

STATION 151

EPISODE 1.5.3
“Training”

WRITTEN BY

ANDY SCEARCE

BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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

Summary of S1.5E3:

Wayne wakes up in the Telders Corporation training lab, restrained to a gurney. T1, a training engineer, informs Wayne that he has been selected for a one-year contract at the company after an extensive internal review. Wayne is skeptical of the job offer, particularly because he has no experience in astronomy, which is the position they claim to have hired him for. T1 injects Wayne with an experimental drug that alters his memory, convincing him that he is an astronomer who has always wanted to work in the field. The drug also erases any doubts or suspicions Wayne may have had, convincing him that the job offer is legitimate, and he eagerly agrees to take the position in Antarctica.

INT. A WHITE ROOM. DAY.

WAYNE is a suspicious and somewhat angry person who is initially resistant to the idea of the job offer. However, he quickly becomes the victim of the experimental drug, losing his memories and personality, and becomes compliant and enthusiastic about the job.

T1 is a dangerous and unethical training engineer who manipulates and controls his subjects using experimental drugs to control their minds. He is a manipulative, unempathetic, and sinister individual who will stop at nothing to achieve his objectives.

SFX: gurney rolling across floor, footsteps...
SFX: Knock on door

KENT
(in hallway)
Got another one for ya, T1.

SFX: Muffled footsteps

T1
(Muffled)
Open.

SFX: Door beeps, opens

T1
Oh. It's you.

KENT
(slight pause)
Yeah, uh, I got another one for you.

T1
This is the runner? Wayne Robertson?

KENT
Yeah. Real crazy son of a bitch. Had to put him down.

T1
I heard.
(pauses)
He looks sedated.

KENT
I hit him with some benzos just to be safe.

T1
Mmm hmm.

KENT
Do you think he can be trained?

T1
Anyone can be trained. Bring him in.

KENT
Sure thing, boss.

SFX: Dragging body sounds.

T1
Put him on the gurney.

SFX: Grunting as they lift Wayne up onto the gurney.

KENT
(out of breath)
Alright.
You want I should strap him down?

T1
What do you think.

KENT
Uh.

T1
Secure him and leave.

KENT
Sure. Sure, boss.

SFX: buckling sounds, leather stretching.

KENT
(nervous)
Okay, he's secure. I'll... uh....

T1
Leave.

KENT
(nervous)
Right. Uh. Okay, uh, bye.

SFX: Footsteps, badge beep, door opens, footsteps quickly go out, door closes.
SFX: T1 chair rolling across floor

T1
(typing on a keyboard)
(low volume, speaking quickly to ID himself for recording)
Initiate recording. [Computer chimes in response] This is training engineer, ID: T1. It is 12:26 pm on Saturday, February 5th, 2022. With me is Station 151 training candidate Wayne William Robertson. He is heavily sedated. I am administering 0.2 milligrams of Flumazenil to reverse the effects of the drug.

SFX: Administering medication sounds?
Maybe just the clatter of instruments on the Mayo stand.

T1
Okay.
(snaps his fingers a few times)
Can you hear me, Wayne?

WAYNE
(startled)
Where am I?

T1

(T1's questions are said flatly, matter of fact, almost like sentences.)
Hello, Wayne. You're in the Training Lab. How are you feeling?

WAYNE

Who are *you*?

T1

My name is T1. I'm a training engineer with the Telders Corporation.

SFX: Leather straining against steel bed rails as Wayne struggles to get up.

WAYNE

Okay, uh...

(growls)

Why am I strapped to this gurney?

T1

You are feeling very confused right now, Wayne, but for your safety, please try to relax.

WAYNE

What?

First you guys tase me into oblivion and now *this*?

SFX: Wayne struggling against his bindings

T1

I assure you these bindings are for your protection.

WAYNE

Unstrap me *right now*.

T1

You will be released very soon.

But first, I have very some exciting news for you, Wayne.

