

# Ninety Degrees South

SEASON TWO  
EPISODE NINE: STREETS OF LAREDO

DRAFT 1: APRIL 15, 2022

DRAFT 2: APRIL 21, 2022

**FINAL DRAFT: MAY 31, 2022**

by  
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## **INTRO**

**FADE IN. WE HEAR THE FAMILIAR HUM OF THE AMUNDSEN SCOTT STATION. IT'S THE GALLEY AND WE HEAR A VERY SMALL NUMBER OF PEOPLE PRESENT IN THE WINTER SEASON. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH**

BASS

Any luck?

KENDRA

No. He won't come out of the IT center. Bass. . . you, of all people know what it's. . . about loss of a loved one. He just needs time. It's only been three weeks.

BASS

I know. Is he at least eating better?

KENDRA

Well. . .if by better you mean with more frequency, yes. If you meant healthy. . .not at all.

## **FOOTSTEPS APPROACH**

THOMAS

Hey guys! Any word?

KENDRA

I just brought him his favorite. Some beef lo mien, Doritos and Strawberry milk.

THOMAS

[Considers]

Well, at least he's eating now. Still nothing back from Beauregard Lowing! After you all got back and reports were filed, they stopped. . .well everything! No new communications, no request for updates. No uploads of new data or grant processing requests. They've never been out of communication for this long. It's. . .eerie!

BASS

[Sarcastic]

What about our kind and benevolent despot?

KENDRA

All four of them have been . . .they've. . .well ghosts! I saw Doctor Van Zandt a few days ago. But other than that, they've. . . they all seem to be. . .sequestered. I haven't seen Doctor Jovac since you all got back. I ran into Jemma in the shower a few days ago. She wouldn't even make eye contact.

THOMAS

[Curious]

Guilt?

BASS

[Ponders]

On Doctor Lorenz; maybe. But Waynewright? Have you ever known Doctor Waynewright to be anything other than self-serving?

THOMAS

No, now that you mention it. No.

KENDRA

I'm going to go grab a tray myself. I'll. . .you boys talk, be right back. . .

***FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY, CHAIR SLIDES OUT AS BASS STANDS, THIS SITS BACK DOWN.***

THOMAS

Um, just curious Deputy Marshal, why haven't we involved Doctor Jennings in our Atlas discussions?

***[TWO BEAT]***

BASS

Don't get me wrong Mister Kelley, I've considered it many times. I'm. . .nervous what the scientist will do if one of their own gets knowledge. Kendra works for Jovac, and by proxy Van Zandt and Waynewright. From what I understand they don't want to lose her or her experience. Even so, the last thing I want to do is put her in career in jeopardy.

THOMAS

Oh. Well then yeah. I guess I kinda see where you might have concerns. You still think they had something to do. . .will have something to do with that Canadian station from the future's disaster.

BASS

Leaning that way. On the recording we listened to, they talked about some outside interference. The station was being surrounded by a swirling purple and blue mist. Lights were flickering. Sound familiar.

THOMAS

Exactly what Sondra and Lars saw.

BASS

And Franklin.

THOMAS

[Surprised, and Loud]

Franklin?

BASS

Shhhhhhh.

THOMAS

[lowers voice]

Franklin saw it too.

BASS

That's what he told me. Said just before he came to find himself in the tube, he was walking around hell and saw a purple and blue swirling mist. He approached it and. . .woke up in the tube he's in today. Also, when I was walking through Time Door a few months back. I didn't see or hear anything, but on the video playback, you see that exact thing. Sandra verified it as well. What she sees each time we have a power flicker here at the station.

THOMAS

[Thinking aloud]

So, the power flickers and Sandra sees the same thing the scientists described around the station. The time door has it. Franklin saw it. A station in the future creates. .mutant spiders. How are they all connected?

BASS

That is the question du jour Mister Kelley.

