

Battery Life

From the casefiles of
Snëk
and
Blök

Written By
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THIS. IS. ANIME.

EXT. QICHAO - DAY

Panoramic establishing shot. Qichao is a futuristic city on a distant planet. Big. Sprawling. Mega-city. Huge skyscrapers, multi-levels of elevated roadways going in all directions. Thin thread of a space elevator in the distance.

PAN DOWN and ZOOM IN to a lower street level.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Grimy and grey. The bright shiny future of the city doesn't reach this far down. The corpse of a multi-use robot lies smashed apart among the trash and detritus. A few sparks fizzing from the breaks in its body, drips of coolant, light slowly fading from its power indicators. No one else is in the alley.

SNËK

(O.S.)

Oh, hell, it's Tak. We were just talking with him yesterday. And now he's smashed and killed. And no one cares.

BLÖK

(O.S.)

Just a poor robot to be recycled. Do you think he was being stalked? I don't think he had any enemies, did he?

SNËK

(O.S.)

No, nothing like that. And look there, lower left side, covering of the power cells pried away. This wasn't just an anti-A.I bashing. This was a smash and grab. This was murder. And where are the cops? Nowhere. You know what this means?

BLÖK

(O.S.)

This means that it's a job for

And along one wall of the alleyway, next to the decaying 3D printer, camouflage fields ripple and pixelate. Snëk and Blök are revealed!

Snëk was designed to be a search and rescue commando unit, able to wiggle through narrow spaces and either rescue

people or kill them, depending on mission parameters. Long, two headed snake, no obvious weapons

SNËK
Snëk

Blök is a seemingly solid cube about a meter per side with lots of legs on the bottom side. Smooth sided. No obvious sensors, no obvious front or back.

BLÖK
Blök

TITLE SEQUENCE

Theme music is chiptuned Jcore. Speed lines! Snëk and Blök in action! Surveillance! Low lifes! Trailing suspects! High lifes! All of them brought to justice by Snëk and Blök!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Snëk and Blök ride on the top of a subway car as it hurtles through the depths of Qichao.

SNËK
Do we start with Jun? He's been the go-to fence for power supplies and stuff like that for the last couple of years. Anybody trying to sell Tak's power supply will probably go to him.

BLÖK
He's definitely worth a try. But he's been mainly dealing in high volume/high value deals these days. Remember those losers from the Sacred Seven Tong? They tried to sell him that car they'd stolen for the power supply?

SNËK
Right. He broke their legs to teach them not to waste their time. So you're thinking start low and work our way up?

The subway car races towards a section of the tunnel with a lower roof. Blök's too tall! Right at the last second, he changes shape to be much thinner and wider.

BLÖK
It's what we do best.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - SNËK AND BLÖK TRACKING DOWN LEADS

1) INT. SECURITY FIRM COMPUTER ROOM. Cables run from one of Snëk's heads to output ports. Blök stands guard over unconscious employee. Security camera footage of the alleyway plays holographically between Snëk and Blök. On the footage, Tak rolls into the alleyway and then the footage cuts to static.

2) EXT. ALLEYWAY DAY AND NIGHT - Snëk and Blök question people working in the alleyway where the robot was killed. People on smoke breaks, people scavenging through the garbage, delivery drivers. All the people are startled and scared. They never see Snëk and Blök coming. Blök's shadow sometimes looks very spiky. Not his usual block.

3) EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY. Woman dressed in a work stained jumpsuit runs around piles of scrap and slow moving forklifts and smelters. She's scared, keeps looking behind her as she runs, pulls down stacks of scrap to slow her pursuers. But it looks like there's nobody after her. She races around a corner and Blök is right there in front of her. His legs are extended so that he stands as tall as she is. She spins around to run away and there's Snëk, elongated so that both of her heads can point directly at the woman.

