90 Degrees South

SEASON FOUR

EPISODE SIX: When the Hours Remember My Name

*Return to Brigadoon III of III*

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by

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**BMB Productions LLC**

**SONG AND INTRO**

**ACT I**

**BASS’BODYCAM: RECORDING STARTED**

**INSIDE OF A ROBERTA BONDAR BERTH. WE HEAR A LOUD YAWN.**

BASS

Supervisory Deputy US Marshal Bass Marlow. Today is…well the exact date is complicated; but for now let’s just call it April 13th 2023. Current Time is 02:00Hrs. We’ve been on station for half a day now and have just over three more days remaining.

**ANOTHER YAWN**

BASS

I realized last night, before sacking out that I left my digital handheld recorder in the Noddy. Being as tired as I was and despite it’s my go-to for work updates; no sense in heading all the way down and back up when the body cam will suffice! [INTERNAL STOCK TAKEN] Wow. I feel really good!

**STRETCHING BODY SOUND**

 BASS

Not sure what it is about these particular berths, but just like last year, I slept like a log and feel incredible! I don’t normally get six hours back at Amundsen, and if not for the alarm I had set, I’ll willing to bet I could have slept in for two or three hours more.

After the Atlas team came back in from talking with Jovac; Kylie experienced a glitch in her. . .computing systems, I guess. Joyclyn, being the ever-loving psycho, I’ve known for ten years; went all military and declared it was an intruder. Last thing I wanted was for everybody to get worked up in an environment like this, especially after the Ice spiders from last year.

I tried to convey to her and the others just how unlikely the potential of an intruder was? How would they have gotten here? The closest station is us at Amundsen, and that’s 200 miles away. Nobody is going to suddenly come upon this station and break in. . .in the middle of darkness, in minus 80 degrees temperatures and winds guesting at 20 MPH. At a station that randomly moves location and is only accessible 4 and a half days a year! Oh and sitting on a continent, one and a half times the size of the United States but with less than one thousand people on it presently. Simply.not.possible!

Joyclyn, being Joyclyn got all defensive and had to take control. Despite Kylie only showing malfunctions on six doors total since they re-appeared; and all six of those being non-secured areas, she had Emery lock down everything sensitive.

The more logic we tried to use to persuade, the more agitated she became. We were finally able to convince her searching the entire station would take way too long given the limited number of people here and even more limited time. Time we had to spend towards protecting the station.

The compromise was to secure one single floor in the North tower where the Berths Emery had fixed and made ready were. Given the long drive just to get here and with everybody starting out at 4AM that day; nobody was in any shape for a long search, let alone a fight if somebody was discovered.

The floor we all slept on had one primary doorway in and two emergency staircases in the rear that lead down to the ground and outside. We swept all the berths on the floor, the storage rooms, the restrooms and lounge, as I knew it would be, nobody else was here.

We barricaded the emergency stair doors from opening and stationed two people at the only remaining entrance in four, two hour shifts so everybody could get a full six hours rest. It’s as secure as we can make it for the moment.

Hopefully Joyclyn too got sleep and will be less tense and more levelheaded. I have enough on my plate without having to keep an eye on her as well. After we get some breakfast the doctors are going to start implementing their modification to the gear they brought with them. Not sure the full extent of their techno-babble; but Emery said he’s make sure Kylie was monitoring them and guard against Shenanigans.

[PONDERS A MOMENT] Mister Waters! Emery. It’s great to see him after all this time. But, in doing so it’s stirred up some emotions and guilt I thought I had fully come to terms with. I knew it was the right decision to bring Mister Todd with me, I mean after all, I doubt I would have been able to stop him. But learning we can’t take him back with us; that. . .[whew] that he’s more or less a prisoner of this complex is something I’m still digesting.

He still has knowledge that he is not willing to share with me. Knowledge; apparently not only myself, Doctor Waynewright, and a few others on station; but the whole station. He is overly worried about this time travel, don’t change the future, sci fi nonsense.

As mad as I’d like to get…the man is a hero. That’s a word I don’t use lightly. I’m hoping we can have a conversation or two in the next few days and hopefully get him to see wisdom. That said. . .I can’t help smiling ear to ear seeing him and Emery back together. They retired to their berth last night discussing Jabber jaw or Speed-buggy; which was more useful.

Finally, there is the Atlas crew. There seems to be an uneasy alliance taking place. Whatever their original motivations were for being at this station are, I’m sure still forefront in their minds. After all, this is their cheese at the end of the maze, their trophy, their holy grail. More disciplined people than them have been tempted by far less. For the moment at least, the priority seems to be ensuing this station is made stable and stops suffering damage as it goes back and forth.

So just to summarize what I have before me…a station that will disappear in the ether and take us with it for another year in 3 days, a man who holds knowledge that could save countless people including my best friend and woman I love but won’t give it up, a sadistic and unstable government assassin in charge of a egomaniacal team bent on obtaining and exploit future technology for economic and geopolitical gain… It’s what I’ve come to call; a standard Thursday around here.

Supervisory Deputy US Marshal Bass Marlow. Case updated paused.

 **BASS’ BODY CAM: RECORDING STOPPED.**

**ACT II**

**JOYCLYN’S RECORDER: RECORDING COMMENCED**

**WE’RE IN AN EXTERNAL BUILDING AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE COMPLEX. NEW ENVIORMENTAL SOUND WITH SOME WIND IN BACK GROUND.**

**THE TYPING OF A KEYBOARD, AND FEMALE BOOTS PACING BACK AND FORTH**

SPHEPARD

…number twenty-four is now in upload. Linux system code is holding. Shell scripts are in place. Just seventeen more to go.

 JOYCLYN

 [IMPATIENT]

C’mon! C’mon already. Why is this taking forever and a day to have ready?

 LARRY

This isn’t a tune up on the family automobile Agent Fowler. These are the most sophisticated signal beacons made today we are having to modify. In less than ideal conditions and for purposes never tested. One does not simply flip the ’protect the future station’ switch to the on position on these apparatu…

 JOYCLYN

 [IMPATIENT]

Whatever! Just shut your gob and work faster. The soon we get back to the main station the sooner I can track down the intruder.

 SHEPARD

 [HALF LISTENING, MOSTLY WORKING]

Working as quickly as possible and doing the best we can Agent.

 JOYCLYN

 [SNAPS AT HIM]

THEN DO THE BEST OF SOMEBODY ELSE!

 **AWKARD THREE BEAT**

LARRY

Physical electrical connect is in place and ready for the …beatnik doctor to complete installation. What was Doctor Jovac’s impression of the coding and magnetic wave refraction estimates?

 SHEPARD

 [TYPING AS HE RESPONDS]

He reviewed the general theory…provided… a few modifications which made sense. The A.I. simulation tested them out and it actually improved refraction by almost 8%.

 LARRY

More than sufficient to block any adverse shearing damage from the gravimetric shear experienced inside the bulk.

 JOYCLYN

 [IMPATIENT, DISTRACTED]

What? Bulk of what? What are you on about?

 LARRY

[HUFF] As we explained previously Agent, our universe is like a floating sheet or surface. The bulk is the bigger space that sits around that sheet, like air around a piece of paper. This station is traveling from one sheet t another sheet through the Bulk.

 SHEPARD

Upload twenty-four complete, now uploading…twenty….five!

 JOYCLYN

Too long. TOO LONG!

 **BOOT STOMPING TO A WALL AND AVTIVATION OF THE STATIONS INTERNAL COMMS PANEL**

 JOYCLYN

 Oi! Jemma, Dobber; what’s your progress?

 **CONNECTION BEEP**

 JEMMA

We finished deploying beacon one an hour ago. We just got to the South tower area and are setting up the last of the four units.

 JOYCLYN

FINALLY! Halfway acceptable news for once! [FLIRTY] Oh, you have no idea just how much I want to thank you Jemma.

