

The bridge of a spaceship. Once, it was pristine and modern, and now it has the wear and tear of a small crew desperately trying to make it theirs.

Atlas sits in the captain's chair. His elbows are on the control panel, face in his hands. Farrah sits behind him, spinning the chair at random.

Automated Voice

(D) Thank you for your patience. You are currently. Second. In the queue.

Atlas' hands advance to his hairline.

Pause.

Automated Voice

(D) Thank you for your patience. You are currently. Third. In the queue.

Atlas slams his hand on the panel. He looks back to Farrah, stoic, who just shrugs at him.

Automated Voice

(D) Thank you for your patience. You are current—

Static.

Operator

(D) (RUSHED) Hello, welcome to Central Control of the United Stars' Universal Federation. Glory to our Lady and all She has yet to smother. May I take your name, position, and current station, Captain?

Atlas spins back to the microphone. He puts on a fake register, strained, with his actual accent constantly trying to break through it.

Atlas

Hi, hello. It's, uh, Captain Atlas. Junior— Junior Captain. I've got information that's very very important and I need a line through as soon as possible.

Operator

(BEAT) And your station?

Atlas

Uh... F-7-99.

(D) Typing noises.

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. It seems our automated log can't find you on our system.

Atlas

(LOW) Oh god, why.

Operator

(D) I require your ship's serial code. You'll find the code in your ship's analog manual.

Farrah lobs the manual onto the panel. Pages explode out across it.

Atlas

It's right in front of me, in fact.

Atlas begins scrambling through the papers.

Operator

(D) Thank you. It starts with two letters, followed by twelve numbers.

Atlas

liiiit... iiiiiiis...

Atlas picks up a heavily dog-eared page, and squints at it.

Atlas

A-G-3-7... 6-1-2-7... 5-4... 8-7-2-2.

(D) Typing noises.

Operator

(D) Thank you. Junior Captain Atlas, welcome to the main line for Central Control. Is this call for a routine report?

Atlas

No, it's for—

Operator

(D) Thank you. Can you please provide your routine report code?

Atlas

No, no. It's not for a routine. I need a line to someone higher up.

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. This line is for reports only.

Atlas

Yes, I know that, and this is one I was told to come to after trying five others and nearly ramming into an officer to get it. (BEAT) And it is a report. It's the definition of a report, actually.

Operator

(D) Thank you. Can you please provide your routine report code?

Atlas

No, again, this isn't a routine report.

Operator

(D) Thank you. Can you please provide your—

Atlas

We found the wreck of the Albion.

Pause.

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. I'm not sure what you mean by that.

Atlas

The Albion. The Great White. The ship that everyone lost their minds over being indestructible. The ship everyone's hellbent on believing is just lost. The ship I've been trying to tell Control about for the past three weeks.

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. I'm not sure what you mean by that.

Pause.

Atlas

You're not human, are you?

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. I'm not sure what you mean by that.

Atlas

Can you put someone with a brain on, please?

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. All other operators are engaged.

Atlas

Are there any other lines I can use? With actual people who understand this? (BEAT)
Please?

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. I'm not sure what you mean by that.

Pause.

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. Would you like to end this call?

Atlas

Yes. End it.

Operator

(D) Thank you. Do you need anything else—

Atlas

Yes yes yes, thank you, great, thank you. Goodnight, goodbye, *thank you*.

Atlas shoves himself away from the control panel and groans.

Atlas

Fuck me those fuckin' dickheads at Control with their fuckin' bots and automated lines and that stupid—

Operator

(D) I'm sorry. I'm not sure what you mean by that.

Atlas closes his eyes, then, slowly, leans forward and presses a button.

Farrah

Finished?

Atlas

Why wouldn't they close the line when we're done?!

Farrah

Need to keep it open to see if the most important captain in the world has any more comments, I'm sure.

Atlas

You agreed how important this was. You're half the reason we're here.

Farrah

I agree it's ridiculous that one of the biggest discoveries of the year is being pushed aside for your lack of seniority and my background. I agree.

Atlas

Then what are we supposed to do?!

Farrah

It's frustrating, but it could be worse.

Atlas

Nope, nope! It really couldn't. This is it. I'm not dealin' with this anymore. We're becomin' pirates. We'll raid that wreck ourselves.

Ship

Ten.

