
Laurel Scoresby is examining her rifle, running a cloth over the side panelling. Her movements are meticulous, as she swipes each of the little nooks and crannies clean of imperceptible dust- it seems to be more of something to occupy her hands with, than an actual need. She's sitting near Henri Fairweather.

LAUREL SCORESBY

There are still a few locations on board I'd like to assess.

Laurel doesn't look up from her cleaning, as she speaks to him.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Like where?

LAUREL SCORESBY

Most of the labs have some sort of safe failure, in the event of a specimen rampaging through the departments.

LAUREL SCORESBY

There might be survivors, if they were able to shovel themselves inside of one of those units. They're primarily used to hold valuable items.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Tom and I planned the locations together- he was consulted, particularly, on the dimensions of the rover interface inside of the geology department.

Laurel is talking to Henri as if he's a child- as if this is already information that he should be familiar with.

She sets the cloth down, bounces the gun in between both of her hands, seemingly finding satisfaction in the weight of the weapon.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

The geology department seems like a good place to start, then.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I'm not sure if we'll find anyone.

Laurel's tone of voice is sharp- cutting. She seems intent on making her point impeccably clear to Henri.

LAUREL SCORESBY

It'd be best not to get your hopes too high.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Tom mentioned that you had an especial closeness with Dr. Day, and I remember that he worked in Geology.

There's a bite of venom in her tone, barely tampered beneath a veneer of civility as she discusses Dr. Day. Laurel's eyes narrow for a moment.

LAUREL SCORESBY

But I trained my staff to prepare for the possibility of catastrophic failure.

LAUREL SCORESBY

So there's a chance.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

We won't know until we look.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

If anyone's stubborn enough to survive this, it'd be Jessie.

LAUREL SCORESBY

It isn't a matter of stubbornness. If that had been the case-

Laurel cuts herself off, tetchy.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I know.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

We'll find something, at least.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Do you want to wait, or should we go now?

LAUREL SCORESBY

We might as well go now.

Laurel gets up on her feet, swinging the gun's strap over her shoulder, securing it snugly into place with the pull of a buckle.

She doesn't spare a second glance over her shoulder for Henri, as the two exit the room.

Laurel's footsteps are light as she walks across the metal panelling bolted down into the floorways, achingly familiar with their layout and every minute squeak or groan of protest that might come from resting undue weight on a join or corner.

She chews on the inside of her cheek, shoulders tense as they approach the set of metal doors- swiping one of the stolen ID cards from the laundry room into the reader to gain access.

Laurel takes a deep breath- before the two of them are shouldering into the room, Laurel scanning it in a wide arc.

She lets the breath go, the clump of air whistling through her front teeth as she does so.

LAUREL SCORESBY

All clear.

She lowers her weapon, and closes the doors to the lab behind the two of them. She looks uneasily out into the hallway for a moment- but there are no blinking red lights, no hurried footsteps or muffled breathing, so she turns her attention back to the inside of the lab before them.

An avalanche of broken glass and chipped off stone fragments litters the lab, alongside armfuls of metal instruments and errant hammers and chisels lying on top of the rubble. Laurel winces.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Jesus, this place is a mess.

LAUREL SCORESBY

It was a catastrophic failure.

Laurel sounds annoyed- as if the state of the lab is a direct reflection upon her work ethic. She tries to not step on an already broken beaker as she moves deeper into the room.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Still.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I think the safe's back here--

Laurel leans down for a moment, to examine the side of the safe.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Someone's flipped the switch.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Try not to injure yourself on any of the debris.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I'll get the lid open.

LAUREL SCORESBY

You... Might want to stand back, for that.

Laurel looks at him up and down skeptically, one eyebrow arched.

Henri frowns.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Let's open it, then.

Laurel works her fingers underneath the groove of the lid, flicking open a clasp that'd fallen half into place- before she's wrenching it open, leaving Jessie Day's body to tumble downwards, landing on top of Henri Fairweather.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Oh, for God's sake-

JESSIE DAY

Nice ta see ya.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Oh thank God.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Hm.