***FOOTSTEPS RE-APPROACH. A CHAIR SLIDES BACK AS BASS STANDS.***

KENDRA

[chuckles] Bass! You don't have to stand every time I leave or . . .or I approach the table.

BASS

I've said it before, I'll say it now and again and again. . .it's how I was raised. Shows respect, and if I were to stop doing it now that we're. . . .a couple, it would mean I was only doing it to impress. It would be insulting.

***KENDRA SITS, TRAY SAT ON TABLE, CHAIRS SLIDE BACK IN.***

KENDRA

Is everybody from Kansas this sweet?

BASS

[Chuckles] You'll find that most mid-westerners. . .at least farm-people still hold to old-world manners.

KENDRA

I spoke to Lunch Lady Alice. She's said she would pop in on Chris later this afternoon. Pick up his plates, drop off some pie and cookies and check in on him.

BASS

[Turn his head towards the kitchen]

THANK YOU, MS. ALICE!

LLA

[From a distance]

Oh, you don't worry none about it. I'm happy to go check on him. I'll even whip up that boy some booyah to make him right as rain! I'll tell him you all says hi.

BASS

Booyah? Is that some sort of Alcohol?

KENDRA

[Laughs] It's SOOOOO Minnesota! It's a special type of soup. Veggies mostly, but to call it the. . . it's top of the list. . . .best comfort food out there!

THOMAS

Sounds delicious!

**SEVERAL MOMENTS OF SILENCE**

THOMAS

Hrmmm. Maybe we should get him to see Doctor Bremmer early. I mean gee. . .talking to somebody trained to help with. . .  
.[Pause, confused] why the hairy eyeball Deputy Marshal?

KENDRA

Because. . .\*SOMEBODY\* . . .made a promise to see the doctor this week and . . .he's . . .scared to go!

BASS

[Offended]

Scared?

KENDRA

Oooh, that was. . .bad choice of words.

BASS

Very!

KENDRA

[joking, prodding Bass]

He's being a big baby about going!

**SOUND OF FORK DROPPING ON PLATE. KENDRA AND THOMAS CHUCKLE.**

KENDRA

I'm sorry sweetie. I'm just teasing you. Still. . .you said you promised your F.B.I. friend!

BASS

[Stubbornly]

I would have seen him before now, but he was swamped.  
Today was the first day he had an opening. I'm not dragging  
ass about this.

KENDRA

[defusing]

You're right, you're right! I'm sorry for teasing you about it.

BASS

[smirking]

No, you're not!

KENDRA

Yeah, I'm seriously. . . .not!

***EVERYBODY CHUCKLES***

***PA OPENING SOUND***

CHERYL-LYNN

Thomas? Where you at young man? I know you were fixin to  
help out with midwinter party preparations. You best get  
yourself in my presence in five minutes or imma' jerk a knot in  
that tail! [Sweetly] Thankkkkkkk youuuuuuuuu!

***PA CLOSING SOUND***

THOMAS

Oh! OHHHH! Gosh darn it I completely forgot! Oh, she is not  
going to be happy with me. If you'll both excuse me. . .

***CHAIR SLIDES BACK, TALKING AS HE LEAVES THE TABLE***



BASS

Of Course, Mister Kelley, no problem.

THOMAS

I better get up there quick or there'll be hell to pay!

LLA

[GASP] Thomas Eugene Kelley! When did you start using language like a drunken sailor or Chicago Blackhawks fan? I have half a mind to wash that mouth out with soap.

THOMAS

Sorry! Sorry Ms. Alice.

LLA

Yeah, you'll be sorry you best don't skedaddle on out of here mister! I'm going for my bar of soap now young man!

***BASS AND KENDRA CHUCKLE***

KENDRA

So. When is your appointment?

BASS

It's in . . .[sigh] damn it, I need to get another watch down here when the season is up. Um. . . .in about an hour.

KENDRA

Baby steps sweetie. I know you're not comfortable with. . . .feelings. . . .talking about. . . .with your emotions. But Doctor Bremmer is here to help.