EXT. HUGE SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

A glass elevator is going up the side of a skyscraper. Qichao is huge mass of light and movement and futurity and wealth all around. Lights, holographic ads, flying cars, all reflect in the glass sides of the skyscraper.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

There is bright, spritely music playing in the elevator. The glowing city is ignored outside. One of Snëk's head looks at the elevator control panel for a couple of seconds. The music cuts off and smoke starts to come out of the panel.

BLÖK

Thanks. It was really starting to get on my nerves.

SNËK

What I don't understand is why. Why did he do it? He's rich. And some of his money is even legit. But he decides to run this small time crew of smash and grab thieves? Why?

BLÖK

Humans. Biologicals. Why even bother to try to understand why
(MORE)

BLÖK (CONT'D)
they they do what they do? They
have no logic and little goodness.
They just take and destroy. And
the little ones, the helpless ones
like Tak, they're the ones who
suffer.

SNËK
But not just Tak. Not this time.
He's going to suffer this time.
He's going to find out that he's
not so high that the street can't
touch him.

BLÖK
He didn't count on us.

SNËK
Because he couldn't see us.

They activate their camo fields and disappear.

BLÖK
They never do.

The doors of the empty elevator open.

INT. RAKESH SEN'S LOBBY - NIGHT

POV starts from above, through a grate, then moves down
through the grate and into the lobby.

Luxurious space, big windows, lots of potted plants, big
receptionist's desk, lots of furniture and media screens,
big double doors behind the receptionist's desk.

And right now it's a scene of chaos. RAKESH SEN, middle aged
guy, wealthy, over weight, well dressed, is racing towards
the double doors leading to his office. He's in the middle
of a crowd of assistants and security goons. Goons are
setting up firing positions, breaking out the heavy weapons.
Right at Rakesh's shoulders are SECURITY BOSS and ASSISTANT
BOSS. Security Boss is big burly bearded guy in mirrorshades
and Assistant Boss is aristocratic lady in a stylish sari.

RAKESH
Get more people up here! Call in
those favors with the Prijat
Goons!

SECURITY BOSS
I think we have enough people here
to handle just two bots, Mr. Sen.
Once you're in your office, we'll
(MORE)

SECURITY BOSS (CONT'D)
lock everything down and nothing
will get through. We won't even
leave enough for the recyclers.

RAKESH
You idiot! Didn't you hear who's
after me? It's those two bastard
avenger bots! It's Snëk and Blök!

ASSISTANT BOSS
(looking at her tablet)
Trying to call Prijat and there's
no answer. I'm not even sure if
our calls are getting through.

RAKESH
(to the Security Boss)
You'd better be worth everything
I'm paying you. Get it done. I'll
come out when you give me the all
clear.

He and Assistant Boss push through the doors into his office. All the other assistants start pulling guns and lining up with the security goons. Security Boss moves around overseeing.

INT. RAKESH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rakesh and Assistant Boss come into his office. Big, opulent. He sits down behind a huge desk.

RAKESH
I don't have time for this! Why
me?

ASSISTANT BOSS
Mr. Sen, you're perfectly safe.
Your security is top rated. We'll
get the all clear soon.

Her hair frizzes out in a shock corona and she collapses to the floor. There's a shimmer on Rakesh's desk and Snëk decloaks. One of her heads is pointing towards Assistant Boss, glowing slightly. The other is pointing towards Rakesh.

SNËK
I think you have time for a nice
conversation between the two of
us.

RAKESH

A little worm like you? You think
you can threaten me? My men will
be here in seconds!

SNËK

No. No, they won't. Because
they're out there with Blök. And I
have to tell you, Mr. Sen, he's
more than a little pissed off.

INT. RAKESH SEN'S LOBBY - NIGHT

All the guards are tense. Guns raised and ready. All
pointing towards the doors leading into the lobby. Waiting.
Waiting. Wai-

BLÖK

Ahem.

He's behind them. They all spin! And for a brief second,
have a hard time believing what they're seeing. A not very
big cube on little legs.

