

# BRINK



**BOOK THREE**

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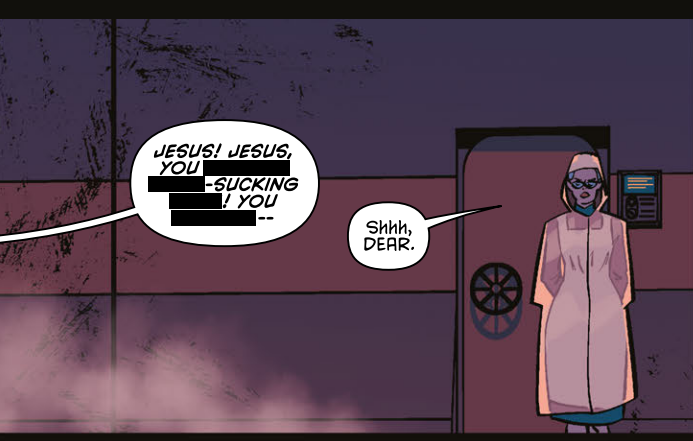
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# BRINK



**BOOK THREE**

BRINK CREATED BY DAN ABNETT & I.N.J. CULBARD



JESUS! JESUS, YOU **██████████** -SUCKING! YOU **██████████**!

Shh, DEAR.



OH **██████████**! OH **██████████**! YOU **██████████** EATING **██████████**!

MRS SYLVIE, HELLO.

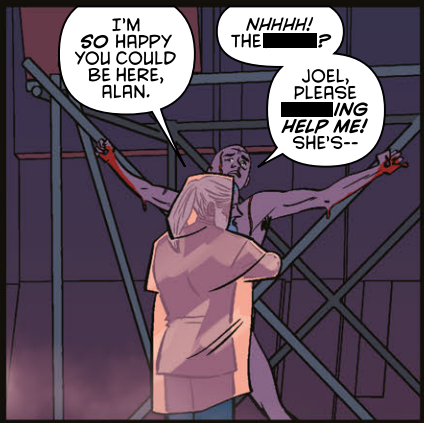
THE GUESTS ARE WAITING FOR YOU, MR TILLERSON.



GOOD, GOOD.

JOEL! **██████████** IS THIS? LOOK WHAT SHE'S **██████████** DOING TO ME!

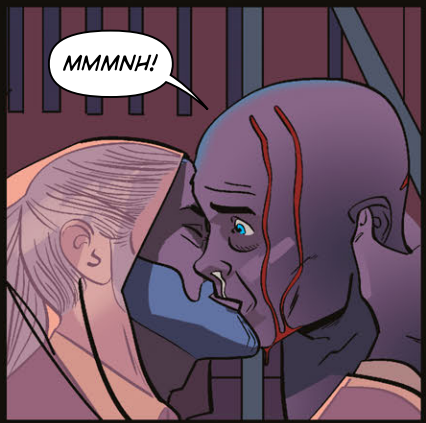
ALAN! GOOD TO SEE YOU! THANKS FOR COMING!



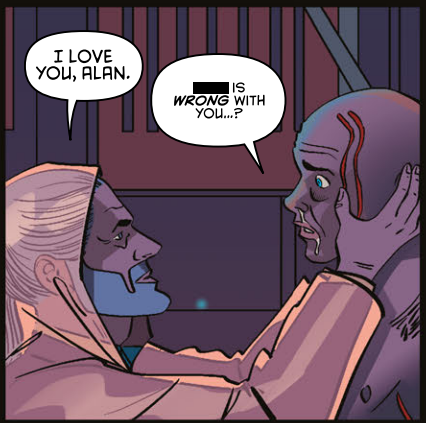
I'M SO HAPPY YOU COULD BE HERE, ALAN.

NHHHH! THE **██████████**?

JOEL, PLEASE **██████████** HELP ME! SHE'S--

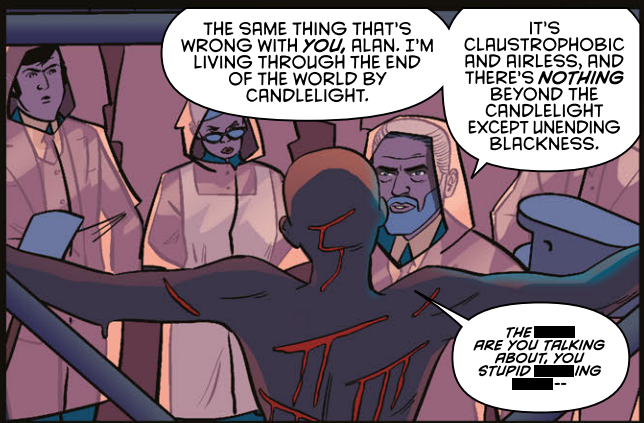


MMMNH!



I LOVE YOU, ALAN.

**██████████** IS WRONG WITH YOU...?



THE SAME THING THAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ALAN. I'M LIVING THROUGH THE END OF THE WORLD BY CANDLELIGHT.

IT'S CLAUSTROPHOBIC AND AIRLESS, AND THERE'S **NOTHING** BEYOND THE CANDLELIGHT EXCEPT UNENDING BLACKNESS.

THE **██████████** ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOU STUPID **██████████**!



I'M TALKING ABOUT THE **BLACKNESS**, ALAN. IF YOU'D LISTEN FOR A MINUTE AND STOP SWEARING.

IT'S NOT EMPTY, THE BLACKNESS. THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT, AND IT'S WONDERFUL.

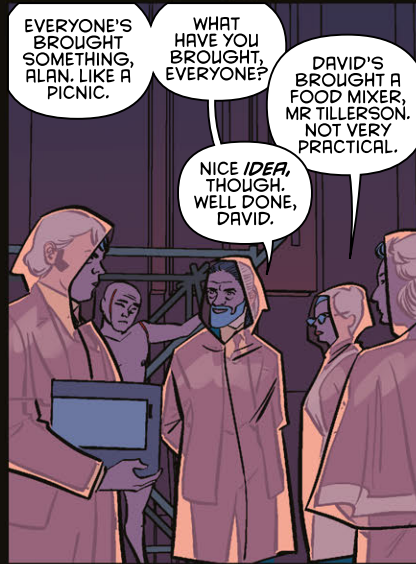
WE'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO IT.

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR **██████████** MIND--



IT'S OUR GIFT TO YOU, ALAN. IT'S THE BEST GIFT ANYONE CAN EVER GET.

JOEL! JOEL! PLEASE--



EVERYONE'S BROUGHT SOMETHING, ALAN. LIKE A PICNIC.

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT, EVERYONE?

DAVID'S BROUGHT A FOOD MIXER, MR TILLERSON. NOT VERY PRACTICAL.

NICE IDEA, THOUGH. WELL DONE, DAVID.



NAIL GUN. SPLENDID.

HACKSAW. ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE. HEDGE TRIMMER. POWER DRILL. TROWEL.

A SACK OF FAST-SET CEMENT, SARAH? THAT'S LOVELY THINKING.



YOU SEE, ALAN, THEY'RE ALL THINGS WE ONCE USED TO BUILD AND SHAPE OUR WORLD.

WE SHAPED IT SO MUCH, IN THE END, IT DIED.

SO THESE THINGS NOW HAVE SYMBOLIC VALUE.



WE USE THEM TO UN-SHAPE NOW. TO UN-MAKE ALL THE BAD THINGS WE MADE BEFORE.

SO THEY POSSESS SPECIAL POWER THAT WILL HELP US WITH OUR WORKING TODAY.

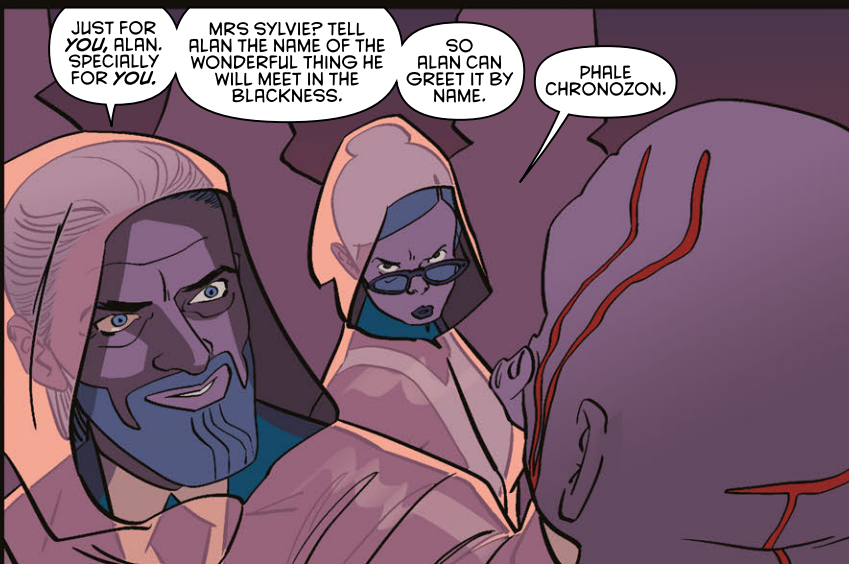


YOU'RE ~~UN~~ING MMMMGGHHH!

Shh! Shhh, ALAN!

THE LEPER HEART BEATS FOR YOU. LOW THETA HANGS IN THE SUN.

DROWSY MELANCHOLEMA AND WATCHFUL VOVEK STAND SIDE BY SIDE, WAITING TO OPEN THE UNREACH FOR YOU.



JUST FOR YOU, ALAN. SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

MRS SYLVIE? TELL ALAN THE NAME OF THE WONDERFUL THING HE WILL MEET IN THE BLACKNESS.

SO ALAN CAN GREET IT BY NAME.

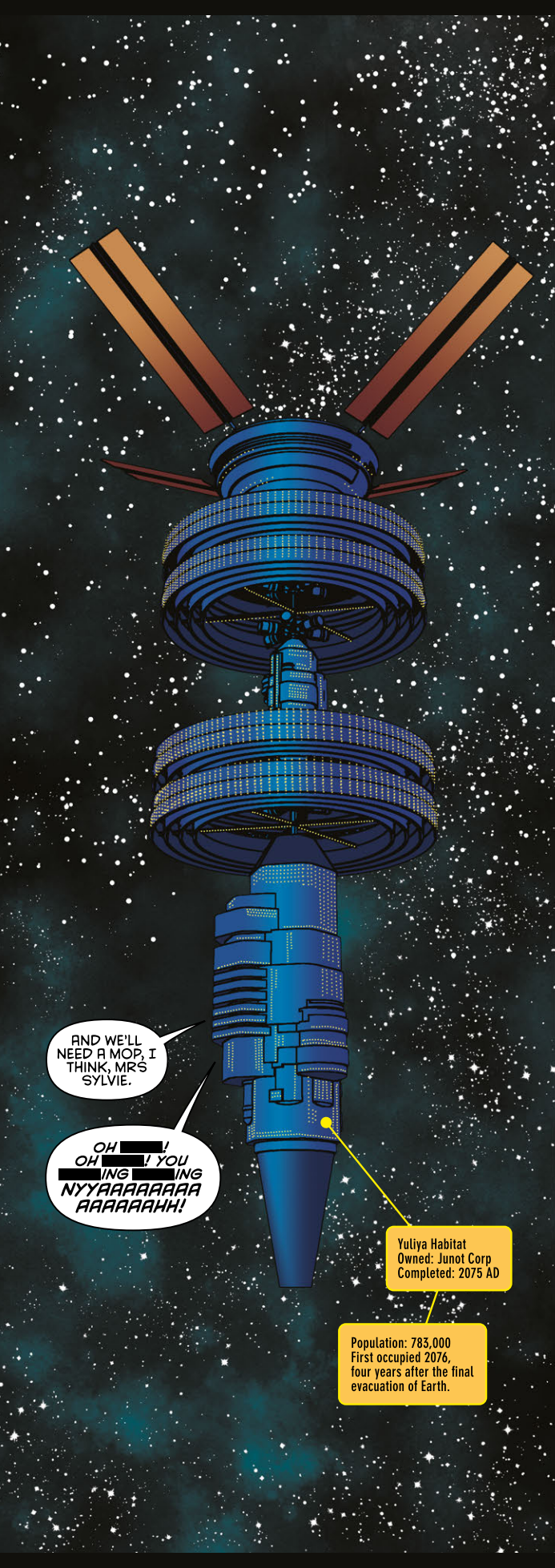
PHALE CHRONOZON.



PHALE CHRONOZON, ALAN. PLEASE SAY HELLO FROM ME.

DEBORAH, CAN I BORROW YOUR HACKSAW?

MMIIIMMGGGHH! MIIIMMMMMGGGHHH!



AND WE'LL NEED A MOP, I THINK, MRS SYLVIE.

OH [REDACTED]! OH [REDACTED]! YOU [REDACTED] NYAAAAAAAAA AAAAAHHH!

Yuliya Habitat  
Owned: Junot Corp  
Completed: 2075 AD

Population: 783,000  
First occupied 2076,  
four years after the final  
evacuation of Earth.



Loop 1. Junot Corporate Zone.



HSD RESTRICTED DATA  
Bridget Kurtis  
Investigator, Habitat Security Division  
Born: Salma Habitat 2067  
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER



Junot House  
Junot Corporation  
headquarters

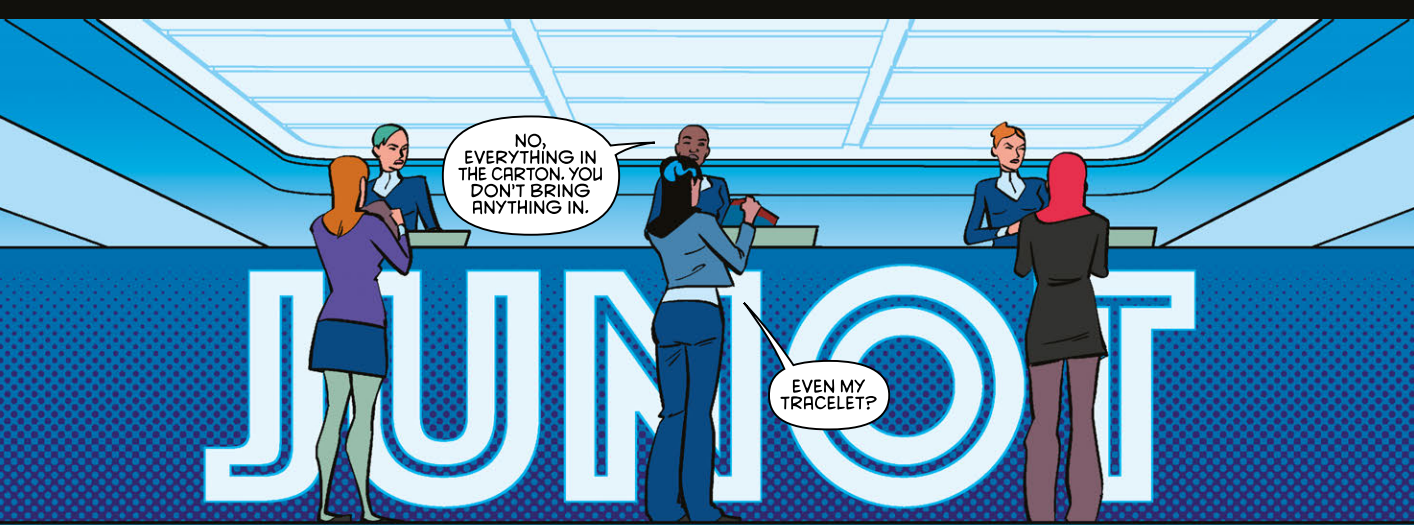
Junot House service entry  
(domestic staff only)



NEW?

YES, SIR. FIRST DAY.

I GOT YOU. DAVIA SINTA, YOU'RE TAGGED ON PAYROLL. GO LEFT FOR SCREENING AND INDUCTION.



NO, EVERYTHING IN THE CARTON, YOU DON'T BRING ANYTHING IN.

EVEN MY TRACELET?



DIDN'T YOU READ THE T.A.C.?

JUNOT HOUSE IS A CLEAN HOUSE. NO PERSONAL DEVICES.

PUT IT IN THE CARTON.



ANY IMPLANTS? NANOWARE?



NO.



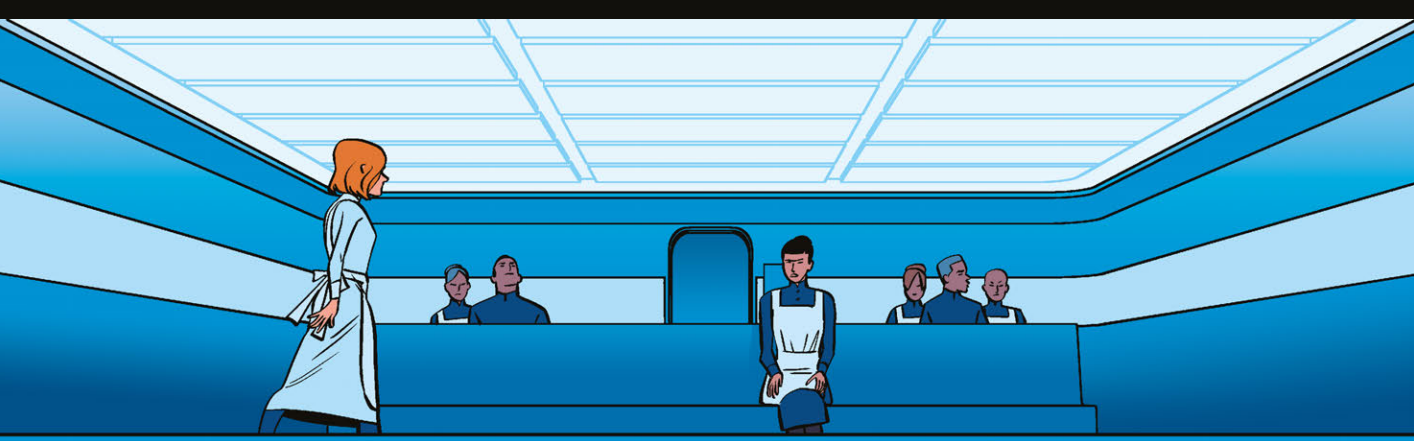
LOOK TO THE LEFT.

OKAY, MOVE THROUGH. STRIP OFF.



DAVIA SINTA.

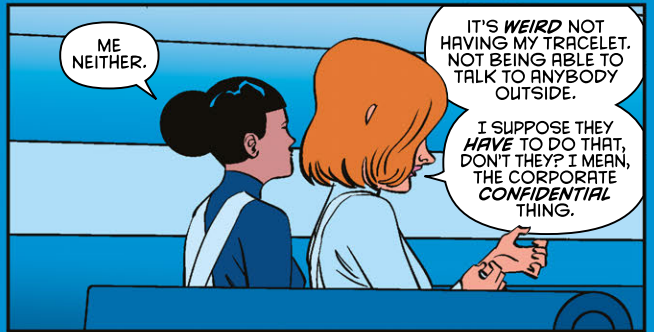
THIS IS YOUR LIVERY. GET DRESSED AND GO THROUGH TO INDUCTION.



