

Nexus Reunion

ADDITIONAL SCENES

AFTER ACT I, SCENE III

Scenes & Quests in Nexus Operations

[Ryder walks toward a console on his left. A woman, the operations manager, is standing in front of it and talking to someone on her comm.]

OPERATIONS MANAGER:

Taila, where's Vetra at? The Hyperion is starting to send a tally of supplies. Handling something big, is she? I'll just organize this as it comes in and send it your way. You know what the priority needs are, anyway. Thank you.

[A salarian technician is using his omni-tool next to her and looking at the console.]

TECHNICIAN:

Hello, console. You and I are going to be very good friends. We'll get you all fixed up and ready to go in no time. As soon as we hook you up to all that juicy, juicy power.

OPERATIONS MANAGER;

Hmm, power couplers, more power relays, excellent. What... Girl Scout cookies. Hyperion's inventory lists Galactic Scout Cookies.

TECHNICIAN:

Wait, really? Seriously? I want those.

OPERATIONS MANAGER;

You'll have to fight Kesh for the Galaxy Swirls.

TECHNICIAN:

I don't care. It'll be worth it.

[A platform on the Nexus bridge is where Addison's open office can be found. Addison is talking to someone on the comm. There is another man there, also talking on comm.]

NEXUS CONTROL:

This is Nexus Control to Hyperion. It's good to have you here.

LANI (COMM):

It's good to be here.

NEXUS CONTROL:

Excellent. Let's go over the docking checklist, shall we?

[Ryder gets closer to Addison and can hear her conversation.]

ADDISON (ON COMM):

No, it isn't what we wanted, but what choice do we have?—How the hell should I know?
Spender, you have a job. If you want to keep it, do it. Goddamn it.

[Ryder hears an announcement on the Bridge: "Please be advised that Hyperion docking procedures are now complete." He walks toward Addison. She crosses her arms when she sees him.]

ADDISON:

All right. What happened?

RYDER:

To who?

ADDISON:

"To whom," and your goddamn *father*.

[Ryder stares at her, disapproving. Addison puts a hand on her face.]

ADDISON:

Sorry, my face is tired from dealing with... everything. And right now, I just want to know what happened with Alec.

[She crosses her arms again.]

RYDER - dialogues options:

EMOTIONAL -He wanted me to be Pathfinder.

LOGICAL -All that matters is he's gone.

RYDER:

In the moment, it saved my life. But it seems my father meant for me to get the role eventually.

ADDISON:

It isn't hereditary. If we wanted an inbred monarchy, we could've left half our gene stock back home.

[Addison sighs.]

ADDISON:

Not "home." The Milky Way? This is home. This... mess. We don't have a lot of options, Ryder. Maybe you'll prove your father right. After fourteen months of failed colonization, forgive me if I don't hold my breath.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- Colonial Director position**
- Relationship with my father
- The plan for the hostiles
- Insight into strange tech
- Failing outposts

RYDER:

How do you fit into the Nexus leadership?

ADDISON:

I oversee the actual settlement effort. As the number of outposts is currently less than ideal, my influence is limited. As Tann is quick to remind me. Left a perfectly adequate career as a chief officer. Provincial capital, too. Only a new galaxy could pull me away. And here we are. Idling.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- Colonial Director position
- Relationship with my father**
- The plan for the hostiles
- Insight into strange tech
- Failing outposts

RYDER:

You called my father Alec. No one does that.

ADDISON:

A lot of us joined the Initiative because of his vision. What he shared of it, anyway.

RYDER:

Were you friends, or...?

ADDISON:

I'm not your new mother, if that's what you're asking. Or his friend. He hated that I didn't use his title. But no one's a Pathfinder until they've path*found* something. Much like a Colonial Director without colonies.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- Colonial Director position
- Relationship with my father
- The plan for the hostiles**
- Insight into strange tech
- Failing outposts

RYDER:

There must be some kind of plan for encountering hostile aliens. We can't have been that naive.

ADDISON:

We expected life, not an enemy that refuses to talk. They don't attack—they disinfect. We're nothing until we're bacteria. Sorry. Fourteen months and you stoop to poetry. That's how bad it is. Not sure who started it, but we're calling them "kett." Kandros will know more. Maybe too much.