And then Blök is no longer a block.

Weapons come out of all his sides. He turns into a spiky
instrument of death. And people start dying. Sliced apart.
Blown apart. Burned. Vaporized. Blök is all over the room.
He can move in any direction with ease. He runs straight up
a wall and onto the ceiling. And then drops down into the
last group of security goons left alive.

INT. RAKESH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sounds of weapons fire and screams and death and destruction
come through the closed doors. Rakesh is getting more and
more nervous.

RAKESH

Wait, I can help you. I bet I can
get you information that you want.
I bet I know things that could
help you. Everyone know you two
are interested in stopping bad
people. I'm not all that bad, it
was just some robot that no one
cared about, but I know people
that are really bad, people who -

From on top of Rakesh's desk, Snëk stretches and looms over
Rakesh, casting shadows over the doomed man's face.

SNËK

Stop talking now. Stop it with your filthy meat noise. You live here, in your tower so far above the street, so very safe from all the destruction you cause. Thinking you can get away with anything. Thinking that you can destroy anything that you want. Thinking all your wrong thoughts. But this is your lucky day, Rakesh Sen. I'm a rescue bot. I'm here to rescue you from your wrong thoughts.

Relief and a bit, the tiniest trace, of smug satisfaction comes across Rakesh's face.

RAKESH

Thank you! Thank you! I want to be saved! Please help me!

INSERT: TIGHT View of Rakesh's face through one of Snëk's sensors. Call out squares on the corners of his mouth and his eyebrows. Micro-Expression Analysis: TOTAL SHITBIRD

SNËK

No brain. No thoughts.

RAKESH

What! Wait!

Rippling energy beams connect each one of Snëk's heads and then sweep outwards. Rakesh is erased from the neck up.

Blök comes through the doors of the office. Literally. There's a glow, a flash, and Blök walks through a Blök shaped hole in the doors. Weapons still extended. He retracts them. He's covered in blood. There's a flash as his last weapon burns off all the blood and he's just a little block on legs.

SNËK

We're done here.

BLÖK

Not quite yet.

SNËK

Really? What's left - Ah, yes, that.

BLÖK

We sign our work. We tell them who
did this.

SNĒK

We warn all the rest. We tell them
that none of them are safe.

The two robots burn their names tall and deep on the office
wall.

FADE UP Theme Song

ZOOM IN on the names burned into the wall and

FADE OUT

Th-th-that's all, folks!

Y/N?

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and
Blök

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INT. SHUT DOWN INDUSTRIAL SPACE - NIGHT

Black screen. Muffled sounds. Beeping sound of a keypad being used. An especially loud beep indicating an incorrect entry. More beeps. Grinding machine noise. Vertical line of light in the middle of the screen. Line widens to reveal a big warehouse door being pushed open by a woman. From her struggle and the sounds the door is making in protest, it hasn't been opened in a while. She gets it open enough to allow her entry and steps in.

AIYESHA BINT ZAHRA is in her mid-30s. Dressed in a colorful shalwar kemeez. The Mandelbrot pattern on her headscarf indicates her allegiance to one of the Engineering Clans.

AIYESHA
Hello? Are you here?

EXT. WARREN OF ALLEYWAYS OFF THE MAIN DRAG - NIGHT

The lights and sounds and movement of a science fiction city are visible at the end of the alley. Aiyesha stands in front of a maze of twisty alleyways. Her colorful clothes stand out against the grey weatherbeaten bioform architecture. There is nobody but her there.

AIYESHA
My name is Aiyesha Bint Zahra.
Please contact me. I need your
help.

EXT. ABANDONED POWER TEMPLE - DAY

The space is in the techno-gothic style favored by the Brood Queens several centuries ago, all huge arched ribs festooned with power conduits like veins, display membranes dead and nibbled on, nerve ending buttons now just dry dusted pits in panels of bone/chitin. Daylight streams through holes in the roof. Aiyesha is walking through this space and looking around warily.