 JEMMA

Okay, just doing what we said we were going to do but…[UNSURE] you’re welcome? ETA for the last beacon another two hours.

 JOYCLYN

Any sign of the intruder?

 JEMMA

I thought we landed on an intruder wasn’t possible out this far?

LARRY SHEPARD

We did! We did!

 JOYCLYN

 [BACK TO ANNOYED]

Just contact me when you’re finished.

**CONNECTION OFF**

 **PACING BACK AND FORTH CONTINUES**

LARRY

Must you continue pacing back and forth? Perhaps sitting still may reduce your impatience and agitation.

 JOYCLYN

 [NOT LISTENING, IN HER OWN HEAD]

It doesn’t make sense. None of it.

 SHEPARD

What’s not making sense, Agent?

 JOYCLYN

 [MUTTERING TO HERSELF]

I’ve made a career of getting in and out of places I’m not supposed to be. Building, towns, corporations, hell; military bases. . . it’s never routine. There is always purpose, always direction, mission…objectives.

 SHEPARD

Huh. Twenty-five upload was faster than anticipated. Now starting 26. Hand me that would you Doctor Waynewright?

 JOYCLYN

 [STILL MUTTERING]

Every infiltration. There is a plan preset. Objectives. The location is staked out and observed. Perimeter security assessed, Vulnerabilities identified. No…..noooooo that’s if you have a proper team composition. Leader, techy, infiltrators and combat specialist.

 SHEPARD

Twenty-six uploading halfway. The patches holding.

 LARRY

Agent Folwer, I understand in your …vocation paranoia and strategic planning are commonplace; but this behavior is approaching the need for concern!

 JOYCLYN

 [HIS WORDS SNAP HER OUT MOMENTARILY]

Concern? Waynewright when you have need to be worried, I mean seriously worried, there will be no mistaking it! [BACK TO PARANOIA] but this isn’t an infiltration unit. It’s a lone actor. Single asset, which means. . .the target is simple and solo.

 LARRY

 [SARCASTIC]

So happy I could impress upon your aptitude for rational thinking! [PONDERING] I want to get another look at their physics lab on level 3 of the station. I’m fairly sure I can jot down some notes from their textbooks on legal pads we brought that will be able to leave the null-bubble without disappearing.

 SHEPARD

I guess I should be surprised that even 40 years from now we still aren’t all a digital society, and textbooks and binders are still around.

 JOYCLYN

So that what’s their objective? Nobody’s been attacked as of yet. Nothing was nicked other than a bag of sweets, crisps and whatever Keenan keep in that bag that makes him smell the way he does. It makes zero sense, what are they after?!?!

 LARRY

perhaps focusing on some other task at hand will help you deal with your . . .conundrum. Do you still have the virus ready to transmit.

 JOYCLYN

 [ATTENTION DIVERTED]

What? The phone with the virus is in my bag here. All I have to do is turn it on and hit send. When the time comes….[ANNOYED] Just focus on your task at hand Waynewright! Stop multi-tasking!

 LARRY

 [FRUSTRATED]

This is why I don’t make attempts to be. . .social.

 SHEPARD

That program will slowly ensure we get access for Event Five?

 JOYCLYN

 [IMPATIENT]

Yes. YES! The brain boys in the lab all but ensured it. This actor is out there. Biding time. I need to be out there, hunting them. Not…babysitting!

 Now chop chop!! Let’s speed this up Lads!

**JOYCLYN: RECORDING HAS CONCLUDED**

**ACT III**

**BASS’ DIGITAL RECORDER ACTIVATED**

**MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS DOWN A HALLWAY. WE HEAR THE STATION’S HUM AND SLOWLY THE VOICES OF JEMMA, EMERY & PATRICK GET CLEARER. DEEP BREATHING NOISES SLIGHTLY LOUDER THAN THE VOICES DOWN THE HALL**

**AVTIVATION OF THE STATIONS INTERNAL COMMS PANEL**

 JOYCLYN

 Oi! Jemma, Dobber; what’s your progress?

 JEMMA

 [ANNOYED]

This is the 4th time in twenty minutes. What is going on with her?

 **CONNECTION BEEP**

 JEMMA

 [EVEN KEEL]

We finished deploying beacon one an hour ago. We just got to the South tower area and are setting up the last of the four units.

 JOYCLYN

FINALLY! Halfway acceptable news for once! [FLIRTY] Oh, you have no idea just how much I want to thank you Jemma.

 EMERY

WHOA! Did she just say she wanted to SPANK you? [CHUCKLE] well you just got more interesting Doc Lorenz! Good for you!

 JEMMA

Knock it off Emery!

**CONNECTION BEEP**

 JEMMA

That’s…Okay, just doing what we said we were going to do but…[UNSURE] you’re welcome? ETA for the last beacon another two hours.

 JOYCLYN

Any sign of the intruder?

 JEMMA

I thought we landed on an intruder wasn’t possible out this far?

EMERY PATRICK

We did! Nobody’s after your lucky charms!

 JOYCLYN

 [BACK TO ANNOYED]

Just contact me when you’re finished.

**CONNECTION OFF**

 PATRICK

So, is it like, just me or is she having a bad sativa reaction?

 JEMMA
No, it’s not just you. Ever since we’ve arrived she’s been really on-edge. Well, that and…I’m pretty sure she made a pass at me last night?

 EMERY

Ah, explains the spanking then!

 JEMMA

An unsuccessful pass, thank you Emery! From what I’ve observed…she’s well, extremely aggressive. I guess the Deputy Marshal’s unexpected appearance really got her worked up.

 PATRICK

 [BLURT OUT]

We were setting up Topper’s weather gear and saw tracks and followed them, honest!

 JEMMA

Its okay Patrick. Unlike the others, I don’t care that you’re here so please relax. I’m here to do my job and get another peak at everything around here. Beyond that it’s all politics and maneuvering, which I don’t care for and don’t want to be a part of.

 PATRICK

 [UNSURE]

Okay…right!

 EMERY

Yeah yeah yeah, all exciting and well, but tell me more about what’s going on back at the station?

 PATRICK

Um, You know that Fred’s in a relationship now with Doctor Timms?

 EMERY

Kathrine? No. No I did not. There’s a love connection I never would have guessed at.

 JEMMA

I hope for Danielle Steel’s sake it’s a long happy relationship!

 EMERY

Don’t get that reference, but what about Zeke? Chris told me last night he was promoted to station leader and Doc Waynewright is out. How’s that going?

 PATRICK

It was rough on the chief at first, lots to get used to with no help from Doc Waynewright in helping him get acclimated. But my guy stepped up and he’s KILLIN’ it!!

 EMERY

Surprised they didn’t offer it to Thomas, but you know what…I bet he’s an even better captain than Picard!

**KYLIE’S CHIME**

 KYLIE

Father, we stations are NOT starships! We’ve talked about this

**QUICK FOOTSTEPS SLIGHTLY CLOSER. WE HEAR SOMETHING METALLIC SLIDING OFF A METALLIC SURFACE AND A TOOL CLATTER.**

 JEMMA

 You guys hear that?

**QUICK SHUFFELING BACK THE WAY THE INTRUDER CAME**

 PATRICK

 Now you’re getting as Jumpy as Joyclyn!

 EMERY

Kylie. Is there anybody else in this area other than the three of us?

 **KYLIE RECOGNITION TONE**

 KYLIE

 No father.

 EMERY

See! Nothing to worry about. Well, I mean except for the multi-reality moving station untethered in time and space which and shifts out of access for a year at a time.

**VOICES GETTING DISTANT AS THE FEET MOVE AWAY AND BACK INTO THE MAINTENANCE HATCH. FADE OUT BEGINS**

 EMERY

Okay, we’re ready to start uploading. Oh hey, who won Antarctica has Talent last year?