Laurel doesn't seem pleased that they have in fact, discovered Dr. Day.

LAUREL SCORESBY

It's good to see you're among the living, Dr. Day.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Those training drills weren't quite as frivolous as you made them out to be, it seems.

Her voice is cold, haughty- as she looks down at the two of them.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

You get all the rocks out of there before you got inside?

Henri is checking Jessie's face and neck for any obvious bruising.

Jessie makes an offhand gesture.

JESSIE DAY

I got most of 'em out before I got in.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Most of them.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

...I see your bandanna's survived. What a relief.

JESSIE DAY

I'd be lost without it.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Are we *quite* finished here?

LAUREL SCORESBY

There are still several departments unchecked.

Laurel pinches the bridge of her nose for a moment, searching for her composure, eyes closed. Her grip around her gun doesn't waver.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Never mind. You two'll only slow me down while clearing the area.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Do as you like. *I'm* going to see if there are any other survivors.

She turns on her heel, ready to leave the room, fingers primed on the gun to shoot.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

We're getting up.

Henri stands up, and offers Jessie a hand.

Jessie takes Henri's hand.

JESSIE DAY

Hold your horses, Dr. Scoresby. The only way to drive cattle fast is slowly, yanno.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Excuse me for being attuned to the fact that there may be others gasping their last while we stand around gormlessly.

LAUREL SCORESBY

This was a catastrophic system failure.

LAUREL SCORESBY

People within the labs are under my jurisdiction of care.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I'm going into Botany.

Laurel strides off shortly after snapping those last few sentences.

Henri helps Jessie up.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

'Gormlessly.' That's a new one.

JESSIE DAY

It's a 50 cent word if I ever heard one.

JESSIE DAY

How you been, Hen?

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Pretty horrible, but I'm alive. Glad to see you are, too. How're you holding up?

JESSIE DAY

Pretty well, all things considered. I'm in one piece and so are you.

In the near distance- there is an agonized, distinctly female scream. Low moaning and sobbing follows, ricocheting off of the panes of glass and metal walls.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Shit--!

JESSIE DAY

Christ Almighty--

The botany lab is a disaster. Dirt and water has sloshed over the floors, forming a slurry of thick mud. Laurel and another figure are wrestling around in it- Laurel flipping and turning the person to pin them beneath her body weight. She's swinging in sharp, contained gestures- exerting exactly as much force as is needed, and not an ounce more as she torques at the waist.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Son of a bitch!

Dave's head bounces against the floorboards- but he smiles, even through the blood trickling out of his nose.

DAVE FENNE

Do you want her to live? You can't kill me and save her, Lolly.

Laurel freezes for a moment- Nina is still alive, sobbing and gagging as she is, bisected just beneath the pelvis, crushed fragments of bone and spilled intestines looped over the floor. Something that might be the lobe of a liver glistens.

LAUREL SCORESBY

You don't get to call me that, *you bastard*.

Laurel sticks both of her hands into Dave's mouth- one palm pressed to the roof of his mouth, the other compressing his tongue, as she wrenches in both directions with a sharp, economical movement. The crack of his jaw dislocating is hideous- and she's grabbing him by the head and shoulders and swinging him out of the Botany lab.

Dave crashes into the opposite wall- and somehow, manages to stagger off- leaving a spattered purple trail of blood behind himself, glowing faintly underneath the overhead lighting.

Laurel's staggering to Nina, staring at the metal. Nina gasps, eyes pleading with Laurel as one of her hands reaches upwards to her, trembling.

NINA DALLAS

Dr- Dr. Scoresby, please- Dave, D-

And Laurel is squatting down on the ground, working her fingers around the edge of the metal.

LAUREL SCORESBY

It's alright, Nina. It's alright.

She grits her teeth, ignoring Nina's scream as she uproots the sheet of metal- blood sloshing outwards now that her skin hasn't been crimped into place through sheer pressure- before she's got her arm underneath the small of Nina's back, and her knees, organs dislodging and propped against the front of her lab coat.

