
Laurence is the first one to open the door to the lab, grinning. He's a tall, redheaded man- with a striking familial resemblance to Laurel, down to the dimple on their chin.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Hello!

His voice is entirely too cheery for the situation he's in- and his outfit, oddly civilian. He'd look right at home on Wall Street.

He strides across the room, accosting Tom- who is in the middle of fretfully keeping watch over Nina and Theodore's cryotanks.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

How's my favourite boy?

Laurence asks, leaning down to kiss both sides of Tom's face. He's bright red, taken off guard- but lightly places his hand on the center of Laurence's chest, as if to push him off. It just kind of lingers there, though- maintaining a small distance in between the two men.

TOM WREKE

Laurence. Why am I not surprised you're alive?

Tom asks, voice crackling a little with embarrassment. Laurence just grins, sneaking a look over his shoulder at his sister- Laurel obviously fuming, carrying an armful of weapons that she sets down onto the ground in a clatter.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Oh, you know me- I always find a way.

Laurence's hand on Tom's shoulder is overly familiar, before he's turning around to smile at the rest of the room.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

I don't imagine many of you will have had the opportunity to look me in the eyes before- Laurence Scoresby, CFO on board. I handle the money, to put it simply.

Henri is sitting by Jessie's cryo-tank, half leaning against the glass. He looks up when Laurence enters, eyes flickering between him and Laurel and Tom as he gauges the situation.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Henri Fairweather, archivist. Pleasure to meet you.

He sounds unimpressed, and extraordinarily exhausted. It's been a long few days.

Laurence just smiles at Henri. It could be seen as warm- were it not for the fact that it doesn't at all touch his eyes.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

I remember you! You're the one who placed an order for pulp westerns. That particular ticket made it to my desk, funny how small the world is sometimes, hm?

Laurence looks at him for a moment.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

You're a lot smaller than I thought you'd be! Your personnel photo is well angled.

Tom frowns, for a moment- before Laurence is moving away from him to crouch near the pile of weapons- sorting out the heap.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Lola, you can't just throw this on the floor, honey! You might break something.

He laughs, as he's making tidy little piles out of the various weapons. Laurel glares at him briefly, before turning her attention back to Tom.

LAUREL SCORESBY

How is Nina? Theodore?

Tom sighs.

TOM WREKE

They seem to be doing okay. Their vitals are stable.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Yes, what a coincidence.

Henri does not seem particularly amused by the comment, but he doesn't say anything further.

Tom is looking at Nina's tank- when two palms slap against the bottom of the lid. He jerks back for a moment, before he's hastily undoing the latch at the side- and Nina Dallas is sitting upright, gasping for air and gagging a little.

Tom is rubbing her back immediately with one hand, patting gently to dislodge some of the nanite goop- the other swiping the purple sludge off of her face gently, scraping it off of the side of his palm back into the tank.

TOM WREKE

Nina!

She doesn't say anything at first, just clinging to Tom and wiping her face clean on the shoulder of his jacket- but she eventually gets up and out of the tank herself. Tom walks her over to the sink, bent pretty comically far down to account for her stride, and she's rinsing her face off in the sink, Tom blotting her face dry with paper towels afterwards.

NINA DALLAS

Thanks, Toto.

Nina smiles at him, as Tom balls up the paper towels to toss into the waste bin beside the sink.

NINA DALLAS

Who's- everyone here? Hi, Dr. Scoresby!

Nina says, as she catches sight of Laurel- who is smiling fondly at Nina.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Hello, Nina. That's my older brother- Laurence, he's the CFO on board. I believe you're acquainted with the other two at least in passing- Henri Fairweather, archivist in the library, and Dr. Day- though he's otherwise indisposed at the moment.

Laurel gestures towards Jessie's cryotank.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Theodore is still resting, dear, but it's good to see you up on your own two feet again.

Henri watches this unfold in silence, unsure of what to say. He may not know Nina particularly well, but his pre-incident interactions with her have been nothing but pleasant, and he's glad that she's survived. He speaks after a moment, giving a tired smile.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Glad to see you're awake, Dr. Dallas.

Nina smiles at Henri, waving a little. Tom is fussing over the goop in her hair.

NINA DALLAS

Hi, Henri! It's good to see you around! I don't know what I'd do if one of the other archivists got on my case about not returning my copy of The Little Prince otherwise!

It's a bad joke, but well intentioned. Tom leaves to go to the other room for a minute, coming back with some hand towels and a bucket of warm water- to which Nina immediately begins cleaning herself off, as he goes to grab her some new clothes from the wardrobe in the other room. When she's clean, Nina is looking slightly fluffy.

Laurence seems amused by all of this.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Are you his daughter?

Nina shakes her head.

NINA DALLAS

Nope! Tom's my uncle- Toto's just a nickname from when I was a baby.

Jessie has started to move around in his tank- he tries to press his hands against the lid, forgetting of course he's now only got one arm.

Henri flinches back at the sudden movement, startled. But then he realizes the source, and he's on his feet in an instant -- fumbling with the latch for a moment before opening the tank.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Jessie--

He sounds relieved and worried all at once, as he reaches into the tank and helps Jessie sit up. Henri swipes a hand across Jessie's face to try and clear the worst of the goop. He murmurs something to him, a quiet reassurance, before asking:

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

Can someone help me? I can't get him out on my own.

Tom is walking over- and he's leaning down into the tank, bent nearly in half.

He's got one arm hooked behind Jessie's shoulders, and the other behind his knees- before pulling him out of the solution with a slurp of suction. Jessie is placed down onto the ground gently, back resting against the legs of the tank.

