

STATION 151

EPISODE 1.5.2
“JACKSON”

WRITTEN BY

ANDY SCEARCE

BASED ON THE SERIES BY

ANDY SCEARCE

DRAFT DATE: FEB, 2023
RELEASE DATE: JULY 5, 2023

Summary of S1.5E2:

Wayne is told to wait in a room for the next interviewer. Frustrated, he leaves the room after some time and encounters another candidate, Paul Jackson, who informs Wayne that the position has already been filled.

INT. A WHITE ROOM. DAY.

WAYNE is still struggling with memory loss and confused about the situation, but learns more about the job from Jackson. He is more confused than angry in this scene, until the end when he tries to escape.

Q7: The interviewer who escorts Wayne to a room and instructs him to hold a bio-orb. Q7 does not provide much information about the interview process and disappears, leaving Wayne alone.

PAUL JACKSON: Another interviewee who has just finished training. He is excited about the job and is looking forward to getting engaged to his girlfriend, Yumi. He is friendly and chatty with Wayne.

HECTOR: Another interviewee who has a bad reaction to the memory drug and collapses. He is described as being in a catatonic state.

BRENDA: A person who works at the interview site and appears to be in charge. She is tough and no-nonsense and is willing to use force to control the situation.

KENT: Another person who works at the interview site. He seems frustrated with the chaos that ensues and is willing to use a taser to control Wayne.

SFX: some very specific hallway noise with people
SFX: Pair of footsteps (Q7 and WAYNE)
SFX: maybe an overhead announcement

WAYNE

(voice coming up in volume as they grow near)

... and I'm just standing out there in the middle of the street in the dead of night, barefoot—in my pajamas, watching this thing float silently over my head.

Q7

Mmm hmm.

WAYNE

Yeah. And then, after the thing was gone, I just turned around, went back inside, and fell asleep like nothing happened. I must have been, what, like, eight or nine years old?

Q7

Okay.

WAYNE

Yeah. Uh...wait, why did I start telling you this?

Q7

I have no idea, Wayne.

WAYNE

Ugh, I can't think right now. I think that amnesia medicine is messing with me.

Q7

A common side-effect. It'll pass.

WAYNE

Where are we going again?

Q7

I'm taking you to a room where you can relax before the next session begins.

WAYNE

Right. Jesus.

SFX: Footsteps for a couple of seconds.

SFX: Footsteps stop.

Q7

And here we are. Please wait inside. The next interviewer will be with you momentarily.

SFX: badge in noise

SFX: door opens

WAYNE

Alright.

SFX: Footsteps into room

SFX: Small room reverb

WAYNE

Oh god, it's *freezing* in here.

Q7
It'll warm up.
Just have a seat at the table...

WAYNE
Wait, is this another one of those bio-orbs?

Q7
...and grip the bio-orb comfortably but securely while you wait.

WAYNE
How long do I have to do this?

Q7
While you wait.

WAYNE
This thing's not gonna *shock* me again, is it?

Q7
Someone will be along shortly.

WAYNE
But—

SFX: Door closes

WAYNE
(exhales loudly)
Okay.

SFX: Chair slides back on tile floor
(pause)

SFX: Wobbling metal sound

WAYNE
Hey, this thing is barely attached.

SFX: Wobbling metal sound

(to anyone listening)
Uh, hey, Q7?! I think your orb is broken.
Q7? Anyone?

SFX: More wobbly metal sounds

WAYNE
(under his breath)
What the hell.

SFX: More wobbly metal sounds

WAYNE
(to anyone listening)
It's not beeping either. Is it supposed to be beeping?

SFX: Chair moves

WAYNE
(makes a noise as he gets down on the floor)
Alright, let's see what's going on *under* the table.
(pause)
This thing's not even plugged in.
There's not even an *outlet*.
(to anyone)
Hey, people... the orb isn't plugged in. The cord's just lying on the floor!
(pause)
(to himself)
(scoffs) Screw it... I'm not going to fail this interview on some technicality.

SFX: Short footsteps toward the door.

WAYNE
(to himself)
Alright, so, there's no doorknob on this door. How the hell do I open—

SFX: Beep
SFX: Door opens.

WAYNE
Uhh... apparently you just say *open*.

SFX: Beep, then bzzzzt
[bzzzzt is kind of like Family Feud "X" buzzer, but shorter]
[example: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V8sTil-MbMY>]

WAYNE
(pshh)

SFX: Footsteps into the hall
SFX: Door shuts, locking mechanism engaged

WAYNE
Oh shit, did I just lock myself out?

