

ANALYSIS

AN ORPHANS STORY

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WILD TALES

ALLIANCE INTELLIGENCE TRANSCRIPTION UNDERGROUND BROADCAST - "WILD TALES: ANALYSIS"

::BEGIN TRANSCRIPTION::

[[INSIDE - QUIET ROOM]]
[[RADIO EQUIPMENT SCANNING FREQUENCIES]]
[[WILD TALES IS PICKED UP]]
[[SPACE LOUNGE MUSIC PLAYING]]

Charles Pritchett: Hello, hello, hello Wild Space! Welcome back to the one, the only...

BOTH: Wild Tales!

Baz Goodrich: I'm Baz Goodrich!

CP: I'm Charles Pritchett!

BG: And we're here to thrill, chill, delight, and excite, with the latest stories from around the galaxy! Only you can decide what is fact... and what is fiction!

CP: We're broadcasting from the one and only Wild Outpost One, right in the heart of Wild Space, this is the only subspace broadcast with the gumption for presumption!

BG: But that made no sense?

CP: No, but it rhymes, and that sublimes!

BG: How wrong you are! So... tell me Charles, what've we got on the docket today?

CP: We have a story of love, loss, and logistics in... Analysis!

BG: Very good! Submitted by regular listener David Orión, if I'm not wrong?

CP: You're not! Thaaank you, Daaavid!

BG: Please enjoy!

[[WILD TALES FADES OUT]]

EPISODE TWO: ANALYSIS

[[BAY DOORS BUZZING]]
[[METAL SCRAPING]]
[[EVACUATION SIREN]]

William Vries: Alright guys, everyone get on board, come on, move it, move it!

[[MANY FOOTSTEPS RUNNING]]
[[PNEUMATIC HISS]]
[[CARRIER DOOR OPENS]]

WV: Get yer asses in gear, come on!

Baz: Not without you, Will!

[[CARRIER POWERING UP]]
[[VRIES TYPING]]

WV: Don't worry about me! I've gotta go get the files, I'll take the shuttle back, so just go! Just go!

B: ...I'd better see you at the rendezvous.

[[ENGINES WHIR TO LIFE]]
[[CONTAINERS KNOCKED OVER]]
[[SHIP BLASTS OFF]]
[[WILLIAM TYPING]]
[[CATCHING HIS BREATH]]

WV (to himself): Okay, okay-

GeoFFRy: The ETA for the Collective's Vessel is... fifteen minutes.

WV (under his breath): Come on, come on, come on-

Geo: The estimated time to transfer all root files and logs to the ship would be seventeen minutes.

WV: Okay- Ugh, okay, c'mon, c'mon c'mon-

Geo: The estimated time to transfer root files and delete personal logs would be twelve minutes.

WV: Okay, cool- cool, cool- Transfer all files to ship, and..

[[WILLIAM SIGHS]]

WILD TALES

WV: ...delete all logs.

[[COMPUTER BLEEPS AFFIRMATIVE]]

Geo: *It is possible to listen to several logs before they are deleted.*
[[DEEP CONTEMPLATIVE BREATH]]

WV: *Okay... play Matthew Endel's logs.*

[[COMPUTER BLEEPS AFFIRMATIVE]]

Geo: *Accessing personal logs of Matthew Endel.*

[[COMPUTER BLEEPS]]

[[RECORD CLICKS AS IT BEGINS PLAYING]]

Matthew Endel (recording): *Mission Log Zero-Zero-One. My arrival at the shipping centre in the outskirts of the Coracas System has been successful. The main subject of analysis and head of the centre, William Vries, is suspicious about my cover here.*

[[WILLIAM TAKES A DEEP BREATH]]

ME: *It's just a matter of time before I effectively profile him and discover the root of his malfunction. A six months mission: I must study him, and find proof of his links to the Alliance.*

[[WILLIAM SIGHS]]

ME: *...six long months.*

[[NEXT RECORD BLEEPS]]

ME: *There is something wrong with this William Unit. The strain is not known for this kind of amiability. It is as if Nora's traces had been mixed in with his genetic code. Vries acts like a capable leader and, because my position as Clones Resources Manager leaves me "too much free time", he has me working with him in his office almost every day. It is clear he wants to keep a close eye on me. When the last ships of the day had left the hanger, he offered me a drink... and a game of chess.*

[[WILL MAKES PONDEROUS NOISES IN RECOGNITION]]

ME: *I thought it would be interested to assess his movements in such an ancient game, yet... I enjoyed the evening. Maybe too much.*

[[WILLIAM CONTINUES BREATHING HEAVILY AS THE LOGS PLAY]]

EPISODE TWO: ANALYSIS

[[NEXT RECORD BLEEPS]]

ME: Mission Log Zero-Five-One. I am now one hundred percent sure that William and the clones in this centre are working with the Alliance, but all the data that could have been of any proof is inaccessible to me. William keeps showing strange patterns. Our chess games now happen twice a week, and yesterday he insisted I tried an alcoholic beverage he got from a shipment to Vuclidia.