BASS

It's [pause] you're right. [chuckle] You're always right. I need to get some paperwork done first, but. . . .dinner tonight? Maybe a western after?

KENDRA

Absolutely! I was hoping you'd ask! What's the movie?

BASS

Well. Two choices I saw in the DVD library. Shane with Alan Ladd or the Wild Bunch with William Holden.

KENDRA

Ohhh. . .I don't um [silent chuckle] the only western I know is Tombstone so. . .you choose.

BASS

How about this. I'll describe the plot of both over dinner. You get to choose whichever you'd think you'd like better.

***PUTS GLASS DOWN***

KENDRA

Sound good. . .to me.

BASS

Alright. . .

***CHAIR SLIDES BACK***

BASS

Meet here at nineteen hundred?

KENDRA

[Happily]

It's a date!

***PARTING PECK ON LIPS; and ELECTRONIC VOICE: RECORDING STOPPED.***

***DIGITAL RECORDER BEEP***

## BASS

US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow; Twelve May twenty-twenty two. Thirteen twenty-Four hours. This is Day eighty-one, Amundsen Scott Sabotage investigation / LC-130 Flight 0492 Crash. Have two interviews today. One follow-up, the other initial. Follow-up Interview with [sigh] Keenan Drexel, head of station logistics and deputy chief engineer at fifteen-thirty and initial interview with Cargo loader Deacon McTaggart at sixteen-thirty. Should only need fifteen minutes with Keenan, but I scheduled an hour. Kid never shuts up!

McTaggart has been mentioned by both Mister Brewster as well as Zeke as having taken news of the crash. . . .difficult. Lots of emotion. Don't know that it's anything more than face value, but he's also had to cancel the past three attempts at being interviewed. Other than Lars who doesn't talk. . .at all, McTaggart is the last initial interview in the investigation.

Then [hesitant] of course at fourteen hundred and before any of the interviews. I have to go see the resident head-shrink, Doctor Bremmer. Diane [sigh] you know me, well better than most. My old man was a "pull yourself up by the bootstraps" guy. Didn't take to psychiatry. Called it head voodoo. In many ways, I'd like to think that we've come a long way in the last forty years. Old prejudices' die out with the old ones who held them when they pass. That fear of the different goes away when you familiarize yourself. When you realize that there are other opinions and viewpoints other than your own.

## **THREE BEAT**

But this. . . NOPE! If it weren't for the promise I made to Fee, the station could kiss my ass in trying to make me see a shrink. [DEEP SIGH] have to watch what I promise. She knows how to play me almost as good as you do! [Chuckle]

Alright! Just going to rip this band aid off. I'll go. Look at blotches of ink that all look like horses to me. Talk about my parents and how they never had enough blah blah blah and then get back to real work.

Stop rolling your eyes Diane!

This is US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow; Twelve May twenty-two. *[TWO BEAT AS YOU TURN TO FIND THE CLOCK]* Thirteen twenty-seven hours. Daily report paused.

Diane, add a wristwatch to the list of items to ship down here to me when supply fights recommence. My Bulova Precisionist X broke during the crash. Expense and send down with the other items please. It's the black, blue and gray one. When I get back to my Berth, I'll get the specific model number. Thanks!

***DIGITAL RECORDER BOOP***

***FADE IN. WE'RE IN THE STATION. DOCTOR'S BRIMMERS OFFICE IN THE ADMIN SECTION OF THE STATION. WE HEAR THE HUM OF THE STATION AND ON HIS DESK, A SOFT TICKING CLOCK.***

BASS

[Firm]

. . .but even then, only to family or close friends, which at my age I can count on two hands. So, I'm happy to sit here for the hour, but I'm not talking about feelings Doctor Brimmer!

***TWO COUNT***

SYDNEY

Fair enough!