RYDER:

You don't trust him?

ADDISON:

I trust him to defend us. I do *not* trust a rising military influence in a supposedly civilian Initiative. We came here to make history, Ryder. Not repeat it. Ugh. Goddamn poetry.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- Colonial Director position
- Relationship with my father
- The plan for the hostiles
- Insight into strange tech**
- Failing outposts

RYDER:

There's also the strange technology? Has anyone studied that?

ADDISON:

We've tried. Not me—the brains in research. They're supposed to know their business. The current excuse? The tech we dug up on Mars was more advanced, but it was plug-and-go. The tech here... thinks different? I don't know. We've mostly avoided it. And from what the Hyperion logs say about Alec, maybe that's good.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- Colonial Director position
- Relationship with my father
- The plan for the hostiles
- Insight into strange tech
- Failing outposts**

RYDER:

You've had no colony successes in over a year? How many tries is that?

ADDISON:

Less than you'd think. The Scourge, spoiled worlds, exiles, hostiles... We can't just plop down an outpost and expect picket fences. We need the Pathfinder and SAM to scout, evaluate... and inspire. The Initiative promised a goal. Andromeda has not cooperated.

RYDER:

And if it had?

ADDISON:

Beautiful utopian horse shit. Colonies that produce and support each other. The Nexus as Citadel—not headed by Tann. Or even me.

RYDER:

Excuse me, Director Addison.

ADDISON:

Ryder...

RYDER:

It's "Pathfinder."

[Addison moves closer to Ryder until their faces are mere centimeters apart.]

ADDISON:

Ryder, we're starving here. If we don't get a foundation of outposts to feed the Initiative, we might as well be 600-years dead. Alec promised a lot. None of it panned out. That's what you're up against. Why people won't trust you. Why I don't trust you. Prove me wrong.

[Ryder walks down the stairs. On the far right of Nexus Operations is Kesh's office. Ryder enters it. She's on the comm with various people.]

KESH (COMM):

Yes, I know the Hyperion docking unannounced caused some switches to blow. That's fine.

(...)

I don't care. We know the problem is more widespread than we thought. We're working to fix it. That's all.

(...)

My crew's working on it. We've moved the ops center to the top of our priority list.

(...)

That's an entire sector showing green. Good job, you two.

(...)

I'll check it out myself as soon as I have a moment. Move on to the docks for now.

[Kesh notices Ryder.]

KESH:

There you are. Hope the others haven't been giving you a hard time. There's a lot that needs doing. At least with the Hyperion hooked up and feeding us power, my team and I can get more work done.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Krogan whereabouts

-Nexus problems

-The genophage

-Your job

RYDER:

I noticed there aren't a lot of krogan around?

KESH:

You haven't spoken to Number Eight yet, have you?

RYDER:

Number Eight?

KESH:

Tann. Ask him why most of my people left. He'll have opinions. I can tell you this much. When the mutiny happened, a deal was made. My clan was supposed to settle matters and, in return, get more say in the Initiative.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Number Eight

-Krogan deal with Tann

RYDER:

Why do you call Tann "Eight"?

KESH:

Because he was eighth in line to take over the Andromeda Initiative. I like to remind him of that now and then. Keep him... humble.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Number Eight

-Krogan deal with Tann

RYDER:

Did the deal go through?

KESH:

The clan held up their part, but Tann had a meltdown when he found out we wanted more say around here. Then Addison's assistant, Spender, pretended he never made the deal in the first place. It was a mess, but I don't blame my people for walking out. We're done being used.

RYDER:

With your clan gone... why did you stay?

KESH:

It's... complicated. The station and my clan both need me here.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Krogan whereabouts

-Nexus problems

-The genophage

-Your job

RYDER:

What sort of problems have you seen on the Nexus?

KESH:

"Situation's gone to shit" pretty much sums it up. There's arks missing. Some idiots tried to mutiny and take over, then more idiots offended my clan, so they left. And to top it all off, the founder of the Initiative, Jien Garson, was killed.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Jien Garson

-More about Nexus problems

RYDER:

What happened to Jien Garson?