She dunks her into a nearby cryo-tank, Nina moaning, snot rolling down her face and dripping off of her chin. Laurel's arms are soaked in the nanite suspension, gloopy bubbles pushing sluggishly through the mixture, frigid. Nina's fingers dig into Laurel's shoulder as she twitches.

NINA DALLAS

Dr. Scoresby- I'm afraid.

Laurel closes her eyes for a moment, voice soft. She's still holding the two segments of Nina's body together inside of the tank, left hand pushing loops of intestine and an errant kidney roughly into the proper configuration. Nina shudders, still bawling.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I'm here, Nina. I'm here. You're going to be alright.

Nina settles, eventually, resting her head into the crook of Laurel's shoulder and neck as she sobs. The solution within the tank has sent goosebumps along Laurel's arms, adrenaline leaving her pupils blown nearly black, as she looks down at Nina. She seems to be drifting off- though from the clear panelling on the side of the tank, it does seem to be that most of her body has sludged properly back into configuration.

Nina's still breathing- as she sort of slumps against the side of the container. Laurel stares at the readings lit brightly on the electronic display panel- before stepping back, to close the lid. Her voice is rough, when she turns to address the two men in the room- blood drenching her front, staining her hands.

LAUREL SCORESBY

She'll be fine. The nanites will do their job. I'm going to kill Specialist Fenne if I ever get my hands on him again.

She says this with an eerie calm, before looking down at her own hands.

The cuts from the metal have healed from their dunk in the tank- but she's still got her own blood encrusting her forearms, having run down in thick rivulets.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Do you two understand, now, why I don't have time to waste on your reunions? We could have gotten here before Dave bisected Nina like a bug on a corkboard.

Her voice is bitter, but she's moved to wash herself off in one of the safety showers, tilting her face up into the spray of water- before promptly ducking behind a curtain divider to pull on fresh clothes from a stack in a cabinet.

She looks immaculately put together, except for the slight dampness of her red hair slicked back into a high ponytail.

Her lab coat is pristine white.

LAUREL SCORESBY

We need to wheel this over towards Sylvester. It'll be easier to secure one location and ensure a stable energy supply, rather than two. You both can push the tank. I'll clear the way.

Jessie pulls his bandanna over his nose to block out the smell of gore. He grumbles to himself.

JESSIE DAY

How in God's name were we meant to know Fenne was gonna go all Sweeney Todd on his friend? I'm a geologist, not an augur.

Laurel pauses for a moment, before she stares at Jessie with a calm that only surfaces when she's cutting into a body on a steel slab. Her voice is frigid.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I suggest you keep your *witty* commentary to yourself. There are more important people at stake here, Dr. Day.

Henri steps between Jessie and Laurel, looking notably paler than before. He doesn't say anything.

Laurel takes hold of the cryotank's handle.

LAUREL SCORESBY

If both of you are so incompetent as to be of zero assistance in this relocation matter- than by all means, allow me to do the honours.

LAUREL SCORESBY

When we get back to Amsel, you two lovebirds can have all the time in the world to yourselves- because I refuse to work with deadweight on reconnaissance. I can find Tom myself.

Her tone is caustic, as she kicks at an accessibility button near the bottom of the doors, clearly intent on lugging the tank herself. It's rough going.

JESSIE DAY

Wait- I apologize. Let me help.

Jessie shuffles forward like he's approaching a dangerous animal, slow and deliberate.

Henri goes to get the doors.

Laurel doesn't acknowledge either of them, expression venomous save for a brief moment when Nina's hand presses to the glass, searchingly- slowly, like a dreamer turning in the river's tide.

Her brown eyes flicker open for a moment, petrified- and Laurel takes a moment to lean down, her own palm pressing against the glass, expression shockingly gentle, for all her bluster and violence. Nina locks eye contact with her- and seems to be comforted, as her eyelids flutter slowly closed again.

When Laurel gets back up properly, her expression shifts back to one of disdain and hatred.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Don't jostle the undercarriage of the tank, if you can handle that much.

Her mouth is curled into a sneer, but there's again- that same softness touching her expression for a moment as she places one palm on the top of the tank to ease it over a tricky bit of rubble, looking down at Nina seemingly asleep inside of the nanite slurry.