THIS IS ALL WEIRD, ISN'T IT?

YEAH.

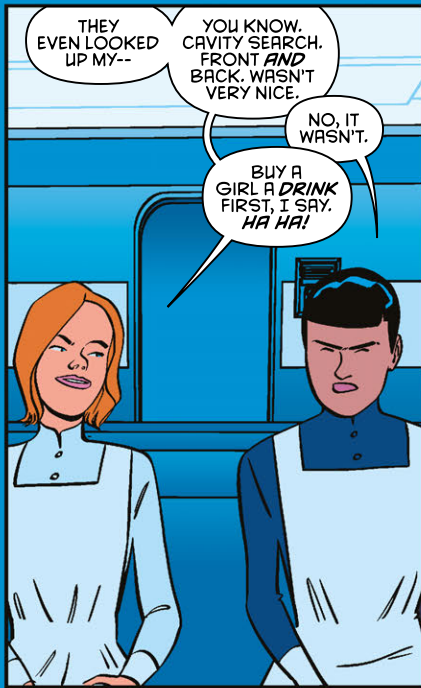
I'VE WORKED SMALLSPACE BEFORE, BUT NOT MAJOR CORPORATE LIKE THIS.



ME NEITHER.

IT'S WEIRD NOT HAVING MY TRACELET. NOT BEING ABLE TO TALK TO ANYBODY OUTSIDE.

I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE TO DO THAT, DON'T THEY? I MEAN, THE CORPORATE CONFIDENTIAL THING.



THEY EVEN LOOKED UP MY--

YOU KNOW, CAVITY SEARCH. FRONT AND BACK. WASN'T VERY NICE.

NO, IT WASN'T.

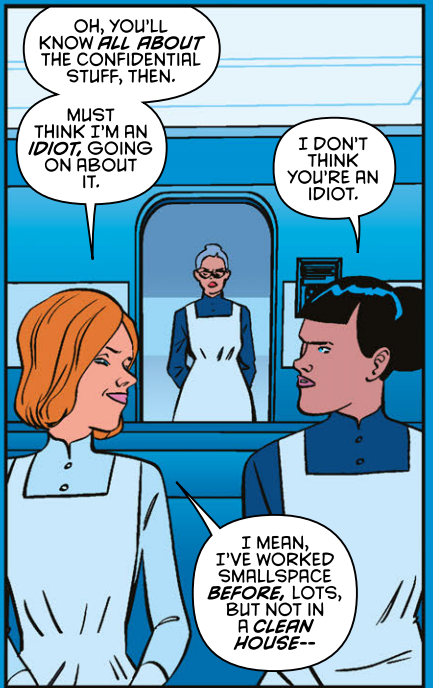
BUY A GIRL A DRINK FIRST, I SAY. HA HA!



I'M LALLA. I'M A CLASS FOUR IN FOOD PREP.

DAVIA.

I'M A SWEEPER.



OH, YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT THE CONFIDENTIAL STUFF, THEN.

MUST THINK I'M AN IDIOT, GOING ON ABOUT IT.

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

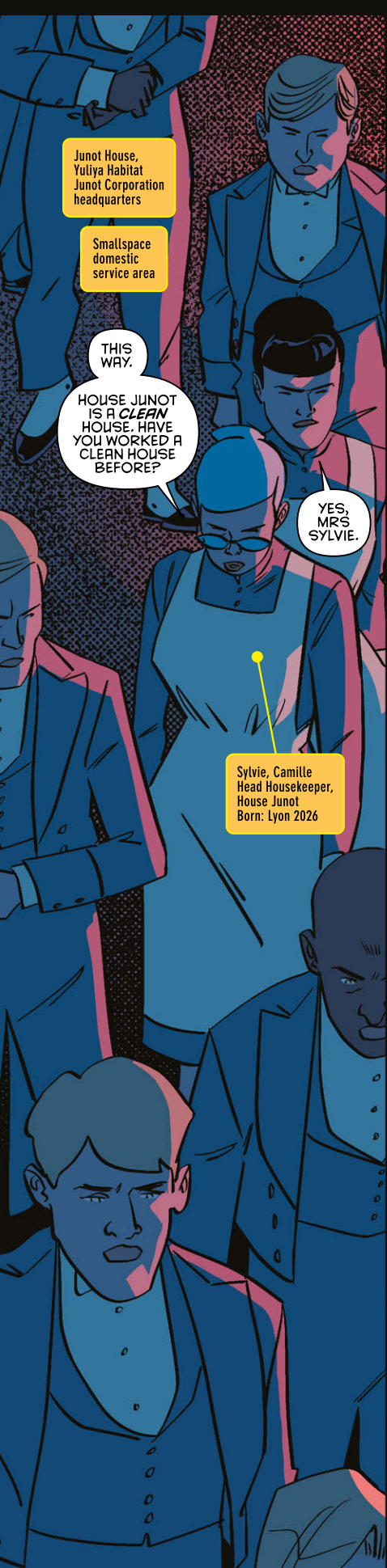
I MEAN, I'VE WORKED SMALLSPACE BEFORE, LOTS, BUT NOT IN A CLEAN HOUSE--



GOOD MORNING. WELCOME TO INDUCTION.

I'M THE HOUSEKEEPER. I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW INFORMAL WORDS BY WAY OF HELLO.

MY NAME IS MRS SYLVIE.



Junot House, Yutiya Habitat Junot Corporation headquarters

Smallspace domestic service area

THIS WAY.

HOUSE JUNOT IS A *CLEAN* HOUSE. HAVE YOU WORKED A CLEAN HOUSE BEFORE?

YES, MRS SYLVIE.

Sylvie, Camille  
Head Housekeeper,  
House Junot  
Born: Lyon 2026



TAKE THIS.

IF YOU DETECT ANYTHING DURING A SWEEP, YOU REPORT IT TO ME OR TO ONE OF THE SENIOR HOUSE SECURITY OFFICERS.

YES, MRS SYLVIE.

Junot Corp  
"sweeper wand"  
Model k37  
Portable surveillance detection system



THIS IS A PLACE OF BUSINESS. NO RECORDING DEVICES, BUGS OR SURVEILLANCE UNITS ARE PERMITTED.

CORPORATE SECRETS AND TRANSACTIONS *MUST* BE PROTECTED.



YOU WILL CONFINE YOURSELF TO SMALLSPACE UNLESS WORKING.

YOU WILL BE PERMITTED OUT OF THE HOUSE ONE DAY PER WEEK.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DAVIA SINTA, MRS SYLVIE.

HSD RESTRICTED DATA  
Bridget Kurtis  
Investigator, Habitat Security Division  
Born: Salma Habitat 2067  
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER



DAVIA, THIS IS PHYLLIS.

YOU'LL WORK WITH HER UNTIL YOU LEARN THE PROTOCOLS.

HI--  
LET'S GET TO IT.



THROUGH HERE.



Bigspace public area

VR scaler-generated "softlight" mural

WOW.

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN. YOU'RE IN BIGSPACE NOW.  
STAFF ARE TO BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.



ALL BUSINESS IS CONDUCTED BY VOICE IN CLEAN ROOMS.  
NOTHING IS RECORDED OR TRANSMITTED, UNLESS ITS ON THE HOUSE'S OFFICIAL RECORD.  
SWEEP EVERY AREA SYSTEMATICALLY FOR NANO-BUGS OR CONCERLEDS.



...GO OVER THE YEAR-ENDS AND TAX IMPLICATIONS WITH GARSON'S TEAM AFTER LUNCH...



STEP BACK.





THIS IS YOU.

OUR NEXT SHIFT IS TOMORROW MORNING AT FIVE.



LALLA.

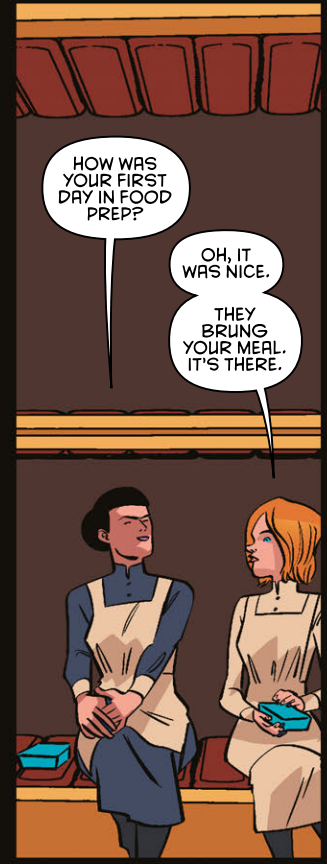
HELLO! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BUNKED TOGETHER.

HOW WAS YOUR FIRST DAY?



SWEEP-Y.

HA HA! YOU'RE RIGHT FUNNY.



HOW WAS YOUR FIRST DAY IN FOOD PREPP?

OH, IT WAS NICE.

THEY BRING YOUR MEAL. IT'S THERE.



Hmm.

WHAT'S UP WITH IT?

THE FOOD HERE'S GOOD. WE WASH OUR HANDS AND WEAR GLOVES AND EVERYTHING.

IT'S PROCESSED.



OF COURSE IT IS. ALL FOOD'S PROCESSED, SILLY.

IT'S GOT VITAMINS AND NUDGE AND ALL THE ESSENTIALS.



I'VE BEEN EATING CLEAN FOR--

WHAT'S THAT?

NOTHING.



REALLY TASTY, ISN'T IT?

Mmm-Hmmm!



YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT HERE, LALLA?

YEP.

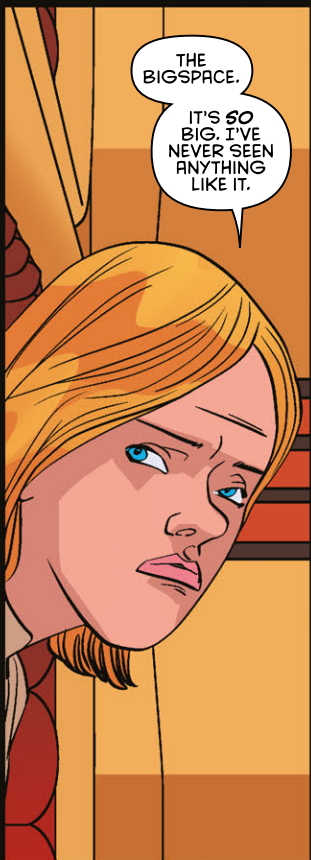
YEAH...



WHAT IS IT?

IT'S SCARY, ISN'T IT?

WHAT IS?



THE BIGSPACE.

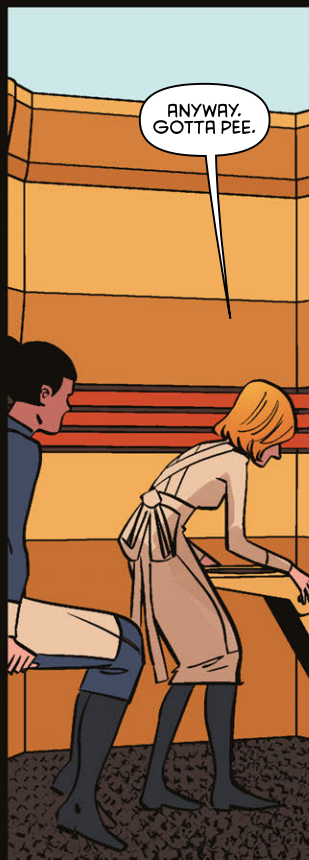
IT'S SO BIG. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.



IT SCARES ME, DAVIA.

WHAT MUST IT BE LIKE TO BE SO RICH YOU CAN HAVE *THAT* MUCH SPACE?

WHAT DO YOU EVEN *DO* IN IT?



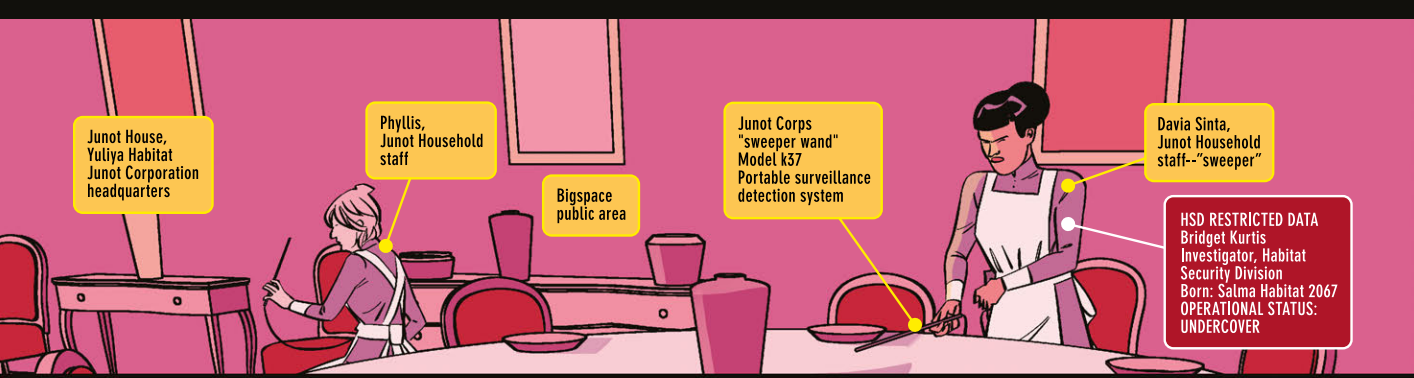
ANYWAY, GOTTA PEE.



I'M GLAD WE GET TO LIVE IN SMALLSPACE, ME.

IT'S A REAL COMFORT.

YEAH.



Junot House, Yuliya Habitat Junot Corporation headquarters

Phyllis, Junot Household staff

Bigspace public area

Junot Corps "sweeper wand" Model K37 Portable surveillance detection system

Davia Sinta, Junot Household staff--"sweeper"

HSD RESTRICTED DATA  
Bridget Kurtis  
Investigator, Habitat Security Division  
Born: Salma Habitat 2067  
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER



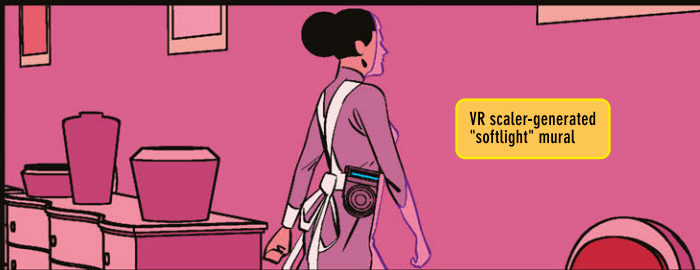
PING STAFF CALL--SWEEPER SINTA TO SUITE 349.

THAT'S YOU. GET TO IT.



WHAT IS IT?

SOMEBODY'S REQUESTED A SPOT-CHECK SWEEP. DON'T KEEP THEM WAITING.



VR scaler-generated "softlight" mural



Smallspace domestic service area



349...  
349...



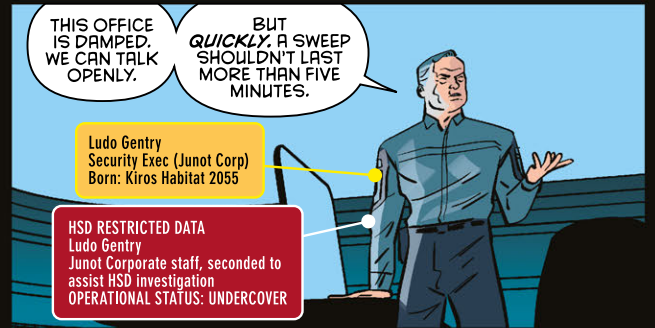
HOUSE-KEEPING!

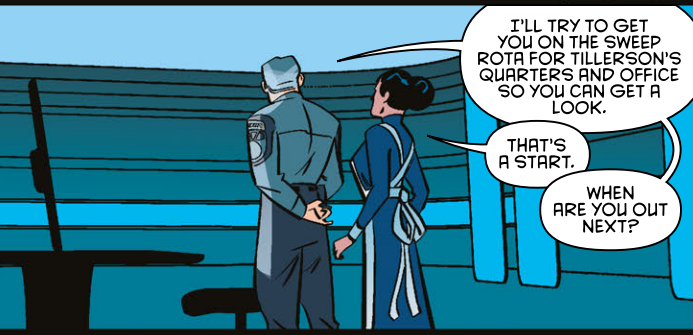


Bigspace, suite 349

SORRY, SIR. I WAS PAGED.

JUST SWEEP THE ROOM, PLEASE.





I'LL TRY TO GET YOU ON THE SWEEP'S ROTAS FOR TILLERSON'S QUARTERS AND OFFICE SO YOU CAN GET A LOOK.

THAT'S A START.

WHEN ARE YOU OUT NEXT?



MY DOWNTIME DAY IS SATURDAY.

THEN CYCLE THOSE NAMES BACK TO YOUR HANDLER OUTSIDE AND GET HSD TO RUN THEM ALL.

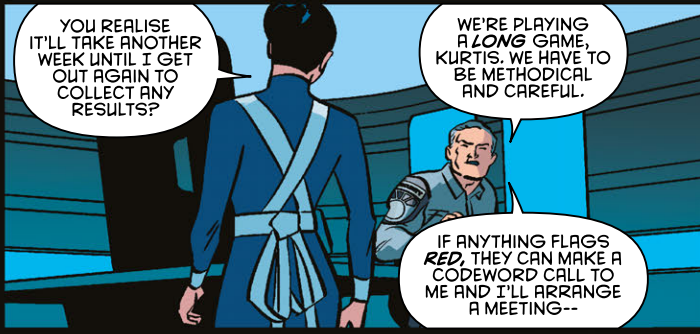
ANY PRIORS, ANY DIRT.

YOU REMEMBER THE LIST?



SHIELA REYES. LENORE FRIXEL. DAVID GARBO. GAEL NOVARRO. HECTOR NUNEZ. SARAH TEMPE. GEORG BLASCO. JOEL TILLERSON.

GOOD.



YOU REALISE IT'LL TAKE ANOTHER WEEK UNTIL I GET OUT AGAIN TO COLLECT ANY RESULTS?

WE'RE PLAYING A LONG GAME, KURTIS. WE HAVE TO BE METHICAL AND CAREFUL.

IF ANYTHING FLAGS RED, THEY CAN MAKE A CODEWORD CALL TO ME AND I'LL ARRANGE A MEETING--



GENTRY! GOT A SEC?

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, BLASCO?