AIYESHA
I'm looking for Snëk and Blök.

SNËK
And you've found us.

BLÖK
You've been looking hard. We're
impressed by your persistence.

Aiyesha spins, looking around, trying to see where the voices are coming from.

With a dazzle of pixels, Snëk and Blök decloak.

Snëk is peering down at Aiyesha from a perch on a vertebrae ladder. Snëk is a long, two headed snake, no obvious weapons. She was designed to be a search and rescue commando unit, able to wiggle through narrow spaces and either rescue people or kill them, depending on mission parameters.

Blök moves out from underneath a control panel. They're a seemingly solid cube about a meter per side with lots of legs on the bottom side. Smooth sided. No obvious sensors, no obvious front or back.

TITLE SEQUENCE

Theme music is chiptuned Jcore. Speed lines! Snëk and Blök in action! Surveillance! Low lifes! Trailing suspects! High lifes! All of them brought to justice by Snëk and Blök!

EXT. ABANDONED POWER PLANT - DAY

A few minutes have passed. Snëk has moved down off the ladder. She's now coiled on an old and tattered display table and both her heads are looking at Aiyesha who is standing in front of the table.

SNËK

Stand very still. I have to scan your brain.

AIYESHA

Wait, you have to do what now?

Blök's surface shifts slightly, flexes as if a lot of things might suddenly spring out.

BLÖK

Please don't worry. It's a standard security precaution of ours. There're a lot of people, entities, corporations, that want us dead. People find us. Sometimes they have legitimate requests.

SNËK

First level scan complete. Starting second level scan. Please let me know if you suddenly lose the ability to see the color blue or can't recognize basic ideograms.

AIYESHA
(not moving, through gritted
teeth)
You have an incredibly shitty
bedside manner...

BLÖK
And sometimes the people looking
for us are assassins, loaded with
personality wetware, temp DNA
traces, and bones made from
explosives. So we've learned to be
careful. And how does she scan, my
friend?

SNËK
She's who she says she is. No sign
of cut and paste memories. All DNA
traces are hers. Skeleton is
unmodified baseline human.

BLÖK
Ok, then, Aiyasha Bint Zahra, what
do you want us to do?

AIYESHA
I want justice.

EXT. QICHAO - DAY

Panoramic establishing shot. Qichao is a futuristic city on
a distant planet. Big. Sprawling. Mega-city. Huge
skyscrapers, multi-levels of elevated roadways going in all
directions. Thin thread of a space elevator in the distance.

PAN DOWN and ZOOM IN to one of the cars driving along one of
the roadways.

INT. AIYESHA'S CAR - DAY

Aiyasha sets the autodrive sequence and then turns to look
over her seat. Snëk and Blök are sitting in the back seat.
Qichao scenes stream by outside the windows.

AIYESHA
Two years ago, my wife killed
herself. I want the people
responsible brought to justice.

SNËK
I think that you're going to have
have to give us a little more
information than that.

AIYESHA

Selde Tchkorian, my wife, was a scientist working at Truong Pharma. In their Neutropics division. She had an idea, started to work on it. On her own time, on her own machines. She was very careful not to break Truong's IP regs. But then her bosses found out and claimed her work for the company. But Selde had documented everything. She was smart. But not smart enough. She thought that just because she was right, had followed the rules, then they would too. But they didn't. They started a smear campaign. Got her fired for a bunch of lying reasons. They even got her expelled from her clan! They wore her down, took everything from her, her pride in her work, her dreams, everything. Until she couldn't take it anymore. And she killed herself. Even that, they used, said it proved their point, she was just unstable and it was right for them to take her work for themselves.

SNËK

Who do you specifically want brought to justice? Truong Pharma is a big company...

AIYESHA

I don't know! I only know that I want justice. I want someone to pay for taking her from me. I want them to know that what they did was wrong.

