

Ninety Degrees South

EPISODE SIX: Now you do what they told ya!

Part I of II

Brian M Bradley

INTRO MUSIC

INTERVIEW CONCLUDING SOUND OF WRITING IN NOTEBOOK

Lunch Lady Alice (LLA)

...so after the wine tasting ended, we cleaned up after the fancy event, took care of the dishes and pots from dinner that night. We got everything prepared for breakfast the following day and made sure something was out for the midnight snackers.

BASS

Betty and Sandra were with you the whole time in the galley?

LLA

(thinks)

ummmmm, except when they would be in the dish pit, and I was in the kitchen or the pantry, oh yeah fur sure they was around.

BASS

Never away for more than a minute or two?

LLA

Darn tootin!'

WRITING STOPS, PAPERS SHUFFLE, AND TAP DESK WITH PAPER TO ALIGN THEM

BASS

(Satisfied)

Ok, I think I have everything I need. Thank you, ma'am, for coming in.

LLA

Oh, it was no big deal Deputy Marshal. Happy to help you out. *(lower voice, leaning in)* Speaking of which, you never told me how it went?

BASS

She loved the sandwich and soup; you were spot on the money.

GIRL SQUEAL AND HAPPY CLAP CLAP CLAP

LLA

(happy)

Just like I told ya. When it looks like she's having a bad day of the gloomy-glooms, she always asks for the same thing. I thought that would make her happy!

BASS

It was perfect; thanks again for helping out.

LLA

(probing)

So is there going to be a love connection there Chuck Woolery?

BASS

(calming her down)

Easy!...We're just friends who enjoy one another's company. I don't want to go slapping labels onto something this quickly and just yet.

LLA

(curious)

Yet? (*punctuate the T at the end*)

BASS

(smirk)

Ms. Alice, you would make one hell of a detective!

LLA

(gasp)

Now, let's be watching our language there, Deputy Marshall! No need for the ol' H-E double hockey sticks now!

BASS

(Apologetic)

Sorry, sorry! I forget where I am sometimes. It won't happen again.

LLA
(motherly)

Well, alrighty then! (Beat) Now, if you'll excuse me, I have breakfast to start serving. Not everybody is the old early birdies like you and me here now. You be good to that sweet little angel and tells her I says hi!

BASS
Yes Ma'am. Let me get that for you.

DOOR OPEN, LIGHT TRAFFIC IN THE HALLWAY, DOOR CLOSES
ELECTRONIC BOOP, FEMALE ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STOPPED
TWO SECOND PAUSE (TSP)
PHONE RINGS, BUTTON PUSHED FOR SPEAKERPHONE

BASS
Deputy Marshal Marlow

MALE VOICE
Phone call, sir, Honolulu.

BASS
I'll take it here; thanks Dominick.

CLICKING AND THEN LIGHT STATIC

CHUCK
(VO/connection scratchy)
...am, am I on?

BASS
(Over Phone)
Charlie, It's Bass. I'm here.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

There you are! The connection is worse than usual. So...you have me in suspense, why wasn't this kid... Josh Nickles our guy?

BASS

(Over phone)

I had him in the chair for three hours, Charlie. Long enough to establish a baseline and pick up on his mannerisms. Could tell when he was more nervous than usual, knew when he was being honest and picked up his tells for when he was not telling the truth or holding back.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

And?

BASS

(Over phone)

I didn't pick up on anything. The kid wasn't ever lying or intentionally holding back. Eye dilation was constant, no looking around the room when answering, no fidgets, nothing to indicate deception. Then there were his physical responses. I got the kid worked up, real angry. He was using his right hand as his predominant. When he smacked the table, signed the releases, right-handed.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

And your vic had his coconut cracked on his back left side before he was stabbed.

BASS

(Over phone)

Our guy is a south-paw, favors the left.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

nose back to the grindstone then boy!

BASS

(Over Phone)

Copy that.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

Listen...Bass, thought we had us an understanding. Thought we determined that worrying too much about *weeds* in the garden could make us lose the crop!