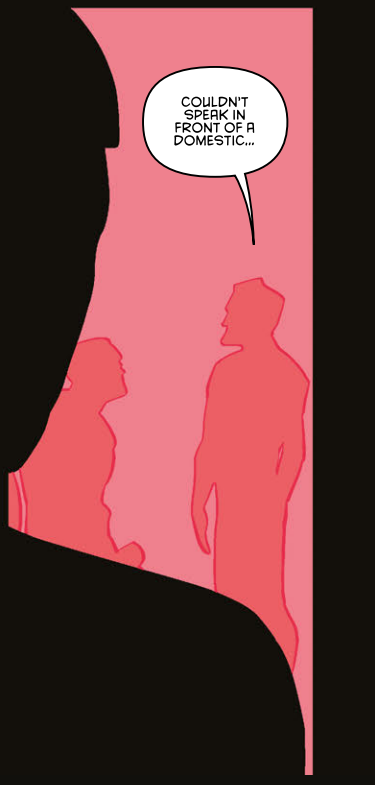
Um...

SHE'S JUST STAFF. A SWEEPER.

YEAH...



...STEP BACK, WOULD YOU, SWEET-HEART?



COULDN'T SPEAK IN FRONT OF A DOMESTIC...





THEY'RE ALL VETTED, GEORG.

WHATEVER. LOOK, I NEED A QUIET WORD.

YOU WERE ON GALINA. WHAT HAPPENED OVER THERE?



PERSONNEL PROBLEMS. LABOUR DISPUTE, BASICALLY. MARIAM DEALT WITH IT.

DIDN'T YOU READ THE REPORT?

THE REPORT, LUDO. IT WAS CLEARLY FABRICATED.



THE GALINA BUILD HAS KICKED A HUGE HOLE IN FINANCE. JUNOT'S PISSING BLOOD ON THE LOAN-PAYMENT INTEREST.

DON'T GIVE ME ~~ANY~~ING LABOUR PROBLEMS.



I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING ELSE.

WHY DO YOU CARE, BLASCO? YOU'RE SECURITY ADMINISTRATION LIKE ME. YOU'RE NOT ATTACHED TO THE HABITAT BUILD.

I'M ATTACHED TO JUNOT, AND THE GALINA BUILD'S ATTACHED TO JUNOT LIKE A ~~ANCHOR~~ ANCHOR.

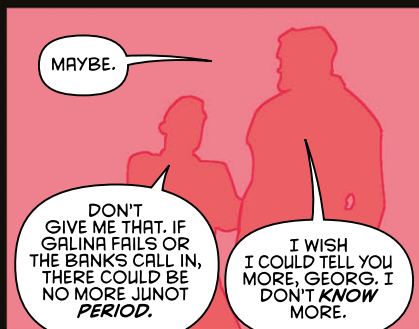
I'M THINKING ABOUT MY EMPLOYMENT PROSPECTS.



LAY-OFFS AND RESTRUCTURE?

AT THE VERY LEAST.

THERE ARE GOING TO BE SERIOUS CUTS, AND ADMINISTRATION ALWAYS GETS IT IN THE BALLS FIRST.



MAYBE.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT. IF GALINA FAILS OR THE BANKS CALL IN, THERE COULD BE NO MORE JUNOT PERIOD.

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU MORE, GEORG. I DON'T KNOW MORE.



OKAY.

LOOK, YOU MAY NOT WANT TO DO ME A FAVOUR--

IT'S NOT A CASE OF "WANT"--



YEAH, YEAH!

YOU MAY NOT WANT TO DO ME A FAVOUR BUT I'LL DO YOU ONE.

UPDATE YOUR CV. START LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB.

COME ON...



I HEAR ANTRON AND C-LUX ARE HIRING.

THERE'S NO FUTURE HERE. THE BOARD IS GETTING RESTLESS.

I THINK THEY'RE WORKING TO HAVE MARIAM REMOVED.

NO WAY.



I'M SERIOUS. ANOTHER TWO, THREE WEEKS, THEY'LL GET MARIAM OUT.

MARIAM AND ANYONE IN HER CIRCLE. LIKE YOU, GENTRY.

JUNOT IS A FAMILY BUSINESS--



GROW UP. THE NAME MATTERS. THE BLOOD DOESN'T. THE OLD MAN'S GONE [REDACTED] KNOWS WHERE, AND LITTLE MARIAM'S MADE A PISS-POOR SHOW OF RUNNING THINGS SINCE.

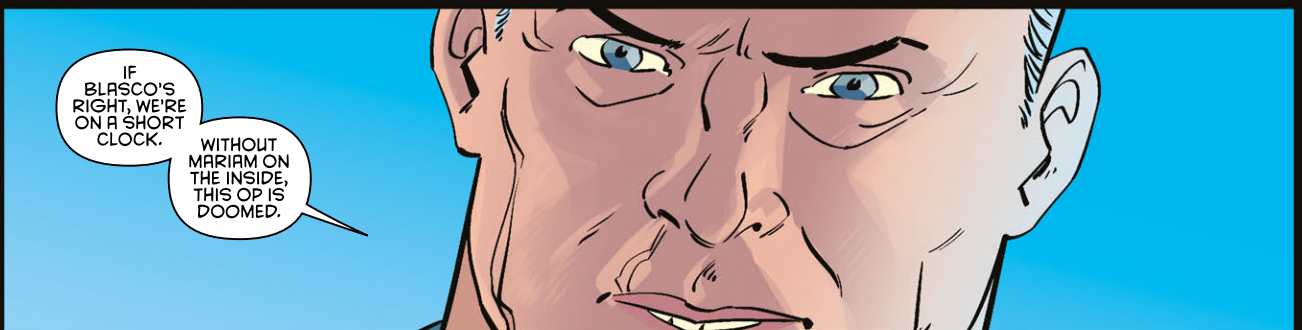


ANYWAY, LATER.



YOU HEAR ALL THAT?

YES.



IF BLASCO'S RIGHT, WE'RE ON A SHORT CLOCK.

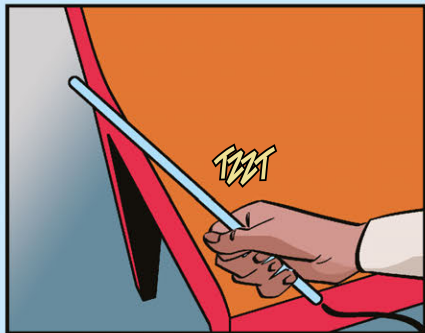
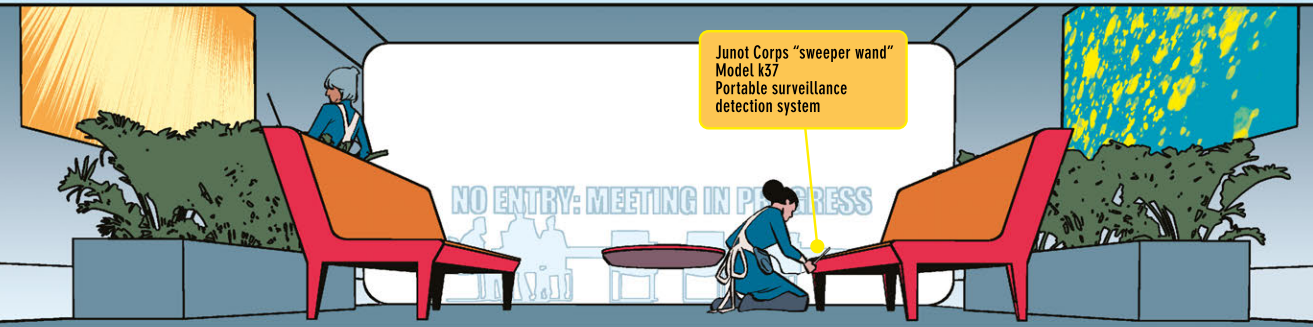
WITHOUT MARIAM ON THE INSIDE, THIS OP IS DOOMED.

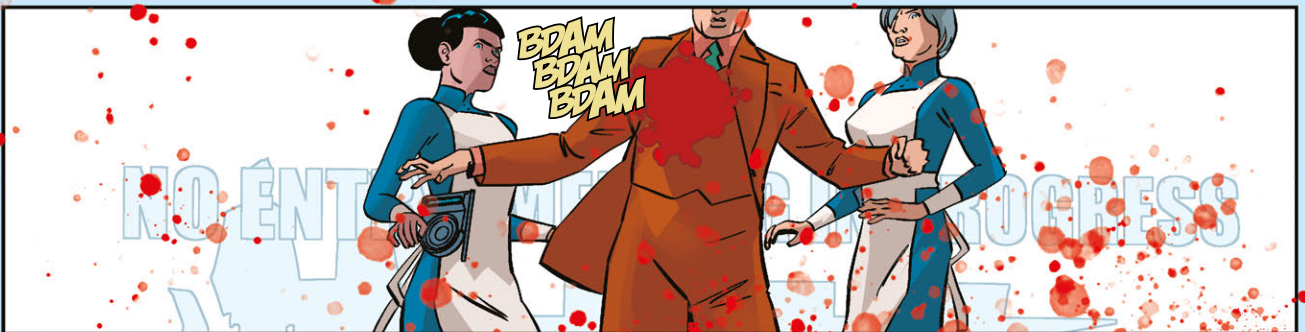
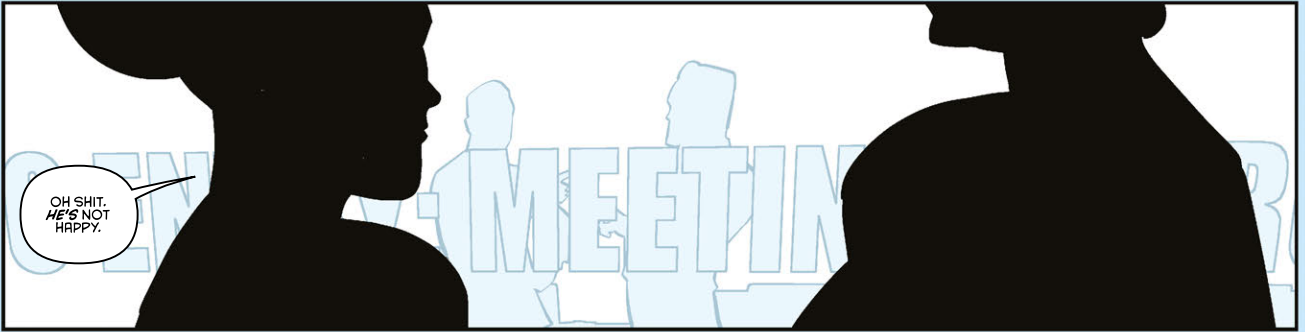
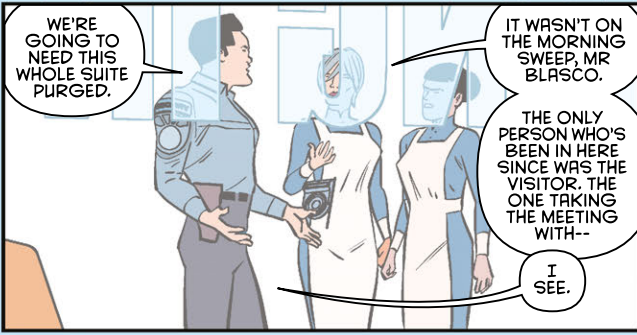
# NO ENTRY: MEETING IN PROGRESS

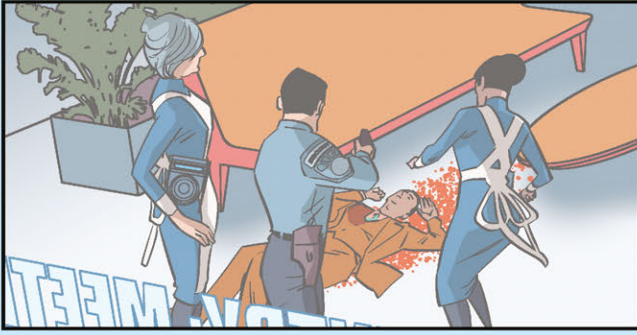
Junot House,  
Yuliya Habitat  
Junot Corporation  
headquarters

Bigspace public  
area, anteroom to  
meeting suite 41

Junot Corps "sweeper wand"  
Model k37  
Portable surveillance  
detection system

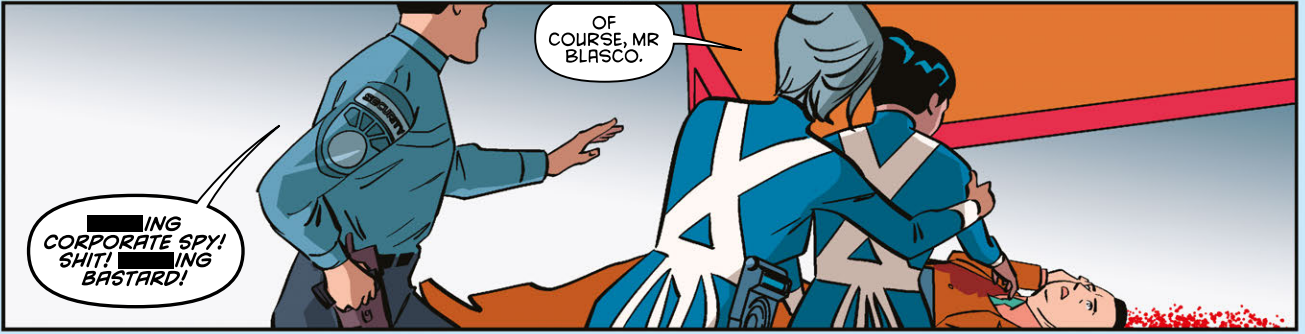






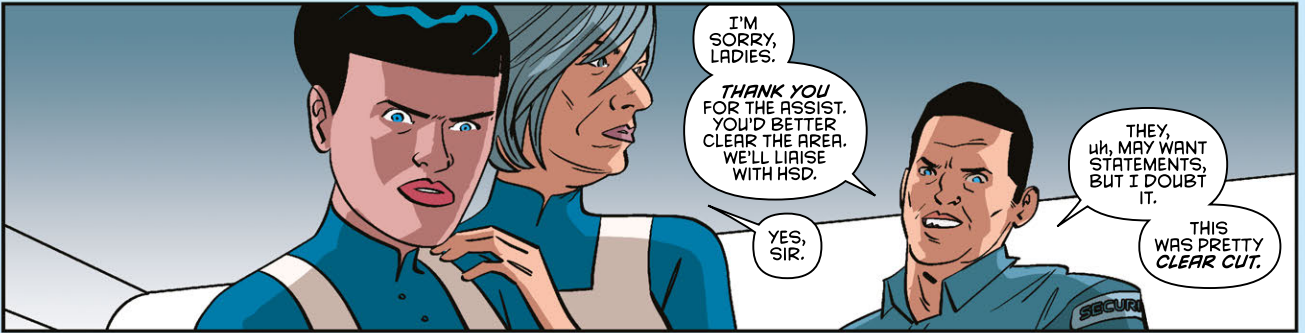
HE--

DON'T TOUCH THE BODY!



OF COURSE, MR BLASCO.

ING CORPORATE SPY! SHIT! ING BASTARD!



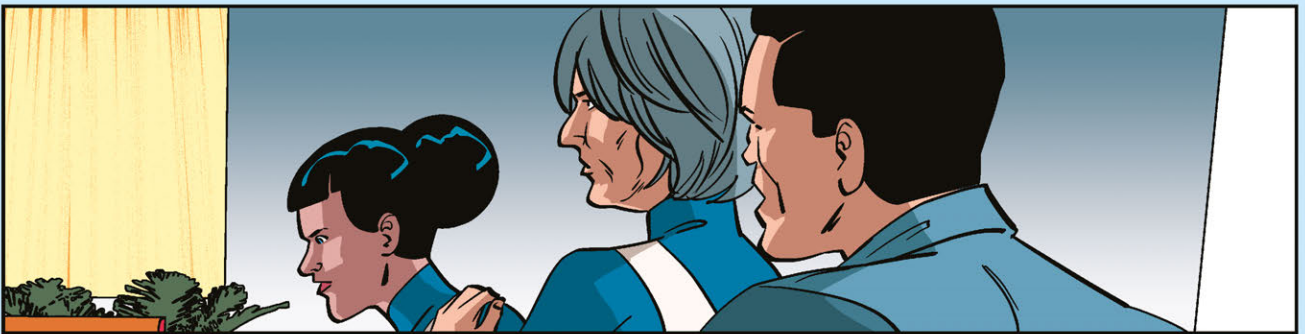
I'M SORRY, LADIES.

THANK YOU FOR THE ASSIST. YOU'D BETTER CLEAR THE AREA. WE'LL LAISE WITH HSD.

YES, SIR.

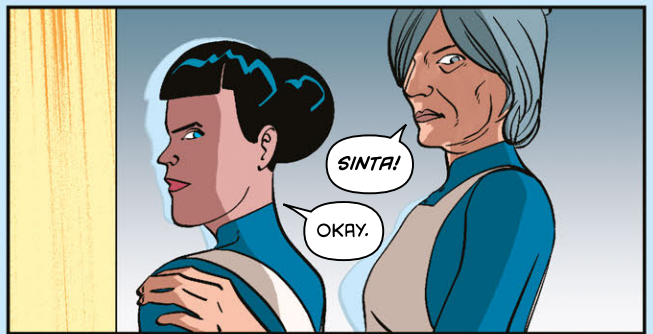
THEY, uh, MAY WANT STATEMENTS, BUT I DOUBT IT.

THIS WAS PRETTY CLEAR CUT.



SO... THAT'LL BE ALL. THANKS.

SINTA!



SINTA!

OKAY.

Smallspace domestic service area: loading dock 17



Shirley Keen, Junot Household staff--maid



"SHIRLEY" RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT.

HSD RESTRICTED DATA  
Gita Gibrani  
Investigator, Habitat Security Division  
Born: Yuliya Habitat 2072  
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER



GOOD TO SEE YOU.

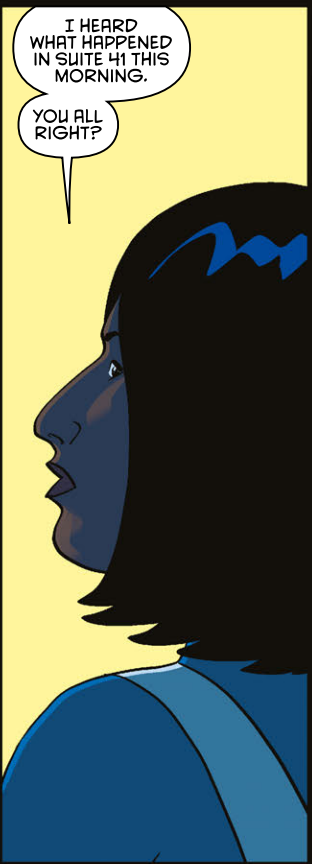
YOU LOOK SPOOKED.

