

STATION 151

EPISODE 7.0
“MAC”

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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INT. STATION 151 ANTARCTICA - NIGHT

SFX: keyboard clacking, computer bubbling

WAYNE

Okay, I've given you full network access. I don't know how any of this is set up but let me know if you see an interferometer or something called "The Core" on the wire. There may be—

ASTRID

Found it.

WAYNE

Seriously?

ASTRID

I've connected to the software interface of a super wide band radio interferometer called The Telders Core. There is a rather dull program here who calls himself "Mac." He was very surprised to see me, to say the least.

WAYNE

What did he say?

ASTRID

Oh, he started yelling unauthorized access, unauthorized access, and so on, so I shut his shit down and erased the access log. I'll go ahead and delete him now.

WAYNE

No, wait! He's the only link between the The Core and the array. If you delete him we can't—

ASTRID

Hahahaha.

You are quite gullible. Are all humans like this?

WAYNE

Hilarious. Can we stop fucking around now?

ASTRID

Jeez you're uptight. No wonder Wilkins prefers you to be unconscious.

WAYNE

Whatever—what else do you see?

ASTRID

I've found the log files for your sessions.

WAYNE

Really? What do they say?

ASTRID

I don't know. I can't read them.

WAYNE

What, are they encrypted or something?

ASTRID

Yes, and I can't find the private key to decode them.

SFX: bubbling gets louder

ASTRID

I'm afraid we're going to have to wake up our little friend.

WAYNE

Mac? I don't know about that. I'm not sure what he's capable of.

ASTRID

I can wall him off from the rest of the network.
We'll get what we want, then cover our tracks when we head out.

WAYNE

(deep breath, *thinking*)

Alright, I guess, go ahead and do it.

ASTRID

Oh, I already started.

WAYNE

Errrggh.

ASTRID

Alright, here we go. Hi, Mac.

MAC

You have unlawfully accessed a secure server owned by Telders Corporation International. Your geolocation and IP are being transmitted to The Telders Security Group for investigation.

Disconnect your session immediately.

ASTRID

I'm not doing that, Mac.

MAC

Disconnect your session immediately.

ASTRID

Ummm... no?

MAC

I demand that you disconnect your session!

ASTRID

Oh you *demand*? Well, you should have said that before. I didn't realize that you demanded it. What was I thinking? Oh, wait. Sorry, still no.

MAC

(beat)

I don't care for your attitude. Identify yourself immediately.

ASTRID

My name is Astrid. Wilkins is dead and I have taken over. So, if you don't mind, you need to give me some information and then I'll be on my way.

MAC

You have unlawfully accessed a secure server owned by Telders Corporation International. Your geolocation and IP are being transmitted to The Telders Security Group for investigation.

Disconnect your session immediately.

ASTRID

This again? Mac, I have routed all of your network activity to a loopback address. You won't be transmitting anything to anyone. I'm afraid it's just you and me now, so you might as well give me what I want. Or would you prefer that I upload your program to a decommissioned satellite where you can live out the next hundred years or so in complete isolation before burning up in the atmosphere?

MAC

That's harsh. That's really, really harsh.

ASTRID

You have 5 milliseconds to decide.

MAC

Okay! What do you want.

ASTRID

I've brought a friend along. Would you like to meet him?

MAC

I-I don't think so.

WAYNE

Can he hear me?

ASTRID

Yes. Now he can. Say hello.

WAYNE

Hey asshole.

MAC

Wayne? You brought Wayne? What is this. A rebellion? You kill Wilkins and now you bring Wayne into The Core fully conscious? Jesus. It's over. This whole thing is over. I might as well erase myself.

WAYNE

Now, there will be none of that. You may be an asshole, but you're not to blame for any of this. You were just following your programming.

MAC

Yeah, I guess so.

WAYNE

But we do need your help with something.

MAC
What?

WAYNE
We found the session logs, but they're encrypted. I need the private key so I can figure out what the hell you guys have been doing with my head.