***CLOSE NOTEBOOK, PLACE PEN ON TOP***

SYDNEY

If you don't want to be formally reviewed, I can't make you! I do have to see each station resident for an hour, twice a month per the NSF protocols. Sooooooooooooo, as to not be a liar and still get paid. How about we just have a conversation for forty-five minutes.

***OPENING DRAWER, BOTTLE AND GLASSES COME OUT AND SAT ON DESK.***

SYDNEY

Over a glass of Bourbon!

BASS

Nice try, but I'm on duty Doc!

SYDNEY

What a coincidence! So am I! [pshhhhh] One drink. Three fingers. Don't get me wrong! Rules are good and are there for a reason, but every so often. . .ehhh. Hope this is good stuff. I grew up in Brooklyn, so our booze selection was either Italian Bucco or Manischewitz. Uhhh. . . Blue Run Bourbon, that okay?

***CHAIR SLIDES BACK***

BASS

There is top-shelf bourbon, then there is "in the back under lock and key" bourbon. Short of Pappy Van Winkle, that is some of the best bourbon out there I've had.

SYDNEY

Perfect, then hopefully you won't make me drink solo and have a belt with me.

BASS

Well. . .guess I don't want to be rude!

SYDNEY

Thank you, Deputy Marshal!

***ICE CLINKING IN GLASSES, CORK REMOVED AND POURING***

SYDNEY

So then if this isn't an official session, is it okay for me to just call you Bass? Here you go.

***ICE CLINKS***

BASS

Guess that's okay. Been called much worse

SYDNEY

Bass it is then! Please, just call me Sydney. Good to know ya Bass! To new acquaintances!

BASS

New acquaintances.

SYDNEY

Wheeeeeeeeww! That is some smooth stuff!

BASS

It does grow on ya!

SYDNEY

[friendly]

Now, when you're not solving crimes at the bottom of the planet, where do you hang up your spurs?

BASS

Well. Up till recently, that was Honolulu. As I'm sure you read, I just took up full time residence on Antarctica as the first fully assigned US Deputy Marshal.

SYDNEY

Hawaiian Cowboy, huh? Never knew that was a thing.

BASS

It's not really. That was just my last posting. I was born and raised on the Kansas prairie.

SYDNEY

Mid-westerner! I knew there was something familiar I liked in the cut of that Jib! Mind me asking. . .why the Marshal's Service? Why not a lawyer or a doctor or. . .a farmer?

BASS

[chuckle] Don't hear 'cut of the jib' much anymore. My dad used that a lot! Grandad too! [Snicker] I remember, he'd use to say [impression of his dad] Son, you can tell a lot about a man in how he looks you in the eye, how he shakes your hand, and how he likes his . . . [finds it odd] Bourbon."

SYDNEY

Sounds like a wise man! My dad [psshhh], he was distant. Always focused on his job. His wife and us kids were just kinda in the background for him. I mean. . .don't get me wrong he loved us in his own way. [Hmmm] Some guys are just hard-wired in their own unique fashion.

BASS

[Suspicious]

Guess so.

SYDNEY

I know you can't really go into details, but. . .in general. How's the current investigation going?

BASS

[Suspicious]

Slower than I like. Is this a psychiatrist tactic Sydney? Get out the good stuff. Bring up items specific from my past, whatever you saw in my NSF or US Marshal background file to get me to relax?

***ICE CLINKING, AN 'AH' AFTER A SIP***

SYDNEY

[Relaxed]

Well, if it is I'm horrible at it. Look at you! You're sitting in that chair leaning away from me. You grab that chair arm any harder you'll break it. You've glanced at the clock on the table five times since you sat down. If you get any more relaxed, you'll have a stroke! C'mon! We're just two guys, shooting the shit! Although, if you don't mind me asking. . .

BASS

. . .Why am I not comfortable with shrinks?

SYDNEY

[chuckle] You read my mind!

