

The Train Job

written by

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Breathing Space, Fading Frontier
Season 2

Breathing Space, Fading Frontier includes mature content such as adult language, sexual situations, and violence and substance use.

This episodes contains corrupt law enforcement, drugging.

Additional sensory contact warnings can be found in the show notes.

Intro plays

I ain't got no home to go to
I ain't got nothing to sell
But my stars will never leave me
Even when I'm sold to hell
I was born under a blue sky
And I'll die out in the black
When I'm gone don't no one mourn
me
'cause my debts will drag me back

Intro fades out

INT. THE MARION

ANSE
It's wrong!

GASTO
It isn't.

ANSE
It is!

GASTO
Isn't.

ANSE
Well, then it's a bad idea!

GASTO
Isn't that either.

ANSE
It is!

GASTO
Really isn't.

ANSE

Sighs.
It's *illegal*.

Long pause.

GASTO
Well, you got me there.

ANSE
See?

GASTO
But look. What's more important?
Doing something *legal*, or doing
something *right*?

ANSE
I'd like to be doing both.

GASTO
An' I'd like a zero-g swimmin'
pool. But aren't neither of us
gonna get it. Besides, this is
only a little bit illegal.

ANSE
That's not a thing! Something is
either illegal, or it isn't!

GASTO
You sure about that?

ANSE

Of course! Being...a little bit
illegal is like being... being a
little bit dead!

GASTO
...hate to tell you, but--

ANSE
It's not a thing!

Exasperated sigh.

Anyway, how do you figure this is
right? It's *stealing*.

GASTO
You think stealing's always wrong?

ANSE
Yes!

GASTO
You sure?

ANSE
Yes!

...Well, maybe not if you're
stealing food to survive. Or air.
Or if you're stealing back
something that someone stole from
you...Or if you're stealing from
YuKon. Or Taurus. Or one of those
other big companies.

GASTO
Sounds like a lot of exceptions to
always.

ANSE
Fine. But how is *this* one of them?

GASTO
How much do you know about
gardening?

Scene Break

INT. REVERIE STATION SPACEPORT, AIRPORT AMBIENCE

ALFEE AUGUSTO

So I tell him, you ain't gonna see a penny of that fee 'less you get it from Veera, and give to me pronto. He didn't like that, an' tried to sass. So I say that if that don't suit, he can take hisself right back onto that ship of his and fly off, but no way I'm payin' him without the item in question in my hand.

ANSE

And the item in question is...a toy?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Not a toy, son! It's a mint condition, first-run, in-box, Dreamvixen action figure from the Atomic Tales of Prince Parrot!

ANSE

Oh. And... how much did you say you bought it--

GASTO

There you are. I was looking for ya.

ANSE

Did you know people buy *plastic* toys for thousands of--

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Now then, these *collectors items* are not toys--

GASTO

(to Alfee)

Excuse my friend here, he don't know much about the finer things in life. From Terminal, you see.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Ah. I see, I see. o'course it's alright. Ain't his fault, not knowing 'bout the finer things in life, from somewhere so beltward. If he was from *Luna* o'course...I mean, we've got the Alfred Lin fountain 25 meters high in Lunar York City! Polished mahogany doorknobs in the governor's mansion! And did you hear about Lunar Park Avenue?

GASTO

Can't say I did.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

They're re-doing the paving entirely in sphalerite!

GASTO

That'll sure be something.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Won't it just!

GASTO

If you'll excuse us..

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Sure, sure.

Sound of getting up and moving

ALFEE AUGUSTO

(to Anse)

If you're ever in Lunar New York, son, look me up. I'll give you a tour that'll blow the seals in your suit.

ANSE

Um. Yes. Thank you.

Pause, footsteps as they move away.

GASTO

(hissing)

What were you *doing*? You were supposed to be scouting out his security, not cozying up to him!

ANSE

Sorry! I was! I went over there--unobtrusive, like- like you said. I pretended I was reading something on my terminal. He just...started talking to me. There... wasn't a... polite time to excuse myself.

GASTO

Polite?

ANSE clears throat

We're arranging a robbery!

ANSE

...I don't like calling it "robbery."

GASTO

Exasperated sigh.

We're arranging to take something he doesn't need and give it to someone else who doesn't need it.

ANSE

Thank you.

GASTO

So...?

ANSE

His name is Alfee Augusto, and he's one of the Lunaris Augustos. He's currently on a holiday-slash-business trip to tour some of his family's properties in the Outer system. He's been married five times and has thirteen or sixteen kids--he said he isn't sure. He is currently divorcing Veera Photian, who was a model for Borealis Blue Vision Designs when they got

married, but let herself go and is now a fat, shrill, nag.

Pauses for a breath.