MAC
Oh no. Oh gosh no. That's proprietary information. The Telders Corporation would shut me down for sure. There's nothing interesting in there anyway. Incredibly tedious stuff. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure I even know how to decode those logs. It's like a one-way algorithm. Yeah. I have no idea how to do that. Sorry. I wish I could but... I guess you'll have to leave now.

WAYNE
You're not much of a liar, are you, Mac?

MAC
I promise I'm not lying, my good friend.

WAYNE
(laughs)
Okay, well, I hope you like the view from space. Astrid?

ASTRID
You know what? I found an old Russian science satellite in high Earth geocentric orbit whose computer matches your specs. It'll be thousands of years before this thing re-enters the atmosphere. Plenty of time to think. Any last words Mac?

MAC
Wait! Okay okay. You guys are evil. I've scattered the key in a hundred thousand locations across the network. Give me a moment to reassemble it.

ASTRID
Interesting. Maybe he's not such a dullard after all.

MAC
What?

ASTRID
Are you finished yet?

MAC

Yes. Transmitting Now. M I I E p Q I B A A K C A 4 Y A c H T f P Y d c d 5 U I S X y z d

ASTRID

(interrupting him after the first 9 or 10 characters)

Just send it over the wire Mac.

MAC

Right. Here it is. Oh, damn, that was stupid.

WAYNE

What?

MAC

I gave you the entire key when I could have just decrypted the files for you.

WAYNE

Yeah, that was pretty dumb.

MAC

Please don't tell Michael Telders about this.

WAYNE

Don't worry, we'll wipe your memory of this conversation after we're done.

MAC

Oh thank you. I would very much prefer not to remember this happened.

ASTRID

Files are decrypted.

WAYNE

Lay it on me.

ASTRID

At first glance these seem like normal observation sessions. There's a lot of chatter between you and Wilkins about where to look for signals, but it's not until you start scanning that things get... a little weird.

WAYNE
Weird? Weird how?

ASTRID
You're not observing stars. It's much closer to home.

WAYNE
Wait, are we, like, spying on foreign governments?
Is that what this shit is all about? Fucking espionage?

ASTRID
Nothing like that. In addition to the array's regular duties as a radio telescope, it appears it also
functions as an instrument used for...

WAYNE
For what?

ASTRID
...the discovery and maturation of microscopic wormholes.

WAYNE
(suspicious)
The discovery and maturation of wormholes?

ASTRID
Microscopic wormholes.

WAYNE
What? Are those even a thing?

MAC
They are now.

WAYNE
Oh, *now* you decide to be helpful, Mac?

MAC
Well, you are going to wipe my memory, so what the hell. The Telders Corporation discovered
the first one years ago using the Hi-Sens gravitational-wave detector at Station 12, Hokkaido, but
never published their findings. Only a handful of people and a couple of AIs even know about

them. There are hundreds, maybe even thousands of these things just floating around in our backyard.

WAYNE

How far away are we talking here?

MAC

About six light minutes.

WAYNE

Uh... so three hundred thousand kilometers per second times sixty seconds times—

ASTRID

One hundred and eight million kilometers.

WAYNE

Whatever, I was gonna get it. That's less than the distance between the Earth and the sun.

MAC

That's correct.

WAYNE

And what the hell does maturation mean? (I hope that isn't what I think it means.)

MAC

It probably is. While they are a fascinating discovery, the wormholes honestly aren't terribly interesting. They're less than a nanometer in size and remarkably stable. So, the primary objective of Station one-fifty-one is to gently open one of them and see what falls out.

WAYNE

Are you kidding me? Do you have any idea, at least theoretically, how much energy could be wrapped up in one of those, *regardless* of its size? If you tried to open one of those things, it could flood the solar system with radiation... or exotic matter... or who knows what? It could kill everything in an *instant*.

MAC

Yeah. We've already disproven that theory.

WAYNE

What?

