

# Ninety Degrees South

SEASON TWO  
EPISODE SIX: AD MULTOS ANNOS

DRAFT 1: APRIL 3, 2022

DRAFT 2: APR 21, 2022

**FINAL DRAFT: MAY 30, 2022**

by  
Brian M Bradley

MUSICAL INTRO

***FADE IN. BASS ON A CALL WITH FIONNA BACK IN HAWAII.***

FIONNA

. . . .as of yesterday at four-thirty eastern time. Anne Murphy was officially confirmed as your new US Marshal of Hawaii District, O-CONUS council. She gets sworn in three days from now in the courthouse here.

BASS

I remember meeting her one time in Ohio. Her and Marshal Elliot. She's a dynamo from what I recall. Pete must not be happy losing her.

FIONNA

She has her family moving out from the mid-west now. They have a big ceremony all planned. Usual pomp and circumstance.

BASS

That's all fine and good Fee, but not why I called.

FIONNA

I know. Took me some digging and schmoozing, but the latest from the states and the Bureau crime lab came back on Chuck's BMW. They found that all the vehicle's electronics were fried shortly before he went off the road. Power steering, shifting, nothing would have worked. They think it was the application of the parking brake that cause the car to swerve.

BASS

Any indication as to what caused the electric damage?

***THREE SECONDS SILENCE***

BASS

What is it?

FIONNA

There was. . .a device, with strong magnets found just a few feet from where Chuck's car came to rest. They're pretty sure it was attached by a motorcyclist when they were at a red light. The motorcyclist then backed off and remote triggered it at the right time.

BASS

I remember the Moussad used that tactic as recently as a few years ago. Took out Iran's head nuclear scientists and leader of the Revolutionary Guards atomic program. Doubt Israeli intelligence had any beef with Chuck! Any idea what the device was?

FIONNA

Are you familiar with HERF technology? High Energy Radio Frequency?

BASS

No.

FIONNA

Think of it like an electromagnetic pulse. But instead of effecting an area, a HERF device is focused, specific. That's what they believe the device attached to Chuck's car was.

BASS

Why so sophisticated? Would be easier to just roll up and shoot him while he was driving.

FIONNA

Other than him being a US Marshal, there is no direct motive that has been uncovered yet. Why somebody would want him dead.

[PAUSE]

BASS

How was the funeral? Was there a big turn out? Was Diane able to make it?

FIONNA

I saw Diane Bass. I made sure to check in with her as you asked. The ceremony was beautiful. Director Davis flew out from DC. 90 of 94 US Marshals were in attendance. It was a proper send-off Bass. For both him and Janet.

[PAUSE]

BASS

[CLEAR THROAT]

Yep. Everybody but me was there.

FIONNA

Do I need to use the big sister voice again Bass?  
Not.Your.Fault! Everybody knows the circumstances and it wasn't exactly like you skipped it for a trip to Tahiti. You were in a plane crash.

BASS

I know Fee. It's just. . .

FIONNA

Have you spoken to that Psychiatrist yet?

BASS

Not you too!

FIONNA

[About to unleash Irish fury]

Okay. . .big sister voice it is. . . .

BASS

No, no. You're not wrong. Apparently, it's a rule down here that everybody who winterovers has to see him at least twice every month. I'll go.

FIONNA

Uh-uh. I want to hear you say it. Say.the.words.

BASS

Fee!

FIONNA

BASS WYATT MARLOW!

BASS

*[under his breath]* Between you and Dianne I swear.  
*[Resigned]* FINE! I promise you. . . .I'll see the station Psychiatrist.

FIONNA

. . . .in a professional capacity, not just \*see\* him in the hallways.

BASS

[Annoyed]

Yes Fiona, damn it. I promise to see him in an official capacity.

FIONNA

Now you see how easy that was! Oh hey. . .

BASS

Yeah?

FIONNA

Happy early birthday!

BASS

Shhhhh! Nobody around here knows about that, and you know my feelings about parties.

FIONNA

Fine, Fine! . . . Bass?

BASS

Yeah?

FIONNA

You've been through a lot in the last year. You need to start focusing on. . .on you. On your own happiness. I know you'll keep your promise, but I just. . .I worry.

BASS

That's your job it seems. Anything back from N.T.S.B?

