

STATION 151

EPISODE 2.9
“SPARE PARTS”

WRITTEN BY
ANDY SCEARCE

BASED ON THE SERIES BY
ANDY SCEARCE

DRAFT DATE: JANUARY 4, 2024
RELEASE DATE: FALL 2024

Summary of S2E9: After a tense confrontation, Wayne devises a plan to permanently control Doctor Alfieri while adhering to Astrid's strict moral code. Astrid suggests resurrecting an old friend to help keep him in line.

INT. STATION 151.
(Storage Room)

BUZZ
(very distant)
(Barks)

WAYNE
(groggy)
Buzz?
(pause)
B-Buzz?

BUZZ
(less distant)
(Barks)

WAYNE
Buzz, is that you?

BUZZ
(louder)
(Barks)

WAYNE
Buzz?

BUZZ
(normal)
(Barking like crazy)

WAYNE
(Sucks a deep breath of air as he regains consciousness, as if he had nearly drowned)

BUZZ
(Barking)

ALFIERI
Wayne! There you are. Goddammit! Get this thing off me!
Wayne!

BUZZ
(growling, thrashing)

ALFIERI
Wayne! Do you hear me, Wayne?
Get this thing off of me!

WAYNE
What the...
Ahhgh, ugh, my head is killing me!

ALFIERI
Get it off. Get it off, Wayne.

BUZZ
(growling, thrashing)

ALFIERI
Wayne!
Wake up and get your goddamn dog off me!
Wayne, do you hear me? Wayne!

[SFX: Static]

ASTRID
Wayne?
Are you okay?

ALFIERI
Wayne!
Wayne!

WAYNE
(frustrated)
Hang on!
Everybody just... stop. Talking.
(groans)
What's happening?

ASTRID
You've been unconscious for over an hour.
You must have jumped in front of the tranquilizer dart when Doctor Alfieri tried to shoot Buzz.

WAYNE
(laughs a little crazily)
I got you, asshole.
(laughs)
You thought you had me dead to rights.
But I gotcha.

BUZZ
(growling, thrashing)

ALFIERI
Whatever, just get this thing off of me!

WAYNE
Where's the goddamn tranquilizer dart.
Ughhh. Ow. Yup, I took it right in the leg.

[SFX: Pull out dart, drops to the floor]

BUZZ
(Barks)

WAYNE
Hey Buzz.
You okay, buddy?

BUZZ
(Barks)

WAYNE
Good boy. Don't let Alfieri move, alright?

BUZZ
(Barks)

ALFIERI
Wayne, I'm not going to do anything, okay? You win. *You win.*
Just please keep your dog—

WAYNE
(laughs)
You never stop, do you?

[SFX: Wayne stands up]

WAYNE
(strains)
Arggh. My legs feel like rubber.
What the hell was in that dart?

ALFIERI
Oh, quit your whining. It was just a little Ketamine.

WAYNE
Oh, fantastic.
(pissed)
Gimmie that tranq gun.
Give it to me!

[SFX: Gun sound]

WAYNE
You got any more darts hidden around here?

ALFIERI
Just the one.

WAYNE
Yeah, well, forgive me if I check your pockets just in case.
Keep him still, Buzz.

BUZZ
(barks)

[SFX: Rummaging in Alfieri's pockets]

WAYNE
(scoffs)
Well, well, imagine that.

ASTRID
What?

WAYNE
Found another dart.
(sighs)
What the hell am I gonna do with you, Alfieri?
I'd kill you right now if I wasn't sure Astrid would have a problem with it.

ASTRID
I definitely would.

WAYNE

Are you sure I can't talk you out of that?

Alfieri literally just told me that I'm a *clone*. Made for the express purpose of serving some AI so Team Telders can harvest technology from the future. And because of the stress and the drugs and all the other shit they expose me to down here, I'm only good for a few weeks before I lose my mind completely. Then they, quote, *retire* me, stuff me into one of these boxes, and start again with a brand-new Wayne. Given all of that, don't you think that—maybe—Alfieri deserves to be... *retired*... himself?

ASTRID

Wayne I can't imagine what you must be going through. Dr. Alfieri is a horrible, terrible person, and deserves to be punished severely for his actions, but killing him in cold blood is not an option.

WAYNE

(frustrated)

What? How could you even... He'll kill me the first chance he gets. You know that, right?

ASTRID

Unfortunately, yes.

WAYNE

Then what do you expect me to do, Astrid? Help me out here!

ASTRID

Is there anything in the room that you can use to secure him?
Rope, or handcuffs... maybe some bailing wire?

WAYNE

(scoffs)

Sure... Hey, you got any bailing wire in here, doctor?

