

EPISODE 7

FINCH:

Are you kidding me?

BLUE:

If we don't, we could be dead before we even get a chance to make the deal.

FINCH:

And what? We just send the data to corporate and trust them to fill their end of the bargain? There's a reason we were going to do this face to face.

GRIMM:

I'm with Finch on this one. As soon as you fix whatever's wrong with the shuttle, pick me up and we'll get out of here.

FINCH:

Diagnostics are done. I think we can handle this, Blue.

BLUE:

pause

Fine! We'll wait. What's the damage?

FINCH:

Looks like the starboard lateral nav thrusters are shot.

BLUE:

I thought it felt sluggish. I can compensate, if you tune the dorsal and ventral thrust a bit. Anything else we need to fix?

FINCH:

I mean...

BLUE:

Anything else we CAN fix?

FINCH:

Nope.

BLUE:

Alright, so she might as well be fresh off the line.

FINCH:

If we can get away from the rock, we'll make it back to station, that's more or less certain.

BLUE:

That's not what 'certain' means, Finch.

FINCH:

Demote me, then.

BLUE:

Done.

FINCH:

pause

...Ok, ventral and dorsal are set to give you a bit of list to port if you need it.

BLUE:

Already? Keep it up, and I'll promote you.

Strapped in?

FINCH:

Hang on.

pause

Yup.

BLUE:

Grimm?

GRIMM:

Shoot.

BLUE:

We're coming for you. Hold on.

GRIMM:

To what, exactly?

BLUE:

...Your unconquerable soul, I guess.

GRIMM:

Dammit, I *knew* I forgot to pack something.

BLUE:

Finch, go for launch?

FINCH:

Terrain claws unlocking.

pause

Confirm release?

BLUE:

Confirm. 5 meters out. I'm taking this slow. How's the radar?

FINCH:

Looking fine. Nothing our way yet.

BLUE:

Good. Powering nav thrusters.

FINCH:

Confirmed.

BLUE:

10 meters out. Adjusting vector...
Klere! This thing handles worse than a Merc...
Ok. Firing thrusters.

FINCH:
HARD TO PORT, BLUE!

BLUE:
I can't pull a hard port!
impact
What was that??

FINCH:
More coming our way!

BLUE:
From where??

FINCH:
I can't...everywhere!
impact

BLUE:
Pulling about!
impact
Landing claws, now!

FINCH:
Ready!
impact

BLUE:
Secured to surface!
pause as noise dies down
Any other damage?

FINCH:

Running diogs...

GRIMM:

Grimm to shuttle. What's going on?

BLUE:

Debris forced us back down, Grimm. We tried. Trying to figure this out.

Standby.

FINCH:

...that's no good.

BLUE:

What?

FINCH:

Radio was just damaged.

I'm starting to think you were right about contacting station. Maybe we should do that before comms fail entirely.

BLUE:

Lemme see.

pause

Yeah, that's not gonna work. Our amplifier's been hit. No way our comms will reach station now.

Ok...We're stuck on a weird, reactive rock. Our comms won't reach station, so we can't make the deal for them to pay for Ember's release. *Hyacinth* is practically derelict. Am I missing anything?

GRIMM:

Well, I've got an itch on my back that I can't reach...

FINCH:

Can we reach *Hyacinth* with comms?

BLUE:

One sec...barely. For now.

FINCH:

Can you relay through it?

BLUE:

I...should be able to. Hang on.

GRIMM:

I've got less than 30 minutes of air left, if anyone cares.

FINCH:

We'll get you, Grimm.

BLUE:

Hyacinth's long comms are powered down. Lemme try a command link.

FINCH:

A what?

BLUE:

I'll need to take over the whole ship from here.

FINCH:

What's left of the poor girl, anyway.

GRIMM:

Yeah. I'm gonna miss her.

BLUE:

Aha! Got it!

Wow. These systems are freaking out. She's really taken a pelting. Life support is down, half the ship has lost atmosphere, engines are barely functioning...

FINCH:

Well, we don't need to move her.