 PATRICK

Keenan. Did beat boxing to Ava Maria.

 EMERY

Who’d he beat out?

 JEMMA

Um, Some DeWalt who did armpit noises to Valencia and Landry who played spoons to old Cajun songs.

**FADE OUT END**

**ACT IV**

**BACK IN THE CANADIAN STATIONS GALLY. ONE OF TWO TEAMS ARE BACK AND TALKING WITH CHRIS,BASS AND KEENAN; AWAITING THE RETURN OF LARRY’S 3-PERSON TEAM. CHRIS AND EMERY ARE TOWARDS THE REAR OF THE STATION DEBATING. THE SOUND OF CONSTANT EATING AND PLATE NOISES FROM KEENAN**

EMERY

[FROM A DISTANCE. SHOCK AND DISBELIEF]

NIKOLA TESLA?

CHRIS

[FROM A DISTANCE]

Shhhhhh!

 JEMMA

Didn’t take long for them to start arguing about stuff again. Surprised it’s not cartoons thou. That was always on brand for those two!

 BASS

Keenan! Slow down and chew your food son! You don’t have to get a word in on EVERY conversation. Keep eating that quickly and you’re going to choke.

 PATRICK

Eh, I for one never minded the sci-fi fan-dude debates in the galley. Some were kind fun to listen to. Some people however, didn’t really seem to appreciate it.

 BASS
You mean like Doctor Waynewright, that’s not surprising!

 JEMMA

No, I think he means others on station who would listen and felt they were… cliché, or stereotypical and , well I don’t know, maybe just too formulaic for…people like them.

 BASS

 [SHOCKED]

People like them? You mean…

 JEMMA

Nerds.

 BASS

 [RELIEVED]

OH! Okay then. Yeah, I suppose their debates may not be everybody’s cup of tea. I admit that upon occasion they did hit a nerve with me too. I didn’t warm up to it all at once.

EMERY

[FROM A DISTANCE. SHOCK AND DISBELIEF]

DARPA? ARE YOU KIDDING ME

CHRIS

[FROM A DISTANCE.]

EM! Shhhhhh! Stifle!

 PATRICK

Duuuude, I’m just stoked to see those two back together, y’know? Like, totally vibin’ and goin’ off on some deep convo that probably only makes sense to them, but hey, that’s their thing, man!

**TAP TAP ON THE TABLE**

 JEMMA

Keenan agrees, Here here! [TWO BEAT] You don’t need to eat like a swarm of locust Keenan… regular people bites!

**BEEP OF A WRISTWATCH**

 BASS

We’re coming up on …36 hours remaining before the station travels again. I don’t want to jinx anything, but it seems like this may go smoothly.

 JEMMA

I hope so. I know Doctor Waynewright is going to want us …[UNEASY] um…to do some stuff we are supposed to do..nut Emery promised to take me over to the Accelerator chamber so I can perform my dissection on the spiders! Oh how I wish I could add one to my scrap book.

 BASS

You have a dissection…scrapbook?

 JEMMA
 [MATTER OF FACTLY]

Most entomologists do!

 BASS

Okay, I’ve learned something new today.

 PATRICK

I don’t know about you all, but I want to go exploring the station more! Find me some hoverboards and dehydrated Pizza snacks! See what else the future holds! Place a bet!

EMERY

[FROM A DISTANCE. DISSAPOINTMENT]

THE BARN? OH COME ON, FORTRESS OF SOLOTUDE, IT RIGHT ON THE NOSE!

 CHRIS

 [FROM A DISTANCE]

I tried, Em! By the last son of Krypton, I tried!

 BASS

Well, I hate to get in the way of…whatever they’re debating over there, but I need to finish a conversation with Emery. Doctors, if you’ll excuse me?

 JEMMA PATRICK

Of course, Deputy All good my Dep-dude sir.

**CHAIR PUSHES BACK**

 BASS

Keenan, you just give me the ol ‘high-sign’ if you need me to come back and do the Heimlich on you! [SIGH] Enjoy that metabolism son. You’ll miss it after your late 30’s!

**FOOTSTEPS OVER TO CHRIS AND EM. THEIR CONVERSASTION PICKING UP IN VOLUME AT THE APPROACH.**

CHRIS

 [HUSHED TONES, IN STORYTELLER MODE]

And so there are two different factions after the journal. Madaline Dantes of Beauregard Lowing and Avery Maddox of DARPA. Both want the journal for their own glory, financial greed and for the honor of their houses of Westeros!

**EMERY SOAKS IT ALL IN**

EMERY

You know, I’d forgotten how much I really liked your woven stories, lord of the lore!!

 BASS

I apologize for interrupting gentlemen. Emery, I was hoping to finish the conversation we started yesterday?

 CHRIS

Oh, about knowledge from the future? Yeah, good luck trying to crack that lock Dep-Marsh. I’m his boyfriend and he won’t even tell me about what comes next for Star Wars live action shows!

 EMERY

Trust me Chrissy, its forbidden knowledge and honestly…sometimes there is bliss in ignorance. [SHUDDER] What thine eyes have beheld, UGH worse than Jar-Jar!

 CHRIS

[GASP] You said there would NEVER, be anything worse than…….*[NERVOUS]* I’ll just head over to mingle with the others while you two chat.

**FADE BACK CHRIS AS HE WALKS AWAY**

Don’t forget, still have a full crate of Strawberry pop-tarts with your name on it!

BASS

Emery, I wanted to talk about what happens to us. What happens on June 12, 2024?

EMERY

Bass, you have to understand—it’s not that I don’t want to tell you exactly what happens. It’s that I don’t know what the consequences would be if you used that knowledge to change the timeline.

BASS

Look, Emery, I’ll be the first to admit that when it comes to… to alternate realities, time travel, to this future affects the past affects the… whatever—I’m nowhere near as educated as you, Chris, and the beakers. But remember when we first got here?

EMERY

Kind of hard to forget!

BASS

Remember Kylie? All confused because I was reported dead at Amundsen-Scott. Me and Doctor Waynewright. But later, she confirmed it was only six people, not the entire station.

EMERY

Again, that does get etched into the old brain there, Bass. But as of a few months ago? Everybody’s now killed.

BASS

[LEANS FORWARD, FIRM VOICE]

And that’s exactly my point, Emery. The timeline already changed. The moment we got here, things were already different. The past wasn’t set in stone then, and it’s sure as hell not set in stone now.

(Emery looks away, hesitant. He knows Bass has a point, but he won’t admit it.)

BASS

[VOICE QUIETER BUT JUST AS INTENSE]

If time was really set in stone, then why are we even having this conversation? If everything was already decided, you wouldn’t be hesitating. You’d already know what you were going to do. But you don’t. You’re fighting yourself over it. That means there’s still a choice to be made.

EMERY

No, Bass, that means the choice has already gone wrong before. You don’t get it. In the original timeline, six people died—including you. But because someone used future knowledge, that number jumped to everyone. So how do I know that telling you anything now won’t make things even worse?

BASS

[LEANING IN, DEADLY SERIOUS]

Because doing nothing already made it worse. Silence didn’t save anyone, Emery—it killed the whole damn station.

**EMERY IS INTENALLY DEBATING & SUFFERING**

**BASS SOFTENS A BIT, BIT STILL FIORM**

BASS

Maybe the problem wasn’t that someone used future knowledge. Maybe the problem was how they used it. Maybe they panicked. Maybe they overcorrected. But that doesn’t mean we have to make the same mistakes.

EMERY

[QUIET, CONFLICTED]

You don’t know that.

BASS

And neither do you. You may know what happens, but you don’t know why it happened!