Nina runs up to hand Tom one of the damp hand towels, which he uses to clear off the worst of the goop from Jessie's face- so he can open up his eyes and breathe, before setting the dirtied hand towel off to the side. Nina helpfully offers Jessie another one directly.

NINA DALLAS

Hi, Dr. Day! Looks like it's a party- both of us just got up!

Jessie gratefully accepts the towel, trying to clean off the rest of his face. He's not used to only having one hand yet, and keeps trying to use his left arm.

JESSIE DAY

Sure is nice to be back in the land of the livin'. It's nice to see you're right as rain, Dr. Dallas.

Nina smiles- although she leans down for a moment, to take the cloth and help him out with that. Her touch is gentle, almost as if she's afraid of hurting him- but the nanite slurry comes off fairly readily.

NINA DALLAS

Yes! Dr. Scoresby is very good at her job- she worked on the nanite suspensions, and she was the one who pushed for there to be a redundancy of tanks on board: some of them have shattered, but they can still be salvaged for parts- otherwise, we'd be in a sore spot of luck.

Tom's brought over another bucket of warm water and the rest of the cloths- and Nina finishes mopping up Jessie's face, swiping off some from his neck and arm.

NINA DALLAS

We were working on a more mobile version of the tanks, because the nanites need to be oxygenated and fed regularly, though we've had some trials that Dr. Scoresby and the other higher personnel have access to while they fine tune that out. Have you seen them yet? They tend to make things unfortunately glowy, so she was trying to figure out how to dampen that- to make them more useful in stealth applications.

Nina clearly is passionate about her work, as she chatters on happily, voice bright.

NINA DALLAS

I think between the two of them we should be okay on seeing about getting you a prosthesis, too, Dr. Day- Dr. Scoresby oversees all ocular implant matters on board, but she also works extensively within the Anatomy and Physiotherapy departments when she has the chance to. She can tell you more about that if you'd like to ask her, though- but Toto's really good at his work. Dr. Maxwell had a robotic arm that Toto maintained for him, actually- he told me about it once, when we were having lunch- I don't like crusts on my sandwiches, but he eats them, so we make a pretty good lunch pair.

Jessie nods along quietly, letting Nina go wild.

JESSIE DAY

I wouldn't want to keep resources from anything else, though, considerin' half the ship is all to pieces.

Nina frowns for a moment- before Laurence is stepping closer, dragging Laurel by the arm towards the group on the floor.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Dear, do you think this might be of help?

Laurence asks, tilting his head a little to the side- before unzipping a duffle bag he'd brought in at some point during the commotion. There are... A number of ocular implants, and a few mismatched limbs- robotic in nature, in various matte and glossy finishes. One of them is powder pink, and capped in a gold accent.

Laurel stares at the contents of the bag, alarmed- before looking at her brother. He only smiles at her.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Where did you get those-

LAURENCE SCORESBY

I'm resourceful, dearest. But you know, little sister-

And here, he's stroking his thumb along her jawline for a moment, as he pulls out an arm that seems mostly intact, and roughly the right size-

LAURENCE SCORESBY

-there's nothing wrong with taking inventory to see what might be of use.

Laurel swallows nervously for a second, looking at the contents of the bag, and then at the door leading to adjacent labs.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Tom and I can pull something together- but it'll take time. We can splice some of the salvageable parts here, with the stock we still have on hand.

Laurence nods, pleased by this. He pats her on the back, before hearing back to sit down at a nearby desk, apparently completely fine with eating a granola bar he's pulled out of his suit jacket while having recently handed over a bag of harvested limbs.

Even Laurel looks unnerved.

Jessie blanches at the sight of all the prosthesis.

JESSIE DAY

I'm sure I'll be fine. I *am* all right now, of course.

Henri lets out a sound that's halfway between a laugh and a sob. It's been an emotional day. Kneeling down next to Jessie, Henri cups his face in his hands and presses their foreheads together. He stares intently into his eyes for a moment, verifying that Jessie is in fact alive, only to pull back and press a feather-light kiss to his forehead.

There are tears in his eyes, but Henri ignores them -- instead pulling Jessie into a tight embrace, careful to avoid the worst of his injuries. His face is kind of smushed into Jessie's good shoulder.

HENRI FAIRWEATHER

You're an idiot, Jessie Day. That joke was bad, even for you.

Jessie gently moves Henri's face from his good shoulder so he can look him in the face. He kisses Henri softly, like he's afraid Henri will shatter. Jessie's started to get teary as well, and his voice shakes when he speaks.

JESSIE DAY

I'm dumber than a box a' rocks, but at least I have you.

Tom and Nina are still sitting there- and Nina seems happy for them, though as she notices Tom's odd stillness, she turns to look at her uncle. Tom looks... a little hurt, but it's not quite grief staining his expression. Disappointment, perhaps, but he just gets up silently to walk into the other room.

Nina looks at the two of them with a confused horror, before she's chasing after Tom, reaching for his hand as he leaves.

Laurel looks enraged- but there is, strangely, a smugness about her eyes.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I knew it.

She says, before she's laughing- gritty, dark, mirthless. She turns to Laurence.

LAUREL SCORESBY

You're going to take them to the communications tower. You three can see if there are any survivors from the Board- they were having a meeting there. Get them the fuck out of our sight.

Laurence smiles, bemused by the situation, before leaning down to kiss his sister on the forehead.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Whatever you want, Lola. Some fresh air would do me wonders.