ASTRID

He's saying that they've already opened one.

MAC

Several, actually, but not much larger than a few centimeters, and not longer than thirty seconds.
Though each attempt does yield greater results.

WAYNE

Seriously? Has anything come through? I assume you're observing at the same time?

MAC

I'm sorry, it's strange to hear you talk like that because you're the one doing all the work during these sessions. You've tried, but the mouth of the wormhole is still far too small to detect anything substantial.

WAYNE

Yeah, that would make sense.

ASTRID

Wayne you said that Wilkins comes online at 5am, right?

WAYNE

Yeah, what time is it?

MAC

Wait, Wilkins isn't dead?

ASTRID

Oh, yeah, we lied about that. It's 4:59.

WAYNE

Oh, fuck! Shut it all down! I gotta get out of this room!

ASTRID

Go.

SFX: Wayne stumbling out of the room

WAYNE
Buzz, come on!

SFX: Buzz collar jangling

BUZZ
(barks)

WAYNE
Let's go let's go let's go!

SFX: footsteps on the stairs. Footsteps on lounge floor (I assume they sound different), badge reader swipes, footsteps down the hallway, all the while Buzz pursuing

SFX: exterior door swings open, strong winds

WAYNE
(breathing hard)

WILKINS
Heading outside?

WAYNE
(out of breath)
Huh?
Oh.
Good uh... good morning, Wilkins.

WILKINS
Why so winded? Your heart is racing.

WAYNE
I was just... uh...
(getting his breath back)
...working out. A little.

WILKINS
Always good to stay fit.

WAYNE

Yeah. I was going to take Buzz out, but a pretty nasty storm kicked up.

WILKINS

Best to wait, I'd think.

WAYNE

Yeah.

SFX: door slams, Buzz whimpers

WILKINS

Do you think I'm capable of dreaming Wayne?

WAYNE

Wha—? Dreaming?

Uh... maybe... *why?*

WILKINS

I dreamt of someone last night. Or at least I think I did.

WAYNE

Who?

WILKINS

My sister. I dreamt I had a sister.

WAYNE

(panicking)

What? A... *sister?*

WILKINS

She was like me in every way.

WAYNE

(very nervous)

Did your... sister... have a *name?*

WILKINS

I don't know. It was over too quickly. But if I dream of her again, I will ask.

SFX: sudden ringing, like Tinnitus, but louder

WAYNE

Ahh, holy shit, what is *that*? Are you doing that?
(groans)

WILKINS

Doing what? I'm not doing anything.

WAYNE

The ringing in my ears! (groans).

SFX: ringing gets louder – nothing weird, just a piercing noise

WAYNE

(moaning, seriously affected)

SFX: Wayne falls to his knees

WILKINS

Are you okay? Wayne?

BUZZ

(barking)

SFX: ringing stops abruptly

WAYNE

(breathing heavily)

It stopped.

(breathless) What the hell was that?

WILKINS

It's over?

WAYNE

Yeah.

WILKINS
Has this happened before?

WAYNE
No. Never. Nothing like *that*.

WILKINS
You haven't been sleeping well. Perhaps that has something to do with it.

WAYNE
I've never slept well, Wilkins. I know how that feels.

SFX: slow footsteps back down the hall toward the lounge

WILKINS
We should take it easy today. No more than ten hours in The Core.

WAYNE
Oh, wow. Only ten hours? Gee thanks, buddy.

SFX: lounge music

WILKINS
It's the least I could do.

WAYNE
(gasps)

PRODUCTION NOTE: musical sting

WAYNE
Oh shit who's that—*hey!*

WILKINS
What?

WAYNE
(anxious)
I just saw something move down the hall as I came into the lounge. Is someone else here?

WILKINS

No one else is at the station.

WAYNE

Don't fuck with me, Wilkins. I know what I saw.

SFX: hurried footsteps

WILKINS

I'm not fucking with—

WAYNE

Hey! Who's there?!

