

Ninety Degrees South

TRAILER THREE: *"Grow a Pair!"*

Brian M Bradley

AUTOMATED DIALING SOUNDS

RINGING

OPERATOR

(Friendly greeting)

Good afternoon Beauregard-Lowing Corporation; how may I direct your call?

LARRY

Doctor Waynewright for Madeline Dantes. Four-One-Three-Seven-Tango.

2SP

OPERATOR

(Serious/All Business)

One moment

ELECTRONIC CLICKS

AUTOMATED VOICE: LINE IS NOW SECURE.

PHONE PICK UP

MADALINE

(Annoyed)

Seven times in one day, Waynewright? Most people get I don't want to talk to them after the 5th failed attempt to reach me. ...What. Is. it?

LARRY

(Smugly, with concern)

I heard last night the Marshal Service is sending some...Kansas cowboy marshal to our station. I thought it was going to be Bill Cullagan? Cullagan, I can control. *HE* understands when to keep his nose out of our business.

MADALINE

(Annoyed, doesn't have time for this)

I'm fully aware, Larry! Cullagan was approached by somebody who convinced him to allow a Deputy Marshal with crime scene experience to handle the murder investigation. We're looking into how that happened, why we weren't aware, and what to do about it. In the meantime, the board met last night, and prevailing wisdom is to show the world we have nothing to hide. We need this... Deputy Marshal to find the killer, arrest them, then exit quickly to make this publicity go away. Three weeks after, the nation will be onto the next

distraction or obsessed with their slacked jawed phone-in-and vote-TV-show.

LARRY

He's going to start snooping around, and then...what? What happens if he finds something about Atlas, or that thing in the fuel shed, or any other number of things that we've managed to...

MADALINE

(Annoyed)

DAMN IT WAYNEWRIGHT! We put you in that position to run the station and keep the science nerds in-line or oblivious to particular experiments. Are you saying you can no longer fulfill that responsibility?

LARRY

(Insulted and smug)

...You know damned well that is **not** what I'm saying!

MADALINE

(Annoyed)

Are you saying you can handle **ALL** the National Science Foundation staff and scientists, but one man with a badge scares you?

LARRY

(Angered)

I **DON'T** get scared Director Dantes.

MADALINE

(Mad, raised voice)

Then why the **FUCK** are you blowing up my phone, Larry?

MADALINE

(Switch to mocking tone)

Do...do you need me to come down there, hold your hand, give you a big old hug, diaper your bottom and tell you everything.is.going.to.be.okayyy?

MADALINE

(Back to mad)

Or are you going to sack up, stop your bitching and take care of business? We are sure as shit are paying you enough!

LARRY

(Furious, but remaining clam and speaking through clinched teeth)

I'm not accustomed to being spoken to in this manner!

MADALINE

And therein lies the problem. You're accustomed to having people around you kissing your ass. Well, I don't work for you. **YOU** work for **ME**, Larry. Don't you ever forget that! Now here's what you're going to do. You're going to hang up this phone. You're going to grow a pair. You'll get back to keeping my experiments running as they should. Most importantly, you will **NOT** bother me with Mickey Mouse piddley shit we pay you to handle yourself. We're always happy to invoke clause six of your contract with the NSF and have them put in somebody competent. Like a trained rhesus monkey!

LARRY

(Through clenched teeth)

Fine! I'll deal with it myself then! Good day...**DIRECTOR.**

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ANNOUNCER

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