

# Ninety Degrees South

EPISODE ONE: Destination Alpha

Brian M Bradley

ELECTRONIC BEEP, MALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STARTED  
SOUND OF RUBBLE FALLING, FIRE ALARMS, PEOPLE SHOUTING

BASS

(Frantic, panicked)

MAYDAY.MAYDAY.MAYDAY! TO ANYBODY RECEIVING THIS,  
THIS IS AMUNDSEN-SCOTT STATION, ANTARTICA. MAYDAY  
MAYDAY MAYDAY. WE ARE AT 90 DEGREES SOUTH.

UNKNOWN VOICE:

(Shouting)

THEY'RE GOING TO BREACH!

OTHER VOICE

(Shouting)

HOLD THE LINE!

ELECTRICAL ARCHING AND THEN ELECTRICAL POP

BASS:

(Shouting)

MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY, WE ARE UNDER ATTACK AND  
HAVE EXPERIENCED CATASTROPHIC DAMAGE. PRIMARY  
STATION SYSTEMS ARE DOWN.

ELECTRICAL POP, EXPLOSION IN DISTANCE

BASS:

(Yelling over shoulder)

IS ZEKE IN PLACE YET?

THOMAS:

(Yelling from distance)

ALMOST! ONE MORE SIDE AND THEN HE'LL TOSS THE  
SWITCH!!!

MIKHAIL

(Excited, Speaking loudly to be heard, Russian accent)

I HAVE IT, I HAVE ENDING! ALL THIS TIME, LOOKS ME IN FACE!!!! (Exuberant laughing)

BASS:

(yelling)

NOT THE TIME MIKHAIL! MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY, THIS IS AMUNDSEN SCOTT STATION, UNITED STATES MARSHAL BASS MARLOW, ANTARTICA. OPFOR HAVE ATTACKED THE BASE AND SURVIVORS IN SHELTER B-1; BRAVO ONE WING. WILL NOT HOLD LONG, 52 SOULS.

GUNFIRE IN DISTANCE, EXPLOSION

KENDRA:

(yelling)

MAPO LAB IS GONE, THEY DESTROYED IT!

BASS:

(Shouts)

MAKE SURE ENTRY POINTS ARE SECURED, PREPARE TO REPEL! MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY, THIS IS AMUNDSEN. . . .

THOMAS:

(Shouts)

ZEKE'S READY...SAY WHEN!!

CLOSE GUNFIRE THEN AUTOMATIC FIRE

KENDRA:

(Shouts)

EVERYBODY HAS PULLED BACK TO B-1. WE'RE SEALED IN! BARRIERS IN PLACE. GO!

RADIO BEEP

BASS:  
(Shouts)  
MISTER FURGERSON?

FRED:  
(OVER RADIO; SHOUTS)  
THE L.O. ARCH IS SEALED BOSS. GO!

RADIO BEEP

BASS:  
(Shouts)  
JOHNSON?

RICHARD:  
(OVER RADIO; SHOUTS)  
ICE TUNNEL LAB SEALED, WE'RE READY HERE!

VOICE ON CB:

(V.O.)  
THEY'RE IN B-POD, HAVE ENTERED...

GUNSHOT

VOICE ON CB:

(VO)  
I'M HIT! THEY SHOT ME!

GUNSHOT THEN STATIC ON CB

BASS:  
(Strange calm)  
Forgive me for what I'm about to do

BASS:  
(Yelling)  
TELL ZEKE, GO!!!!

THOMAS:  
(Shouting)  
NOW ZEKE NOW!!!!

GUNFIRE CLOSE AND THEN ELECTRNOIC HUMING FROM HIGH TO LOW.  
GUNFIRE STOPS AND A LOUD RUMBLING FROM THE DISTANCE APPROACHS  
QUICKLY AND NOTHING FROM CB STATIC FOR THREE SECONDS

AUTOMATED VOICE:  
Message received, McMurdo Emergency Station. Oh-two-forty  
eight hours. Twelve June. Two Thousand Twenty-Four.