WAYNE

(seething)

What.

T1

(T1 says "thrilled" here almost like a threat)

After a careful and extensive internal review, I am *thrilled* to inform you that you have been officially selected for a one-year contract with the Telders Corporation.

Michael Telders himself personally signed your offer.

(pause during an awkward silence, then, as if translating...)

T1 (cont'd)
You got the job, Wayne.

WAYNE
What? I haven't even *interviewed* for a job. I answered a few questions about my termination from Red Pixel, and something about my ex-girlfriend, then you tase the shit out of me and now suddenly I've got the *job*?

T1
Correct.

WAYNE
This doesn't make any sense. I don't even know what *the job* is. Not to mention the fact that *Jackson* told me that you guys already offered *him* the job!

T1
While it is true that Mr. Jackson had previously accepted the position... he has unfortunately declined the offer due to some unexpected personal circumstances.

WAYNE
When you say "unexpected personal circumstances" are you talking about the fact that Jackson started sputtering nonsense, then collapsed on the floor, bleeding from his ears? He hardly seemed to be in any condition to be declining offers. No, I bet he's still in that room next to Hector drooling all over his *own* shirt! And speaking of Hector, what's his fucking deal? What happened to him, huh? Did *he* get the job first? Is that why he's fucking catatonic? Is this gonna happen to me?

T1
It is unfortunate that you had to witness those events.

WAYNE
What?
Is this *job* even real? Or am I just a *lab* rat? What are you *doing* to people here?

T1
I assure you that both Paul Jackson and Hector Reyes are in perfect health. They have been returned to their former lives with a generous compensation package for their... *troubles*. The reason *you're* still here, Wayne, is precisely *because* you're not writhing on the floor, bleeding from the ears.

WAYNE
Well congratu-*fucking*-lations. So I *am* a lab rat. This offer has nothing to do with my professional skills. It's all because I'm not brain-dead from your, by the way, *completely illegal* human drug trials. There's no job. And I'm strapped to this bed because you're *never* gonna let me go, right? Am I on the right track, here?

T1

That couldn't be further from the truth, Wayne. You will be released in just a few short hours.
The job is very real, and you will be *well* compensated for it.

WAYNE

Bullshit.

Jackson told me you're looking for an astronomer. And he said this gig's in Antarctica or some shit. Well, sorry to tell you this, but I'm a Linux developer, not an astronomer, and for the record I *hate* the fucking cold.

T1

I am aware of your professional history, Wayne. I know you're not an astronomer. In fact, you probably couldn't identify a single constellation in the night sky. You're a mediocre software engineer who's been blacklisted by the industry. You have no friends, no living family members, no recent sexual partners, and a wee bit of an anger management problem.

WAYNE

(scoffs)

Whatever.

T1

But, yes, how can we, The Telders Corporation, one of the most powerful companies on the planet, expect someone like *you* (emphasis for disgust) to operate a multi-million-dollar astronomical observatory by yourself in one of the most remote, inhospitable places on the planet?

WAYNE

Well, you don't have to be a dick about it, but, *yeah...*

T1

Like I said, Wayne, I'm a *trainer*. (sinister) I'm going to *train* you.

WAYNE

(stunned)

Uh. No thank you. I don't want your job. Now let me go.

T1

Wayne, I've already told you. (sinister) You've *got* the job.

SFX: Mayo Stand rolling over. Surgical tools rattling.

[Mayo Stand: <https://tinyurl.com/2p8j3xtf>]

WAYNE

No, no no no no, fuck that man. What are doing? You let me out of here right now!

T1
This will all be over soon.

SFX: Wayne straining against leather binders

WAYNE
What the hell's in that syringe?

T1
Technically it's called Fexolamide but we haven't settled on a good marketing name yet. We had a few ideas, like memorgen, cogniset, memforge... some others. But nothing's really stuck.

WAYNE
No, no get that shit away from me!