FIONNA

They'll have a team ready to scramble from McMurdo to the crash site once the winter season lifts. They aren't too happy about you blowing up the wing with the fuel. . .but they get it.

***KNOCK KNOCK***

BASS

COME IN.

***DOOR OPENS***

CHERYL-LYNN

Hey Shug, I just need to get your signature on a couple of these here forms.

BASS

Hey Fionna, need to run. Have some station stuff I need to do.

FIONNA

No problem. You just remember that promise . . .oh and Bass. .  
. HAVE A HAPPY BIRTHDAY TOMORROW!

***BASS QUICKLY HANGS UP THE LINE***

CHERYL-LYNN

Well now butter me up and call me a biscuit, is it your Birthday tomorrow?

BASS

[Sigh] Yes ma'am, but. . .Ms. June, please, can we just keep that between you and me? I'm. . .uh. . .I'm not big on parties, and with me only being just two more years of knocking on fifty's door. . .

CHERYL-LYNN

Well now bless your heart, I 100% understand. Mr. June was the same way about his age. . .God rest his soul. . .and he didn't like celebrating his Birthday either. *[Reassuring]* I have you covered Shug! Now, can I have you initial these please?

***SOUND OF FOLDER OPENING AND SIGNING***

BASS

Just Initial?

CHERYL-LYNN

Oh, yes, shug. Your initial signifies that instead of signing, you initialed. Then you have to sign this form, which states that you merely initialed the forms that required signing. Then after you've signed you put your initial where you signed so that people will know that you OK'd your signature with your initial.

BASS

Okay then. Here you go.

CHERYL-LYNN

Thank you darlin.

BASS

Oh and Ms. June. . .please about my birthday. Mum's the word?

CHERYL-LYNN

I understand.

***HEALS CLICKING OUT OF THE ROOM AND THE DOOR CLOSING***

BASS

[To himself] Well, looks like I'll be getting a surprise party tomorrow. Thanks Fiona!

***ELECTRONIC VOICE: RECORDING STOPPED***

***DIGITAL RECORDER START***

BASS

US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow; Ten April twenty-twenty two. Fourteen twenty-Four hours. This is Day fifty, Amundsen Scott Sabotage investigation / LC-130 Flight ANG-0492 Crash. In the Galley is David Brewster, Cargo loader and technician for the station. [Pause] How you doing Mister Brewster? You comfortable?

RENO

Oh, fine. Fine. I'm fine Deputy, thanks for asking. And thank you for the reward being sent to my daughter. She called me out of the blue and we chatted for a while. Got to speak to my grandson too!



BASS

That's wonderful Mister Brewster. Happy we could make that happen. Now, let's talk timelines if that's okay with you?

RENO

Sure, no problem.

BASS

Okay. According to our first chat on \*this\* incident, on February 11<sup>th</sup> around oh-six-thirty. . .

RENO

I was in the supply arch that morning. Started at six A.M. like normal. Because of all the hoop-la with the murder arrest we'd fallen behind in stacking for the winter prep. Zeke don't like that none! Soooo, we were scrambling, and it was all hands-on deck to get everything in place within 72 hours.

BASS

I recall seeing you there when I came down to chat with Zeke. I know there was a lot of activity, everybody running around. Do you recall anything. . .odd? Anything that now looking back you think wasn't quite right. Given the past five years of doing this. . .that one thing that. . .well stands out.

RENO

[Mulling it over] Well. . .I guess the only thing that fits that bill would be all the extra construction supplies we got two weeks prior. Hrm. . .being on the cargo team, I know when supplies are coming in and what supplies are to go out. Helps me with my job and my scrounging. Every item the NSF and their supply contractors send down here is intentional. On flights in and out, weight matters! So to get a ton of of materials without requesting. . .well somebody back in the world must have screwed the pooch bad!

BASS

Yeah. I remember Zeke mentioning something about that too.

RENO

We're storing it for now. Going to keep it as attic-stock. You know, in the event we need to patch something up down the road or need to repair the outdoor huts.

***PAGE FLIPS, WRITING***

BASS

Okay. . .let's fast forward then to Noontime, same day.

RENO

Oh! Much easier for me to recall. Lunch! Morning crew all have lunch at the same time. . .well except for whoever has to stay on watch in the VMF in the event of an emergency! That day, the day that pretty young lady of yours sang. . .we had tex-mex burritos. Those are my favorite. Growing up in the west. . .had Latin food a lot! I love a good burrito.

