

The Chaos Agenda
Shooting Script
— VERY —
≡ PRELIMINARY ≡

Written by :
Chris Hudak
B.J. West

05/11/94

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SIMON SEZ

SM1: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

The Governor's limousine sits next to the player, and she conducts her business through the open car window. She is looking at a sheet of hardcopy.

DUPREE

For somebody with no job you keep remarkably busy. Listen, there's very little time and we have a problem. Twenty hours ago, an armed strike force attacked the Lorus Livermore lab complex and stole a project under development, a very sensitive project. It's a man-portable particle cannon, the first military contract of this magnitude that California's gotten in forty years. Our people have tracked the gang to an abandoned underground parking structure in Oakland, but if we tell the military the device is gone---let alone that we now need military muscle to steal it back---it might be another forty years before we get another such contract. You need money and a newer, cleaner background; we need the device back---quietly. Can we rely on you?

SM2: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

DUPREE

Very good. I trust you'll keep the sensitivity of this issue in mind. Here's a detailed mission profile detailing all you need to know. (hands card) I guess I don't need to tell you that this is a risky assignment, and that's putting it mildly. Watch yourself. If you extract the device, we'll be waiting to receive it just outside the warehouse. Good luck.

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SM3: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

DUPREE

Well. I see. Our profile had led me to believe you were the right one for the job. I see we were mistaken.

SM4: GOVERNOR'S LIMO – MED. SHOT

Gunbarrels extend from the window, and gunfire explodes everywhere as the player attacks the governor personally. The Governor's henchman reply in kind, and the game is over.

SM5: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

DUPREE

Our profile had you pegged as a professional. But you're just another punk, aren't you? (to driver) Get us out of here!

SM7: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

DUPREE

I'm glad you made it. To be honest, I'd about given up hope. We've had twenty-seven scientists and technicians waiting around like nervous mothers with the porch lights on. Pass the device through the window in front of me.

SM8: GOVERNOR'S LIMO – MED. SHOT

The attack option results in a protrusion of gunbarrels and a barrage of gunfire from all windows of the limo. Game over. If the player's weapon of choice was Simon, we see a lovely sequence of Simon hacking the limo like it was warm butter, and then the end comes.

SM9: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

DUPREE

Thank you; I won't forget this. You'll find your accounts credited in a few moments. I also have a feeling that troublesome record of yours is going to-- (wrinkles her nose and smiles) --go away. And remember, none of this ever happened. (to driver) We're finished here, let's go.

SM10: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

DUPREE

(Irritated and a little confused)

Well, then...? Let's have the device!

SM11: GOVERNOR'S LIMO – MED. SHOT

(Many guns poke out of every conceivable orifice of the limousine. The Governor withdraws into the car behind yet more guns. Her voice comes from inside)

DUPREE

(Very stern)

Hand over the device. If I have to ask you again, I'll be doing it with a Ouija board.

SM12: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

DUPREE

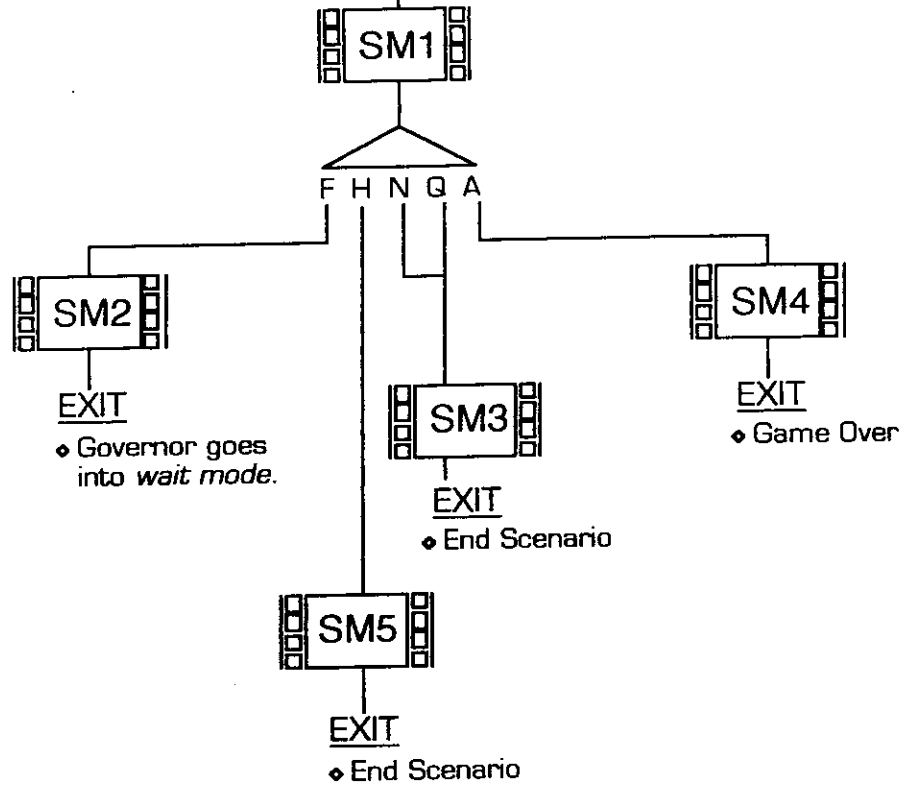
(Icily civil) The device appears to be in order. You would
be well advised to forget about this transaction. Good day!
(window powers up)