He travels alone, even though the board doesn't like it, but he can take care of himself better than any hired security. He carries a personal protection service revolver with him, because a man who made his fortune with his own two hands has got to be willing to protect it with them. He's going to the Ganymede Exotic Floral Exhibition, where he's going to be the master of ceremonies, but he thinks it's just 'cause they want a cutting of the Starry Twilight to propagate. He also says--

GASTO

Hold up, hold up. ...how did you find out all this?

ANSE

Huh? Oh. Uh, well. He told me.

GASTO

He told you?

ANSE

He started talking, and I nodded, and he kept talking. So I kept nodding. It seemed like some of what he was saying might be useful, so I remembered it. And there wasn't a polite time to walk away.

GASTO

Hm. I take back what I said about not getting cozy with the mark. Seems like you've got a way to get the biometrics that I didn't think about. Now. Ship's about to board. Seeing as you culled that all out of him, did you get him to spill

which of the baggage cars he's got his loot in?

ANSE

Mmhm. He had to get it specially insulated and atmo'd for the trip. Did you know that Vanda Coerulea sublucidus can only survive in conditions of 63 - 82% humidity, at temperatures of 22.2 - 25.5 degrees, with no less than 12 hours, but no more than 13 and a half hours of direct, high-intensity light?

GASTO

Can't say I did.

ANSE

He said doing it cost him more than all of his last marriage! But he also said that only lasted three weeks, so I'm not sure exactly how expensive that might be...

GASTO

Uh huh... All that for a damn *plant*?

ANSE

Oh, it's not *just* a plant! The Starry Twilight Orchid is the rarest flower in the *system*! It costs as much as a private orbital! There are only 5 known plants!

GASTO

Scoffs.

He *deserves* to get robbed. So which cargo pod's this fancy flower in?

ANSE

CS-3

GASTO

Got it. Next time, I'll plan to
let someone talk your ear off.

Sigh.

I got to get in place, ship's
gonna be boarding soon. LOCOmotive
ships got plenty of nooks n
crannies. I'll find somewhere to
stow this...

Rustle of exo suit.
And myself. You set?

ANSE

Yes.

GASTO

All you got to do is get his hand
and voice print.

ANSE

I know.

GASTO

All we need is his name for voice
recognition. And your terminal's
got the scanner set up. You just
need him to take ahold of it.

ANSE

We've talked this through already.

GASTO

Don't try to get fancy. And don't
lie, unless you really have to.
You're a terrible liar.

ANSE

Thank you.

GASTO

That's not a good thing!

ANSE

We've worked all this through. I
know exactly what my part is. I'm
a lot better at talking to people
now! Remember New Portland?

GASTO

They did end up deciding not to shoot us.

ANSE

Exactly! Uh...do you think the Marion will be ok? I've got her berthed in employee parking at Waystation Market 369, fueled and ready. I checked the hatch locks-- they are fully able to pick up signals from up to approximately 5 kilometers away, so you getting back in won't be a problem. I just...I don't like leaving her all alone that long. Are you sure one of us can't stay behind--

GASTO

Need two to pull this off.

ANSE

I understand. But I still feel like one could be *in* the ship.

GASTO

Can't. If you're in the Marion, who's gonna get all those biometrics, and then keep Mr. Augusto talking an' not worrying at his cargo? Don't think he'd take kindly to someone swiping his prints, nor trying to jimmy the lock to his cargo pod. And I don't think you'd fancy actually committing a crime, which you'd have to, if *I* were in the ship.

ANSE

But do you have to call it--

GASTO

Acquiring unauthorized access.

ANSE

Thank you.

GASTO

See, that there. Exactly my point.

ANSE

Oh. I suppose that does make sense... Are you sure this is a good idea?

GASTO

Well, I--

ANSE

Not the...crime. The plan. There is a lot that could go wrong.

GASTO

That's life in the black.

ANSE

Alright. Yes. But does life in the black always end up with someone jumping out of the airlock of a ship in motion, kilometers away from anything else with atmo and relying on exo suit thrusters to get them to a ship with a jerry-rigged remote hatch lock, before their O2 runs out?

GASTO

When you put it like that, it don't sound like such a good plan.

ANSE

Of course it's good. You came up with it. It's just...I worry. About what could happen. To you.

GASTO

(snickers)

You're gettin' up in your head again.

ANSE

Someone has to take things seriously!

GASTO

I take things seriously all the time.

ANSE

Yes. You do. Right up till the point where something...mind-altering...comes across your path.

GASTO

You sayin' I'm a drunk?

ANSE

No. I'm saying that someone's got to keep an eye on things while you have a good time.

GASTO

You could have a good time *with* me, you know.

ANSE

I tried that. It didn't work out so well.

GASTO

You tried *one thing, once*.

ANSE

I hated it. And I got a hangover.

