

Ninety Degrees South

EPISODE THREE What's That You Say, Mrs. Robinson?

Brian M Bradley

INTRO MUSIC

ARCHES BACKGROUND AMBIENCE THROUGHOUT SCENE

THOMAS

(midway recounting a scary story)

That's when the drill seized up. Oh boy let me tell ya...people were panicking, yelling over one another, hot steam started to erupt and everything! Thankfully, Zeke was already standing by with a thick wrought iron plug to fill the bore-hole, just in case!

ZEKE

(proud)

That's cast iron, baby! If I used wrought iron, Franklin would already be out and doing demon-ass things causing only God knows what demon-ass damage.

FRANKLIN

(muffled from being inside metal)

Please! Don't bring **HIS** name up. It hurts the ears!!

ZEKE

Shut your mouth, soul eater, ain't nobody talking to you!

FRANKLIN

Alright, sheesh!

THOMAS

The plug was a converted access hatch we used to use over one of the old fuel pits. We got it ready to be deployed if the geothermal tap hadn't worked! It had already been welded shut to keep the pressure from blasting open the door. We also drilled small porthole valves for occasional inspection. We were checking it when, well ...when Franklin appeared inside.

BASS

(confused)

Appeared?

THOMAS

Well yeah! You tell him, Franklin!

ZEKE

(interrupting)

Look, Tommy, you know I respect you! You're the only Dexter I let walk around free down here in these Arches. I don't need beakers coming down and breaking stuff. I don't need sightseeing tours here for the five o'clock freak show.

BASS

Gentlemen! You're keeping a person confined against their will. That's called kidnapping! It's (*sarcastically emphasize*) kind of a serious thing.

FRANKLIN

(Muffled)

I like the new guy!

BASS

I want you to get him out and release him. (*Stern*) Now!

THOMAS

(nervously)

Oh, Deputy Marshal, that would be a **horrible** idea, sir.

ZEKE

(Getting Angry)

Look, lawman, you may be the authority up on the surface, but they're things it sounds like nobody brought you up to speed on.

SOUND OF OPENING DRAWER

ZEKE

(sarcastic)

Now... don't go all 'Mark Furhman' on me; I'm just reaching for a bottle of water

BASS

Go ahead...

DRAWER CLOSING, SOUND OF WATER SLOSHING

BASS

Oh you can't be serious!

ZEKE

Lawman, I'm serious all day long and twice on Sunday about not letting Damien here outta this here cage! I get it! Some people need to see with their own eyes.

DRINKING WATER

ZEKE

("ahhh" sound after drinking) No tricks! No magic! No sleight of hand! Just consecrated H2O.

FRANKLIN

(nervous, muffled)

Oh c'mon! That's unnecessary, and besides...*(factly)*... it's just plain rude.

TOSS AND CATCH SOUND

ZEKE

Tommy?

THOMAS

Just regular holy water Deputy Marshal! Down the hatch!

DRINKING SOUND, THEN TOSS AND CATCH SOUND

ZEKE

This round on us, hell-spawn!

HISSING SOUND LIKE STEAM, THEN WHOOOOOSH OF FIRE IGNITING

FRANKLIN

(muffled, Demon Voice, shouting)

OW!!! , AHHHHHHH, ON FIRE!

SOUND OF PATTING OUT FIRE FRANTICLY

FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE

BASS

(flabbergasted)

....It's a trick!

ZEKE

(frustrated)

Man, I just got done telling you it's no trick. You saw me and Tommy drink the stuff with your own fool eyes!

BASS

(contemplates, still not believing)

There's... there's some kind of ignition device in there!

ZEKE

(referring to the space around him)

Where are the wires for an electrical ignition? Where's the fuel line for gas and pilot light?

FRANKLIN

(muffled, angry Demon Voice)

I'm fine by the wayyyyyy... I appreciate the concern!

ZEKE

(stern)

This ain't no David Blaine street magic shit. There ain't no cameras around here except the one on your vest! I just met you now, a few minutes ago, but I don't have no reason to impress you. This ain't fantasy, lawman. This here is real-life shit in that cage!

THOMAS

(reassuring)

I know this takes getting used to Deputy Marshal, but we're being 100% serious with you. Scouts honor!

FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE

BASS

I'm going back topside. I have a murder investigation to resume!

THOMAS

I'll head back up with you. *(Beat) (Over shoulder)* Thanks for showing him, Zeke!

ZEKE

Serious now Tommy! This here is **MY** vehicle maintenance facility. Ain't no Barnum and Bailey circus tent. You come down here; it's for business! Not to show off Heaven's rejects! My V.M.F. is sacred!