BASS

Any chance you recall who you were sitting with?

RENO

Uh. . .yeah. Sat with Bill & Ted that day.

BASS

[Pause] Bill. . . .and Ted?

RENO

Yeah. You must have interviewed them by now.

BASS

Yeah, both of them. . .I just never thought about. . .

***PAGES FLIPPING RAPIDLY***

BASS

[Chuckle]. Does Zeke pair them up often?

RENO

Well. Now come to think of it. . . .yeah, he does!

BASS

Classic Zeke! William Tango & Ted Cash. Partnered up Bill and Ted or Tango & Cash together.

RENO

I don't. . .follow Deputy Marshal.

BASS

It's. . . .nothing. Zeke's sense of humor! Hey. . . .you mentioned somebody having to hang back in the VMF arch that day. I don't. . . .yeah, the other DeWalts didn't bring that up when I spoke to them. Can you remember who that was?

RENO

[embarrassed] Ahhh, no. . .I'm sorry Deputy. Some things I can remember just fine. Others. . .little details, not so well. It's all about getting Old Mister Marlow. Not how it looked in the Sears catalogue! Speaking of which. . .Happy Birthday!

BASS

[Sigh] Let me guess. Ms. June?

RENO

Hrmm. No. No. I heard it from Dan Biggs. He told me he was chatting with Mister Kelley who brought it up. Even in the Winter Deputy Marshal, hard to keep a secret around here!

BASS

Trust me. . .I'm learning! Do you recall anybody acting odd, or out of place that day, or during the time we were stranded on the mountain?

RENO

No. No. . .well, I mean people were anxious of course. You. Firefighter Fred. The others being in the crash. Lots of anxious people. Hrm. .

BASS

What is it?

RENO

I remember. . .one of the new kids. A mechanic. McTaggart. He seemed awful shook up.

BASS

. . . .Deacon McTaggart. He's one of the last Dewalts on my list who I haven't been able to catch up with. [Beat] you mention he was upset. Was he close with somebody who was on the Plane? Doc Timms, Mister Ferguson?

RENO

Not that I know of. He's one of the newer DeWalts that came late in the summer season. I haven't got to know him well enough just yet myself.

***WRITING IN NOTEBOOK.***

BASS

Okay Mister Brewster. I think I have enough from this follow-up chat. Appreciate you taking time off for it.

RENO

Happy to help Deputy. Whatever you need.

***CHAIRS SQUEAK***

RENO

THANK YOU FOR THE COFFEE, MISS ALICE! EXTRA DELICIOUS THIS AFTERNOON!

LUNCH LADY ALICE

Oh, now you're welcome, Davey! You keep warm down there in them Arches and tell Zeke I says hi. You take care now boys! Oh, especially you there Mister Tomorrow Birthday Boy!

RENO

Thanks Ms. Alice

BASS

Thank you Ms. Alice

***DIGITAL RECORDER STOP***

***ELECTRONIC VOICE: RECORDING STARTED***

BASS

Diane, you know exactly how I feel about my Birthday. I don't need reminders about how old I'm getting. Fiona thought it would be hilarious to blurt out about my Birthday while Cheryl-Lynn was in the room. Now, this news. . .my birthday is spreading around the station like wildfire. FIONNA.MUST.PAY!

[DEEP SIGH]

There better not be a surprise party! All I'm sayin'! Okay, let's get to brass tacks here. AHEM. US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow; Ten April twenty-twenty two. Sixteen-Thirty hours. South Pole Sabotage investigation / Flight 0492 Crash.

Conducted several follow-up and one initial interview. Thus far there is no one potential candidate or candidates which stick out as potential suspects. I've managed to clear approximately twenty station staff and scientists as suspects. Each had airtight alibis, their whereabouts could be verified by three or more individuals and I've cleared them from any further consideration.

Tomorrow conducting the final two preliminary interviews. Deacon McTaggart. Station mechanic and electrical specialist. Deacon was mentioned specifically by Mister Brewster as acting in a peculiar manner. Also. . . Doctor Lawrence Emerson Waynewright. He's canceled three previous interview requests which prompted me to have to have his superiors in the NSF order him to attend. I suspect he'll invoke his fifth amendment rights purely out of spite.

