

Captain Drakes Logs

By

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SCENE #1 INT BEDROOM

A camera activates, revealing a small bedroom. A man, Captain Drake, steps back from the camera and sits down on his bed.

DRAKE

This is Captain Drake, signing onto the ship log.

Well...I promised make these for you. So here we are. When was the last time you were in here? Must have been a few months back.

Drake pauses for a second. He turns around and searches for something, pulling out what looks like a fist sized sphere.

DRAKE

I don't know if we had this on board last time. I picked it up from that old guy who sells those antique pieces at Port Elroy. It's a Slip Compass, pilots back in the Colony Era used them to help navigate the fleets through the slipways before they perfected jump drives. Now the gear in my nav systems can do it all for me, this is just a shiny ornament. But it's a nice shiny ornament.

Drake looks away, sighing

I know you didn't want me to leave. There's a part of me that didn't want to leave you. But...like my old captain used to say 'A man gets what he earns, but only when he earns it'. Sure I'm cutting corners but it's not like I'm trafficking drugs or guns. This shipment we picked up is just medicines. You know how it is on the frontier these days, people need these med's and if the Terran Alliance isn't going to get them out there then someone has to. I guess you could say it's almost noble, in a roundabout kind of way.

Outside the room someone calls Drake's name, he looks toward the sound and nods a few times.

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DRAKE

Look, I know you don't like my job. Believe me if I could just take a trading job I would, it'd be nice to not have to look over my shoulder every time I go to port and didn't have to keep jumping systems every time the Alliance steps up their patrols. It'd be great to be able to slip in system park up, drop our goods off and head out again.

But with the way the colonies are at the moment, all the civil unrest that's brewing out there, it's making trading nearly impossible even for the guys that have been doing it before the war. Smuggling is just in higher demand, the jobs are easier to come by, and they pay better.

Anyway, I hope your doing well back home. I know the winter must be coming in soon. Maybe the first snows are starting to settle. I know how much you like the snow. Remember that one year when I took you to Talista, there was a huge blizzard in the middle of the night and we woke up the next morning and it looked like the fields had been covered in a sheet of paper. That was a good week, i'll take you there again when this is all over. Hopefully we don't get snowed in again.

He smiled at the camera and in the background there is a low rumbling.

DRAKE

Sounds like we just popped orbit. I gotta go, but I'll make sure I send you another message soon. Stay safe, I'll see you on the other side.

SCENE #2 INT BEDROOM

Drake activates the camera.

DRAKE

This is Captain Drake, signing onto the ship log.

Well, not a bad first few weeks. Alliance are beefing up their patrols on the border to the frontier but they are still blind to those little nooks in the slipway. Makes the job difficult but not impossible.

We did have a close call coming into Cho Rai. Nothing to be worried about, just a documentation hitch. We didn't realize that the Alliance had shifted up a phase of their plan by a few months and when we entered the system there was a fully built Alliance outpost sitting in our way. Luckily it looked like it wasn't quite ready for us so we gave their system the slip and made it to port without getting caught.

Drake rubs his chin

Still, it's a bad sign. I haven't seen the Alliance moving out so far and so quick since my mum took me out on her ship. I wish you'd been there for those days, they were the best. Just me, mum and that gang of miscreant dunces she called a crew. They were a good crew, a family really. One big fifteen strong family drifting through space.

Each of them taught me something. The pilot taught me how to fly, and how to make those really nice pieces of fried toast. I spent a long time with the engine crew, teaching me the ins and outs of how the ship worked. Most important thing I learned from them was to listen. When a ship is hurt she'll tell you, usually with a load bang, a slow drip or a long drawn out

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DRAKE (cont'd)

whistle. They taught me to read the signals and learn from them what was wrong. I spent time with the navigator, the cargo team, even the accountant. Not that I picked up much from him.

Drake pauses for a second, staring off into the middle distance.

Funny thing was, after they had all told me what they knew I still didn't understand half of it. In the end that's what it means to be a captain, you're the leader but the people around you are what hold you up. Probably the best lesson I was ever taught, ships aren't held together by one person but by everyone on board.

He smiles to himself and pauses

DRAKE

So, there is a little bit of history on noble Captain Drake. I will say, I didn't mean to talk about myself so much. I'm not a narcissist...much.

I suppose it's coming up to mid winter where you are. Are they still doing that festival? The one you took me too last year? I really should have looked into it, i've been meaning to go back, even if it's just to take another crack at that one piloting game. I'm still thinking the damn thing was rigged. Festival or not I hope you're having a good time, don't let work get in the way too much. Stay safe, and I'll see you on the other side.

SCENE #3 INT BEDROOM

Drake activates the camera and sits down heavily, he looks tired.

DRAKE

This is Captain Drake, signing onto the ship log.

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Ok, I have some bad news. And i'm sorry that it's been so long since the last message. Things have gotten a bit out of hand in the last few weeks.

The worst news is that I'm going to have to stay out here a while longer, and at the moment I don't know how long that's going to be. We just haven't made the kind of credits I was expecting and between the long arm of the Alliance growing each time we make a stop and the mood of the frontier at the moment, it's hard to get anywhere quickly. Let alone get a new contract once we eventually complete one.

He stops on hand resting on his head, he takes a long breath

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You know, sometimes I'd love to just take this ship and go. You, me and the crew. We just go, run away from all this stuff. All the Alliance crap. I mean that's what the Colony Era was all about weren't they? Everyone running while the war started pulling the galaxy apart.

I know the plan was always to give this up to buy a place on one of the core worlds but maybe we just cut out the middle man. We just stay in the ship. I could take you all over the place. Anywhere you want to go we could go, total freedom. And there are so many things I need to show you out here, like this beautiful nebula out toward Pravin III or the huge convoys that travel from Ghoswood.

Think it out, really do. There are so many things out here you need to see and do. Sorry this is a short one, I just needed to send you something.

Stay safe, I'll see you on the other side.

SCENE #4 INT SPACE INTERROGATION ROOM

A spot light comes on shining on Drakes face. He looks at the screen.

DRAKE

This is Captain Drake, signing onto the...log.

So we've hit another snag. I..err I might have got caught. We were making a shipment at Midway when the Alliance slipped a small battle group into the system. Bad luck really. Anyway, they didn't take to kindly to us shifting our wares, something about illegal trafficking of goods.

I know you've heard me say it before but, I'm sorry. And I really am this time. I know you wanted me to get out for my own good but, I couldn't. Maybe I like the traveling or the danger or the mystique around it all. I just couldn't help but keep on going out.

I don't know how long it'll be until they let me out, one of the guards mentioned bail at around two thousand credits but I don't really know how that equates to jail time.

Before I go I just want you to know, I do love you. All the trips we took, everywhere we went. I wouldn't change any of them.

I doubt you'll wait for me this time. A few times you've said I have bad planning skills, and to be fair your quite right. But this once I have planned ahead. I'm having the Alliance send you a code with this message, it's got the credits I owe you. Better late than never right?

Drake looks off to the side for a second, nodding at someone
Ok, looks like my time is up. On the bright side i'll get to see mum again. Stay safe out there

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He flashes a small smile at the camera.
I'll see you soon.

FADE OUT