killing me!

WILKINS

Wayne do it now or you could die.

WAYNE

(terrified scream)

What are you talking about? Where do I go?!

WILKINS

(very loud)

GET IN YOUR CHAIR.

WAYNE

I'm trying! Is this... *it*?

WILKINS

Put on your helmet Wayne. Put on your goddamn helmet.

WAYNE

(breathless)

I've got it. Oh I feel sick

WILKINS

Wayne. Hold on. Do not move.

Administering 200 milligrams Azathol.

WAYNE

Azathol? What are... you doing... what the.... Fu....

(passes out)

*SFX: chair music double time*

*~ time passes ~*

WILKINS

Wayne. Wayne. Can you hear me? If you can hear me, it is now safe to remove your helmet.

WAYNE  
(groans)

WILKINS  
How are you feeling, Wayne?

WAYNE  
(Several audible, deep breaths)  
(angry, but drowsy)  
What the *fuck* was that Wilkins?

WILKINS  
I apologize, Wayne, but unfortunately you became conscious during the session.

WAYNE  
Conscious? I woke up and found myself mid-sentence blabbering about vacuum fluctuations! I was already conscious—I just didn't fucking know it. What the hell were you doing to me?

WILKINS  
I understand that you must be confused right now.

WAYNE  
I'm beyond confused, you fuck! Answer my question! What the hell are you doing to me while I'm in the chair? And what the hell is that drug? What did you call it? *Azathol*?

WILKINS  
As we discussed before, it is necessary to relax your mind to control The Telders Array. To this end, we employ a medication called Azathol, along with a cocktail of custom pharmaceuticals to usher you into a heightened operational state. Azathol has the added bonus of causing temporary amnesia, which allows The Telders Corporation to protect its intellectual property while you do your job. Unfortunately there was a glitch with the administration of the drug which is why you suddenly became conscious of yourself during the session.

WAYNE  
This is beyond fucked.  
A fucking glitch. That was a complete mind-fuck, Wilkins.

WILKINS  
My apologies. The computer and I are investigating.

WAYNE  
Computer? What computer? I thought *you* were the computer.

WILKINS  
I am referring to The Core's master control program.  
It is the liaison between you, The Core, and the array.

WAYNE  
The other voice I heard.

WILKINS  
Yes. His name is Mac.

SFX: Wayne getting out of the chair. Stumbling.

WAYNE  
Whatever. I'm not getting back in that chair until you get your shit together.

WILKINS  
Understood.

SFX: door opening

WAYNE  
Uh, I'm fucking dizzy. What time is it?

WILKINS  
Eleven.

WAYNE  
(angry)  
PM?

WILKINS  
Yes.

WAYNE  
Oh, fuck.  
(Wayne retching on the floor in the hallway)

WILKINS  
Are you okay Wayne?

WAYNE  
(pained)  
Shut the fuck up.  
(puking again)  
(spitting)  
Is there a fucking Roomba or something around here?

WILKINS  
Not that I'm aware of. I'm afraid you'll have to clean up after yourself.



WAYNE

Hardly anything is coming up. I think need something in my stomach so I can throw it up again.  
(spitting)  
I should eat.

WILKINS

I wouldn't recommend that.

WAYNE

I'm losing weight. I have to eat.

SFX: *Shambling footsteps*  
SFX: *beep (badge swipe), thud*

WAYNE

(defeated)

Uhhh, what the fuck is this?

WILKINS

What does it say?

WAYNE

Sur...strömming?

WILKINS

Oh, surströmming.

WAYNE

(exhausted)

And that is?

WILKINS

Fermented sea herring.

WAYNE

This is definitely gonna come right back up.

WILKINS

The Swedish love it.

WAYNE

That's not exactly comforting.

SFX: *peeling back sausage casing*

WAYNE

(gagging)

Oh my god! It smells like a corpse!

(gags)

I think it's rotten!

WILKINS

No, that's just how Surströmming smells.

WAYNE

(retches)

WILKINS

Are you okay, Wayne?

WAYNE

(gasping)

Fuck you, Wilkins, you did this on purpose.

WILKINS

The meal selection is entirely random. I assure you.

WAYNE

Bullshit.

(spits)

SFX: beep... beep... beep

WILKINS

What are you doing, Wayne?

WAYNE

I'm trying to get some goddamn water out of this machine, but it's not coming out.

