

Ninety Degrees South

EPISODE TEN: Stakeout.

Brian M Bradley

INTRO MUSIC

STATION HUM

BASS:

I've hidden a miniature camera inside my office and pointed it at the main door. The Thumbdrive we found in Rodney's berth is inside a small pelican case and secured in my top desk drawer. All within view of the camera.

ZEKE:

(asking)

And that camera transmits to this handheld monitor?

BASS:

Exactly. It has a battery backup that will keep it running for roughly two days before recharging is required.

ZEKE:

(Confused)

I'm happy to give up my Facilities office up here in the station. Hell, I don't use it anyway, but don't you think we should have more than just you and I watching this thing?

BASS:

(hesitant)

I thought about that too, but the number of people I trust, & who I cleared as a suspect...well that number is..... you! I know if I asked, Mr. Kelley would jump at the chance. I can't have him helping when he's still a suspect.

ZEKE:

(shocked)

Whatchu mean, 'trust me'?

BASS:

Just what I said. There is no doubt in my mind you had nothing to do with Doctor Rodney's murder. You're one of the leaders of the station. Trusted by your crew, respected by the beakers and dexters alike; hell, I even saw Doctor Waynewhite being civil to you...hence, I trust you. That and your alibi is air-tight.

ZEKE:

(flabbergasted)

Just... whew, that's a new one for me. The law trusts me.

BASS:

I'll let you in on something, Zeke. Not everybody in law enforcement are jack-boot thug bigots. Just like any other group or profession, we have our bad apples. However, unlike other professions, the bad apples get all the press and headlines!

2SP

BASS:

Now don't get me wrong, I'm no angel and did stuff I'd prefer not think about; but if I look into my heart of hearts, I think I've done far more good than bad in this messed up world.

ZEKE:

Aw man, I didn't mean to go into some deep philosophical debate or nothing. (slight chuckle). I'll just take the compliment.

STATION HUM, LOW AUDIO THROUGH THE MONITOR SPEAKERS.

ZEKE:

(Curious)

So..... this a stakeout, huh?

BASS:

This is a stakeout.

ZEKE:

We supposed to sip coffee, eat gas station food, and swap stories about our life? Is it like it is on TV?

BASS:

Not that far off. I've been in cars and vans for five days at a time, waiting for some guy to show up so we can hook 'em

ZEKE:

(shocked)

Five days?

BASS:

(Sarcastic)

Well, it's not like we have their day-planner showing where they're going to be!

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING OVER MONITOR AUDIO, HAPPY WHISTLING FROM PERSON ON SCREEN

BASS:

(all business)

Here we go...

WHISTLING CONTINUES ON AUDIO FEED, SOUND OF LIGHT SWITCH

ZEKE:

(let down)

Man! It's just Mikhail.

BASS:

(Cautious)

Yes, it is. Also not cleared as a suspect...

SOUNDS OF TRASH BEING EMPTIED. FLOOR BEING SWEEPED. CLEANING BOTTLE SPRAY AND GLASS BEING CLEANED, WHISTLING ALL THE TIME.

ZEKE:

(confused)

...is he...is that the theme to Sanford and Son?

BASS:

I do believe it is. Mikhail has this thing for early sitcoms.

ZEKE:

Surprised his Russian ass would even know that show!

BASS:

(almost to himself)

Yeah, he is just chock full of surprises, it seems.

WIPEDOWN OF GLASS COMES TO AN END, CONTENTS BEING RETURNED TO
CART.

MIKHAIL:

(Over monitor speaker)

There you go, Toverasch; office is clean as whistles.

WHISTLING MUTED AS DOOR CLOSSES AND FADES OFF.

BASS:

Expect that to happen a few more times!

ZEKE:

What's that?

BASS:

False alarms. You'll be on a stakeout and think you see your suspect. Blood starts pumping; adrenalin is building, and then (makes a sound like a sad trombone) It's just the guy who lives next door.

2SP

ZEKE:
(curious)
So where ya from, Lawman?

BASS:
A small town in Kansas; you probably never heard of it.
Emporia?

ZEKE:
Nope, can't say I have.

BASS:
It's small, a college town. My family has been in Kansas,
Oklahoma, and Nebraska going back eight generations.

ZEKE:
Ever get to Kansas City to catch a Royals game?

BASS:
(laughs)
Oh man! I can't tell you how long ago it's been; 25 years ago,
maybe?