Diane . . . do me a solid and check with the N.S.F. and O.P.P. Seems there was a shipping SNFAU, and the Office of Polar Projects had a massive amount of raw construction materials shipped down here approximately two weeks before the Winter season. Zeke says stuff like this is exceedingly rare, but not unprecedented. It may not be anything but a red hearing. . . but all the same. . .

Next Item. Regional D.O.J. staff have informed me that the senate confirmed our new US Marshal for Hawaii district. The president's nomination of Anne Murphy was approved, and she is to be sworn in by end of this week. I. . . have mixed feelings on the matter.

Marshal Murphy is a solid choice. Better than Matt Torrez for DAMN sure. But having somebody else in Charlie's seat. . . feels. . . eh. It is what it is. No doubt I'll have a meeting set on my calendar before too long to meet with her. Had Director Davis from DC reach out last week to check in with me. Odd the head of the Marshal's service would be concerned about me, but I'm probably reading too much into that.

Adjusting to the winter season more each week. I have promised that I would visit . . . that I would talk to the station psychiatrist as is required of all winterovers. I sent an email to Doctor Bremmer who is able to fit me in middle of the month for my first session.

Diane, I know in this day and age there isn't the same stigma about mental health vs. when I was younger. But I'm not going to look at ink blots. I'm not going to go in crying about my mom and I'm not going to be talking about any feelings I have. I'll show up, we'll chat. . .promise fulfilled.

Okay. Have a ton of paperwork to knock out. Going to get a quick bite in and then call it an early evening. I get the impression that tomorrow is going to be something of a hectic day.

Oh hey, one last thing. . .we have a guy here. 'Lars.' Big tank of a human being. German. He's one of Zeke's DeWalts. Problem is. . .he doesn't talk. Not that he doesn't speak English, he doesn't speak. . .anything. At all! Has paperwork from NSF and Office of Polar Projects; but nobody can figure out how he got assigned to us. The woman who will be leading H.R. in the upcoming summer season said she didn't hire him. Thinks it may have been one of her fill-in's while she was in the hospital for the broken leg. See if you can help dig anything up.

***ELECTRONIC VOICE: RECORDING STOPPED.***

***FADE IN, INTERVIEW IN PROCESS. INTERNAL OFFICE, HUM OF THE STATION BUT NO CHATTER FROM HALLWAY.***

LARRY

. . . .To the time where I was informed you had left the station.

BASS

So, you were. . .sleeping at noon.

LARRY

I had spent all night on. . .things you simply wouldn't comprehend and had been up for twenty-eight hours. I needed sleep so I retired to my berth at ten thirty and promptly passed out.

BASS

[Suspect]

I see. Curious! Doctor's Van Zandt, Jovac & Lorenz also said they were exhausted. Had put in several shifts and retired. . .at exactly Ten Thirty on February eleventh.

LARRY

[Feigned surprise]

Well, unfortunately I don't have time for. . .fraternization while working on station , DEPUTY marshal. I don't share my bed with anybody, so I have to admit. . .I have no alibi to offer you.

***TWO BEAT***

BASS

[Curiously] Um-hmmmm.

***FLURRY OF WRITING SOUND IN THE NOTEBOOK.***

LARRY

What? What is so consuming?

BASS

Just that. . .well according to NSF public calendars on outlook, you were on a call the day before at Seven Thirty PM station time. Doctor Jovac was seen in the Galley by multiple people that same evening. Doctor Lorenz was in the Ice Cube lab according to her doctorate candidates and Van Zandt was in the infirmary, with an inner earache. Hardly. . .working several shifts at once.



LARRY

Sorry! I don't know what to tell you. Obviously, memories are not accurate for the non-scientists.

***BASS SNEASES, PULLS HANKY AND BLOWS HIS NOSE***

BASS

Apologies! Please pardon me doctor. Allergies. I'm allergic to bullshit!

LARRY

How juvenile! Not the witty repartee which I've yet to see from you. The responsibilities we scientists have on this station, DEPUTY Marshal are extreme. The pressures put upon us to ensure funding is well spent is always at the forefront. The burdens are like. . .

BASS

[Cuts him off]

Like the burden of being made to hold up a planetary sphere on your shoulders for all eternity? How's that for witty, Doctor?

***THREE SECOND PAUSE***

LARRY

hee·see·uhd

Very goooooood DEPUTY! You recall Greek mythology. Although obviously not from reading the poet Hesiod! No doubt from a classic comic book. Had you read the original Greek epic, you'd know. . .

