

A small cinematic for a survival/horror space game:

INT. Bridge, 0435 hours

*The inky blackness of space, pockmarked with stars can be seen outside the windows to the bridge of the Outrider, a military contracted deep space hauling vessel. CAPTAIN WESTFALL is hunched over the communications array panel, brow furrowed. LT. HOLLIDAY approaches with a concerned look.*

LT. HOLLIDAY  
How bad is it?

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
At least half a day's worth of repairs.

LT. HOLLIDAY  
Can we wait that long?

CAPTAIN WESTFALL (unsure)  
Maybe?

We need to get the engines workin' first.

*CAPTAIN WESTFALL points to another console and leads LT. HOLLIDAY over to it. CAPTAIN WESTFALL sits down and brings up a map of the ship, showing the safest route for LT. HOLLIDAY to take to get to the engine room.*

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
With the hull breach where it is, you'll need to go on a bit of a walk, but the engine room should be intact.

The engines shut off in case structural damage caused a core meltdown.

LT. HOLLIDAY  
Want me to get JACKSON and WATTS to handle it?

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
No, we ain't sure who we can trust right now.

LT. HOLLIDAY (worried)  
Captain--

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
I don't have time to sort out who's on our side and who ain't.

Mutinies aren't straightforward.

Our emergency protocols are.

*LT. HOLLIDAY leans on the console, looking at CAPTAIN WESTFALL. LT. HOLLIDAY nods, understanding that they're out of options.*

LT. HOLLIDAY  
I'll see to it.

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
I know you will.

*CAPTAIN WESTFALL stands up from the console and strides purposefully over to his command chair. LT. HOLLIDAY follows, watching him closely. CAPTAIN WESTFALL opens a hidden compartment in the arm of his command chair, reaches in, and pulls out a pistol. He extends it to LT. HOLLIDAY who looks down at it somberly.*

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
Now, I don't want you to have to use this--

*LT. HOLLIDAY takes the weapon, and tucks it into their pants. This is what's necessary, no use in being skittish.*

LT. HOLLIDAY  
Once I turn the engines back on, start working on that diagnostic.

...sir.

*CAPTAIN WESTFALL grins at LT. HOLLIDAY.*

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
Godspeed, Lieutenant.

*LT. HOLLIDAY heads for the exit and reaches the door when they stop. LT. HOLLIDAY turns to look at CAPTAIN WESTFALL, sudden realization dawning on them.*

LT. HOLLIDAY  
What about you?

CAPTAIN WESTFALL (grinning)  
Captain's place is on the bridge.

Besides...

*CAPTAIN WESTFALL reaches under a computer console and retrieves another hidden gun, a shotgun. He cocks it confidently.*

CAPTAIN WESTFALL  
Ain't like I'm helpless neither.