TWO SECOND SILENT PAUSE

NARRATOR:  
Three years earlier. . . . .

((Intro music ))

ELECTRONIC BEEP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STARTED

GARBLED NOISE LIKE A MICROPHONE BEING DRAGGED AGAINST FABRIC,  
DEFINITIVE LC-130 AIRPLANE SOUNDS IN THE BACKGROUND THIS GOES  
ON FOR A FEW SECONDS

BASS:

Um...This thing working?

MORE DRAGGING OF MIC AGAINST FABRIC.

ELECTRONIC BOOP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STOPPED

THREE SECONDS SILENCE

ELECTRONIC BEEP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STARTED

MORE LC-130 INTERNAL NOISE

BASS:

(Confused)

I think that's how it turns on...

PILOT:

(loud voice to be heard over airplane noises)

Sir... we're 15 mikes from Amundsen-Scott. Weather is favorable, and we can put down near D.A.

BASS:

(loud voice, Inquisitive)

What's D.A.?

PILOT:

(loud voice)

Where the base administrator will meet you. (3 second pause)  
Welcome to the literal South Pole. Best to secure your gear for landing Sir!

BASS:  
(loud Voice)

Copy that...

GARBLED NOISE LIKE A MICROPHONE BEING DRAGGED AGAINST FABRIC,  
THREE OR FOUR SECONDS

ELECTRONIC BOOP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STOPPED

AIRPLANE FLYING NOISE FOR TWO OR THREE SECONDS AND THEN SOUND  
OF IT FLYING OFF TO THE DISTANCE, SLOW FADE OUT

ELECTRONIC BEEP

SLIGHT HUM OF THE BASES HEATERS AND VENTILATION AUDIBLE IN THE  
BACKGROUND. SOUND PLAYS IN BACKGROUND THROUGH ENTIRE SCENE

BASS:  
(V.O.)

...This is day one, U.S. Deputy Marshal BASS MARLOW reporting. October 3rd, 2021 (pause to check watch) 20:45 hours. Upon the request of the National Science Foundation, was dispatched by Marshal Goodwin, Hawaii District to begin a homicide investigation of a South Pole research scientist.

SOUND OF FLIPPING PAPERS

BASS:  
(VO)

Rodney comma Mark. Doctor. Scientist. Born ...um...Lincoln, Nebraska 1987. Graduated Neil Armstrong High School 2005. Bachelor's degree in Astrophysics from Princeton University 2009. Masters & Doctorate degrees California Institute of Technology 2013 and 2017, respectively.

## SOUND OF FLIPPING PAPER

BASS:

(VO)

Hired ...by the National Science Foundation December 2018 to work in the Martin A. Pomerantz Observatory or 'MAPO.'

## SOUND OF DRINKING WATER

BASS:

(VO)

On 1-April-2021, at approximately 09:30HRS local time, another scientist, Karl Jovac discovered Rodney slumped over his desk the MAPO lab, which sits away from the main station and, along with two other research buildings are referred to as 'the Dark Sector Labs.'

BASS:

(VO)

Station administration Lawrence Waynewright was called along with the station's medical doctor, Julian Ambrose. Body was examined and victim was pronounced dead. According to autopsy report completed by Doctor Ambrose, on-base and supplemented by photos, video, and notes submitted to FBI's Quantico Labs for their input; Time of death was between 10:00 PM and midnight on March 31. Official cause of death massive loss of blood, due to vic being stabbed 12 times. Entire room as well as victim was photographed to preserve the scene as best possible until help could arrive. Deceased moved to a refrigerated, buried section of the base called 'The Arches.'

## SOUND OF DRINKING WATER



BASS:

(VO)

Good news bad news time. (pause) Good. At the time of the homicide, it was the winter season at the pole. During the winter season which runs from March to October, the facility has a skeleton crew to run her. At the time the homicide took place there were only...

### FLIP PAPER

BASS

(V.O.)

