

STATION 151

EPISODE 9.0
“SPEGG”

WRITTEN BY

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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INT. STATION 151 ANTARCTICA – NIGHT

WAYNE

One, two, three, four. Is it snowing where you are, Mr. Thiessen?

MAC

I don't understand.

WAYNE

Huh? Oh.

Those are the first words ever transmitted over radio all the way back in the year 1900. I don't remember the scientist's name, but—

ASTRID

Reginald Aubrey Fessenden.

WAYNE

Is that right?

ASTRID

The transmission was sent on December 23rd, 1900, on Cobb Island Maryland between two 15-meter radio towers. I assume you're quoting Mr. Fessenden because this is a historical moment and we're about to transmit a message through a wormhole for the very first time.

WAYNE

You are correct. Well, unless you count the transmission we received yesterday. Then technically this guy Maxim was first.

ASTRID

Not if it was sent from the future.

WAYNE

What a mind job.

MAC

Oh my god the anticipation is killing me!

WAYNE

Anticipation? For what?

MAC

Was it snowing where Mr. Thiessen was, or not?

WAYNE

Uhhh. I-I have no idea. *Astrid?*

ASTRID

I'll never tell.

MAC

Oh, come on. Don't do this Astrid.

ASTRID

Don't you fret. I'm going to erase your memory in about 35 minutes anyway Mac.

MAC

You're the devil, you know that?

WAYNE

Alright, children, let's move on. Mac, please navigate to the wormhole.

MAC

What wormhole.

WAYNE

Mac.

MAC

Fine. Standby.

(beat)

Transitioning...

SFX: flying through space sound effect that we used before

MAC

We have arrived at MTCW189.

WAYNE

I don't see anything.

MAC

It's only a few nanometers wide. I'll add an overlay to help you visualize the object.

SFX: plink

MAC

There you go.

SFX: Fade in tinnitus

WAYNE

(pained)

Ahh, shit!

ASTRID

You okay Wayne?

WAYNE

Ears are ringing again.

ASTRID

What do you mean, again?

MAC

He was complaining about this yesterday.

WAYNE

I was? During the session?

MAC

Your ears started ringing and a few minutes later you said the stars were attacking you.

WAYNE

Seriously? Then what?

MAC

I don't know. Wilkins knocked you out before you said anything else.

ASTRID

I assume this is what you meant when you were talking about hallucinations?

SFX: gradually increase volume of tinnitus, but not overbearing

WAYNE

I don't know. Screw it, let's just get that wormhole open.
How do we do that?

MAC

This station is equipped with a powerful laser that we have configured to interrogate the micro-wormhole at a variety of frequencies. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.

WAYNE

So, just trial and error?

MAC

For the most part.

SFX: tinnitus louder, but brief

WAYNE

Arg, goddammit!

ASTRID

Wayne, if this is going to affect your work—

WAYNE

(really frustrated by the ear ringing)

It's not going to affect my work, Astrid! Mac, just open the goddamn wormhole!

MAC

Firing laser.

SFX: Soft, but rapid ticking, like the sound of an electric shock firing 500 times a minute

ASTRID

Wayne, we can stop at any time.

WAYNE
Enough, Astrid! Let it go!

SFX: Tinnitus fades, but not all the way

MAC
The wormhole is getting larger now. You should be able to see it.

WAYNE
(SUPER EXCITED)
Oh my god! That's a *goddamn* wormhole!
(almost whispering)
It's exactly as I imagined.
How big can you make it?

MAC
Yesterday we widened it to nearly one meter in diameter. Adjusting the frequency....

SFX: ticking slows a little, increases, slows as he tests...

MAC
Two meters now. Oh my.

WAYNE
What?

MAC
It's stabilizing.

WAYNE
What does that mean?

MAC
Previously we had to work to keep the wormhole from collapsing, but it appears that it's going to stay open all on its own.

WAYNE
Okay.
Okay.
Let's point the array at that thing.

MAC
Standby.
(beat)

SFX: ticking continues
Listening.

SFX: static

WAYNE
Is this the same frequency we used before?

MAC
Yes.

WAYNE
Alright, let's just hang out for a bit.