ZEKE:
I'm a Cleveland fan myself.

BASS:
Indians? And here I thought we could be friends!

BOTH LAUGH

ZEKE:
(chiding)
So long as you don't tell me your barbeque is superior?

BASS:

Depends! Superior to who? Carolina barbeque?

ZEKE:

(serious)

Pshhhhhh, I said 'barbeque,' not vinegar-flavored meats!
Memphis man! Memphis has the best barbeque!

BASS:

(kidding)

Yeah, if you like dry seasoning on your ribs, that makes it taste
like desert sand!

ZEKE:

(for real?)

You, for real, going to sit there, lawman, with a straight face,
and tell me your tomato pizza sauce barbeque is better than
Memphis?

BASS:

(Factly)

Kansas City Barbeque is the best damn barbeque in America,
number one.

ZEKE:

(happy yell)

Whooooooooooooo! Oh yeah!

BASS:

(Cautioning)

Zeke; Un*der*cov*er stake*out!'Woo hooing'is generally
not recognized.

ZEKE:

(thrilled)

Aw lawman, once you get your killer, we goin to have it
OUT!

BASS:

(confused)

The hell you talking about?

ZEKE:

Couple of years back, we had smokers, gas bbq grills, wood pellets, and different types of wood planks shipped down for a station barbeque event. We got all that stuff!

BASS:

(Surprised)

You barbeque down here? At the South Pole?

ZEKE:

Not every weekend but at least once a summer season, we try to get a little competition going. We grill down in the Arches in the VMF repair bay. It already has ducting to pump out the big machines' carbon monoxide. A little barbeque smoke ain't nothing. It's heated, you get some brews, some tunes, some meats smoking; aw man (happy "mmm –mmm!") ain't nothing like it!

BASS:

(now interested)

Does the galley have pulled pork?

ZEKE:

(Proud)

Oh, Lawman! Right now, we have 160 pounds of pork shoulder, 240 pounds of brisket, 480 pounds of pork ribs, 210 beef, 500 pounds of chopped chicken; we have hot sauce, mild sauce, vinegar sauce. Cornbread, baked beans, greens, Brunswick stew; only thing is...they forgot the coleslaw this year!

BASS:
(offended)
You can't have a proper barbeque without slaw!

ZEKE:
You right!

BASS:
(serious)
That's the crime I should be investigating here!

ZEKE:
Preach it, lawman!

DOOR KNOCK ON THE MONITOR

BASS:
Hold up, hold up.

DOOR OPENS A CRACK, AND LIGHTSWITCH FLIPS ON

THOMAS:
(VO over monitor)
Deputy Marshal?

2SP. RADIO BEEPS

THOMAS:
(VO over Radio)
Deputy Marshal Marlow (VO over Monitor, ½ second delay)
Deputy Marshal Marlow?

BASS:

(rushing)
turn it down turn it down. Side...yeah; that's it!

RADIO BEEPS

BASS:
Go ahead, Mr. Kelley.

THOMAS:
(VO over radio)
Oh hi, Deputy Marshal. I wondered if you had time to consider contributing, teaching a class, or...

BASS:
(Cuts him off)
Mr. Kelley, I'm in the middle of an interview. Can I get back to you?

THOMAS:
(VO over radio, apologetic)
Oh! I'm sorry I didn't realize. Of course. We'll talk later.

RADIO BEEP AND CLICK OFF.

BASS:
(curious)
He leaving?

ZEKE:
He hit the lights, closed the door, and off he went.

BASS:
(relieved)
Good. He's a good kid! I didn't want it to be him.

HUM OF MONITOR STATIC AS VOLUME IS RESTORED

ZEKE:

(prying)

So what's the deal with you and Doctor Jennings?

BASS:

(poker face)

Just buddies.

ZEKE:

(doubtful)

Just buddies? That's it?

BASS:

(poker face)

That's it.

ZEKE:

Mmmmm. Mmmkay, cause; up until yo ass showed up on the station, nobody got more than a glimpse of her.

BASS:

(Deadpan, feigning no interest)

So I hear.

ZEKE:

(makes ticking and tocking noises)

So then (beat) if,oh I don't know (beat) my boy Fred, happened to be interested?

BASS:

(deadpan)

Not my business. Like I said...

BOTH:
(in unison)
Just buddies!

2SP

ZEKE:
(not believing him)
Okay, okay lawman, whatever you say (Four second pause)
Cause if'n it was me, and I wanted to get after that,
mmmmmm. I would't want Fred anywhere NEAR her!