BASS

(Over phone) (confused)

I have been Charlie, honestly!

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

Then whats all this 'Troll' talk?

BASS

(Over phone)

ohhhh, easy misunderstanding Charlie! I initially made the same mistake myself. There are a series of stations in Dronning Maud run by the Norwegians. Tor station, Troll station, and most recently, Troll II. The people here just call them Trolls, it's a nickname.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

So then why are everybody's knickers in a knot?

BASS

(Over phone)

Sounds like they're a handful once they've been drinking. Loud, obnoxious, overbearing! They're researchers and are all Six-two or taller! When they get drunk, they lose all coordination skills, stuff starts breaking, and the occasional fist-fight breaks out. They're a nuisance Charlie, not...real Trolls.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

Had me worried there a bit! Good to hear the gardens are doing well! Last order of business, and then I need to get on a plane to Washington; enhanced backgrounds came in on the people you flagged.

BASS

(Over phone)

Hold on Charlie, let me get a pen...

CLICK OF A PEN AND WRITING IN NOTEBOOK

BASS

(Over Phone)

Go.

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

Of the nine you indicated, six had no additional information. What we found was what was in their NSF files, nothing additional of importance.

BASS

(Over phone)

So who were the three, and what did you find?

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

Mikhail Ilyanovich Pitor Kubusheskie. The family immigrated to the US in 1978, Went to some high school in Toledo, graduated in '87. His paperwork with the NSF said he was traveling abroad for the next 20 years. We found paperwork for him in Minsk, London, Algiers, Tokyo, Marseille, Kuala Lumpur, many more cities. What's that say to you, Bass?

WRITING STOPS

BASS

(Over phone) (ponders)

Intelligence operative?

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

Bingo! Had his photo and prints on file sent to FBI, CIA, NSA... the whole alphabet gang and nothing, just his selective service paperwork and DMV records starting in 2008.

BASS

(Over phone)

Got it...who else?

WRITING CONTINUES

CHUCK

(VO/connection scratchy)

David Brewster failed to disclose his past criminal record on his application to the NSF.

BASS

(Over phone)
Reno Dave? What he do?

CHUCK
(VO/connection scratchy)
Theft, possession of stolen goods, trafficking in stolen goods, drug possession, theft of interstate commerce, misdemeanor imbezzlement, soliciting for funds under pretenses, larceny, GTA... (*kidding*) How long that satellite stay in range Bass, have 2 more pages of charges here!

BASS
(Over phone)
I get it, Charlie. Any outstanding warrants, he a bail jumper?

CHUCK
(VO/connection scratchy)
No! For the last five years, he's kept his nose clean. Isn't on probation, nobody looking for him, not even a parking ticket.

BASS
(Over phone)
Whose number three?

CHUCK
(VO/connection scratchy)
Louis Decker.

BASS
(Over phone, concerned)
He's one of the people I cleared to head back to the states!

CHUCK
(VO/Connection scratchy)
Easy Bass! It's only unpaid child support, don't think that's a motive for your dead egghead.

WRITING STOPS

CHUCK

(VO/Connection scratchy)

That's all I got for you. I need to head out to catch my flight.
Just remember what I said

BASS

(Over phone)

Focus on the plants...

TOGETHER

(VO/Connection scratchy)

Not the weeds!

CHUCK

(VO/Connection scratchy)

That's my boy!

CLICK OF THE LINE HANGING UP, DIALTONE FADEOUT

ELECTRONIC BEEP, STATION HUM

PA BELL OPEN

CHERYL-LYNN

(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

Good morning ya'll, and I hope all my poleies are doing
wonderful this morning! Today is Thursday, October 21, and
it's 0900 on the tick. This is Ms. Cheryl-Lynn here with your
South Pole daily announcements!

OVERHD SPEAKER -TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND, CHEESEY FANFAIR
MUSIC PLAYS, TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND.