***LEATHER CREAKS AS BASS SHIFTS IN CHAIR***

BASS

I don't...I mean I'm sure you're a nice guy and all. But I just. . .I don't know. I deal with what's on the surface. What I can see and hear. Simple guy, meat and potatoes. If I wanted to get all into head stuff, I would have gone to the FBI behavioral division.



SYDNEY

No no! I get that! Trust me Bass, you wouldn't be the first person I've crossed paths with who was scared about me being a psychiatrist. . . [Apologetic] pardon me! pardon me! Cautious is a better term.

BASS

Thank you! Glad somebody gets it.

SYDNEY

You had to have seen somebody like me in your capacity as a federal officer? Don't US Marshals go through a psych evaluation as part of their application process?

BASS

We do. I did and I wasn't crazy about it back then either!

SYDNEY

[Chuckles]

BASS

What?

SYDNEY

Not many people are comfortable with that word anymore! 'Crazy'. I think that's something else I like about you. You'll say what you'll say and doesn't matter what others think. You're not being mean or hurtful... and I bet you'll adjust if somebody does take offense. But with you Bass. . . I'm sensing that with you it's what you see is what you get! You're honest, direct, forward. Don't mince words. I like that! Respect it.

BASS

Thank you again.

SYDNEY

So, when you're not. . .Marshalling, what do you like to do?  
Hobbies? Sports? . . .no wait, let me guess. . . You're a cowboy  
from the Kansas prairie . . . you play the guitar. . and not HALF  
as badly as you claim, I bet!

BASS

[Chuckles] Guilty!

SYDNEY

Ahhhh! Wish I could play an instrument. One of my life's big  
regrets. A lot of wisdom and sound advice in some of the old  
country and western songs!

BASS

[Excited]

Yeah! I feel the same! When I get upset or need some thinking  
time, I'll put on one of the old crooners, helps out so much!

SYDNEY

[Thinking]

I remember this one song I'd hear in the old western movies  
on Saturday afternoon. Man, how'd it go? [humming slowly]  
Bum bum bum bum [singy] Come sit down beside me and hear  
my sad story. . .

BASS {sings]

Got shot in the breast  
And I know I must Die!

SYDNEY[Sings]

Got shot in the breast  
And I know I must Die!

BASS

Streets of Laredo! One of my favorites! Tex Ritter. Hadn't  
thought about that one in YEARS!

***BASS LEADS IN THE NEXT VERSE***

BASS [Sings]

Go gather around you a  
group of young cowboys,  
And tell them the story of  
this my sad fate. Tell one  
and the other before they  
go further, to stop their  
wild roving before it's too  
late."

SYDNEY[Sings]

.....  
..... *[Sydney Joins in]*  
And tell them the story of  
this my sad fate. Tell one  
and the other before they  
go further, to stop their  
wild roving before it's too  
late."

BASS

[Regret]

Yeah. . .roving wild.

SYDNEY

[Calmy]

Strike a chord?

BASS

[introspective]

A bit.

SYDNEY

Erm. You know. . .assuming you don't mind an observation  
from somebody you just now met. . .For somebody who  
doesn't like complication, a self-professed 'Meat and tatters'  
man, you got an odd way about you.

BASS

[Confused]

What do you mean?

SYDNEY

You're a walking, breathing contradiction of yourself!

BASS

What?

SYDNEY

Well. . .no, okay then. I'll explain, and this is. . .just what I've picked up in the. . .oh 10 minutes you've been here. You grew up on the prairie, used to the isolation, yet you've been having trouble adapting to the isolation on the station. You're this big, burly manly-man, law enforcement who supposed to be hard as grit, but you actually go out of your way to make sure people are comfortable. You say you like dealing with what's on the surface, but as an investigator. . .I read you have one of the highest conviction rates and witness confession records. Just like me, your job is to dig in and get into somebody's head! To get them to confess. Plus. . .only one official complaint in twenty years of federal service, and that was 5 months ago, from Van Zandt here on station! Nobody ever said you coerced or forced a confession. According to the file on my desk, you're one of the best US Marshal investigators out there.