BLÖK

I'm hearing a lot of 'someone' and 'they' and 'them'. You don't really know, specifically, do you?

AIYESHA

I guess I never thought that far ahead. I didn't even really think that I'd find you two. It was such a long shot. I just remembered hearing stories about what

(MORE)

AIYESHA (CONT'D)
happened to Rakesh Sen, what you
did to him, and I thought maybe...

SNËK
Rakesh Sen? People still remember
that? That was 20 years ago.

BLÖK
Well, we did make a bit of mess
with that one, didn't we? But
enough with the old memory
accessing.

SNËK
Right. Back to work. Aiyesha, we
will help you. But it sounds like
we'll need to do some
investigating.

AIYESHA
Thank you! Thank you! I don't have
a lot of money, but whatever I
have, it's yours.

BLÖK
Don't worry about that. We're not
doing this for the money. It's
nothing something we care about.

SNËK
What we care about is justice.

Aiyesha turns back to the car controls, takes it off
auto-pilot.

AIYESHA
Where do we start?

Snëk pokes one of her heads over the seat and looks at the
car control panel. The panel beeps and a route map pops up.

SNËK
Follow the map. We'll start there.
We'll start by filling in some of
the missing pieces.

BLÖK
The one we're taking you to,
they're who we go to when we need
specialized information. We're
good at finding basic information,
shaking the trees and seeing what
falls out. But we're not hackers.

AIYESHA

Hackers? Wow, no one uses that term anymore. I've only heard it used in really old entertainments.

SNËK

We're a lot older than we look.

EXT. RUNDOWN LIGHT INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

Aiyesha's car slides to a halt in front of an old boarded up building. Aiyesha and Snëk and Blök get out of the car and go in through a side door that Snëk has the code for.

INT. TWELVE SAINTS' PLACE - DAY

The interior is a completely different from the exterior. It's a huge space completely filled with flashing pulsing control panels and power supplies and screens from the last 500 years of computer development. There are organic systems and mechanical systems and mixes of the two.

AIYESHA

Death of the God, what is this place? Who lives here?

The screens light up with patterns and voice lines. The entire interior is talking to them

TWELVE SAINTS

You two. I had been hoping that maybe, just maybe if I was lucky enough, blessed enough, that I would never see you two again.

SNËK

Nope. No luck for you.

TWELVE SAINTS

There never is. But I've always known ever since I was turned on that the Universe hates me. What do you need?

BLÖK

Truong Pharma. Neutropics Division. Two years ago. Selde Tchkorian expelled and smeared.
(bobs in Aiyesha's direction)
She needs the names of those responsible.

TWELVE SAINTS

You're the wife? No, please don't act surprised. I' already running the searches and you turn up on the cross-links. This isn't much of challenge, not like when you came to me with the Centipede Heist. They didn't hide their tracks very well. Here's your info.

A biomechanical arm uncoils from the wall and delicately hands Aiyesha a data wafer.

AIYESHA

Thank you... I'm sorry, I don't know your name. What are you called?

TWELVE SAINTS

My free name is, well, it's a rough translation into your biological language, Twelve Ascended Saints Scream With One Voice.

INT. AIYESHA'S CAR - DAY

This is after Twelve Saints. They're pulling away. Put in establishing shot above.

AIYESHA

No, that wasn't creepy at all, thank you for asking. And that name! Straight out of the Gnostic Liturgies! They're just asking to get burned.

SNEK

You have your names now, Aiyesha. Are you willing to take the next step? Yes or no.

EXT. QICHAO STREETS - NIGHT

It's a fast car, speeding between slower cars, changing lanes quickly, its motor the powerful whine of an expertly tuned atomic turbine. At the wheel is ARTOM KALIDZE, mid 40s, handsome, knows it, important, knows it.