Jessie takes hold of the tank's handle, keeping it as steady as possible.

JESSIE DAY

Yes'm.

When the group return to where Theodore is, still unconscious in his own cryotank, Laurel immediately goes about rigging Nina's right beside his.

She hauls open a toolbox with a small assortment of tools, some clearly missing-the ones that are accounted for have bright pink tape wrapped around their handles.

It's a convoluted process- at one point, she's stripping vulcanized rubber off of some wiring with her bare teeth and picking at the bits with her nails, and tearing strips of duct tape to secure wiring into place similarly. She doesn't ask for assistance- and when all is said and done, the system looks nearly textbook perfect.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Done.

Laurel seems satisfied, for now. She sits back for a moment, still holding onto a wrench, as if the heft of it in her hand is comforting.

LAUREL SCORESBY

It might be easier to secure this area and have Amsel come over of his own accord, rather than sending him an escort entourage and doubling back.

JESSIE DAY

Who's this Amsel you keep talkin' about?

LAUREL SCORESBY

Black box technician.

The weight of the words is... Ominous, to say the least. She looks expectantly at Henri to explain.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

There was an accident. None of us are sure *what *it was, but--

Henri lets out a long sigh.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

There's not many of us left.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

We know Dave had something to do with it. This--

He gestures towards Nina's tank.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

--isn't an isolated incident.

Jessie nods slowly.

JESSIE DAY

I figured somebody did somethin' to the ship. This thing's done up like Fort Knox, it'd have to be somebody on the inside to wreck it.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Yeah.

He sounds grim.

The door handle rattles open for a moment- before there's the sound of a thin piece of metal being forced in between the scanner and the lock. A little bit of wiggling around- Laurel's gun already trained at the entrance, and Tom's stepping through, his own weapon aimed to sweep around the room, eyes darting around- before catching on Laurel. It's not exactly hard to do- seeing as she throws her gun down to sprint towards him- he kicks the doors closed behind himself, weapon falling to the floor with a similar clatter, before he's catching her, Laurel having literally thrown herself at him.

He buries his face into her red hair for a moment, a sob shaking his shoulders, as he slowly leans down to the ground, sinking to his knees, body curled protectively over hers. Laurel's back is on the ground, legs wrapped around Tom's waist, as he cries into her palm- Laurel cradling his face tenderly, a cascade of kisses being brushed against his face. He pulls her into a tight hug- repositioning the two of them, one palm fumbling blindly behind himself as he leans his back against the wall, cuddling Laurel close to him. One hand is still tangled in her hair, cradling the back of her head with one broad, calloused palm, as Laurel rests her head into the crook of his neck and shoulder like it was made for her. Tom's eyes are closed.

TOM WREKE

Laurel.

His voice is rough, her name like a litany on his lips- still sobbing openly, as he holds her like he's afraid to lose her.

Jessie looks to Henri, gauging his reaction. He clears his throat awkwardly.

JESSIE DAY

Save room fer Jesus, you two.

Henri doesn't say anything for a long while, as he takes in what's happening around him. He lets out a breath that isn't quite a sigh.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Glad to see you're still with us, then.

His voice is quiet.

Tom takes in a shuddery breath, about to say something- before realizing there are other people in the room with a start.

He looks up, eyes shiny with tears, before he's attempting to get up- though Laurel isn't exactly cooperating, clinging to him like a child. He kisses her on the forehead- voice soft as he murmurs-

TOM WREKE

Love you, Lolly.

Laurel snuffles, though she'd deny it if asked- and she eventually does move, to walk towards the sink and splash water over her face, hands holding onto the edge of the counter as she tries to steady her breathing.

Tom, on the other hand, walks towards Henri- and pulls him into a hug. The hand on his back is almost ginger in how gentle it is, when pressing against the back of his shirt. There's a light kiss to Henri's forehead- another on his cheek, and then one softly pressed to his mouth. It's closed mouthed, almost chaste- before he's pulling away and using the heel of his hand to wipe away tears, breathing still ragged.

TOM WREKE

Henri.

Henri lets out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. He leans into the embrace, reassured by the closeness of it all -- and then Tom is pulling away, and Henri is left standing before him with tears in his eyes.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Tom.

Jessie glances between the two of them.

JESSIE DAY

Ain't no reason to get excited, Tom.

Laurel interrupts from the sink. Her voice is much smaller, quieter than before.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Tom- we need to talk about Nina.

Tom's expression freezes, before he's turned around to face Laurel.

TOM WREKE

What do you mean? Is she alright?

He sounds frightened. Laurel walks over to where he and Henri are, putting her hand on his shoulder. She squeezes it reassuringly.

LAUREL SCORESBY

It's- Charles and Daryl don't have anything to worry about. She'll pull through- I got there in time.

LAUREL SCORESBY

But I wanted to talk to you, about what transpired- before you see for yourself. I repeat- she's fine.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Can we go into the other room to discuss this? There's a recording you should see- I was holding onto it until I found you.

Tom nods, but he seems a little lost, looking over his shoulder at Henri, before Laurel is taking him by the hand and walking off into the other room with him.

Henri goes to follow them into the other room, but remains silent. He's looking a little pale, clearly disturbed by the memory of what had transpired.

Laurel seems immensely annoyed to see Henri tagging along. She looks up sharply as he walks through the doors.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Do you *mind*? This is a private affair-

Tom gently places his hand on Laurel's shoulder. She seems to calm down marginally at his touch, but she doesn't look happy.

TOM WREKE

It's alright, Laurel. He can stay. He knows about Nina.

Laurel scowls. This is clearly news to her- but she gestures abruptly at a seat at the bench for Henri to take.

Henri startles at Laurel's words, but sits down nonetheless.

Laurel doesn't look enthused, mouth still set into a firm, disapproving line, but she goes over the circumstances that'd transpired- voice clinical, the details voiced with a distance that borders on professionalism.

Tom looks nauseous, and he has to stop about halfway- somewhere caught along the liver, before he's wheeling around to vomit into one of the lab's sinks.

Laurel gets up immediately, running the tap, and rubbing his back soothingly.

LAUREL SCORESBY

We can wait on the recording, if this is too much for you right now.

Tom nods weakly, though he's busy rinsing his mouth out and spitting into the sink.

Laurel scratches her nails gently through little dark curls of hair at the back of Tom's head- the gesture overly familiar.

TOM WREKE

It's just- a lot.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I know, Tom. I know.

Henri is rubbing Tom's back in what he hopes is a soothing gesture. He looks a little nauseous himself.

Laurel seems... almost offended, that Henri is crowding the two of them at the sink. More than once, she sends questioning glances his way- elbow knocking into him in a way that could be coincidental, as she reaches around Tom momentarily to adjust the temperature of the water with the taps.

She doesn't say anything though, until Tom eventually turns off the tap himself, blotting his mouth on a square of paper towel from the dispenser right next to the sink.

TOM WREKE

I think I'm good for now.

Laurel doesn't seem convinced.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Are you sure? I can stay with you, if you'd like-

Henri does not seem particularly convinced.

Tom shakes his head lightly.

TOM WREKE

I think I'll be alright, Lolly. Can you go sit with Nina for now?

Laurel wavers for a moment, but nods, walking back into the room with Jessie, Nina, and Theodore.

Tom's swiping the back of his hand against his mouth still, even if it's clean. He looks at Henri for a moment.

TOM WREKE

Did you want to go be with Jessie? I know you two are close, and I imagine he's been keeping an eye out for you while I've been incapable of that. I wouldn't mind if you wanted to.

TOM WREKE

But... if you'd like to stay here, I'd like that. I think I'm just going to hang around in here until I can get my bearings straight.

He sounds very hesitant in asking this, not quite looking Henri in the eyes. He fidgets shyly for a moment with the edge of his cuff.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I'll stay.

His voice is quiet, but sincere. His hand is still resting on Tom's back.

Tom's smiling a little- it's kind of weak, considering he was just puking profusely, but he nods a little in acknowledgement of that statement.