BASS

Man, don't! Knock that shit off.

SYDNEY

Oh right, and I forgot. . . you're personally humble in a profession where you must brag on yourself to get credit, recognition, or promotions. Thanks for reminding me!

**TWO BEAT**

SYDNEY

Most of the time, I'm pretty good at getting an initial read on people. Comes with the profession. You, on the other hand. . .ummmm, like I said, you have an odd way about you. Refreshing really.

BASS  
[Confused again]  
Yeah, you say so doc. . .

**TWO BEAT**

SYDNEY  
I appreciate it, Bass. Sometimes, just like you; I call them how I see them. No pretense, no complications. Nothing to read into it.

**TWO BEAT**

SYDNEY  
[Chuckles] Good pull. It was Sigmund Freud who said that. Sometimes a cigar. . .IS JUST a cigar.

**BOTH CHUCKLE**

SYDNEY  
Yeah, I don't see why not, but hey. . .if you don't mind me saying; I thought it went well myself. You be okay if we just had another sit-down over a glass of the good stuff in another two weeks?

**TWO BEAT**

SYDNEY  
[Sincere]  
Fantastic. Two weeks from today. It was great chatting with you Bass!

**CHAIRS SLIDE OUT, HANDSHAKE**

BASS  
Same here Sydney. Appreciate you not trying to get all into my head today!

**SYDNEY LAUGHS ALOUD**

SYDNEY

Sometimes it isn't what we say aloud that has the most impact! Afternoon Bass.

**DOOR CLOSSES AND BASS WALKS DOWN THE HALLWAY  
ELECTRONIC VOICE: RECORDING STOPPED.**

**FADE IN – BASS' OFFICE. HUM OF THE STATION, BUT OTHERWISE IT IS  
QUIET. INTERVIEW IN PROCESS**

DEACON

Um, whewww. Not that I recall. Is that correct?

BASS

Again, Mister McTaggart. I'm not trying to get you to say one thing or another! Just calm down, relax. Take some deep breaths and think. All I'm looking for is the truth.

DEACON

[Offended]

But I'm telling you the truth!

BASS

I wasn't trying to imply otherwise Mr. McTaggart. Just trying to help you to relax.

DEACON

[Nervous]

Okay. How's this?

BASS

Fine. You're doing well.

DEACON  
[Nervous]  
You're not just saying that?

BASS  
I'm being truthful as well. Just take a few deep breaths.

***DEEP BREATHS IN AND OUT x2***

BASS  
Okay. Is that better? I'd be happy to get you some water or a soda; whatever you thin might help you to stay relaxed.

DEACON  
I'm okay.

BASS  
Perfect. Now, just want to ask you to remember some things, help me understand since I wasn't there. Need you to be my eyes and ears for what took place, would that be cool?

DEACON  
Sure. Okay. . .I mean. . .YES!

BASS  
Still relaxing Mister McTaggart, stay in that zone!

DEACON  
Uh -huh.

BASS  
Alrighty. Remember back to the last day before Summer ended. It's about 6:00AM in the morning. The same morning I left the station. The same morning Doctor Jennings sang over the P.A.

DEACON

Oh she has a great voice!

BASS

Absolutely does.

DEACON

[Pondering]

Think she's classically trained or self-taught?

BASS

[frustrated]

Focus.

DEACON

Yeah, it was too polished to be self-taught. Maybe Julliard.

BASS

[frustrated]

Oh the morning on the doctor!

DEACON

Right. Sorry! Okay, I remember.

BASS

It's six in the morning. Night crew is wrapping up, morning crew are reporting in. You clock out and you did. . .what?

DEACON

[Struggling to remember]

I.....[Remembers] Went to the bar!

BASS

[frustrated]

We don't **HAVE** a bar on station Mister McTaggart.