BASS

[Cuts him off]

Zeus condemned Atlas to stand at the western edge of the earth and hold up the celestial spheres rather than the terrestrial globe. A 2<sup>nd</sup> century sculptor fashioned a replica of Atlas with a sphere which was mistaken as the planet earth. It stuck.

LARRY

Must have been one hell of a comic book you had! I'd also advise that you. . . tread carefully around Greek mythology, DEPUTY Marshal.

BASS

Oh? Well. . . this should be good. Please Doctor. . . elaborate!

### ***SOUND OF CHAIRING LEANING BACK***

LARRY

Take our own, beloved Prometheus. The Greek titan who brought humanity fire, the arts, mathematics, and science. Stole that fire and knowledge from Zeus who condemned him. Some might say, Prometheus' punishment was just, for going where he was forbidden to, and trifling in matters not of his own.

BASS

Hrmm. Of course, the same could be said of Zeus, who . . . well stole everything he had, from Cronus. No? I mean when you exam, did. . . Zeus really earn all that prestige and honor himself? Or was he really nothing more than exactly what he accused Prometheus of. . . being a fraud and pretender to the throne? At least . . . that's how it would seem to me, Doctor. What were you nominated for the Nobel prize for. . . again?

LARRY

.....Amusing. Any other questions?

BASS

Did you notice anybody acting oddly, or out of the normal between the time the plane left, and we returned?

LARRY

[Seriously tone]

Out of the. . . well let's see? My operations director openly defied me. The control deck refused to take my orders. Pilots in the air would not respond to reason, the DeWalt crew would not give me mister Bustamante's location, your. . .paramour shot me in the back with an electrical incapacitation device and SOMEBODY keeps stealing the 'W' key from my work keyboard.

BASS

Did you say. . . 'Paramour'? How old ARE you?

LARRY

Sufficed to say, DEPUTY Marshal, no. Since you first arrived, EVERYTHING has been out of the normal. I long for the old days of peace and tranquility!

**WRITING IN NOTEPAD.**

BASS

So, asleep in your berth. Ten Thirty AM. That's the story you want to stick with.

LARRY

If. . .by 'story' you mean to say 'truth'; then yes.

**WRITING IN NOTEPAD**

BASS

So be it doctor. I have nothing additional. US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow; Eleven April twenty-twenty two. Nine-Thirty hours. South Pole Sabotage investigation / Flight 0492 Crash. Re-interview of Station area manager Doctor L.E. Waynewright concluded.

***SOUND OF CHAIR SCOOTING BACK.***

LARRY

Oh yes. . .where are my manners. Happy Birthday DEPUTY Marshal. *Ad Multos Annos*. Consider this my RSVP. I'm not attending the party.

***DOOR OPENS AND LARRY WALKING OUT. DOOR CLOSSES.***

BASS

Well, it doesn't take a master detective to pick up on his tells or that he's lying his ass off. He's not nervous-lying. More what we call 'smug -ying'. Like when a suspect knows that you know the truth but can't prove it. Doctor Waynewright is the local proprietor of 'arrogance'. On the positive end of the spectrum, I know a party is now imminent. Longest.day.ever!

***ELECTRONIC BOOP AND VOICE: RECORDING STOPPED.***

***FADE IN. SOFT TYPING ON A KEYBOARD AND WE HEAR THE STATION PHONE RING. TYPING STOPS AND SPEAKER PHONE IS TURNED ON.***

BASS

Deputy Marshal Marlow Speaking.

ZEKE

Hey, Lawman. Have a few to check out something in the VMF arch? Think you're gonna want to see this.

BASS

Yep. On my way.

***BEEP OF THE SPEAKER PHONE TURNING OFF AND THEN THE CHAIR SLIDING BACK. WE HEAR THE DOOR TO BASS' OFFICE OPEN AND CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY BUT OTHER THAN THE HUM OF THE STATION AND OCASSIONAL WIND GUST, ERIE QUIET. FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE HALL, DOWN THE STAIRS TO LEVEL 1***

DISEMBODIED VOICE

*Inaudible whispers*

***FOOTSTEPS STOP. SPOOKY MUSIC STARTS***

BASS

HELLO?