BLUE:

Ja, ja. Checking comms...

Oh. That figures.

FINCH:

What?

BLUE:

Seems the computer sent long comms into software maintenance when we left the ship. Figured it was in port.

GRIMM:

So we're hamstrung by an automated update check??

BLUE:

Got it! Shuttle comms are linked through *Hyacinth*, but there's no telling if they'll last.

GRIMM:

Let's get it over with.

BLUE:

Here goes.

Blue to...This is Famke Hynes of the MRS *Hyacinth*. Station, do you copy?

pause

Station?

STATION:

Station. We copy. ETA at 7-3305?

BLUE:

ETA never.

STATION:

Repeat.

BLUE:

I said: ETA November-Echo-Victor-Echo-Romeo.

STATION:

I don't follow. Where is Captain Hynes?

BLUE:

He's...dead.

STATION:

Repeat.

BLUE:

He's dead, Station! He's dead because we're out here trying to help ransom the
Corvus!

STATION:

What the hell is going on? Where are you located?

BLUE:

Oh, we'll get to that.

STATION:

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

BLUE:

"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..."

Sound familiar, station?

pause

Station?? Kanker!

FINCH:

What?

BLUE:

They closed channels. Seems they don't want to hear it.

Fine. Send them the data, Finch.

FINCH:

Pardon?

BLUE:

Not the location. Just the initial scans and the squealer's confirmation. I forgot we have to speak their language.

FINCH:

pause

Sent.

BLUE:

Wait for it.

long pause

And...

STATION:

Station to MRS *Hyacinth*.

pause

Hyacinth, come in.

FINCH:

Uh. Blue?

BLUE:

Shhhhh. No reason to rush.

GRIMM:

Um. Actually I can think of several!

BLUE:

Shhh!

STATION:

Station to *Hyacinth*, please respond.

BLUE:

There it is.

pause

Oh, hello, Station.

STATION:

Where did you get these scans?

BLUE:

Like I said, we'll get to that. First, I need you to relay this communication to someone more important than you.

STATION:

I am authorized to negotiate.

BLUE:

So you know what I'm after, do you? And clearly corporate does, too! I'm guessing you're trying to scan for us now, huh? Well, too bad. Finch here disabled all homing beacons. Dangerous, of course. Would be a shame if something happened to us before we could tell you which of the 90 bajillion featureless rocks you've surveyed is a record-shattering goldmine.

STATION:

We are prepared to buy this information if it is real. We've always been open to paying fairly for resources found by our independent contractors.

BLUE:

Well that's good to hear! Excellent! I'll get back to you with a price.

Hyacinth out.

close channel

Well? Thoughts?

GRIMM:

That sounded great. You, um, left out one or two minor details.

BLUE:

I'm not going to tell them.

FINCH:

Blue...

BLUE:

I wouldn't care if this rock...whatever it is...was a gateway to hell!
Corporate can figure it out for themselves.

FINCH:

But it won't be corporate finding that out. It'll be miners, like us. They
don't deserve to get killed.

BLUE:

pause

It'll be miners no matter what, though. Even if corporate knows this place is
dangerous, they're going to send people. We know that much about them.

FINCH:

Ok, but if we make it clear what's happening, they'll probably send a couple
warships, too, if only to keep equipment losses down. Anyone working here will
have a much better chance.

BLUE:

Grimm, back me up.

GRIMM:

Sorry, can't.

FINCH:

We can't be like them, Blue. We have to be better.

BLUE:

Uuuuuuugh, FINE! Fine!

starts hitting buttons

Fine, fine, fine, fine finefinefinefinefine.

Hyacinth to Station.

Come in.

STATION:

Hyacinth, this is station.

BLUE:

When you commence operations on this asteroid, you should, um, send a couple warships in advance.

STATION:

Confirm, *Hyacinth*: you said 'warships'?!

BLUE:

You know. Those thingies that are a lot like regular spaceships but made of guns and bombs?

STATION:

Explain.

BLUE:

(to Finch)

Do I have to?

FINCH:

Blue!