**SILENCE FOR A FEW SECONDS. EMERY KNOWS BASS IS DEAD ON ACURATE, BUT HE DOESNT WANT HIM TO BE!!!**

BASS

You wanna talk about paradoxes? Here’s one for you—if the future was already locked, we wouldn’t be standing here right now. You wouldn’t be debating this with me. But we are. So that means this timeline isn’t set. That means there’s still a way to do this right.

BASS

The only thing I know for sure is that if we just sit here and do nothing, we already know how that ends. And I don’t plan on watching that happen again.

**FOUR BEAT**

 EMERY

You know, for somebody not versed in time travel theory; you seem to know an awful lot about Newcomb’s Paradox. One could almost say…you were coached!

 BASS
Mister Todd may have given me a few pointers. Points I could consider.

 EMERY

 [CONTEMPLATING}

When did Chris get to be so confident? I used to have to give him a pep talk just to submit his 1040 form each year.

 BASS

After he thought…well we all thought you had died; he took it real hard. He was hurting for a long time. It took all of us a while to get him to come out of the IT room. Even longer before he would participate in anything. Little by little, he managed to stand up again. Actually, he kinda helped us save the station. Halen Jumping. Long story!

**THREE BEAT**

 EMERY

If we do this, we do this my way. My rules or no deal.

 BASS

 [CURIOUS]

What are you proposing.

 EMERY

What I’d have to tell you is ONLY for you. You don’t tell Chris, Zeke, Kendra, your priest or doctor…nobody.

 BASS
Alight.

 EMERY

 [INSISTING]

No. Okay is Not good enough. I want your word. I know your word is something you never break, would rather die than break. If we do this, I need your word you tell nobody.

 BASS

Emery, I’m honored you’d accept that. I give you my word whatever you’re about to tell me, will never be told to anybody else unless you tell me I can.

**THREE BEAT**

 EMERY

Turn off your bodycam.

**FABRIC JOSTLING AND THEN RECORDING STOPPED.**

**ACT V**

 **RECORDING STARTED**

**NOW IN OPERATIONS. THE ENTIRE CREW IS HERE INCLUDING WAYNEWRIGHTS TEAM WHO JUST RETURNED. A VERY SHORT TIME LATER.**

SHEPARD

 [CONTAINED EXCITEMENT]

…all are set up in the precise location the A.I. provided. The final sequence was uploaded just now in the northern science building and we’re ready to activate all the units for an actual test run.

 JEMMA

So long as there isn’t anything critical in the external huts outside of the protection area which can’t be lost; I think we’re all set.

 JOYCLYN

 [IMPATIENT]

Then by all means let’s crack on SHALL WE!

 LARRY

At the risk of being…pummeled by Agent Folwer, I’ll dispense with any speech and just ask to proceed with the test.

**EMERY WALKS OVER. CLICKING OF SOME KEYS ON AN OPERATIONS BOARD**

 EMERY

Alright. Here.we.go. Powering all units slowly. Starting at 20% max. All four beacons are communicating with one another. Electromagnetic waves are properly fluctuating. Bringing it up 40% max.

**TWO BEAT**

Everything is holding. Going to 60%

**TWO BEAT AND THEN A WARNING ALARM**

 SHEPARD

 What is it? What’s happening?

 PATRICK

 That is NOT a happy noise!

**CLICKING OF SOME KEYS ON AN OPERATIONS BOARD**

 EMERY

Units one, two and four and holding firm. Everything looks good with them. Three on the other hand just suffered a power failure. Kylie, can you diagnose?

**KYLIE ACKNOLWDGE BEEP AND COMPUTING**

 KYLIE.

Okay. Looks like unit three’s power coupling detached. The sudden interruption of electricity has caused corruption in the beacons operating system firmware. The BIOS/UEFI settings have reverted to default.

Minor repairs will be required: You will need to reflash the firmware & restore previous configurations.

 JOYCLYN

 [ANGRY]

 BLOODY-HELL!

 SHEPARD

 [REASSURING]

No, no! This is good. All things considered this could have been A LOT worse. I’m more than happy to head over to the south tower and reset unit 3.

 BASS

Patrick, go with him as our resident electrician to make sure nothing’s wrong with the power feeds to the Beacon.

 LARRY

Refresh of the computer systems on that beacon should take no longer than twenty minutes. I would tend to concur with Doctor Delham. This …minor annoyance could have been a much larger calamity.

 JEMMA

 [MEMORY]

Wait…unit three is one of the beacons we deployed. Emery, Patrick and I. It’s also where we…Kylie?

**KYLIE IMAGE APPEARING IN OPERATIONS**

 KYLIE

 Yes?

 CHRIS

 [LITTLE JUMPY]

Still not use to holograms just appearing in front of us!

JEMMA

In the time we were on level 4 south tower, was there any recorded opening of doors or passageways? Besides the ones opened by us of course

Jem\*min\*neigh\*ah

 KYLIE

Yes Doctor Jemminiah Tova Lorenz. While you, Doctor Norville Patrick Dobber and my father were deploying the Deep space beacon, it appears Stairwell door 19-D was opened, as well as maintenance access hatch 19-425.

 CHRIS

Norville?

 JOYCLYN

 [ANNOYED BUT VINDICATED]

I TOLD YOU TOSSERS! I TOLD YOU IT WAS AN INTRUDER!

 BASS

 [TRYING TO MAINTAIN CALM]

Not necessarily. Kylie said there are still occasional glitches popping up in her systems due to the station damage.

 KYLIE

 [EMBARASSED]

This is true US Marshal Bass Wyatt Marlow, but do you have to put me center screen?

 PATRICK

 [HESITANT]

Ah, dude, I was really hopin’ this wasn’t gonna turn into, like, *a whole thing*, y’know? But, like, when we were packin’ up after gettin’ the beacon all set up and, uh… *beaconing*, my cable splicing knife just straight-up vanished, man. Like, poof—gone. I swear, it must’ve grown legs and dipped.

EMERY

Are you detecting anybody other then us in Operations?

 KYLIE

 No Father.

 EMERY

 Anomalous heat signatures

 KYLIE

 No Father.

 EMERY

 Motion sensor hits?

 KYLIE

 Go Fish.

 BASS

I honestly think we’re still dealing with nothing more than your garden var…

 JOYCLYN

 [HAS HAD IT]

Less chat chat chat, more action! YOU Delham, Dobber. Grab your shit, we’re moving, NOW! If this mystery bloke shows up, I’ll handle it. Repair your toys so I can get to hunting.

 BASS

Joyclyn, I don’t think…

 JOYCLYN

AND I DON’T CARE MARSHMELLOW. I DON’T TELL YOU HOW TO LET FAMILY DIE! YOU DON’T TELL ME HOW TO DO MY JOB IN RETURN! FAIR?

**SUPER AWKARD SILENCE. FOOTSTEPS HEADING OUT OF OPERATIONS AND DOWN THE HALL.**

 KYLIE

I am detecting cardiovascular and autonomic instability in Special Agent Joyclyn Eleanor Folwer. Heart rate, blood pressure, and core body temperature continue to exhibit erratic fluctuations beyond normal physiological variance. Rapid pupillary dilation, heightened photosensitivity, and increased sudomotor activity indicate a potential autonomic dysregulation.

I recommend contacting her primary physician as soon as possible for a complete physical.

 EMERY

 Is she always that…intense?

 LARRY

No. She is prone to agitation and has something of a short temper, but this is a level of hostility I have not witnessed in the short time …[REMEMBERING WHERE HE IS] she’s been with us.

 BASS

 [BITING HIS LIP TO CALM DOWN]

Please pardon me a moment, I need air.