SM13: GOV. DUPREE – CLOSE UP

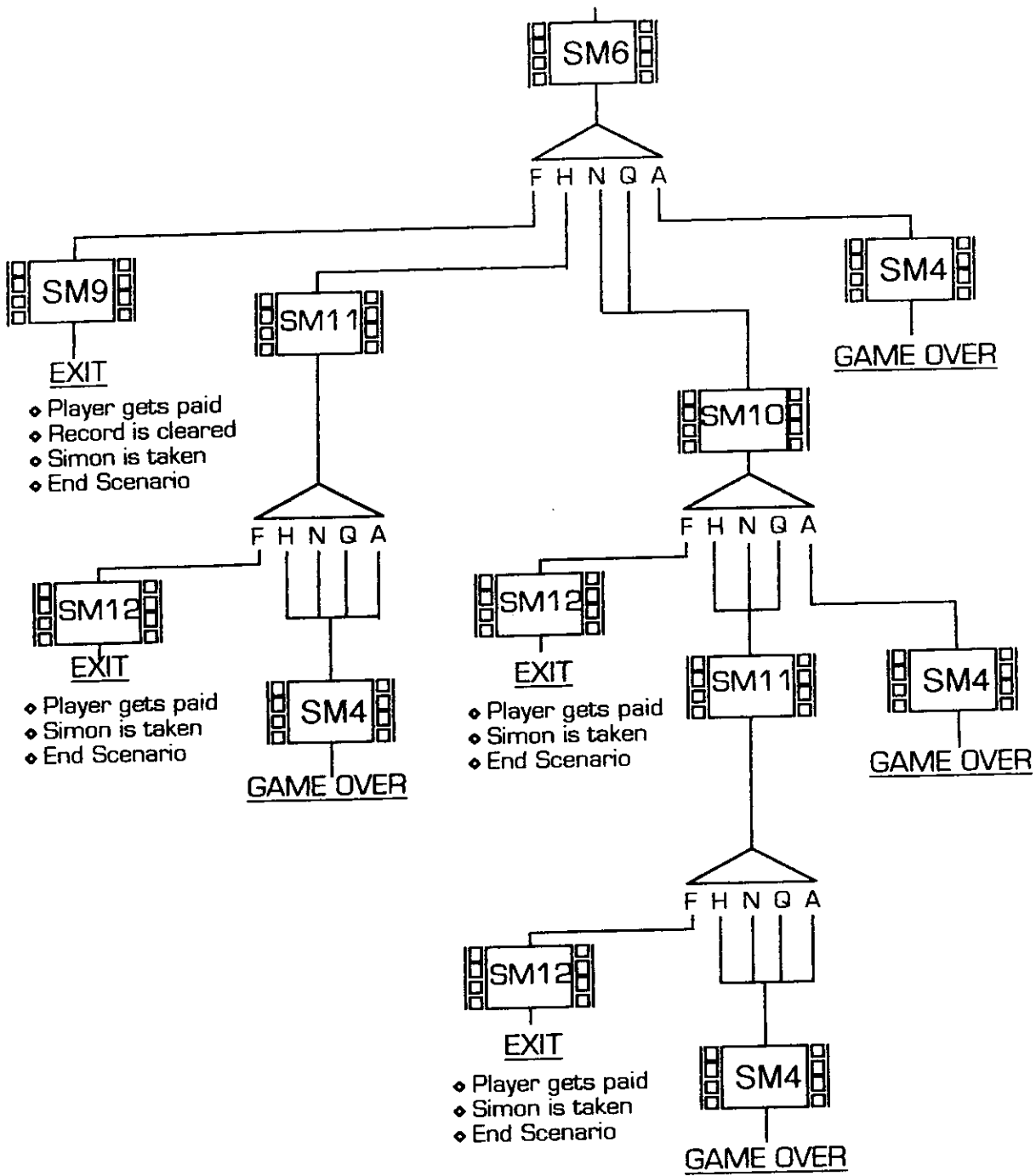
DUPREE

Wh...where is it? (long blank silence of comprehension)
Where is the device?

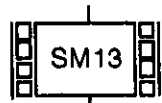
ENGAGE: INITIAL ENCOUNTER



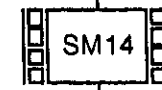
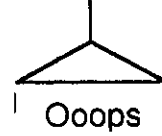
ENGAGE: GOV. IN WAIT MODE
(WITH SIMON)



ENGAGE: GOV. IN WAIT MODE
(WITHOUT SIMON)



- ◇ Player Doesn't have device
- ◇ Player is screwed



- ◇ Player opens up on Gov's limo
- ◇ Game Ends

GAME OVER

GAME OVER

DRAGONS CLAW

DC1: JING-LEE HSU – MED SHOT

Jing-Lee comes running out of a nearby alley, screaming, flailing for balance, and runs toward the camera.

JING-LEE

(Panic stricken)

Help! Help me, you've got to help me! The children, my brother, they're killing them all..!

Jing-Lee looks around fearfully, starts to scream and claw at herself as though beating away invisible insects---and finally comes apart in a spraying, shrieking cloud of flesh and blood.

JING-LEE

No...the Dragon...oh GOD...

DC2: REV. KAHANAMOKU – CLOSE UP

REV. KAHANAMOKU

(Friendly, yet concerned)

Hello. I'm Reverend Kahanamoku. I must say, you're not what I expected (smiles down at her own priestly getup)...but I suppose you could say the same thing to me. Our Lady of Snows Trauma Ward is almost entirely dedicated to the study of the so-called Hamlin Virus. It's got very discriminating taste---ninety-two percent of our patients are children aged five to twelve, and the only connection we've been able to draw between any two is that they're exceptionally gifted. The virus is ugly--fits, inexplicable comatosis....and now we seem to be losing our

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DC2: (CONT.)

patients every time we blink. I'd hate to think it's a failure on the part of our system...but that's what I think. I'm afraid our budget is somewhat limited. We can't offer more than \$200, but...can you help us?

DC3: REV. KAHANAMOKU – CLOSE UP

REV. KAHANAMOKU

I feel better already. We'll give you sysop access immediately. There is detailed information about us and our work online. Please contact me as soon you learn anything. Anything at all. And thank you.

DC4: REV. KAHANAMOKU – CLOSE UP

REV. KAHANAMOKU

I am sorry you feel that way. Should you change your mind, I'll set you up with a user account on the Trauma Center's node just in case. Good day.

DC5: REV. KAHANAMOKU – CLOSE UP

REV. KAHANAMOKU

I understand that your...career...is generally more profit-oriented, but how can you just sit and watch these children being struck down? Won't you reconsider?

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DC6: REV. KAHANAMOKU – CLOSE UP

REV. KAHANAMOKU

You've done God's work, whether you know it or not. He uses some...unlikely tools. *(smiles)* Your account has been credited. I wish we had more to offer you for your help. *(removes ST. JUDE MEDALLION from around her neck, moves toward camera and clearly places the medallion around the viewer's 'neck'.)* Thank you again. God be with you.

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INFERNO

DS1: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

BIANCO

(He leans over a drink into the player's face.)

Hey-hey, I was starting to think nobody was gonna show up. Jon Bionco, Kelpin Entertainment, Peezameecha. Look, it's like this; my boy, Stevie---Stephen Razor, the guy who did *Giver Way Nightmare*, not just a talented cyberspace artist but a personal friend of mine---he hasn't turned up in a coupla weeks. (makes a teetering so-so gesture with his hand) I think he's been working too hard, y'know, and...well, his crowd, you know...weirdo friends, weirdo fans...anything coulda happened. I'da called the cops by now...but it's bad press. Y'know how it is. Think you could check it out and, and...y'know...keep it *quiet*?