BEGIN SLOW FADE OUT

FRANKLIN

(Back to human voice)

Seriously, some burn ointment? Aloe? Nothing says 'I'm sorry' like nature's own salve!

ZEKE

(warning)

Don't test me, demon! I'm two seconds away from having a super-soaker shipped down here.

FRANKLIN

(confused)

What's a super-soaker?

ZEKE

oh I'd **LOVE** to show you!

VMF DOOR CLOSES

ELECTRONIC BOOP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STOPPED FADE FROM ARCHES BACKGROUND TO STATION BACKGROUND NOISE

ELECTRONIC BEEP

BASS

(VO)(Formal voice)

...This is day 4, US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow reporting. October 6th, 0530 hours...(nervous cough, informal voice)...Ok I'm not going

to even TRY to describe what I witnessed yesterday in the Arches. You don't know what the Arches are, right. It's uh...The main storage and mechanical infrastructure complex that supports the elevated station. It resides in 4 separate large trenches which were dug out 50 feet deep. Arch-shaped domes were constructed inside and then covered with snow and ice. Prefab buildings were then added inside. Their power plant, their water treatment plant, garage, and fuel are down there, along with. . .'other things'.

BASS

(VO, Formal voice)

After my experience in the arches, I focused back on the case and was taken to the crime scene. Arrived 1750 hours and examined room where the body was discovered by Doctor Karl Jovac. Dr. Jovac and base surgeon Dr. Ambrose accompanied.

2 SECOND PAUSE

BASS

(VO, Formal)

The body was found in the MAPO lab. MAPO sits about a half kilometer away from the main elevated station and is part of what they call 'The Dark Sector'. An area which is kept clear of sources of interference with electromagnetic signals that could hamper radio telescopes. MAPO is the central facility for maintenance and operation of South Pole observing systems such as telescopes and detectors. The room where Rodney was found is a small self-contained office inside the overall MAPO lab and had been sealed off. The tags were still in place and the room had not been entered since Rodney was discovered. (Beat)

BASS

(VO, informal)

Diane, can you ship me a new UV flashlight? Mine isn't working so I'm borrowing a UV cleaning wand from one of the beak...*(catches himself)* from the scientists. Damn, I'm starting to talk like them now. The wand is working OK, but I want my own gear.

BASS

(VO, Formal)

In-depth investigation didn't net any new information the photos or videos haven't already provided. The one interesting item we did discover was an external drive that was supposed to be in Rodney's office was missing. I've ordered the doctor's laptop to be taken to the local IT team to see if they can determine what may have been on that drive, as well as all Rodney's computer activities for 72 hours leading up the night he was murdered.

BASS

(VO, Formal)

Today also marks the deployment of the NASA lifeline satellite array. Launched several months ago the satellites have aligned themselves to allow for more direct internet access and greater speeds for Antarctic science stations. Now a more stable internet service should be available at least 10 hours per day and with higher bandwidth speed.

SIPS COFFEE

BASS

(VO, informal)

Better than the 1998 dial-up speed they had anyway! (*Formal*) The first interview at 0900 with Dr. Helena McKendrick, the romantic partner of the deceased Dr. Rodney.

ELECTRONIC BOOP. FADE IN OVERHEAD MAIN STATION BACKGROUND NOISE

HELENA

(offended)

Of course I'm sad to have heard he was murdered, but he wasn't my husband, he was...a summer flower in winter's garden. A distraction that provided temporary comfort for the season.

BASS

(no emotion)

Poetic way of classifying it. Dr. McKendrick...

WRITING ON PAPER

BASS

Had you and Dr. Rodney been having any relationship issues?

HELENA

(dismissive)

Nothing too unordinary.

BASS

(questioning)

Can you... specify

HELENA

Rather ***personal*** question don't you think Deputy Marshal?

BASS

(Deflecting)

I find homicide even more personal, the more I understand all the elements in Dr. Rodney's life, the sooner I can complete the puzzle.

HELENA

(Resigned)

Like most men I've known, they have problems ...' rising to the occasion' when it's cold. Mark was no exception. Walking to and from his precious 'Bicep array' in MAPO certainly didn't help him . . 'stand tall.'

BASS

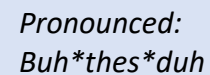
(dryly)

Other than his performance issues, were there any other problems.

HELENA

(Quick chuckle)

My relationship with Mark was all about performance. We had SEX deputy marshal! I wasn't looking for somebody to confide in and share all my woes. I have one of those back in Bethesda and that's more than enough!