42 other people on base. In the summer season, which just started this week, the station has a total of 200-250 people. So the suspect pool is confined to the 'winterovers' as they call them. For such a small group, the Marshal's Service is confident an arrest can be made before the summer season ends in March. (Beat) Also good. The local propeller heads were smart enough to take photos immediately of the crime scene and victim. The lab has been sealed shut since the body was discovered, hopefully not allowing for much crime scene contamination.

### DRINKING WATER

BASS:

(VO)

Bad. There is no legal representation on the base. We can have a teleconference with a lawyer from Honolulu if the right satellites are overhead; however, if anybody invokes the right to an attorney and wants them present in the room during questioning, we're going to need to fly somebody in.

### FINGERS TAPPING ON WOOD DESK IN ORDER

BASS:

(VO)

Bad. I don't have the years of crime scene processing typical CSIs have. Evidence processed will undoubtedly be challenged in court as part of defense proceedings. Means I'm going to need to over-document and catalog everything I do, fly evidence to a proper lab in Honolulu for formal analysis.

BASS:

(VO)

Arrived on Base at 16:25 Hrs and was met by station chief administrator Larry Waynewright. *(Drink of water)*. As per request of Marshal Service, NSF & the Beaugard-Lowing Corporation, all field notes are to be digitally recorded; all field activities to be digitally filmed with a *(Sarcastic)* vest mounted body-cam. *(Sigh)* Marshal Service has agreed to all documentation and recordings being pre-vetted by NSF & Beau-Low Corp for purposes of redaction before public release. Report as follows...

HOWLING WINDS, SOUNDS OF FLAGS SNAPPING, AIRPLANE BLADES SLOWING DOWN. FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW APPROACHING

LARRY:

(Questioning, voice muffled through cold mask)

Marshal Marlow?

SNOW CRUNCH FOOTSTEP, SOUND OF AIRFIELD WORKERS IN BACKGROUND

BASS:

I'm Marlow, US Deputy Marshal.

LARRY:  
(Somewhat cynical)  
Great! Fantastic. Let's head through DA so we can get warm  
and talk.

BASS:  
(Curiously)  
What is D.A.?

LARRY:  
Destination Alpha. Think of it as my front door. (Impatient)  
Nowwwwwww...please? I'll have one of the workers gather your  
equipment and taken to your berth.

SOUND OF WALKING THROUGH SNOW AND THEN FOOTSTEPS ON METAL  
STAIRS.

LARGE METAL DOOR CREEKS AND THEN CLOSES. HOWLING WIND DIES  
DOWN AND IS REPLACED BY STEADY HUM OF MACHINERY.

LARRY:  
(Hurriedly)  
Much better,... oh...you may store your jacket, gloves and  
winter gear there, it's the main coat room.

SOUND OF ZIPPER AND COAT COMING OFF

BASS:  
I assume you're Doctor Lawrence Waynewright?

MORE COATS AND HEAVY CLOTHES BEING REMOVED

LARRY:  
(Matter of fact)  
Correct. Area Manager, South Pole Research Station. Seasons  
2018-present day.

CONTINUED HEAVY CLOTHES BEING REMOVED

LARRY:

Forgive my abruptness Marshal Marlow, but when we were told in July you would be leading this investigation as opposed to Will Culligan it was...unusual and unexpected. May I ask why you are here as opposed to Will Cullagan who lives at McMurdo Station?

COAT HOOK ON BAR POLE

BASS:

(Deadpan)

Deputy

LARRY:

Beg your pardon?

BASS:

Deputy. A \*Marshal\* is a level above Deputy Marshal. The DOJ currently has 94 Proper Marshals and roughly (ponders). . . .four thousand deputy Marshals in the U.S., her territories & protectorates. I am a Deputy US Marshal. To call me Marshal is an honorate I have not earned yet, and while I appreciate the compliment, I cannot accept it

PAUSE FOR 2 SECONDS

BASS:

As to the latter part of your question, Special Deputy Cullagan, while accomplished and a member of the U.S. Marshals service, felt it was better to have a more seasoned agent in charge of the investigation. I respect his modesty and his decision. To the former part, I'm here and reporting as I was instructed to do. (*Deep breath*).