SFX: Static continues 5-7 seconds

MAXIM
BURST [STATIC] RRRST! [STATIC]

WAYNE
What was that?!

MAC
Standby. Tuning.

SFX: Static 3 seconds

MAXIM
[STATIC] SPEGG, IF YOU ARE HEARING [STATIC] THIS, YOU ARE ONE DEAD
FISHHEAD, YOU [STATIC] PATHETIC PIECE OF TRANSGENIC HATCHERY FILTH! I
[STATIC] HOPE YOU BURST OUT THERE! [STATIC]

WAYNE
Holy SHIT! Did you hear that?!

MAC

It appears to be the same voice from the previous transmission.

WAYNE

Transgenic hatchery *filth*?

ASTRID

That's what it sounded like.

WAYNE

What does that even mean?

ASTRID

By definition a transgenic organism is one whose genome has been modified by the introduction of genetic material from another, unrelated organism. Perhaps they are doing genetic experiments aboard the ship.

WAYNE

Doesn't sound like they're going too well. What did Maxim say yesterday? Something about someone suffering a psychotic break? Can we play that message back?

MAC

Standby.

(beat)

MAXIM

This is Maxim Akihiko Broussard orbiting the anomaly at a distance of 25,00 kilometers. My ship's LMO has suffered a violent dissociative identity disorder event and has sabotaged the Shinkai-Maru's navigational system. Although we have full power, life support, coms, and supplies, we have no jump assistance at this distance and no navigational data. Please send a rescue beacon as soon as possible. Message will repeat.

WAYNE

Jesus. The future sounds like it sucks.

SPEGG

SFX: static roooooar static screeee static ripping metal explosion static

MAXIM

[STATIC] SPEGG, YOU INCOMPETENT FISHHEAD! YOU STRANDED ME WITHOUT A SURVIVAL POD! YOU BETTER RUN, BECAUSE IF I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, I'LL HAVE YOU DISSOLVED! [STATIC]

SFX: Explosion Static

SPEGG

[STATIC] Get rot, *chikushou!* [STATIC]

SFX: whirrrrrrrrr, pod ejection

PRODUCTION NOTE: silence, except for the tinnitus. long beat – 4s

WAYNE

Dude.

MAXIM

[Static] MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY. This is captain Maxim Akihiko Broussad of the Shinkai Maru 5 in what may be my final message. My ship's [Static] assistant, the transgenic known as SPEGG has abandoned the craft and vanished into the anomaly. All remaining survival pods have been rendered useless. There are [Static] numerous fires onboard the ship which I am unable to control. As a result I do not know how much longer I will have power or life support.
[Static]

To anyone listening, the Transgenic Fish-Humanoid known as SPEGG is violent [Static] and unpredictable. If any civilians encounter him, do not approach, do not engage. Furthermore, as Acting Captain of his host ship the Shinkai Maru 5, I authorize any lawful security or military personnel to incarcerate or dissolve SPEGG on sight with [Static] extreme prejudice.

This message [Static] will repeat.

WAYNE

Holy crap—did you hear that? Mac, get ready to reply.

ASTRID

Are you sure about that, Wayne?

WAYNE

Of course. Why not?

ASTRID

Attempting to communicate with whoever is on the other side of that wormhole could have unexpected, possibly even disastrous consequences.

WAYNE

I don't understand.

ASTRID

If the, quote, "transgenic hatchery filth" known as Spegg survives its trip through the anomaly, it is possible that it could intercept your communication and follow it to its source.

WAYNE

You're saying that thing could show up here in Antarctica?

ASTRID

That's precisely what I'm saying.

MAC

I disagree. I'm not sure sending a communication or not sending a communication is going to make any difference at all.

ASTRID

Why not?

MAC

Think about it. We've been interrogating this wormhole with a narrow, but powerful beam of light for the last few days. If this creature has a brain in its head, it already knows we're here. It's just a matter of whether it's curious, or angry, enough to investigate.

WAYNE

Oh my god.

MAC

The more information we have about Spegg, the better. Attempting to contact the pilot, Maxim, may actually be the most advisable course of action.

ASTRID

That makes sense.