*Pronounced:
Buh*thes*duh*

BASS

(dryly)

Up till his death were you on good social terms?

HELENA

Yes.

BASS

Tell me about Fred Ferguson.

HELENA

Firefighter Fred? (LOL) Man is a lovesick little puppy-dog...(factly) he was hitting on me 16 seconds after I stepped off the plane in Christchurch.

BASS

You don't have any interest in him?

HELENA

(offended)

No! ...I mean...I SUPPOSEEEEE he might appeal to some of the *younger* grad students, but I need a man a bit more... (accentuate the word, sensually) seasoned!

AWKWARD MOMENT OF SILENCE

HELENA

(flirting)

What are you, Deputy Marshal? Thirty-five. . .forty?

BASS

Spoken for, and on the job.

HELENA

So was Mark!

BASS

(pleading)

Doctor!

HELENA

(flirting)

oh please, call me Helena!

BASS
(firm)

Doctor!

HELENA
(playful)
rrmmmm! Likes to take charge too!

TWO SECOND SILENCE

HELENA
(resigned)
Very well Deputy Marshal, I'll behave!

BASS
Thank you! Did Dr. Rodney and Fred get on alright?

HELENA
Not at all. Mark knew full well of the affection Fred had for me. Unrequited or not, Mark could be a bit jealous of the attention other men showed me.

BASS
Did that contention ever manifest to physical altercation?

HELENA
Heard the pie story did you?

BASS
Pie story?...no.

HELENA
(deep sigh)
Well the way I heard it...Mark and Fred were in the galley around the same time. After Mark had finished his lunch he went up to the dessert counter for a piece of pie. (Brush something off her

shoulder) Fred saw this, got up from the table he was at and took the last piece of pie Mark was reaching for. Then he made. . .(hesitate but says it) a comment. A rather RUDE comment.

BASS

(curious)

What was this comment?

HELENA

(sighs, curtly)

Aren't you getting enough pie, already?

BASS

What did Dr. Rodney do?

HELENA

He punched him. You have to understand, Mark was. .an academic. I don't think the man had been in a fistfight his entire life, but when Fred said that, he hit him. Knock Fred right out. (clear throat) Well that was a major ordeal let.me.tell.you! Fred started talking about pressing charges until he realized that he'd have to admit he got taken out by a beaker. There was a formal hearing. . .well as 'formal' as things get with Lawrence in charge.

BASS

Dr. Waynewright?

HELENA

Yes. He threatened to send Mark back to the states if there were any more issues. Told Fred he was also being put on notice. Lawrence has little patience for anything that disrupts the smooth operation of the station.

BASS

When did this happen?

HELENA

Uhhh, would have been in ...late January.

WRITING IN NOTEBOOK

BASS

I think I have everything I need for now Doctor.

HELENA

May I see your pen a moment?

BASS

Of course, here.

CHAIR SQUEAK FORWARD, WRITING IN NOTEBOOK

HELENA

My room number, just in case...you need to follow up with more, questions!

BASS

(cordial)

Good afternoon Doctor.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

BASS

...Unbelievable!

ELECTRONIC BOOP

TWO SECONDS

ELECTRONIC BEEP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STARTED

CROWDED HALLWAY, LOTS OF CONVERSATION SOUNDS, SHOES SQUEAKING ON TILE. FADE NOSE DOWN 30% AFTER 5 OR 6 SECONDS

BASS

Hey ... Mr. Kelley?

THOMAS

(Startled)

Oh geez Deputy Marshal, I didn't hear you walking up!

BASS

(question)

These all the new summer people?

THOMAS

The largest batch anyway. We sometimes get a final few stragglers late the first week and into the next, but other than an 'ungone' or two...this is the bulk of 'em!

BASS

I'm afraid to even... 'Un-Gone?'

THOMAS

Oh! No-no. That's just somebody who says their goodbyes and then they have to turn around because of weather or plane issues. They're back where they started and have to say all their 'goodbyes' and 'fair-thee-wells' all over again. (Beat) 'Ungone'!

BASS

(low voice)

Around here...always best to ask!

THOMAS

Uh, that reminds me ...you have a message here from the Marshal's office; Hawaii! It came in over CB and was re-routed from McMurdo to us.

PAPER BEING HANDED OVER, UNFOLDED

BASS

(Reading to himself, low voice)

To US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow, from US Marshal Goodwin blah,blah,blah,blah... National Science Foundation is requesting any 2021 Winterover staff who can be cleared as suspects and were slated to return to the US...(mad) should be allowed to do so?

