I am the Master of Drum. Finally, that title will once more ring out over the colony.
Dispatching the mutineers that even President Barrow could not hold.

Mutineers?
Well, whatever they are. Mutineers, dissenters, mad people.
Where are they?

Oh. That's fun. There's two of them. One on each of our interceptors.
Instruct the interceptors to land. We will just peel the idiots off and --

The Chief of the Boat is incoming on the *Ruthless*.
Perfect, then. We will hand them over to him. Have people with cameras attend us.

Come on, finish making your turn, go back...
I need you going in the direction I was heading in.

There we go. Thank you.

[redacted]!
I didn't think it'd do THAT!