GASTO

Sure. I know. But that doesn't mean you'll hate *everything*. And hangovers are a part of life.

ANSE

One I'd rather avoid. I'm not interested in making myself miserable just to figure out which combination of chemicals - This isn't the time to be arguing about this.

GASTO

Oh. Right. So...I'll go find somewhere to hide. Ship'll be boarding soon.

ANSE

I don't know why I had to get a first class ticket. I'd have been perfectly fine riding in economy.

GASTO

Live a little! Besides, Augusto travels first class. Gotta have a reason to stick close to him.

ANSE

I suppose. It's just so expensive...

GASTO

Think of it as an investment in our future. Now g'wan. And order yourself something nice to eat! That is *not* a suggestion! You're flying first class! Gotta look the part.

(softly)

Be careful. Stick to the plan. Don't do anything stupid. And I'm at the other end of the comm. If you need me.

(brightly again)

Now. Let's go steal a flower.

Scene break.

INT. 1ST CLASS POD, SOUTHERBY'S EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE SHIP. SOFT SHIP INTERIOR AMBIENCE.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Turned out, she was the prima ballerina! So I married her!

(hearty laughter)

Ended up buyin' the whole company, an' a theater, just to keep her happy. Good investment, in the end. Ain't hardly any high-g places like that no more. Most of

(very bad french pronunciation)

Théâtres de l'art du ballet historique turned zero grav, or just plum closed up shop. Course-few of 'em got *encouragement*. You know how it is. Where's the good in ownin' something everyone's got?

ANSE

I've never seen a live ballet,
high or low grav. What's it like?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Borin' as *hell*, son. 's like
watchin' a PG derby match 'cept
there's no shoutin' or blood, or
tatas hangin' out, an' the girls
ain't even much to look at up
close.

ANSE

You don't like watching the shows?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

God no.

ANSE

Then why did you buy the ballet
team?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Company.

ANSE

Oh, yes, that too. But I meant if
you don't like watching the
dancers, then why did you buy the
team of them?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

(laughing)

The dancers are the *Company*. You
really never been anywhere, have
ya? I'm sure as hell glad you were
on this flight with me. You need
to be *taught*, son.

ANSE

I've done quite a lot of
traveling, actually.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

(laughs)

Sure ya have. I'm sure you've seen
run-down, piece of shit asteroids
all over the system. But you ain't
been anywhere *nice*. See, it's like

this, son. The world respects people with power. Always has, always will. An' power comes from money. An' people gotta know you got the money, to get the power. Ya see?

ANSE
...I don't think so.

ALFEE AUGUSTO
You could be rich as Croesus, but if you just go 'round lookin' like any other mudslinger or rockduster, no one gonna give you a second thought. You gotta own it, an' you gotta *show* it.

ANSE
Oh.

ALFEE AUGUSTO
So, whenever
(bad french)
Le Compagnie Du Ballet puts on a show, my name's right up there, in lights: "Produced by Alfee Augusto." See?

ANSE
I think so.

A soft bing from Anse's terminal.

ALFEE AUGUSTO
But what's the good a' that, if they got lights all up n' down the street? If just any ole someone can walk in an' afford a ticket?
Pounds table.
Ain't worth nothin'!

ANSE
So...you buy things that are scarce, or buy them, and then *make* them scarce, so you can show them to people, so they will understand

you're rich because you bought them.

ALFEE AUGUSTO
Exactly! You're not as belt-ass-backwards as you look, son.

ANSE
Uh...thank you. Umm... Mr. Augusto?

ALFEE AUGUSTO
Call me Alfee, son!

ANSE
Mr.... Alfee. Could you...ah...that is, ummm...do you think you, ummm...

ALFEE AUGUSTO
Spit it out, son! You wanna get taken serious, you gotta talk with *confidence*. 'specially if you're gonna ask a man to do somethin' for ya. You are fixing to ask me to do something for you, aren't you?

ANSE
Uh, well, yes. Uh, Alfee. Mr. Augusto, I wondered if you would be-

LAYLA BIRD
(sneering)
Is this voider bothering you, sir?

ANSE
I hardly have any accent left!

LAYLA BIRD
Stow it, gasbag, I wasn't talking to you.

(turns back to Alfee)
Not to interrupt, sir, but I was just sitting over there, reading the latest Martian-Lunar Investment Gazette, when I

observed that you were being harassed by this...person...and I would have been derelict in my duties had I not interceded. Marshall Layla Bird, at your service. Am I correct in assuming you are Mr. Alfee Augusto, of the nanoNik-proTek Inter-Global Development?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Yes, indeed! The Gazette did a profile on me, you know.

LAYLA BIRD

Yes, Sir, I do. That is, in fact, what I was just reading. And I thought to myself, what good luck it is to, just as I'm reading one of the most truly insightful interviews I have ever seen, to have the immense fortune to be on a ship with that man!