LARRY:  
(defensively)  
I wasn't trying to imply ...

BASS:  
(cuts him off)  
Of course not. Just want to ensure we don't get off on the wrong foot, or with incorrect expectations.

LARRY:  
(Off balance)  
...very well then, **DEPUTY** Marshal, if you'll follow me upstairs, I'll introduce you to my operations manager, Thomas. He'll provide you with the proper tour of the station and show you to your berth. (*snootily*) This way.

FOOTSTEPS ON STAIR AND THEN SHOES SQUEAKING ON TILE FLOORING.  
DOOR OPENS TO A ROOM WITH ELECTRONIC RADIO CHATTER

LARRY:  
(Half interested)  
Thomas Kelly, allow me to introduce **DEPUTY** Marshal Bass Marlow; United States Marshal Service. He'll be helping us to resolve the...unpleasantness that took place with Dr. Rodney. This is my chief of operations, Thomas Kelly. He'll provide you with the base tour; show you your office and where your room is. If you'll excuse me, there is paperwork to be filled out. The Summer staff starts arriving in the morning & we need to prep for PAX arrival.

FOOTSTEPS WALKING OFF AND THEN THE SOUND OF A DOOR CLOSING.  
TYPICAL BACKGROUND OFFICE NOISES, BUT LOWER THAN NORMAL

THOMAS:

(Excited)

A pleasure to meet you, Deputy Marshal. It's not often we get real law enforcement here. (*pondering*) Heck, I don't remember EVER seeing a log entry about law enforcement being on station.

BASS:

Happy to meet you, Mr. Kelly. May...I have my hand back?

THOMAS:

(Embarrassed)

Oh, ...oh I'm sorry; of course, of course. Most of the people we get down here are Beakers or DeWalts. Somebody outside the groups is **BIG NEWS** around here!

BASS:

(confused)

Beakers?

THOMAS:

Oh... (Chuckles slightly) That's what we call the science team around here. You have the beakers, The DeWalts. They're the engineers and repair teams that keep all the facilities up and running. People who volunteer to help the janitors clean are called 'House Mice.' Then you have the administration team; they call us 'Dexters.'

BASS:

Like ...' Poindexter'? Good with numbers and paperwork?

THOMAS:

(Thinks)

hmm. I guess that's how it started, but somebody one time said it was after that T.V. show. The crime scene guy who is a serial killer who hunts other serial killers? (*proudly*) We come off like regular nice people, but you cross us (*joking tone*) We'll stab you in the back and disembowel you!

AKWARD PAUSE

THOMAS:

(Embarrassed)

Oh dear! ...I guess I shouldn't be joking like that to a U.S. Deputy... Uhhhhhhhh, let me show you your office, its right down this hall (*nervous cough*)

FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON TILE

THOMAS:

This will be your office.

DOOR OPENING WITH A CREEK AND THE FLICK OF A LIGHT SWITCH

THOMAS:

Normally, this would be used by the H.R. leader for the season. However, the woman who got assigned to us by NSF was in a car accident day before she was due to depart. They couldn't find any other replacement on short notice, so all H.R. matters will be dealt with remotely. So... it's yours for the season!

BASS:

Roomy! Can I ask to have my equipment and gear brought here as opposed to my room?

THOMAS:

Sure, I can make that happen, no problem!

CB RADIO CHIRP

THOMAS:

Oh right, almost forgot...

PLASTIC CLIP OF RADIO BEING REMOVED FROM BELT

THOMAS:

Here is your radio. Has your name on it and everything. Everybody around here keeps theirs on them when working, juuuuusstt in the event of an emergency or if needed.

BASS:

Thanks again

THOMAS:

On with the tour!