TOM WREKE

Thank you.

He's rubbing the heel of one hand over his eye socket, as if he has a migraine. There's a clicking noise emanating from inside of his skull.

TOM WREKE

I'll need Laurel to take a look at my implant later- I think Fenne must have done some damage to the encasing structures when he tried to- well, I suppose that is to be expected when someone tries to take you out with a headshot. Fucking bastard.

TOM WREKE

For now... well, it's good to see your face. What I can see of it, anyways. Left eye isn't exactly cooperating.

Tom kind of fumbles to hold onto one of Henri's hands. He seems to be leaning against the sink still.

Henri clasps Tom's hand, and gives it a reassuring squeeze. He doesn't seem particularly surprised by the mention of the headshot, given the elevator incident.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

It's good to see you too.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I'm not going anywhere-- whatever you need, I'm here.

His voice is still quiet, but no less sincere. He seems sincere.

Tom moves to very gently place a kiss to the crown of Henri's head. He just kind of holds him close for a moment, as he's looking off to the side of the room.

TOM WREKE

Laurel insisted during the construction of the labs to include on call rooms. They should be mostly intact- no one scanned into any of them, since they were undergoing some repainting.

TOM WREKE

It'd be better than sleeping on the floor. My head kind of hurts, I think I'd like to rest awhile. We aren't going anywhere anytime soon, not with Nina over there.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Rest sounds like a good idea.

Tom nods. He seems like he wants to ask something, but can't quite manage to get the words out.

Tom pauses, clearing his throat slightly.

TOM WREKE

Well, I'm going to go lie down in the on call room, then. You're welcome to join, if you'd like to, but I'm just going to be sleeping.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I think I could use some sleep, too.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Unless you'd feel safer with me keeping watch.

Tom is quiet for a moment.

TOM WREKE

No, I think I'd prefer your company. If that's alright.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Of course.

Henri is asleep, but slowly wakes up when he hears footsteps. He and Tom are both lying on one of the on call room's beds, Tom having pushed together two of the mattress frames to not have his legs ridiculously hanging off of the edge, though he's curled up nonetheless.

Jessie quietly pushes the door open. He keeps his voice to a whisper.

JESSIE DAY

How're ya doing?

Henri blinks blearily at Jessie.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

d'you need something?

JESSIE DAY

Just checkin' on you. You know I worry.

Tom is passed out like a light, though the grinding noises from the inside of his left eye socket are concerning, at best. He's just kind of snuggling Henri like a teddy bear.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I'm alright. How're you holding up?

JESSIE DAY

I'm fine.

Jessie motions toward Tom.

JESSIE DAY

He alright?

Henri would shrug if he were not being snuggled like a teddybear.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I think he will be.

JESSIE DAY

Laurel looked ready to raise Cain when she came back.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Hm. I think there's another on-call room, if you need a place to hide.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

I doubt I'll make good conversation, 'm sleepy.

Jessie shrugs.

JESSIE DAY

I'm not much of a talker either, Hen. Rocks ain't good conversationalists.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Rocks might not be, but you are.

His eyes are starting to droop again. A few moments pass, as he seems to be trying to keep himself awake- but he's out like a light again, snoring softly.

Henri wakes up- rubbing sleep from his eyes.

JESSIE DAY

G'morning, sunshine.

Henri grumbles something unintelligible. It takes a moment for him to properly speak.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Morning.

JESSIE DAY

You sleep good?

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Mhm.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

How're you holding up?

JESSIE DAY

I'm fine.

JESSIE DAY

How was the 'affair' with Laurel 'n Tom?

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Laurel seemed pissed that I was there.

JESSIE DAY

Miss High-and-Mighty didn't want you there?

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Shocking, isn't it.

Jessie snorts softly.

JESSIE DAY

She's meaner than a striped snake.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Sure is.

JESSIE DAY

How'd Tom take everything?

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Hard, but better than I expected.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Certainly solidifies the case against Dave.

[Jessie nods.]

JESSIE DAY

That's good. They were friends, weren't they?