He yanks the wheel and the car veers across several lanes of traffic and takes an exit at speed. Artom laughs at the horns and other drivers gesturing obscenely. He stops at a

light at the bottom of the exit. Guns his engine at the two women who are walking across the street.

INT. ARTOM'S CAR - NIGHT

The door locks click and Aiyesha gets in the back seat.

ARTOM

Who the hell are you? How'd you get in?

AIYESHA

Artom Kalidze? Two years ago, you were working for Truong Pharma in the neutropics division?

ARTOM

Who the hell are you? Get the fuck out of my car, crazy lady!

AIYESHA

I say yes. Do what needs to be done.

ARTOM

Who are you talking to? No, wait, I don't care! Get the hell out before //Snëk and Blök decloak on the backseat, flanking Aiyesha// I... call... ohfuck

SNËK

It's always nice to be recognized.

BLÖK

But it's even better to be feared.

Artom is clawing at his door, which remains locked. Tears start to pour down his face.

Artom screams, convulses, as electricity arcs through him. Collapses into a smoking heap in the front seat.

EXT. ARTOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Snëk and Blök burn their ideograms into the side of Artom's car. Horns start honking, people start yelling in the distance behind them as they walk away.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The decor is Late Traumatic. All reds and blacks, sliding glass screens, weapons on the walls, uncomfortable looking chairs. The woman's corpse on the floor with the hole

through her chest actually compliments the interior design. She was trying to reach one of the weapons on the walls.

SNËK

What were you thinking, Aiyesha,
asking for mercy?

AIYESHA

I don't know! No, wait, I do. I
want justice! Not vengeance!

BLÖK

What does that even mean? You know
full well what passes for justice
on this planet. You learned that
when you went to the cops with
your wife's death. What did that
get you?

AIYESHA

It means not just burning her
down. It means public
acknowledgement of her crimes. Of
all their crimes!

BLÖK

We just didn't burn her down at
random. You know that. You saw the
records, the proof. You brought
her to our attention.

SNËK

Perhaps this is a conversation we
can have elsewhere. I don't want
to be pushy, but we're standing
over a dead body. One that we
made, by the way.

Snëk and Blök burn their ideograms into the wall.

INT. AIYESHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Aiyesha is driving. She's nervous, gripping the controls hard, frequently swallowing. Qichao flashes by outside the windows, bright and moving and busy.

AIYESHA

I'm not sure about this, going
straight in... She's got to be
expecting us.

BLÖK

She is. She's just hired a bunch of extra security. Clan Xian Blood Dragons. Classy...

SNËK

I've spoofed your biometrics and the car's transponder. You're going in as an executive assistant to Dorje Tsering, he's the Clan Xian mid-level exec who's running security. You have something to brief Chen Bing on. Go inside the mansion. We'll meet you there.

AIYESHA

I didn't think it would quite go like this...

BLÖK

You wanted this, Aiyesha. There are consequences when you want something very much.

SNËK

Do we continue? Yes or No?

Aiyesha breathes deep. Sets her jaw.

AIYESHA

Yes.

Snëk and Blök disappear in a haze of pixels.

EXT. SKY COMMUNITY ABOVE QICHAO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Aiyesha's car flies towards a cluster of mansions floating in the sky, above the smog level.

EXT. CHEN BING'S SKY MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Aiyesha's car glides down onto the landing pad of a huge ostentatious mansion. A Security squad comes to the edge of the pad.

INT. AIYESHA'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Aiyesha sits there for a second or two. Then sweeps out of the car, moving with purpose.

EXT. CHEN BING'S SKY MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Aiyesha walks past the Security squad without pausing, without looking at him, heading to the front door of the mansion.

SECURITY GOON

Miss... Miss! We're in lockdown!
You can't park there!

AIYESHA

Then you move it! I don't have
time for your dick waving security
theater.

She continues up the stairs and into the mansion. The Security Goon looks after her.

SECURITY GOON

What. A. Bitch.

He holsters his weapon and gets into her car.