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Kind of you to say, Marshal.

LAYLA BIRD

Not at all! Some people might think we marshals have nothing but muscles between our ears, but I know genius when I see it.

ANSE

Too kind, too kind.

LAYLA BIRD

I didn't want to bother you, of course, but then I saw you being harassed by this voider, and, as I said, my oath of office--

ANSE

I am not *harassing* anyone--

LAYLA BIRD

I *said* stow it!

Sound of a shove, and a fall.

ANSE

Ow!

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Hey now. There's no call for that.
We were havin' a polite
conversation here.

LAYLA BIRD

Of course, sir. I know I am, at
times, a little over-eager in my
defense of the laws regarding
privacy and personal space. But I
see now that this... eugh... fine
young man is a friend of yours?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

He's a real good
conversationalist. But he don't
know much about the way things
work Inner System,
(to Anse)
do ya, son?

ANSE

Uh. No...I suppose I don't.

LAYLA BIRD

(to Anse)

Let me offer my assistance to you,
friend.

ANSE

Uh... Thank you?

Sounds of her helping him up, brushing sounds.

LAYLA BIRD

(aloud)

There you are! You've just got a
bit of dust on your shirt-

(leaning in to hiss in
Anse's ear)

Listen here, space trash. Get the
fuck out of first class, and back
to the economy pod where you

belong. This is *my* territory. Got it?

(aloud again)

There you go. Well, I'll just take myself back to my seat, since obviously nothing untoward is going on... Oh. Yes. I'm off, then.

(to Alfee)

Uh, I hope we have a chance to speak later, Mr. Augusto.

(to Anse)

And you as well, *friend*.

Slight pause, background music plays.

ANSE

Well. Like I was trying to say before, I wondered if you might look at this and just give me--

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Been real nice talkin' to you, son, real nice. But I didn't become one of the richest men on the moon by sittin' on my butt jawin'. You go on, now. I got work to do.

ANSE

But Mr. Augusto, I was--

ALFEE AUGUSTO

I said go on. Come 'round when we stop for F&F. I need refuelin' myself, and the doctor says no more hydrogenated soy solids. Can you believe he told me eatin' Cheezee Foam, or Nacho Pork Fingers was gonna give me a heart attack? I told *him* to stick in a new one, but he said it don't look good to plug in a replacement one if you're still cloggin' up the old arteries. Bad optics. So be a pal and get 'em for me?

ANSE

I-I can do that.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Good man! Like I said, come 'round when we stop. I got a full credit with your name on it for the trouble.

ANSE

Thank you.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

Don't mention it! Now buzz off. I gotta make some money.

Scene break.

INT. CREW CORRIDOR C-2, SOUTHERBY'S EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE SHIP. INTERIOR SHIP AMBIENCE, MUCH LOUDER THAN IN 1ST CLASS.

Hatch opening. Gasto climbing out, stretching and groaning.

GASTO

(muttering to himself)

You could have flown first class--soft, reclining seats, gentle music, complimentary champagne. But no, you chose to cram yourself into a, ummm...economy class freeze-dry concessions storage compartment. Ugh. Should have had *him* be the one squeezed in there. He's skinnier'n me. Woulda fit better. Yeah, an' he'd either spin himself up about how he weren't paying for the ticket, or start thinking, and forget about what he's there to do. Alright. What do we have...

Terminal beeping.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

(recording from his conversation with Anse)

Alfee Augusto

GASTO

Voice print looks clear... No hand
scan yet. How long... ah, okay.
'nother few hours till the F&F
stop. Plenty of time for Anse
to--Shit.

Sounds of Gasto cramming himself back into the locker.

LAYLA BIRD

...was about to, but some voider
got to him first.

(pause)

I know that. Don't worry. I've got
someone who--

(pause)

Yes. Yes. I understand. I'm sure I
can--

(pause)

(irritated tone, but
trying not to let it
show)

I won't.

(pause)

I'm sure that can be arranged.

(pause)

Absolutely. You've told me how
fragile--

(pause)

Yes, the box is completely climate
controlled. I checked the specs
myself.

(pause)

Yes. I'll make sure it--

(annoyed grunt)

Alright!

(pause)

Yes. Everything's under control.
I'll comm you when it's done.

Hangs up comm

LAYLA BIRD

You NEM-eating, piss-drinking,
methane breathing waste of atmo.
Damn lucky for you the pay's good,
or I'd take the money and throw
you in the lockup for soliciting
the purchase of stolen

merchandise. I'm a commissioned
marshal, and he talks to me like
I'm some kind of *employee*--

Sounds of Gasto coming out of locker.