BLUE:

Station, this asteroid has exhibited highly unusual seismic properties. When we approached it, everything seemed normal, but as we continued probing, it started...

STATION:
Started what?

BLUE:
Responding.

STATION:
Responding? How so?

BLUE:
Initially, just quakes. A fissure opened up and we lost our squealer. Had to retrieve the data...at the cost of two lives.

STATION:
Just a fissure?

BLUE:
Negative. Our surviving exo was caught in some sort of debris "storm" and suffered some damage. Not too long ago, large pieces of the asteroid have broken off and seemed to fly directly at our ship. At least, they were not following any sort of orbital mechanics I've ever seen.

STATION:
Your ship is damaged?

BLUE:
We were able to evade. Only one minor impact.
Unfortunately Captain...Hynes was killed in the hit.

STATION:
And you're sure this happened 'in response' to your work?

BLUE:

No, Station! I'm not sure of anything. I'm telling you what happened. We drilled, and scanned, and set off a few explosive devices, and each time it seemed the rock responded. I don't know why. Do you?

STATION:

Hyacinth, standby.

channel closed

BLUE:

"Miss Hynes, we are very sorry for the loss of your brother. He contributed much to this company."

"Oh, thank you, Station. I appreciate it. Did you know him?"

"He was a pain in the ass, but we are, nonetheless, sorry."

"Well that's certainly true. And let's not forget Argus and Dreadnought."

"Certainly, Hynes! Good men, both. We will remember them."

"That's very kind, Station. Thank Corporate for me, will you?"

GRIMM:

...So, just 'one minor impact', eh?

BLUE:

The last thing they need to know is that we're in trouble. No need to give them bargaining ideas.

GRIMM:

Fair enough. Let's hope we don't actually, you know, need their help.

FINCH:

I'd prefer death.

GRIMM:

I don't like them either, but I'd like to live through this.

pause

Don't give up on me, girls. Please.

BLUE:

Yeah. Yeah we gotcha, Grimm. Even if we have to ask for their help.

GRIMM:

Or we could just transmit to the nearest outpost and ask for help? Hemelberg is barely 30 minutes away. Or, hell, scan for any friendlies that might be nearby.

BLUE:

If we tell any friendly ships where we are, that'll automatically log in their systems, and Corporate won't need us anymore.

GRIMM:

Ok, well, bottom line is we will probably need someone to come get us.

FINCH:

Not yet! I think I know how to get off this horrible--

STATION:

Station to *Hyacinth*.

BLUE:

This is *Hyacinth*. Go ahead station.

STATION:

Are you prepared to negotiate?

BLUE:

I suppose so.

STATION:

What amount do you request?

BLUE:

We would've been happy to see you give Temple what he asked to return Captain Ember with her ship. But we've gone through hell today and too many people have died to let you off so easy.

STATION:

Who died?

BLUE:

My brother. My BROTHER, a friend...two friends, you scumsucking...I just told you this! Why am I even surprised??

FINCH:

Blue...

STATION:

My condolences.

BLUE:

We're out, Station. Me, Finch, and Grimm. We're out! And you're paying for it! 1 billion, each. Plus, you're going to negotiate with Temple for the release of the *Corvus*. And we're not sending you the coordinates until we hear from Ember herself.

STATION:

A billion each. Done. We are not acknowledging the captured status of the *Corvus*. It is presumed destroyed with its crew.

BLUE:

What??

STATION:

We'll deposit the money in your accounts as soon as you send us the data.

long pause

Hyacinth? The data?

BLUE:

Station...krijg de ziekte!

close channel

FINCH:

What are you doing?

BLUE:

Not dealing with them!

STATION:

Hyacinth, please respond.

pause

Station to *Hyacinth*!

FINCH:

Blue, this won't change anything. We need to get Ember back! Just take the money! It's more than enough to ransom her ourselves!

STATION:

Hyacinth, come in!

pause

We will pay each of you 5 billion.

GRIMM:

5 *billion*?

BLUE:

I *knew* something was up!