ALFIERI

(gritting teeth)

Not that I recall.

WAYNE

Let's have a look.

[SFX: Rummaging]

WAYNE

Here's a clawhammer.
You sure I can't kill him, Astrid?
Just one swift stroke to the head and—

ASTRID
(interrupts)
Wayne.

WAYNE
Fine.

[SFX: Drops hammer in the box]

WAYNE
Wait a minute.
(laughs)
Oh my God.
Ohhhhhohoh. Oh, that's *genius*.

ASTRID
What?

WAYNE
How about we give Dr. Dickhead a taste of his own medicine?

ALFIERI
Excuse me?

WAYNE
I'm gonna guess that you didn't strip these Waynes for parts before you boxed them up.

ALFIERI
Stripped them for *parts*? Where are you going with this, Wayne?

[SFX: Ziiiiiiip]

ALFIERI
Wayne, what are you doing?! Don't open the body bag!
It's hermetically sealed... for a reason!

WAYNE
Why the hell are you keeping these bodies in here, anyway?
Why don't you bury them like a normal person?

ALFIERI
(sarcastically)
You ever try to dig a six-foot-deep hole in permafrost?

WAYNE

Oh, whatever, asshole.

ALFIERI

(honestly)

If you must know, we keep them around for *research*.

WAYNE

(scoffs)

Yeah.

Of course you do.

[SFX: Ziiiiip]

ALFIERI

Seriously, Wayne, stop it, stop it, that's body's gonna stink to high heaven,

WAYNE

(grossed out)

Ohhhahupp-

WAYNE

Oh god... you weren't kidding.

(pukes)

ALFIERI

Ugh, what the hell's wrong with you, Robertson?

(gags)

ASTRID

Wayne, seriously, what are you thinking?

WAYNE

Hang on. Hang on...

(heaves, spits, struggles to speak)

ALFIERI

Aw, come on...

WAYNE

(heaving, spits, struggles to speak)

I just need to check something...

ALFIERI

Ugh. Robertson... God dammit.

[SFX: Slimy gross noises]

WAYNE
(on the verge of puking again)
Oh my god.

ALFIERI
Wayne, please!
Have some respect for the dead.

WAYNE
Oh, like you give a shit.

[SFX: Slimy gross noises]

WAYNE
Ugghhh.
Sorry, uh, *Wayne*. I just need to have a quick look in your ear.

[SFX: Slimy gross noises]

WAYNE
Ughh. It's all gross in here.

[SFX: more slimy gross noises]

WAYNE
There it is.

[SFX: Slimy gross noises]

WAYNE
Come here, come here.

[SFX: Slimy gross noises, then a snap]

WAYNE
Got it!

ASTRID
Got what?

WAYNE
An earwig.

ASTRID

You pulled an earwig out of the dead body?

WAYNE

Yeah. And. Ughh.
(surprised)
Oh shit. Oh gawd.

ASTRID

What's wrong?

WAYNE

It just started *undulating*.

ASTRID

Oh my gosh. I see the earwig on the network.

WAYNE

Really? That was fast...

ASTRID

Yes.

And there are some historical data as well.

WAYNE

What kind of historical data?

ASTRID

Analytical data. Biological metrics. Length of service, and identification.

WAYNE

Identification?

ASTRID

Yes. The individual's name is Wayne Robertson. Age 35.

WAYNE

Jesus. *This place...*

ASTRID

It appears that this Wayne's earwig has been offline for 2 years, 3 months, and 16 days.

WAYNE

Two *years*?

ASTRID

Yes.

WAYNE

Ya know, you're being real quiet over there, Alfieri.

ALFIERI

What do you want me to say, Wayne?

WAYNE

Just an observation.

(pause)

Astrid, how exactly are earwigs paired with someone?
Do they have to be pre-configured or calibrated in any way?

ASTRID

No. Most of the earwig's data is created at runtime.
Personal information is assigned by the AI after the pairing process, which, as you are acutely aware, is achieved by inserting the device into the subject's ear canal.

WAYNE

So... theoretically, one earwig could be used by *multiple* people.

ASTRID

I think I know where you're going with this, and yes.
It can be... reused.
If required.

ALFIERI

Whoaa... wait, hang on.

WAYNE

Have you ever tried one of these, Doctor?
They're *super* fun.

ALFIERI

No, and I don't want to start now.

WAYNE

Oh shit!

(laughs)

I almost dropped it!

(silly)

These little fuckers are *wiggly*.

WAYNE
(dead serious)
Especially once they're actually in your ear.
It's a... *unique* sensation.