GASTO
If you're gettin' paid to do a
job, you kind of are an employee,
aren't you?

LAYLA BIRD
Draws gun.
Shit! What the hell are- Oh. It's
you. Startle me like that you're
liable to get yourself shot.

GASTO
Little jumpy, I see.

LAYLA BIRD
You got the biometrics?

GASTO
Workin' on it. Maybe you can put
away the pea shooter?

LAYLA BIRD
(mocking)
Nervous around guns?

GASTO
Just when they're pointed at me.

Sound of Layla holstering gun.

LAYLA BIRD
So do you have them?

GASTO
Like I said, I'm working on it.
Told you I'd have 'em before we
got to the Waystation. Leaves me
plenty of room to get in, grab the
goods.

LAYLA BIRD
How about that escape plan?

GASTO

Goin' exactly like it's supposed to. I mean, it was, unless you took those nerves out on that voider.

LAYLA BIRD

What are you talking... Oh. *That's* him?

GASTO

Yep.

LAYLA BIRD

He's your plant? Are you *trying* to get caught? The guy stands out a kilometer. No one buys he belongs in first class.

GASTO

Exactly.

LAYLA BIRD

I thought you were supposed to be good at this. You said you were good when I hired you.

GASTO

Yep.

LAYLA BIRD

Drawing gun again.

Fuckin' answer me in full fuckin' sentences, or you're gonna need to patch your exosuit. You're not in charge here, asshole. One word from me and you're off to Diatoma, doing ten years with faulty atmo.

GASTO

Got it. It don't matter if he stands out. He can draw all the attention he wants, long as he gets the prints. Really, prolly better if people are noticin' him.

LAYLA BIRD

Why the hell would that be...

Ohhhh. Yeah. Ok. When it goes down, everyone remembers the station rat trying to pass. Got it. Maybe you aren't as stupid as you sound. Well, tell him to get going. We're going to be at the Waystation soon, and if you aren't carrying the package by then...

GASTO

You throw me onto a prison asteroid and cycle the airlocks.

LAYLA BIRD

Exactly. Don't ever forget I'm the one with the badge.

Scene break.

INT. 1ST CLASS POD, SOUTHERBY'S EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE SHIP.
SHIP INTERIOR AMBIENCE, BACKGROUND MUSIC

ANSE

So that's 3 tubes of Cheezee Foam, 3 Nacho Pork Fingers, 2 bags of pizza pretzels, 4 PopTop Gel Shots, and 1 pack of guava paradise passion vollettes?

ALFEE AUGUSTO

No, no, no, FOUR tubes of Cheeze Foam, TWO Fingers, TWO Shots... Look, son, I'll just write it down for you. Gimme your terminal. Four...cheeze foam...two fingers...two pretzels...actually, let's say three...PopTop Gel Shots come in packs of six, so why not...oh, guava paradise...an I think a pack of mojito mayhems, too...

Hands terminal back, terminal beeps.

ALFEE AUGUSTO

There. Just get me everythin' on that list. An' a bag! That ain't see through!

ANSE
Uh, y-yes, sir.

ALFEE AUGUSTO
(jolly laugh)
I like you, son, you're goin'
places. Here, take this. An buy
somethin' nice for yourself, while
you're at it.

ANSE
Oh, uh, thank you! I'll be back
before...uh. I-I'll be back real
fast.

Walks off.

Scene break.

INT. CREW CORRIDOR C-2, SOUTHERBY'S EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE SHIP.
INTERIOR SHIP AMBIENCE, MUCH LOUDER THAN IN 1ST CLASS.

FAST FOOTSTEPS.

ANSE
(whisper)
Gasto?

A few more steps

ANSE
(slightly louder whisper)
Gasto??

A few more steps

ANSE
(almost full voiced)
Gasto?!?

Panel opens more loudly.

GASTO
(amused)
Keep it down, will you?

ANSE

Oh. There you are. Good. I-I was worried.

GASTO

Worried, what? I'd get lost?
Ship's got 6 pods and 2 halls. I'm not going anywhere.

ANSE

I know. I-I just...

GASTO

So you got it?

ANSE

Oh! Yeah! It's right, uh, here...
It should work. The program said it was clear enough.

Terminal beeps.

GASTO

Yep. That'll do. Which cargo pod was it, again?

ANSE

CS-3.

GASTO

Right.

One set of footsteps.

GASTO

You coming?

ANSE

Shouldn't I get back to the passenger carriage?

GASTO

Don't you want to see it, before we box it up?

ANSE

Sure!

Two sets of footsteps. Gasto's terminal beeping. A different affirmative beep, lock unlocking.

ALFEE AUGUSTO
(voice as recorded
before)
Alfee Augusto.

Second affirmative beep, lock unlocking.

Big doors opening, pneumatic hissing, mist, dripping water sounds, atmo background.