Atlas looks around the cabin.

Atlas

The hell was that?

Farrah

I set up a counter.

Pause.

Atlas

I haven't said we should be pirates that many times.

Ship

Eleven.

Farrah

Would you like to go over why chasing money is a stupid idea?

Atlas

It's not about the money, Farrah. You know I'm not about that. We keep throwing ourselves at Control and getting nothing back from them. No respect. Not even mentioning the ethics. (BEAT) We've had this conversation before.

Farrah

We have.

Atlas

We have.

Farrah

And everytime we've come to the same conclusion.

Atlas slides down his chair and rolls his eyes.

Farrah

Atlas, I know it's not ideal, but it's something stable. You can put your talents to use without scrutiny and just deal with a little bureaucracy and corruption.

Atlas

A little?!

Farrah

A little you've turned a blind eye for this long.

Atlas gazes off into the distance. He jumps back up his chair, and spins it around to the control panel.

Atlas

I'm callin' Miles.

Farrah

Atlas, you're not—

Atlas

I'm callin' them. I'm doin' it.

He begins dialling a number on the panel.

Atlas

Not working for some glorified cops anymore. We're gonna be pirates.

Ship

Twelve.

Atlas scowls.

The phone begins to ring. Atlas drums his fingers on the panel.

The call connects. His eyes lighten up, to dampen when he is greeted by (D) the rustling of a bag of crisps, possibly several.

Miles

(D) Yeah?

Atlas

(BEAT) Miles?

Miles

(D) Yeah?

(D) *More rustles.*

Atlas

Are you, like, busy right now?

Miles

(D) Nah.

(D) *Several crunches.*

Miles

(D) (MOUTH FULL) What you want?

Atlas

Well... you know, how's the job goin'? Any new routes, rewards for discoveries? Any *spontaneous* promotions that you were promised months ago? (LOW) Bastards.

Miles

(D) Uhm.

(D) *More crunches.*

Miles

(D) (MOUTH FULL) Been a bit shit, honestly.

Atlas

Oh, really? Oh, that's so, you know, that's so bad...

Pause.

Miles

(D) Yeah.

Pause. (D) Rustle.

Atlas

Uh, Miles, uh, I was just wonderin'—and don't feel like you need to agree or anythin', really, don't—remember when we talked about some kind of.. A little, you know, business opportunity? You remember what that was?

Miles

(D) Oh, the pirate—

Atlas

Yes yes yes yes, yes. That. Would you, say, still be up for it?

Miles

(D) Yeah, sure.

Atlas stammers, and his eyebrows knot.

Atlas

You serious?

Miles

(D) I mean, yeah. I got nothing else on. Sure.

Atlas

No, you know, back and forth over how bad an idea it is and the fact this guarantees neither of us will be hired in any official capacity again—

Miles

(D) I'm near G-7-87 if you wanna meet.

Atlas

Right, right! Meet. Face to face. Yeah. That would be good.

Miles

(D) Yeah man; see you there.

The line closes. Atlas takes a moment to stare at the microphone.

Atlas

Farrah what have I done?

Farrah

What I told you not to do, is what you did.

Atlas bites his lip.

Farrah

Did you think of the consequences? How different everything will be?

Atlas

I've wanted to do this for ages, but—

Farrah

Did you think about the fact we're alone now? That we have to get fuel and resources ourselves?

Atlas

Or the fact most ports hate pirates?

Farrah

Or how civilians are likely to rat us out?

Atlas

Or that we'll be chased by bounty hunters?

Farrah

Or killed?

Atlas

(HIGH PITCHED) Or killed.

Atlas sighs, and gets up from his chair.

Atlas

Farrah, I guess, this is my official statement of your dismissal. If you want no part of this and the fact it's a terrible idea, you're free to go. I won't hold it against you and—

Farrah

I'm staying.

Atlas blinks several times.

Farrah

Despite the fact you're cocky, and boorish, and undiplomatic, impulsive, idealistic—

Atlas

Anythin' positive?

Farrah

—you're the only person here I can tolerate.

He squints, considering this.

Atlas

I'll take it.

Atlas extends his hand out. Farrah shakes firmly, and smiles a little.

Atlas

That does it. You, me, Miles. All three of us will be pirates together!

Pause.

Ship

Thirteen.

Atlas

Turn that fuckin' thing off.