WELL--



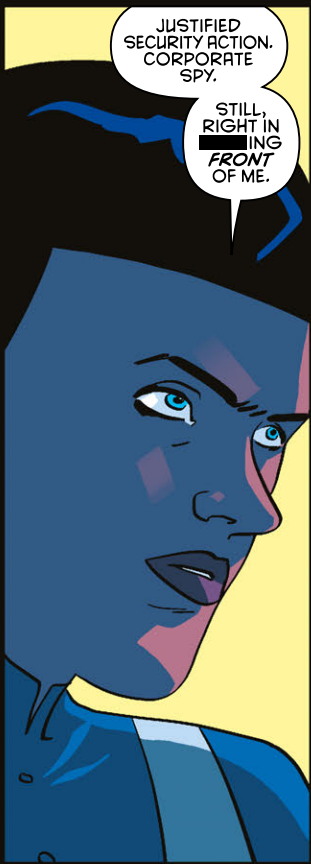
I SEE YOU FOUND THE SMOKING AREA.

HI.



I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED IN SUITE 41 THIS MORNING.

YOU ALL RIGHT?



JUSTIFIED SECURITY ACTION. CORPORATE SPY.

STILL, RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.



I BET.

THING IS... BLASCO--

SECURITY EXEC. I KNOW HIM.

I'VE BEEN IN HERE EIGHT DAYS.



OKAY, SO, THE GUY, THE DEAD GUY, HE KNEW HIM.

REALLY?

SAID HIS NAME, RIGHT BEFORE BLASCO TOPPED HIM.



COULD BE ANYTHING. MAYBE HE DID KNOW HIM. MAYBE THEY WERE INTRODUCED EARLIER--

NO, HIS AFFECT. HE WAS SURPRISED. AND IF HE'D JUST MET HIM, WHY WOULD HE USE HIS FIRST NAME?

AND BLASCO COULD HAVE JUST MADE AN ARREST; YOU KNOW? NOT LIKE THE GUY COULD EXIT MAIN GATE.



AND BLASCO'S ON GENTRY'S WATCHLIST.

SHIT. SO BLASCO WAS... WHAT?

PROTECTING HIS COVER? COVERING SOMETHING, ANYWAY.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

KEEP WATCHING.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?



I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.

WHAT?

EASIER IF I SHOW YOU.

CAN YOU MEET ME BACK DOWN HERE TONIGHT? AFTER LIGHTS-OUT?



OKAY.

DEATH AND SECRETS. JUST LIKE BEING BACK ON GALINA, HUH?



OH OFF.

HA!



SNNRRT-FOOF! SNNRRT-FOOF!



SNNRRT-FOOF! SNNRRT-FOOF!



SNNRRT-FOOF!



MNNYYMM... SNNRRT-FOOF!



SNNRRT-FOOF! SNNRRT-FOOF!



Junot House, Yuliya Habitat Junot Corporation headquarters

Smallspace domestic staff quarters



Domestic access 437



Smallspace domestic service area: loading dock 17



ALL RIGHT?

YEAH.



FOLLOW ME.



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WELL, IF ANYONE BUMPS INTO US, WE'RE SNEAKING OFF FOR A PRIVATE TRYST.

A TRYST?



A CHEEKY DRY HUMP IN THE AIR-CIRC ROOM. IT'S A POPULAR MAKE-OUT SPOT.

YOU THINK YOU CAN PULL THAT OFF?

THAT'S THE SPIRIT. LIVE THE ROLE.

I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRED YOU VERY MUCH FROM AFAR.



WHERE REALLY?

DOWN HERE, THE HOUSE VAULTS. I'VE BEEN WORKING RETRIEVAL. I WANNA SHOW YOU.

BUT THERE MIGHT BE SOME OVER-THE-SHIRT ACTION LATER TOO IF YOU PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT.



RETRIEVAL?

THROUGH HERE--



House Junot storage vaults. Vault eighteen.

BEHOLD.

IT'S HUGE.

BRACE YOURSELF. THERE ARE FORTY CHAMBERS LIKE IT.



WHAT'S "RETRIEVAL"?

IT'S GETTING STUFF FOR THE JUNOT EXECS. THE TOFFS.

GETTING STUFF AND BRINGING IT TO THEM.

WHAT STUFF?



THEIR STUFF.

PERSONAL POSSESSIONS. HEIRLOOMS. LAMPS. CLOTHES. TEDDY BEARS. WHATEVER.

THEY SHIPPED IT ALL UP FROM EARTH.



THEY SHIPPED...?

THE PAYLOAD COSTS ALONE WOULD--

I KNOW, RIGHT? RICH PEOPLE.



THEY BROUGHT ALL THEIR STUFF WITH THEM, AND THEY STORE IT HERE.

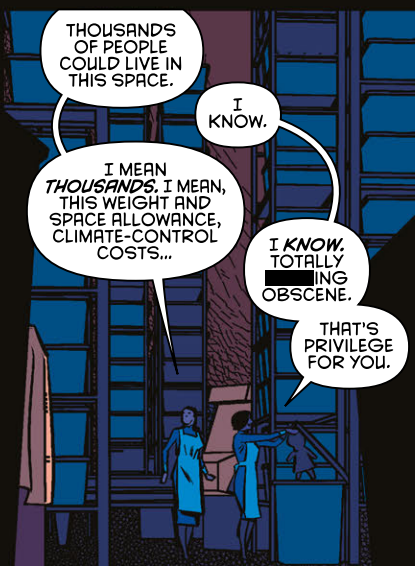
WHEN YOU WORK RETRIEVAL, YOU GET SENT DOWN HERE TO FIND THINGS FOR THEM.

"OH, SHIRLEY? COULD YOU GO FETCH MY GRANDMAMA'S SEWING BOX?"



ALL THE CONTAINERS ARE ITEMISED. FULL INVENTORY. DIGI-CODES FOR ITEM LOCATION.

THEN THE BIG STUFF TOO.



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE COULD LIVE IN THIS SPACE.

I KNOW.

I MEAN THOUSANDS. I MEAN, THIS WEIGHT AND SPACE ALLOWANCE, CLIMATE-CONTROL COSTS...

I KNOW, TOTALLY [REDACTED] OBSCENE.

THAT'S PRIVILEGE FOR YOU.



THEY GET TO KEEP THEIR JUNK.

THE RICH GET TO HOLD ON TO THEIR OLD LIVES. THEIR KEEPSAKES.

THAT'S WHAT MONEY BUYS YOU: SENTIMENT. THE RICH GET THE LUXURY OF SENTIMENT. ATTACHMENT TO MATERIAL POSSESSIONS.



YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME.

Heh.

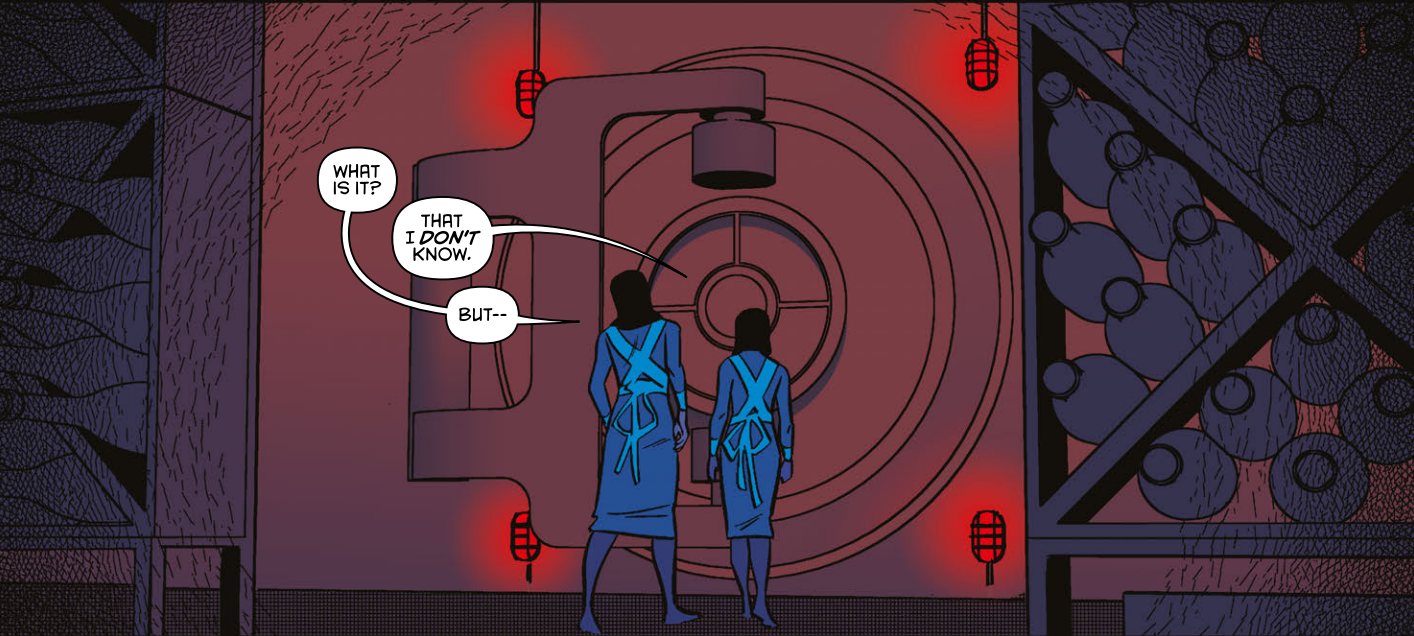
GOD, THIS PLACE MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL. THE [REDACTED] WASTE OF IT. THE ARROGANCE.



ANYWAY, THIS IS ALL JUST A SOBERING ILLUSTRATION OF SOCIAL DIVISION.

NOT THE POINT OF OUR EXCURSION.

THAT'S DOWN HERE.



WHAT IS IT?

THAT I DON'T KNOW.

BUT--



IT'S THE ENTRANCE TO A SEALED LEVEL. WON'T OPEN, I TRIED. TOTALLY OFF LIMITS.

NO IDEA WHO HAS THE ACCESS CODES.

BUT IT'S GOT TO BE BIG. SERIOUSLY BIG COMPARTMENTS.

RIGHT.



A SECRET AREA? A SECRET LEVEL?

AND HIDDEN AWAY DOWN HERE. I'VE NO IDEA WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR.

BUT AFTER GALINA, WE KNOW THE PEOPLE WE'RE HUNTING AREN'T ABOVE CONCEALING THINGS WITH ARCHITECTURE.



WE NEED TO GET IN THERE.

YES, WE DO. FIRST STEP, I THINK, IS TO FIND PLANS OF HOUSE JUNOT. WORK OUT HOW BIG THAT AREA IS. SEE IF THERE ARE OTHER WAYS IN THAT AREN'T SECURITY LOCKED.



IT'LL BE HARD TO ACCESS THAT DATA IN HOUSE.

I WAS THINKING HSD MIGHT HAVE PLANS. PUBLIC RECORDS. HABITAT SPECS.

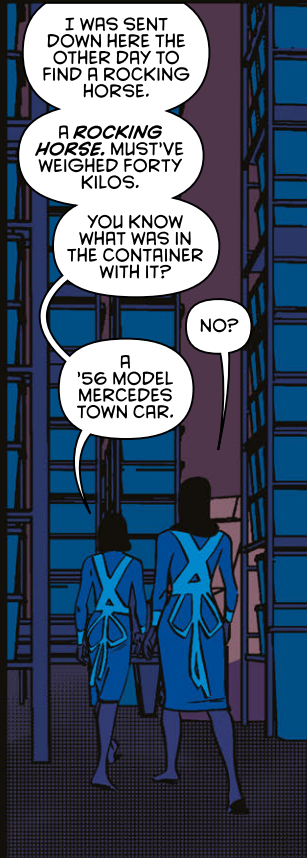
I'LL ASK WHEN I GO OUT ON SATURDAY. OF COURSE, ANY PUBLIC-FILED PLANS MIGHT OMIT THIS SECTION.

TRUE.



WE SHOULD HEAD BACK, BEFORE SOMEONE NOTICES WE'RE NOT WHERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE.

OKAY.



I WAS SENT DOWN HERE THE OTHER DAY TO FIND A ROCKING HORSE.

A ROCKING HORSE MUST'VE WEIGHED FORTY KILOS.

YOU KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE CONTAINER WITH IT?

NO?

A '56 MODEL MERCEDES TOWN CAR.



THESE [REDACTED] PEOPLE.

JESUS.



...SO YOU'LL RUN THIS PAST THE HANDLERS ON SATURDAY?

YEAH, I'LL--



HEY.



SINTA, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.



MR BLASCO, SIR.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE, SWEETHEART?

AND WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

Junot House, Yuliya Habitat Junot Corporation headquarters

Smallspace domestic service area: loading dock 17

Georg Blasco Security Exec (Junot Corp) Born: Leng Habitat 2064

Davia Sinta, Junot Household staff--"sweeper"

HSD RESTRICTED DATA  
Bridget Kurtis Investigator, Habitat Security Division  
Born: Salma Habitat 2067  
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER

Shirley Keen, Junot Household staff--maid

HSD RESTRICTED DATA  
Gita Gibrani Investigator, Habitat Security Division  
Born: Yuliya Habitat 2072  
OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER

COME ON, YOU GIRLS KNOW THIS AREA'S ONLY FOR AUTHORIZED STAFF.

SORRY, MR BLASCO.

I COULDN'T SLEEP. I WENT FOR A WALK.

NOT USED TO INTERNAL TIME IN THE HOUSE, HUH, SWEETHEART?

NO, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY--

SHE WAS UPSET.

OH, YEAH, OF COURSE.

YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER?

ME AND SHIRLEY JUST MET.

I SNEAKED OFF FOR A SMOKE, BOSS. SORRY.

OKAY.

LOOK, UH, SINTA, I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

TILLERSON WANTS TO SEE YOU.

IS THAT...HUMAN RESOURCES?

YEAH. HE'D LIKE A WORD.

I'LL SHOW YOU UP.

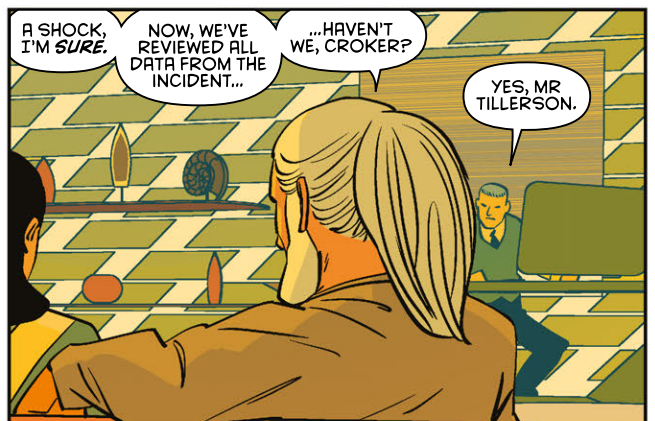
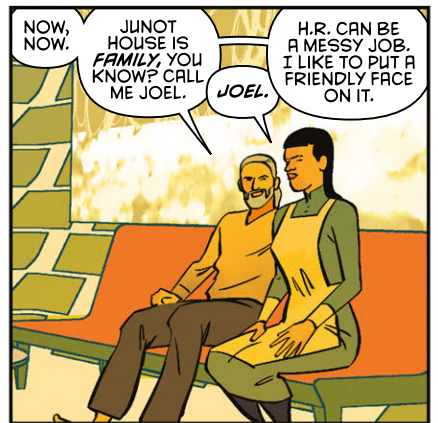
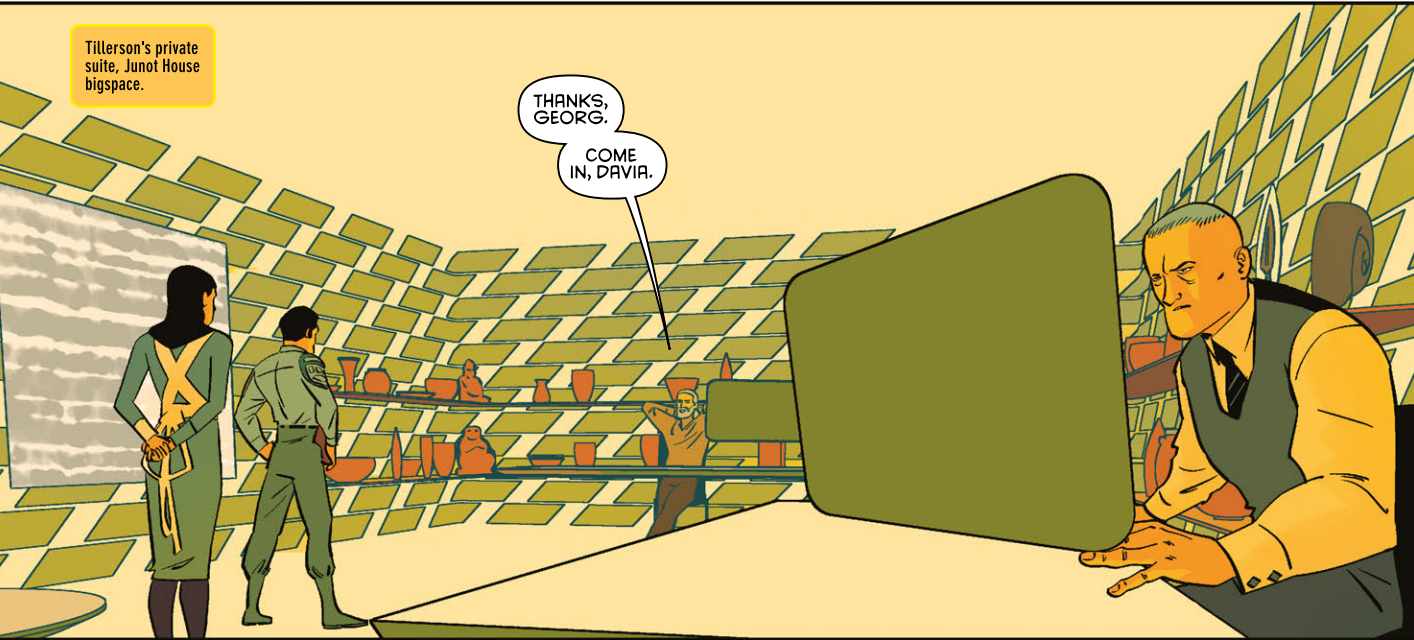
AND YOU, SHIRLEY...KEEP TO THE DESIGNATED SMOKING AREAS, ALL RIGHT?