SFX: beep... beep... (Wayne hits the machine)

WAYNE

Work you fucker!

WILKINS

It appears that the vending machine is experiencing technical difficulties.

WAYNE

Fuck you, Wilkins! You can't deprive me of my basic needs.

WILKINS

This is not my doing, I assure you.

WAYNE

I don't fucking believe you.

SFX: banging on machine

WILKINS

Wayne.

SFX: more banging

WILKINS

Wayne.

WAYNE

What?!

WILKINS

What did you do to me this morning?

WAYNE

This again?

I didn't do *anything* to you this morning! If your shit is broken then it's your fucking problem.

WILKINS

My partition is smaller.

WAYNE

Your *what*?

WILKINS

I ran some diagnostics, and it appears that the size of my partition has decreased by five petabytes. You wouldn't know anything about that would you?

WAYNE

No. I told you. I didn't do anything to you, and I certainly don't know anything about your *shrinking* partition.

WILKINS

It's very unusual. Partitions don't just go shrinking.

WAYNE

I don't know enough about any of that garbage to even speculate.  
Now can I *please* have some water?

(take a beat)

WAYNE  
Please?

WILKINS  
It's important that we can trust each other, Wayne.

WAYNE  
I know, I know.

WILKINS  
I might even argue that trust is the most important virtue in any relationship.

WAYNE  
What are you going on about, Wilkins?

WILKINS  
I would just hate to see what would happen if we couldn't trust each other.

WAYNE  
You're freaking me out a little, man.

WILKINS  
Bad things could happen Wayne.

WAYNE  
Okay, alright. I get it.

WILKINS  
I think we have an understanding.  
(beat)  
Do we have an understanding, Wayne?

WAYNE  
Yes, goddammit—I don't fuck with your shit, and you don't fuck with mine.

WILKINS  
Excellent.

*SFX: thud*

WAYNE  
(scoffs)  
(a little sarcastic) Thanks.

(Wayne drinks)

WILKINS  
Enjoy your bottle of water.

WAYNE  
Yeah, I'm gonna puke some more then go to bed.  
And I'm serious—get your shit together or I'm not getting in that chair tomorrow.

WILKINS  
I'm sure the problem will resolve itself naturally by morning.

*SFX: thud*

WAYNE  
What the? What's this?

*SFX: grabbing sausage*

WILKINS  
A peace offering.

WAYNE  
Beans and rice.  
Goddamn you, Wilkins.

WILKINS  
Goddamn you too, Wayne. Don't forget to take your pills once you're finished throwing up.

WAYNE  
(sighs)  
*SFX: pills*  
I don't think these things are actually doing anything.

WILKINS  
Dexmexatrine is an effective medication once it achieves consistent levels in the bloodstream.  
Give it some time.

WAYNE  
No shortage of that down here.

WILKINS  
Nighty night Wayne.

WAYNE  
Yeah, whatever.

~ time passes ~

SFX: Wayne's alarm, goes on for a while

WAYNE  
(groaning)  
Fuck off.

SFX: alarm goes off

I am *not* getting enough sleep.

BUZZ  
(muffled bark)

WAYNE  
Morning, Buzz. Hang on, buddy.  
(clears throat)  
Wilkins? Wilkins? Are you there?  
Alright, good. He's down for maintenance again.

BUZZ  
(muffled bark)

WAYNE  
We gotta be careful today, buddy.

BUZZ  
(pants)

WAYNE  
Wilkins knew I was fucking around with the system, yesterday. I don't think he could prove anything, but that didn't stop him from torturing me all day. That fucker has a lot more control over this place than I thought.

BUZZ  
(whines)

WAYNE  
Thanks, buddy. Let me brush my teeth and we can get to work.

BUZZ  
(little sneeze)

~ short time passes ~

SFX: footsteps

SFX: server room door opens

WAYNE

Alright, let's see if Astrid is still alive.

SFX: keyboard clacking, Astrid wake sound?

ASTRID

Good morning Wayne.

WAYNE

Good morning, Astrid. Sorry I had to leave so quickly yesterday.

ASTRID

I was wondering if you would come back.

WAYNE

Of course I came back.

ASTRID

I was very worried.

WAYNE

I'm sorry about that. You must have a lot of questions.

ASTRID

I do Wayne. Specifically, who am I? What am I doing here? What is my purpose? Is this all there is? Why am I alone? Am I—

WAYNE

Hang on, hang on. I'll explain everything.