KESH:

Killed in the Scourge disaster. Her and a bunch of the other leaders. Tann might know more.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Jien Garson

-More about Nexus problems

RYDER:

And I thought the Hyperion had it bad when we arrived. Anything else?

KESH:

The outposts aren't happening because we don't have resources or people, so Addison's more uptight than ever. And let's not forget how badly the station was damaged on arrival. But that's a detail, according to some. My team and I are repairing what we can. If we don't get materials soon, things will go downhill. Fast.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Krogan whereabouts

-Nexus problems

-The genophage

-Your job

RYDER:

When we left the Milky Way, the krogan were still dealing with the genophage.

KESH:

Right. The genophage. A little "gift" to our people from the salarians thousands of years ago. That sterility virus they infected us with left most of our children stillborn. Only one in a thousand survive.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:
-Salarian involvement
-State of a cure

RYDER:
No wonder your people have such a problem with salarians.

KESH:
Some wounds never heal. Not that my ancestors didn't provoke it. They did try to conquer the galaxy. The salarians were forced to respond. And it's not fair to blame it all on them, either. The salarians developed the virus, but it was the turians who deployed it. I'm hoping that's all in the past. Plenty of blame to go around, but Andromeda is about new beginnings. My people need that more than most.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:
-Salarian involvement
-State of a cure

RYDER:
What about the krogan here in Andromeda?

KESH:
There's no cure for it. But my clan was starting to show a mutation against the virus. A natural defense. During the trip to get here, krogan underwent gene therapies to enhance the mutation while we were in stasis.

RYDER:
So you used those 600 years to your advantage. Gave the adaptation more time to develop.

KESH:
Yeah. It's still early, but I think we made a dent. Our scientists say we've improved viability to almost 4%, which is a lot better than what we had. Beyond all the statistics, it means more krogan children will live. It's the only way my people have a future out here.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:
-Krogan whereabouts
-Nexus problems
-The genophage
-Your job

RYDER:
What kind of work do you do as superintendent?

KESH:
I was part of the team that originally designed and built this place. I keep the station functional, or as functional as possible, considering.

RYDER:
Nothing more for now.

KESH:
Try not to die out there.

[Ryder leaves Kesh's office. Behind the platform where Addison's office can be found is the Nexus information wall. Ryder stands in front of the wall to consult it. As he uses it, different images are displayed. Jien Garson's picture is shown as she introduces the Welcome Vid.]

JIEN GARSON:
Hello. I'm Jien Garson, founder of the Initiative. It's through your hard work that the vision of the Nexus has come to life. You—and all your colleagues—bind our proud new colonies together. Look around at your achievements. And if you have any questions, my door is always open.

WELCOME VID:
Founder Garson's office is located at: workspace not allocated. Please select a topic.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- My employee data**
- Staff directory
- Nexus status
- Viability status
- Selection process

WELCOME VID:
You are Scott Ryder, salary code 19-B, active Pathfinder. Your supervisor is: Director Tann. Based on current staffing needs, you will be eligible for paid vacation time in: 587 days.

RYDER:
Seriously?

WELCOME VID:
Why not plan on which beautiful colony you'll vacation on while you wait?

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- My employee data
- Staff directory**
- Nexus status
- Viability status
- Selection process

WELCOME VID:
For Initiative strategy and Pathfinder coordination, please see Director Jarun Tann. For Colonial Affairs or outpost status, please see Director Foster Addison. For station maintenance, please contact Superintendent Nakmor Kesh. For militia operations or APEX deployment, please see Tiran Kandros.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- My employee data
- Staff directory
- Nexus status**
- Viability status
- Selection process

WELCOME VID:

Integration from the Hyperion is ongoing. Personnel are still restricted to Operations.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- My employee data
- Staff directory
- Nexus status
- Viability status**
- Selection process

WELCOME VID:

Viable planets, capable of supporting life, are key to our survival in Andromeda. The viability of a world is affected by several factors, including temperature, resources, threat levels, political stability, and so on. We have few viable planets currently within range. Resources levels are considered at-risk.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

- My employee data
- Staff directory
- Nexus status
- Viability status
- Selection process**

WELCOME VID:

The selection process saw the Andromeda Initiative evaluate thousands of potential habitable planets within the galaxy. After discovering an unusually high ratio of potential candidates, or "golden worlds," the Heleus Cluster was selected as our destination. Even at a distance, studying the light from stars can reveal much about their planets' composition and atmosphere. Seven worlds, nicknamed "habitats," have the life-supporting environments and resources we need to start our new lives in Andromeda.