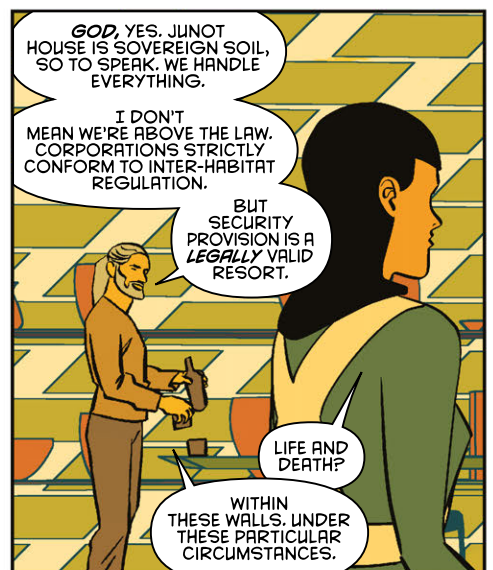
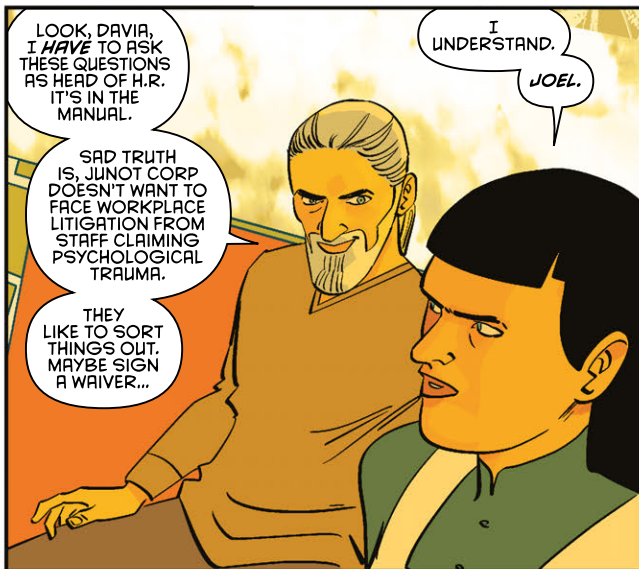
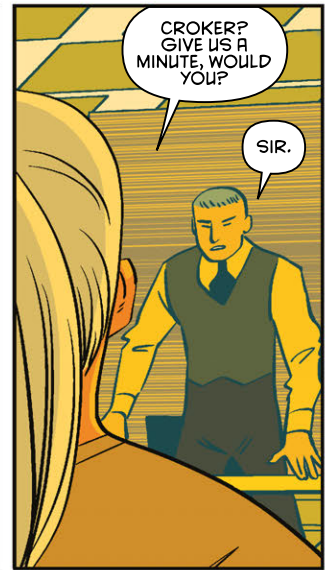
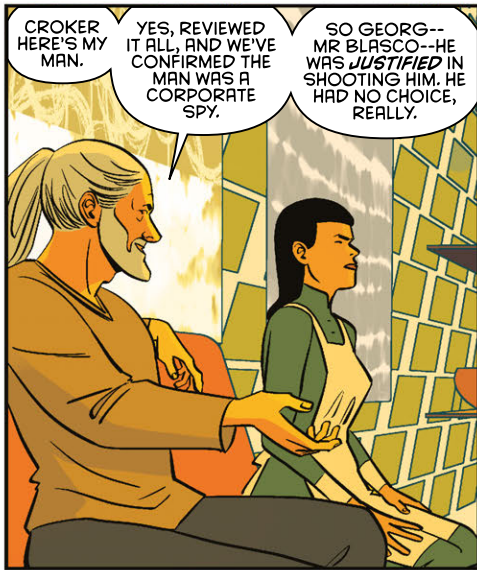
WILL DO, BOSS.

SHIT.



Tillerson's private suite, Junot House bigspace.







I SEE YOU'RE ADMIRING MY ORNAMENTS.

YOU'VE GOT **STUFF**, JOEL.

MOST OF US DON'T HAVE THE SPACE, OR THE MONEY.



OH, I'M LUCKY, I **KNOW**.

I'M A BIT OF AN ANTHROPOLOGY BUFF. I'VE GOT A THING FOR **CREATION MYTHS**.

YEAH?

YEAH. HOW WE CAME TO BE. HOW THE WORLD WAS MADE.



THESE DAYS, PEOPLE SEEM MORE PREOCCUPIED WITH **APOCALYPSE MYTHS**.

NOT HOW THE WORLD WAS MADE, BUT HOW IT WAS **UN-MADE**.

**UNMADE**. YES. Hmmmm.

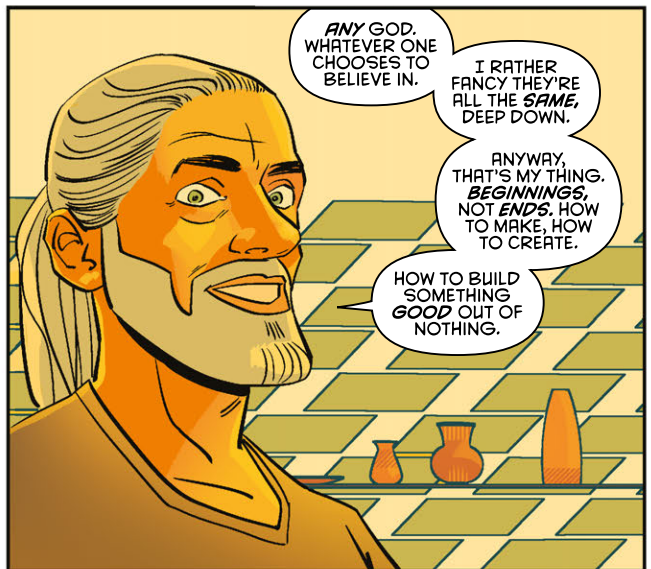


WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT'S **WHY** I'M SO TAKEN WITH CREATION MYTHS.

I MEAN, **██████**. WE **KILLED** THE EARTH. WE EXILED OUR WHOLE SPECIES TO THIS EXISTENCE.

WE MADE **BAD THINGS** AND PAID THE PRICE. WE RUINED **EVERYTHING** GOD HAD GIVEN US.

GOD?



**ANY** GOD, WHATEVER ONE CHOOSES TO BELIEVE IN.

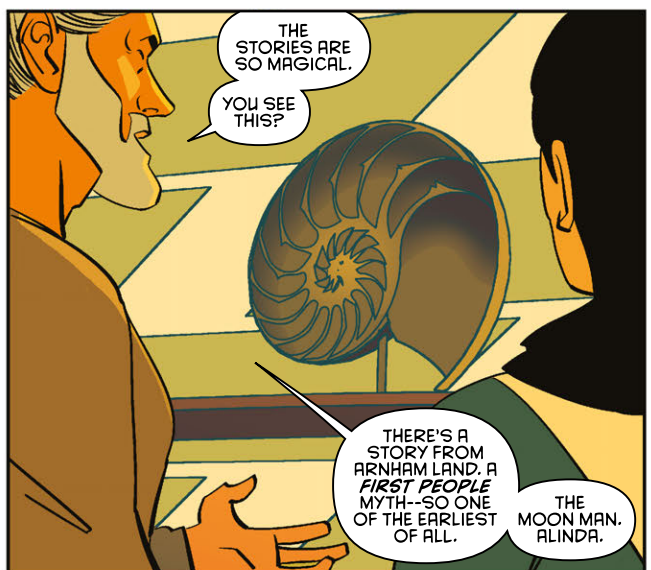
I RATHER FANCY THEY'RE ALL THE **SAME**, DEEP DOWN.

ANYWAY, THAT'S MY THING. **BEGINNINGS**, NOT **ENDS**. HOW TO MAKE, HOW TO CREATE.

HOW TO BUILD SOMETHING **GOOD** OUT OF NOTHING.



BECAUSE WE'VE SURELY GOT NOTHING THESE DAYS.



THE STORIES ARE SO MAGICAL.

YOU SEE THIS?

THERE'S A STORY FROM ARNHAM LAND. A **FIRST PEOPLE** MYTH--SO ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF ALL.

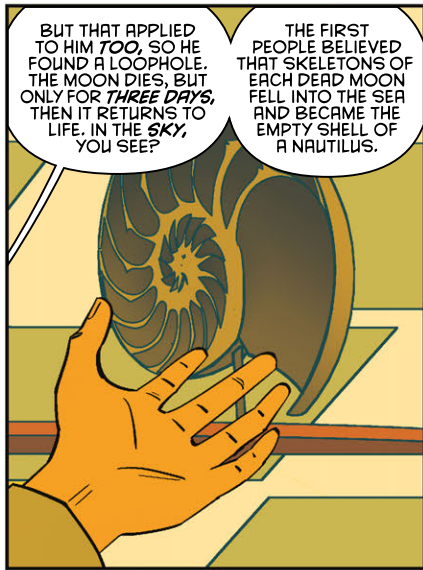
THE MOON MAN. ALINDA.



ALINDA GOT INTO A QUARREL WITH DIRIMA, THE PARROT-FISH MAN.

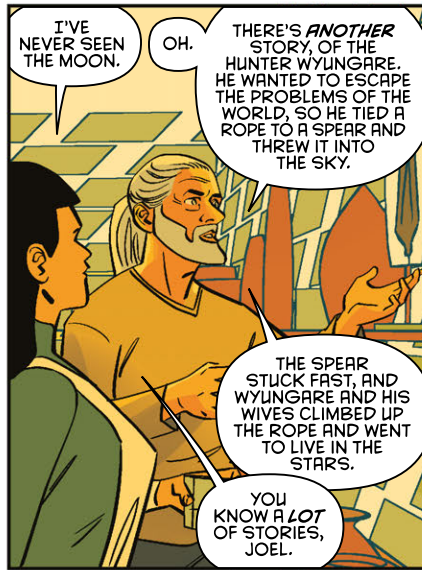
THEY KILLED EACH OTHER, AND ALINDA WAS REBORN AS THE MOON.

AND HE DIDN'T WANT DIRIMA TO COME BACK TO LIFE AS WELL, SO HE DECREED THAT ALL LIVING THINGS THAT DIED SHOULDN'T COME BACK TO LIFE.



BUT THAT APPLIED TO HIM TOO, SO HE FOUND A LOOPHOLE. THE MOON DIES, BUT ONLY FOR *THREE DAYS*, THEN IT RETURNS TO LIFE. IN THE *SKY*, YOU SEE?

THE FIRST PEOPLE BELIEVED THAT SKELETONS OF EACH DEAD MOON FELL INTO THE SEA AND BECAME THE EMPTY SHELL OF A NAUTILUS.



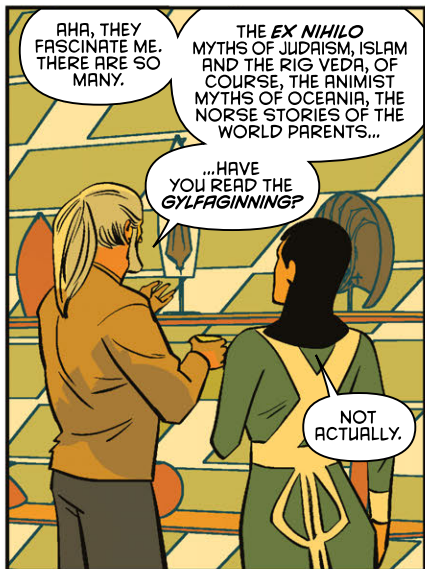
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE MOON.

OH.

THERE'S *ANOTHER* STORY, OF THE HUNTER WYUNGARE. HE WANTED TO ESCAPE THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD, SO HE TIED A ROPE TO A SPEAR AND THREW IT INTO THE SKY.

THE SPEAR STUCK FAST, AND WYUNGARE AND HIS WIVES CLIMBED UP THE ROPE AND WENT TO LIVE IN THE STARS.

YOU KNOW A LOT OF STORIES, JOEL.



AHA, THEY FASCINATE ME. THERE ARE SO MANY.

THE *EX NIHILO* MYTHS OF JUDAISM, ISLAM AND THE RIG VEDA, OF COURSE, THE ANIMIST MYTHS OF OCEANIA, THE NORSE STORIES OF THE WORLD PARENTS...

...HAVE YOU READ THE *GYLFAGINNING*?

NOT ACTUALLY.



HONGJUN LAOZI, THE PANGU WORLD EGG, THE SUMERIAN ERIDU GENESIS, COATLICUE IN MESOAMERICA, UNKULUNKULLI, VIRACOCCHA, HESIOD'S THEOGONY--

RIGHT.



OH, I'M BORING YOU, DAVIA.

NO, NO--

I DO GET CARRIED AWAY. I KNOW WHAT I'M LIKE.



ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH ANY OF THESE THINGS?

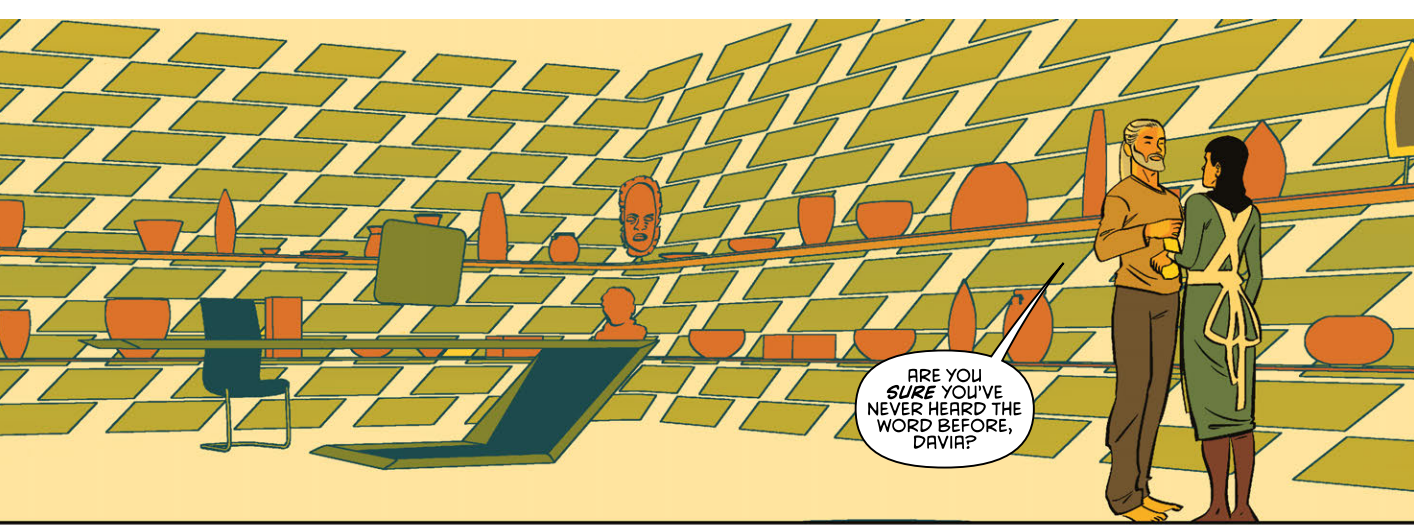
SOME.

WHAT ABOUT ENUMA ELIS? THAT'S BABYLONIAN. OR MELAN-CHOLEMA?



MELAN-CHOLEMA?

NO. NEVER HEARD OF IT.



ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'VE NEVER HEARD THE WORD BEFORE, DAVIA?

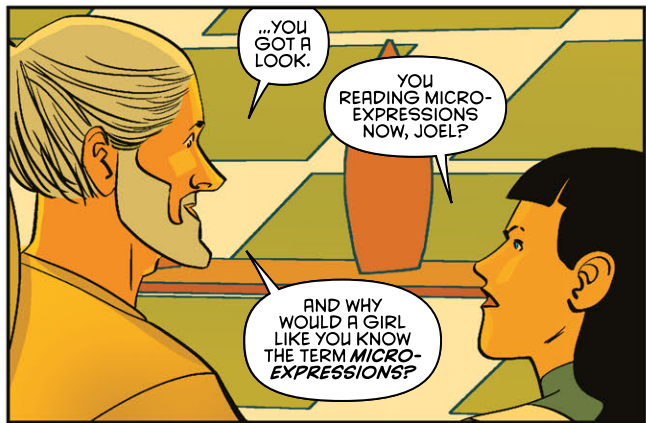


I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MR TILLERSON.

JOEL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, **JOEL**.

"**MELAN-CHOLEMA**," WHEN I SAID THE WORD, THERE WAS A... I DON'T KNOW...



...YOU GOT A LOOK.

YOU READING MICRO-EXPRESSIONS NOW, JOEL?

AND WHY WOULD A GIRL LIKE YOU KNOW THE TERM **MICRO-EXPRESSIONS**?



BECAUSE I TRAINED IN SECURITY. THAT'S HOW I GOT THE JOB AS A SWEEPER IN THE MOST ELITE MAJOR CORPORATE HOUSE ON YULIYA.



OF COURSE.

I'M SORRY, THAT MUST HAVE SOUNDED **VERY** PATRONISING.

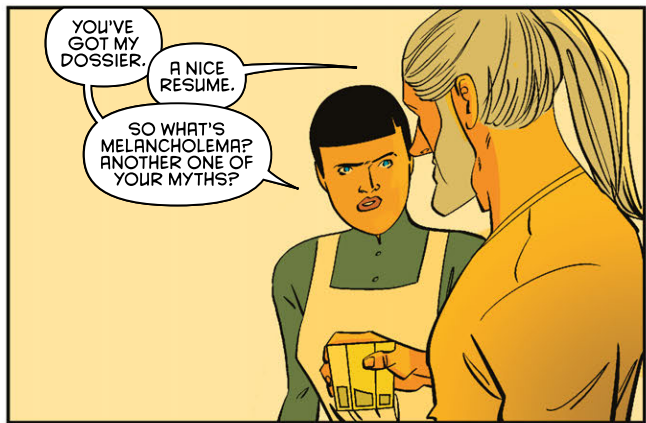
WHERE DID YOU TRAIN?



HSD INTAKE ON RAND HABITAT, BUT I DROPPED OUT. DIDN'T LIKE THE BOYS' CLUB MENTALITY.

GOT PRIVATE CERTIFICATIONS, THEN WENT MINOR CORPORATE, SPECIALISING IN BASIC COUNTER-SURVEILLANCE.

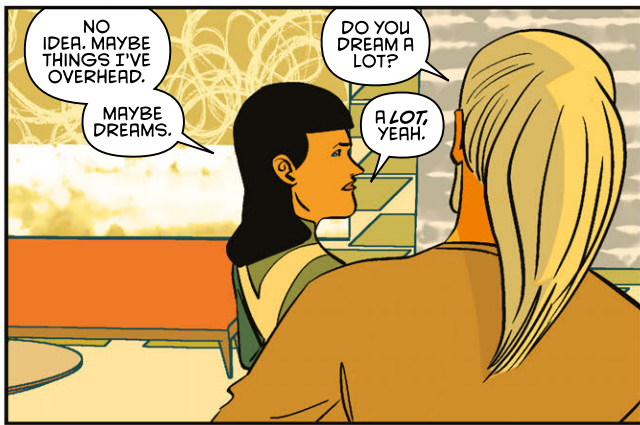
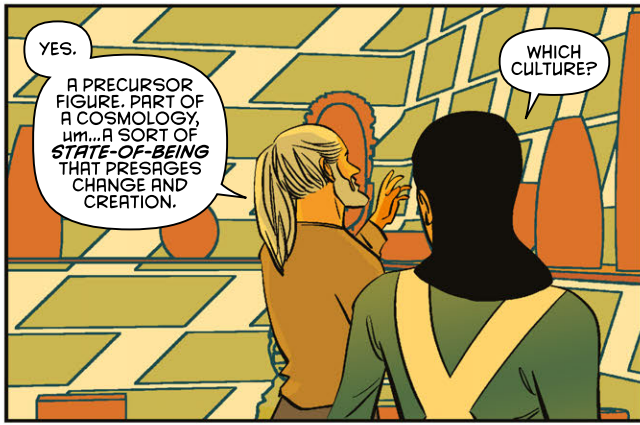
RAND, BELLEHOLME, COWL.

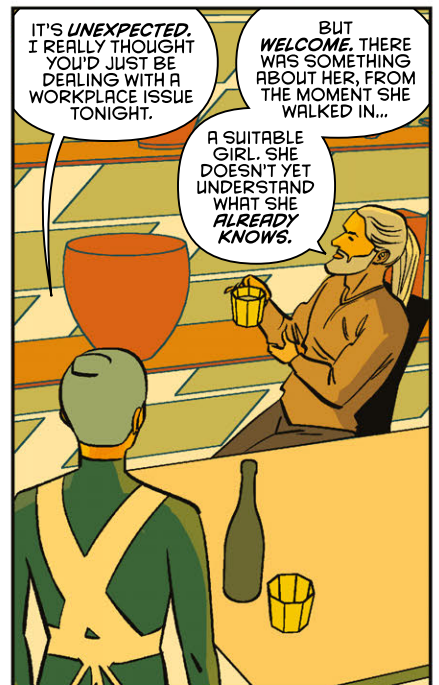
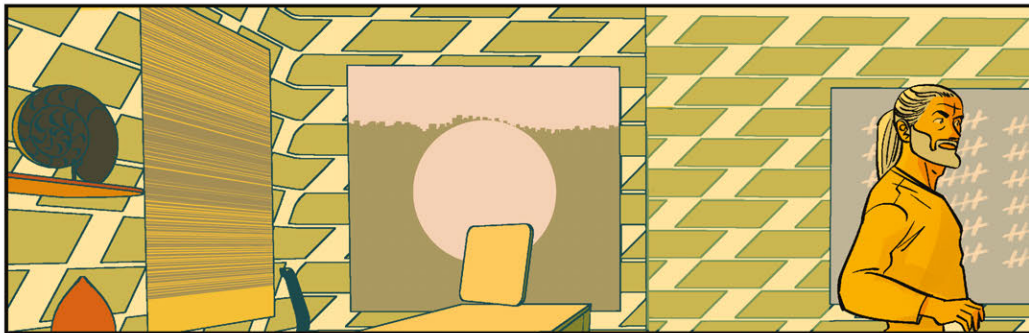


YOU'VE GOT MY DOSSIER.

A NICE RESUME.

SO WHAT'S MELANCHOLEMA? ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR MYTHS?





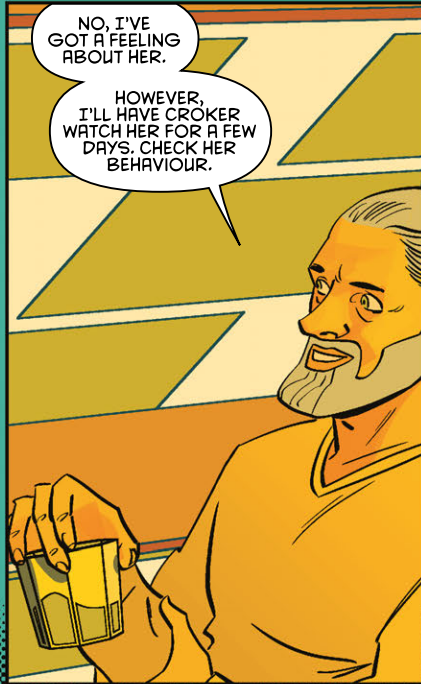


SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN BRIEFED, SIR.



A COVERT? HER DOSSIER WAS SPOTLESS.

THE BEST ONES ALWAYS ARE.



NO, I'VE GOT A FEELING ABOUT HER.

HOWEVER, I'LL HAVE CROKER WATCH HER FOR A FEW DAYS. CHECK HER BEHAVIOUR.



BUT I THINK WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO INDUCT HER INTO THE WORK.



Bigspace, library stacks

FINISH UP HERE QUICKLY, SINTA. BOARDROOM TWO NEXT.



RIGHT-HO, PHYLLIS.



Bigspace public area

PHYLLIS? I'VE GOT--



OH, AS YOU WERE.  
JUST A CUFF-LINK.

GET IT TO LOST PROPERTY, SINTA.



Smallspace domestic service area: loading dock 17

LALLA! WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

...AND I SAYS, OI MISTER, I THOUGHT A SENIOR FOOTMAN WOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY THAT IN THE PANTRY!



I SAYS, YOU CAN PUT THEM BACK ON RIGHT AWAY, THIS IS A HYGIENE AREA!

HA HA HA!



Smallspace domestic service area



ANYTHING, CROKER?

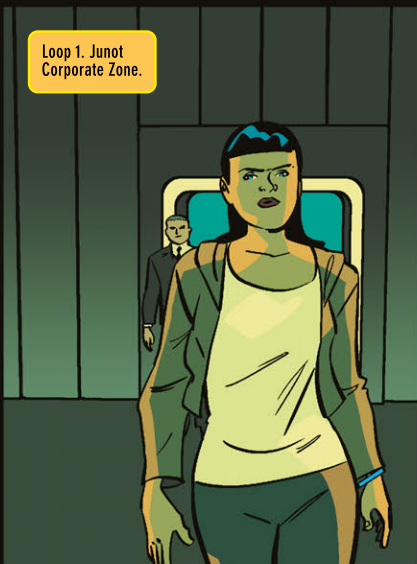
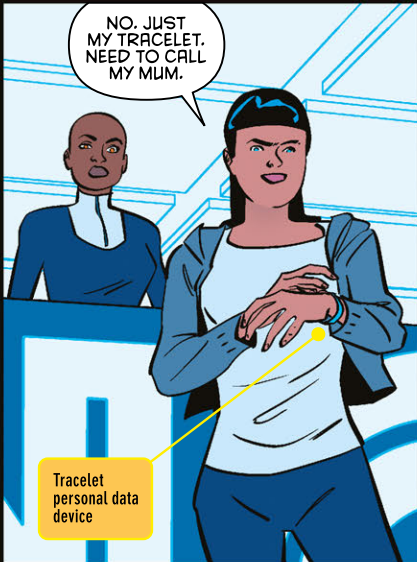
NO.  
WHICH DAY IS HER DOWNTIME DAY?

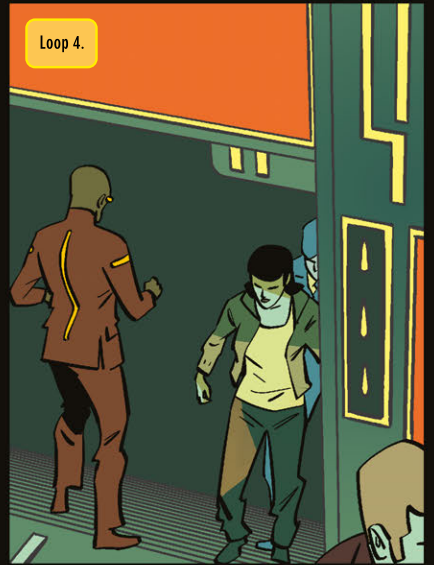


SATURDAY.

IT'S WHAT THEY DO OUTSIDE THAT'S OFTEN THE MOST TELLING...

Junot House,  
Yutiya Habitat  
Junot Corporation  
headquarters







NICE GREETING, BONNER.



SORRY, KURTIS.

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

Bonner, Pasqual  
Habitat Security Division  
Internal Case Review  
Department  
Born: Salma Habitat 2062



WERE YOU TAILED?

DIDN'T SEE ANYONE.

YOU WOULDN'T. JUNOT IS CUTTING EDGE.



WELL, I FOLLOWED PROTOCOL.

TOOK MY TIME, WATCHED MY HEELS, DOUBLED BACK TWICE, AND RODE ALL THE WAY TO LOOP SIX AND BACK.

IF ANYONE WAS ON ME, I THINK I SHOOK THEM.



I'M HOPING NO ONE WAS ON ME, ANYWAY.

I'VE GIVEN THEM NO REASON TO BE SUSPICIOUS. JUST... INTERESTED.

INTERESTED IN A GOOD WAY?

THERE IS NO GOOD WAY TO HAVE SECT FREAKS INTERESTED IN YOU, BONNER.

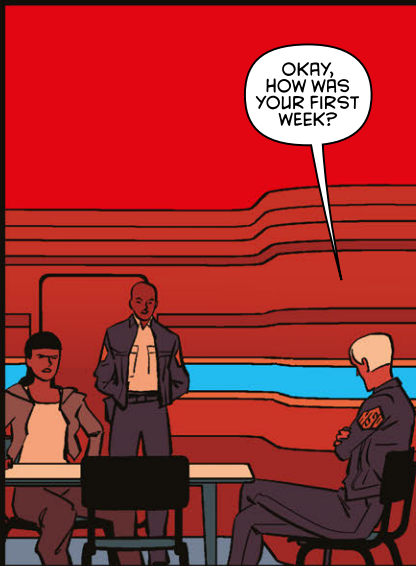


KURTIS.

THE GANG'S ALL HERE, I SEE.

Vittori, Elane  
Director, Habitat  
Security Division  
Born: Kiros Habitat 2045

"Bilder"  
HSD undercover  
operations  
Personal data restricted



OKAY, HOW WAS YOUR FIRST WEEK?



DELIGHTFUL.

I HAVE NAMES.

SHIERA REYES, ACCOUNTS. LENORE FRIXEL, CLAIMS ADJUSTMENT. DAVID GARBO, DESIGN ANALYTICS. GAEL NOVARRO, HECTOR NUNEZ, SARAH TEMPE, ALL CORP EXEC. GEORG BLASCO, SECURITY SECTION.



ALL SUSPECTED?

GENTRY PASSED ME THE LIST VERBALLY. EACH ONE IS A POSSIBLE.

WE NEED TO KNOW PRIORS. ANYTHING, REALLY.



BONNER.

I'M RUNNING THEM ALL. IT MAY TAKE A WHILE TO DO A COMPLETE SWEEP.

I'M NOT EXPECTING ANYTHING UNTIL I SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.



ADD JOEL TILLERSON TO THAT.

HE'S THEIR HEAD OF H.R.

HE IS, AND HE'S ALSO THE STRONGEST STINK I GOT.



MADE A SHOW OF WOOING ME. I THINK HE'S ON THE INSIDE OF IT.

HE CERTAINLY KNEW THE NAMES.

LIKE?



MELAN-CHOLEMA.

SO I FED HIM BACK. VOVEK. SAID I'D DREAMED IT.

PRETTY MUCH GOT HIM HARD, SO HE THINKS I'M RIPE.



BE CAREFUL. DON'T [REDACTED] WITH THIS STUFF.

I'M WELL AWARE, BILDER, HOW [REDACTED] INSANE THEY CAN BE.



SO YOU'VE ESTABLISHED CONTACT IN-HOUSE WITH GENTRY?

AND GITA.

SHE'S LOCATED AN AREA IN THE LOWER LEVELS. TOTALLY OFF-LIMITS.



SHE TOLD YOU THIS?

SHOWED ME. WE CAN'T GET IN IT.



I CAN.

WHOA.

BILDER'S JUST GOT COVER ACCESS. HE'LL BE WORKING MAINTENANCE, STARTING TONIGHT.



WELL, ██████ING TAKE IT SLOW. IT'S EGGSHELLS IN THERE.

I KNOW HOW UNDERCOVER WORKS. KURTIS.

TAKE A FEW DAYS AND STAY CLEAN BEFORE--



OKAY.

AND SAYING THAT, WE MAY BE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

MARIAM'S POSITION IS ROCKY. THERE COULD BE A BOARDROOM COUP COMING.



██████. IF THEY OUST MARIAM, THE WHOLE OP'S SCREWED...



Habitat Security  
Division Safe House,  
Loop 4, Yuliya Habitat



THAT LIST OF NAMES.

IF ANYTHING PINGS RED, GO THROUGH GENTRY.



IS THE BOARD REALLY MOVING AGAINST MARIAM JUNOT?

THE GALINA CONSTRUCTION IS A FINANCIAL WOUND THAT'S NOT CLOSING.

BUT THAT'S JUST THE LEVERAGE. THERE'S GENERAL *NO CONFIDENCE* IN HER ABILITIES.



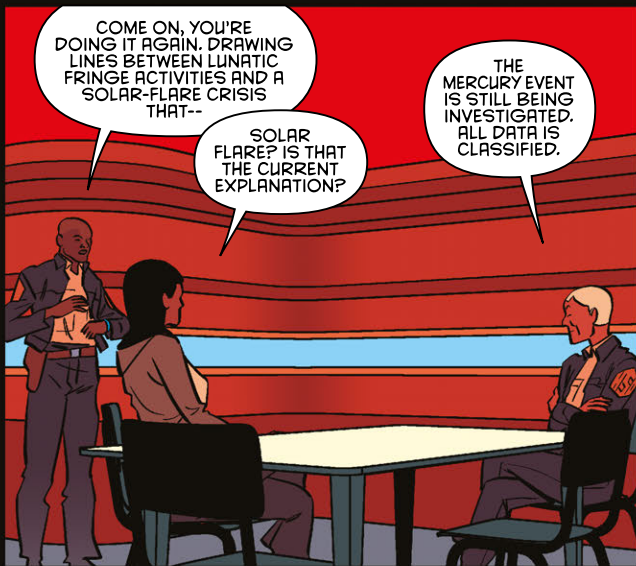
SINCE HER FATHER VANISHED?

YEAH, AND IS IT JUST ME, OR IS THAT AN UNCOMFORTABLE CONNECTION?



SECT CASES ARE STATISTICALLY OBSESSED WITH END-OF-TIMES THEMES, AND THE MERCURY EVENT HAS GOT THEM ALL TWITCHING.

JUNOT'S THE FIRST CORP WHERE WE HAVE *PROOF* OF SYSTEMIC SECT ACTIVITY...AND THE CEO IS LOST IN THE SAME--



COME ON, YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN, DRAWING LINES BETWEEN LUNATIC FRINGE ACTIVITIES AND A SOLAR-FLARE CRISIS THAT--

SOLAR FLARE? IS THAT THE CURRENT EXPLANATION?

THE MERCURY EVENT IS STILL BEING INVESTIGATED. ALL DATA IS CLASSIFIED.



TO ME, OR TO YOU AS WELL?

TO ME AS WELL.



I THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION.

WELL, YOU WOULD, BILDER.



SORRY, THAT WAS YOU BEING ON MY SIDE, WASN'T IT?

APPARENTLY SO.



LOOK, I HOPE SECT ACTIVITY IS JUST A NASTY MANIFESTATION OF THE BRINK ZEITGEIST.

PEOPLE FUMBLING AROUND, INCREASINGLY DERANGED, SEARCHING FOR A PURPOSE AND A POINT IN A WORLD WHERE NEITHER EXISTS ANYMORE.

A LOT OF THE CONNECTIONS WE MIGHT READ ARE CIRCUMSTANTIAL.



SO...?

SO THERE'S A SECT PROBLEM INSIDE JUNOT HOUSE, AND THE JUNOT CEO WENT MISSING DURING THE MERCURY EVENT.

COINCIDENCE.



ALTERNATIVELY--

THE JUNOT SECT WENT TO THE TOP, PERE JUNOT COVERED IT, WAS PART OF IT. HE'S GONE, AND THE EXTANT SECT MEMBERS ARE DESPERATE TO MAINTAIN THE COVER AND INFLUENCE THE CORP AFFORDS THEM.

MARIAM'S NOT SECT, SO SHE'S A LIABILITY.



THIS ISN'T JUNOT CLEANING HOUSE TO STAY COMMERCIALY VIABLE. IT'S THE SECT PROTECTING ITS INTERESTS FROM OUTSIDERS.



AND EVEN IF THAT'S ONLY A POSSIBILITY, WE HAVE TO ALLOW FOR IT.

BETTER TO BE DISAPPOINTED THAN SURPRISED.

JESUS.

I DON'T KNOW...



WE KNEW THE JUNOT HOUSE OPERATION WAS GOING TO MAKE A LOUD NOISE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, VITTORI.

SHOULD WE...PULL MARIAM OUT?

IF THE TAKEOVER IS SECT-DRIVEN, IT MAY NOT BE... BLOODLESS.



TOO MUCH TO LOSE. THE JUNOT SECT IS A MAJOR PRIZE AS IT IS.

IF IT'S CONNECTED TO, OR PART OF, THE HYPOTHESISED **MASTER SECT**, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO FUMBLE IT.



I'VE GOT TO GET BACK.

LOOK, YOU MAY WANT TO START CHECKING **GENTAU CORPS** TOO.

GEORG BLASCO TOPPED ONE OF THEIR REPS FOR CORPORATE ESPIONAGE RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.

SOMETHING IN THE REP'S AFFECT MADE ME BELIEVE HE **KNEW** BLASCO.



ANOTHER COVER JOB?

HONESTLY?

MY GUT SAYS IT WAS EXACTLY WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE. CORPORATE ESPIONAGE.

BLASCO WAS SOMEHOW IN ON IT AND WAS COVERING HIS ASS.



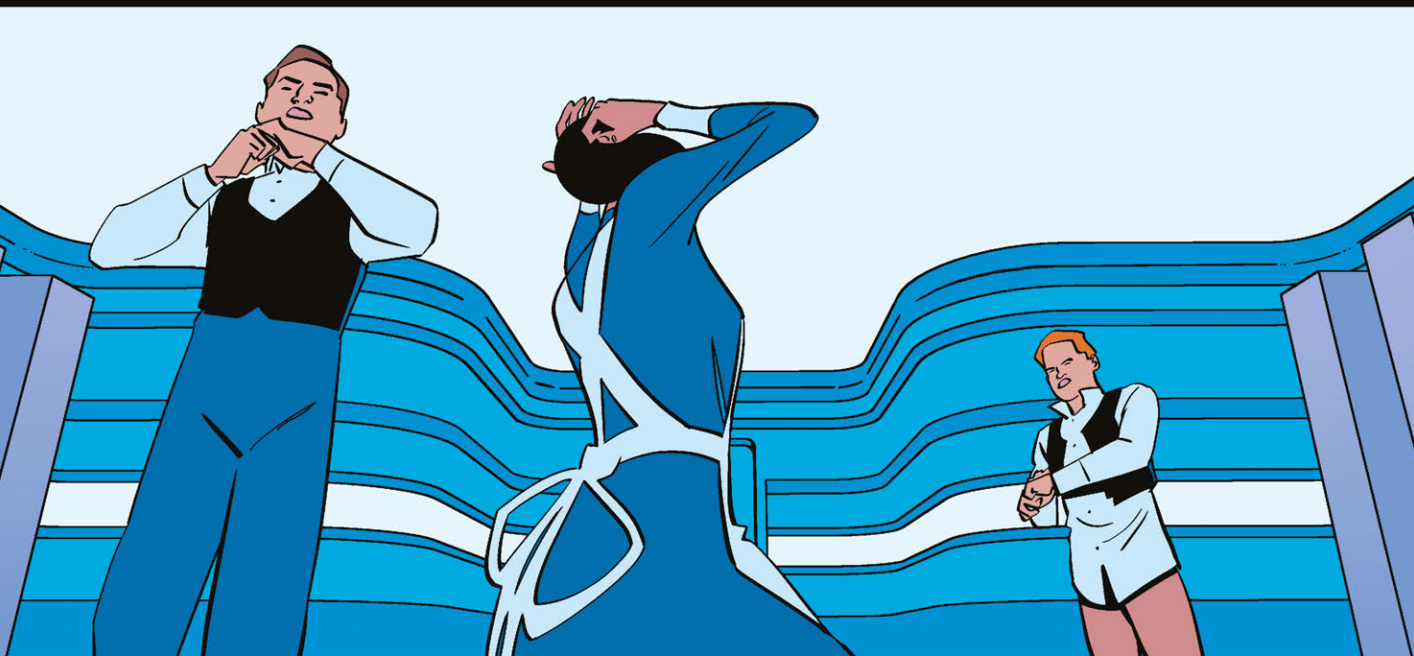
BUT WHO THE HELL KNOWS?

