

INT. SPACESHIP - COMMAND CENTRE

Wash sits in his chair, upset.

MAL

You get that beacon sent?

WASH

Yeah, it's sent.

MAL

Good.

WASH

Pointless.

MAL

What was that?

WASH

Nothing, sir. It's a brilliant plan, I'm sure we'll all be saved.

MAL

I'm getting a little weary of this attitude, Wash.

WASH

Are you? Well, I'm so very sorry, sir. I guess the news that we're all gonna be purple and bloated and fetal in a few hours has made me little snippy.

MAL

It's possible someone might pick up that signal.

WASH

(pissed)

No, Mal. It's not possible. No one's gonna pick up the damn signal. You wanted us flying under the radar, remember? Well, that's where we are: out of range of anyone or anything.

MAL

Then make it go further.

WASH

I -- What?

MAL

Make the signal go further.

WASH

Can't *make* it go further.

MAL

Not if all you're gonna do is sit here and whinge about it, no.

WASH

What do you expect me to do, Mal?

MAL

Whatever you have to. And if you can't do it from here, then get a suit on and get out on the side of the boat and --

WASH

(voice rising)

And what? Wave my arms around?

MAL

Wave your arms around, jump up and down. Divert the nav sats to the transmitter. Whatever.

WASH

Divert the...? Right. Because teenage pranks are *fun* when you're about to die.

MAL

Give the beacon a boost, wouldn't it?

WASH

Yes, Mal. It *would* boost the signal, but even if some passerby did happen to receive, all it'd do is muck up their navigation.

MAL

Could be that's true.

WASH

Damn right, it's true! They'd be forced to stop and dig out our signal before they could even go anyplace!

A beat as Wash lets what he just said sink in. He snaps:

WASH

Well, maybe I should do that, then!

MAL

(snapping back)

Maybe you should!

WASH

Okay!

MAL

Good!

WASH
Fine!