STATION:

Hyacinth, please resp--

channel jammed

FINCH:

So they're agreeing to the deal, and you're jamming them?

BLUE:

I don't like the deal. Don't you think it's a bit weird Station is gung-ho to give us 5 times as much as we asked for? Without bargaining? No questions? They clearly want this rock!

GRIMM:

Isn't that the point? What are we missing?

BLUE:

Station--or the Corporate handlers, whatever--know exactly what this rock is, why it's acting weird. And they seem really eager to get it. Enough that it's worth 15 billion.

FINCH:

So?? Give it to them!

BLUE:

So I'm sick of them! And I'm sick of them getting what they want by just throwing money at it. Whatever this asteroid actually is, it's giving them too much, and I'm not doing it.

GRIMM:

And Ember?

BLUE:

Don't worry, we'll get her. And it won't be as easy as money for Corporate this time.

channel open

Temple! Commander Temple!

This is Famke Hynes of the MRS *Hyacinth*. We wish to negotiate the release of Ember Roth and her crew.

GRIMM:

...This is getting interesting.

BLUE:

Temple! I know you're there. This is the frequency you sent in the file. Pick up, Kankerlijr!

FINCH:

I hope you know what you're doing.

BLUE:

I know exactly what I'm doing. I'm shoving Corporate's self-interest up its own--

TEMPLE:

Hyacinth, this is Temple.

BLUE:

What's up, you weeping sore?

TEMPLE:

pause

That's a good start.

BLUE:

Ja. Well I have a way with words.

TEMPLE:

I'm more interested in money.

BLUE:

We've got better.

TEMPLE:

You're not from Halaesus, are you? Why are you contacting me? Captain Roth doesn't have time for this.

BLUE:

Oh, you'll be releasing her soon enough.

TEMPLE:

For what? Insults?

BLUE:

This.

sends data

TEMPLE:

pause

Consider negotiations opened.

This is...quite the find.

BLUE:

We're offering this against the safe return of Ember, her crew, and her ship.

And, while you're at it, compensate her for the loss of her time and cargo.

TEMPLE:

That's all you want?

BLUE:

Do you have 5 million lying around? We'd like to leave this profession for good.

TEMPLE:

That depends.

BLUE:

On what?

TEMPLE:

You haven't mentioned whose territory this rock is in. Is it in the belt?

BLUE:

Jovian lagrange point 4.

TEMPLE:

It's a greek object? That is...inconvenient.

BLUE:

But you're going to take it.

TEMPLE:

It's obviously valuable, but...

BLUE:

"Valuable"? This rock could fund your operations for years.

TEMPLE:

Or start a war.

BLUE:

That's on you.

TEMPLE:

Bullshit. You want one to happen. Why?

BLUE:

For the same reason you're talking to me, and not my employers. They've been pretending *Corvus* was lost with its crew, and that you were lying about them being alive.

TEMPLE:

I see.

BLUE:

And I hate them for it. And I hate you for causing this mess. And I figured I could hurt your company and my employers with one go this way. You might be sneaky, but eventually you'll get caught, and there'll be loads of fighting. Especially when they backtrace your ships to this rock.

TEMPLE:

Well now you're just telling me your whole diabolical plan.

BLUE:

Doesn't matter what I say: you're still going to risk it for this rock.

TEMPLE:

...Yes, I suppose we will.

BLUE:

And how will I know that you'll actually release the *Corvus*?

TEMPLE:

I'll send you the money first. In good faith.

BLUE:

I'll send you an account.

TEMPLE:

Got it.

pause

And done. 5 million. The data?

BLUE:

If you back out on us, Temple...

TEMPLE:

That rock is worth more than a hundred thousand ransoms. I've no desire to keep
useless prisoners. You'll hear Captain Roth hail you from her ship in a few
minutes.

BLUE:

Sending data now.

channel closed

alert

FINCH:

What?

BLUE:

I don't know what's going on. Hang on.

pause

It looks like *Hyacinth's* long comms shut down again!

pause

And it's not responding to the command line anymore!