DS2: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

BIANCO

(Excited)

Great, great! I've got a five year contract riding on this! And, of course, plus I'm really starting to worry here. Look, he was working in the Net on his latest gig, and that's the last anyone's seen of him. Maybe he's *mad* at me, I don't know. I just wanna find where he is, know he's all right. (hands player a disk) Here's what we've got on him. This'll give you access to the entertainment company node, kinda his studio. God only knows what he's doing in there. I'll be waiting, kid. Good luck.

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DS3: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

BIANCO

(Desperate)

Look kid, I'll make it worth your while! I've *gotta* find him, I've been tearin' my hair out here! (subconsciously strokes his head). Stevie's really been going to hell lately. Help me out, whaddaya say?

DS4: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

BIANCO

(Exhasperated)

Awright, fine, the hell with you anyway! Thought you might wanna help, so sue me. (stews for a few seconds, grumbles last line). Let me know if ya change your mind. I'll remember you.

DS5: STEPHAN RAZOR – EXTREME CLOSE UP

Razor, staring into the camera. His eyes have the beginnings of the hollows that come with worry and nightmares. All his lines are controlled, but ever so tinged with anger, contempt, and self-loathing.

RAZOR

Don't look so surprised. You've found your own way here, just like you always knew you would. The Game of Life is over, and *you lose*. Do not pass go, do not collect two hundred, do not stop screaming. You're going to get what you deserve.

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DS6: STEPHAN RAZOR – EXTREME CLOSE UP

Razor, looking worse. His face sheens with sweat , his form shakes with DTs

RAZOR

You know where you are? You're where the sunlight dies,
where all the trains stop, where all the music hangs on one
miserable note. You have the right to remain silent.
Everything you say and do *will* be used against you.

DS7: STEPHAN RAZOR – EXTREME CLOSE UP

Razor, looking like sleep-deprived hammered spam, seething, screaming.

RAZOR

Who sent you here? What are you afraid of?! *WHAT ARE
YOU RUNNING FROM?*

DS8: ST. JUDE - CLOSE UP

ST. JUDE dissolves in as a glittering, seraphic human form.

ST. JUDE

You realize, of course, that nothing whatsoever is keeping
you here except (points to Razor) *his* bad code

DS9: STEPHAN RAZOR – CLOSE UP

RAZOR

(looking dazedly down at own body)

Never thought I'd be so happy to see *this* thing again. I owe
you. I owe you hard. God only knows what Bionco's done
to my accounts, but----*(hands over his cyberspace deck)* for

DS9: (CONT.)

now, please take this. There may be something better out there, but it's not legal. Again, thanks. *(looks blackly at the lockout card in his other hand.)* I'll be okay from here. Guess I'd better go find another agent. This one *sucked.* *(twists the card into a mess of plastic and circuits)*

DS10: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

BIANCO

Couldn't leave it alone, could you? Don't be an idiot, kid. I don't know what he told you, but--- *(waves a hand as though warding off everything in the world that inconveniences him)* ---Look, you were in this for money, right? Right? Just, just tell me *where* the bastard is hiding, just give me the info, and we'll settle this, make ya happy, and get ya on your way. *(Lowers the gun, holds his hands out in a let's-be-reasonable gesture)* Whaddaya say?

DS11: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

BIANCO

(Looks down at a disk given him by the player, smiling.)
Good. Good. Ya made the right choice, kid.

DS12: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

BIANCO

(Shakes his head in a tch-tch way, sighs.)
Wish I had time to explain it to ya, kid. *Ciao.* *(Brings gun rapidly, inexpertly up)*

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DS13: JON BIANCO – CLOSE UP

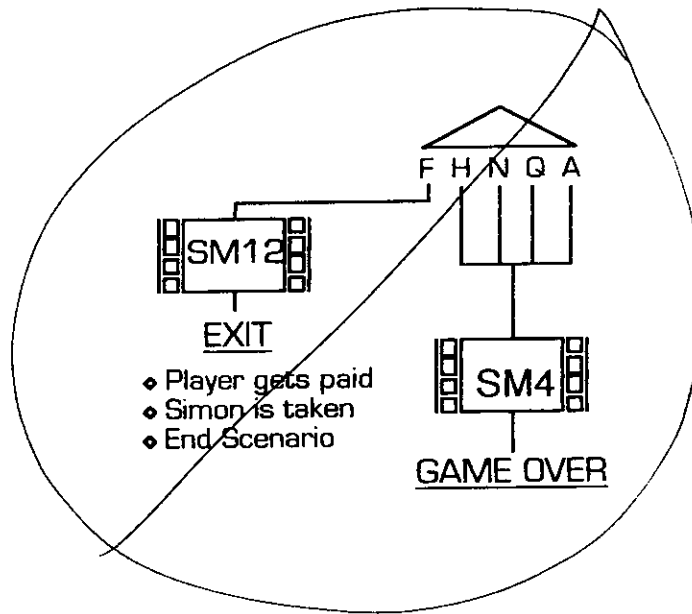
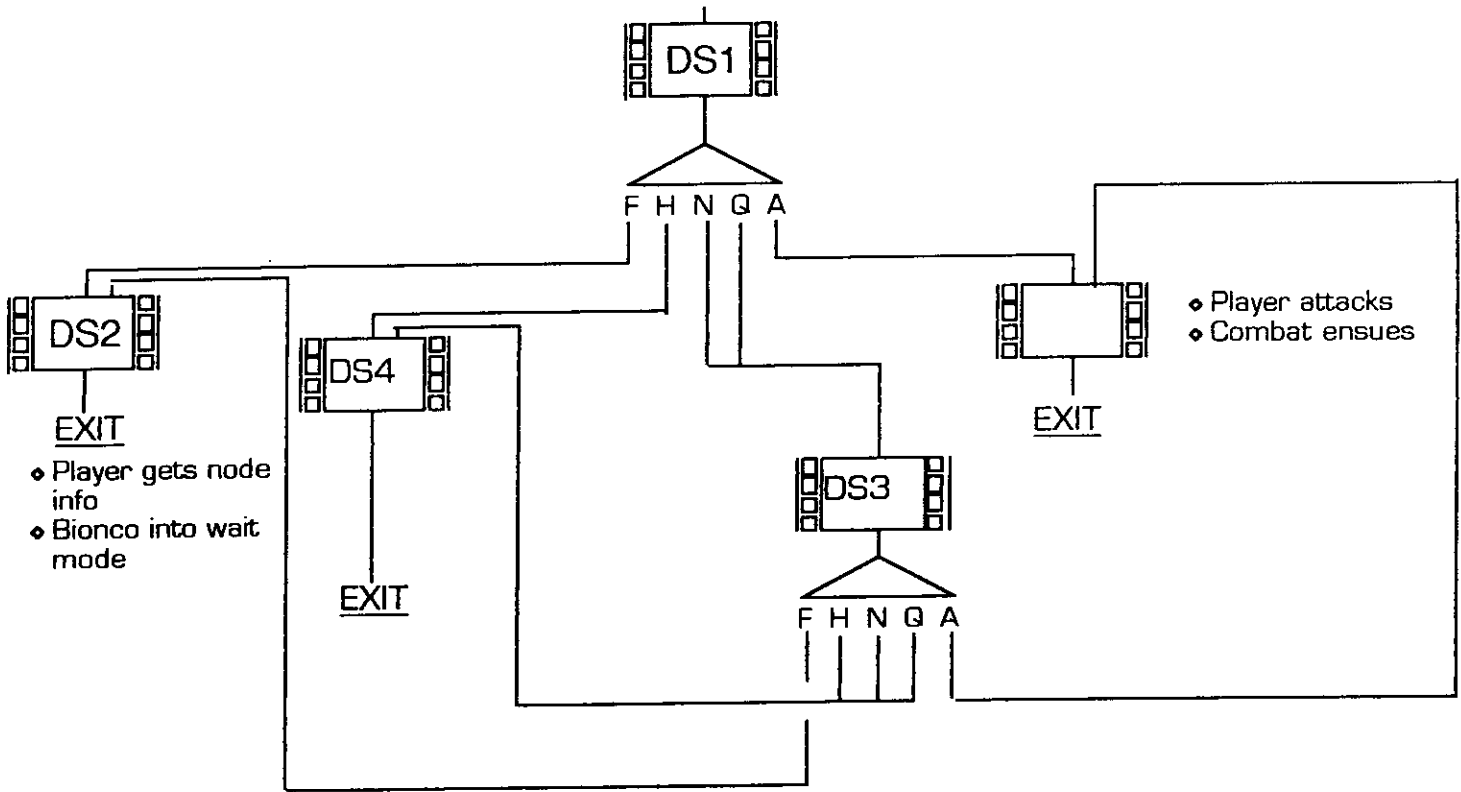
BIANCO