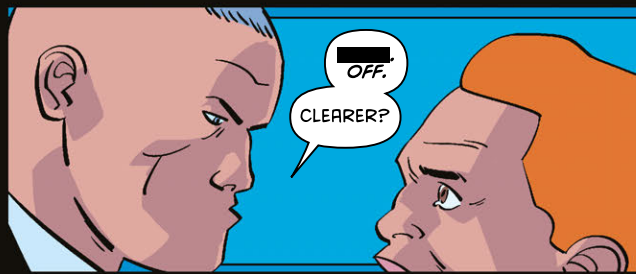
YOU HAVE A NAME? THIS REPP?

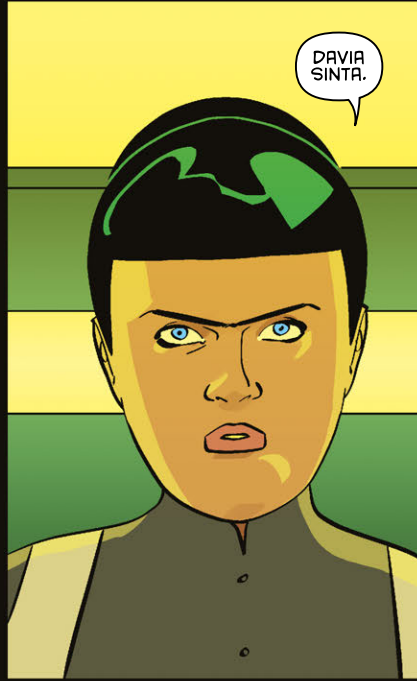
NO. BUT HIS MEETING WAS OFFICIAL SO HE'LL BE ON THE GATE-LOG.

WE'LL FIND THE NAME AND PURSUE IT.









Secure interrogation suite, Junot House Junot Corporation headquarters

YOUR *REAL* NAME.





LUGH!



START AGAIN.

THIS TIME, BEAR IN MIND THAT I KINDA GET OFF ON VIOLENCE.



THE [REDACTED] CROKER?

GET OUT.



ABSOLUTELY NOT. YOU'VE DETAINED A HOUSE EMPLOYEE.

HOUSE SECURITY *WILL* BE PRESENT DURING INTERVIEW.

GET THE [REDACTED] OUT, GENTRY.

THERE ARE *RULES*, MAN.



NO. THERE *ARE* NO RULES. YOU BOTH *KNOW* THERE ARE NO RULES.

NOT IN HERE.

HOUSE JUNOT HAS--

A RESPONSIBILITY TO ITS EMPLOYEES.



HOUSE JUNOT HAS AUTONOMOUS SECURITY PROVISION OUTSIDE INTER-HAB LAW.

BUT WE *STILL* HAVE [REDACTED] REGULATIONS.



SHE'S HSD. I TRACKED HER.

SHE MET WITH HSD HANDLERS. I GOT CONFIRMED I.D. ON TWO OF THEM.

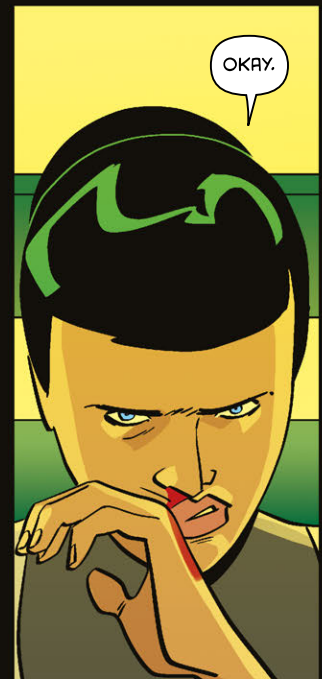
SHE'S AN *INSERT*, GENTRY.



SINTA. YOU NEED TO GIVE US SOMETHING TO MAKE THIS GO AWAY.



SOMETHING.



OKAY.

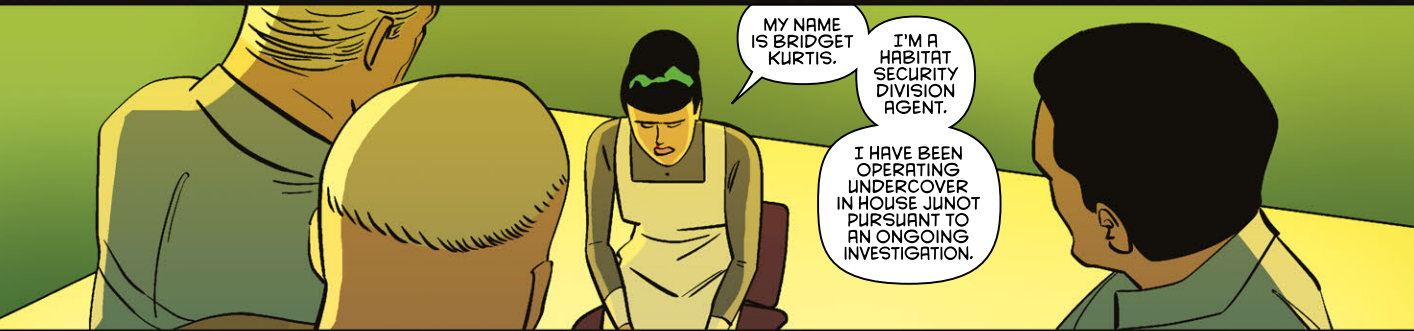
House Junot  
smallspace domestic  
service area

Smallspace  
domestic  
service area:  
loading dock 17

Sub level.  
Entry to  
House Vaults

Donal Greeg,  
Junot Household  
staff--maintenance

HSD RESTRICTED DATA  
"Bildr"  
HSD covert operations  
OPERATIONAL STATUS:  
UNDERCOVER



MY NAME  
IS BRIDGET  
KURTIS.

I'M A  
HABITAT  
SECURITY  
DIVISION  
AGENT.

I HAVE BEEN  
OPERATING  
UNDERCOVER  
IN HOUSE JUNOT  
PURSUANT TO  
AN ONGOING  
INVESTIGATION.



SHIT.

I TOLD  
YOU, A  
█ING  
INSERT.

KURTIS,  
WE CAN WALK  
THIS BACK.

HOUSE  
JUNOT DOESN'T  
NEED TROUBLE  
WITH HSD.



█  
HSD.

WE CAN TOP  
THIS BITCH. DO  
WHATEVER WE LIKE.  
THEY WOULDN'T  
KNOW.

WHAT  
COULD THEY  
DO?

GOD,  
CROKER.  
THAT'S NOT  
HOW THIS  
WORKS--



WHY NOT?  
HSD HAS NO PULL  
IN HERE. NO  
AUTHORITY.

█, THEY  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHAT  
GOES ON IN-  
HOUSE.

THAT'S  
WHY THEY NEED A  
█ING INSERT!  
SHE GOES DARK,  
THEY KNOW SQUAT.  
END OF.



CROKER'S RIGHT, GENTRY. WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS INTERNAL. THIS IS JUST ANOTHER HSD FISHING EXPEDITION TO UNDERMINE HOUSE AUTONOMY--

JESUS, BLASCO. NOT YOU TOO.



DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY HSD SENT ME IN?

WHAT?

SHE SPEAKS.



I DIDN'T WANT THIS ASSIGNMENT. I REFUSED IT TWICE.

ING INSERT INTO A CORPORATE HOUSE? I KNOW HOW ING WRONG THAT CAN GO.

I DON'T WANT TO ING DIE, OKAY?



I'LL GIVE UP EVERYTHING I KNOW IF YOU LET ME WALK.

I'LL TELL MY HANDLERS THE OP WAS A BUST AND I HAD TO ABORT.

I WON'T REPORT ANYTHING.

PLEASE.



WE'RE LISTENING.

YOU TALK, I'LL STREET YOU.



I'M AN HSD INSERT. WE'RE INVESTIGATING... CORPORATE INSIDE DEALING.

MAJOR CASE THREE, MAYBE FOUR CORPS IN THE FRAME.



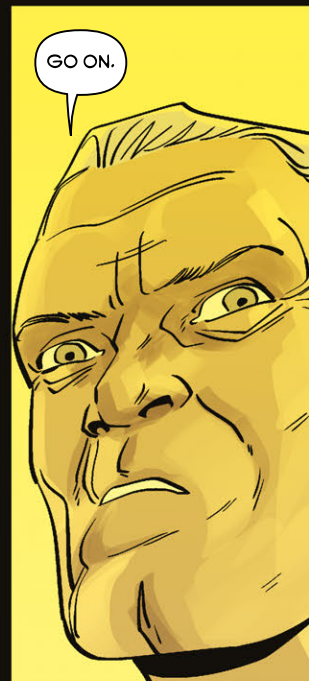
INSIDE DEALING?

WHERE'S SHE GOING WITH THIS?

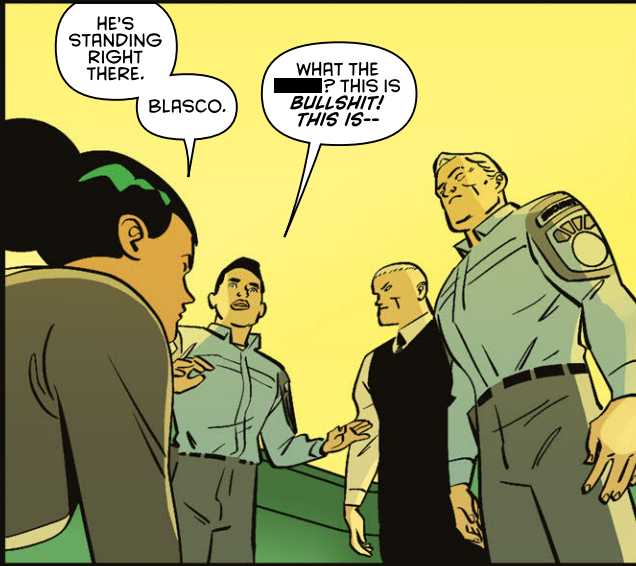


I WAS BRIEFED TO WATCH A JUNOT EMPLOYEE. HSD THINKS HE'S A CORPORATE SPY.

FEEDING PROPRIETARY SECRETS TO GENTALU.



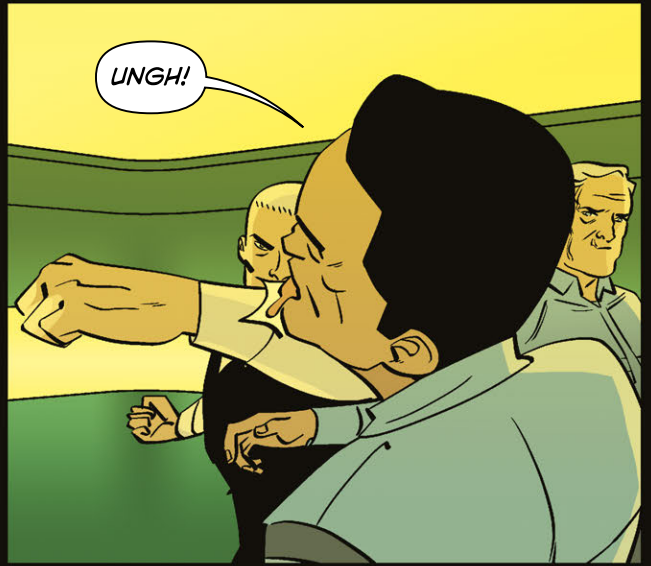
GO ON.



HE'S STANDING RIGHT THERE.

BLASCO.

WHAT THE [REDACTED] IS THIS BULLSHIT! THIS IS--



UNGH!



OKAY, THEN WE'VE BEEN ON THIS DUMB [REDACTED] FOR MONTHS.

SO THAT'S ALL THIS WAS?



I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE.

GENTRY, PUT BLASCO IN THE TANK.

WHAT ABOUT HER? YOU SAID SHE COULD WALK--



[REDACTED] WHAT I SAID.

SHE'S DISPOSABLE.

NO, CROKER. [REDACTED] WAIT.

OH JESUS--



NOT YET. LET'S...LET'S TANK HER TOO, FOR NOW.

THINK. IF THIS BLOWS UP, SHE'LL BE USEFUL IF WE HAVE TO NEGOTIATE WITH HSD.

BUT ONLY IF SHE'S ALIVE.

Security Holding Area,  
Junot House  
Junot Corporation  
headquarters

YOU DID GOOD. DEFLECTED ATTENTION. KEPT THE OP SECURE.

I'M **[REDACTED]** TERRIFIED, GENTRY.

JUST SIT TIGHT HERE. I'LL WORK ON A FIX AND GET YOU OUT.

YOU PUTTING THAT BITCH IN HERE WITH ME?

SHUT UP, BLASCO.

I DON'T DESERVE TO BE HERE!

GENTRY!

BITCH, SELLING ME OUT--

THEY HAD YOU ALREADY, BLASCO. THEY WERE ON TO YOU.

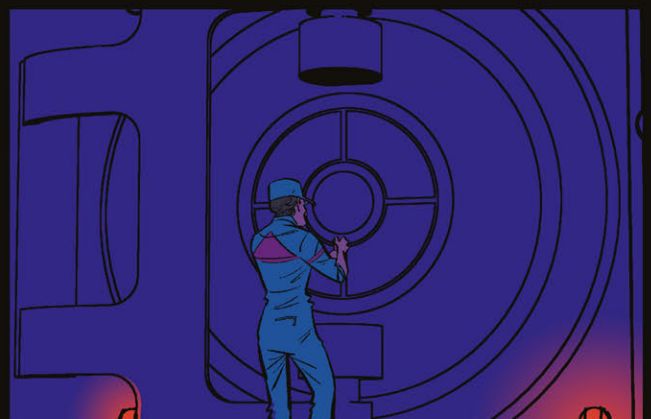
USEFUL FOR YOU, THOUGH, EHP? YOU JUST THROW ME UNDER THE BUS TO GET YOURSELF OUT OF--

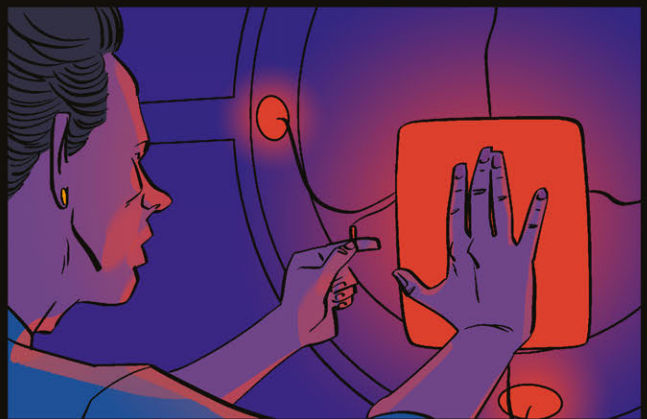
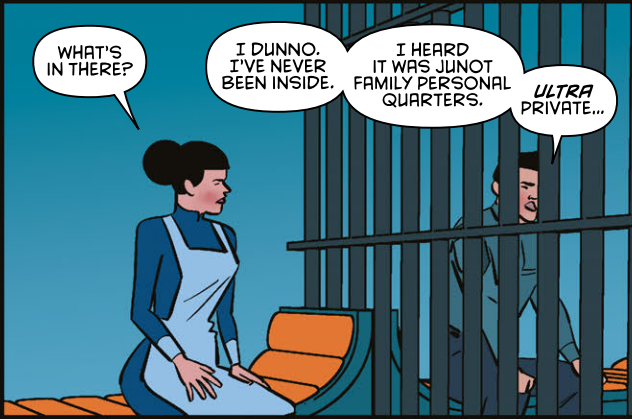
MELAN-CHOLEMA.

WHAT?

MELAN-CHOLEMA. LOW THETA. VOVOK.

THE **[REDACTED]** ARE YOU SAYING?



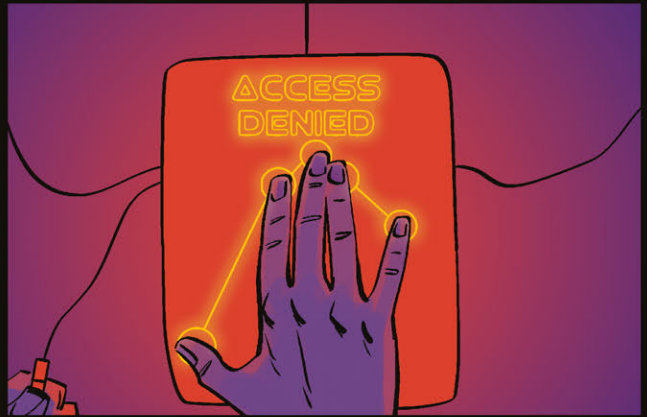




SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE TRIED TO GET IN THERE, GEORG.

WELL, YEAH.

NOT *PHYSICALLY*. I MEAN, I HAVEN'T TRIED TO *PICK THE LOCK* OR ANYTHING.



I JUST... THERE'S A RUMOUR.

THEY SAY... THE HIGH-UPS HAVE SOME SORT OF SECRET CLUB.

"HIGH-UPS"?

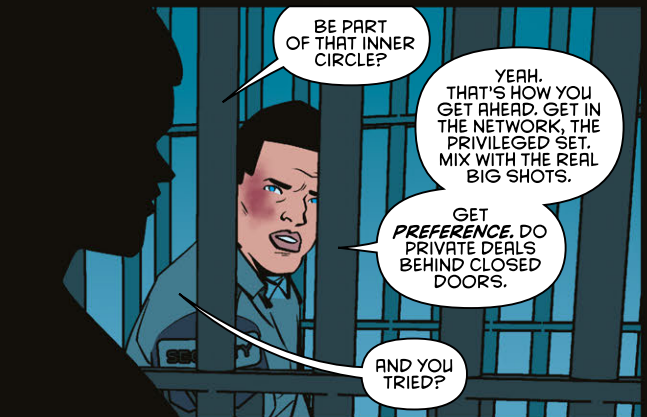
JUNOT BOARD, JUNOT FAMILY, SENIOR EXECs.