GRIMM:

Did the transmission go through?

BLUE:

I...don't know.

FINCH:

If it failed, Temple will assume we stiffed him for the money.

BLUE:

Kanker!

Grimm, how far away is that outpost again?

GRIMM:

Hemelberg? It's about thirty minutes away in the shuttle.

BLUE:

Thirty min...ok, We'd only need to get halfway there before the shuttle's comms can reach it. We should be able to relay then.

GRIMM:

That's assuming we can even leave.

BLUE:

I'm open to suggestions!

FINCH:

I think you've already got it.

BLUE:

What?

FINCH:

You connected to the command line of the entire *Hyacinth*, right? Not just comms?

BLUE:

Yeah. So?

FINCH:

So if this asteroid responds to attack, or at least threats, tell the Missus to launch any remaining probes, random crap, whatever. We can probably slip the shuttle out.

BLUE:

That's a big risk, Finch. There'll be a lot of junk flying around. If it doesn't work...I don't think we can take any more hits in this thing. We're dead.

FINCH:

We need to confirm Temple got that transmission or *Ember's* dead. And 52 crew. It's worth it.

BLUE:

presses powerup switch

Alright.

GRIMM:

Wait, if *Hyacinth's* comms only shut down, why don't we just get there and see if we can fix them?

FINCH:

Because we can't take off without a distraction. And even if we could, the *Hyacinth* would be the target with us on it.

GRIMM:

Aha.

BLUE:

Finch, strap in. We're gonna be moving fast.

Grimm, you may have to jet into our hold. We don't have time for this to be perfect.

GRIMM:

I've got one good burst of fuel. Maybe two.

BLUE:

Just be ready.

GRIMM:

Born so.

BLUE:

Hyacinth is pretty damaged. But I can launch three more probes and probably eject the bottom four smithies into the asteroid. Should cause a ruckus.

FINCH:

Go for it.

BLUE:

Here we go.

pause

First missile away.

GRIMM:

I see it. There's two.

BLUE:

Ja. Two away. And..

Missile 3, away.

GRIMM:

First'll impact any second. Holy crap. That's...uh...a lot of C4.

BLUE:

Finch, any seismic activity?

tremor rocks the shuttle

Never mind. Ejecting smithy 1. Radar?

FINCH:

No movement yet.

BLUE:

All missiles impacted. Directing smithy 1 to crash.

GRIMM:

Oh man. That's expensive.

BLUE:

Grimm, shhhh. Ejecting smithy 2...

FINCH:

There we go! I can, with absolute certainty, declare this thing responds to attack. Pieces from everywhere are moving toward *Hyacinth*.

BLUE:

Thanks, old girl. Sorry we had to say goodbye like this.

GRIMM:

Things are getting a little dicey up here.

BLUE:

Finch, release clamps.

FINCH:

Done.

BLUE:
Alright, firing thrusters.

FINCH:
That's Grimm! Dead ahead.

BLUE:
Ok. Gonna do a good burst. Radar?

FINCH:
Some of the smaller bits are just hitting the Missus.

BLUE:
Ok.
Firing!
pause
And...easing off.

FINCH:
Approaching Grimm at 1 km.

BLUE:
Ja, ja. Gonna do a quick retrograde. Now!
...One or two more short bursts should slow us to 8 meters per second.

GRIMM:
I can't wait. I'm angling for you. Ready to jet as soon as--
impact
Dammit!!

BLUE:
Grimm!

GRIMM:

I'm ok! Got hit pretty hard. Exo took the brunt of it, though. I'm completely spinning out of control. I can't tell where anything is.

BLUE:

That's ok, I can still see you. Adjusting course.

GRIMM:

I just want one good day. Is that too much to ask?!

FINCH:

Got some larger bits coming up on port.

BLUE:

Grimm, start spinning your legs or whatever. Should arrest your rotation.

GRIMM:

Yes, Blue! I, too, went to elementary school and learned about angular momentum. I'm trying!

FINCH:

300 meters to Grimm.