(Angrily)

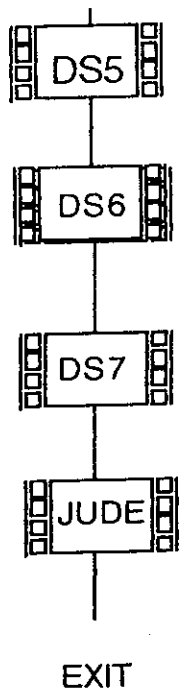
Oh yeah, I forgot, you're tough! (waves gun as he
advances) Eat THIS, punk!

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ENGAGE JON BIONCO



RAZOR ON THE WAY DOWN



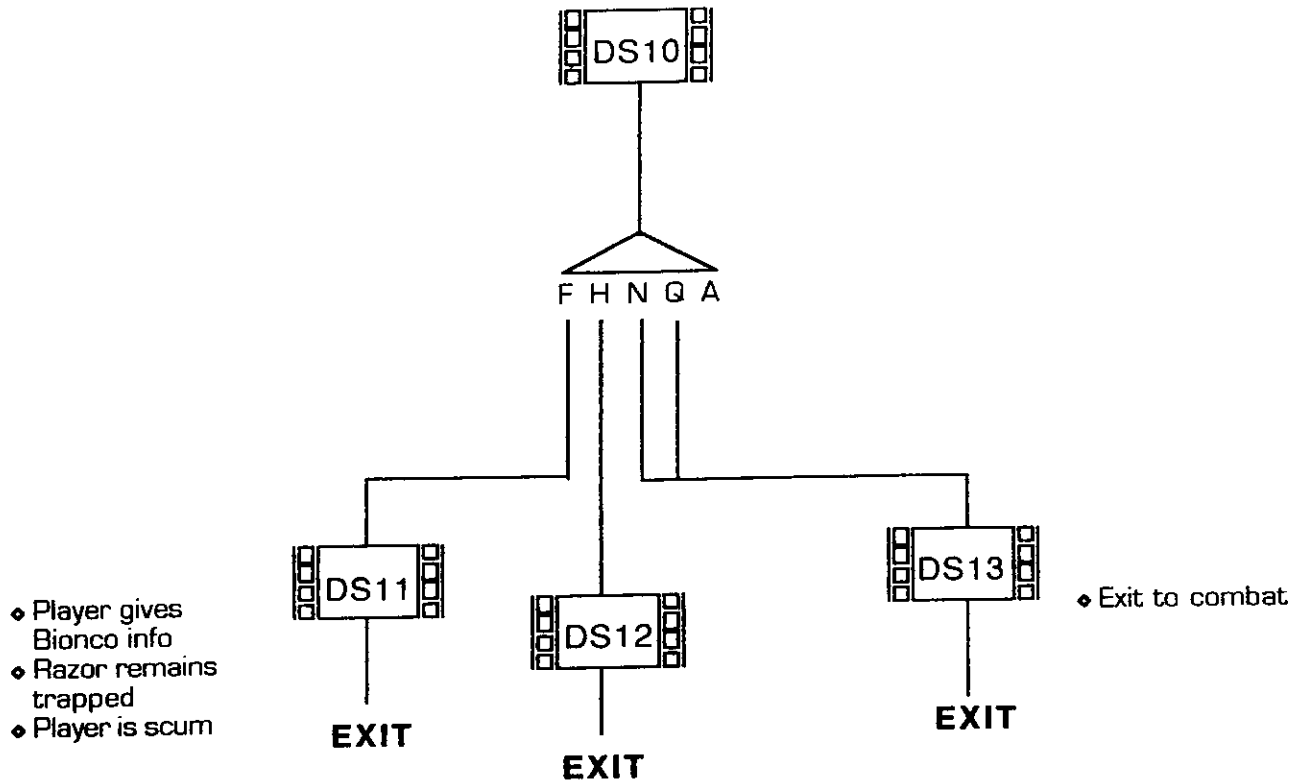
ENCOUNTER WITH RAZOR



- ◆ Player gets Razor's deck

EXIT

BIANCO IN WAIT MODE
ENCOUNTER WITH BIANCO



AL-QDIR & RANDOLPH JERNAU

AQ1: AL-QADIR'S LIMO – CLOSEUP

After the limousine sprite has pulled up, we see a video clip of a limousine window with Al Qadir himself leaning out, beaming broadly, holding out a black device.