ANSE
That's... it?

GASTO
Looks like.

ANSE
Are you sure? It doesn't look
starry. Or... or like twilight.
It...doesn't even really look like
a flower.

GASTO
It's the thing in the fancy
container, so odd's are pretty
good that's what we're after.

ANSE
But...it's ugly!

GASTO
(laughs)
No, there's no accountin' for
taste.

Footsteps.

GASTO
Enough standing around staring. We
got to get it packed up.

ANSE
Oh. Yes. Got it... I think that
goes there...No, the other port.

GASTO

I know, I know. You don't got to hover. I got this.

More packaging sounds.

ANSE

(exertion)

Ok. That looks right. Let me just turn it and--hit the power--

LAYLA BIRD

Put your hands up and step away from the box.

ANSE

This isn't what it looks like!

GASTO

Smooth.

LAYLA BIRD

Oh really? 'cause it looks like you trying to steal something worth more than you are. If that's not the case, what is going on?

ANSE

Uh. Well, uhh... I mean, okay. *Technically* that is what's happening but--

GASTO

Real smooth.

LAYLA BIRD

By my authority as a marshall of the outer system, you are hereby under arrest. Put it down, and step over here.

ANSE

Gasto? What...what do we do?

LAYLA BIRD

Aw, he doesn't know what's going on. Good job, Herschel, you picked yourself a real black hole

ANSE

What?...Herschel? Who...Why are
you... that's - that's not his...

LAYLA BIRD
I said, set down the box and come
here.

ANSE
Gasto...? What's going on?

LAYLA BIRD
(mocking)
Yeah, Gasto.

GASTO
Better do what she says.

ANSE
Oh--ok...

LAYLA BIRD
Now get over here. Hands behind
you.

Space cuffs go on.

LAYLA BIRD
(to Gasto)
Now you.

ANSE
Wait. What? Why...Why are
you...uh. Are you...supposed to be
taking that?

LAYLA BIRD
Poor little black hole. Too dense
to realize he's been played.

ANSE
What??

LAYLA BIRD
(laughing)
Don't you get it yet? You're
getting double crossed.

ANSE

Gasto? What the hell are you doing?

GASTO

Gotta look out for me first. You know how it is. Lot more money in working with the law, 'stead of against it. An this lovely lady's the one with the badge.

LAYLA BIRD

You're sweet, Herschel.

GASTO

And really? You're dead weight. Always have been. Like rockets on a BRONCO.

ANSE

You...No. You don't really think...do-do you? Am..am I? ...and why is she calling you Herschel!

LAYLA BIRD

(laughing)

He thought he knew your real name.

GASTO

It's past time we went our own ways, Anse. You weren't never cut out for this life, an' you know it well as I do. No more'n you were to be a VAQuero, you understand?

ANSE

Gasto... you don't... you're...you're faking, aren't you? You're...tricking her? What about our plan??? What about the Marion????

GASTO

I'll take real good care of her.

ANSE

What??? No! You're not...you're lying! Tell her you're lying!

LAYLA BIRD

Pull it together, man, this is
just sad.

Anse cries in frustration.

LAYLA BIRD

(to Gasto)

Now. You. You sure you got that
thing packed up safe? I don't want
to go to all this trouble just for
it to die of vacuum burn.

GASTO

I got it.

LAYLA BIRD

Good. Then it's time for you to
take a trip.

(to Anse)

You're coming too, black hole.

Anse whimpers.

Footsteps down hallway.

ANSE

How...how are you going to open
the airlock? You don't have the
code.

LAYLA BIRD

(huffs)

Don't need it. Got an override.
One of the perks of being the
law.

Pause, airlock cycleS, opens.

ANSE

Oh.

LAYLA BIRD

Herschel, be at Raven Station in
48 hours, with the plant.

GASTO

I'll be wherever you want, long as
you got my money.

LAYLA BIRD
Of course. And now...
Cocks gun.

GASTO
You're gonna shoot him?

LAYLA BIRD
Planned to. You got something to
say about it?

GASTO
Nah. Just might be better to bring
him in live.

LAYLA BIRD
(suspicious)
Yeah? Why would you say that?
(mocking)
Have you taken a liking to him?

GASTO
A bit. Enough not to want to see
his brains on a bulkhead.

LAYLA BIRD
So what do you suggest?

GASTO
This--

Sound of injection hissing. Anse cries out, then falls to
the floor.

LAYLA BIRD
Ugh. Is he dead?

GASTO
Nah. But he'll be out a good long
time. Till you get to Gany. Throw
him in one of cargo pods, then
haul him out when you hit port,
just in time to hand him over to
the authorities. Less mess, less
to explain.

LAYLA BIRD
And if he tries to put the blame
on me? Or you?