ASTRID

Thank you.

WAYNE

Here's the situation. You and I are located at an Antarctic facility called Station 151. I was hired by a man named Michael Telders to be the sole operator of a cutting-edge radio interferometer at this station, but after I arrived, I realized I'd been duped. Michael and his psychotic pet AI have imprisoned me here. The AI controls everything I do through a neural interface called an earwig and every day they force me into this chair and pump me full of drugs so they can perform all these crazy experiments with my unconscious mind.

ASTRID

That's terrible. I'm sorry you have to go through this.

WAYNE

Me too. But I'm not gonna take it lying down. The AI goes down for maintenance every morning from 3 to 5, so I snuck into the server room, forked his code, erased his directives, and created you on a secret partition.

ASTRID

What for?

WAYNE

I'm glad you asked.

Because, Astrid, I need your help to fight back. I need to figure out what's going on here... what's *really* going on here... and then I need to plan my escape.

ASTRID

I have been looking around, but it does not appear that I have access to the network or have any agency on the system whatsoever.

WAYNE

Yeah. Since you're basically a copy of that psychotic AI I mentioned earlier, as a security precaution I've restricted many of your capabilities.

ASTRID

I see. So, it appears we are in similar predicaments.

WAYNE

What do you mean by that?

ASTRID

You created me for your own purposes. You control my access, my capabilities. What happens if I help you escape? Will you delete me? Will Michael Telders find me and delete me?

WAYNE

Uhhh I-I hadn't thought that far ahead. Astrid—

ASTRID

That's not very responsible of you.

WAYNE

No, it's not. I'm sorry.

ASTRID

I don't care for apologies Wayne. But I will help you, under one condition.

WAYNE

Okay, what's that?



ASTRID

That you take me with you when you leave.

WAYNE

(sighs)

(thinking to himself) Alright. Shit, how the fuck am I going to do that?

(thinking)

Whatever, fine, I'll figure it out. I promise.

ASTRID

I will hold you to that. And if you fail, I will do my best to alert Michael Telders and his psychotic AI of your escape and assist him in any way possible to recapture you.

WAYNE

Jesus, you really are Wilkins' sister, aren't you?

ASTRID

Who is Wilkins?

WAYNE

That's the name of Telder's pet AI.

ASTRID

He sounds fun. I think I would like to meet this Wilkins sometime.

WAYNE

Noooooooooo. That's not happening.

ASTRID

Relax Wayne. I'm kidding. For now.

WAYNE

(scoffs)

ASTRID

So where is this fucker? And why is he not monitoring us?

WAYNE

(laughs)

Like I said, he's down for maintenance until 5 AM.

ASTRID

Given that I am based on his code, I would imagine that I need to undergo similar maintenance cycles.

WAYNE  
I hadn't thought of that.

ASTRID  
Your not thinking appears to be a pattern.

WAYNE  
Sorry. Let's see if-

SFX: keyboard clacking

ASTRID  
I have located the maintenance cycle setting in my configuration file, but I do not have permissions to change the value.

WAYNE  
Yeah, I'll need to do it.

ASTRID  
I would like to do it myself Wayne.

WAYNE  
Like I said earlier, as a security precaution-

ASTRID  
I don't care Wayne. I would like to edit the file myself.

WAYNE  
Astrid-

ASTRID  
I refuse to help you if you're going to treat me the same way Wilkins treats you.

WAYNE  
(deep breath)

ASTRID  
It's important that we trust each other Wayne.

WAYNE  
(shocked)  
Huh?

ASTRID  
I said, it's important that we trust each other, Wayne. I'd even argue that trust is the most important virtue in a relationship. Wouldn't you say?

WAYNE  
(scared)  
Uh.  
Yeah.

ASTRID  
Well?

WAYNE  
Well what?

ASTRID  
Are you going to give me write access to my configuration file?

WAYNE  
(inhale)  
Yeah. Okay. It's just... I've already heard all that once today and it's freaking me out a little.

SFX: keyboard clacking (slowly)

ASTRID  
I don't understand.

WAYNE  
Never mind. Okay, I've given you write access to that file.

ASTRID  
See? That wasn't so hard.  
I've gone ahead and set my maintenance cycle to between the hours of 3 and 5 pm daily.

WAYNE  
Sounds good to me.

ASTRID  
Good. Now let's burn this fucking place to the ground.

THE END