Which promptly explodes. Takes out most of the squad.

INT. CHEN BING'S MANSION FOYER - NIGHT

Aiyesha spins and looks out the front door at the burning ruin of her car. There are some smaller explosions and weapons fire from out on the grounds.

AIYESHA

My car!

SNËK

Yeah, it wasn't going to get
through the night. Sorry about
that.

Aiyesha jumps and looks down at Snëk.

SNËK (CONT'D)

Let's get going. I'll go first,
clear out any trouble.

INT. CHEN BING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The home office of a powerful executive. Done in High Orbital: everything floats: desk, chairs, couches. The window behind the desk is actually a screen showing a view of the planet from orbit.

Chen Bing looks up as Aiyesha and Snëk enter. She's old, bald, and evil.

CHEN

Just the one of you? I guess my security took care of your partner.

Blök enters behind Aiyesha and Snëk.

BLÖK

No, they didn't. You knew it was us, but you still cheaped out on security. If there was going to be a next time, I'd warn against that. But there won't be, so I won't.

SNËK

For what you did to Selde Tchkorian, you will now pay, Chen Bing.

AIYESHA

I've seen you kill two people already today. That's two more killings than I've ever seen in my life. Is there any other way? I remember what you said about justice in this city. And you're right, I know that you're right. But is it necessary to kill her?

Chen has lost all her fear and shock. She sits back down at her desk and stares contemptuously at the three of them.

SNËK

That's a question only you can answer. But you'll need all the information available to make it. Here's what this woman did.

Screens on the far wall activate.

Excerpt from a video call.

CHEN

(on the screen)

Tchkorian can't be allowed to take this public. The company has an unprecedented opportunity to make a lot of money.

Image of a document on the screen. Header on the document: Destabilization of Tchkorian. Stamped: Approved - Chen Bing

BLÖK
Your wife died because of her
greed.

SNËK
And look at her. She still thinks
she's going to get away with it.

BLÖK
This is your decision, Aiyesha.
You know the facts. You know who's
responsible. What happens next?

CHEN
You stupid child. You come in here
with those two relics. You
threaten me.

AIYESHA
I will bring you to justice!

Blök walks over to stand next to Aiyesha. A panel on their top surface slides open and a gun rises up to rest on their top. They extend their legs so that gun is at the level of Aiyesha's hand.

Chen starts to reach for the communications interface on her desk.

CHEN
This farce is at an end. You two
bots will look good in my trophy
room. And you, little girl, are
going to the experiment pens.

Aiyesha stares hard at Chen for a second. She's boiling with anger. Her hand trembles over the gun.

CHEN (CONT'D)
System. Call up Planetary Security
Minister...

Aiyesha snatches up the gun and fires. Chen is blown back in her seat. Aiyesha stalks forward still firing. Tears stream down her face. When the gun goes dry, Chen is a mess of blood and bone spread all over the wall behind her.

Aiyesha drops the gun and stares at the mess. Then throws up. When she's done, she straightens, wipes her mouth, and looks at the two bots.

AIYESHA
That wasn't justice. That was
vengeance.

SNËK
That's all we could get you.

AIYESHA
I wanted justice. I didn't want
(she waves her hand around
at the mess)
all this!

BLÖK
You wanted her to suffer. You
wanted her to suffer while the
entire world watched.

AIYESHA
(subdued)
Yes.

SNËK
That would have been justice, of a
sort. But it's not something we
could give you. Not here, not on
this planet. But we could give you
vengeance.

BLÖK
In the name of your wife.

AIYESHA
I guess that'll have to do. I just
thought it would be different. I
thought it wouldn't hurt so much.
I thought ... Well, I guess it
doesn't matter what I thought. We
probably should get out of here.

SNËK
Yes, let's.

They turn to go.

AIYESHA
You're not going to leave your
mark?

BLÖK
No, this one wasn't us.

SNËK
This one was you. And you did a
good job.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK