

HOMEWORLD EMPIRE

Single Player Game Script

Cast of Characters

Character	Actor	Description
Echo of KARAN S'JET	Heidi Ernest	Know her, love her
The Emperor		Once mighty, wise and dying emperor of Hiigara.
Kalgai		Youngest, naïve, enthusiastic son of The Emperor
MIRABLINE		Middle child of The Emperor. Thoughtful, principled, articulate.
Durkarian		Oldest child of The Emperor. Compassionate but torn.
Ghiritzen		Grand Admiral of the fleet. Cunning, cold, efficient.
Cephalon Peake		Mirabline's intelligence attaché. Crafty, subtle, sexy.
Ohtaria		Admiral of the rimward fleet. Young, cool, confident.
Ceratus		Admiral of the Coreward fleet. World wise and modest.
Collective Voice of the Vaygr		Creepy, cruel, mechanistic, voice of the commanders of the Vaygr fleets.
Speaker of the Monks of the Core		Speaker for enclave of mystical S'Jet followers.
Tobari Boss		What can I say, he's Jar Jar the Hut in disguise.
BRIDGE OFFICER		Kalgai's Bridge Officer

COMM OFFICER

NOTE: Main Dialog is presented in Times Roman, left-justified, indented.
Misc. (allships) dialog is presented in Times Roman, right-justified.
Cinematic and directorial stuff are presented in Arial.

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GAME INSTALL

0. GAME LOADS

0.1. INSTALLATION CHARACTER PROFILES/BACKSTORY

0.2. SIERRA STUDIOS INTRO

0.3. RELIC INTRO

0.4. HOMEWORLD EMPIRE MAIN MENU

Player starts a new single player game.

LOCATION: SPACEPORT OF HIIGARA

0.5. ANIMATIC 01

Fade in — text card:

"Of course you want to know what it was like. To be a starship the size of a city, to hold an entire race in your hands. To tear time and space apart, to experience pain and potential beyond the grasp of any mere flesh. You know that language can't begin to convey the feeling, but you think maybe it was a little like being God.

"And you're right. It was like being some deformed, twisted God, trapped in Hell."

--Karan S'jet
Codex

Fade to:

NARRATOR

Karan S'jet boarded the mothership as a human being. She left it as a messiah.

Not because she returned her race to some forgotten homeland, half a galaxy away. Not because of the technology that transformed her. Not even because of the suffering she endured in the course of that vivisection—the splicing of synapse to silicon, the painful grafting of flesh with machinery.

Those sacrifices only made her an icon. It was the visions that elevated her to godhood—the waking dreams, assaulting her whenever the warp core ascended into hyperspace. Karan S'jet had been fused to the very soul of that half-understood machine; time and space were not the only things it twisted. The unfolding multiverse, the infinite fractal proliferation of possible futures—somehow, Karan S'jet saw it all. Somehow, she survived.

Afterwards it was just a matter of choosing the right path.

Her visions founded a dynasty. Perhaps it was the weight of those same visions that finally drove her back into space, to die. But even then S'jet did not abandon Hiigara. The Codex she left behind spoke to each of her successors—every passage a revelation to some intended recipient, a murky cipher to all others.

She brought Hiigara through the Dust Wars, when even the Bentusi abandoned them.

She was there for the founding of the Pax Hiigara. She was there through the Long Peace.

And when, after eight hundred years, the neighboring Veygr grew skeptical of the legends and dared to wage war—there in the Codex, Emperor Dutreau found the wisdom to defeat them utterly.

For a thousand years Karan S'jet has protected her children in this way. But now the Codex has fallen silent. For the first time in the history of the Pax an emperor lies on his deathbed, his heir unnamed—and Karan S'jet does not speak to him ...

0.6. N01 – KALGAI ARRIVES

POV settles into player's-eye mode. The following dialog is heard through bridge intercom:

COMM OFFICER

Traffic Control clears us for approach, Commander.

KALGAI

What's the Emporer's status?

COMM OFFICER

Unchanged, sir. The deathwatch continues.

KALGAI

No excuse to avoid protocol, then.

Well, proceed with the song and dance. Standard flyby, parade formation.
At your discretion.

1. M01 – PARADE FOR THE EMPEROR

Control to Player

Objective: Put the 15th (Kalgai's squadron) into their place in the Parade Formation

As they pass through the scene focused on the 15th, scripted background actions take place in the scene showing the arrival of emissaries and representatives from throughout the empire wishing to pay their last respects to the soon to be dead Suzerain.

