

INT. BACK ROOM OF FLEABAG'S JUNK SHOP - DAY

FLEABAG, a middle-aged, barrel chested white man, holds a gun in both grease-stained hands. It looks jury-rigged, like he's pieced it together from spare parts. He certainly has enough of them.

He's pointing the gun at AIMEE. She is a young Chinese-American woman whose hair has been buzzed to accommodate the cybernetic implant occluding the upper-right part of her face. Fleabag steps between her and the RESURRECTION MACHINE, leaving her a path to the door.

FLEABAG

All you have to do is leave, Ames.

AIMEE

(Gesturing towards the
gun)

Cool gat.

FLEABAG

I won't tell nobody you were here.

AIMEE

You build that? What's it carry,
bullets or plasma?

FLEABAG

It doesn't - Aimee! Are you
hearing me?

AIMEE

Sure am, Fleabag. You hearing *me*?

She takes a step towards Fleabag. He takes a step back. His heel hits the base of the machine.

FLEABAG

The specs won't matter when you've
been shot.

She steps even closer, reaching out to stroke two fingers down the barrel of the gun.

AIMEE

Wide barrel like this - I'd guess
bullets. Seems messy for in-home
defense, man. Plasma's a cleaner
shot. But hey. You're the expert.

FLEABAG

I don't wanna be doing this.

AIMEE

Aw Fleabag, don't worry -

She grabs the barrel of the gun and presses it against her own throat. Fleabag is trapped in her gaze.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

- you won't.

They face off across the gun for a long, long moment.

Slowly, carefully, Aimee twists the gun out of Fleabag's hands. He lets her do it.

FLEABAG

You gonna kill me?

Aimee tucks the gun into a pocket of her windbreaker.

AIMEE

You gonna tell me why you did that?

Fleabag sobs once, dryly. He scrubs a hand over his face.

FLEABAG

That guy - the stiff you wanna jump-start. We've got history I have to take care of.

AIMEE

History like what?

FLEABAG

Doesn't matter, Ames. Seriously.

AIMEE

Right, right. Doesn't matter so much you tried to commandeer my corpse.

FLEABAG

I wasn't -

AIMEE

I said 'who's the best guy in the City for biomechanics?' And I came to you because I trust you, man.

FLEABAG

He owed me, okay? Before he was like... that.

AIMEE

Is that all?

She sits on a pile of metal crates and taps her cybernetic implant.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

That was worth threatening me over? You were gonna blast your best work, man.

FLEABAG

It's a lot of money. It's not even *my* money, it's - you know how it is. City's expensive. And I, you know... I'm running a lot of things. He owes me, I owe people. I didn't even know he was dead.

AIMEE

That part you can fix, though.

FLEABAG

I mean, for a bit. Resurrection's a tricky game.

AIMEE

'S all we need. You juice him back up, I swear he has stone home choice info. It'll do both of us good.

Fleabag fidgets, trying to suss out Aimee's intention. She stays seated, unguarded.

FLEABAG

What does he know?

AIMEE

Turn him back on. He'll tell you.

Fleabag makes up his mind. He turns to the RESURRECTION MACHINE; a large, canister-shaped jalopy of a thing that manages to look incredibly high-tech and dangerously piecemeal at the same time.

He slides open a panel on the front of the machine to reveal the head and torso of PUNK, hoisted upright by machinery. Through the blood, bruising, and gore on the body it's hard to tell what he used to look like. He's already hooked into a few miscellaneous tubes and wires; Fleabag swiftly adds more.

FLEABAG

Behind you, there's a panel on the wall. Flip all the blue switches up.

Aimee stands to do as she's told. Once she does, Fleabag makes a few more adjustments to the machine.

FLEABAG (CONT'D)

Alright, now: hands off, off, off...

Aimee steps back and lifts her hands.

AIMEE

Clear.

FLEABAG

...and pray.

He slams a button on the control panel. The lights flicker as power surges into the Resurrection Machine. It makes a series of horrible, groaning mechanical noises.

Almost immediately, Punk's torso begins to twitch and spasm. The head lolls. If he weren't strapped into the machine, he'd surely shudder out of it and onto the floor.

AIMEE

Yes!

FLEABAG

Wait...

Fleabag adjusts a few dials. The mechanical noises become fainter, but do not abate entirely. Punk's eyes open; they are filmy-white with cataracts. He coughs out one, two spouts of semi-congealed blood. They coat his chin and chest. Then he moans: low, agonized, and incoherent.

AIMEE

Punk! Man, can you hear me?

Punk's voice, when he speaks, is thick and slurred.

PUNK

Who... you?

AIMEE

The Saint sent me. Extraction team.

Fleabag makes a shocked noise and begins to speak. Aimee waves, cutting him off.

PUNK
Y'did... shit... job.

Aimee laughs.

AIMEE
Nah, don't worry, man. I've seen
way worse.

Fleabag and Punk both make disbelieving noises.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
Gonna get you fixed right up.
Trust me, cybernetics're stone
home excellence. Better than the
original hardware.
Just - and I wouldn't ask, but
it's, you know, time sensitive and
the Saint is getting antsy. The
dyno.

PUNK
Nnnn-

AIMEE
I just need to know where and when
the drop is.

PUNK
F'r Saint?

AIMEE
Yeah, man. I'm straight from Pac
Heights, swear to god. He knows
it's coming into Oakland, into the
Roundhouse. You were supposed to
get him the details.

PUNK
D'tained.

AIMEE
Nobody's angry. Just: the drop at
the Roundhouse. Where and when.

Punk's head lolls again. He might be nodding; it might be a
spasm.

PUNK
W'nsday morning. Four... or five.
C'ming in... c'ntainer ship. Berth
twenty-three. White... st'r...
logo.

AIMEE

...Good enough for me.

She pulls Fleabag's gun out of her windbreaker and shoots. A searingly bright blue-white smudge explodes from the muzzle and shatters Fleabag's left knee. He crumples and begins to scream.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Huh. Plasma.

She turns to Punk and blows his head clean off. The plasma sets off sparks in the Resurrection Machine, which begins to creak and smoke.

Tucking the gun away once more, Aimee crouches just out of Fleabag's reach. He is still screaming.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

That's good info, by the way. I mean, not the Saint stuff, but the rest. Three hundred mil in dyno.

She stands.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Least I could do for you. But I need the head-start. You get yourself a new leg, mount up... maybe I'll see you at the Roundhouse. You've got, what? Six hours?

Something in the guts of the Resurrection Machine is on fire. Fleabag is writhing and screaming in a growing pool of his own blood. Aimee makes for the door.

AIMEE

Good talking to you, Fleabag.

She exits.

END SCENE