BASS:
'Mmmmm-hmmmm'

LIGHT DRUMMING ON THE DESK BY ZEKE WITH HIS FINGERS

ZEKE:
(Verbally poking Bass)
Macking on her. Flirting (pause) touching her arm.

BASS:
(inhale)
I get it. Fred is good with the ladies.

ZEKE:
(clears throat)
...hrmmm.

BASS:
(Annoyed, low voice)
What?

3SP

ZEKE:
(Goes for the kill)
I wonder if she's flexible?

BASS:
(loses it)
DUDE! FUCK you and your questions!

ZEKE LETS OUT A BELLY LAUGH

ZEKE:
(Playful)
Alright lawman, alright! Respect! I'm just yanking your chain. I believe you... you don't have noooooooooo interest in Doc Jennings.

BASS:
Serious, we're just buddies, nothing more.

ZEKE:
I see you!

BASS:
(said fast, admission)
.....Alright, maybe a bit.

ZEKE:
(Claps his hands once)
I knew it! Ha-ha!

BASS:
Zeke, Its... complicated.

ZEKE:

(calms down)

Look, I'm not trying to get all up in your business. I don't know Doctor Jennings all that well, and although you two have the whole station talking, I'm not nobody who should be giving out relationship advice.

BASS:

Unlucky in Love?

ZEKE:

It'scomplicated too.

BASS:

Fair enough. You ever want to talk...

2SP

ZEKE:

Hey! How long you been at this?

BASS:

(checks)

um, it's 15:10, so; 13 hours.

ZEKE:

(Deep breath)

OK, lawman, here's what I'm going to do. I got ya until 10PM tonight. I have to cover night-crew for one of my boys out sick. You get something to eat, a shower cause; DAMN! Catch a few hours' sleep, and after the night shift ends, I'll cover again for you around 11 tomorrow morning.

BASS:

(happy)

You don't have to ask me twice. Best offer I had all week.
Anything happens...

ZEKE:

I'll hit you up on radio! You go on.

BASS:

Thanks again, Zeke. Hey, back there a bit ago. Is it just me, or
.....were we having a moment?

ZEKE:

(joking)

Well, I ain't ready to start picking out wedding venues just yet
sugarplum, but I'll let you know!

BASS:

(Chuckle)

See ya at 10. Just drop the monitor off at my berth, and I'll
take it from there.

DOOR CLOSE AND WALKING OFF

ROBOTIC VOICE: RECORDING STOPPED

2SP

FADE IN STATION HUM, LIGHT CONVERSATION IN THE GALLEY.
SILVERWARE ON PLATES, SOFT MUSAK.

BASS:

Mx. Webster, I understand you were looking for me?

NIC:

Mr. Marlow, please, sit. Join me.

SOUND OF CHAIR SLIDING OUT

BASS:

Thank you, I think I will. (exhale as sitting) Now, what may I do for you?

NIC:

As the station's event coordinator, I'm hoping to help convince you to participate in one of our classes. Maybe even teach a class if there is a skill you would like to share.

BASS:

(curious)

Are you the one sending Mr. Kelley after me?

NIC:

(chuckles)

It was his idea. I just so happen to agree that having somebody as... 'notable' as you in a class or leading it would be phenomenal for station morale. You can only take so much yoga or movie night, or puppet shows.

BASS:

(confused)

Puppet shows?

NIC:

Oh, it **was** a thing a few years back! (*Recalling*)Those googly eyes on Richard Johnsonhe stares into your soul...he knows things!! (*snaps back*) (Ahem) There must be some skill you have that you'd like to share?

BASS:

(sigh)

You are persistent. I will grant you that.

NIC:

Thomas said he wasn't getting any firm answers, so I told him I'd ask myself.

BASS:

(ponder for a second)

Skill or talent? I play a little guitar. I'm no Steve Vai, but I've been known to belt out a song or two.

NIC:

We have no shortage of musicians here on the station. They meet in the music room Tuesdays and Thursdays at eight.

BASS:

Ms. Webster, I'll see if...

NIC:

(clears throat)

Mx.

BASS:

(realizes his error)

My apologies..... Mx. Webster. I'll promise to stop by on Thursday if my investigation allows for it. (pause) I apologize for the 'Ms.' Old habits, and I'm exhausted. No excuse, but I am sorry.