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

As a reminder, all cargo flights continue to be suspended for the next 24 hours. All loading teams are expected to use this time to tidy up their stations and storerooms. Normal PAX terminal operations will recommence 0900 hrs tomorrow.

OVERHD SPEAKER -TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND, CHEESEY FANFAIR
MUSIC PLAYS, TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND.

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER) (feigned worry)

Uh-oh, our own weatherman Topper Hunt says we may be in for an unusual cold snap tonight! Due to higher than expected fronts, temps after 20:00 Hrs may get as low as high nineties below! So bundle up real good, you don't catch your death a cold

OVERHD SPEAKER -TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND, CHEESEY FANFAIR
MUSIC PLAYS, TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND.

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

Oooooo! On Sunday evening, a special art class will be held by our own custodian Mikhail!

MIKHAIL
(far away but still heard) JANITOR!

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

So ya'll stop on by at 1900 Sunday for 'Introduction to Origami: Making crinkly papers with color look like bird shape'.

OVERHD SPEAKER -TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND, COWBOY DINNER
TRIANGLE PLAYS; COME AND GET IT, TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND.

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

Come and get it later tonight ya'll. Lunch Lady Alice is whipping up some American classics for our Norwegian visitors. We'll have hamburgers or cheeseburgers with a full topping bar set up. She'll be frying up chicken with coleslaw and cornbread. They'll be fall off the bone spare ribs and baked beans, or you can have pizza! *(Beat) (empathetic)* Bless her heart, somebody should tell her! For you vegetarians walking amongst us, Betty is making spaghetti squash burrito bowl, veggie pay*ella, or no-meat spicy vegetarian chili. *(Beat, surprised)* I didn't know they could do that!

OVERHD SPEAKER -TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND, CHEESEY FANFAIR
MUSIC PLAYS, TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND.

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

A big ol Poleie congratulations and atta'boy...or girl...
.person? Awww!! *(frustrated)* I don't know what's wrong to say these days! Congratulations to James Carter for winning last night's 'Antarctica's got talent' competition for his exciting rendition of 'Killing in the Name of ...by Rage Against the Machine... on his accordion. Way to work that squeeze-box, Jimmy!

OVERHD SPEAKER -TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND, CHEESEY FANFAIR
MUSIC PLAYS, TAPE RECORDER BUTTON SOUND.

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

And finally, a word from our area manager, Dr. Lawrence Waynewright...ahem...people of Amundsen-Scott. We are faced today with a challenge many of us have weathered before. I know there is apprehension in many of you, but if we pull together, face this as a team, I know we can prevail. When our colleagues from the Nordic countries arrive, please... .remember they are our guests and are set to arrive today at 1400Hrs. Department heads will meet at the main conference at 1600hrs for a teleconference with Norway's Minister of Climate & Environment; as well as our own beloved Director of the National Science Foundation, Dr. Panchanathan. (*Panch*ah*Naw*tin*). A reception for our Norway friends will be held in B-1 Lounge at 1700. All fire crews and repair teams will be on hot-standby. (shocked) Wow, I haven't seen Panch in a year of Sundays!! He is nice as all GET out!

CHERYL-LYNN
(VO / OVERHD SPEAKER)

So there you go! You take care now, my poleies. We'll get through this, just like ripping the ol' band-aid off. Have a wonderful and blessed day. THANK YOUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

PA END BELL

BASS

Sorry about the pause. Best to just let them play through! So...

PAPER FLIPS

BASS
(reading page)

You said things had only escalated between you and Doctor Rodney?

FRED

(Sheepishly)

Yeah.

BASS

When was this?

FRED

(sighs)

I don't know...February, March... maybe. Whatever? Around the time the summer crew left and what not, it was just...youz know, the winterovers. That guy, that Doctor Rodney, that guy that fucking guy was a tool, let me tell ya. Thought he...walked on water and what not, was better than all the rest of us working slobs!

BASS

You two got into a fight, from what I'm told.

FRED

(bravado)

Okay, well you can say fight, I wouldn't call it a fight. If you want to call it a fight, but it wasn't! Guy sucker punched me! Now, I would have curb-stomped his beaker ass into next Wednesday in a fair fight. (*contempt*) Little whiney bitch!

BASS

(curious, Already knows the answer)

Why did he punch you? Did you do something? Push him?

FRED

(snickers, embarrassed)

Youz want to know? It was over a fricken piece of fricken pie. Youz believe dat?

BASS

Tell me about it.

FRED

It was sometime in January or sumtin. I was in the galley and had just finished lunch. I had lost the ten pounds I set for myself, man let me tell you, you could bounce a quarter off my fricken abs boy! So I goes up for a piece of blueberry pie to get my grub on. I get up there and puts it on my tray when this whiney little nerd says to me, he says *I* took *his* pie. As if his name was on it, whatever.

DEEP BREATH

FRED

I tell him what he can do with his request, and I get his standard (*mocks in a whiney voice*) 'Do youz know who youz are addressing?' (*chortle*) Told him I know hes little lord Fautleroy and that ladies hour wasn't until six; that he was early. Besides, he already had enough pie, you know what I'm sayin!

BASS

What did you mean with that?

FRED

(*'seriously' tone*)

The dork weighed like a buck-sixty, sixty-five at most. He was all body fat, didn't see an ounce of muscle on him. Doesn't do any cardio or upper bodywork. Has no lats, no guns! Doubt he would even know how to turn on a piece of exercise equipment. Needed to be on a protein regiment, he seriously didn't need any more pie!

BASS

(*inquiring*)

So the comment was about the dessert, not about...anything else?

FRED

(Confused)

...bout what?

BASS

(thinks, coyly)

Well...saying 'he already had enough pie' could have been construed to mean his relationship with Doctor McKendrick.

FRED

(realizes)

Oh yeah!...I guess so, but who still uses the word 'pie' for dat anymore? I mean, I guess maybe those scummy Jersey Devil fans. Newark never left 1987. Trans-am's and Member's only jackets, am I right? (*pshhhh*) Devils suck balls!

BASS

Were you aware that he was romantic with Doctor McKendrick?

FRED

(providing insight)

Uh, listen up buddy...nine tenths of the station's male population have been quote-unquote romantic with that broad. She's the station's pump!

BASS

(stern)

Easy, Mr. Furgenson, let's stay respectful here!

FRED

(pshhhhh)

Whatever.

FLIP PAPER

BASS

She ever pursue you?

FRED

We had our one-night ...whatever back in November, but after that, I didn't want no drama she brought around. Trying to play dudes off one another, that's high school shit league.

WRITING IN NOTEBOOK

BASS

(deadpan)

Tell me where you were the night he was murdered. Say from 6 PM till Midnight?

FRED

(confused)

Geez man, you're asking bout stuff from like. . .half-a-year ago. (*flutters lips*). What day was dat?

BASS

March 31st. It was a Wednesday.

FRED

(victory laugh in the air)

Well then that's an easy one!

6 PM: Have one of Sandra's protein shakes

6:15: Get my grub on with the fire crew boys.

7PM: Five laps down main hallway level one, up DA stairs to two, down the ZA stairs, and back to DA. Repeat five

more times. (*Braggs proudly*) 2.1 miles exactly, OH-YEAH!
7:30: Poker Night in the L-O Arch wit the DeWalt boys.
7:50: (*laugh*) Mikey Di Bonito always tries to go 'all-in', and everybody knows his tells!
9:00: Poker ends. Suit back up and hit the little gym.
9:15: Hit the weights in the gym, work on lats, delts or whatever.
10:15: Back to my rack where I watch reruns of the Bruins '70-'71 championship year and 2010-2011 Stanley cup win. Dats my jam, man! What I do every Wednesday night! Now, If you had said Monday or Saturday, (*pssssshhhhhh*) couldn't have helped ya!