**BOOTSTEPS OUT OF THE ROOM**

**RECORDING STOPPED.**

**ACT VI**

**FADE IN. BACK AT THE SOUTH TOWER LEVEL 4 LOUNGE. THE CLACKING OF A KEYBOARD. SLIGHT WIND SOUND FROM OUTSIDE. WE HEAR ELECTRICAL TAPE BEING EXTRACTED FROM A WHEEL OF TAPE**

PATRICK

Okay, nice!!! This Mystery is solved, dudes! Turns out the connection just, like, wiggled itself loose—wasn’t messed with or, like, totally yanked out like I was stressin’ over. So, y’know, all things bein’ chill and whatnot… I wrapped this bad boy up with so much electrical tape, man, it ain’t goin’ *anywhere*, no way, no how! [CHUCKLE]

 JOYCLYN

 [ANXIOUS]

Why is it so bloody hot in here?

**UNZIP OF HER JACKET**

 JOYCLYN

 Feel like a Sunday roast in the oven.

 SHEPARD

Temperature is pretty normal Agent. But no worries, I’m almost done here.

 PATRICK

I’m all done here! Even found my missing knife! [CHUCKLE] I left it in the bathroom when nature made her call. My bad everybody!

 SHEPARD

Sounds like it was all a random set of events and a simple error. Not an intruder after all.

 PATRICK

Well, with everything wrapped up in a nice little rolling paper, I think I’m going to head back to operations, check in with the other cats and then rec-re-ate while I stay up late! Catch ya later!

**FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE HALL**

 JOYCLYN

 That does it!

 **INTERNAL COMMS ACTIVATION**

 JOYCLYN

 [ANGRY]

OI! Listen Up! Dobber is on his way back to you lot. Dellham is almost done here. I’m TIRED of you all going on about not being an infiltrator. I’m going after them.

**MORE UNZIPPING AND REMOVAL OF COAT. TOSSES ON GROUND**

**INTERNAL COMMS RESPONSE BEEP**

 BASS

 [INTERCOM]

Joyclyn! This isn’t a good idea. We’re sure there isn’t any intruder and what’s more, Kylies saying you’re going through…

**INTERNAL COMMS TURNED OFF**

 JOYCLYN

When you head back, do us a favor yeah? Take my coat. Take my gear bag here. And take this bloody camera back too.

**CAMERA JOSTLING AND PLASTIC CLIP BEING UNDONE.**

All this shit is going to slow me down. Torch. Knife. Spare mags. Radio.

**CHARGING HANDLE ENGAGED**

M4A1, safety off. Everything else is going to slow me down.

**JOYCLYN STARTS WALKING OFF.**

SHEPARD

AGENT FOLWER! JOYCLYN! WAIT. AT LEAST HEAD BACK AND GET THE DEPUTY MARSHAL SO YOU HAVE BACKUP IN CASE…

**DING OF THE ELEVATOR ARRIVING.**

JOYCLYN

 [ANGRY, DISTANCE FROM THE BODYCAM MIC]

FUCK MARLOW. FUCK BACKUP & FUCK WHOEVER IS OUT THERE!

**FROM THE DISTANCE THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE. WE STILL HEAR CLICKING KEYS FROM DELHAM.**

 SHEPARD

Great! Now in addition to all my equipment, I have to haul hers back too!

**BAG BEING JOSTLED. COMMS SOUND**

SHEPARD

This is Doctor Delham. The system is re-flashed and it’s ready for me to cross-connect and upload the Linux software again. I need access to Kylie’s mainframe.

 EMERY

I’m not comfortable with that Doctor. Put Patrick on!

 SHEPARD

Patrick is already on his way back to you! It’s just me here.

 EMERY

Oh man…Kylie, grant limited permission for upload of system software ONLY to Doctor Delham. Five minutes and then remove. You ready Doctor?

 SHEPARD

 [SARCASTIC]

Your trust and faith in me is flattering Mister Waters. Yes, I’m ready for the upload.

 EMERY

Grant him limited permissions, five minutes and…Mark.

**KYLIE BEEP IN DELHAM’S AREA.**

 KYLIE

Ew! Limited access granted to Doctor Creepy Pervert for 5 minutes. All access will be deleted thereafter. Tick-lurker!

**CLICKING KEYS AND FADE OUT**

**ACT VII**

**BASS’ STOLEN DIGITAL RECORDER STARTED**

**HEAVY BUT QUIET FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWN A HALLWAY. A SLIGHT PAUSE, AND THEN THEY CONTINUE. SUDDENLY WE HEAR THE DISTANT ‘DING’ OF AN ELEVATOR ARRIVING. THE FOOTSTEPS RUSH TO A BLINDSPOT AND HOLDS STILL.**

**DISTANT OPENING OF AN ELEVATOR DOOR. CLICKING OF FEMALE BOOTS ON THE COLD CONCRETE FLOOR. SLOW, METHODOLICAL. WE HEAR WHISTLING COMING FROM THE ELEVATOR OCCUPANT. SLOWING WHISTLING ‘THREE BLIND MICE’ AS HER BOOT CLICKS IN RYTHYM OF THE TUNE LIKE A METRODOME. DISTANT, BUT ECHOING THROUGH THE HALLS AND SLOWLY GETTING LOUDER.**

**THE CLICKING HEALS STOP, A DOOR OPENS, THREE BEAT AND THEN CLOSES**

**THE CLICKING HEALS STOP, A DOOR OPENS, THREE BEAT AND THEN CLOSES**

**QUICK RUSH OF THE INTRUDER ACROSS THE HALL AND INTO A DOOR THAT OPENS NOT SO QUIETLY. WE HEAR THE FIRING OF SUPRESSED ROUNDS AND IMPACT VERY CLOSE TO THE INTRUDER WHO ENTERED THE THEATER.**

**THE DOOR CLOSES. HEAVY BREATHING FROM THE INTRUDER AS WE HEAR THE SLOW, CALM WHISTLING FROM OUTSIDE THE HALLWAY. CLICKIN OF BOOTS APPROACHING. THE RECORDER IS PLACED ON A CHAIR AND THE BREATHING HEADS DOWN THE ROW OF SEATS, SLIGHTLY LOWER.**

**THE DOOR TO THE THEATER SLOWLY, PAINFULLY OPENS WITH A CREAK. THE LAST FEW NOTES TO THE NURSEY RHYME BEING WHISTLED *See how they run!***

 **WE HEAR BREATHING AS THE DOOR CREAKS CLOSED ONCE AGAIN.**

 JOYCLYN

 [EARILY CALM]

They all think me mad you know. They think I’ve been a right nutter thinking somebody, somehow managed to breach the perimeter. [LOW CHUCKLE]

**SLOW BOOTSTEPS**

 JOYCLYN

But we both know, what a dedicated, disciplined mind can accomplish. On the clock. On mission. Even way out here. You should stand mate, take the bow you deserve. We’re in the station theater after all!

**QUIET, SLOW FOOTSTEPS OF THE INTRUDER**

 JOYCLYN

I’m only seeing one doorway for this picture-house. Only one way out for you luv, and that’s the door I just came in.

**TWO BEAT**

 JOYCLYN

Well, technically there is another way you can get out! I’d be happy to speed you on your way.

**TWO BEAT**

 JOYCLYN

What agency? Whose house am I up against this time? C.I.A.? No…not a yank operation. They’d have screwed it up already. Mossad perhaps. Lone actor, extremely covert, professional. Ah it’s always been my honor to kill the best that Tel Aviv can throw my way.

**TWO BEAT**

In Russian, FSB (ФСБ) is pronounced as:

Fay-Ehs-Bay

Pronunciation:

 (F) → Pronounced as Feh or Fay

 (S) → Pronounced as Es (like the English letter S)

 (B) → Pronounced as Beh or Bay

So, when spoken in Russian, it sounds like:

Feh-Ehs-Beh (Фэ-Эс-Бэ)

 JOYCLYN

 No way you’re FSB. *Feh-Ehs-beh? Neyt Neyt Neyt.*

Russian’s Federal Security Service is a poor copy of the cold war KGB! But, come on…let’s be honest mate. Russian covert operations is like saying a drunk bear could make it through a China shop with no wares broken.