NIC:

Not offended, Deputy Marshal. I appreciate your respectfulness. (slight chuckle). Honestly, it's refreshing.

BASS:

How so?

SIPS COFFEE

NIC:

Typically, here at the station... hell, here being most places, I get one of two reactions. I get the 'polite but disgusted.'
(Impression of reaction one) *'Oh; how interesting. I've heard about *you people* but never met one'*. As if we were a zoo exhibit.

2SP

NIC:

The other reaction is what I call the inclusion motivational speaker. (Pause) They will cross the street if they see me with a non-binary flag branded shirt or jacket pins and zero in on me. (Impression of reaction two). *'Oh my god, I just wanted to tell you how wonderful you are and how much respect I have and we all should have for you. You are a beautiful person, just how you are, you stay strong.'*

1SP

NIC:

Their heart is in the right place, and I get they want to be supportive, but sometimes I just don't want the excessive affirmation. I want to be treated, like the regular person I am, nothing more.

CHERYL-LYNN:

(vo overhead PA)

Doctor Watley, please call 2123. Doctor Watley, 2123. Thank youuuuuuuuuuu

BASS:

I never really considered.

NIC:

(making the point)

That's it exactly, you *didn't* consider. You just treated me like, me! (thinks aloud) We need to work on the misgendering, but that comes with routine.

BASS:

(curious)

So even here at Amundsen-Scott, it is like that?

NIC:

No, not as bad as back in the world. Now and then, you may get one end of the extreme or another, some of the older guys, especially the DeWalt's, still cling onto the old days and don't see me as an enby. They see my body and only think 'female.' You, being a;.....um..... 'seasoned person'...

BASS:

(snicker)

You can say 'older'; it's what I am!

NIC:

(smiles)

Possessing a higher experience level; I assumed you'd be closed-minded when meeting with me. I was pleasantly surprised when you asked my pronouns in advance, have respected them, and don't treat me like an oddity or a delicate crystal object, justa person.

SIPS COFFEE

NIC:

(ponders internally a few seconds)

I think that's what I love about the ice. People down here just want company, people to be able to socialize with. Down here, I've not seen as big a problem with gender ID, race, religion;

everybody just accepts one another as people. There is just something about the ice that... I don't know?

BASS:
What about politics?

NIC:
(firm)
Oh, we'll debate the **HELL** out of that until two in the morning!

BOTH LAUGH

BASS:
(ending chuckle)
As long as I have you here, were you able to think of anything else regarding Doctor Rodney or the last few days before his murder? Anything, odd or that now looking back at it just doesn't sound or look right?

2SP

NIC
(ponders)
Mmmmmmm, well...

CLICK OF A BALLPOINT PEN

BASS:
Go ahead.

NIC:
Two things, pretty similar to one another; it was a few days before Doctor Rodney was killed. (pauses) Last week of March, I think, I was walking up the steps by D.A., and when I got to the top, down the hallway by the science labs, I saw Rodney and one of the research associates, Josh.

WRITING IN NOTEBOOK

BASS:
What were they doing?

NIC:
(remembering)
Arguing, or... at least it looked like Doctor Rodney was laying into Josh, and he was just taking it. His fists were clenched, his face looked red. I didn't hear what was said, but it looked intense.

WRITING IN NOTEBOOK CONTINUES

BASS:
What happened when you approached?

NIC:
I didn't; I was going to the weight room, so I lost sight after I turned the corner.

BASS:
And the other thing?

NIC:
A week or so before that, I was going down to the L.O. arch...

BASS:
(confirming)
Logistics?

NIC:
Yeah, From behind me, coming from food storage, I heard 'Don't turn your back to me' from down the archway. It was Doctor Rodney. He was yelling at Reno Dave, who was ignoring him. (pause) It was weird. Dave is such an easy-going guy! When I first got here, I wanted hot-pockets in the worst way.

Damned if he didn't have a case down here in a week, all for me!!

BASS:
(probing)
Did Dave respond at all?

CHERYL-LYNN:
(Vo over PA)
Cargo plane two is now arriving at PAX. Teams seven and eight, best ya'll be reporting to the iceway. Thank youuuuuuuuuuuuu

3SP

BASS:
(firm, but sincere)
What is it you're holding back, Mx. Webster?

