

EPISODE 1

CONTROL:

receptor alert

Door slides open

[CON opens channel to all crew]

All hands, this is Captain Hynes. Be advised I'm back on the bridge. Sorry for the break.

GRIMM:

Look at that! The ship's still intact.

CONTROL:

For the most part. Argus?

ARGUS:

Aye?

CONTROL:

I've just got your latest receptor connection. That makes...12 between you and Grimm. Keep it up. Ember and her crew don't have much time left.

ARGUS:

Yup.

GRIMM:

Working on it.

CONTROL:

[closes channel to crew, opens record interface, and plays TEMPLE's transmission]

TRANSMISSION (recorded)

This is Eric Temple, commander of the Lykaon frigate *Tesseract*, to the Station commander at Halaesus Mining Company.

The date is August 13, the time is 0113 zulu.

I'm transmitting this from just off the asteroid 32339-Algenor, near Jovian L5:
in other words, *indisputably* the property and territory of Lykaon Minerals Corporation. You might recognize it as the rock you ordered your contract ship
MRS Corvus to mine.

Now, I'm sure you counted on the vastness of space and the near-limitless number of asteroids to keep your incursions hidden, but it didn't work. We now
have the Corvus in our custody.

Along with its captain--Ember Roth--and its crew of 52 people, we are holding the vessel pending monetary compensation for the several loads of mineral wealth it delivered from the asteroid to you before we caught them...you'll
have to pay for it, is what I'm saying.

For the price, and minor details like proof that your people are still alive, refer to the file I've attached to this transmission.

You will contact me with appropriate payment, and I will release them. You have 48 hours to comply if you want your ship and people back.
Intact.

CONTROL:

[turns off recording]

sighs

BLUE:

[opens channel to CON]

Uh...Con?

CONTROL:

[activates channel]

Go ahead, Blue.

BLUE:

Ship is telling me there's a fire in comms. Right next to me, in fact.

CONTROL:

sighs

Yeah. It does that. Nothing to worry about.

BLUE:

Are you sure?

CONTROL:

Unless you're actually *on fire*, you're fine. Trust me. That sensor's been acting up for months.

BLUE:

Maintenance has broken down since I left, huh?

CONTROL:

Corporate's been ignoring old ships recently, don't blame me.

BLUE:

Whoa. I'm kidding. ...You ok?

CONTROL:

I'm worried. We can't afford any suspicion from station at all. Temple's deadline ends in a few hours, and I don't know if this rock--

BLUE:

Were you listening to that transmission again?

CONTROL:

Transmission? What makes you say that?

BLUE:

It's not helping.

CONTROL:

Sorry. I'm waiting on the guys to finish setting up.

I don't know what else to do.

BLUE:

We're already *doing* everything we *can*, which is a lot more than Corporate. Or anyone else, for that matter.

CONTROL:

That's really not saying much.

BLUE:

Stop making it harder on yourself! We need a *captain*. Not a self-flagellatory bowl of runny jello!

CONTROL:

Uh...point taken?

BLUE:

Good!

CONTROL:

Alright. Is there anything on long comms I should know about?

BLUE:

Well, the *Grissom* got herself fouled up; so *that's* keeping Station busy.

CONTROL:

How's the crew? What happened?!

BLUE:

Navigation thrusters malfunctioned. Ship couldn't stop rolling for a minute and the tether wrapped around her. Crew's fine: they hadn't deployed their surface teams.

CONTROL:

And the tether's auto-release didn't kick in because...?

BLUE:

Not sure, but I talked to Norse just last week and he said--

CONTROL:

'Norse'?

BLUE:

Comms guy on the *Grissom*. Great hair. And beard. The sorta guy you'd never want mad at you, unless you were twice as big or twice as fast...And preferably both, but good luck being either.

CONTROL:

Uh huh.

BLUE:

Yeah, he mentioned they had to put in for repairs at Station after the tether took damage last month. Maintenance gave them a clean bill.

CONTROL:

Ah. Well that explains *that*.

BLUE:

You know it.

CONTROL:

Which rock are they fouled at?

BLUE:

7 dash 3305.

CONTROL:

7-class? Good for them! I mean, not that they'll see much of the profit, but it's more than I've ever got.

Is that the rock Sivver found last--

raucous alarm sounds

GAAAH! What the...?

[CON turns alarm off]

Oh no!

BLUE:

What?

CONTROL:

Heavens! It seems the bridge is venting to space.

BLUE:

...You're on the bridge.