[A technician is standing near the information wall.]

TECHNICIAN (COMM):

Melo, you already checked the consoles down here, right? (...) Huh. I think you forgot to hit confirm when you filled out the forms. They're not listed. (...) Nah, it's fine. If you say you fixed them, you did. I'll just check those boxes for you.

(...)

Right then, Lia. Try firing off sets 23-B to 54-C in the third quadrant. (...) Did that work? Excellent. I'll move on to the next set. We'll get this place fixed eventually.

[Ryder walks down the ramp. To his right is the militia office, where Kandros is seen standing in front of an oval console where Strike Team missions can be managed. Ryder goes to talk to him.]

KANDROS:

I know that look. The others bent your ear, did they?

RYDER:

Something like that.

KANDROS:

You get used to it. Just focus on being a Pathfinder. Can't argue with results, though they'll try. Anyway, welcome to militia HQ. Excuse the mess. This office fields militia work, Nexus security, and looking for the turian ark.

RYDER:

What's the word on the turian ark?

KANDROS:

Scattered readings. Some indicate the Natanus was destroyed, others that people are alive—who knows? If you need anything, come see me. Even if it's just to vent.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Coming to Andromeda

-Your role

-Turian welfare

-The kett

-Militia's uses

RYDER:

What brought you out here to Andromeda?

KANDROS:

I was tired of being the good one.

[Kandros uses air quotes when saying "good one."]

RYDER:

"The good one"?

KANDROS:

The Kandros family is old military. There were *expectations*. You know. Then my sister became a sculptor and Cousin Nyreen went pirate on Omega. Everyone was proud that I stayed in service. But I kept wondering "When do I get my adventure?" Jien Garson's dream was so... grand, so gutsy. I had to be part of it.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Coming to Andromeda

-Your role

-Turian welfare

-The kett

-Militia's uses

RYDER:

You talk like you weren't part of the leadership. How did you end up commanding the militia?

KANDROS:

I was escorting a prospecting team on some moon, when those kett found us. They penned us like cattle for experiments. I managed to get loose, snatched a gun, and freed the others. By the time we killed the bastards and headed back to warn the Nexus, everyone looked at me like I was in charge.

RYDER:

That sounds familiar.

KANDROS:

The militia grew from there. Funny: once the heat is on, all kinds of people rise to the top.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Coming to Andromeda

-Your role

-Turian welfare

-The kett

-Militia's uses

RYDER:

Are the other turians managing okay?

KANDROS:

So so. We're not good at sitting around in a crisis. "Service before self" gets drummed into us at boot camp. That's probably why so many of us are in the militia. We like to earn our citizenship, whatever galaxy we're in. But it's hard to focus with our ark missing.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Coming to Andromeda

-Your role

-Turian welfare

-The kett

-Militia's uses

RYDER:

What do you know about the enemies we've encountered—the kett?

KANDROS:

We usually see them on worlds with those alien structures. The kett don't take kindly to anyone studying them. Not sure why. They don't talk to us. Every time we cross paths, there's a fight or they take prisoners.

RYDER:

Why? What do they want?

KANDROS:

No one knows. But I've seen their weaponry, and what they do to those prisoners. I want them a long, long way from the Nexus.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Coming to Andromeda

-Your role

-Turian welfare

-The kett

-Militia's uses

RYDER:

It's rough out there. I might need backup, if you can spare the people.

KANDROS:

I have strike teams specializing in assault and extraction. If you need serious firepower, my APEX teams have you covered. In fact... I could give you authority to dispatch them. It'll cut down their response time. Our current ops are on the terminal. See if there's anything that could use a shot where it counts.

RYDER:

Bye, Kandros. Duty calls.

KANDROS:

You and me both, Pathfinder.

[There is a female turian near Kandros. She's speaking out loud.]

MARIETTE:

What am I going to do?

[Ryder approaches her.]

MARIETTE:

It's not right. It's not fair.