NIC:
(deep breath)
Before I say; I need you to understand that I feel like I know David pretty well. He's...my father didn't really...he doesn't get me. Get being enby. When I came out, (sorrow) Let's just say he and I haven't spoken in seven years. Anytime I needed that 'dad' advice, I'd go to Dave. Shit! Half the people under 35 go to Dave for 'dad-vice.'" So...

STOPS WRITING

BASS:
(calm)
Look, if it helps, just think of this as two people chatting. I won't write it down, and I seldom act on a single statement or piece of information.

SIPS COFFEE

NIC:

(hesitant)

As he was walking by, over his shoulder, he said, 'Do it and see what happens.'

BASS:

(calm)

Thank you. I appreciate you being honest with me.

NIC:

Please tell me I didn't just get him in trouble!

BASS:

Mx. Webster, I can tell you with no dishonesty that how I was viewing him one hour ago didn't change even with that memory.

NIC:

Good! Reno is a good person.

BASS:

If you'll excuse me now...

CHAIR SCOOTs BACK

BASS:

I am going to eat this apple on the way back to my room and try to get in a power nap.

NIC:

(raised voice as Bass walks away)

I'm holding you to band practice next Thursday!! You don't show; Thomas will be at your door DAILY!

CHATTERING CONVERSATION IN THE GALLEY, LITE MUSAK

ROBOTIC VOICE: RECORDING OFF

2SP

ELECTRONIC BEEP

DEEP BREATHING, SOME FABRIC BEING DRAGGED ACROSS THE RECORDER MICROPHONE.

BASS:

(VO) (anxious)

Holy Shit, Diane! I don't know if it was a dream or some heavy-footed person in the hallway, but I could have *sworn* I heard something move in my berth.

GUN DECOCKING AND BEING RETURNED TO HOLSTER

BASS:

(VO)

I don't know if you've ever experienced going from sound asleep to 90 miles per hour before? The sensation; the closest I can associate it to, is going down the hill of a steep roller-coaster.

DEEP BREATHING

BASS:

(VO)

It's umm; 21:55 hours Diane. Zeke will be here in five minutes so I can take over the stakeout.

DEEP BREATHING, ONE VERY DEEP BREATH

BASS:

(VO) (Regaining composure)

OK, AHEM. Whew, my head is... I'm OK, I'm OK... let's do this quick. Let me clip this to my shirt (clears throat)

SOUND OF FABRIC AGAINST THE MIC AND THEN SILENCE

BASS:

(VO, formal)

US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow, Rodney homicide investigation. Today is Wednesday, November 17 2021. Surveillance of (pause) the thumb drive I am using for bait continues. Round-the-clock monitoring by myself and the station's chief of facilities maintenance. (clears throat) with the cargo plane from McMurdo set to return tomorrow with the evidence, this is the killer's final chance to destroy the evidence before it...um.. (clears throat) leaves the station.

STANDS, SOUND OF MATTRESS SPRINGS RISING

BASS:

(Vo, formal)

My laptop is flashing, means I have email.

KEYBOARD TYPING

BASS:

(VO, Formal)

First is from Charlie. Says; David Brewster's story checks out. Former station staff all proclaim he's an A-1 Scrounger of comfort items. Helps out with alarming speed.

DEEP BREATH

BASS:

(VO, Formal)

Chuck; Charlie..um. (pause) (informal) eyes are blurry, mmm. (Formal) Charlie also says he obtained a warrant for Waynewhites (pause) retail. Bank...retail? Uhhh, Records! Bank Records! (exhale) There were no irregularities, no withdrawals unexpected, nothing to indicate he was blackmailed and paying Rodney \$5K per month.

SOUND OF DRINKING WATER

BASS:

(VO Formal, swallow water, sigh)

Finally (pause) email found on Larry (pause) to Doctor Waynewhite searched data... data... databases!
'Mdantes@BeauguardLowling.com is Madeline Dantes (surprised) R&D Defense & Military applications at BO-LO!

SLIGHT COUGHING

BASS:

(VO Informal)

Waynewhite maintains susp...

COUGHING FIT

BASS

(Vo, informal, recovers from coughing)

...suspect number one position! I'm sending (indistinct mumbling) mrrrrrrrrrooppippiisshhhh ...

COUGH

BASS:
(VO, Informal, slurring, almost as if drunk)
Di; Diane, why is my sheling... ceiling tile pushed to the
side?

SOUND OF STUMBLING AND SOMETHING BEING KNOCKED OFF TABLE

BASS:
(VO, informal, bad shape)
Why... is there is a box on the ffff...floor. Turned on side, rags
spilling out (pause) they're, damp...