Partway through this mission, the following dialog occurs in the background...

BRIDGE OFFICER

Sir, we're picking up a Tobari contingent approaching at 47 relative, declination 23. Traffic Control is hailing.

An icon flashes at the requisite coordinates-- the player can zoom in on the Tobari at his discretion, although his own mission continues unchanged.

KALGAI

Link that channel.

TRAFFIC CONTROL

--repeat, Tobari vessel at 42/23-sunward, what are your--

TOBARI

Hiigara Traffic control, this is *No Surrender* out of Corona Serpens. We are here to pay humble tribute to the Emporer in his final hours. We come bearing gifts.

KALGAI

(softly, to himself)

I bet...

TRAFFIC CONTROL

No Surrender, your attendance has not been scheduled. Hold your position. I repeat, hold your position. Acknowledge.

TOBARI

Acknowledged, and our sincere apologies. We did not know that honouring the Core's greatest leader required the blessing of petty bureaucrats.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Intercept, sir?

KALGAI

(a bit sardonically)

No, lieutenant. We have a *parade* to fly.

TRAFFIC CONTROL

No Surrender, we are launching an escort to take you to parking orbit. Vectors are coming over your nav channel now. Do not deviate from them. Acknowledge.

TOBARI

We acknowledge, Hiigara. We repeat, we bear a gift for the royal family. The S'jets may not look kindly upon those who would interfere in such matters.

Please acknowledge.

TRAFFIC CONTROL

The S'jets are aware of your presence and your *stated* intentions, *No Surrender*. They are also well aware of Tobari intentions in general. I repeat, do not deviate from your assigned flight plan. Out.

During all this, the player has been on parade. Should he decide to break formation, he will receive one warning; if he doesn't heed this, he is relieved of command and fails the mission: see Appendix, **M01: Warning to Player**.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Flyby complete.

KALGAI

Proceed to Imperial Docking Bay...

Objective: Fly Kalgai past the admirals and dock with the Space Port.

OHTARIA

Admiral Ohtaria at your command, 15th. Rimward Fleet stands ready.

CERATIUS

Admiral Ceratius at your command, 15th. Core Fleet stands ready.

GHIRITZEN

Grand Admiral Ghiritzen, 15th. At your command, and welcome. The Pax mourns with you.

KALGAI

Acknowledged, Fleet Admirals, and thank you.

Miscellaneous background chatter comments on the squadron's progress: Appendix **M01: Docking Chatter** for ambience.

TRAFFIC CONTROL

Squadron 15, you may stand down. Welcome home.

COMM OFFICER

Your siblings have already docked, Commander. They're waiting for you in the Great Hall.

END OF MISSION 1

1.1. ANIMATIC02 – REUNION

The following Animatic is seen from the perspective of various security cameras sprinkled along Kalgai's route from the docking bay to the Great Hall. This allows the animators maximum leeway: the characters can be seen from long-distance (travelling away along a corridor, for example), zoomed to extreme close-up (if you want to show facial expressions and moving lips), or any combination in between. Regardless of the view, however, a tactical readout sits in one corner of the screen: a combination camera-ID/timestamp, with a consistent overall header (*Palace Archives*, perhaps) to indicate the source of all this footage.

Kalgai enters the Great Hall. Mirabline comes to greet him: she and Kalgai do the embraceable sibling thing. Durkarian is facing a window.

KALGAI

Mirabline! Great S'jet, it's good to see you. How's Nalthor?

MIRABLINE

Still in orbit, little brother.

KALGAI

And Durk! How long has it been? Twelve years?

DURKARIAN

turning from window — optional embraceable sibling thing

Seems longer.

KALGAI

I hear good things about you, brother. The Veygr aren't an easy people to rule, and under you they haven't raised a peep in ten years.

DURKARIAN

It's hard to make trouble when you're not permitted any weapons.

We're hard on them, Kal. I know we have to keep them in line, but --I wonder if Father knew what he was doing, when he put me in charge.

MIRABLINE

He knew. You've always been the compassionate one, Durk, but it takes more than kindness. You *needed* the past ten years, to learn to be—hard, sometimes. Or you wouldn't be ready for the Throne now.

DURKARIAN

The Throne.

You seem awfully sure.

