

cine001_01 - CINEMATIC - Delivery for Worm

INT. WORM'S JUNK SHOP - SAN FRANCISCO

JANET (think Cate Blanchett as RoboCop) enters the shop. WORM (Billy Butcher meets Danny DeVito) looks up from his workbench, clocks the hefty load she carries on her back with a sneer, and goes back to his welding.

WORM

Don't know 'em, don't wanna know 'em.

She slings the robotic torso and its attached head onto Worm's workstation, scattering tools and spare parts. Worm rips off his safety goggles, about to lay into Janet, then recognizes the face: An infamous robotic criminal.

WORM (cont'd)

Mustang?

She nods.

WORM (cont'd)

Holy hell...

Worm's mind races, picturing the windfall coming his way, but quickly catches himself from seeming too eager. He starts re-organizing his scattered tools, trying to act casual.

WORM (cont'd)

(clears throat)

So. Let's say I-

JANET

Say that we are both intelligent and busy people, so we can bypass your facade of disinterest. I understand there is sordid history between you two. I do not care which laws were broken... I just need him awake.

WORM

(taken aback)

Awake? A bit risky, innit? I'll just siphon ya out a neuro-dump.

Worm clears space on the table and places a well-used console next to Mustang's head. He powers it on.

JANET

I would prefer not to spend the next two weeks picking apart encrypted memories. Time is a factor.

Worm waves off her concern, pulling a thick cable from the console and blowing off the dust from its connection point.

WORM

I know a cypher-bot in Nob Hill, best in the city. Specializes in this sort of thing. Can tear through cryptomems lickety--

Worm is about to plug the cable into Mustang's head--

Janet's hand SNAKES OUT, grabbing Worm by the wrist.

JANET

I need him. Awake.

Worm gulps. Janet takes note.

JANET (cont'd)

(softer)

He cannot hurt you.

Worm considers for a beat, then nods. Janet releases him.

He walks over to the corner of the room, powering on an arcade-shaped, human-sized device: The RESURRECTION MACHINE. It struggles to boot up. Worm gives it a solid KICK, and it finishes its boot-up sequence.

WORM

(sheepish)

Been a minute since I've done this.

END SCENE

GAMEPLAY

INT./EXT. AROUND WORM'S JUNKSHOP - SAN FRANCISCO

WORM continues to idle at the RESURRECTION MACHINE, typing code into the console.

WORM

Park him on the dock, and we'll get the party started.

Player must bring MUSTANG'S BODY to the machine's LOADING DOCK.

As Worm idles, and occasional ERROR MESSAGE or DISCORDANT BEEP plays, frustrating him.

Barks for Worm:

WORM (cont'd)
(thinking out loud)
Sys-OS outdated? Yeah no shit.

WORM (cont'd)
(sniffs console)
Who used this thing last?

WORM (cont'd)
Uh-oh. No no--c'mon, c'mon...

WORM (cont'd)
(quiet, angry)
Fucking CloudCake. Wankers.

WORM (cont'd)
(annoyed, frustrated sounds repeat)

Player brings the body to the staging dock.

END GAMEPLAY

IGC_001_01 - In Game Cutscene - Waking Up Mustang

INT. WORM'S JUNK SHOP - SAN FRANCISCO

Janet loads Mustang into the machine's dock, securing his torso against the restraints and attaching cords into various ports. Satisfied, she nods at Worm, who flips a switch.

A series of ERROR messages flash across the screen.

WORM
Ugh.

JANET
Problems?

WORM

Ain't it always? All the pre-Merge OS's is pretty much scrap now, thanks to the update CloudCake shat out yesterday.

>IF [PLAYER HAS RAM]=FALSE:

JANET

You just need more RAM.

WORM

(sarcasm)

Oh yeah, sure. Shouldn't be an issue, what with every other tech-hub in the bay also playing catch-up.

JANET

...Do not go anywhere. If I return and find he's been tampered with--

WORM

Yeah yeah, like you said: We're both intelligent and busy people. I ain't gonna touch him.

END IGC

>> **GAMEPLAY** - Janet must go collect RAM out in the city. When she returns:

JANET

Here.

WORM

Cheers, love.

He slots the RAM into the machine.

>>Jumpto: cine001_02

>IF [PLAYER HAS RAM]=TRUE:

JANET

Here. More RAM would not hurt.

WORM

(surprised, pleased)

Nope! It most certainly will not.

He slots the RAM into the machine.

>>Jumpto: cine001_02

cine001_02 - CINEMATIC - Mustang Wakes

INT. WORM'S JUNK SHOP - SAN FRANCISCO

The machine boots up, all systems green. On the loading dock, MUSTANG (HAL-9000 + cowboy) slowly wakes up. His eyes flicker as awareness and a smug grin washes over his face.

MUSTANG

Howdy, Worm.

Worm recoils, stepping back.

WORM

The fuck? I disabled ocular.

MUSTANG

I can see just fine, thank you.

Janet steps between them. Worm steps out of sight.

JANET

The next shipment of Green. Which dock, and when?

MUSTANG

(laughs)

Like a dog with a bone. As I said earlier, I don't rightly know. And I won't. Not until it gets here.

His body shifts inside the dock as he tries to move his missing limbs.

MUSTANG (cont'd)

Don't see how crippin' a poor, old, retired StuntBot helps the matter.

Worm returns with a large sawed-off shotgun, placing it at the base of Mustang's neck.

JANET

(calm)

Worm.

MUSTANG

My my... This about the MUNI job?

WORM
 (furious)
 I'm out 20k, you shit-kicking scrap
 heap. Your intel was shite!

MUSTANG
 The intel was the intel. Ain't my
 fault you can't plan a proper opp.

Worm JAMS the barrel in deeper, eliciting warnings from the
 resurrection machine.

JANET
 (a threat)
 Worm.

WORM
 Tiny's dead because of you!

MUSTANG
 Naw, partner. Pretty sure Tiny's dead
 'cause SFPD shot 'em full a holes.
 Was all over the feed, didn'tcha see?
 Here--

One of Mustang's EYES rolls back in his head, revealing a
 PROJECTOR LENS, which produces a HOLOGRAM NEWS REPORT. A
 small man lies dead and bloody on a subway floor.

WORM
 You plasma-pissing piece of-

Several things happen at once:

- Both of Janet's hands shoot out. One jams her thumb into
 MUSTANG'S EYE, shattering it and cutting off the hologram.
- The other grabs the barrel of Worm's gun, lifting it just
 above Mustang's head.
- The gun goes off, breaking the top restraint and shorting
 out the Resurrection Machine.
- Mustang's body falls facedown on the floor.

WORM (cont'd)
 Fuck!

JANET
 I need him.

WORM
 Yeah? Well the fucker's awake now, so
 why don't you both piss off?

Mustang's head spins around, one working eye looking up at Janet.

MUSTANG

Works for me. Giddy-up, Janet.

Janet stares at Worm, assessing his threat level. Satisfied, she straps Mustang onto her back and walks out.

WORM

You owe me a new Reso-Station!

Mustang gives him a wink as they exit.

END CINEMATIC

GAMEPLAY

The player now has Mustang strapped to their back until he gets intel on the next shipment of Green. He'll antagonize, joke, attempt different hacks, etc. The full scope of his involvement is up to Design's discretion as he accompanies her on the mission.