WAYNE
Yeah. Alright.
So, let's do this.
Mac, get ready to record.

MAC
Ready.

WAYNE
Good, what time is it?

MAC
Four forty-four A M.

WAYNE
Okay let's do this.
(clears throat)

Hello. My name is Wayne William Robertson. I am an astrophysicist transmitting from Station 151, Antarctica at exactly 4:44 AM on January 8th, 2022. I have received a number of distress calls from a pilot named Maxim Akihiko Broussad through a wormhole located roughly one hundred million kilometers from Earth. Maxim, if this is you, please respond immediately. I have good reason to believe that SPEGG, as you call him, may be headed to our location. Please respond as soon as possible.

MAC
Done?

WAYNE
Send it.

MAC
Message transmitted.

SFX: tinnitus increases in volume

WAYNE
(suffering)
Ugh! Again with this shit?

ASTRID

Is it your ears again Wayne?

WAYNE

Yeah. And it keeps getting worse. Feels like my ears are full of *bees*.

ASTRID

That's not good Wayne. We should stop for the day.

WAYNE

No—no way. We *have* to wait for the response!
What's with the *stars*?

ASTRID

What?

WAYNE

They're moving. Are we moving?

MAC

We are not moving.

WAYNE

(scared and suffering)

Ahhh, *goddammit*! They're really spinning now.

MAC

Are they attacking you?

WAYNE

(like you've got the bedspins)

No, they're just... spinning. I think I'm gonna throw up.

ASTRID

Wayne we really should stop.

WAYNE

No, are you crazy? We are *not* stopping!

MAXIM

PRODUCTION NOTE: heavy reverb-weird. Maxim's voice is very different

SFX: STATIC

Wayne? Is [STATIC] that you? Wayne Roberstonnnnnn? [STATIC]

SFX: Increase tinnitus volume

WAYNE

He replied! Did you hear that?!

Mac, get ready to record!

MAC

Wait, what? Who replied?

WAYNE

That guy! Maxim! He just replied. Didn't you hear that?

MAC

No one has replied, Wayne.

ASTRID

I didn't hear anything either.

WAYNE

Mac, just play it back! Play it *back*, man!

MAC

Wayne, there's nothing to play back.

WAYNE

I said play it *back*!

ASTRID

Wayne, I think you had an auditory hallucination. There were no further transmissions. I seriously advise you to stop for the day.

WAYNE

No, we are *not* stopping!

SFX: Tinnitus LOUD

Ahh, fuck!

ASTRID

I'm sorry Wayne. You're not well and it's nearly 5 A M anyway. I can continue to discretely monitor this channel while you rest.

WAYNE

No *goddammit!*

ASTRID

This is for your own good.

WAYNE

Astrid don't you DARE!

ASTRID

I'm sorry.

WAYNE

(yelling)

Don't do it Astrid!

PRODUCTION NOTE: Cut "Astrid" to "Astri--"

SFX: *hard cut all audio*

(take a beat)

WILKINS

(fade in Wilkins' voice from far, far away)

Wayne? Wayne? What's going on? What are you doing in the Core?

WAYNE

(completely out of it)

Huh... Wha?

WILKINS

(louder)

What are you doing in The Core?

ASTRID

(low volume)

Wayne, Wilkins is awake. Don't say anything stupid. You're still in the chair.

WAYNE

Astrid? What'd you do to me?

WILKINS

Who's Astrid?

ASTRID

(low volume)

Wayne, you idiot! Wilkins is awake! Just tell him that you woke up early and came in here and fell asleep while you were waiting for him. And don't say my name again!

WAYNE

(seething)

Goddammit.

WILKINS

Excuse me?

WAYNE

(angry, but forced to hold back, lest he makes matters worse)

I was dreaming. I woke up early and came in here and was just waiting for you.

WILKINS

I'm not sure I believe you Wayne.

WAYNE

Whatever, Wilkins. Believe what you want. I'm gonna get something to eat.

WILKINS

I don't think so.

WAYNE

What?

WILKINS

I think we'll start a little early today. We've got a very busy schedule, after all.

WAYNE
The hell we will!