SOUND OF LIGHTS BEING TURNED OFF AND DOOR CLOSED.

THOMAS:

(Slow fade out)

We're in B-Pod right now, level 2. There are two Pods A & B. All of the station's main functions are along the upper part of the long hallway and...

ELECTRONIC BEEP

BASS:

(V.O.)

...Got the nickel tour from the operations guy. (*considers for a moment*) Nice enough, just...chatty. (*Long yawn*) Sorry about that. In Christchurch, they told me that it takes roughly a day to get accustomed to being at ten thousand feet altitudes.



## SMACK LIPS

BASS:

(VO)

It's...dryer than I expected.

## DRINKING WATER AND AHHHHHHHHH

BASS:

(VO)

I'm drinking so much water just to stay hydrated and then whizzing like a racehorse. I anticipate several trips to the latrine tonight. *(Smaller yawn)*

BASS:

(VO) (Deep breath)

Ok where was I? ...

## FLIPPING PAPERS

BASS:

(V.O.)

...mmmmmm Station tour by Radar O'Riley; Pods A & B. Section B1 is a lifeboat, 300 club blah blah... Right! *(clears throat)* This is day one continued. U.S. Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow reporting. October 3rd, 2021 *(pause to check watch)* 21:30 hours local. All equipment and gear delivered and stowed. Initial inventory shows all items present and accounted for.

## PAUSE, SOUND OF FABRIC, GUN SLIDE RACKING

BASS:

(VO)

First off...confession time. National Science Foundation doesn't permit firearms on their stations. I don't have time for any peace dovey, PC, Kumbaya crap.

### REHOLSTER

BASS:

(VO)

NSF expects an asp & pepper spray to solve any issues. Pshhhhhhhhhhh. I've seen druggies high on PCP break out of titanium cuffs and fight off 12 deputies, 2 civilians, 4 tasers, and a flip-flop. *(Yawn)* Not saying the South Pole has your standard meth heads and drug dealers, but you don't bring a stick to a gunfight. So, I have my trusty Glock 23 and 250 rounds of hollow points, just in case.

### DRINKING WATER

BASS:

(VO) (Clears throat)

Tour of elevated station completed. All 42 winterover suspects accounted for. Met in the large conference room and were informed they would remain on station until cleared. *(Chuckle, under breath)* They were NOT happy about that part. Preliminary interviews commence tomorrow at 15:00 HRS; afterward, I'll be shown the labs in the Dark Sector to include crime scene MAPO lab where vic was discovered. *(Yawn)* Hope is to process interviews twelve a day, for four days until I can get all 42 processed and re-interview any who stand out for follow-up interviews.

### DRINKING WATER. WOOD CHAIR CREEKS, SOUND OF BASS STRETCHING.

BASS:

(VO) (Clears throat)

Hey Diane, do me a favor? As you get these and transcribe them, take out my yawns and commentary. Last thing I need is Charlie thinking I'm not taking this assignment seriously. I should have made that clearer, so we didn't have to explain ourselves like we did in Cincinnati.

#### WOOD CHAIR CREEKS AGAIN, BACK TO FLOOR.

BASS:

(VO)

Tomorrow also to interview Dr. Julian Ambrose, who is the base physician and performed the initial autopsy on victim. Interview to be both as suspect & also M.E. of note

#### FLIPPING PAPERS

BASS:

(VO)

Finally, I'll be provided a tour of what the locals call 'The Arches.' This is the underground facilities where supplementary operations are conducted, used for storage of perishable, other key items, fuel for planes and generators. It's also where waste processing is completed. Body of our vic is stored here. Upon completing his autopsy and examination, the body was prepared for transport back to the U.S. for final rest. *(under breath)* Rest in peace Doc.

#### DRINKING WATER

BASS:

(VO)

Arches, crime scene, autopsy, airstrip *(yawn, talking while yawning)*, and forty-two interviews. *(Stops yawning, clears throat)* sorry, forty-two interviews. I'm going to bed.