KALGAI

Who else is it going to be, Durkarian? Me? I'm not even a real S'jet--

DURKARIAN

You are, in every way that matters.

KALGAI

Not missing a beat

--and Mir has has *way* too much fun pissing off self-important jarheads like Ghiritzen. It's you, Durk. Has to be.

DURKARIAN

Then why hasn't he named me? What's he *waiting* for?

KALGAI

A sign from Karan, of course. You don't name an heir until the Great Book speaks to you, even if there's only one choice. It'd just be bad form.

Cephalon Peake purposefully enters the hall.

CEPHALON

(Deferentially)

Lieges, my apologies for the intrusion.

To MIRABLINE:

We have a problem with the Tobari. The "gift" they're offering turns out to be the location of one of our own message drones. They snagged it en route from Nalthor. They're here to sell it back to us.

DURKARIAN

(appalled)

They're demanding *ransom*? At the emperor's *deathwatch*?

CEPHALON PEAKE

They're Tobari, sir. They know you wouldn't want to disrupt such a solemn occasion by fighting over hardware. They're betting you'd rather pay up.

KALGAI

They're not going to win that bet.

MIRABLINE

Kal. This isn't the time.

KALGAI

This is *exactly* the time! They're using father's death to turn a goddamn *profit*!

MIRABLINE

One ransom isn't going to bankrupt the dynasty. I have no wish to turn my father's deathwatch into a street fight.

KALGAI

We don't even know what the message is. We might end up ransoming the technical specs for the Nalthoran sewer system.

MIRABLINE

I know the Nalthorans, Kal. They don't trust Hiigaran tech. They wouldn't use a drone unless it was vitally important.

CEPHALON PEAKE

Mir, Kalgai's right. Give in now and in six months the Tobies will be assassinating royals just to boost the number of state funerals they can exploit. My advice is, hit them hard and leave them bloody.

MIRABLINE

And if father dies while we're out bloodying Tobari noses?

KALGAI

I'll take care of it; you truebloods stay here.

MIRABLINE

If you go, I go.

KALGAI

That's not—

MIRABLINE

My territory, Kal. My responsibility. Ceph, apprehend *No Surrender*. *Quietly*. And—

CEPHALON PEAKE

It's done, Mir. Interrogation chambers are already online.

Zoom out to:

1.2. NAV01 – K AND M GO TO KAROS

Shows Karos Canyonlands, and Kalgai thread traveling there.

NARRATOR

The Tobari refused to cooperate at first. Then they spent ten minutes alone with Cephalon Peake.

The Nalthoran message drone has been hidden near the edge of the Karos Canyonlands (flashing icon), a known haunt of Tobari bandits. It is guarded, but only against the predators and scavengers that usually prowl these parts. The Tobari will not be expecting an encounter with two fully-armed squadrons.

Zoom in to:

LOCATION: KAROS CANYONLANDS

2. M02 – FIND MIRABLENE

The 15th Squadron drops into the Karos Canyonlands.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Normal space, people. We've been snagged. Hyperspace net.

COMM OFFICER

Scanning transponder frequencies...No contact with the 2nd; repeat, no contact. We are being jammed—

BRIDGE OFFICER

Damping signatures at these locations.

Icons blossom across the display.

Hyperdrive disabled. We're deaf to long-range transmissions.

KALGAI

Take out those inhibitors.

Objective: Destroy emplacements.

Control to player. Appendix **M02: Attacking inhibitors** for background chatter. Once emplacements are neutralised...

COMM OFFICER

We've got a fix on *Delphoenix's* transponder.

Icon flashes in tactical display.

She's deep in the canyonlands. Still unable to establish voice communications.

KALGAI

All possible speed, helm.

Objective: Home in on the *Delphoenix*

En route, encounter emplacements:

ALL SHIPS

Whoa! Fleet Command, we're taking fire.

Something's shooting at us, Command—ordinance looks Tobari...

No surprise there...

Not ships, Commmand. Repeat, these are *not* ships. We're taking ground fire.

Can't see *anything* against that terrain...

They're well dug in, Command. Armoured like an asteroid...

Game takes control: tactical view

BRIDGE OFFICER

Triangulating—gun emplacements detected at these locations.

Icons bloom. Release control to player

Objective: Destroy gun emplacements.

Appendix **General combat chatter** and **M02: Attacking Tobari Gun Emplacements** for ambience.

Once emplacements have been destroyed...