SFX: Wayne struggling hard against leather binders

T1
Don't worry. You're going to be just fine once I've put you into the proper mindset.
(slight pause as he forms an idea)
Oh. That's a good marketing name. "*Mind-set.*" I can't believe I haven't thought of that one yet.

WAYNE
(panicked)
No! Stop! (screams) Help!!

T1
Settle down, Wayne. No one who cares is listening.
Now, you're just gonna feel a *little* pinch.

WAYNE
Don't!—*arggh!*

T1
All done. That wasn't so hard was it?

WAYNE
You fucking *bitch.*

T1
(As if to a child)
Now, now. No need for all that. We're just gonna talk about your past, and maybe watch a little slideshow. Sound like fun?

WAYNE
When I get out of here, I am going to sue the shit out of this place.

T1
Five.... Four.... Three

WAYNE
Why are you *counting*?

T1
Two... one....

WAYNE
(makes a sluggish noise as the drug hits)
(words slurred)
My head... feels like jelly.

T1
That's just the medication, Wayne. You should be feeling a little more... *amenable*, now.

WAYNE
(lightheaded, fading)
Lawyer. I want... uhhh...

T1
How about a little music?

SFX: computer clicks or button clicks or something like that to turn on the music “medium” part of the brainwashing.

PRODUCTION NOTE: music

WAYNE
(struggling to respond)
Ughhhhahhadhh

T1
(clears throat)
Can you hear me, Wayne?
(pauses)
You're nodding your head, so I assume you can.

WAYNE
(out of it)
Ughhhhshh. Ye... ah.

T1
Just focus on the sound of my voice, Wayne. You're going to process a lot in this training session, so it's important that you listen to me very carefully.

WAYNE
(coming out of it)
...okay. Uh. Yeah. Okay.

T1
Good. First off, you're not going to sue anyone when you walk out of here, Wayne. When you leave, you're immediately going to a facility called Station 151 in Antarctica.

WAYNE
(a sudden turn in his mind. confused momentarily, but then certain)
Uh. Yeah. *Yeah*. That's right. I'm going to Station 151.

T1
And you're sooo very excited. This is the opportunity of a *lifetime*, Wayne.

WAYNE
I'm excited. I am so lucky.

T1
Do you recall the first time you wanted to become an astronomer, Wayne?

WAYNE
I don't think... I ever *did*? I'm a... software engineer. Right?

T1
You're not a software engineer, Wayne. You've got computer skills, but you've never worked as a software engineer. You don't have a degree in software engineering and never even considered it for a career. Wayne, you're an astronomer. You've *always* wanted to be an astronomer.

WAYNE
(starts to come out of the fog and talking more normally)
Yeah... I guess you're right. I mean, of course you're right. I always have.

T1
You got the bug when you were a kid, growing up in New Mexico—not too far from the VLA.

WAYNE
Yeah. The VLA. The very large array. That's a... radio astronomy observatory out in New Mexico. Jackson was talking about it. Beautiful place. You know I'm surprised I never met him out there. He grew up out near there too.

T1
Wayne, you don't know anyone named Jackson.
Certainly no one named Jackson who grew up out near the VLA.

WAYNE
(laughs)
Right.

I'm sorry, I'm not sure where that came from.

T1
It's okay.

Now, do you recall when you were a kid, seeing those radio dishes for the first time?

WAYNE
Uhhh.

SFX: slideshow projector start

T1
Here's an image of the VLA to help jog your memory.

SFX: slideshow clicks

WAYNE
(amazed)
Oh, yeah.

T1
You remember this place.

WAYNE
I do.

SFX: slideshow clicks

T1
You remember those 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. You remember that. It was the coolest thing you'd ever seen.

WAYNE
I remember that.
(as if in a trance)
That was the beginning for me.

SFX: slideshow clicks

T1
Mmm hmm.

T1 (cont'd)

And remember, Wayne... on clear nights, you'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...

WAYNE
Everything.

SFX: slideshow clicks

T1

That's right. *Everything.*

After that, you were obsessed. You grew up, you studied hard. You got into Yale, and you've been living in New Haven, Connecticut for the last ten years. You finished your PhD there and have been teaching at the school ever since. You even met a girl at Yale.

WAYNE
I did? Oh yeah! That's right. Her name's uh...

T1

Yumi. Yumi Sato. She's Japanese.

WAYNE
Right, of course. I think my brain is a little off today.

T1

Oh, that's fine. Don't worry about it, Wayne. Here's a picture of Yumi to help you remember.

SFX: slideshow clicks

WAYNE
She's so beautiful.
(pause)
I think I've seen her before.

T1

Sure you have, Wayne, she's your—

WAYNE
(laughs to himself slightly)
Oh, yeah. She's the woman in the Epi-Quench energy drink commercials.

T1

(under his breath)
Fuck.
(then, slightly angry)

T1 (cont'd)
No... She is not the woman in the Epi-Quench energy drink commercials, Wayne. She's your girlfriend, and—

WAYNE
(interrupts)
Ride the purple wave to Wake Town...

T1
(more annoyed)
STOP talking about the energy drink. It's NOT the same woman.
She's your *girlfriend*, Wayne, not an actress, and you love her very much.

WAYNE
Right. My mistake.

T1
You love her.

WAYNE
She's my soulmate.

T1
Good.

SFX: *slideshow clicks*

T1
Yumi grew up in a city called Fukuoka and moved to the US for school. You and she graduated from Yale the same year. She's currently an adjunct professor who teaches a variety of computer engineering courses and spends her free time developing apps for small businesses.

WAYNE
Such an amazing girl. So smart.
Ever since we met... (confused) wait, how long have we been together?

T1
You met a few years back and have been dating ever since.
Oh, and good news, Wayne, you got engaged last week!

WAYNE
I know! I'm a lucky man. (sighs) But now I've gotta break the news to her that I'm going to Antarctica for an entire year. Wait, can I bring her *with* me?

SFX: *slideshow projector switches off, click*

T1

Unfortunately, no.

Actually, you *already* broke the news to her. She wasn't happy at first, but there's a million-dollar payout at the end of the contract. That'll help pay for the wedding, maybe a house, and who knows what else.

(very direct)

Think of the possibilities, Wayne. The money will really set the two of you up.

WAYNE

Yeah.

That *was* a tough conversation. But you're right—it's hard to live on a teacher's salary. Hard to live on *two* of them. So, this money will really go a long way for us.

(as if remembering)

I think Yumi always wanted a place outside of the city.

T1

(sinister)

There you go, Wayne. Fill in the blanks.

WAYNE

(weakly)

Okay.

T1

It'll be a long year, but Yumi will wait for you. That will keep you anchored, Wayne, excited to start a brand-new life with Yumi when you return.

(T1's tone gets a little serious)

This will keep you focused and intent on doing the best job possible at Station 151.

WAYNE

Definitely. I want to do my best.

T1

(a little light-hearted)

Perfect.

So, Wayne, now that you've signed our rather lengthy contract and non-disclosure agreement, you're ready to get started. Are you ready to get started, Wayne?

WAYNE

Yeah.

(pause)

But... did I actually *read* the contract?

T1

It's a huge contract, so you had to skim through all the legal mumbo jumbo. But you read the important parts.

WAYNE

Yeah, that's true. Hey, I trust you guys. And I *promise*... I won't let you down.

T1

Good to hear. Sounds like you're pretty excited.

WAYNE

Yeah I am! I mean, this is a dream come true! I am one lucky son of a bitch.

T1

Love the energy, Wayne.

(ominous tone)

Welcome to the Telders Corporation.

SFX: computer clicks or button clicks or something like that to turn OFF the music "medium"
part of the brainwashing.

[END]