BASS

(watching Fred)

Obviously, lots of people in the galley and the hallways early on. Who goes to the Wednesday night games?

FRED

Meh, we have our regulars there. There's me, Zeke is there, Mikey Dee, Annie, Reno Dave, Big Lou. Then we have the occasional drop-ins. Mikhail, the Biggs boys, I remember Doc Ambrose came one time...but yeah, dats the game!

BASS

What about the gym, anybody there when you were?

FRED

(thinks aloud)

...uhhhhh...uhhhhhh, oh hey yeah! The, the, the kid. The beaker hatchling...kid with the Moe Howard haircut, worked with Rodney. The kid Rodney was always givin him the business... ugh?

BASS

(helping)

Josh Nickles?

FRED

(shrug)

...could be, I don't hang with beakers. He's an okaaay enough kid, I suppose. He wipes down the equipment when he's done, re-racks his fricken weights, so I don't have a beef with him.

WRITING

BASS

Any company in your bearth after 10?

FRED

(chuckles)

Don't I wish!!! Naw, I was solo dat night. Like most nights in the winter. I don't need no ice wife telling me to get up, or take a shower, or stop farting in bed. Fuck dat noise!

PAPER FLIP PAPER FLIP PAPER FLIP

BASS

Alright, Mr. Furguson, you can go.

FRED

(clarifies)

I can go?

BASS

We're good; you can go.

FRED

Okay, I'm gonna go!

CHAIR SCOOTs OUT

FRED

Thanks Marshal, yo, with Big Lou leaving, we have an open slot on Wednesday. Eh? Eh?

BASS

Thanks for the offer, I might just show.

FRED

(Happy)

Alright!!!!

DOOR OPENS AND THEN CLOSES. BACKGROUND HUM FADES OUT

FADE IN, ARCHES BACKGROUND NOISE AND BASS CHATTING WITH ZEKE, IN PROCESS. SOUND OF OBJECTS BEING STACKED WHILE TALKING

ZEKE

...every Wednesday over the winter season. You'd be surprised how much a steady routine helps deal with the isolation!

BASS

(confirming)

And he was there from start to end.

ZEKE

(agreeing)

Just like the week before, the week after, the week after that. .
.(grunts lifting) Man's a good card player too! Could go pro if he wanted. Talks about hockey too much!

BASS

(curious)

...you always keep the entire Arch spotless Zeke, why is all the stuff in the middle of the pump room?

SOUND OF FOOT TAPPING SOMETHING METALLIC

ZEKE

Need to keep Troll eyes off of Hell-boy here. The Trolls are a bit too curious, and last thing I need is one of them wandering in and getting all chummy with the Devil's Advocate!

FRANKLIN

(muffled in the cage)

I'd be civil, ...delightful even, I'll shine!

ZEKE

(Firm)

No!

BASS

(uneasy) (Sigh)

Look, I still haven't made up my mind about this whole... situation and what I should do!

ZEKE

Fair enough, Lawman, I don't doubt this ain't something you come across every day. Demons and Trolls

FROM RADIO ON DESK, MESSAGE STARTING BEEP

MALE VOICE

(VO/over Walkie)

All staff be advised. Tour has concluded. Guests are in the conference room. Repeat, guests secured in the large conference room. All Department heads and guests are to be in B-1 Lounge at 1700 for the reception event. (Dire) **Be. Prepared. For. anything!!**

RADIO CLICKS OFF

ZEKE

(Curious, to Bass)

You goin'?

BASS

(calm)

Yeah, Mr. Kelley said Waynewright wanted to introduce me. *(surprised)* I'm honestly surprised he'd want me there. He doesn't like me.

ZEKE

(shrugs)

No idea. Could be he wants you there for when the trouble starts. Could be, this his way at swinging on ya.

FRANKLIN

(muffled in the cage)

My invite must have been lost in the mail.