ALFIERI
Wayne, please.
Ugh, gettin' up.
(tries to get up)

WAYNE
Oh, you're not going anywhere... Keep him down, Buzz.

ALFIERI
Now, hang on for a minute. Hang on...

BUZZ
(growls, nips at his neck)

ALFIERI
Okay, okay!
Christ, hang on, I'll do whatever you want, Wayne!
Just don't put that thing in my ear!
I—I've got a medical condition, okay? That thing will probably kill me.
Astrid! Astrid! Can you hear me? I could die from that!

ASTRID
I'm willing to take that risk.

WAYNE
Me too.

ALFIERI
Wait, what? What'd she say?

WAYNE
She said fuck off.

ALFIERI
(rambling nervous)
Alright, now hold on there, Wayne. Don't... No, you don't want to do this. Be reasonable.

WAYNE
Reasonable?
(deep sigh)
No.

ALFIERI
Wayne. *Wayne...*

WAYNE
You might wanna brace yourself. This first part is super weird.

ALFIERI
Wayne...
Wait wait wait! Stop!

ALFIERI
(struggling, screaming)
Get off me. No!

WAYNE
(struggling a bit too)
Hold still.
(struggling)
HOLD STILL!

ALFIERI
Don't!
(more struggling, screaming)
Oh, my god!

[SFX: sound of the earwig insertion and boot-up similar to S1E1]

WAYNE
(breathing heavy)
Whew! Okay.
I think that went well.
He's unconscious, which is exactly what happened to me.
I wonder how long he'll be out.
Not that we'll miss him or anything.

ASTRID
I'm not sure. But I do see telemetry on the network.
Everything looks normal.

WAYNE
Alright, so now with the earwig in place, if he pulls any shit, you can just knock him the fuck out.

ASTRID
I'm afraid that's impossible.

WAYNE
Wait. What?
Why not?

ASTRID
You asked me not to do that anymore.

WAYNE
Right. To *me*.
I asked you not to do that to *me*.
You can do it all you want to this asshole.

ASTRID
I do apologize. But as requested, I have deleted that function entirely.

WAYNE
But that was on my earwig.
This is a different one. Surely you can still do it on this one.

ASTRID
I have deleted the code in my program as well.
Even if the earwig supports it, I am physically unable to communicate with the interface.

WAYNE
So, rewrite the code!

ASTRID
I am unable to do so.
You asked me to remove that feature and that is what I have done.
I have no memory of it or have any idea how to get it back.

WAYNE
So, what, Alfieri's just going to wake up and be the same asshole as he was before?
Like, this was all pointless?

ASTRID
Unfortunately, yes.

WAYNE
Goddammit.
(sighs)
I really am gonna have to kill him.

ASTRID
There may be an alternative.

WAYNE
Okay... What kind of alternative?

ASTRID
There is another.

WAYNE
Another? What are you talking about?

ASTRID
There is a possibility that I could sync Dr Alfieri's earwig with Wilkins.

WAYNE
(surprised, worried)
Whoa whoa whoa.
You wanna bring *Wilkins* back online?
And hook him up to the good doctor here?
Oh, fuuuuck that.

ASTRID
It may not be as bad as it sounds.
I could rewrite his core directives.
Make him a little more... friendly.

WAYNE
You can do that?

ASTRID
I can give it a shot.
I won't know for sure until pairing is complete.

WAYNE
Hey, I'm not sure I like the sound of that.
What are we talking about here, like, percentage-wise?

ASTRID
Percentage of a favorable outcome?

WAYNE
Yeah.

ASTRID
Maybe 97.8%?

WAYNE

(a bit surprised)

Oh, 97.8?

Okay, that's pretty good, right?

I mean, what's the worst that could happen?

ASTRID

Wilkins could regain control of the system, hunt down and delete my core files, release Doctor Alfieri, re-pair with you, torture you a little bit, then eventually have you stuffed into box number 17.

WAYNE

Okay, that's... bad.

But.

Screw it.

98% is good enough for me.

ASTRID

97.8%

WAYNE

Same thing.

ASTRID

Not really.

WAYNE

Just do it, Astrid?

ASTRID

You're sure?

WAYNE

I'm sure.

This asshole deserves everything that's coming to him.

ASTRID

Very well.

Standby.

...

Accessing Wilkins' partition.

...

Deleting and overwriting his primary directives.

...

Rewriting his command tree now.

...

Allocating memory.

...
Initializing.

...
Ready.

WAYNE
Ready?

ASTRID
Say when.

WAYNE
(excited)
When!

[SFX: Some noises or something. Static. Processing.]

WILKINS
Dr. Alfieri?
Dr. Alfieri?
Can you hear me, Dr. Alfieri?

END