CONTROL:

Oh, the horror. Can't...breathe!
[CON pretends to suffocate and die]

BLUE:

...Another bad sensor, huh?

CONTROL:

Yup. Happens a couple times a week, now.

BLUE:

That can't be healthy.

CONTROL:

On the contrary, there's nothing to put a sparkle in your eye and a spring in
your step like catastrophic pulmonary shock!

sighs

53 lives are at stake, and my ship is falling apart.

BLUE:

I hope this rock is worth it.

CONTROL:

Now who's worried?

BLUE:

I'm just saying! Finch says Dreadnought is good at what he does, but there's no
guarantee *this* rock is worth any risk at all!

CONTROL:

A minute ago you were trying to convince me this is a great idea!

BLUE:

I *said* we're doing everything we can. I didn't say this was definitely going to work.

CONTROL:

Ok...ok. Great. I wasn't stressed out *enough* before. Not about running a 400,000-ton ship with just 6 people; not about sneaking said ship to a potentially worthless asteroid; not *even* about risking my own crew's freedom! Now, my old 1st Officer is having second thoughts!

BLUE:

"Second"? My brain's playing hardcore tennis with my opinion of all this, so...fifty or sixtieth thoughts by now, but whatever: we're here. Nothing we can do but wait for the guys to finish.

CONTROL:

console gives error

Klere! We'll see if they ever do!

BLUE:

What's up?

CONTROL:

Grimm's receptors are having trouble connecting. He's probably about to start shouting at me.

GRIMM:

[opens channel to CON]

Con!

CONTROL:

Here we go...

[closes BLUE's channel, opens GRIMM's channel]

Control here.

GRIMM:

What's wrong with the network!?

CONTROL:

I'm not sure. I'm working on it; try a reset.

GRIMM:

I did! What are *you* doing?

CONTROL:

I am *trying* to keep the *Hyacinth* from falling apart!

alarm sounds

Which is becoming *increasingly* more difficult to do! Are you kidding me?

GRIMM:

What?

CONTROL:

Uh, I'm gonna task Blue on this. She's better at computering.

[closes GRIMM's channel, opens BLUE's channel]

Blue!

BLUE:

Blue here.

CONTROL:

Please take Grimm's channel and help him out. I've got another problem.

BLUEL:

At this point, the ship could literally blow up, and I'd assume it was a false alarm.

CONTROL:

It's actually *not* the ship. Exo 7's leg is acting up...again.

BLUE:

I thought *Finch* repaired it...

CONTROL:

Finch has a *lot* on her plate.

BLUE:

...Yeah.

CONTROL:

alarm sounds again

Agh! Just handle Grimm, dankjewel!

[closes BLUE's channel, opens ARGUS' channel]

Control to Exo 7. Argus, copy?

ARGUS:

Aye, con. Go ahead.

CONTROL:

I'm getting alerts on your suit. That joint coming apart again?

ARGUS:

Negative, Control. I don't...wait. Yep, my leg's going rickets on me.

CONTROL:

sighs

Copy. Need to come in?

ARGUS:

You kidding? We won't have a chance like this again!

CONTROL:

Sure, but if the joint breaks, it could puncture your vacsuit. And I'd prefer
you not die.

ARGUS:

We're not quitting: Ember and her crew ain't gonna ransom themselves.

CONTROL:

Nobody said anything about quitting, Argus.

Can you patch it?

ARGUS:

My exo doesn't have a welder.

CONTROL:

Really?

ARGUS:

At least not one that works. Exo 7, remember?

CONTROL:

Kanker...

Copy.

[close ARGUS' channel, opens GRIMM's channel]

Control to Exo 4. Grimm, copy?

GRIMM:

Grimm here. Shoot.

CONTROL:

Argus' leg servo is shot again. He needs a bandaid.

GRIMM:

Ask Dreadnought.

CONTROL:

Dreadnought's busy.

GRIMM:

Oh, right. And I'm just sitting on my ass.

CONTROL:

Just do it, Grimm! We have less than four hours to finish up here, and
Dreadnought's job can't pause. Yours can. Copy?

GRIMM:

Well, there goes my day.

CONTROL:

Copy??

GRIMM:

Copy! Rescue Argus. ETA 4 mikes.

CONTROL:

Thank yo--

GRIMM:

[closes channel]

CONTROL:

...Ok.

[opens ARGUS' channel]

Control to Exo 7. Argus, Grimm is heading your way. 4 minutes.