[[WILLIAM CHUCKLES]]

ME: ...it's not his first gift, which leads me to believe that William is trying to gain my favour in order to hinder my investigation.

[[MATTHEW PAUSES BEFORE SMILING]]

ME: ...nevertheless, the... the drink was... quite something.

[[WILLIAM GIGGLING]]

WV: Hehehe, ohh, you idiot. Heh, what're you like-

[[NEXT RECORD BLEEPS]]

ME: Something... happened.

[[WILLIAM STEADIES HIMSELF]]

ME: Not today... but slowly. I noticed my own conduct had become erratic around him. After the incident with the shipment lots close to Mariga, I see why the rest of the staff trusts him... and now I even owe him my life.

[[WILLIAM SIGHS]]

[[MATTHEW SIGHS]]

ME: I cannot find it in me to be detached any more. I started omitting certain aspects of my mission here when I report to the Collective. They must be busy with another operation, this month has passed with hardly any contact on their side, so...

ME: Mission Log One-Two-Two...

[[MATTHEW LETS OUT A SINGLE AMUSED SIGH]]

ME: I did not think we had it in us, this ability to... is "love" the right word?

[[WILLIAM SIGHING HEAVILY]]

WILD TALES

[[SHUFFLES HIS FEET]]

ME: Billy started asking questions... big questions, and the deeper we dived into our psyche, into the reasons for our existence... the clearer it was for me. We hardly touched the chess table. When I looked at him, it felt... right.

[[MATTHEW LAUGHS, HOPELESSLY]]

ME: I studied him so much, that he- he became a- a part of me!

[[MATTHEW PAUSES]]

ME: ...we must leave the Collective. We are in big trouble...

[[WILLIAM SIGHS]]

ME: ...I need to make things right, Billy. I owe you this.

[[GEOFFRY INTERRUPTS]]

Geo: Two minutes to complete the transfer and erasure. Collective's vessel ETA is five minutes.

WV: ...play the last log. Please.

[[LAST RECORD BLEEPS]]

ME: Billy. If you're listening to this, they have not accepted my offer. Or... or I'm dead. I didn't leave you any messages, this morning, but at least-

[[MATTHEW BEGINS TO BREAK DOWN]]

ME: ...at least I kissed you goodbye.

[[MATTHEW LAUGHS AND CRIES]]

ME: ...you were snoring. As always.

[[SOBS BEGIN TO CATCH IN WILLIAM'S THROAT]]

[[MATTHEW SIGHS AND COLLECTS HIMSELF]]

ME: ...I have hidden additional Collective's routes and some of my behavioural hypotheses and theories on clones' psychological evolution inside the centre's data.

[[WILLIAM BEGINS TO BREAK DOWN]]

EPISODE TWO: ANALYSIS

ME: ...Go to the Alliance, or hide for a while, but please... whatever happens... survive.

[[THEY BOTH CRY]]

ME: I love you, Billy. I'm so sorry-

Geo: Deleted!

[[WILLIAM BREAKS]]

[[SMASHING THE CONSOLE IN DESPAIR]]

[[YELLS IN PAIN AND ANGER]]

[[SMASHES THE CONSOLE AGAIN]]

[[CRYING OUT IN GRIEF]]

WV: ...fuck... dammit, Matt...

[[WILD TALES MUSIC FADES BACK IN]]

CP: ... such heartbreak... so many beautiful possibilities...

BG: It's nice to hear a William, coming out of his shell, letting himself be vulnerable. I guess some strains are just more repressed, than others... you wouldn't get a Charles to be that vulnerable, then I'd know it was fiction. Heh.

CP: Yeah, yeah... you love me really.

BG: Aheheh, maybe, but I'll never admit it.

[[THEY BOTH CHUCKLE]]

[[MESSAGE TONE BLINGS]]

CP: I'm getting word that we have a caller on the line. Hello? Who've we got?

Valerie Ravenswood: Uh, hi, uh... this is Valerie Ravenswood!

BG: Hi, Valerie, how're you doing?

VR: Oh, uh, not bad thanks, just... tuning in like every week!

CP: Where are you calling from, Valerie?

VR: Uh, Rendal.

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BG: Oh.

[[THEY ALL PAUSE]]

BG: Very nice. Very... dry.

VR: Eheheh, yeah...

CP: What did you want to say, Valerie?

VR: Oh, um, uh... I just wanted to say that I really loved that story. It really lifted me up when I truly needed it most, it... it let all my troubles just... float away!

CP: Aww, that's lovely. And I imagine you have a lot of those, living on Rendal...

VR: ... yeah...

[[CALL BLEEPS]]

BG: Uh, thank you Valerie! I'm afraid that's all the time we can have you on before someone can start to trace our location on your signal, thanks for your call!

VR: Uh, uh, thank y-

[[CALL HANGS UP]]

CP: How refreshing to hear from a listener.

BG: It is! Be sure to call in next week when we have a tale about AIs, and Dianas...

CP: He loves those Dianas!

[[BAZ GUFFAWS]]

CP: Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner!

::END TRANSCRIPTION::

::AUTOMATIC FORWARD TO – CMDR. X TEMUARA::