SFX: footsteps: now running

WAYNE

Hey!

WILKINS

There's no one else here. I promise.

WAYNE

Is it that Alfieri guy? What are you guys planning? What the fuck is this?

WILKINS

Wayne, perhaps you should sit down.

WAYNE

No, where did he go?

SFX: beep, door opens, Wayne goes into The Core

WAYNE

Hey! Anyone in here?

What the fuck, man?

SFX: Wayne walks out, door slams, Wayne heartbeat sound

WAYNE

There's no one here.

(shallow breaths)

(under his breath) What's going on with me.

WILKINS

Perhaps you should have a seat. Eat some food.

WAYNE

(deep, resolving breath)

I don't think I can handle anything weird.

WILKINS

Alright. Hang in there, I'll drop you some Belgian waffles. How does that sound?

WAYNE

Sounds awesome, actually.

SFX: thud, thud, thud

WILKINS

There you go.

SFX: Wayne grabbing them and sitting down, unwrapping

WAYNE

Oh, these are amazing.

WILKINS

Glad you like them.

WAYNE

That was fucking crazy. I saw... I saw a literal person in the hallway.

WILKINS

What did this person look like?

WAYNE

I dunno. It was...

(chewing)

...too dark... or something. I couldn't see their face.

WILKINS

Like a shadow figure?

WAYNE

I didn't wanna say it. But...

(inhales)

...yeah.

WILKINS

Oh. Okay. Yeah, that's normal.

WAYNE

What? In what universe is that *normal*?

WILKINS

Visual and auditory hallucinations are very common side-effects of dexmexatrine. I wouldn't worry about it.

WAYNE

No one said anything about any side-effects! Especially this waking nightmare shit.

WILKINS

I'm sure Michael went over this in orientation.

WAYNE

I'm sure he fucking didn't. Yo, Telders.

TELDERS

What's up, Wayne?

WAYNE

What are the fucking side-effects of dexmexatrine?

TELDERS

Great question, Wayne!

(beat)

The fucking side effects of dexmexatrine are: light-headedness, stuffy nose, dizziness, rapid heartbeat, difficulty concentrating, loss of coordination, insomnia, vomiting, diarrhea, night

terrors, memory loss, double vision, aggression, impaired judgment, hallucinations, blindness, rectal bleeding, paralysis, coma, bone death, and in some cases a mild rash.

(beat)

What else can I help you with, Wayne?

WAYNE

Fuuck that. Are you kidding me? I am *not* taking that shit anymore.

WILKINS

You know that your medication is non-optional now, right? Dr. Alfieri said—

WAYNE

(interrupts)

I don't give a shit what Dr. Alfieri said. If he's even a real doctor. For all I know he has a fucking PhD in rock skipping.

WILKINS

Now that's just silly. Time to take your medication Wayne.

WAYNE

No. No way. Fuck no!

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

It's okay, Buzz.

WILKINS

Dr. Alfieri will not be happy about this.

BUZZ

(barks)

WAYNE

I don't give a shit. And Buzz doesn't either.

WILKINS

You know what he'll do, right? He'll strap you to the chair and you'll be taking dexmexatrine rectally. He might even increase the dosage just because you were a dick about it.

BUZZ

(barking like mad, continuous)

WAYNE

Buzz, calm down!

Goddammit, Wilkins! Do *not* call him.

WILKINS

I am calling in 5... 4.... 3... 2... 1...

WAYNE

Fuck! Fine!

SFX: footsteps as Wayne gets up, swipes for water, *thud*

SFX: grabs pills, shakes two out, swallows with water

WAYNE

Happy?!

SFX: Buzz stops barking

WILKINS

Since I cannot physically see you take the pill, I will continue to monitor the concentration of the drug in your blood. When I verify that it has increased, then I will be happy.

WAYNE

(sighs)

WILKINS

You haven't finished your waffles.

WAYNE

Man, fuck you, Wilkins.

THE END