BASS

Since I have to go to this thing, I guess I should get cleaned up. I'll let Reno Dave know I'll have to postpone our interview.

ZEKE

Reno Dave is out on the ice, in the cargo office. I'll be done here in a few, and then I'll let him know for ya. See you at the party. Later Lawman.

FRANKLIN

(muffled in the cage)(Urgent)

Deputy Marshal? Mr. Marlow?

ZEKE

(dismissive)

No time for you now, demon.

FRANKLIN

(muffled in the cage)(rushed)
I SURE HOPE FULL MIRANDA RIGHTS ARE EXPLAINED BEFORE
THE CUSTODIAL INTERROGATION!!

2SP

BASS
(Shocked)
Pardon me?

FRANKLIN
(muffled in the cage,firm, scholarly,clears throat)
...Thank you. I *sincerely* hope at the beginning of these
interrogations...

BASS
(Cuts him off, correcting)
...let me stop you there. Nobody is being detained, nobody
placed under arrest, they are being questioned voluntarily. It's
an 'interview'; not an 'interrogation'.

ZEKE
(warning)
This is how he tries to work you, lawman. Ignore the forked
tongue .

FRANKLIN
(muffled in the cage)
I don't agree with your assessment Deputy Marshal, and I'm
confident given the US ninth courts decision in US vs.
Bassignani that the 'Reasonable Person's Standard' would
make any jury also disagree.

BASS
(humoring)

Ok...sure, I'll play along...why would they disagree?

ZEKE

(frustrated)

Man, why are you giving him attention? Didn't you see 'Silence of the Lambs'? He'll mess with your head!

FRANKLIN

(muffled in the cage)

From what I hear, you're interviewing people in your office or a closed conference room, not in public, not in a comfortable setting. Two: I'm betting that you're not telling people they can leave at any time till the end of the interview, yes? Finally, the courts decided that any discussion where the interviewee may feel cut off from the outside world constitutes a custodial interrogation.

1SP

FRANKLIN

(muffled in the cage)

Even a first-year underpaid, overworked public defender would have little trouble arguing the South Pole Station fits the definition of 'isolated from the rest of the world!'

BASS

(Poker Face)

Thanks for the advice ...Franklin, I'll take it under advisement.

ZEKE

(Sarcastic) When he escapes out of here by wearing your face and being medivac'd out...you're getting a 'I told ya so!'

LIGHT SWITCH FLIP

FEMALE - RECORDING STOPPED SOUND/BEEP.

2SP

FEMALE - RECORDING STARTED SOUND/BEEP. WALKING DOWN HALLWAY,
STATION HUM

HELENA

(surprised)

Good afternoon Deputy Marshal...escort a lady?

BASS

Evening Doctor McKendrick. It would be my pleasure.

2SP

HELENA

(shocked)

Offering your elbow, moving me to the opposite side of oncoming foot traffic...they were right, you do have old-world manners! Rare in this day and age!

BASS

(Deadpan)

Have you been checking up on me?

HELENA

(confirming)

Absolutely! Even in the summer months, this is still a tiny station, so anybody new... is interesting. Anybody new and interesting...is worth the effort! Like our Norwegian visitors, they (*pauses*) Wait; that's right! You've never been here on a Troll visit before. (*Teasing*) It's your first time!

PASSING SMALL GROUP IN HALL, CHATTING

BASS

(confused)

I have to say, for all the anxiety and preparations that have been going on the past week, I was expecting...I don't know...a hoard of rampaging Vikings, ransacking the station.

HELENA

(factly)

The night is still young, Deputy!

BASS

Here we are, B-1 lounge. Allow me...

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND ABSOLUTE CHAOS, PEOPLE YELLING,
GLASS SMASHING, FURNITURE BEING TOPPLED, PUNCHING AND
STRUGGLING

HELENA

(louder to be heard)

I'II INTRODUCE YOU!

FADE OUT OF FIGHTING SOUNDS

NARRATOR

To be continued...

Outro music and credits.