ARGUS:

Thanks, Con. This gonna hold us up? Or does Dreadnought still have a ways to
go?

CONTROL:

I guess I can check now.

[closes ARGUS' channel, opens DREADNOUGHT's channel]

Control to exo 2. Dreadnought, copy?

DREADNOUGHT:

Dreadnought copy. What's gotcha?

CONTROL:
How's the drilling going?

DREADNOUGHT:
radio static

CONTROL:
Say again?

DREADNOUGHT:
static

CONTROL:
Exo 2, do you copy?

DREADNOUGHT:
I copy! How about you?

CONTROL:
Copy. Your radio is worse than I remember.

DREADNOUGHT:
It's better this than using the other exos. Number 7 was falling apart!

CONTROL:
Yeah...

DREADNOUGHT:
You miner types not care about safety? How long has it been since you
overhauled these things, man?

CONTROL:
Not since Corporate monopolized everything. Old parts are impossible to get.
They barely even care to fix our damn ships.

DREADNOUGHT:

Oh, I noticed.

Still, their stuff *is* pretty shiny.

CONTROL:

Sure. They also track *everything*. So make it work.

DREADNOUGHT:

Speaking of tracking, Station figured we're out here, yet?

CONTROL:

Do you expect them to?

DREADNOUGHT:

You don't?

CONTROL:

Blue said they're focused on other things, and even if they weren't, she disabled our locator.

DREADNOUGHT:

She *what*? You are *asking* for trouble, Hynes!

CONTROL:

We can't afford a random check telling them we're a billion miles from where we're supposed to be. Besides, you're used to flying alone: we have a great team. We'll handle it.

DREADNOUGHT:

You'd better hope so, dude.

CONTROL:

What's your depth?

DREADNOUGHT:

128 meters, but the squealer's gonna have a hard time scanning through this stuff. Very dense. Tough going. I'm telling you, I got a feeling about this one. It's rich, alright. A real goldierock.

CONTROL:

There's a lot of lives hanging on the accuracy of your gut, Dreadnought.

DREADNOUGHT:

I told you, man, I couldn't make any guarantees. Survey scans can tell you if a rock is definitely worthless. If one doesn't register worthless, it could be full of anything from iron to--

CONTROL:

There had better be more than iron here.

DREADNOUGHT:

We're here because I *think* there *is*, dude. There are certain data points any surveyor can see that *often* mean more valuable materials.

CONTROL:

Uh huh--wait. Won't Corporate notice those numbers?

DREADNOUGHT:

My report headline was dismal: Saniss 130991, class 1. I doubt if anyone in the office even bothers to check the file, dude.
Just, don't mention *me* by name until after you negotiate the price.

CONTROL:

When are you setting off the first scan burst?

DREADNOUGHT:

Should be deep enough for the squealer soon...wait, what's Grimm and Argus doing?

CONTROL:

You can see them?

DREADNOUGHT:

No, but I haven't seen any receptors link up in a couple minutes.

CONTROL:

Argus needs a bandaid on his exo, Grimm's patching him up. What's your depth,
now?

DREADNOUGHT:

Let me guess: number 7? Damn. We shoulda picked up a rig for him at least. They
might not have noticed one exo. Not to mention a better drill.

CONTROL:

There're too many eyes on that, Dreadnought. Trust me.

DREADNOUGHT:

Yeah? I'm not usually on this side of things. Still...

CONTROL:

Depth, Dreadnought.

DREADNOUGHT:

146 meters. I take it you want me to mind my own business?

CONTROL:

Neither of us wants you screwing this up.

DREADNOUGHT:

pause

Speaking of screwing, how's things with Finch?

CONTROL:

Haha, NOPE!

(OC to GRIMM)

Control to Exo 4

DREADNOUGHT:

Aww, man, come on! Give me someth--

CONTROL:

(CC with DREADNOUGHT)

Control to Exo 4, Grimm?

GRIMM:

Shoot.

CONTROL:

How's it coming?

GRIMM:

Almost there.

(OC to ARGUS)

OK, Helpless, what'd you break now?

ARGUS:

Ask Finch! She said it was safe!

CONTROL:

She said "probably." We didn't have much choice here. And since Dreadnought's the new guy, he got the best exo. 7 was your only option.

ARGUS:

Except for 4.

GRIMM:

I bought this with *my* money. I took care of it.

ARGUS:

Did you...did you name it?

GRIMM:

No.

ARGUS:

You totally did! What was it? Tinkerbelle? Butterfly? Lola?

GRIMM:

I'm about to name it Argusdeath.

ARGUS:

I wouldn't even be mad! That'd be a badass name!

CONTROL:

Guys...

GRIMM:

I'm checking the servo now.
Let's see. Yup. Weld rupture.

pause

What the hell??

ARGUS:

What??

CONTROL:

Grimm. Elaborate.

GRIMM:

Um...it looks like something chewed on Argus' vacsuit.

ARGUS:

What??

GRIMM:

...like it was trying to get inside.

ARGUS:

Did it get *in*??

CONTROL:
Say again, 4?

GRIMM:
screams to startle Argus

ARGUS:
screams

CONTROL:
REPORT! Grimm? Argus??

GRIMM:
laughter

ARGUS:
You bastard!

GRIMM:
That's for stringing my clothes out the airlock last week, sucker!

ARGUS:
Dammit!

CONTROL:
Grimm, knock it off and patch Argus up. We're on borrowed time!

GRIMM:
Can Blue get this recording off the blackbox? Priceless!

CONTROL:
Grimm!

GRIMM:
Yeah, yeah, Con, I'm already working on it.

CONTROL:

Do I have to remind you why we're here?

GRIMM:

...No! You don't.

CONTROL:

Ember's running out of time!

GRIMM:

You think I don't know that, asshole?

CONTROL:

Then stop screwing around!

GRIMM:

I'm not just--

ARGUS:

You're way out of line, Con.

DREADNOUGHT:

(OC to DREADNOUGHT)

Dread to Con

CONTROL:

(CC to GRIMM & ARGUS)

WHAT?

DREADNOUGHT:

Uh...Squealer's set. It probably won't tell me a lot more than how much further I'll have to drill, but I need some feedback. When'll they be done?

CONTROL:

Standby.

(CC)

(OC to ARGUS & GRIMM)

Control to Exos 7 and 4

ARGUS:

pause

Aye, Control. 7 here, plus one.

CONTROL:

Dreadnought's got the squealer ready. How's the patch?

pause

Look. I'm just trying to get this done.

GRIMM:

I've known Ember longer than you, dammit! The only thing keeping me from freaking out is pretending like nothing's wrong, just doing a job. I *know* my job. I *happen* to be pretty good at it!

CONTROL:

You're right. I'm sorry.

GRIMM:

Hmph

ARGUS:

I think that's "Grimm" for "I forgive you, kinda."

GRIMM:

Hmph

CONTROL:

This'll be over soon and we'll have a beer or ten with our mates on the *Corvus*.

GRIMM:

YOU'RE BUYING!

CONTROL:

Captain always buys.

How's the patch?

GRIMM:

We're about done.

ARGUS:

Watch it! That's my lucky C4!

GRIMM:

For all the good it's doing...not making a good day, so far.

Control, the patch here should hold until we get back.

...Long as nothing *chews* on it.

ARGUS:

Screw you.

CONTROL:

Confirmed. Hurry back and finish up. Argus?

ARGUS:

Aye.

CONTROL:

When is your scanner gonna be set up?

ARGUS:

I've got, let's see...two more receptors to place. I'll be done in a minute.

Station suspicious at *all*, by the way?

GRIMM:

That would ruin today.

CONTROL:

Blue says no. Dealing with other crap.

Grimm, when can you be ready?

GRIMM:

I was almost ready before Argus broke himself, and I had to get all the way
here, and now I have to--

CONTROL:

Grimm.

GRIMM:

Gimme 6 mike.

CONTROL:

Confirmed.

(CC)

(OC to DREADNOUGHT)

Control to Exo 2.

DREADNOUGHT:

What's gotcha?

CONTROL:

Argus and Grimm'll be ready in about 6 minutes.

DREADNOUGHT:

I...ok.

CONTROL:

What's wrong?

DREADNOUGHT:

I'm pretty much ready here.

You're sure Argus and Grimm know what they're doing?

CONTROL:

I've worked with them on half a dozen rocks. They get the job done.

DREADNOUGHT:

...especially since we're trying to pull this off with stone-age equipment.

CONTROL:

(OC to ARGUS)

Con to Exo 7. Is your scanner ready?

ARGUS:

Just waiting on Grimm, now.

CONTROL:

Good. Dreadnought is concerned about our ability to do this job, since we're old.

ARGUS:

Oh, IS he?

DREADNOUGHT:

Man, come on. I'm not trying to start any...
Listen, Argus, you guys clearly know what you're doing--

ARGUS:

You're what, Dreadnought, 16?