BRIDGE OFFICER

That's the last of them. We've got a clear path to the 2nd.

COMM OFFICER

Still unable to establish voicelink, sir.

KALGAI

Helm: flank speed.

END OF MISSION TWO

Zoom out to:

2.1. NAV02 – K GOES TO MIRABLENE

NARRATOR

The Karos Canyonlands. A galactic boneyard, a sluggish vortex of wreckage and dead machinery, as old as Balcorra. It took ten billion years for gravity to pull these ruins together; some have drifted from the Rim itself. Whatever built them was extinct long before the Hiigaran sun ignited.

Which, all things considered, is probably just as well...

Starnav thread shows progress through the canyonlands.

Zoom in to:

3. M03 – RESCUE MIRABLENE

Default to Tactical View

COMM OFFICER

We have located the 2nd.

Tactical display shows location and intercept vectors.

Comm's still being jammed, but we should be close enough to override in a few moments.

Buzz and cackle of static.

Working...

Objective: Reunite with Mirabline.

The following voiceovers occur in the background, as the 15th moves into communications range:

COMM OFFICER

Voice link established.

KALGAI

Delphoenix, this is *Spinward Reach*. What's your status?

MIRABLINE

(fuzzed by static and breakup)

We're fine, little brother. Ceph's on recon. We've found the probe, but it's too well-defended for my guard to take out by themselves.

KALGAI

Good thing we happened to be in the neighborhood.

MIRABLINE

We may not have much time. The Tobari got out a call before the jamming started.

COMM OFFICER

Just a moment, please—linking with *Del's* array...

Game takes control: tactical view

BRIDGE OFFICER

Tobari defences are positioned *here* (tactical icons). There's the probe (another icon): we should be able to take it back with... acceptable losses, sir.

KALGAI

Do it.

Release control to player

Objective: Retrieve probe.

Appendix **General combat chatter** and **M03: Retrieving the Probe** for ambience.

Player fights to retrieve the Probe. Once he gets too close too succeeding, the Tobari prove to be sore losers...

SHIP VOICE 1

What the—people, we're trying to *rescue* that probe, not—

SHIP VOICE 2

That's not us, Command. That's—

KALGAI

All ships, the Tobari are attempting to destroy the probe. Anyone who lets them succeed answers to me.

Revised Objective: guard probe, then retrieve it

Appendix **General combat chatter** and **M03: Tobari, burning bridges** for ambience.

Once the objective has been realised, *Beholder* cruises into view.

CEPHALON PEAKE

I'm back. Took you long enough, *Spinward*.

KALGAI

What have you got for us, Ceph?

CEPHALON PEAKE

Bad news. A *lot* of hyperspace inhibitors out there.

MIRABLINE

Can't we blast them?

CEPHALON PEAKE

Not before all these long-range blips show up and start shooting at us.

KALGAI

There's nothing on my—

Go to tactical: an armada of contacts creeps in from long-range.

Oh, *great*.

CEPHALON PEAKE

The dampers don't seem to extend past the Canyonlands. And we've got a head start. We're home free if we make it to the edge of the Canyon.

KALGAI

Flank speed.

END OF MISSION THREE

Zoom out to:

3.1. NAV03 – LEAVING KAROS

Starnav shows the combined 2nd and 15th squadrons moving towards edge of the Canyonlands, pursued by enemy blips.

NARRATOR

They are not called *canyonlands* without a reason.

There are cliffs, promontories, places to hide. There are high grounds from which to launch an attack, cul-de-sacs to trap the unwary.

A sprinkling of enemy contacts appears at the edge of the Canyonlands. The Hiigaran forces are now sandwiched between a stationary perimeter blockade and forces advancing from the rear.

And whatever else one may say of the Tobari, they know their own hunting grounds...

Zoom in to:

4. M04 – DEFEAT TOBARI

Release control to player

BRIDGE OFFICER

The Tobari have blockaded our exit route. We may be able to break through, but not before being overtaken by pursuing forces.

KALGAI

All ships, kill your drives. Repeat, kill your drives.

MIRABLINE

Kal, what—

KALGAI

Look at the numbers. We take on both those forces at once, we're dead. So we let one group catch up—

MIRABLINE

—and take them on one at a time. Couldn't hurt to increase our current strength, either.

KALGAI

My thoughts exactly.

