

BRYAN + CASSIE

Aboard the Apollo, and under Cassie's orders, the ship makes a tactical retreat to avoid civilian casualties. After the retreat, ship engineer Bryan lays into her, furious.

BRYAN

What we doing, *boss!*? You back down, and run us away? You think *they* care about civilians? We blink first, and now the whole system knows it!

CASSIE

We don't hurt innocent people.

BRYAN

Innocent? *Rashi habak* this woman is judge and jury for who is innocent. You sleep in a snake pit you die with the snakes!

CASSIE

ENOUGH. Get the long range sensors online. Track any hard burns from the flotilla.

BRYAN

Oh yah yah boss. Then what? You want we should ask them to come over for *yavoto* and a *backrub*? You want we should take their orders or yours?

CASSIE

You have something to say to me then say it.

Bryan closes the distance to her, venom in his voice.

BRYAN

You have green eyes, *kincheta*. And scuffed knees.

Cassie takes a sharp breath, fighting to control her anger.

CASSIE

And you have half a brain, and your half works not so good. Get the long range sensors online NOW.

Bryan backs off, and petulantly (but deftly) taps at the buttons of a nearby terminal. A holographic image casts in front of them.

He zooms in and swipes as the computer hones in on a single curving heat trail moving away from the station.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

That's them. Plot a course to intercept, and we'll take the ship in open space, where nobody will get hurt.

Bryan chuckles as his face curls into a wicked smile.

BRYAN

Aye ye *captain*. But that is some foolish thinking yeah. Alone in open space, anybody can get hurt. What you can't get out here... is help. Boss.