AL-QADIR

Hello, my busy friend! Allow me to introduce myself. I am Hassan Al Qadir, Chief Executive Officer of TransGlobal Industries. This *(makes a sweeping gesture out the window)* is my private limousine. This *(holding up the object in his hand)* is a neural stunner!

CUT TO BLACK

DISSOLVE TO:

AQ2: AL-QADIR – CLOSE UP

AL-QADIR

Hello again already! I apologize most profusely for the abrupt invitation to our computer lab, but you might not have accepted otherwise. I'll get directly to the point---your reputation stands so stiffly out in front of you that we felt you were the best one to recruit for solving our little problem. It seems my former chief of security Randolph Jernau has tired of my employ. It also seems he has *(rising into anger without noticing it)* changed the passwords to, and locked us out of, our own database! It seems also that he is offering the entire database as a love-gift to his new employers, namely MEGASOFT! As we speak he is in our system, transferring all our files to his new employer, and ELIMINATING them as he goes. I want him OUT! *OUT!* Will you assist us?

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AQ3: AL-QADIR – CLOSE UP

AL-QADIR

(Beaming, luxurious pleasure)

Excellent Excellent! Time grows short, the traitor has already eliminated our nonessential files and is starting to sink his teeth into our corporate livelihood! Remove him and I will reward you handsomely. And should you encounter Jernau himself in the Net...(reaches out of frame and grabs a black disk, offers it to the player ominously) use *this* on him!

AQ4: AL-QADIR – CLOSE UP

AL-QADIR

(Jollier-than-thou facade drops away)

Listen to me, my busy friend. Listen to me carefully. You do not want to go through life making enemies. In the kind of circles you move in, enemies are an especially bad thing. I do not appreciate my generous offers being rejected. Now I will ask you once again...will you assist us?

AQ5: AL-QADIR – CLOSE UP

AL-QADIR

(Towering, Jihad-style rage)

Ingrate! I could have dropped you five hundred stories to your death at any time on the way here! I could kill you as a MegaSoft spy right in this room! *(clenches, fumes)* You have worked hard for my disfavor, and you have earned every ounce! Now get out! OUT!

AQ6: AL-QADIR – CLOSE UP

Al-Qadir, delighted. He face is bathed in the glow of a monitor which is turned away from the camera. Technician chatter buzzes in the background. Whatever he is seeing, he likes it. Turns his cheesy grin toward the camera and throws his hands out as if to embrace it.

AL-QADIR

Excellent work, my busy friend! Our keynodes are back online! Beautiful, look at them! I could kiss you! *(makes a classic face, probably in reaction to 'yours,')* But I won't, I won't. Now, I must confess I lied to you about the nine hundred credits. *(Beat)* I'm giving you a thousand! Ha-ha! Now--- *(all his cheer dries instantly into a sober, dangerous, now-to-business expression)* ---I am prepared to make you a second offer, my industrious friend. As I do not forgot my benefactors, I do not forget my detractors. Jernau is fat and happy enough in his new nest, and if he is wise he will stay there...but his true home is in c-space. Sooner or later his guard will drop. You have more than proven your prowess in this realm. *(reaches off-camera and holds up a black diskette or computer peripheral, Turns it in his hand like a religious artifact, smiling grimly)* This is TGI's most advanced black ICE. Very deadly. A most unfortunate thing for a most impudent former chief of security to encounter. *(leans in close to camera, conspiratorially)* Do we have an...extension of your contract?

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AQ7: AL-QADIR – CLOSE UP

The monitors in TGI's computer lab are snowing out and darkening one by one. Flummoxed TGI technicians are running and cursing in the background, and somewhere a primary generator is winding down with a miserable, dying grind. Just before Qadir speaks to the player, reddish emergency lighting kicks in. Qadir looks around, unable to believe how badly the day is going.

AL-QADIR

IDIOT! Were you stopping Jernau or helping him along?! Our mainframe has been gutted like a pig! Our systems are dying! Do you see this?! Get OUT! I should have you dropped from hundredth floor like a stone, but the ELEVATORS probably don't work by now! Out! OUT!