BASS

(Angry, talking to himself)

What the hell is Charlie thinking???

BASS

(Angry)

Mr. Kelley, How can I get a call out to Honolulu?

THOMAS

(nervous)

Oh that's not hard. All our calls go out on VOIP, take a sat-relay to the Beaugard-Lowing complex in Boulder. From there it gets re-routed like any other phone call...but you better hurry.

BASS

Why?

THOMAS

Lifeline four satellite crosses the horizon in 20 minutes. L.L.-five won't be in position until fourteen hundred hours.

BASS

(Deep sigh)

Any way to make that call without going through Beau-Low?

THOMAS

Well (*Beat*) I guess the Iridium satellite phones wouldn't have to connect through Beau-low.

BASS

Do we have any?

THOMAS

(nervous again)

Well.... we do have two or three. But they're for emergency use only, Doctor Waynewright's orders.

BASS

(frustrated)

Perfect!

WALKING BACK TOWARDS THE HALLWAY CROWD, CROWD VOLUME SLOWLY
BACK TO START LEVELS

THOMAS

(from a distance)

Sorry I couldn't be more help!

SOUND OF OFFICE DOOR CLOSING, REDUCING BACKGROUND CROWD NOISE BY
90%. PHONE HANDSET LIFTED FROM DIAL AND DIAL TONE. 15 DIAL TONES
SOUND. PAUSE A MOMENT, STACY RINGING. RINGING. . . .RINGING

MALE VOICE

(STATIC)

US Marshals office Honolulu, how can I direct your call?

BASS

D.M. Marlow for Marshal Goodwin.

MALE VOICE

(static, happy)

Bass! Howzit?

BASS

Hey Steve, no time for chatting. I lose this satellite in 20 minutes.
He in?

MALE VOICE

(static)

Yeah bruh, two-ticks.

STACY PHONE RINGS. GETS PICKED UP

CHUCK

(VO phone static)

Didn't think it would take long for you to call!

BASS

(mad)

What the fuck Charlie? When did we start rolling over for a defense contractor?

CHUCK

(VO Phone: static, stern)

Ok I figured you'd be mad but let me clarify a thing or two for you.
ONE. The request came from the NSF, not from Beaugard-Lowing.
...TWO...

BASS

(cuts him off)

... Oh cut the horseshit Charlie! This request has Beau-Low stamped all over it! When was the last time the NSF was so damn...

CHUCK

(VO phone: static, cuts off Bass)

... TWO, The US Marshal's service is at Amundsen-Scott due to the request of the NSF. As such we need to keep this in mind and remember they could insist we hand the investigation over to Ol' Bill Cullagan out of McMurdo; technically he has the jurisdiction in Antarctica; which leads me to point THREE...

BASS

Go ahead

CHUCK

(VO phone: static)

You're generating interest back in DC, Bass. The ***wrong*** type of interest! I've had Don Washington's office so far up my ass, I can taste patent leather and shoe polish.

BASS

(Defensive)

What's their problem with me?

CHUCK

(VO phone: static)

You're there on a homicide investigation Bass. I'm hearing you're looking into goblins and parallel universes...

HARSH STATIC SOUND THEN, CLICK.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Satellite connection lost... Satellite connection lost...Satellite conn

PHONE HANDSET SLAMMED INTO BASE SET

PAUSE

BASS

(yelling)

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK YOU!! YOU MOTHER-FUCKERS CAN GO EAT SHIT AND DIE! FUCK YOUR STATION, FUCK YOUR ORDERS, FUCK YOU AND YOUR DEFENSE BUDGET SPENDING SIDEWAY SELF GRATIFYING

OUT OF BREATH HUFFING FOR SEVERAL SECONDS

SIT DOWN IN CHAIR, LEG SQUEAK ON TILE

KNOCK ON DOOR AND OPENS(up crowd noise 25%)

CHERYL-LYNN

(curious, southern accent)

Y'all ok in here Shug?

BASS

(still winded)

I'm ok Ms. June, thanks for checking in on me.

CHERYL-LYNN

(motherly)

Well now bless your heart! You can't be rasin' that much Kane for another few days! You only just arrived and the altitude will get you winded faster than a knife fight in a phone booth. (Resolved) Now you just sit there a spell and I'll fetch ya a glass of water.

BASS (winded)

No Ms. June, I'm ok!

CHERYL-LYNN

(from around the corner)

You are so Darlin! You thought that was a suggestion! (voice coming back from around the corner) Now I want you to slowly sip this over the next ten minutes and stay in that chair. The hydration will make you right as rain again. (motherly) I don't see you sipping your drink Deputy!

DRINKING SOUND

CHERYL-LYNN

(happy)

Thank youuuuuu. I'll just be around that corner if y'all need anything else.

BASS

Thank you, Ms. June

CHERYL-LYNN

(motherly)

You're welcome shug!

DRINKING WATER

ELECTRONIC BOOP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STOPPED

ELECTRIC BEEP; JOHNNY CASH LIKE TWANGY SONG IN BACKGROUND, LOW

BASS

(VO, informal, a bit tipsy, contemplative)

Diane, when I came here I knew it wasn't going to be easy. No serious crime has ever been committed by an American on Antarctic soil. No murder has ever been committed by **any** nation's citizen on Antarctic soil. A very unfortunate distinction for us.

DRINK, GLASS KLINKING WITH ICE

BASS

(VO, informal)

You've known me for 10 years, Diane, I'm not one to shirk from a challenge. Lack of resources, lack of support staff, lack of proper communications; all this I can overcome. The man I was named for, Bass Reeves worked in Indian & Oklahoma territories in the 19th century and didn't have any of the luxuries we have today. This is a challenge I fully accept

TAKES A DRINK, ICE KLINKING

BASS

(VO, informal, a bit tipsy)

What I can't...accept. What I **WON'T** accept is being under-dermind-
ed by a cut-throat defense contractor with no moral compass.
(accusatory) There was still 10 minutes left on that (slur)stat-a-lite. I
know BOLO was listening in. AHEM. Hey!!!! What **WAS** that Dustin
Hoffman movie in the '60s? Having an affair with an older woman?
(singing, badly) What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson...that one!

TAKES A DRINK, ICE KLINKING

BASS

(VO, informal, a bit tipsy)

Which reminds me...need you to requisition a (slur)stat-a-lite
phone. Iridium!

SIP/SLURP

BASS

(VO, informal, tipsier)

Need one of em. Best.shipping.possible! So fun facts as I look at my
drink and talk at you! The locals have a drink they make called
'popey'. It's any booze you have, poured over Antarctic ice,
HUNDREDS of THOUSAND years old! (Reminiscing, pontificating) in

a way...Diane, you could say the ice I'm staring at in my glass of Knob Creek Bourbon right now, frozen 250,000 years ago was made exactly for this moment. Waiting for me to be here. In this place.

SILENCE, JUST HUM ABOVE

BASS

(VO, informal, drunk)

Fact theeeeeee, second. Drinking, (reciting fast)atAltitudesOfExtremeHeightAboveFiveThousandFeetCanAccelerateTheEnebrationProcess! (exhale)

BASS

(VO, informal, drunk)

Fact the Three....Two seconds...

FUMBLE WITH RECORDER AND THEN ELECTRIC BOOP

ELECTRIC BEEP

BASS

(VO, informal, drunk)

Sorry Diane, I had to pee! (clears throat) Now...where was I?

PHONE RINGS

BASS

(panicked)

SHITTTTT! No no no no no, you got this! (Deep breath, clears throat)

BUTTON PUSH BEEP

BASS

(VO Formal Voice)

Deputy Marshal Marlow.

THOMAS
(VO/PHONE)

Good evening Deputy Marshal. Sorry to disturb you at this hour, but wanted to let you know I've notified the 4 individuals you want to interview tomorrow. Also...ifffff you wanted to know. LL-7 crests in 5 minutes.

BASS
(VO Formal Voice)

Thank you. Mr. Kelly.

THOMAS
(VO/PHONE)

Oh no problem at all sir. Good night.

CLICK

BASS
(VO, informal, drunk)

The third...thing. Is named: 'Kendra'! I don't know what it is Diane. She is just... it's hard to put in words. (chuckle) You know, when ... my wife and son...(HUGE SIGH) mmmmm, sorry....I didn't think I'd care for anybody again. (Ponders a sec). NO NO! Not saying I have feelings for a woman I just met and had a grand total of 4-minute conversation with. It just...I don't know. Something there, maybe? EH.

URNS MUSIC OFF

BASS

(VO, informal, drunk)

Obviously none of this is for the formal investigation transcript. Please reach out to Charlie, let him know I'll call him back when able. Thanks, Diane. Goodnight. (Formal, but drunk) This is day 4, US Deputy Marshal BASS MARLOW reporting. October 6th, 2355 hours. Conclude the day...report...BASS, OUT!!

OUTRO MUSIC & CREDITS