***TWO BEAT***

DISEMBODIED VOICE

*Inaudible whispers, [Longer this time]*

BASS

Oh! Okay. . .I get it! [playing along] I guess I should stick my head into the big Gym to investigate that mysterious whispering, huh?

***SLOW FOOTSTEPS TO THE DOOR***

BASS

[Still playing along] Let me check this out really quick before going down to the VMF arch! I'll just open the door. . .

***SOUND OF SLOW DOOR OPENING, CREEKING***

BASS

And I'll turn on the. . .

**LIGHT SWITCH CLICK**

BASS

. . .[surprised] lights? Huh! Was almost positive this was going to be the surprise. . .

**RAPID FOOTSTEPS FROM DOWN THE HALL**

BASS

[chuckles] Oh. . .you guys are good.

**LIGHT SWITCH CLICKS OFF. FOOTSTEPS TO THE COAT ROOM, ZIPPING UP JACKET AND WALKING DOWN HALLWAY.**

DISEMBODIED VOICE

*Inaudible whispers*

**THE WHISPERS START LOW, LONG. AS BASS WALKS DOWN THE LONG HALLWAY WE HEAR THE HUM, AND GROWING WIND GUSTS OUTSIDE. HE PASSES THE GREEN HOUSE, THE LAUNDRY, PAST THE SAUNA. WE HEAR A CLATTER FROM BEHIND A DOOR LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPING A PIP ON CEMENT.**

BASS

[Playing along, but now slightly annoyed] Okay guys. I get what you're doing, but in any other situation trying to surprise an armed federal agent is a double-dipshit moronic idea! But that said, I'm a good sport, so. . .

**DOOR OPENS, CREEPY MUSIC, HUM, WHISPERS ALL STOP. FIVE SECONDS OF FEAD SILENCE, AND THEN, LOUD VOICE**

DOCTOR MARK RODNEY

[Ghostly distorted voice]

**I MIGHT BE THE FIRST, BUT NOT THE LASTTTTTTT!!!**

**POP OF THE LIGHT BULB ABOVE, SPARKS FALLING FROM THE BALLAST. BASS SCRAMBLES BACKWARDS. WE HEAR HIM PULLING OUT HIS GUN AND THE FLICK OF A FLASHLIGHT! DEEP BREATHING FROM BASS FOR TWO SECONDS AS THE STATION HUM AND WIND FAZE BACK IN.**

BASS

[BREATHING HEAVY] HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!  
[DEEP BREATHS] Nobody. . . .in here. There is no. . .that's not,  
. . .no way is it possible. . .That looked like; that was Doctor  
Rodney!

**SLOW FADE OUT**

**SLOW FADE IN, VNF REPAIR BAY. COUNTRY MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND. SOUND OF PEOPLE MILLING AND HAVING A GREAT TIME. BBQ GRILLING.**

ZEKE

Try to scare you? Birthday or not, scaring an armed federal cop is a double-dipshit moronic idea! Why I told you where we was. I mean, you'll still get the 'surprise' when the door opens, but all the lights out, us jumping out from the dark? Bass you know I hate scary movies!

BASS

I'm telling you; it was Doctor Rodney! I've seen enough photos of him and videos to tell the difference.

ZEKE

You did just get your bell rung by the kid last month. You said Doc Ambrose told you concussion effects can keep on truckin' for up to six weeks. We have. . .well more than our own fair share of weird shit up in here, but ghosts. . . naw that would be a new one.

BASS

He said. . .'He was the first, but wouldn't be the last'

ZEKE

[Angry, frustrated, getting spooked]

COME.ON. LAWMAN! Why you have to go and start bringing up poltergeist movie shit? [under his breath] murdering clown puppets and trees trying eat white boys! HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO SLEEP TONIGHT? This here is a celebration! [chiding] Your birthday. Nothing says birthday and celebration like MEMPHIS barbeque! Which I'm here whipping up for yo spooky ass. Been smoking the meat for six hours. But I know your thoughts on Kansas City barbeque. I had Lunch Lady Alice bring two cans of tomato sauce you can dump over anything to get your [mocking] "down-home best barbeque number 1 Kansas City Flavor!"

***BOTH CHUCKLE***

KENDRA

Hey you!

BASS

[Warmly]

Hey you.