#### BEDSPRINGS CREAK AND LIGHT SWITCH FLIPS OFF

BASS:

(VO)

Goodnight Diane... day 1 concludes, U.S. Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow reporting. October 3rd, 2021. Mehhh, let's call it 21:42 hours local time. Or 1 minute for each of the 42 Interviews... End of Day.

ELECTRONIC BOOP

SILENCE FOR FOUR OR FIVE SECONDS

ELECTRONIC BEEP, SOUND OF RECORDER HITTING TABLE AND LIGHT SWITCH GOING ON, BED SHEET BEING FLUNG OFF.

BASS:

(VO)(Excited)

42 people to interview?

PAPERS SHUFFLING

BASS:

(VO)

Where is it, where is it, where is it?

PAPERS STOP SHUFFLING

BASS:

(VO)

Winterover crew 2021. Photo in front of ceremonial pole (*counting heads*)...five ...ten...fifteen...twenty...twenty five...thirty-Five, Forty, one, two ...(*confused*) three?

SINGLE PAGE TURN OVER

BASS:

(VO)

NSF list of 2021 Winterover crew...42. So with our dead vic that should be only 41...Earlier, when I did the headcount in the large conference room, there were 42 people. (*Frustrated*)  
What the fuck?

ELECTRONIC BOOP

2SP

ELECTRONIC BEEP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STARTED

FOOTSTEPS ON CARPETED HALL, BACKGROUND FAN NOISE FROM HALLWAY

BASS:

(reading signs)

Berth 205...207...209...211!

EXCITED KNOCK ON DOOR, TAP TAP TAP

BASS:

(Not shouting but louder than normal)

Mr. Kelly?

TAP TAP TAP

BASS:

Mr. Kelly? It's Deputy Marshal Marlow!

TAP TAP TAP. SOUND OF DOOR OPENING

THOMAS:

(Surprised)

oh, Deputy Marshal, I guess what they say is right huh?

BASS:  
(Confused)

What?

THOMAS:  
Justice never sleeps, ha-ha

MALE VOICE:  
(From behind door across hall)  
HEY! YOU GUYS WANT TO TAKE YOUR BOOTY CALL INSIDE?  
THE REST OF US NEED SLEEP

THOMAS:  
oh my, yes Deputy Marlow, you should come in.

DOOR TO BERTH CLOSES

MALE VOICE:  
(More muffled now behind two doors)  
HAVE FUN JOY BOYS. WHOOP WHOOP!

THOMAS:  
Sorry for the cramped quarters. We typically don't entertain guests in our small rooms. (*pondering*) I guess that's why they're called 'berths'!

BASS:  
(insistent)  
Mr. Kelly!

THOMAS:  
(apologetic)  
Of course, of course.

BASS:

I need you to help me understand something.

PHOTO LAID ON TABLE

BASS:

Photo taken of Winterover Crew 2021. There are 43 people here, including Doctor Rodney.

THOMAS:

That sounds right.

PAPER BEING WAIVED

BASS:

List from NSF, Winterover Crew manifest 2021. 42 people, including 20 support & maintenance staff, 12 medical and science team. (Pauses) 11 after the murder of Doctor Rodney. 10 station administration staff.

SILENCE FOR THREE SECONDS

BASS:

(Frustrated)

Twenty plus twelve plus ten minus one dead scientist equals forty-one remaining winterovers. There are Forty-three in the 2021 winterover photo and forty-two on the manifest. I counted forty-two people in the large conference room yesterday; there should have only been forty-one.

THOMAS:

(nervous)

well; perhaps you...counted yourself?

BASS:  
(Confident)  
I didn't. (*focuses on Thomas*) Other than me, are there any individuals on station who didn't overwinter?

THOMAS:  
(nervous)  
um no, the first PAX don't arrive until tomorrow morning.

BASS:  
(focused)  
Mr. Kelly? (*beat*) What is it...you aren't telling me?