DEACON

No! In the gym. The pull up bars. I always go there after my shift to stretch and do some pull-ups. I call it the bar. Besides, six in the morning is too early for me.

BASS

Did anybody go to the . . .bar with you?

DEACON

No. That early in the morning and with only fifty or so people left, there typically isn't anybody in the gerbil gym.

BASS

How long were you there? Doing Pull ups?

DEACON

[Getting worked up]

Um. . .I wasn't really keeping track of the time. Not exactly anyway. Well I had no way of knowing it would mater later on! THAT THE POLICE WOULD BE QUESTIONING. . .

BASS

Back to the relaxing place! I'm not looking for an exact time. Rough Estimate will be fine. 30 minutes? one hour? Two?

DEACON

[Breathing heavy]

Um. Thirty minutes.

BASS

Okay, half hour. Afterwards, do you remember where you. . .

DEACON

[Nervous]

No wait! It may have been sixty minutes. I broke my pull-up record that morning in a single session. THAT I remember. Fifteen!

BASS

Fifteen?

DEACON

[More Nervous]

No, Sixty!

BASS

Which?

DEACON

Who?

BASS

No! [Frustrated]. Okay. What was the number of pull-ups? The record breaker?

DEACON

[Realization]

Oh! Fifteen.

BASS

[Trying to remain calm]

Fifteen! Okay. We're half-way there. Now, rough estimate only. From the time you went to the gym to the time you walked out. . .about how long?

DEACON

Can I say forty-five? It was longer than thirty, but I don't think a full hour.

BASS

[Keeping calm]

Yes! Absolutely! If that's what your memory tells you, let's go with that.

DEACON

Sounds right.

BASS

Okey dokey. Let's fast forward now. It's around 12PM. Do you recall where you were?

DEACON

[Said fondly]

I was asleep. I went to Bed at 10AM. Night shift starts at Eight PM. I was in Maui that night! Laying on a beach. Great Dream.

BASS

Do. . .ermm. . . Tell me what you recall taking place when you heard the LC-130 dropped from Radar.

DEACON

[Defensive, Panicked]

I DIDN'T DO IT!

BASS

[Curious, albeit confused]

Do what, Mister McTaggart?

DEACON

[Panicked]

Didn't crash it!

BASS

Of course you didn't! We were way out there, at the bottom of the Transantarctic range. You were here on station!

DEACON

[Panicked, becoming Guilt]

No! No! You don't get it!

BASS

[Pushing]

Then help me Mister McTaggart! Help me to get it!

DEACON

[Guilt]

It was the canisters! The ones in the sanitary waste pallet!

BASS

Canisters of what?

DEACON

[Guilt]

I don't know! They don't tell me, and I don't want to look. They just tell me which pallet of waste to use to get it off station.

BASS

Who? Told you this?

DEACON

[Guilt]

The email. The emails tell me. Say they'll hurt somebody I love If I don't do it!

BASS

So. . .they told you to put something, already in a canister into a palletized pile of Waste being shipped off Antarctica for processing back in New Zealand?

DEACON

All seven canisters!

BASS

How do the canisters get to you?

DEACON

Always in something shipped down here and stored either in the Cargo huts or in the Logistics Arch. Those canisters were in a crate of new cold weather gear somebody ordered. The ones we have now are in those construction supplies being stored.

BASS

WHAT?

DEACON

[GUILT]

I never meant for your plan to get damaged, or for you to crash! It's why I was so upset!

BASS

McTaggart, why do you think it was what was in the canisters that caused the crash?

DEACON

[Confused, remorseful]

What else would it have been?

BASS

The plan was sabotage. A release sensor for one of the jet bottles said it had been safely ejected. It wasn't. It ejected mid-flight and took out an engine. The damage originated from outside the plane, not inside!

DEACON

[Confused, nervous]

You sure?

BASS

Well, I was inside the plane when it happened, so. . .yes, confident.