**SLIGHT SOUND OF RUMMINGING AND A FAINT SOUND OF A COIN FLIP. 2 SECONDS AND THEN THE COIN HITTING THE FLOOR WITH A TINK-TINK-TINK.**

**WE HEAR SURPRESSED GUNSHOTS AND BULLETS RIPPING THROUGH FABRIC AND WALLS.**

**A FEW DEEP BREATHS FROM JOYCLYN. SHE’S AMUSED WITH HERSELF**

JOYCLYN

[LOW CHUCKLE] I can’t believe I fell for that! I truly can’t. More surprised you didn’t use the distraction to put a few through my heart. [QUICK INTERNAL PONDERING] Or are you like me? Are.you.like.me? We don’t want to go right for the kill…

**SLOW BOOTSTEPS DOWN THE AISLE**

We hunt. We play with our pray. We savor the chase. Like they told us in training…the best meal is one you work for and prepare yourself. Get the blood flowing.

**SMALL SOUND OF A LIGHT HATCH OPENING AND THEN CLOSING.**

The adrenalin pumping. Have them be so afraid of what you’ll do to them that you’re literally in competition with the grim reaper, death himself to see who claims the kill first. You by hand or him by heart attack.

**SLOW BOOTSTEPS STOP. VERY CLOSE TO THE RECORDER**

JOYCLYN

 [EXCITED/PURE ENJOYMENT]

This front row is the last bit of concealment you have at your disposal luv. One more step is what sits between you and the business end of me rifle. So with that said. You lose!

**SILENCED ROUND OF AUTOMATIC FIRE AND THE IMPACT OF THE ROUNDS QUITE NEAR THE RECORDER WHICH FALLS FROM THE CHAIR DUE TO IMPACT VIBRATIONS AND ONTO THE FLOOR. IT CLATERS A BIT AND COMES TO REST.**

 JOYCLYN

 [SURPRISED/ANGRY]

 No! NOOOOOOOOOOO! Where?

**LOOKING AROUND**

WHERE! WHERE! [PAUSE] COCK IT! ANOTHER BLEEDING MAINTENANCE HATCH!

**FOOTSTEPS RIGHT TO AND PICKS UP RECORDER FROM THE GROUND.**

 JOYCLYN

 [READING LABEL. COLD DELIVERY]

Property Unites States Marshal Service. [SETS IN] Oh this time I’ll shoot more than your leg Marshmellow.

**BOOTS STOPING OFF HOLDING THE RECORDER**

**DIGITAL RECORDER OFF.**

**ACT VIII**

 **FADE IN**

**THE WHOLE TEAM IS GATHERED IN OPERATIONS TO REVIEW THE SITUATION.**

 EMERY

From everything I’m seeing here, the beacons are holding constant with the B-field density at 30 thousand Gauss. Given the time to go fully through the bulk is about eight hours; this should be more than sufficient to hold.

[EMOTIONAL GASP] I can’t thank you all enough for helping!

 LARRY

You are welcome Mister Waters. With this I will rightly consider my debt to you for saving my life during the last trip here, paid.

 SHEPARD

I’m leaving one of our Ipads with the proper coding to repair and refresh the software if there should happen to be any more technological…hiccups.

 CHRIS

And we still have 24 hours left before we need to leave. I don’t know about you, but I intend to make the most out of every minute!

 JEMMA

I still have spider carcass dissection on my to-do list!!!

 LARRY

 [INTERUPTING]

Let’s not put…well pleasure in your case Doctor Lorenz above the task we are here to do. For the remaining 24 hours Doctor’s Dellham and Lorenz will be coordinating with myself and…

 PATRICK

Aw man, with everything going on we forgot Agent gung-ho is out there hunting ghosts!

 BASS

Let me take care of this. If things get…intense with her I’m the only one here who stands a chance of containing her. No offense intended anybody.

 PATRICK

That’s okay, like…No offense comprehended man!

 CHRIS

I guess the first thing we need to do is find her. Kylie, where is Agent Folwer?

 **KYLIE APPEARS**

 KYLIE

 [SASSY TEEN]

I don’t have to do what you say! You’re not my REAL dad, father usurper!

 EMERY

 [DAD VOICE]

Whoa, WHOA! You watch your tone with adult’s young lady! It was a simple question. Now you answer him, Where is Joyclyn and then you apologize, you hear me?

 KYLIE

Turn around.

 CHRIS

Huh? Oh, Agent Folwer, you’re back. Holding a rifle.

 KYLIE

Should I apologize to the father stealer now?

 EMERY

 [UNDER HIS BREATH]

Honey. Not.the.time!

 LARRY

Agent Folwer, given your recent behavior and outburst I think it wise we have you take to the station’s medical quarters. Doctor Lorenz, would you please escort…

 JOYCLYN

 [CRAZED]

NOBODY MOVES!!! Everybody stays where they are! You all thought I’d gone around the bend!

 BASS

 [CALM]

Joyclyn. You’re not well.

 JOYCLYN

 [CRAZED]

Oh I’m seeing clearer than I have in years Marshmellow. You see, all this time I thought whoever infiltrated this station was sent in by unknown benefactors. Darpa contractors by the Maddox lad. Any one of several people from the CIA. Hell, I’ll throw in Germany’s BND for kicks…STOP MOVING DOCTORS!

 KYLIE

US Marshal Bass Wyatt Marlow, please be advised she has deactivated the safety on her firearm.

 PATRICK

Aww dude, I totally get where you’re at. Back when my cousin Jimmy was cookin’ up his primo strain, some of his early batches had me trippin’ balls—like, full-on paranoia mode with a side of brain fog, ya know? But don’t even stress, Agent—we, gotchu, we’ll bring you back down nice and easy.

 JOYCLYN

 [CRAZED]

What are you even on about, Burnout! I went to go find our uninvited guest. Oh, they didn’t make it easy to track them, but I managed to corner them. Almost got to end them proper; but they rabbited through a workman’s hatch. But they dropped this!

  *‘Property of the United States Marshal Service’*

 CHRIS

Oh, come on! He forgets and leaves that thing behind all the time! Happens at least once a month.

 BASS

 [SWITCHES INTO SERIOUS MODE]

Joyclyn. This needs to stop. We have three options in front of us right now. Option one, and honestly I think the best option is for you to put your weapon on the deck and let us get you some help.

 SHEPARD

 [PLEADING]

Please Agent! We’re only trying to help!

 JOYCLYN

 [CRAZED]

ENOUGH OF ALL YOUR LIES! If there is nobody out there, then it’s one of you doing this, and that’s all the reason I need!

 BASS

 [SERIOUS]

Option two. On me Joyclyn! Eyes on me!!! I draw my sidearm and try to kill you before you’re able to take a shot, likely killing me and one or more of the rest of us.

 JOYCLYN

[CRAZED]

Nice try Marlow. Seems like I’ve heard this ….this…[SLUR WORDS]this little speech….

**HER RIFLE FALLS TO HER SIDE IN IT’S SLING AND JOYCLYN COLLAPASES ONTO THE FLOOR.**

**RICHARD JOHNSON’S THEME. HE’S STANDING DIRECTLY BEHIND HER, A HYPODERMIC IN THE PUPPET’S HAND**

BASS

 [SERIOUS]

Or option three, I have Detective Johnson sedate you with the Etorphine tranquilizer we had prepared as a contingency.

 RICHARD

Lights out, sister. You were two steps from the deep end, and I just cut the cord.

 LARRY

 [SARCASTIC]

Did somebody send out engraved invitations to attend this station and I wasn’t made aware?!?!