SFX: Pound, pound

WAYNE
Uhh, *open*.

SFX: Bzzzzt

WAYNE
(sighs)
(to himself)

Ughhhh *fuck*.

(to anyone)
Hello? So, I'm kind of locked myself out of my room. Sorry?
(pause)

Hello?

(to himself)
What the hell, man? Did everyone just... *leave*?

SFX: footsteps continuing down the hall as he walks and explores.

WAYNE
Anyone here?

SFX: footsteps continuing.

WAYNE
So many *doors*.

SFX: Knocking on door

WAYNE
Anyone home?

SFX: footsteps

(pauses, sighs)
(shouts)
Heloooo!

JACKSON
(in the distance, muffled)
Who's that?

WAYNE
Heh? Who said that?

(nothing)

SFX: Footsteps quickening further down the hall

WAYNE
Hello?

JACKSON
Who's there?

WAYNE
Hello?

SFX: Footsteps into the hallway.

JACKSON
Oh, hey! Who are you?

WAYNE
Hey. I'm... I'm Wayne. (stutters) R-robertson.

JACKSON
Great! Wayne! Are you looking for me? I'm Paul Jackson. Is it time to go?

WAYNE
Uh... I dunno. I'm here interviewing for a job, and—

JACKSON
(interrupts)
Interviewing?

(laughs)
Interviewing?
Wayne, I don't know what they told you, but the job's been filled.

WAYNE
What? By who?

JACKSON
(scoffs)
By me!

WAYNE
I'm confused.

JACKSON
(laughs)
You *look* confused.
Here, why don't you come on into the lounge. We'll sort this out.

WAYNE
Okay, yeah... sure.

SFX: Footsteps into the lounge.

WAYNE
It's a lot warmer in *here*...

JACKSON
Huh?

WAYNE
Oh, nothing.
So, they already offered you the job?

JACKSON
That's all said and done, Wayne. I just finished *training*.
They told me to wait in here for a transportation engineer to take me to the site.
I thought maybe that was *you*.

WAYNE
No... are you *sure* about all this?
Maybe there's *more* than one job?

JACKSON
There's only, *one* job, Wayne. Trust me. And *I* got it.
(sighs)
I'm sorry, man. It sounds like there was some kind of miscommunication.

WAYNE
This doesn't make any sense. I mean, Q7 literally just put me in a room down the hall and told me to wait there for my next interview.

JACKSON
Q7 told you that?

WAYNE
Yeah.

JACKSON
Uh huh. So, why are you here?

WAYNE
(grumbles, embarrassed)
I... sort of locked myself out of my room.
My bio-orb wasn't working. It wasn't even plugged in and there weren't any outlets in the room,
so I went out to find someone to help, and—

JACKSON
That doesn't sound right.
What's the point of a bio-orb if it's not plugged in?

WAYNE
I don't fucking know!
And I don't know the point of a bio-orb even if it is!

JACKSON
Jeesus, Wayne, you got a *mouth* on you, don't you?

WAYNE
(exhales)
Sorry. I'm just frustrated. And on top of that, I can barely think.
My brain is just... I feel like I'm in a *fog*.

JACKSON
Yeah. That'd be the Azathol.

WAYNE
The *what*?

JACKSON
The Azathol. The amnesia drug.

WAYNE
Shit. I think almost forgot about that.

JACKSON
(laughs)
Sounds about right.

Don't worry, it'll wear off soon.

WAYNE
It will? When?

JACKSON
Ughh. I dunno. All my memories came back about an hour ago.
Right after the training.

WAYNE
How long have you been here?

JACKSON
Ten, eleven hours? You?

WAYNE
I have no idea, actually. I think... I think I might have arrived this morning.

JACKSON
(laughs)
Well, I'm sorry this gig's not going to pan out for you.
Hopefully you've still got a job to go back to.
What's your specialty, anyway? Astronomy... astrophysics?

WAYNE
Astrophysics? No, I'm a software engineer. Or *was*, I guess.

JACKSON
Software? Telders isn't hiring software engineers, Wayne.
Are you telling me you don't know anything about cosmology... or radio interferometry... or...
any kind of *space science*?

WAYNE
No... what? I don't know *anything* about that stuff.

JACKSON
Psshhh!
Somebody screwed the pooch.

WAYNE
What the fuck, man?
So, is that what you are? Like, an astrologer?

JACKSON
I'm an Astronomer. It's *astronomer*.

WAYNE
Yeah, right.

JACKSON
But yes. I got my PhD from Yale a few years back then stayed on to teach.
Been doing that for a while. It's good work... but the pay is garbage.