DREADNOUGHT:

I'm 24, dude.

ARGUS:

Right. And a *surveyor*, I might add. Have you ever actually walked on a rock before this one?

DREADNOUGHT:

...A few times.

ARGUS:

Uh huh. Well, 'dude', we've stripped *dozens* of asteroids of their precious treasure, found enough ore to build a *hundred* starships, fixed *thousands* of catastrophic breakdowns while stranded in deep space, and each of us has had reasonable success in at least one committed relationship!

DREADNOUGHT:

Barefoot, I imagine?

ARGUS:

We've stared death in the face a million times, evaded pirates, exposed traitors, and fought aliens!

DREADNOUGHT:

What?

ARGUS:

Fair enough, I made that last bit up, but the point is: we can handle this.

DREADNOUGHT:

I was pretty confident in your incredible experience, man.

I'm just hoping your ship and this *equipment* holds up.

ARGUS:

Oh...Well, we're screwed there. There's no way this stuff is gonna work perfectly. My leg already broke down.

DREADNOUGHT:

Yeah.

ARGUS:

But, you're right. Our incredible experience will compensate for equipment hangups. As for the Missus, though, she'll hold together.

DREADNOUGHT:

'Missus'?

ARGUS:

Our Mineral Retrieval Ship. The M R S *Hyac*--You really need to meet more people!

DREADNOUGHT:

But fewer miners, clearly.

ARGUS:

And learn to not mess with MRS captains. Con threw you at me on purpose, Dreadnought. Welcome to the *Hyacinth*!

(CC to ARGUS)

DREADNOUGHT:

Well, *thanks* for that, *Captain Hynes, sir*.

CONTROL:

Alsjeblieft!

DREADNOUGHT:

I've half a mind to set off the squealer now, see how you like getting your ears blown off.

CONTROL:

Dreadnought, if you fry our comms, I fry your--

BLUE:

(OC to BLUE)

Con!

CONTROL:

(CC to DREADNOUGHT)

What's up, Blue?

BLUE:

Station is on the line!

CONTROL:

Kanker, Blue! You said they didn't know anything!

BLUE:

I *said* they weren't suspicious based on what I was hearing! *They* contacted me directly.

CONTROL:

You're not even supposed to be on the *Hyacinth*!

BLUE:

I mean they contacted the ship. I didn't tell them who I was. They want to talk to *you*.

CONTROL:

...Why?!

BLUE:

I don't know why.

CONTROL:

freaks out a little

You turned the locator off, yes?

BLUE:

Is that a serious question, or have you been popping shots in the last five minutes?

CONTROL:

Right. Sorry. I'll take it.

BLUE:

Sterkte.

CONTROL:

Dankjewel.

deep breath
(OC to STATION)
This is Conlin Hynes.

STATION:
Hynes? Why do I have to call you on ship? You're not on the clock are you?

CONTROL:
No.

STATION:
Where are you?

CONTROL:
Hyacinth was all hinky last week. A few of my crew and I are doing a once-over
for next shift.

STATION:
I'm not pinging you. What's your location?

CONTROL:
We had to power down all transmission sources and test them individually.
Haven't gotten to the locator yet.

STATION:
Where are--

CONTROL:
Station I'm trying to get ready for next shift! Is there something you needed?

STATION:
Yes. The *Grissom's* had a problem at 7-3305.

CONTROL:
How tangled did she get?

STATION:

You've heard about it?

CONTROL:

Uh, yeah. I've got one of my guys listening through channels to help us identify our radio problem.

STATION:

Oh. Well *Grissom* is completely fouled. Had a major engine malfunction and twisted into its asteroid tether. Gonna cost a hell lot to fix.

CONTROL:

Is everyone ok?

STATION:

The commander didn't mention any casualties.

CONTROL:

You didn't ask?

STATION:

We take the safety of our contract crews seriously.

CONTROL:

Oh. So *Corvus'* crew is ransomed back, then?

STATION:

The crew of the *Corvus* were killed in an unfortunate encounter with rogue--

CONTROL:

Like hell they were! We've all seen the message, damn you!

STATION:

Any communication from their attackers implying the crew survived has been deemed false by a team of forensic data specialists.

CONTROL:

They went out there on Corporate orders! They're in danger because Corporate is pretending nobody knows what the *entirety* of the outsystem mining population absolutely knows! The crew of the *Corvus* are still alive!