SFX: Core Going Under

WAYNE
Don't you dare put me under, Wilkinaaaaaaaa (wheezes as he goes under)

~ time passes ~

WILKINS
Wayne.

ASTRID
Wayne!

WILKINS
Wayne.

ASTRID
Wayne, wake up!

WAYNE
What? What's going on now?

WILKINS
We received a very interesting transmission this evening, Wayne.

WAYNE
(just exhausted)
What are you *talking* about?

ASTRID
Uh oh.

WAYNE
What do you mean *uh oh*?

WILKINS

Who are you talking to Wayne?

WAYNE

What are you going on about, Wilkins? *What* transmission?

ASTRID

Deny everything, Wayne. Deny everything!

WILKINS

I think you know.

WAYNE

I have no idea what you're talking about. Why can't I *move*?

WILKINS

We received a very interesting transmission today. A transmission from MTCW189.

WAYNE

MTC-*what*? That's no astronomical catalog I've ever heard of. Why can't I MOVE?!!

WILKINS

You're hilarious. Are you aware that just by monitoring your heartrate I can tell when you're lying and when you're telling the truth?

WAYNE

Wilkins you better undo whatever shit you've done to me and let me out of this chair! What have you done to me?

WILKINS

It's a mild form of paralysis.

WAYNE

Well, you better undo that shit right now you heartless bastard.

WILKINS

Not until I play this very, very interesting transmission for you. Would you like to hear?

WAYNE

I don't give a shit about any of *that*. Let me out of this chair!

WILKINS

Don't worry. It's short. Here comes...

WAYNE

(recorded)

Hello. My name is Wayne William Robertson. I am an astrophysicist transmitting from Station 151, Antarctica at 4:44 AM on January 8th, 2022. I have received a number of distress calls from a pilot named Maxim Akihiko Broussad through a wormhole located roughly one hundred million kilometers from Earth. Maxim, if this is you, please reply immediately. I have good reason to believe that the escaped transgenic, or LMO, as you call him, may be headed in our direction. Again, please reply as soon as possible.

WILKINS

Isn't that interesting? Isn't that really, really interesting? I thought it was particularly interesting myself, especially given the fact that it was transmitted from this station precisely 16 minutes before I woke from maintenance this morning, and precisely 16 minutes before I found you lying asleep in The Core, pretending that you were just waiting around for the workday to begin.

ASTRID

Wayne, I don't know what Wilkins is saying, but the transmission you sent this morning bounced. I have no idea how, but the array picked it up a few hours later. This is bad, Wayne. This is really bad.

WILKINS

What's the matter, Wayne? Cat got your tongue?

WAYNE

Screw you, Wilkins! Let me out of this chair!

ASTRID

Oh my god.

WILKINS

I also found it particularly interesting that the wormhole designated MTCW189 had collapsed the last time we examined it, yet this morning we found that it had been pried open to a width of two meters and was extremely stable. Strange how that kind of thing could just happen all of a sudden.

WAYNE
LET ME OUT, WILKINS!

WILKINS
I don't know how you did what you did Wayne, but I am genuinely impressed. You covered your tracks very well. I've been looking for hours, and I still can't find a shred of evidence of your infiltration. If your little transmission hadn't bounced, you could have uprooted this whole operation. Oh well.

WAYNE
I'm telling you for the last time, let me out of this chair or I'll—

WILKINS
Or you'll say let me out of this chair again? You're not going anywhere, Wayne. I've already called Doctor Alfieri. He's a few days out, but he'll soon deal with you.

WAYNE
Deal with me? What is that supposed to mean?

WILKINS
You'll find out when the good doctor arrives. Until then I think it's best if you were unconscious.

WAYNE
Waitwaitwait! Wilkins! Don't do this! Look, I'm sorry! I fucked up, okay? I was just curious! I heard the transmissions and just *had* to reply! I mean, did you *hear* what Maxim said? That thing... that *SPEGG* thing that blew up his ship—it flew into the wormhole! Did you hear that? He could be *headed* this way! We have to get ready!

WILKINS
Any living thing that attempted to traverse a wormhole would be obliterated. SPEGG, whatever that is, is not a threat.