 EMERY

Hey it’s Lars! [CONFUSED] With a puppet on his right hand. I am so lost with what’s happening here.

 CHRIS

You’re not the only one!

 JEMMA

How did he even get here?

 BASS

I should probably explain. Keenan, Johnson; can you please take Joyclyn down to the clinic and make sure she’s comfortable and restrained!

 KYLIE

 [EXCITED, FLIRTY]

I’d be happy to meet Keenan; THEM…in the medbay and perform a full exam, Father.

 EMERY

Just on Agent Folwer, not Keenan, right?

 KYLIE

 [MORTIFIED]

FATHER!

**KYLIE BLINKS OUT**

 RICHARD

No problem G-man. Just happy I don’t have to soft-shoe through the trenches no more. Come on kid, you grab the chopper and I’ll hoof it with the limey! I’ll send you my bill when we get back home Marlow!

 LARRY

 [IMPATIENT]

Now, perhaps an explanation; Whenever you’re ready; DEP\*U\*TY Marshal!

 BASS

This may come as a surprise, but our primary trip was not to deploy atmospheric weather equipment for Doctor Hunt.

 LARRY

 [FAUX SURPRISE]

You don’t say!

 PATRICK

 [EQUAL FAUX SURPRISE]

Bro… wait… no way! Who could have foreseen such a wildly predictable turn of events? Certainly not I! No, no, I was far too busy not at all expecting this exact outcome to even *fathom* such a thing!

**TWO BEAT AS EVERYBODY STARES AT PATRICK.**

[SLY CHUCKLE] So like, anybody got any snacks?

 BASS

 [GETTING BACK TO EXPLAINING]

We didn’t know where the station was going to appear. We didn’t know then that Emery was stuck in the station and unable to leave, we didn’t know who amongst you was going to be on the expedition. There was a lot we didn’t know. In situations like that, I’ve always found it best to plan for the worst possible outcome. Now and again a Marshal may need to call for backup. So, I hired Detective Richard Johnson.

 CHRIS

Okay, yes we knew we were coming here, to the station; but why didn’t you tell Patrick or I about him stowing away?

 BASS

I needed to make sure his being here was a complete surprise. I couldn’t risk the chance that Joyclyn would pick up on any cues that you were aware something was going on.

 CHRIS

 [A LITTLE OFFENDED]

You still could have told us something Dep-Marsh. I can keep a solid poker face!

 EMERY

 [REALITY CHECK]

Oh you so cannot! You folded like a deck of cards when I asked you what your Nana got me for our high school graduation present. [DISSAPOINTING] You folded on your own dear, sweet Nana, Chris! Poor woman was crying for days.

 LARRY

 [ANNOYED]

Can we please FOCUS on the moment at hand!

 BASS

My instructions to him were simple. Don’t tell anybody he would be going. Hide himself in the Noddy the night of the 12th, and that once we got to wherever we were going, to sneak in and stay in the shadows until he was needed. My intention was to let Emery in on the secret once we got inside. I didn’t want Kylie to announce his presence once she detected him. Turns out, it wasn’t a problem after all.

 JEMMA

Hey yeah! Why couldn’t the A.I. sense him? She can detected body heat, breathing and respiration as well as physical motion.

 LARRY

 [DEDUCES IT]

I’d surmise its due to originating from an alternate reality , just as with Ms. Sondra Derecha.

As I informed the DEP\*U\*TY Marshal upon his first arrival, Ms. Derecha naturally blocks electron & muon neutrinos; but she emits…tau neutrinos.

While still purely hypothetical of course, it’s theorized while all three Neutrinos; electron, Muon and Tau typically pass through solid matter without detection or disruption. . .Tau neutrinos can cause unexpected interactions with standard technology.

 BASS

Sometimes Sandra’s voice will be heavily distorted on my recordings. It appears Lars has a similar effect.

 PATRICK

So, then Richard Johnson’s recordings are distorted too.

 BASS

No. No everything from Detective Johnson is clear. Remember, he’s not from an alternate reality, just 1945.

 EMERY

Okay, I’ve been away for a while but just to clarify. Lars, the tall German person who never speaks is from an alternate reality, and the puppet…Detective Johnson… on Lars’ hand was sent from 1945?

 BASS

 [MATTER OF FACTLY]

Correct.

 EMERY

Hrmmm. At least its less confusing than Game of Thrones. Go on.

 BASS

Obviously while I might have needed Detective Johnson to step in and intervein, I didn’t want him shooting anybody or giving him what he called a Billy club shampoo; we needed some way to incapacitate. It took some convincing and my solemn word not to use it except for extreme emergencies. I gave my word I wouldn’t divulge exactly who provided it for concerns about their career.

 SHEPARD

So there really was an intruder all along. Joyclyn wasn’t imagining it. But…what about her odd and erratic behavior?

 BASS
That was nothing I anticipated. I honestly thought if we were going to have to tranq anybody, it was going to be Doctor Waynewright.

 LARRY

Preposterous! Utterly ludicrous.

 JEMMA

Well, obviously Agent Folwer is experiencing…something. Hopefully Kylie can identify it for us.

 BASS

So that, in a nutshell is what was happening.

 EMERY

And the plan worked perfectly and as intended, **WHY**…Deputy Marshal?

 BASS

 [CONFUSED]

I don’t…I don’t get the question Emery.

 EMERY

It worked perfectly because you didn’t DESCRIBE THE PLAN UNTIL AFTERWARDS. Jinkies Fred, you really can teach an old Marshal new tricks.

 CHRIS

Oh you have to say it Dep-Marsh. It’s a time honored tradition.

 BASS

Say wh…[YOU CATCHES ON] No!

 EMERY

 [PLEADING]

Oh come on Bass, play along one time!

 PATRICK

Bruh, even \*I\* know where they’re going with this, and when will you EVER have this awesome a set up my dude!

**RESIGNED SIGH**

 BASS

[HATES HIMSELF, LESS THAN ½ HEARTED DELIVERY]

Scooby-doobie-doo.

PATRICK

[ELATED]

That was worth the whole trip! Right there!

**BASS’ BODY CAM - RECORDING STOPPED**

**ACT IX**

 **DIGITAL RECORDER BEEP**

 BASS

Just fantastic! My recorder now REEKS of nicotine and whiskey. Going to have to hit this thing with a massive amount of antiseptic wipes when we get back home. Damn it Johnson!!

[SIGH]

Okay. It’s April 18, 2023, 06:00 hours. Two hours before we need to depart for the one mile safety line. Three hours until the station returns to the alternate reality. Taking with it one of our family.

We had Joyclyn taken down to the stations Hospital. Kylie ran a series of tests. . .with equipment and technology I don’t understand and won’t even try to pronounce. The way I’ve understood it is she is suffering from …I had to write this down…

**PAGE FLIP**

Electromagnetic Hypersensitivity. Doctor Lorenz said it’s an extremely rare condition and makes people act…well like Joyclyn was acting when they’re in proximity to large and very specific electrical fields or energy. Like being surrounded by a bubble of energy a mile in every direction and comes from an alternate reality.

I think Kylie explained it the best. In essence, she is allergic to time travel! I have to believe that is more of the Ice’s sense of humor. Send somebody down to provide security for a time travel project, allergic to time travel!

All kidding aside, Patrick, Keenan and Detective Johnson offered to drive her back to our station a day early. They left yesterday and should be back home by now. Doctor Lorenz said when they drove out of the time bubble to speak with Doctor Jovac, her symptoms got better fairly quickly.

Thankfully, she was pumped with enough sedatives that she’ll sleep the entire way. At least she won’t have to listen to Keenan go on and on and on! Mister Todd and I will catch a ride back with the Atlas team later this morning.

Once the guys departed with Joyclyn, we had the rest of the day to ourselves.