BRIDGE OFFICER

Resourcing and construction systems are now on priority standing: fortify flagships and begin immediate construction of new ships. Redeploy fleet throughout local terrain. Defensive positioning.

Now, people. The Tobari will overtake us in 9.5 minutes.

Objective: Resource Gathering and ship construction

Objective: Prepare for Tobari attacks.

Appendix M04: Digging in for Tobari Assault for ambience.

Player has a time limit to get ready before the wave coming from the rear engages them. Players who don't fortify in a strategically advantageous place will have a rough time of it.

Objective: repel Tobari attack

Appendix **General combat chatter** for ambience.

First wave is defeated by the player.

Game takes control: tactical view, showing relative Hiigaran and Tobari positions.

BRIDGE OFFICER

The assault force has been defeated. The blockade is remaining stationary.

Game releases control.

KALGAI

By the book. Choose the battleground, wear your enemy down, then make them come to *you*.

CEPHALON PEAKE

A word of advice: look for the boss rocket. A big ship painted up like a fish. It's not vital tactically, but morale-wise the boss is their best fighter. Take her out and you'll shake the others up, but good.

Objective: Break through Tobari blockade.

Appendix General Combat Chatter and M04: Breaking Tobari Blockade for ambience.

Cephalon's ship—which is presumably not under player control at this point—comports itself very well in the struggle. Once the blockade has been penetrated...

TOBARI BOSS

Run away, then. Run back to Hiigara and lick your sores, yes? We will finish you off some other day.

And you: the Nalthoran who fights like a Tobari. *Beholder*, yes? I will remember that name...

Boss ship escapes, other surviving Tobari flee as well.

Game takes control: tactical view

BRIDGE OFFICER

We have broken the Tobari blockade. The remaining hyperspace inhibitors appear to be undefended.

Icons show location of inhibitors.

KALGAI

15th, stand ready: we're going to take out those inhibitors. Mir, now's your chance to take a look at that probe.

MIRABLINE

Not exactly the quick strike we were hoping for, little brother. Hope it was worth it.

Game releases control.

Objective: Deactivate Inhibitor emplacements.

END OF MISSION FOUR

Game takes control

4.1. ANIMATIC 03 – VAYGR FLEET DETECTED

BRIDGE OFFICER

Inhibitors neutralised. Broadband communications restored.

Three windows open on-screen, showing the bridges of *Spinward Reach*, *Beholder*, and *Delphoenix*. Kalgai, Mirabline, and Cephalon are visible on their respective screens—views are presented at distance or in close-up, at the animator's discretion.

KALGAI

We're free to jump, Mir.

Mir?

Mirabline touches a control. A fourth window opens on the screen; during the following voiceover, it displays a series of tactical contacts, positions, and surveillance shots of a large and ominous battle fleet.

NALTHORAN MESSAGE

We are the voice of the Nalthoran Directorate. We have discovered a fleet of Veygr warships gathering within striking distance of the Nalthoran/Veygr frontier. It is nearly large enough to overwhelm the combined defences of the Nalthoran regime. It continues to grow. We appeal to our governor Mirabline S'jet and to the rulers of the Pax Hiigara itself. We believe that a Veygr attack is imminent.

Help us.

The Message ends. The window closes.

CEPHALON PEAKE

(incredulous)

The Veygr? Where'd they get the resources to build a fleet *that* size? How could they pull it off without being discovered?

KALGAI

We've got to tell Durkaran. *Damn*. How could his intel people have missed *this*?

Mir—how long ago was this sent?

MIRABLINE

(quietly)

Two standard weeks.

KALGAI

And the Tobari tried to ransom it—

MIRABLINE

Eight days ago, Kal. We've lost eight days.

KALGAI

Oh, God...

MIRABLINE

I'm going to Nalthor. Ceph, you're with me.

KALGAI

Mir. They'll slaughter you.

MIRABLINE

I should've been there. Eight days ago, I *could've* been th—

KALGAI

You're a diplomat, sister. I'm a *soldier*, and I'm backed up by the 15th squadron. Which one of us stands better odds against a fleet that size?

MIRABLINE

Of course you'll come with me—

KALGAI

No. I'm going to Nalthor. *You* get to Hiigara and bring back everything that flies. We'll hold out until you arrive with reinforcements. It's the only way.

MIRABLINE

Reluctantly, after a moment

Very well.

KALGAI

And, Mirabline...

MIRABLINE

Yes?