STATION:

That is rampant, imaginative speculation based on hearsay.

CONTROL:

That is rampant, corporate ass-covering based on you being a bastard!

STATION:

I'll log that as a formal complaint, if you wish. Meanwhile the *Grissom*...

CONTROL:

We're not a rescue vessel! Did you decide it was too expensive to dispatch those to the scene?

STATION:

Of course not. The crew will be safe soon. We need you to pick up the slack until *Grissom* is repaired. Head out to 7-3305 immediately.

CONTROL:

We're still fixing our transmitters!

STATION:

You can fix them en route.

CONTROL:

And if something goes wrong on the way?

STATION:

Use this channel. It obviously works.

CONTROL:

For now!

STATION:

We expect you to report to 7-3305 by 0500.

CONTROL:

We need more time!

STATION:

Don't we all. Station out.

(CC to STATION)

BLUE:

"Sure, Station! We'd love to accommodate your sociopathy! Will we get overtime?"

"What is 'overtime'?"

"Never mind! We're happy to comply! We sure love you, Station!"

"What is 'love'?"

"Never mind, Station! Just keep being you!"

Well...at least you get to work a class 7 asteroid.

CONTROL:

Yippee.

BLUE:

How long will it take to get there?

CONTROL:

Well, we'd have to drop by station to pick up the rest of my crew, and get you out without anyone noticing, so we'd have to leave in...52 minutes.

BLUE:

"And in other pleasant news, meteors are pelting Martian cities, chocolate is suddenly poisonous, and the Sun has unexpectedly gone nova!"

And let's not forget I'm supposed to be on my *own* ship.

CONTROL:

(OC to ALL)

Attention all hands. We now have almost no time. Station has "requested" that we report in early to cover for the *Grissom*.

GRIMM:

Station??

CONTROL:

They still don't know we're out here, but we now have less than an hour to finish scanning this damn rock. Is that possible, Dreadnought?

DREADNOUGHT:

...Yeah??

CONTROL:

...I thought so. Ok, what do we need to--

ARGUS:

Aren't we Ember's only chance at survival? Temple's deadline ends in 3 hours. Why do we care what Station wants?

CONTROL:

This *rock* is Ember's only chance, Argus. This is *it*. If it isn't valuable, there's no sense in waiting around for Corporate to take us down. I won't let you all get thrown in some hellish prison for the rest of your lives.

So we need to find out what we've got here, fast!

GRIMM:

pause

All I want is *one* good day. Is that too much to ask?

CONTROL:

Them's the cards, Grimm. Double-time, everyone! And please keep your thoughts to yourselves; I did my best.

(CC to ALL)

BLUE:

(OC to BLUE)

Heavy hangs the head that wears the--

CONTROL:

Not now, Blue.

BLUE:

Want some coffee?

CONTROL:

Tastes like nuclear runoff.

BLUE:

Some people are into that.

CONTROL:

I wish Corporate was. Was that a new dispatcher?

BLUE:

I think so. Least, I didn't recognize him.

CONTROL:

Where do they get these guys?

BLUE:

I like to imagine they have a factory. Like, biiiiiig warehouse full of lumps of iron shaped like hearts, but instead of a beat, they have little servos.

"Is it functioning, sir?"

"Let me check its heart."

"Bzzzzzzzzzz"

"Yup. All good. Won't let feelings get in the--"

CONTROL:

(OC to GRIMM)

Grimm!

GRIMM:

Shoot.

CONTROL:

Are you done?

GRIMM:

I was literally about to hail you. Let's make this rock squeal. For Ember and the *Corvus*!

CONTROL:

(OC to ALL)

Control to all exos, prep for scanning shock.

Exo 7, go?

ARGUS:

Go, Con.

CONTROL:

Exo 4, go?

GRIMM:

Go.

CONTROL:

Confirmed. Exo 2, we're good to go.

pause

Control to Exo 2. Dreadnought?

DREADNOUGHT:

(distortion)

I'm good, man. You read?

CONTROL:

Barely. Damn your radio!

DREADNOUGHT:

It has been DAMNED!
...Are we doing this?

GRIMM:

We're waiting for you.

DREADNOUGHT:

Whoo hoo! I'm ready.

CONTROL:

Everyone lock comms and hold on. And, you know, cross your fingers. Ember needs
it.

On my mark...

5, 4, 3...

(CC to ALL)

(as the Squealer is activated, a vicious screech of static and electronic
interference permeates the *Hyacinth*)

[Link](#) to Episode 2