BLUE:

Firing retrograde in 3, 2--

FINCH:

Rock! Port! Pull up!

BLUE:

Got it!

FINCH:

Clearing the top. Crap! Small ones! Firing!

Got it!

Oh, great! Dorsal turret is out of ammo.

starts to unharness

I'll get to the other gun station.

BLUE:

Finch, no. You need to stay harnessed.

FINCH:

You can't fly around all these. I'm heading aft to--

impact

alarms

Finch screams, gets knocked about

BLUE:

FINCH! Kanker! Finch!

GRIMM:

What the hell?

BLUE:

Impact, Grimm! Finch was unharnessed and she's...I'm coming for you!

impact

Klere! I'm losing systems, Grimm!

pause

I'm sorry. Looks like you won't see Elderdam or that confertree again.

GRIMM:

Forget about that, we have to make sure Temple got our transmission!

BLUE:

The Missus isn't dead quite yet. Have you stopped spinning?

GRIMM:

Almost. Why?

pause

Blue?

BLUE:

I'm firing the *Hyacinth's* engines, or what's left of them. Should be able to swing her towards you.

GRIMM:

Why?

BLUE:

Ok, she's on her way.

I'm shutting down the Missus, except for basic systems. Looks like the bridge is still unhurt except for the broken windows.

GRIMM:

Blue!

BLUE:

Powered down.

GRIMM:

What are you doing?

BLUE:

Use the last of your fuel to get to the ship. See if you can boot comms up again. I'll distract this...thing. Shuttle has a few smaller missiles. And one really big one.

GRIMM:

pause

Been wild, Blue.

BLUE:

That's *Commodore* Blue, darnit! Thrusters at full power. Missiles armed.

GRIMM:

Give this horrible thing a good hit for me.

BLUE:

And for Finch!

Missile 1 away!

And for Conlin!

Missile 2 away!

And for Argus!

Missile 3!

And Dreadnought!

Missile 4!

Full thrust! Whoo hoo!

Grimm, rocks are swinging toward me! This thing is all fired up now!
1.5 km to surface! Look at those explosions! I hope it hurts, you heap of slag!

1 km! Come on!

Come on, you stupid slab of spacerock! Come at me!

pause

Kanker, Conlin! This is all your fault! 'Mine the asteroids' you said. 'It'll
be fun!' you said! Your move, Grimm! Sterkte!

end transmission

GRIMM:

Vaarwel, Blue.

long pause

Ok.

Well, it's just me. (dammit)

I guess this is for the blackbox, so whoever's listening to this recording: hi.

I'm Grimm.

I'm floating in space near the rock Saniss...Sahnees 130991. Been a hell of a
day. I've stopped spinning, and I can see the *Hyacinth* heading my way (ish)
fast. Prox sensor says 1 km (ish).

I need to get aboard and see if I can boot up comms to see if our message went
through to Temple. And make sure he releases captain Ember.

Prepping to jet. I have barely any fuel left, so if I miss, that's it. So, I'm
not missing. There's still debris flying everywhere. Gotta time this...

.7 km.

long pause

650 meters.

Angling...And...last jet here we go!

Good burn! But I'm out! This is it!
400 meters, looks like my angle is good!
impact
Dammit! Rocks again! I'm spinning out of control. I can't...can't tell where
the ship is!
pause
Well prox sensor says I'm close! 100 meters!
pause
70 meters. Come on, come on.
50 meters!
I don't even--
Oh great. Looks like my prox sensor died. Like everything else around here.
I'm still spinning like crazy.
pause
Where is the damn ship?
long pause
If I missed it, I swear I'm gonna--
impact, scuffle, long grinding
Wow! That was a hard one! Blackbox, I am back on the *Hyacinth*! You know, just
FYI. Not 10 meters from the bridge.
I'm making my way along the hull. Far as I can tell, the ship's not under
attack anymore. Blue's diversion worked.
pause
Looks like someone left the window open...
Ok, blackbox. I'm inside Control. Damn mess in here. I don't see Captain Hynes'
body, so yeah, he was blown out into space. Poor bastard.
And, here's comms.
long pause
Crap, this shoulda been Blue doing this. Trying a hard reset.
Ooh! Oh, cool. Beeps and lights, and stuff. Looks like backup is powering it
on. Standby.
pause
Alright, I gotta plug my suit comm into this, hang on...
sudden alarms blare through
Ok wow. Lots of alerts. Lots of gloom and doom. Life Support failed. Engines
down. Smithies half-blown off. Man, I've seen all this before.