KALGAI

I'm *sorry*...

Mirabline touches a control; her window goes dark.

END OF ACT 1

APPENDIX: MISCELLANEOUS BACKGROUND CHATTER

(In addition to that from the original Homeworld, which I assume can be ported over pretty much as is.)

(And let's try to get a few female voices in the chorus this time around, hmmm?)

Acknowledgment chatter

- Acknowledged.
- Yo
- Right here
- Ready
- Oh! Oh! Pick me, pick me!
- Still here.
- Standing by

General Combat Chatter...

- Ouch!
- Bastard almost got me!
- *Auuuugh! Tell my wife I lo—*
- They're not paying us enough for this.
- I've got 'em, I've got 'em...
- Hey, this is *easy*!
- That's for Aeon, you scum-sucking haploid!
- We've lost half our wing, Control.
- Anybody giving orders back there?
- I think we're on our own...
- Hey, watch it! That's *me*!
- Great S'jet but they're fast.
- We're getting slaughtered out here!
- Nice shot...
- They don't look so tough now, do they?
- Are we retreating or charging?
- Run away!
- That'll teach 'em...
- He's on your tail—watch it...
- These guys are tougher than I thought...
- Oops. Sorry.
- Pulling a lot of gees here.
- Now, *this* is what I signed up for!
- Where did *they* come from?
- I'm hit!
- Help us out here
- Requesting backup

M01: Warning to player...

- Fifteenth, *stay in formation*. Do not break ranks, repeat, *do not break ranks*.
- Fifteenth, stand down immediately. Helm and nav are relieved of command.

M01: Docking chatter...

- Watch your flank, you're drifting...
- Declination's a bit low—planar bearing's good...
- Looking good, 15th...
- You're off-center, 15--realign...
- Begin deceleration...
- *Great S'jet, are you trying to kill us all?*
- Fuel, O₂, scrubbers all primed.
- Waxy discharge noted—see medical about that...
- Unlock grapples
- Confirmed...grapples unlocked
- Umbilicals extending...
- Delta-v is minus 3...2.5...2...1.5...
- Safe-docking inertia, *now*.

M02: Attacking inhibitors...

- Hard to believe they can drop a whole fleet out of hyperspace.
- Feel it? Get this close, your hair stands on end. Something about the inhibitor field
- I'm getting a static discharge on my leading edge—
- It's harmless. Side-effect of the field.
- Keep your distance—when they blow, they *blow*.
- Good. Maybe they'll take some Tobies with them.

M02: Attacking Tobari gun Emplacements...

- Not like the old days...give me ship-to-ship any day
- Hey, they may be armoured but at least they don't move...
- Careful, people...they're hidden in the shadows...
- Use thermal, visual's next to useless out here...
- Close one. Those really pack a punch.

M03: Retrieving the Probe

- Not bad for a bunch of bandits...
- I've seen tighter formations in a whorehouse.
- This probe better be important, whatever it is...
- Bloody fixed emplacements again!

M03: Tobari, burning bridges...

- These guys are *really* sore losers.

- Bloody Tobies.
- Watch it—they're shooting at the probe, *they're shooting at—*
- Protect that drone, people—otherwise we came all this way for the scenery...

M04: Digging in for Tobari Assault...

- | | |
|--|---|
| • Nine minutes to contact | • At least there's a lot of raw material in the neighborhood |
| • Eight minutes to contact | • Assembly in progress... |
| • Seven minutes to contact | • Your flank's exposed, seven—reposition... |
| • The Tobari will overtake us in six minutes | • Be nice if we could wake up some of these Prodigy machines, eh? |
| • Five minutes to contact | • This terrain's wreaking havoc with my sensors... |
| • Four minutes to contact | • We're running out of time here. |
| • Three minutes to contact | • Could always use a few more dreadnaughts... |
| • Two minutes to contact | • Wonder what the Codex had to say about <i>this</i> ... |
| • One minute, people. | • I'm getting their vector—we can catch them in the crossfire... |
| • Thirty seconds to Tobari contact | • Okay, we're in position |
| • Here they come, people. Look sharp. | • For the Pax and the Prophecies...engage. |

M04: Breaking Tobari Blockade...

- Careful—this is their back yard, not ours.
- Just them between us and home, now...
- Remember, target the fish.
- Easy for you to say—the fish is targetting *me*.
- Here, Tobie Tobie Tobie...