***SOUND OF A HUG, FABRIC RUFFLING THE MIC***

KENDRA

Happy Birthday Sweetie

ZEKE

[Mocking]

Whoooooooooooooooooooo!

BASS

[Ignoring Zeke] Thank you. Busy day?



KENDRA

UGH! The winds. . .the walk from DSL to the station. . .WHEW was harder than normal to walk upright. A.R.O. said . . .they um, said winds would be all over the place for the rest of the day. Jovac . . .Doctor Jovac left early today but said if these winds keep up . . .well I guess tomorrows is a snow day!

ZEKE

Yeah, hadn't seen winds like these since last year round this time. Just makes grillin' all the more. . . .KENNAN.  
WHAT.DID.WE.SAY.? Made up a rhyme for yo dumbass and everything! When it makes that crackle sound, turn the damned ribs AROUND! You gonna put me in an early grave boy! Those ribs come out chewy, you be scrubbing fuel tanks all winter.

THOMAS

HEY GUYS! I brought the two down you told me to Zeke!

ZEKE

All right! Now we talkin'. Hey Tommy. Do me a solid. . .man this here grill for me.

***CHATTER GOES SILENT***

THOMAS

[Nervous]

You're. . .you're letting me. . .work your barbeque? Really???

ZEKE

Really really! You've seen me do it millions times. Now it's your time. When it's starting to sizzle, just flip it over. You'll get it! Just watch Keenan. . .do the opposite of what he does!

KENDRA

You two going to play something together? That is SO cute!

BASS  
Cute?

ZEKE  
WHOA! Nobody cute down  
here!

KENDRA  
Oh. Okay. I'll just go grab a drink. Please continue with the  
Bromanance! Nobody is cute! Cutie pies.

BASS  
OKAY THEN!

ZEKE  
Damn right nobody cute!

### ***GUITARS TUNING***

ZEKE  
Okay lawman. Now I hear you ain't too bad with a guitar. I'm  
going to just kinda riff over here. Gonna play some old-school  
blues. Like we still do in Clarksdale. Back home in Mississippi.

### ***ZEKE STARTS RIFFING***

BASS  
You told me you were born in Mississippi. You never  
mentioned Clarksdale. You mean. . .the crossroads?

ZEKE  
Why you think me and Franklin don't get along? Old Scratch  
took Robert Johnson too soon.

BASS  
Are you saying. . . .Robert Johnson. . . .was. . .

ZEKE  
I'm calling lawman! You gonna respond anytime this decade?

***BASS JOINS IN. BASS AND ZEKE GO BACK AND FORTH A FEW MINUTES  
WITH ACOUSTIC GUITAR CLASSIC BLUES RIFF CALLING AND RESPONDING.***

**THE CROWD IS EATING IT UP. CLAPPING, CHEERING. EVERYBODY IS HAVING A GREAT TIME, UNTIL.**

**ELECTICAL FLICKER. CROWD AWWWWWWWS.**

ZEKE

Okay. . .that' new. One flicker, but no power down and restart.

BASS

Maybe it was just a regular flicker. Not like the others.

SANDRA

DEPUTY MARSHAL!!!!!!

**BASS WALKS OVER TO SANDRA, STANDING NEAR THE MAIN DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE FROM THE VMF.**

BASS

Ms. Derecha?

SANDRA

I see it. The swirling purple mist. Not just around the lights in here. But out there, on the horizon. It's . . . .huge! Like a . . . .beacon. It's pulsating!

KENDRA

Bass! Bass! Look at the large guy. At Lars!

BASS

He's . . .looking in the same direction. Off in the distance, As Sandra. He can see it too. That's why we can't find him in the system.

SANDRA

Because he's from an alternate reality too! [Pause] Whatever that is. . .off on the horizon, it's massive.

BASS

Is the . . .purple mist swirling here at the station too!

SANDRA

[looks around] Yes. . .but it's different this go-round. Subdued, fading much quicker than past times.

KENDRA

Do you think it's connected to . . .the ongoing. . . .the power flickers?

ZEKE

Pretty good bet. Not sure what to make out of this. . .'mini-flicker'; but ifin that thing Sandra described only appeared afterwards, then yeah.

THOMAS

MEAT'S READY!

BASS

Alright, we'll deal with that some other time. Now, it's time to enjoy the second-best barbeque ever!

***LAUGHING AND CLAPPING***

***OUTRO AND CREDITS.***