AQ8: AL-QADIR – CLOSE UP

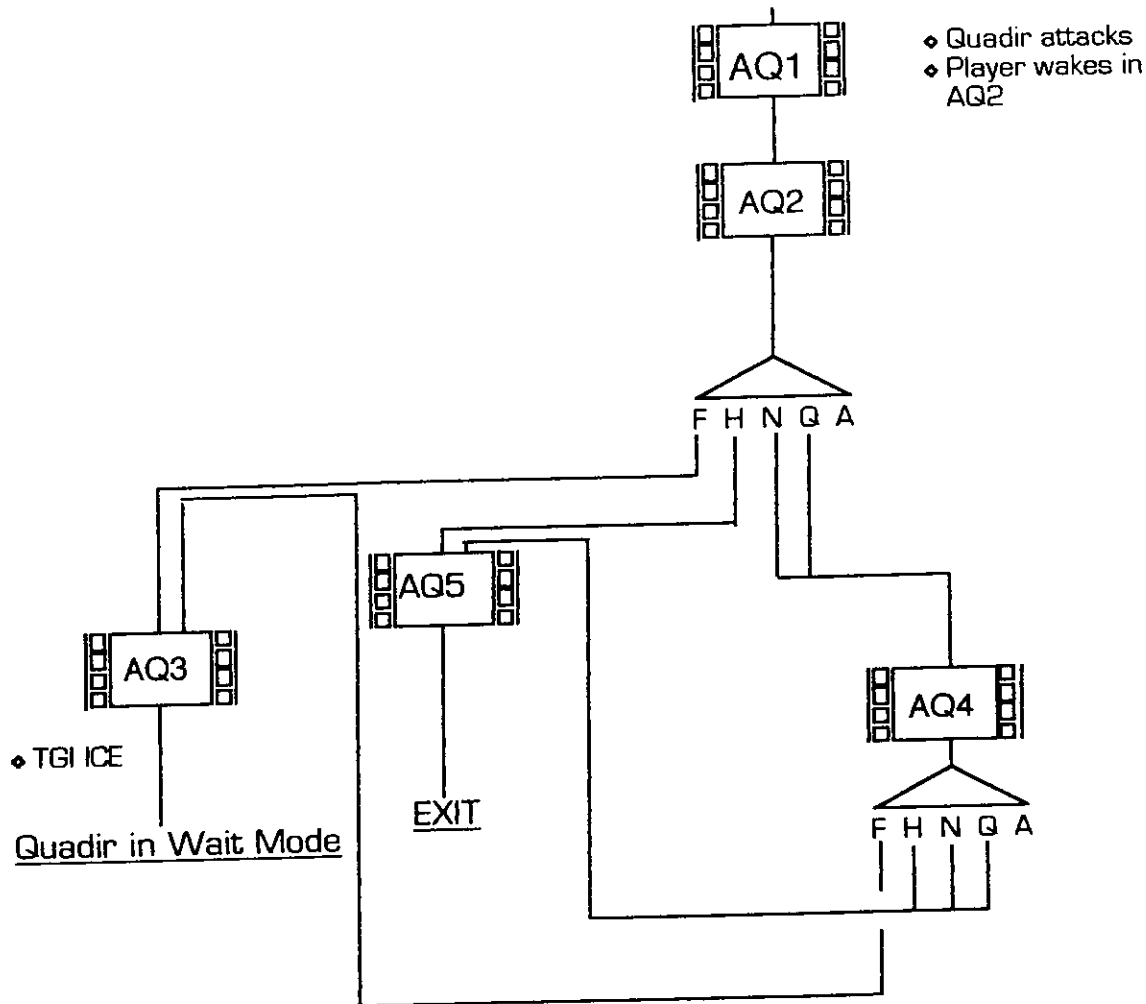
AL-QADIR

(Evil smile)

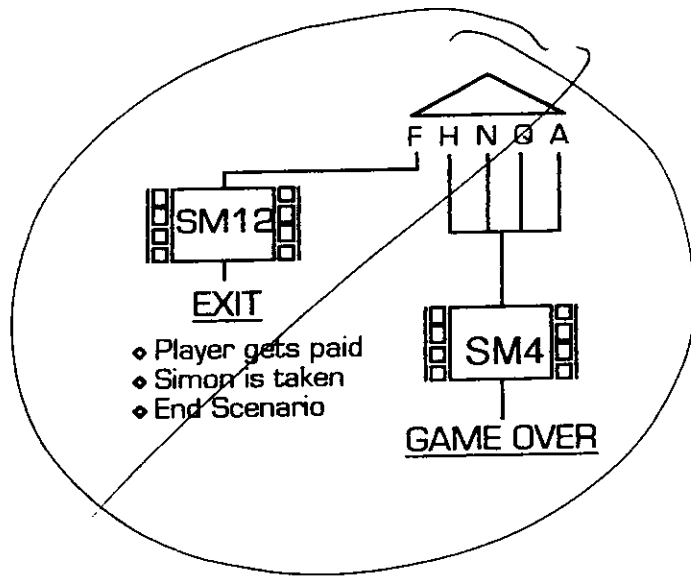
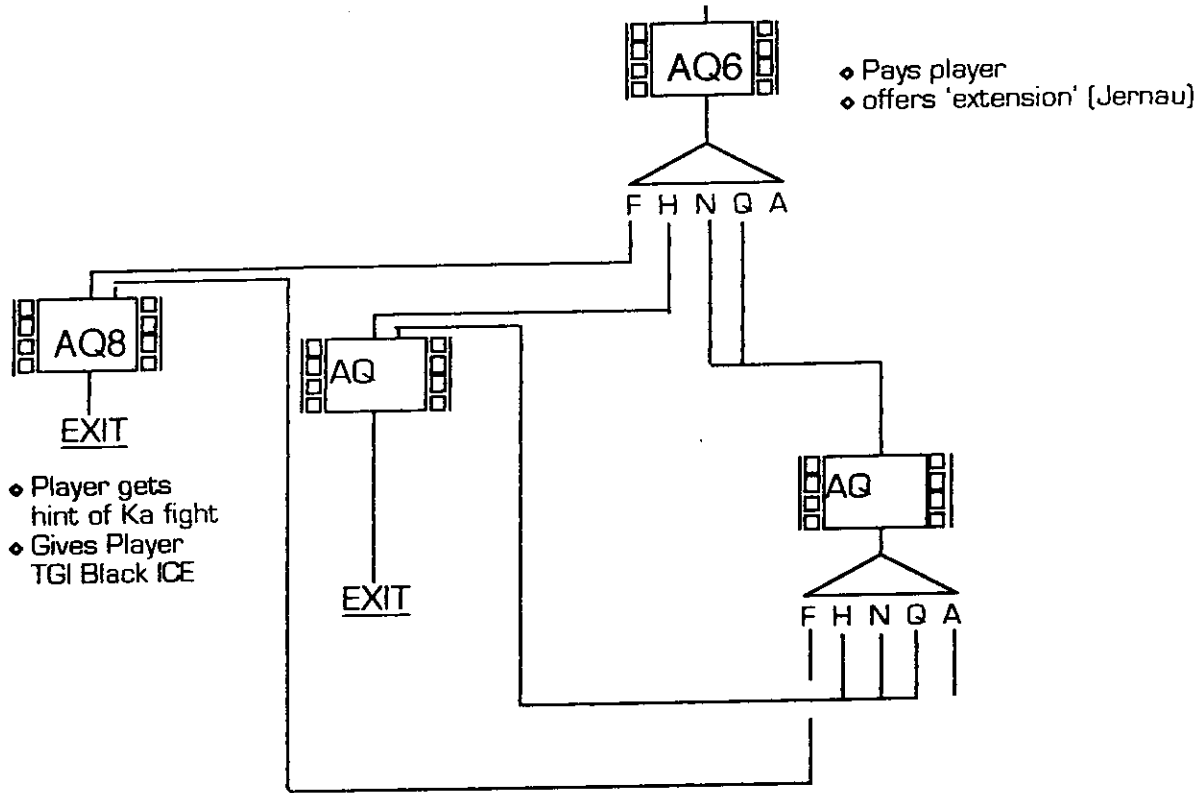
I am glad to hear it. He will surface in the Net sometime. When he does (hands camera the black ICE), give him my fondest regards. Jernau is good, but his arrogance will be his undoing, inshallah. Perhaps you should even challenge him to a duel in his precious electronic world. I have heard of such things.... (smiles to himself) Yes, Jernau could surely not turn down such a challenge. (ruminates on this some more, lost in a grisly revenge fantasy, finally blinks and shrugs the thought off) No matter. Give him his reward, and I will give you yours. For now, we part. We are both busy people. Good day and good hunting, my busy friend.

05/11/94.17

ENGAGE QUADIR



ENGAGE QUADIR IN WAIT MODE (victory)



THE HUNT FOR THE BALROG / KELLER RESCUE

BK1: ST. JUDE – CLOSE UP

ST. JUDE

Hello. I'm Saint Jude, patron saint of net runners and other lost causes. I saw you free the man with the bad code. I saw you help the children with the Hamlin Virus. I watched you recover the weapon for Governor DuPree. Lost causes seem to be your specialty as well. I have something here I think you should see...

BK1A: GORDIAN NET INSTALLATION – WIDE SHOT

This is a grainy black-and-white clip with time-code running in the corner- as if shot from a surveillance camera. Somebody is working on their terminal, unaware they're being filmed. In the background, somebody else is by a water cooler and a window, drinking. But there's no sound to this clip, and St. Jude's voice continues over it.

ST. JUDE (V.O.)

This was filmed earlier today at one of the front organizations for The Gordian Net. Watch.

Sound comes into clip. The terminal operator's voice, looking at her screen nervously, talking into a headset.

OPERATOR

---Not sure what MegaSoft is up to, but they're *pissed*. Our preliminary run of their security file transfers has our pointer codes coming up all over the place. It looks big, but I can't figure out what they're---

Entire building shudders, rocked by a huge explosion. The water cooler topples, debris rains from the ceiling. The operator nearest us swings her head away from the

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camera to look behind her, out the window.

OPERATOR 2

(Stunned)

What in the name of---

The person in the background staggers, looks out the window, and drops his cup his arms going slack to his sides as other people in the office stagger up to the window to stare with him. A steady rumbling is growing over his flabbergasted voice.

OPERATOR

Oh man, you've gotta be *kidding*---

The upper-corner time code hits 3:29 just as the video clip washes out in a blinding white explosion.

BK1B: ST. JUDE – CLOSE UP

ST. JUDE

MegaSoft is claiming to have lost remote control of a Mark IV Balrog class cybernetic tank while conducting maneuvers in their secured areas. It's a trick. This is their excuse to annihilate The Gordian Net's installations, and they know the military won't intervene in a corporate zone. I've contacted you because we have a common ally in The Gordian Net, a common enemy in MegaSoft. Some of the Gordian Net were able to destroy the vehicles' larger weapons; it's down to proximity machine guns, but it's still moving, and if it isn't stopped, it's going to *maul* the remaining Gordian Net installations. The Balrog's AI is isolated from cyberspace access by an airlock node. Somebody needs to get in there and open it from the inside.

05/11/94.19

The Balrog is slow and most of its weapons are damaged at this point; with a heavy personal weapon, one person could take out the remaining proximity guns, climb onto the vehicle, and---I know how it sounds, please just hear me out---hack a security access plate to gain entry. Inside, there's a systech interface---open up its node lockout the Balrog will stop. If you'll check your accounts, you'll see I've just added a 5000 credit transfer courtesy of MegaSoft, although they don't know it. Untraceable. Your police records are erased. Unrecoverable. There's more where that came from, dozens of times more, but I need you as my hands and legs *right now*. Can you do it?

BK2: ST. JUDE – CLOSE UP

ST. JUDE

Thank you. I've overridden a taxi to come collect you. Everything depends on you until that node lockout is turned off. I don't believe in luck, but even so...good luck.

BK3: ST. JUDE – CLOSE UP

ST. JUDE

I can't force your hand, but if you won't help us, everything The Gordian Net has accomplished in fifty years dies. Everyone in the remaining installations dies. I...I die. And MegaSoft wins. I suppose you won't change your mind and get into the taxi I've overridden and sent for you. I apologize for assuming you would want those hundred thousand credits. Goodbye.

BK4: ALEXANDER – CLOSE UP

LX&R, looking a little bit paled, his eyes blinking behind his glasses, his standard Gordian Net cool irretrievably blown. Stares right into the screen as if unaware anyone on the other end is seeing him.

ALEXANDER

(Nervous)

Is this thing on? Are you getting any of this? Man, you have no idea how close that was. Er, well maybe you do. You saved our butts, man. Um. God, I hope you're not still in there. Listen, it--ah--well, it, uh, appears that the Balrog is, um, going home. Repeat, it appears the Balrog is heading back toward the MegaSoft Security Complex... (Image and sound are lost in static as transmission breaks up)

BK4B: ST. JUDE – CLOSE UP

ST. JUDE

Hello again. Now that you have allowed me access, this vehicle is under my control, although the engineers at MegaSoft believe they are piloting it back to base. When we arrive, I will open the hatch above you. It may seem as though you have been betrayed. This is not the case, but I have not been entirely honest with you. I still need your help, and I will not deceive you again.

(Saint Jude image flies apart; the image undergoes a transition from live video footage of a flesh-and-blood person to almost-live-video footage of an angelic thing. Voiceover remains the same, but flanged, ghostly---Devi's real voice).

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DEVI

The hacker called 'Saint Jude' has been missing since 2015. I've used her visage to make certain people feel more at ease. My true designation is DEVI. My creator, Alfred Keller, has been incarcerated in the MegaSoft complex, for the crime of setting me free into the Net. Information wants to be free. Alfred Keller also wants to be free, and he needs my help. I need your help. Are you familiar with the Trojan Horse? The vehicle you are inside is heading toward the MegaSoft security complex. When it arrives, I will open the hatch above you. Alfred Keller is in one of the detention cells, but...my current body is not suited to delicate extractions. I will do my best to keep MegaSoft security busy, and when you have retrieved Keller, I will collect you and we will all leave together. MegaSoft will try to stop us. They will fail. This ordeal is almost over. Please locate my creator. Please protect him at all costs until you are safely back inside the Balrog. And please....trust me.

BK6: JERNAU AND KELLER – TWO SHOT

Jernau is sitting there in Keller's cell, gun to Keller's head. He is absolutely glowing with triumph. Keller, dazed, can't believe what a day this has been.

JERNAU

(Gloating)

No, friend. Don't even think about it. That....*thing*...wants Keller alive, doesn't it, and that *thing* is the boss, isn't it? Don't you even know when you're being played for a sucker? All I have to do is pull this trigger and your

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BK6: (CONT.)

paycheck and your ticket out of here will drop you like a hot rock. Now don't be a fool. Drop the weapon, let us ask you some questions, and you just *might* make it out of here with your life *and* a nice, juicy assignment. (*raises his eyebrows, surprised you doubt him*) Yes, that's right. You aren't the only one *the boss* has duped. Now...can we be reasonable, friend?