The doctors all got to work cataloguing everything on station, taking notes, making diagrams and in general plotting and scheming I’m sure. We had Kylie keeping an eye on them. Anything physical they try to take with them would have the incompatible en…entrope…hold on..

**PAGE FLIP**

Entropic Decay signature and would fade out of existence upon leaving the bubble area of effect, just as is the case with Emery.

Speaking of, as you can imagine he and Mister Todd have been spending all their time together. Catching up, chatting and just being with one another. I didn’t want to be a third wheel, so I just went exploring on my own.

[CHUCKLE] I found a greenhouse complex Emery restored and is growing food in. Real vegetables he’s grown using heirloom seeds he found in storage. He said although the printed food is good, nothing beats fresh carrots or newly squeezed beat juice. Ew! To each their own I guess. I helped out by collecting the vegetables that were ready to harvest. I can’t tell you how long it’s been since I had my hands in the soil and farming. I really miss being on the farm. It was good to be out there and working like when I was a kid again.

**[LONG, LABORIOUS SIGH OF CONTEMPLATION]**

Emery, told me some things about the future. I, won’t…I can’t go into what was said as I gave him my word. He didn’t tell me everything, he told me only what was important and what the response will be to…things that take place. If those actions are taken, everybody dies. SO…lets just say there has never been a need to come up with plan B Moreso than now!

I’m no stranger to having weight placed upon my shoulders; but…this; I almost wish I’d never…who am I kidding. This is something I have to do. I must do. I will do. For them. [CLEAR THROAT] moving on.

Okay. Just enough time for a quick shower, grab some breakfast and then we’ll head back to our own station. Although we have no choice but to leave Emery behind once again, there is comfort in knowing he is safe, has sufficient food and protective shelter. He and Kylie are going to begin working on theories on how to ‘unthether’ him and realign his entrop…en-trophy ..whatever.

US Supervisory Marshal Bass Marlow. April 18th 06:05 hrs.

[SNIFF SNIFF] Man this thing stinks!

**DIGITAL BEEP OFF**

**ACT X**

CHRIS

*[VOICE LOW, SHAKING WITH EMOTION]*

I’m not leaving you here.

EMERY

*[SOFTLY]*

Yes, you are.

CHRIS

Emery, you can’t ask me to do this. You can’t just, just send me away like this.

EMERY

I have to, Chris.

CHRIS

*[VOICE BREAKING]*

No. You *don’t.* We can find another way. We always find another way.

EMERY

*[SCOFF]*

You sound like me. You sound like… the old me, the one that thought love could fix everything. That love alone could bend time, could rewrite fate.

**CHRIS GRIPS THE SIDE OF THE NODDY, HIS BREATH UNEVEN. THE OTHERS PRETEND TO GIVE THEM SPACE, BUT EVERYBODY FEELS THIS MOMENT**

CHRIS

*[LOW TONE]*

Maybe love *can* fix this.

EMERY

No. Love can’t fix this, Chris. *You* have to fix this. And you can’t do that if you stay.

CHRIS

*[ANGRY, HURT]*

You’re asking me to walk away from you. To just—just *accept* that this is how it has to be. You’re asking me to be okay with leaving the man I love behind in a goddamn *ghost station* that disappears into the unknown!

EMERY

*[FIRM BUT ACHING]*

I’m asking you to live.

***THREE BEAT***

CHRIS

*[ALMOST A WHISPER]*

I don’t know if I can do this.

EMERY

*[SOFT BUT UNWAVERING]*

Yes, you can. And you will.

*(Chris swallows hard, his entire body trembling. He looks at Emery like he’s memorizing every line of his face, every flicker of expression, burning it into his mind. Because this is it. This is the moment he’ll replay a thousand times when he’s alone in the dark, wondering what could have been.)*

CHRIS

[ONE LAST PLEA]

What if we *never* see each other again?

**EMERY SEES THE PERFECT SET-UP AND HAS TO DELIVER THE LINE. IT HURTS, BUT HE NEEDS TO SEE CHRIS’ SMILE.**

EMERY

We’ll always have the Shire.

**HALF LAUGH – HALF SOB FROM CHRIS. FROM BEHIND CHRIS, BASS CLEARS HIS THROAT**

BASS

[GENTLY BUT FIRM]

Chris.

**CHRIS CLEARS HIS THROAT. HAS TO MAKE ONE LAST ATTEMPT, BUT DEEP DOWN HE KNOWS EM IS RIGHT.**

CHRIS

I know what you’re trying to do, Emery. You want me to leave… but I can’t. I don’t care about what’s ahead. I just want to be with you.

EMERY

[VOICE FIRM, FULL OF EMOTION]

ou don’t know what you’re saying, Chris. You stay here, you’ll be trapped just like the rest of us. I won’t let you do that. It’s not just about you and me. You have to help Bass with what’s coming. It’s bigger than us.

CHRIS

I don’t care about what’s bigger. I care about being with you.

EMERY

[SOFTLY, ALMOST A WHISPER]

I know. But you have to go. If you stay, we both lose. If you don’t get in that Noddy, you’ll come to regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow but soon, and for the rest of your life.

BASS

[GENTLY BUT FIRM]

Chris. I’m sorry. Its time.

**ONE LAST HUG AND KISS THAT LINGERS A BIT. THE TWO SEPARATE AND WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS TO THE NODDY. EVERYBODY GETS IN AND THE DOORS CLOSE.**

CHRIS

*[BARLEY AUDIBLE]*

I love you. You scruffy looking Nerf-herder.

EMERY

I know.

**THE ENGINE REVS, THE DOOR TO THE VMF LOWERS AND THERE IS AN AUDIBLE THUD AS IT TOUCHS DOWN ON THE ICE. THE NODDY GETS UNDERWAY, ON ITS LONG TRIP BACK HOME.**

**OUTRO AND CREDITS.**

**EASTER EGG**

ANNOUNCER

TWO DAYS PREVIOUS

**WE’RE BACK ON ROBERTA BONDAR, THE EVENTS PLAY OUT AS THEY DID IN ACT VI**

JOYCLYN

 [ANGRY, DISTANCE FROM THE BODYCAM MIC]

FUCK MARLOW. FUCK BACKUP & FUCK WHOEVER IS OUT THERE!

**FROM THE DISTANCE THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE. WE STILL HEAR CLICKING KEYS FROM DELHAM.**

 SHEPARD

Great! Now in addition to all my equipment, I have to haul hers back too!

**BAG BEING JOSTLED. COMMS SOUND**

SHEPARD

This is Doctor Delham. The system is reflashed and it’s ready for me to cross-connect and upload the Linux software again. I need access to Kylie’s mainframe.

 EMERY

I’m not comfortable with that Doctor. Put Patrick on!

 SHEPARD

Patrick is already on his way back to you! It’s just me here.

 EMERY

Oh man…Kylie, grant limited permission for upload of system software ONLY to Doctor Delham. Five minutes and then remove. You ready Doctor?

 SHEPARD

 [SARCASTIC]

Your trust and faith in me is flattering Mister Waters. Yes, I’m ready for the upload.

 EMERY

Grant him limited permissions, five minutes and…Mark.

**KYLIE BEEP IN DELHAM’S AREA.**

 KYLIE

Ew! Limited access granted to Doctor Pedophile Pervert for 5 minutes. All access will be deleted thereafter. Tick-lurker!

**CLICKING KEYS**

SHEPARD

 Where is her bag….

**UNZIP AND RUMMAGING THROUGH CONTENTS**

 SHEPARD

 Here you are!

**CLICKING KEYS**

Beacon number 3 software now being reuploaded. Five minutes

**DIGITAL PHONE KEYS CLICKING AND THEN THE SEND BUTTON SOUND**

And Agent Folwer’s malware virus being uploaded. Three minutes.

**BMB PRODUCTION TAG**