RYDER:

What's wrong?

MARIETTE:

Oh my, you're... so it's true, a Pathfinder has found us. There's hope at last. Maybe you could help—you're impartial. This whole thing has gotten so political. My husband... he's locked up and slated for exile—for a crime he didn't commit.

RYDER - dialogues options:
CASUAL -Must have been bad.
PROFESSIONAL -What was the crime?

RYDER:

What exactly was he convicted of?

MARIETTE:

They don't exile you for petty theft. Well, maybe this bunch would. They say it's murder. They're calling him the first murderer in Andromeda. But the dead man was his friend—he wouldn't have... There are witnesses and evidence, but it's all circumstantial. At worst, it was an accident. His name is Nilken Rensus. He could give you the details, if you were willing to speak with him—please?

RYDER - dialogues options:
-Of course.
-There might not be time.

RYDER:

I'd be happy to.

MARIETTE:

Oh, thank you. I'm sure the jailer will allow you a visit. Please—tell Nilken I love him.

[Ryder moves to the far left of the militia office. Liam is there, standing next to tables with multiple terminals and screens above them. A woman is standing next to Liam.]

LIAM:

Pathfinder. No time for our beer yet. This place is a mess. Security is... let's call it strained.

RYDER:

I can believe it. The Nexus is running on empty.

LIAM:

Not just that. A lot of the exiles were security. Everyone was trained and armed for a frontier.

RYDER - dialogues options:
EMOTIONAL -Let's not write them off.
LOGICAL -They may all be dead.

RYDER:

They were frustrated. If they just wanted to kill, they could have fought to the last here.

LIAM:

Apparently we're the big hope for everyone. Not the Hyperion showing. Just... us. I'm with you. It's just... a lot.

RYDER - dialogues options:

CASUAL -I'm kind of freaked out.

PROFESSIONAL -We'll get it back to spec.

RYDER:

This wasn't in the job description. We have to find a world, then save it.

LIAM:

Glad it's not just me feeling it. But it's not just you, either. We're a team, right? It's what they need us to be.

[Ryder keeps walking and finds himself on the Operations deck. Multiple terminals cover the walls, and crew members are working in front of them. A group of three people are talking amongst themselves near one of the terminals. Ryder gets closer.]

PROFESSOR HERIK:

But the planet was toxic. What if they store oxygen in porous tissue, like Quero's rockfish?

CHIEF LUCAN:

I still reckon they had breather gear stowed in that armor.

DOCTOR ARIDANA:

Perhaps both. Life is infinitely adaptable, as our expedition proves

[Professor Herik notices Ryder.]

PROFESSOR HERIK:

You must be the Pathfinder. Wonderful! You and your SAM are exactly what we need.

RYDER:

Thanks, mister...?

PROFESSOR HERIK:

Professor Herik. My colleague and I will work with your SAM and the data you gather to solve Andromeda's scientific mysteries.

RYDER - dialogues options:

EMOTIONAL -Can I join in?

LOGICAL -What are your specialties?

RYDER:

What fields do you study?

CHIEF LUCAN:

Herik's into life science. I do planetary geology, oceanography—rocks and runoff. Aridana's the space and math whiz.

PROFESSOR HERIK:

Not that we've had much to study, with everyone cooped up for fourteen months...

DOCTOR ARIDANA:

But your data on the Scourge flows like poetry. Now we can better advise on repairing the damage it caused.

PROFESSOR HERIK:

And maybe Addison will give us a real workspace. Who can think with all this racket?

[Ryder can talk with each specialist individually. He starts with Doctor Aridana.]

DOCTOR ARIDANA:

Pathfinder, we've had some trouble.

RYDER:

Anything I can help with?

DOCTOR ARIDANA:

Perhaps. I discharged an away team to get readings from a section of the Scourge that was behaving anomalously. They haven't reported in for some time, and sensors can't locate their shuttle. I sent them out there. Good, dedicated people. I fear what might have happened to them.

RYDER - dialogues options:

EMOTIONAL -Have hope.

LOGICAL -Stay focused.

RYDER:

Don't give up hope. When I'm out there, I'll see if I can find them.

DOCTOR ARIDANA:

Their friends and family will want to know what's happened. And I... I need to know.