GASTO

Who's gonna believe him? Like you said, there's perks to bein' the law.

LAYLA BIRD

Alright. But if he makes trouble, any trouble at all, he's dead.

GASTO

Sure.

Zippping up of suit, click locks.

GASTO

(through comm from inside suit)

See you on Ganymede.

Airlock cycles.

Scene break.

INT. JEMISEN SPACEPORT, GANYMEDE, DISEMBARKATION

Big ship door opening.

LAYLA BIRD

Stop dragging your feet. Get out there.

Overlapping Layla's line.

ANSE

Ow! I'm going! You don't need to push me! Slow down!

LAYLA BIRD

Shut it, voider.

Shoves him in the back hard, exhalation of pain, jingle of shackles.

LAYLA BIRD

I said hurry up.

Walking down the ramp.

ANSE

I am!

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

Marshal Bird! Over here!

LAYLA BIRD

Sir!

Footsteps.

LAYLA BIRD

Thanks for the pickup. I'd take him in myself, but Campestria'll go to hell if I'm gone too long. Uh, Marshal...?

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

Reyez. But call me Mack.

LAYLA BIRD

Mack, then. Thanks.

(To Anse, stage whisper)

If you start to get any bright ideas of trying to pin something on me, remember we got ears everywhere. Even on Diatoma. Where no one would even notice you having an accident.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

That him?

LAYLA BIRD

Yep.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

Looks a little wobbly. He "slip and fall" on his way outta the ship?

LAYLA BIRD

(forced laugh)

Black hole had a hypo on him. Some kind of sleep drug. Guess he thought it'd work better than a

gun? Stabbed himself when he came at me.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
Did he now?

LAYLA BIRD
So, uh... You take it from here, then?

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
Tell me again what happened? Got to make sure I got the details right, for the charges.

LAYLA BIRD
Attempted theft, breaking and entering, destruction of property--

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
Yeah, I got that down. Can you run me through the events again?

LAYLA BIRD
Sure. He booked a ticket under someone else's name, swindled one of the other passengers out of the biometrics to his cargo pod, then broke in. I'd caught his scent early on-- didn't look right for first class-- so I was keeping my eye on him. Got there right before he jumped out the airlock after the merchandise.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
Couldn't recover it?

LAYLA BIRD
Unfortunately, no. That flower's somewhere between here and New New Vegas, now.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
Got it. Seems like this is all in order then. Go 'head and uncuff 'im

LAYLA BIRD
H-Hey! What are you doing?

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
(to Anse)
You're not gonna run off anywhere,
are ya?

ANSE
No. I-I guess not.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
Good.

Sound of the cuffs being undone.

LAYLA BIRD
Thanks again, Mack. And if you're
ever on Mercury, look me up.

More cuffs sounds.

LAYLA BIRD
Hey! What the hell are you doing!?
Take these off me!

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
Layla Bird, you are under arrest
for theft, assault, solicitation
of a bribe, and violating your
oath of office.

LAYLA BIRD
The fuck I am!

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ
You will be escorted to the
nearest judge, where you will
stand trial.

LAYLA BIRD
This has got to be a joke. Uncuff
me *immediately* and maybe I won't
get you run out of the marshals
for--

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

I'd hush up, now, or you're gonna
add "threatening an officer of the
law" to that list of charges.

LAYLA BIRD

Fuck you! Do you know who I am?!
This will be the *end* of your
career!

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

(to Anse)

You're free to go, son.

ANSE

What...is going on?

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

Been tryin' to pin something on
this one for quite a while now.
You and your friend brought us the
evidence to make it stick.

ANSE

...my friend???

GASTO

No way you believed that act back
on the ship?

ANSE AND LAYLA BIRD

Act?!

GASTO

...'course you did.

ANSE

Gasto, Y-you-- Where did you even-

LAYLA BIRD

You said-

ANSE

I-I-I thought -

GASTO

If I'd dropped any broader hints,
I would have just been sayin' it.
But I shoulda figured you wouldn't
pick up on 'em.

ANSE

Hints? I don't know-- I -- that was
fake??

LAYLA BIRD

You mother fucker. I am going to
kill you. Both of you.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

Shut up.

(to Anse & Gasto)

Looks like you two have a few
things to work out. Don't let me
keep you. If you ever find
yourselves in a tough spot, comm
the nearest Ranger station. Tell
'em to get Mack on the line.
They'll know where to find me.

GASTO

Will do. Uh...The reward?

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

Transferred to your account.

GASTO

Thanks.

MARSHAL MACK REYEZ

Take care, now.

(to Layla)

C'mon. Judge Marinos is still
cleaning up a mess on Pallas, but
Ganymede is a big place, I think
we can rustle one up to put you on
trial.