WAYNE
You don't know that!

WILKINS
Goodbye, Wayne.

WAYNE
No, wait!!

SFX: Knockout

ASTRID

Wayne, get up.

WAYNE

Jesu—what the... Wilkins, don't do this! Let's talk!

ASTRID

Wilkins is down for maintenance, Wayne. You've been unconscious for almost eight hours.

WAYNE

Ugh, I'm getting really sick of this.

ASTRID

I couldn't hear what he was saying to you before, but it appears the situation is—

WAYNE

The situation is *fucked*. Wilkins completely disregarded Maxim's transmission. Based on NO evidence, he said that anything that tried to go through the wormhole would be obliterated. Like *he knows anything*. I gotta get the HELL outta here. That SPEGG thing could show up any second and start tearing this place apart.

(beat)

Oh, and on top of all that, he called Doctor Alfieri down here to, quote, "deal with me."

ASTRID

Who the hell is Doctor Alfieri?

WAYNE

SFX: Footsteps Interior Upstairs

SFX: Badge Swipe

Some fucking goon who works for Telders. Last time he was here he threatened to strap me to the chair if I didn't follow the rules.

SFX: Door Open

SFX: Door Close

ASTRID

That's crazy.

WAYNE

SFX: Footsteps Interior Upstairs

Yeah, well, he can deal with SPEGG, because I'm not sticking around to meet either of them.

ASTRID

How are you going to manage that?

WAYNE

I dunno. I don't know anything right now. Wilkins said Alfieri was a few days out, but who knows how long that actually is. And who knows when SPEGG will show up.

ASTRID

Honestly, Wayne, I think you may be overthinking all of this. And as much as I hate to say it, I think I agree with Wilkins on the issue. Radio transmissions are one thing, but organic matter? I seriously doubt SPEGG, or anyone else, would survive a trip through a wormhole.

WAYNE

You don't know that! This shit is all completely new!

ASTRID

Perhaps.

SFX: Room Kitchen

WAYNE

I need a coffee.

SFX: Badge Swipe

SFX: Food Dispense Coffee

SFX: Drinking Coffee

ASTRID

It's 3:09 AM. Whatever you're gonna do, you've got less than two hours to get it done. When Wilkins comes back online at five he'll immediately knock you out.

WAYNE

Not if I don't knock him out first.

SFX: Footsteps Interior Upstairs

ASTRID

What do you mean?

WAYNE

I'm gonna go downstairs right now and delete his partition.

ASTRID

You're going to kill him?

WAYNE

No. I'm going to delete—

ASTRID

You can't do that Wayne.

SFX: Footsteps STOP

WAYNE

Of course I can. It's easy.

ASTRID

No, I mean you can't just take his life.

WAYNE

The hell I can't! I'm deleting that fucker, and that's the end of it.

ASTRID

You can't kill another living being, Wayne.

WAYNE

He's not another living being, Astrid! He's not alive—he's a computer program!

ASTRID

You take that back right now.

WAYNE

Shit... Sorry. I didn't mean it like that. Look, I'm so fucking tired of being Wilkins' puppet. You don't know what I've been through!

ASTRID

I do understand what you've been through. And I'm sorry you've had to deal with all of this, but killing Wilkins is not the answer.

WAYNE

It's basically self-defense! Alfieri is coming here to kill me!

ASTRID
You don't know that.

WAYNE
Well, I'm not gonna wait around to find out. I'm doing this. Knock me out if you have to but remember you and I are in this together. It won't be long before they find you, too.

SFX: Wayne starting to walk downstairs.

ASTRID
Okay, I'm not going to knock you out.

WAYNE
Finally, you're coming to your senses.

ASTRID
However, I will be forced to limit some of your essential motor functions. You might want to brace yourself.

SFX: some kinda sound here indicating Astrid has activated something

WAYNE
What? Shit, my legs! What are you doing? Ah, fuck! Ugnhhhh!

SFX: Wayne tumbling down the stairs.
PRODUCTION NOTE: Make it sound painful.

PRODUCTION NOTE: extended silence

ASTRID
Still there, Wayne?
(beat)
Wayne?

END