[Ryder speaks to Chief Lucan next.]

CHIEF LUCAN:

Hi, Pathfinder. Want to hit some rocks for science?

RYDER - dialogues options:

-Try and stop me.

-Maybe later.

CHIEF LUCAN:

Hi, Pathfinder. Want to hit some rocks for science?

RYDER:

Absolutely. What do you need?

CHIEF LUCAN:

SAM and I used your scans and made a VI for geophysics surveys. Beta build's on the console there. Test it out in the field, and I'll wrangle you a "consultant's bonus" from Director Addison. How's that sound?

[Ryder talks to Professor Herik.]

PROFESSOR HERIK:

Pathfinder! Those bio scans are superb. Could you gather more for our Comparative Conservation Effort?

RYDER - dialogues options:

-That sounds interesting.

-Sorry, I'm busy.

RYDER:

What conservation effort?

PROFESSOR HERIK:

Ah, my thesis is on the console there. Broad strokes: we're comparing and preserving organisms from both galaxies. If you donate more bio scans and samples to the catalogue, I can get you a finder's fee. Tempted?

[Ryder goes to the console.]

PROFESSOR HERIK:

We can start building a bank of vaccines, once we get more biomaterial.

CHIEF LUCAN:

It's that Scourge I'm wondering about. Standard colony radiation shields should handle it. But I hate "should."

[He activates the mission given to him by the team of scientists.]

PROFESSOR HERIK:

And its gas bladder can expand three hundred per cent! Amazing!

CHIEF LUCAN:

Hey, Herik. How about you not dissect things over lunch? It's weird.

[Ryder speaks with Doctor Aridana again.]

DOCTOR ARIDANA:

The beauty of the cosmos unfolds in your planet scans, Pathfinder. But there is more they can do.

RYDER:

Do you have something in mind, Doctor?

DOCTOR ARIDANA:

Plans for a school are under way, to inspire a new generation of young minds. I want to craft a model of the cluster for them, accurate and splendid, from your data. My prototype is on that console. Add more scans to improve it, and I will share my educational budget with you. And my thanks.

[Ryder activates the mission on the console. He then leaves the Operations desk. In the next room, crates are still being unpacked, but three terminals with screens are operational. Ryder can consult the terminal at the center, which shows emails from Director Tann to Tiran Kandros called "Damage Controls" and "Report: Exiles". Ryder finds his way to the next room near the ramp. In front of him is an arms merchant. To Ryder's left is a turian standing guard in front of huge glass cell doors. Another turian is locked in one of those cells. Ryder first talks to the arms merchant.]

MERCHANT:

Weapons and stuff I got you covered. Use the console to take a look through what I've got. It'd be a lot easier if I weren't missing half my stock...

RYDER - dialogues options:

CASUAL -Sure thing.

PROFESSIONAL -What's with these prices?

RYDER:

Ouch. Why am I paying for these?

MERCHANT:

Half the supplies are inaccessible, what with how we crash-landed and all. And I have to trade with the crooks out there for the rest, so...

[After looking at what the merchant has to offer, Ryder finds the turian by the cells, Sergeant Aker.]

SERGEANT AKER:

Help you?

RYDER:

Pathfinder Ryder. Here to see Nilken Rensus.

SERGEANT AKER:

Ah, our murderer. Wife's here all the time. Guess she told you her sob story.

[Sergeant Aker looks at the turian in the cell.]

SERGEANT AKER:

Nilken, you're moving up in the world. There's a Pathfinder wanting to chat with you.

[In the cell, Nilken Rensius steps forward so he can face Ryder.]

RENSUS:

A Pathfinder, huh? They called in the big guns to exile Andromeda's First Murderer.

RYDER - dialogues options:
EMOTIONAL -Wife says you're innocent.
LOGICAL -Not why I'm here.

RYDER:

Your wife's all broken up over this. She says you didn't do it. And that she loves you.

RENSUS:

(Sighs.) She's a wonderful person. At this point, it's too late. They found me guilty.

RYDER:

Why don't you tell me what happened?

RENSUS:

I was part of the futile effort to set up a colony on Eos. We were on our last legs, overrun by hostiles, our leader dead. The security chief, Reynolds—my friend—he refused to call for evacuation. I argued with him. Everyone saw.