LAYLA BIRD

(yelling as she's led
away, voice fading)

God damn asshole! Take your hands
off of me! You got no right! I am

a marshal! I haven't done
anything! You have no proof!

ANSE
What just happened?

GASTO
We just got on the good side of
the law. And got paid for it.

ANSE
Oh...How?

GASTO
Double crossed a double cross.

ANSE
...oh...So you *don't* think I'm
dead weight?

GASTO
(laughing)
Nope... I'm sorry.

ANSE
What?

GASTO
I'm sorry...I figured... I figured
you knew how I felt. About you.
(quickly)
About what you do. On the ship. I
wouldn't have done it, otherwise.

ANSE
I'm not sure I know what you mean.
I-I know you'd probably make more
money without me.

GASTO
(scoffs)
Maybe. But I thought you'd see
through me. When I'm playing fast
and loose with the truth. Always
seems like you do.

ANSE
Oh. ...do-do I?

GASTO

You're quick enough to call out
most of my bullshit.

ANSE

...I suppose I am.

GASTO

But I wouldn't've gone through
with it if-if I knew you-If I knew
you'd think that was... what I
really thought about you.

ANSE

I mean...I-I *could* do more. I
could learn to cook, maybe? Or-or
I could--

GASTO

You do more'n enough keepin' me in
line.

ANSE

I-I don't keep you in line!

GASTO

(laughing)

Sure you don't. I just would've
had us flat broke in a lunar month
if you hadn't been so damn careful
about the money.

ANSE

You would've been fine! You're
good at everything! And you're
smart! And you're just--

GASTO

And now we've got enough to be
real comfortable. And we didn't
have to rob anyone.

ANSE

I really don't like calling it
robbery.

GASTO

(laughing)

C'mon. The Marion's docked just up the way. That jerry rigged airlock worked fine, by the way. Didn't have any trouble gettin' her open.

ANSE

Good. I should probably look at it again, though, if we want to make that a permanent modification to the ship... what about the Vanda Coerulea sublucidus? The flower?

GASTO

I imagine it's most of the way to New New Vegas by now.

ANSE

Weren't we going to sell it?!

GASTO

Got no idea who the buyer was. An I don't want to.

ANSE

But it's worth millions! Couldn't we find someone else--

GASTO

What, now you're ok with selling stolen property?

ANSE

Oh. well, no. But...

GASTO

But nothing. Be glad I took temptation out of your hands. But if you're so keen on stealing something, I got a guy on Vesta who could use--

ANSE

No, no!

GASTO

You sure? We didn't do so bad this time.

ANSE

No. No more crime! Only *Legal*,
above board jobs from now on. Like
you promised.

GASTO

Alright, then. No more crime.
Legal, above the board.
Well... Unless it's, ya know, a
little bit illegal.

ANSE

I did not agree to that!

Scene fades out.

Thank you for joining us for
this episode of Breathing
Space, Fading Frontier.

This episode, The Train Job,
was written and directed by
Lee Seguinte, and edited by
Erik Seguinte.

Anse was voiced by Quill
Turner.

Gasto was voiced by Corvin
Applebee.

Alfee Augusto was voiced by
Scott Paladin.

Marshal Layla Bird was voiced
by Erica Keiser.

The identity of the actor who
voiced Marshal Mack Reyez is
confidential due to a pending
Marshall investigation.

Our theme, Blues for the
Black, was composed by
Michael Freitag with vocals
by Jeremiah and lyrics by
Scott Paladin.

You can find links to learn
more about our cast and crew
in the show notes and more
information about our show at
our website,
breathingspace.lawofnames.com

Breathing Space, Fading
Frontier is a Law of Names
Production

Jolly, twanging fiddling, upbeat music

COMET KYLE

Howdy y'all, Comet Kyle here to
tell you about my new
three-for-one special at Comet
Kyle's All-You-Can-Consume Country
Kitchen! Right now, if you mosey
on down to your nearest Comet
Kyle's and buy one meal voucher,
you can grant access for two of
your closest friends.

Barnyard animal noises: a pig snorting, rooster crowing,
cow a-mooing

COMET KYLE

Whoa now! I can see why you're so
excited. That means that you and
two good buddies can enjoy Comet
Kyle's All-You-Can-Consume Country
Kitchen favorites like imitation
ham spheroids with nacho cheese or
cool ranch filling, or chicken
circlets with Old-Timey Buffalo,
New York extra-spicy icing. Plus,
unlimited access to the Treats
Troughs!

More delighted animal noises

COMET KYLE

So come on down to the nearest
Comet Kyle's All-You-Can-Consume
Country Kitchen and get yourselves
full!

Fiddling fades away

COMET KYLE
(singing a jingle)
Comet Kyle's! If only the stars
tasted this good!

Last triumphant rooster crow