WAYNE
Huh.

JACKSON
Yeaaaaah, I got the bug when I was a kid, growing up in New Mexico—not too far from the VLA.

WAYNE
The... *VL-what?*

JACKSON
You've never heard of the... *wow*. Okay, umm...
The VLA, or the Very Large Array is a radio astronomy observatory out in New Mexico. I actually remember the first time I saw all those dishes as a kid, driving by in the car with my mom. Twenty-eight gleaming white radio telescopes spread out across The Plains and pitched up toward the sky like they were patiently waiting for instructions from some great cosmic intelligence. It was the coolest thing I'd ever seen.

WAYNE
Interesting. I grew up in Jersey. I don't think there's anyth—

JACKSON
(ignoring him)
That was really the beginning for me. On clear nights, I'd spend countless hours on a blanket in the backyard staring up at the sky and imagining distant galaxies, strange planets, quasars, pulsars, supernovas, black holes... *everything*.
(pause)

WAYNE
Oh... *kay*.

JACKSON
(continues, unaware of the awkwardness)
And now this. This job is the opportunity of a lifetime. And no offense, Wayne, but I thought I'd be up against a little stiffer competition. But so far, I've only met *you*, and that guy on the couch over there who's done little more than drool on his shirt for the last half hour.

WAYNE
Oh shit, I didn't even notice that guy! Who is that? What's *wrong* with him?

JACKSON

His name's Hector, er... *something*. The Telders people said he had a bad reaction to the Azathol. I guess he started retching and slurring his words and then, I dunno, collapsed or something.

WAYNE

Oh my god!

JACKSON

He's fiinne.

WAYNE

He looks *catatonic*!

JACKSON

Just needs to sleep it off, apparently.

WAYNE

What the fucking hell, man.

JACKSON

Sucks for him, but I can't complain.
I guess he was the top pick for the job before he crashed out.
His loss. My gain.

WAYNE

That's *so* cold, man.

JACKSON

Yeah, well. I need this job. Especially now.

WAYNE

Why?

JACKSON

Well, (coughs lightly)... like I said, you can't live too well on a teacher's salary, and I just got engaged.

WAYNE

Huh.

JACKSON

Her name's Yumi.

WAYNE

Uh, okay.

JACKSON

Yeaah, we met at Yale while we were both undergrads. Been together a few years. Got engaged, er, (clears throat), *engaged*, jerst last week, though, actually.
(coughs)

WAYNE

Shit, you alright?

JACKSON

Yeah, just a frog in my throat.
So, you got a girl, Wayne?
(sniffs, coughs)

WAYNE

(Wayne is kind of reeling from Hector, so, he should speak as if his attention is divided from here on out)

Uh, I've been off the market for a while.
I'm... uh, I'm trying focus on getting a job before I put myself out there again.

JACKSON

I get it. Well, I'm sorry this gig didn't work out.
But the software industry is pretty hot, right? You'll find something.
(clears throat)
You wouldn't like Antarctica, anyway.
(sniffs)

WAYNE

Antarctica?

JACKSON

Oh I don't think I should have said that.
(sniffs, clears throat. Starts to kind of struggle with it)
Nevermirnd.

WAYNE

The job's in *Antarctica*?

JACKSON

No, no, forget I said that. I'm... (coughs) not supposed to *ser en-r-thing*.
(coughs and coughs and coughs)

WAYNE

Jesus, Jackson. You want me to see if I can get you some water or something?

JACKSON
(clears throat)
No, no, I'm gerd. (sniffs)
Jerst go berck to yer room
(sputters, heaves)

WAYNE
Holy shit, seriously, are you okay, Jackson?!

JACKSON
I'm firrrn!
(coughing)

WAYNE
You're not fine, man. This looks serious.

JACKSON
Gert out!
(coughing uncontrollably)

WAYNE
I'm gonna get someone. Okay?

JACKSON
(silence)

WAYNE
Jackson?

JACKSON
(starts heaving, vomiting)

WAYNE
Jackson!

JACKSON
(spitting, awful sounds, gibberish, falls to the floor)

WAYNE
Oh, shit oh shit oh shit!

SFX: smacking cheek

Jackson! Can you hear me?

(screams toward the door)

WAYNE
HEY! SOMEBODY! WE NEED SOME HELP IN HERE!