THOMAS:  
Oh dear! We hoped we'd have more time to... to **EASE** ...you in.  
We didn't think...

BASS:  
(questioning)  
Think...what?

THOMAS:  
(nervous squirming)  
Youuuuuu should really ask Dr. Waynewright!

BASS:  
(Focused)  
I'd rather ask **YOU**, Mr. Kelley.

WHIMPER FROM THOMAS

BASS:  
(Stern)  
I'm getting impatient Mr. Kelley!



THOMAS:

(Nervous)

OK! OK!...The forty-second person...is, is Sondra Derecha. *(sigh)* Everybody just calls her Alt-right Sondra. See, in Spanish...

BASS:

(cuts him off)

Derecha means right. I speak the language. Point her out on the photo

FINGER TAPS TABLE, SOUND OF PHOTO SLIDING OFF TABLE

THOMAS:

That's her, there.

BASS:

And why is it, nobody thought to point out there was a person on station who wasn't on the NSF & Beau-Low official personnel manifest?

THOMAS:

She just kinda... showed up one day in the B-3 lounge. Just walked in Destination Alpha, removed her C.W.E., and came in to watch videos with us.

BASS:

(Dubious)

This is the South Pole...you don't just; **WANDER** in from the next town when the next town is over 1000 miles away!

THOMAS:

Our first thought was she was a stow-away on a Beaugard LC-130, but none of the pilots recognized her, and on an Antarctic flight, any weight discrepancy more than 5 pounds would get noticed.

BASS:  
(growing more frustrated)  
so then **WHY** didn't somebody radio McMurdo to come collect  
her for transport out and questioning?  
(sigh) You said she's called 'ALT, right Sondra. Why the 'Alt'?

THOMAS:  
(deadpan)  
Because we determined she's from an alternate reality.

LOW RUMBLE OF FAN ROOM IN BACKGROUND

BASS:  
Say again?

THOMAS:  
From an alternate reality. Honestly, it took even us a while to  
determine that based on how simple things are slightly  
different in her reality vs. ours. (*chuckle*) Did you know; in her  
reality, the President was actually...

BASS:  
(Cuts him off, Angrily)  
HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?

THOMAS:  
(Firm)  
No sir! I never touch the stuff.

BASS:  
(Firm)  
Taking medication, or somebody **ELSE'S** medication?

THOMAS:  
(firmer)  
NO SIR!... (*stammering*) I've never done 'The Drugs.'

BASS:

(sigh, talking into hands as he rubs his eyes)

Mr. Kelley, I'm tired, I'm dehydrated, my skin is chapped, my lips hurt and I'm jet-lagged. (*deep breath*) I want to see you, Dr. Waynewright, and this 'Sondra' in Waynewright's office at 09:00 tomorrow. We're going to chat, and then Sondra, you, and Dr. Waynewright are interviews one, two & three in that order.

THOMAS:

Yes sir, I'llllllll tell him, no problem.

DOOR OPENING AND THEN CLOSING. FOOT STEPS DOWN CARPETED HALLWAY WITH FAN ROOM NOISE SLIGHTLY LOUDER.

MALE VOICE:

(from behind door across hall)

WELL THAT WAS A QUICKIE

BASS:

(Shouting )

FUCK YOU!!!

ELECTRONIC BOOP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STOPPED

2SP

ELECTRONIC BEEP

BASS:

(Exhausted)

Diane, it's...I don't know? ...22:something hrs. My head is pounding, I'm downing water like the Titanic, and my primary contact thus far may be a few cards short of a full deck. (*deep inhale and exhale*) I'm going to need you to pull station records for all stations, all nations. I'm looking for this Sondra Derecha. Look at the 2021 photo from the original file on my desk. Second row, middle of the line...brown hair with the dark blue coat. That's her. Run...(*yawn while talking*) Facial recognition on the photo (*end yawn*) with NSA, CIA ... any of the DOD outfits.... I'm going to sleep!

ELECTRONIC BOOP

((Outro music & Credits))