COUGHING

BASS:
(VO, gasping for air)
.....Diane.....get.....

SOUND OF COLLAPSING ON FLOOR. SILENCE, 5 SECOND PAUSE WITH
STATION AC HUM OVERHEAD. 2 MORE SECONDS. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

ZEKE:
(muffled from behind the door)
Lawman? It's ten.

2SP

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

ZEKE:
(VO, muffled from behind the door)
Lawman, it's Ezekiel! Wakey wakey!

2SP

ZEKE:

(VO, muffled from behind the door)
Lawman, I'm opening your door slllllllowwly,

DOOR CREAKING SLOWLY OPEN

ZEKE:
(Muffled become clear, VO)
To avoid accidentally getting my big 'ol (panic) **BASS!**

SOUNDS OF KNEELING ON FLOOR QUICKLY

ZEKE:
Bass, bass, BASS, WAKE UP!

SOUND OF CARDBOARD BEING PICKED UP

ZEKE:
(confused)
..the fuck is? (back to panicked) FUCK MEEEE!!!

FRANTIC SOUND OF THE DIGITAL RECORDER BEING MOVED AND THEN GRUNTING

ZEKE:
(VO)
You ain't going today, lawman, not today!!!!

SOUND OF FAST JOGGING DOWN THE HALLWAY. RADIO 'OPEN CHANNEL' BEEP.

ZEKE:
(VO, breathing heavily from jogging with Bass over his shoulder)
Medical emergency, I'm declaring medical emergy!! Man down.

STATIC AND THEN A VOICE COMES OVER THE RADIO

FEMALE VOICE:

(VO, over radio)

All channels; all channels hold traffic until notice. Go emergency

ZEKE:

(VO, radio beep open channel, heavy breathing jogging)

This is Ezekiel Bustamante. I'm Team-one! On my authority evacuate (pause) Pod A-4, Alpha-Four. We have unknown chemical contamination in Berth A-4 One.Three.Zero (breathing huffs) Whoever is on night watch, I want fan room A-4 cut off in ten seconds, or it's YO ass! Seal off Alpha Four after evacuation. **SEAL IT!!**

SOUND OF FAN HUM WINDING DOWN SUDDENLY, ALARM SOUNDS OVERHEAD

ZEKE:

(breathing huffs) (VO)

I'll carry your ass the full thousand miles to McMurdo if I have to lawman, just HANG ON!! I want (huffing) Hazmat & team four scrambling in thirty seconds...

SOUND OF DOORWAY BEING KICKED OPEN, HUM OF HALLWAY AND SQUEAKING TILE

ZEKE:

(breathing huffs) (VO)

Set up triage and contaminate testing in the gym. (breathing heavy)

FROM DOWN THE HALL, PEOPLE SHOUTING AND A GURNEY ROLLING ON TILE.

MALE VOICE:

(VO, off to distance)

WE'RE HERE, ZEKE! WE'RE COMING TO YOU!

ZEKE:

(breathing huffs) (VO)

Today ain't your day, lawman. I ain't losing no more friends.

Not this day, you stay on the ice, you hear me BASS?

(Sobbing) I have to school you that yo KC barbeque is shit!

(ANGRY, YELLING AT HIM) **KEEP YER ASS ON THE ICE! DON'T LEAVE!**

SOUNDS OF BASS BEING LIFTED ON THE GURNEY. RAPID ER DOCTORS SCRAMBLING.

FEMALE MED:

(VO)

OK, we have a caustic laryngeal injury and mild upper airway obstruction due to swelling, I'd say class one or two.

MALE MED:

(VO)

Tracheal intubation?

FEMALE MED:

(VO)

It's shallow, but he's still getting air on his own. (pause) LET'S GET HIM ON AN M.D.I.! I want 200 micrograms, mist! THAT'S TWO-ZERO, ZERO MICROS MIST!

FABRIC AGAINST MICROPHONE

FEMALE MED:

(VO)

Zeke! Take this thing. It's in my way! Somebody get Doctor Ambrose up and over here.

SOUND OF DOCTORS RUSHING DOWN HALL. SOUND OF ZEKE

BREATHING HEAVY

RANDO GUY:

(VO)

Zeke, what happened?

ZEKE:

(VO, Catching his breath)

Somebody tried to kill the lawman.

Song and Outro