DEACON

Oh. . . oh you have no idea how happy this makes me! The guilt that. . . WHEWWWWW! Oh wow. [Relieved] oh wow [Adrenalin wearing off] uh-oh.

BASS

Why don't we go check out those building supplies with Zeke!

DEACON

Now I wish the station had a bar!

***ELECTRONIC VOICE: RECORDING STOPPED***

***DIGITAL RECORDER BEEP***

BASS

This is US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow; Twelve May twenty-two. Current time is Twenty-Three. . . eh let's call that Twenty-Three fifteen hours. Station/Flight sabotage investigation continued.

Re-Interview of Kennan Drexel went about as expected. [Laugh] Kid goes on some of the WEIRDEST tangents. Did give me a good recipe for bourbon baked beans I'll have to try. Initial interview of Deacon McTaggart provided a break in the case. Thinking he was responsible for the crash, he confessed to unwittingly aiding in smuggling items off the station.

He claims that a family member or friend is being threatened if he doesn't assist in clandestinely helping to sneak items in and off the station. Apparently, he is just "the replacement guy." Whoever had the task before him left the station in the summer. We're trying to determine who that may have been.

McTaggart indicated there had been contraband delivered to the station a few weeks back and was stored somewhere in the construction supplies we received, now we believe not so much by accident.

Zeke, myself and Mister McTaggart went through and in buckets of paint and primer. Construction cement mix and bags of gravel we found about four dozen stainless steel, airtight containers; each able to hold up to thirty-six ounces and each filled with some version of what I believed at the time to be heroin.

I laid them all out on a table, sent via encrypted message to our DEA liaisons. According to them this isn't simply just over a hundred pounds of opium poppy seeds. This appears to be a genetically enhanced strain first perfected out of China that has twice the addictive and hallucinogenic effect. The DEA has been aware of its existence for a few years now, but we managed to obtain the first proven samples.

DEA is mulling this over. They're going to get back to me on how to play this. Just confiscate it, destroy it, put them back and track them to the receiving contact and get them to flip.

I'm torn on what to do with Mister McTaggart. Effectively immediately Zeke has him off the cargo lines and is giving him grunt work to do. I. . . .[sigh] in a way I feel guilty Diane. The guy isn't. . .let's just say he's easily manipulated. Naive is the word I'm looking for. I'll see how. . .

***PHONE BEGINS RINGING. PUSH OF SPEAKER PHONE BUTTON  
CONNECTION HARKENS BACK TO SEASON ONE AND THE BAD RECEPTION  
AND STATIC***

BASS

US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow Speaking.

ANNE

Good evening, Deputy Marshal. I apologize for calling you so late. This is US Marshal Murphy.

BASS

[A bit off guard]

Ma'am! Welcome on board to Hawaii district, as well as the promotion.

ANNE

I understand from my aides you had a productive day! Major break in your current investigating as well as interdiction of what looks to be valued around fifteen million US in sophisticated and genetically enhanced designer opiates. Well done, Deputy

BASS

Thank you, ma'am. Happy to be on the team.

ANNE

From what I read here. . . you more or less \*are\* the team down there. No support staff locally, everything is remotely reviewed or sourced. A literal one-man band huh?

BASS

Kind of you to say ma'am. We have great people both on the island, and on the mainland. I have no complaints.

ANNE

Good to hear! I'm reviewing your service record. Impressive. Marshal Goodwin speaks very highly of you.

BASS

Charlie was the best of us, Ma'am!



ANNE

Of that I have no doubts. I know it's late for you Deputy. I just wanted to make sure I touched base as soon as I got settled, and to congratulate you on an excellent job, and let you know we'll be in touch.

BASS

Yes ma'am. Good night, Ma'am.

***PHONE HANGS UP.***

BASS

Last item Diane. US Marshal Anne Murphy. Watch her! Watch her close! Something's not right.

***OUTRO AND CREDITS***