JACKSON
(convulsing, slobbering)

WAYNE
(gets up, runs into the hallway)

SFX: Fast footsteps into the hallway

WAYNE
HEY, WE NEED SOME HELP IN HERE! JACKSON'S REALLY SICK!
IT'S REALLY BAD, MAN! I THINK HE'S DYING OR SOMETHING!
HEY! SOMEBODY!

SFX: Door opens down the hall, two sets of footsteps rush out.

BRENDA
What's going on?!

WAYNE
Finally! Jesus!
This guy's fucking convulsing!

SFX: Footsteps rush into the room

KENT
Ah, shit, not again. Who's this one?

BRENDA
The securities fraud guy. *Jackson*.

KENT
Fuck. I thought he'd stabilized. How much 'dex did we give him?

BRENDA
Four hundred.

KENT
Well that clearly wasn't enough. What'd we give Hector?

SFX: Jackson making unhealthy sounds continues

BRENDA
Uhhh. Two-fifty?

WAYNE

Two-fifty? Four hundred? What the hell are you guys talking about?
Is he gonna be okay? Is this shit gonna happen to *me*?

BRENDA

What're you even doing in here, Robertson?

WAYNE

I locked myself out of my room! Is he gonna *die*?

KENT

He's just having a mild reaction to the training. We'll fix him.

WAYNE

Training? Training did this to him? What the hell happens in training?!

BRENDA

Chill, Wayne.

SFX: rifling through a leather bag

KENT

Here's another three grams.

WAYNE

What's that? What's in the syringe?

BRENDA

Get back, Wayne! Go sit by Hector.

WAYNE

Hector? He's just about dead, too, you assholes!
No, no. Screw this, man. I don't know what you guys are up to, but this is bullshit. I'm getting
the *fuck* out of here.

BRENDA

Wayne, wait! Shit, Kent, get the door!

KENT

Wayne! Get back here, Wayne!

SFX: Scuffle

WAYNE

Get off me, man!

SFX: Body hits the floor.
SFX: Wayne's footsteps as he tears out of the room.

SFX: Walkie-talkie static

KENT
(on walkie, static sound then, he talks)
We got a runner! Robertson just took off down hallway two!

Q7 (ON WALKIE)
Which way?!

KENT
Towards reception!

Q7 (ON WALKIE)
Well, go after him, you imbecile!
Security's at lunch!

KENT
God-DAAMMIT!

BRENDA
I'll deal with Jackson, just get Robertson! Tase him if you have to!

KENT
Arrghh! This fucking job!

SFX: Kent struggles to get up, then lumbers after Wayne

KENT
(in hallway)
WAYNE! You can't leave! It's too dangerous!

WAYNE
(distant)
Fuck off!

SFX: Rattling doors, distant.

KENT
(breathing hard)

SFX: Kent lumbering but hurrying down the hallway. Heavy steps.

KENT
(breathing hard)

SFX: Rattling doors gets louder

WAYNE
Open these doors!

KENT
(heaves a sigh)
Wayne. You're not going anywhere.

WAYNE
I don't know what kind of operation you assholes are running here, but—

SFX: Taser charging sounds

WAYNE
What the *fuck*, man? Is that a taser?

KENT
Wayne. I don't want to have to use this.

WAYNE
(alarmed)
So don't!!
What the hell is this place?!

KENT
Settle down, Wayne.

WAYNE
Get away from me you son of—

SFX: Tasing sounds, Wayne falls to the ground

WAYNE
(like he's being electrocuted)
ahhahhhh!

SFX: body hits the floor

KENT
(sighs)
Dumbass.

SFX: Footsteps running (distant)

BRENDA
(voice from down the hall)
You get him?

KENT
(disgruntled)
Yeeah, I got him.

SFX: Footsteps as Brenda approaches

SFX: Footsteps stop

BRENDA
Good work.
(sighs as she stares at Wayne)
What a dumbass.

KENT
That's what I said.

BRENDA
(clucks her tongue, then, like an afterthought)
Oh, Jackson's dead, by the way.

KENT
(more annoyed than anything)
And...?

BRENDA
And, you're on corpse duty. Take Robertson back to his room, then haul the body down to recycling.

KENT
(sighs. despondent)
Ughh. This shit never ends.

SFX: footsteps walking away, then immediately stop.

BRENDA
And get a receipt this time!

KENT
(annoyed, pitched up)
Yeah, yeah.

SFX: Footsteps continue to walk away

KENT

(still trying to catch his breath)

Alright Wayne. Time to... go for a little ride.

(Kent grunts as he bends down to grab Wayne's legs)
Ohh... Christ, Wayne, you're... heavier than you look.
(grunts)

SFX: Sound of body being dragged off.

END