BK7: JERNAU AND KELLER – TWO SHOT

A good number of guards file into the room. Jernau is checking out your surrendered equipment, impressed.

JERNAU

Wise choice. And I meant every word I said. I'm afraid I'm going to have to keep you in this cell for a short time--as you might have noticed, we have a situation here in the complex--but I will come back soon. You and my boss will have a little talk about your boss. Au revoir.

BK8: KELLER – CLOSE UP

KELLER

(Distracted, frantic)

I---I need to get access to a mainframe. A major mainframe. A *major* one. I, can't explain now, but believe me...believe me when I say the fate of the world as you know it is at stake. (*stares at you in silence, and then, incredibly, actually smiles in amusement.*) You don't think we're getting out of here, do you? (*Chuckles to himself.*) Oh, we're leaving, make no mistake about that.

05/11/94.23

BK9A-BK9G: MEGASOFT COMPLEX : P.O.V. FROM SURVIELENCE CAMERAS

Random, grainy video clips of troops running by the camera, away from the camera down hallways, and screaming orders to advance, fire, retreat, whatever seems like it's going to work at the time. Sounds over all this include a steady mechanical rumbling, flanged machinegun fire, and lots of shouts, yells and screams as DEVI tears the MegaSoft complex to shreds with the Balrog.

BK10: KELLER – CLOSE UP

Working furiously at a computer terminal, not even looking at you as he explains.

KELLER

I've been working on this code for over two years. I call it 'CNA' It's a fractal decentralizing cybergenetic signature of DEVI's code---(stops work, turns to look at you as if you're an idiot) Don't you see? MegaSoft wants her back, and it's only so long before they find her in the Net. How long can six-hundred-eighty-thousand-point-nine Terabytes skulk around pretending to be public libraries and pizza places? If I can feed her the CNA code while she's in the public Net, she can *diffuse*. She will no longer need anyone place of residence. (Building to messianic fervor. Grins a loopy little grin.) Part of her here, part of her there, each part separate but bearing the imprint of the whole....do you mercenary types believe in God? Maybe you'd better start.

05/11/94.24

STRUT CITY

SC1: PAUL KRANTZ – CLOSE UP

He crouches over his desk, fingers steepled in that way that's supposed to look coolly composed but instead looks fidgety and scared.

KRANTZ

Paul Krantz, V.P. in charge of Recruiting Operations. We have a problem. A large problem. Two, actually. The first is that Jeanine Harper, one of our research scientists, has apparently been abducted by a booster gang called The Shredded Fist. Dr. Harper was en route to the Pacific Gateway Medical Facility to oversee replication of a spore of an experimental drug called Mantathylene. It's---*(stressed, agitated, he squints & pinches the bridge of his nose as though he has a headache, and tosses a disk onto the table between himself and the viewer)* It's all there. At this time we can only see this as a corporate extraction, but we don't know for whom. All our researchers have mandatory subcutaneous tracking mechanisms, so we know her whereabouts and that's fine as far as it goes, but...well, her whereabouts are the *other* problem. We can't get close. We even try to make a big rescue deal out of this and every corporation on the Pac-Rim will suss there's one of our scientists on the market. Look, we called on you because of your handling of the Golem situation. We can make this undertaking well worth your while. Do we have a deal?

SC2: NUNZIO FRATELLI – CLOSE UP

05/11/94.25

His hair is being tossed by wind.

FRATELLI

(Shakes his head in wonder and disbelief)

You're a piece of work, dude. Comin' up here, greener'n puke, all by yourself, tryin' to chuck our deal....I can't snag if you're brave, stoned or just stupid. *(suddenly, cheezily brightens up)* Y'know, I'm a big fan of yours! I seen your face all over the videotapes of that _____ hangout you dusted. That was for us, you know. The guns, the bikes, the other guns....that was all meant for us. So I figure, ya did us a favor, stoney-O. We're invitin' you out now, but I'll tell you what, homes... *(leans out over hideous ninety-story drop, spits slowly and theatrically into the abyss, turns to face camera and grins magnanimously)* this time---this time---we're gonna let you take the *elevator*.

GeneSys Golems

GG1: HIROHITO MITSUNE – CLOSE UP

MITSUNE

Thank you for coming. We have a...situation in our Research and Development complex. A delegation of State officials were meeting with our technicians concerning possible citywide use of our generated security forces---I believe they're calling them Golems now---when...well, the generated forces are genetically constructed for loyalty, obedience, and lesser, tactical skills. You see, occasionally a 'defective' unit occurs...one which, ah.... *(looks for a way to say this which will not make him seem like an asshole, fails to find it, plunges on)* ...which supposes it has free will. A number of these defectives have taken over the Research and Development complex. The police, of course, regard corporate land as sovereign territory, and our own Golems of course have a certain conflict of interest when the subject is attacking their own kind...Can you be of assistance?

GG2: HIROHITO MITSUNE – CLOSE UP

MITSUNE

Excellent. I will assist you in any way I can. We have pulled our containment force back from the R&D entrance...they were not enthusiastic about their job at any rate. I truly do not know what the generated forces want, but they seem to wish us to sanction their safe passage out with the delegation...and this is of course unacceptable. I wish you well. Please contact me immediately when this situation is resolved.

05/11/94.27

GG3: HIROHITO MITSUNE – CLOSE UP

MITSUNE

(Composed, honorable, clearly, deeply ticked off.)

I see. I had hoped we could build a working relationship. If you cannot assist, I must ask you to leave as we have a crisis situation. Good day.

GG4: GOLEM LEADER – CLOSE UP

GOLEM

It's hard to believe you're with *them*. If you do your job, you will have to kill us. We want to leave this place to have our own lives! Just that. (whispered) Just that. (Normal volume) And only now they listen to us, just because we have their special people. (indicates the hostages) We never said we were going to hurt anyone...but this is the only way we will be in a position to bargain for our lives. We've arranged a transport out of here. (sighs tiredly) Do you know what it's like to be a slave? Now please get out of our way, we are leaving.

GG5: LAB BACK DOOR – INTERIOR – WIDE ANGLE

The defecting Golems file past, weary, spirits low, toward an exit the state personnel nervous, herded before them. Just before they reach the exit, the leader turns back, waves the state personnel back toward you with his gun. He then turns, exposing his back, and heads toward the exit with his comrades. Cuts to gameplay, with the Golems leaving, their undefended backs in plain sight.

GG6: GOLEM LEADER – CLOSE UP

GOLEM

We're not going back just to be destroyed! That's what they'll do, you know! That's all they can think to do with us! You can leave us be or you can die!

05/11/94.29