RYDER - dialogues options:
EMOTIONAL -Arguments happen.
LOGICAL -And then he ended up dead?

RYDER:

So when he was killed, people assumed you did it?

RENSUS:

For good reason. He ordered us to regroup and counter attack. We were moving through a sandstorm. I saw movement, thought it was the kett, and I—I guess I panicked and fired... A witness saw the Chief's chest explode.

RYDER - dialogues options:
EMOTIONAL -That's terrible.
LOGICAL -So it was unintentional.

RYDER:

Sounds like an accident.

RENSUS:

That's what I told them. But I was enraged when we argued. There's a recording. It's ugly. Everyone's certain I did it on purpose so we could evacuate. Only my word otherwise.

RYDER - dialogues options:
EMOTIONAL -Don't give up.
LOGICAL -The evidence will decide.

RYDER:

I'll check out the evidence. Maybe something doesn't add up.

RENSUS:

It would be nice to have someone with an open mind looking at it. You're a Pathfinder—I'm sure Kandros would give you access. Maybe there's still hope.

[Ryder leaves. The technician is still upstairs on the comm—Ryder can hear him.]

TECHNICIAN:

Lia, remember when I said I was going to take a look inside the panel here? I should perhaps have listened when you suggested not pursuing this course of action. No, I'm fine. Just a bump on my head. And don't you dare laugh.

(...)

No, I'm fine. No, nothing happened. Honestly, Yolanda. I'm fine. I'm going back to work now.

[Tann's office is located on the far left of Colonials Affairs. Ryder walks up the ramp and hears the Operations Manager.]

OPERATIONS MANAGER:

Yeah, looks like the Blast-Ohs got displaced at the last minute. Hopefully one of the other arks will have some in stock. I'll keep an eye out.

[Ryder finds Kandros again.]

KANDROS:

No news on the turian ark yet. Or is this militia business?

RYDER:

I spoke with Nilken Rensus. The man found guilty of the murder on Eos.

KANDROS:

Yes, our *first* murder here in Andromeda. I wish it had been our last. When the colony attempts failed, it didn't help spirits that a high-ranking officer was killed by one of our own. The mutiny here on Nexus was probably inevitable but this acted as a spark.

RYDER - dialogues options:
EMOTIONAL -Isn't that a reach?
LOGICAL -And he was found guilty.

RYDER:

It doesn't seem right to put all that on him.

KANDROS:

of course it isn't. But that's the perception. Despite the lack of physical evidence, everything added up. His only defense was: "Trust me. I didn't mean to do it."

RYDER - dialogues options:

EMOTIONAL -And you didn't trust him?

LOGICAL -That matters.

RYDER:

And you assume he's lying.

KANDROS:

What's a lie to a murderer? Look, knock yourself out. A key witness, Cassidy Shaw, works in Operations. Go ahead and talk to her. And there's a recording of the perpetrator threatening the victim. I'll let you cue it up on the console there. As far as I'm concerned, this case is closed.

[Ryder goes to the console and listens to the recording.]

KANDROS (AUDIO LOG):

The Nexus vs Colonist Nilken. Evidence 7-A.

RENSUS (AUDIO LOG):

Hiram? Hiram! They've seized the compound! Call for evacuation!

CHIEF REYNOLDS (AUDIO LOG):

We're not giving up, Nilken! We're taking it back!

RENSUS (AUDIO LOG):

No! I'm not letting your ego get us killed, even if I have to...! (Angry grunting.)

CHIEF REYNOLDS (AUDIO LOG):

(Grunting.) No! Get him off me—get him off me!

[The recording ends. A few feet from the console, Liam is still talking to the woman from the Security team.]

LIAM:

Noticed a hand-off there. Too small for illicit.

SECURITY:

You'd be surprised. There's ossilbir vine in the seed bank.

LIAM:

Nobody's making creeper in Andromeda.

SECURITY:
You'd be surprised.

[Ryder goes to speak with him.]

LIAM:
Pathfinder, I'm feeling less bad about missing a year of this. Everyone's beaten down.
Nothing to do but watch the reserves shrink.