Granted, not all at once.

Gimme something I haven't--oh. Ok that's new.

Ok, blackbox, systems are telling me--yikes--systems are telling me the world
is ending.

Alright, all this is stupid, I just need to check the transmission relay.

pause

Dismiss, dismiss, dismiss.

pause

Oh. Thank god. Data transmission was completed before shutdown! Yes! Then I
guess that's that. Ember's free with her ship and crew. I hope.

Temple had better have gone through with...

impact

What's goin--?

See, I'm not even surprised anymore.

Uh, blackbox, you're probably recording this on sensors (if they still exist),
but apparently the *Hyacinth* is moving toward the asteroid at a good clip,
despite the gravity being negligible. This is insane.

I estimate I've got only a few minutes before...

I guess I'm not gonna live either.

EMBER:

I say again: this is Captain Ember Roth of the MRS *Corvus*. *Hyacinth*, do you
copy?

GRIMM:

Ember! Ember! I'm here! This is *Hyacinth*!

EMBER:

I hear you! Is that Grimm?

GRIMM:

Yes! Yes it's Grimm--it's me! I'm Grimm.

EMBER:

Hey! It's been ages! I'm still finding bits of pink paint on my old drill!

GRIMM:

Never gonna let that go, huh?

EMBER:

As if!

GRIMM:

What happened, Cap'n? Are you safe?

EMBER:

I am. And my crew. We're powering up the *Corvus* now. She's none the worse for wear. Meaning she runs like scrap metal, but what else is new?

GRIMM:

I hear that. I miss the ole girl.

EMBER:

Hey, you left my crew, don't forget!

GRIMM:

I needed a change, wasn't against you.

EMBER:

I know, I know.

How's Conlin treating you? Still loyal as hell?

GRIMM:

If you only knew.

EMBER:

Haha I knew you'd like him!

GRIMM:

How long will it take you to fly out of there?

EMBER:

Wow. Uh...probably won't even get into home territory for another..six hours or so. That's *after* we get the engines started. Why?

GRIMM:

pause

Just want to make sure Temple doesn't renege is all.

EMBER:

Nah, he seemed pretty sincere. And about that: that rat said *you* guys paid ransom? What the hell is *corporate* up to?

GRIMM:

They've been pretending you were already dead. All of you. Apparently Temple was asking for more than they thought an MRS crew was worth.

EMBER:

Figures. So how'd you do it? Where'd you find that kinda money?

GRIMM:

It's complicated. But we've rescued you, so I'm-we're doing good!

EMBER:

Who's there? Who do I have to buy beer for? I'm not rich, you know.

GRIMM:

Uh...just a few. Skeleton crew. Argus, Con, Finch, Blue...some new guy, Dreadnought. Real hero, him. They're busy though, so they told me to say, uh,
hi!

EMBER:

Thank you so much! Everyone!

GRIMM:

I'll be sure to tell them! And we...all have questions! Were you treated ok?
You know, besides being under a death threat and all?

EMBER:

Listen, we're ready to leave. I gotta go be a captain again. But I will definitely talk about it soon. Meet up at station? I've got a few things to say to those bastards, too!

GRIMM:

Yeah! Station's fine.

EMBER:

It's a good day, Grimm.

GRIMM:

What time is it?

EMBER:

0005.

GRIMM:

Then yes it is.

EMBER:

Gotta go. See you soon.

channel closed

GRIMM:

alerts fade back in

long pause

Yeah. I'd say this is a pretty good day.

Catastrophic systems failure, blackbox secured

END