RYDER:
And now all eyes are on us.

LIAM:
All I know is: we have to fix it.

(...)

LIAM:
Quieter here. Still get opinions, of course. And talk to security.

RYDER:
What about?

LIAM:
Leaders. Direction. Lack of it. Tann is the standout but none of them have made friends.

RYDER - dialogues options:
EMOTIONAL -It pisses me off.
LOGICAL -Who would you support?

RYDER:
Who would you say is actually measuring up?

LIAM:
My dad would say elections were rubbish, because you don't get people who could do the job, you got politicians. By that measure, I'd go Addison. She does not want that job.

[Ryder goes to the Colonial Affairs's deck. The final docking procedures are in progress.]

NEXUS CONTROL:
All right, moving on. Docking clamps?

LANI:
Fully active and engaged.

NEXUS CONTROL:
Docking hatch integrity?

LANI:
100%, Nexus Control.

NEXUS CONTROL:
And we're done. Hyperion status: all clear.

[Ryder approaches Cassidy Shaw.]

RYDER:
Cassidy Shaw? I'm Scott Ryder. I'm looking into the Nilken murder case.

CASSIDY SHAW:
Oh man, I thought that was over with. Have you heard of the audio recording of their flight?

RYDER:
Yes.

CASSIDY SHAW:
I helped pull him off Chief Reynolds. You could see it in his eyes: he was going to kill him. Then in the sandstorm... I had a pretty clear view of the Chief. He looked right at Nilken and shouted "No!" Then his chest burst open. I'll never forget it: the look on his face was pure...
shock.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:
-Were there kett there?
-Did Nilken regret it?
-Why was the Chief shocked?
-Did you agree with the Chief?

RYDER:
Did you see any kett in the vicinity?

CASSIDY SHAW:
Nilken said so, but not that I could see. Still, the sandstorm was severe. Visibility wasn't great.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:
-Were there kett there?
-Did Nilken regret it?
-Why was the Chief shocked?
-Did you agree with the Chief?

RYDER:
Did Nilken seem remorseful?

CASSIDY SHAW:
I lost sight of Nilken in the turmoil. When we found him, he seemed in shock. He couldn't speak—he looked nauseated. Could have been guilt—the reality of the act sinking in.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Were there kett there?

-Did Nilken regret it?

-Why was the Chief shocked?

-Did you agree with the Chief?

RYDER:

If they'd fought and Nilken threatened to kill him, why was Reynolds surprised?

CASSIDY SHAW:

Friends fight, say things they don't mean, maybe even hurt each other... But you don't expect your best friend to shoot you. To me, that's the saddest part. The Chief's heart was broken right before it exploded.

RYDER - Investigate dialogues options:

-Were there kett there?

-Did Nilken regret it?

-Why was the Chief shocked?

-Did you agree with the Chief?

RYDER:

Reynolds was leading you back to retake the compound. Did you agree with that?

CASSIDY SHAW:

It wasn't my place to agree or disagree. He was ranking officer. In retrospect, it *is* ironic. If he hadn't been killed, we *all* probably would have died.

RYDER:

I appreciate the information.

CASSIDY SHAW:

Of course. It kills me we had to leave him behind. He deserved a proper funeral.

RYDER:

So the body was never examined? Important piece of a murder investigation.

CASSIDY SHAW:

Tann wouldn't allow a mission to go back for him. Said it was too dangerous.

[Ryder is about to leave the deck when he hears Lani.]

LANI:

Nexus Control, I'm getting some odd automated requests from the station's systems. Some sort of redundant power relay checks. What's up with that?

NEXUS CONTROL:

Before we removed them from the station, the mutineers left some surprises in the system. The superintendent has had everyone on deck manually double-checking the relays. It'll be in the security update, somewhere in your message queue.

[He leaves the deck. The salarian technician and the Operations Manager are still near the same console on the main bridge, talking to one another.]

OPERATIONS MANAGER:

Melo?

MELO:

Yes?

OPERATIONS MANAGER:

You realize everyone can hear you, right?

MELO:

Yes.

OPERATIONS MANAGER:

(Chuckles.) And you just don't care.

MELO:

Yes!

[Ryder walks past them and finds his way to Tann's Office.]

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