IT'S A KIND OF INVITATION-ONLY, *PRIVATE MEMBERS* THING.



WHAT, LIKE A MASONIC THING? A LODGE? A FRATERNITY?

I GUESS. IT'S THE INNER CIRCLE. I MEAN, IF YOU WANT TO *REALLY* ADVANCE IN CORPORATE, YOU NEED TO BE IN.



BE PART OF THAT INNER CIRCLE?

YEAH. THAT'S HOW YOU GET AHEAD. GET IN THE NETWORK, THE PRIVILEGED SET. MIX WITH THE REAL BIG SHOTS.

GET *PREFERENCE*. DO PRIVATE DEALS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

AND YOU TRIED?



OF COURSE. MADE A FEW GENTLE OVERTURES.

GUESS I DIDN'T FIT. DIDN'T "*MEET THE STANDARDS*".

YOU WEREN'T CONSIDERED SUITABLE FOR MEMBERSHIP?

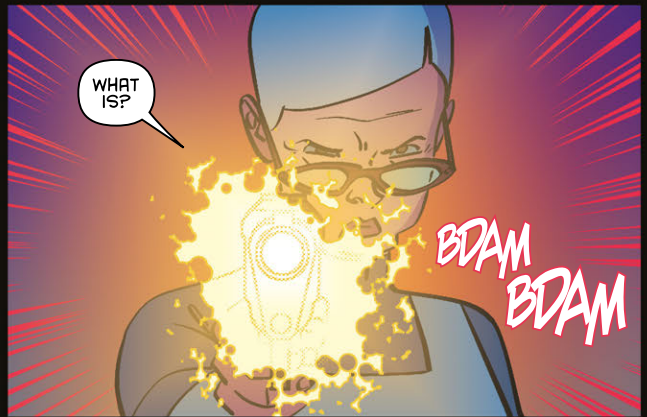


NO. THAT'S WHY I... WHY I STARTED DOING SIDE-DEALS WITH GENTILI. MAKING A LITTLE COIN PASSING DATA OUT OF HOUSE.

THERE WAS NO *ADVANCEMENT* FOR ME IN JUNOT.



OH! SO, THIS *ISN'T* WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE--



WHAT IS?

*BDAM  
BDAM*



NO MORE RUNGS ON THE LADDER.

A *DEAD* END.



Security Holding Area, Junot House Junot Corporation headquarters

CROKER? WHAT'S GOING ON? CROKER?

WHAT'S THE ISSUE HERE? WHAT ARE YOU--

SHUT UP, GENTRY, AND STAY OUT OF MY ROAD.

JUST A MINUTE NOW--

I TOLD YOU, GENTRY. STOW YOUR SHIT. THIS ISN'T YOUR BUSINESS.

YOU. SINTA. OUT.

QUICKLY.

WHAT IS THIS--?  
QUICKLY!

WHAT'S GOING ON? CROKER? I SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE!

THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE--

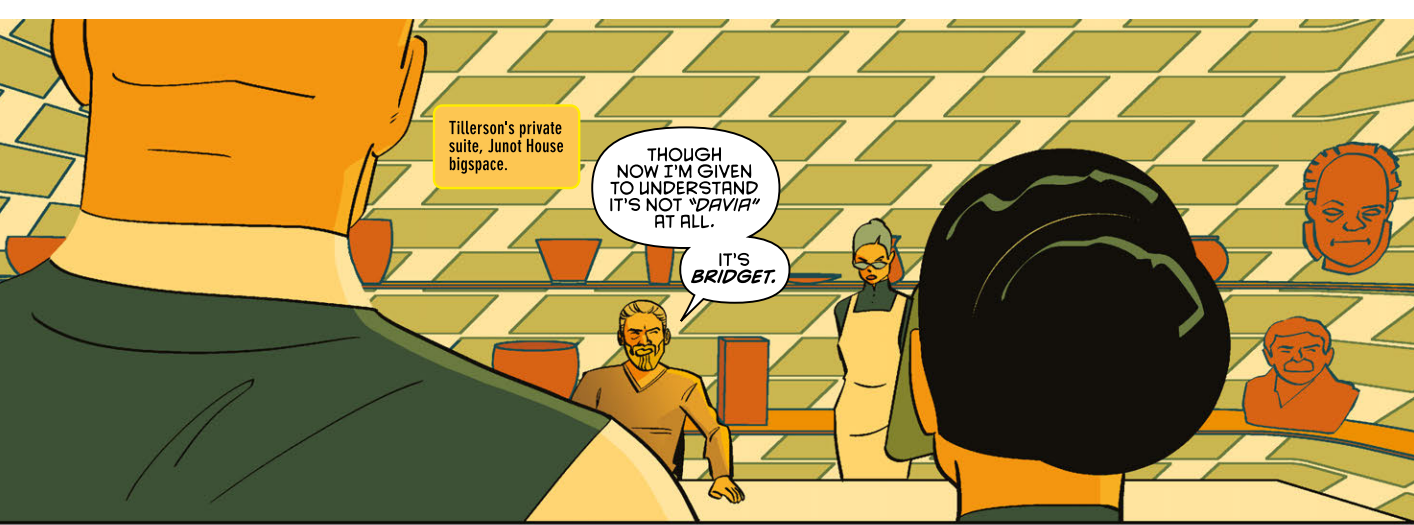
SHUT THE [REDACTED] UP, BLASCO.

THIS IS TILLERSON'S CALL, GENTRY. DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT FOLLOWING ME.

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING DOWN, GENTRY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S NOT GOOD.

DAVIA. HELLO.



Tillerson's private suite, Junot House bigspace.

THOUGH NOW I'M GIVEN TO UNDERSTAND IT'S NOT "DAVIA" AT ALL.

IT'S BRIDGET.



I'VE GONE THROUGH THIS ALREADY IN INTERVIEW, TILLERSON.

I'M COOPERATING. I'VE ADMITTED MY NAME'S KURTIS, AND I'M AN HSD OFFICER. I WAS INSERTED TO INVESTIGATE INSIDE DEALING--

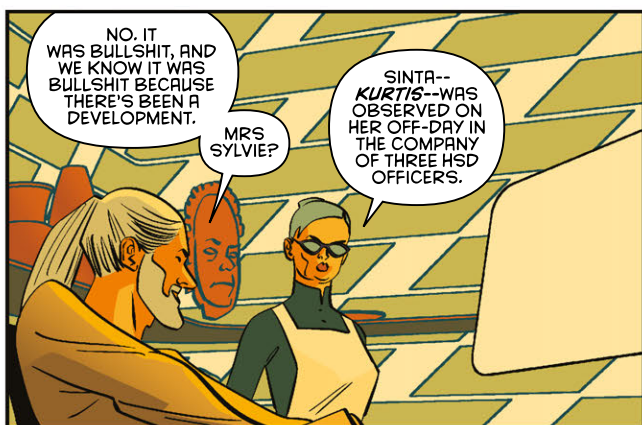


UH-BUH-BUH!

WE'VE MOVED ON SINCE THEN.

YOUR STORY WAS A **DIVERSION**. SELLING BLASCO OUT, IT WAS ALL A **DIVERSION**.

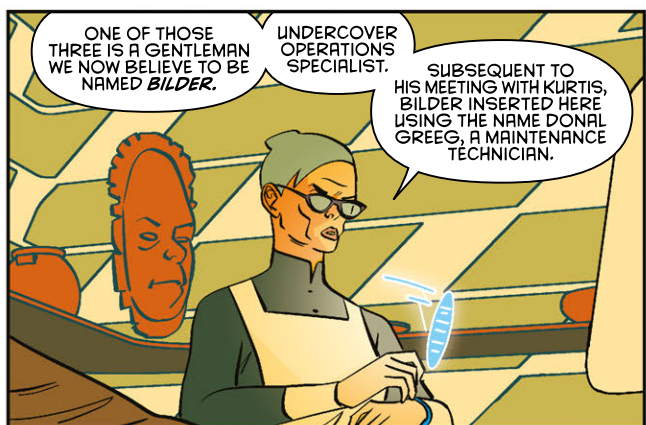
I ASSURE YOU--



NO. IT WAS BULLSHIT, AND WE KNOW IT WAS BULLSHIT BECAUSE THERE'S BEEN A DEVELOPMENT.

MRS SYLVIE?

SINTA--**KURTIS**--WAS OBSERVED ON HER OFF-DAY IN THE COMPANY OF THREE HSD OFFICERS.



ONE OF THOSE THREE IS A GENTLEMAN WE NOW BELIEVE TO BE NAMED **BILDER**.

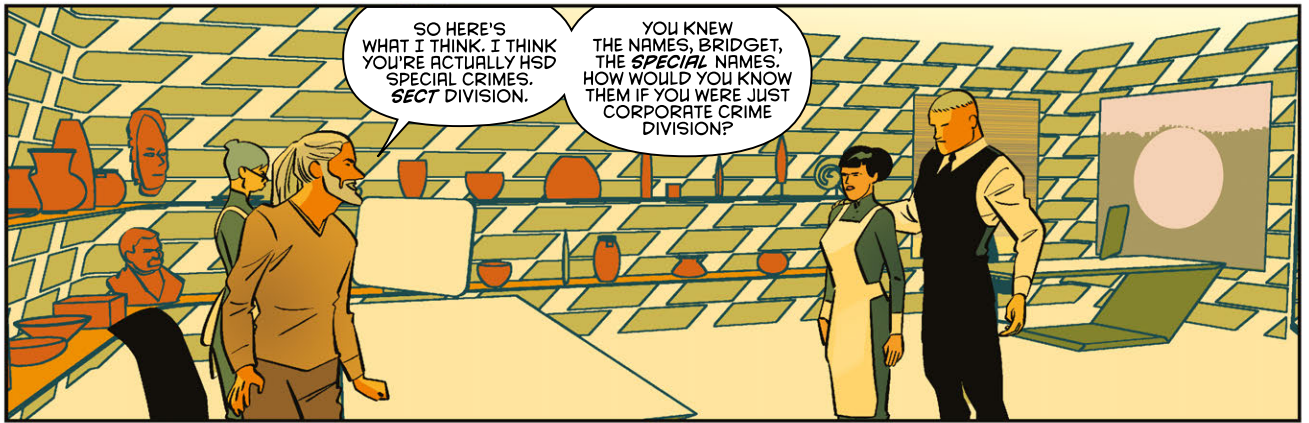
UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS SPECIALIST.

SUBSEQUENT TO HIS MEETING WITH KURTIS, BILDER INSERTED HERE USING THE NAME DONAL GREEG, A MAINTENANCE TECHNICIAN.



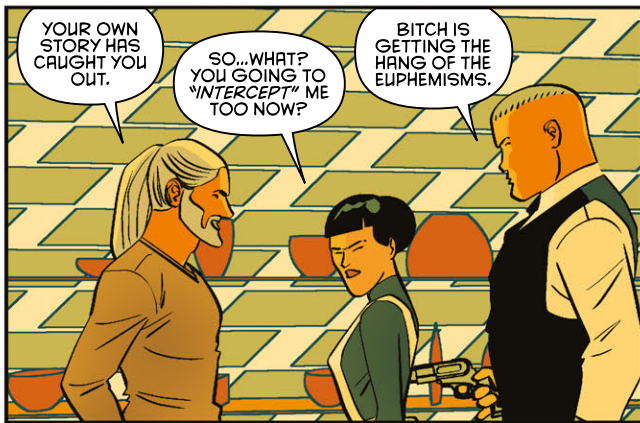
GREEG WAS INTERCEPTED TRYING TO ACCESS THE FAMILY VAULT AN HOUR AGO.

INTERCEPTED?



SO HERE'S WHAT I THINK. I THINK YOU'RE ACTUALLY HSD SPECIAL CRIMES. SECT DIVISION.

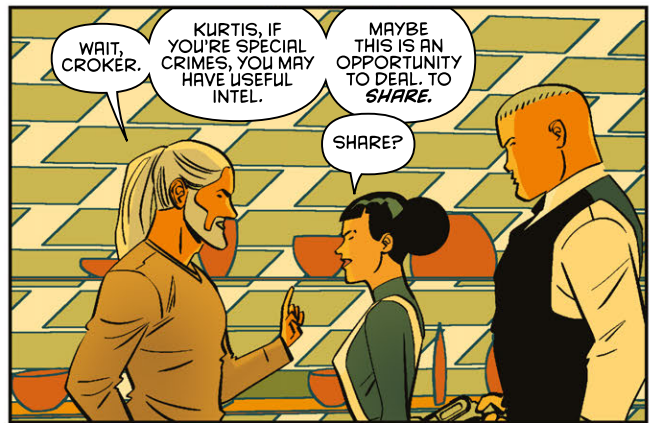
YOU KNEW THE NAMES, BRIDGET, THE *SPECIAL* NAMES. HOW WOULD YOU KNOW THEM IF YOU WERE JUST CORPORATE CRIME DIVISION?



YOUR OWN STORY HAS CAUGHT YOU OUT.

SO...WHAT? YOU GOING TO "INTERCEPT" ME TOO NOW?

BITCH IS GETTING THE HANG OF THE EUPHEMISMS.



WAIT, CROKER.

KURTIS, IF YOU'RE SPECIAL CRIMES, YOU MAY HAVE USEFUL INTEL.

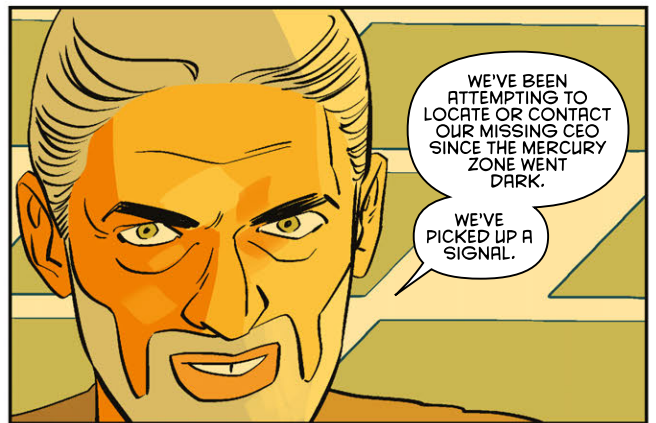
MAYBE THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO DEAL. TO *SHARE*.

SHARE?



SHARING WON'T KILL YOU. *NOT* SHARING WILL.

THE DEAL'S SIMPLE ENOUGH.



WE'VE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO LOCATE OR CONTACT OUR MISSING CEO SINCE THE MERCURY ZONE WENT DARK.

WE'VE PICKED UP A SIGNAL.



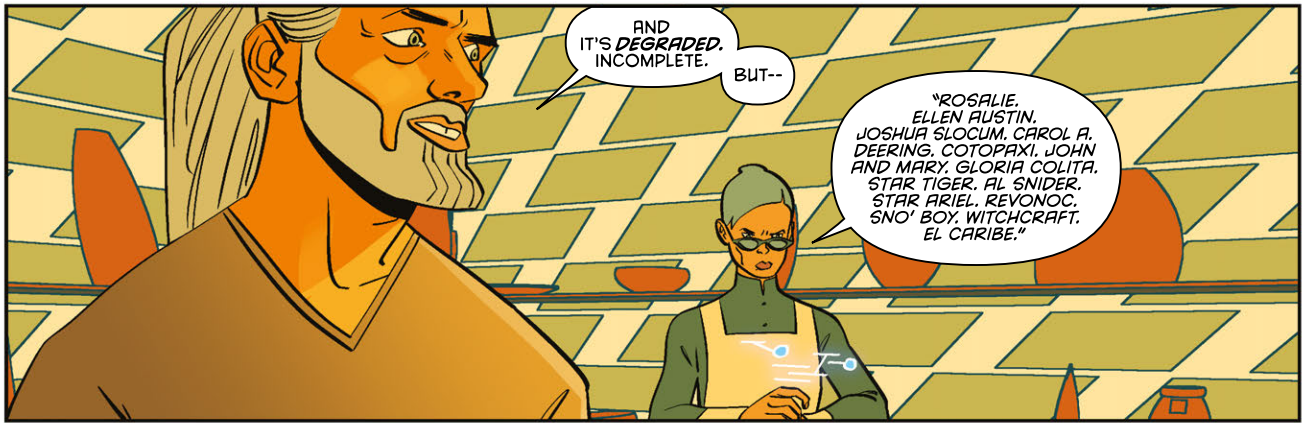
FROM BERNARD JUNOT?



FROM THE DARK ZONE. AS FAR AS WE KNOW, IT'S THE ONLY SIGNAL TO ORIGINATE FROM THAT AREA SINCE THE EVENT.

IT WAS TRANSMITTED USING HOUSE JUNOT ENCRYPTION. CODING SUGGESTS IT CAME FROM HERMES HABITAT.

THE OLD MAN'S LAST KNOWN LOCATION.



AND IT'S *DEGRADED*. INCOMPLETE. BUT--

"ROSALIE, ELLEN AUSTIN, JOSHUA SLOCUM, CAROL A. DEERING, COTOPAXI, JOHN AND MARY, GLORIA COLITA, STAR TIGER, AL SNIDER, STAR ARIEL, REVONOC, SNO' BOY, WITCHCRAFT, EL CARIBE."



THE LIST WAS CLEARLY LONGER, BUT SEVERAL PORTIONS ARE INDISTINCT.

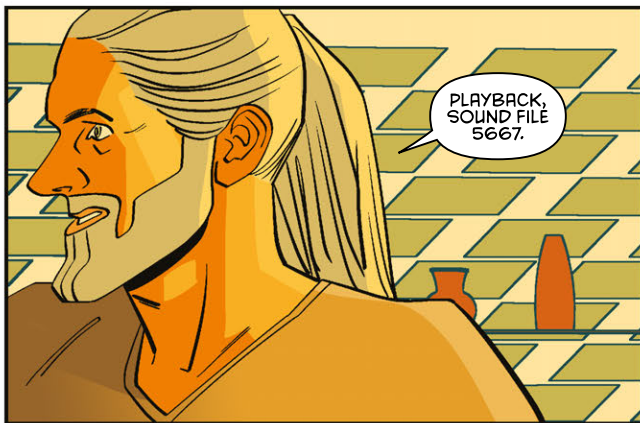
MEAN ANYTHING?



A LIST OF...WHAT? NAMES?

IT APPEARS TO BE.

WAS THIS TEXT OR AUDIO?



PLAYBACK, SOUND FILE 5667.



...ROSALIE... TZZKK!

...COTOPAXI... JOHN AND MARY... GLORIA COLITA... ZZZT! ZZZT!

TZSSHHK! STAR TIGER... AL SNIDER... STAR ARIEL... ZZZT!... REVONOC... SNO' BOY... WITCHCRAFT... EL CARIBE... ZZZTTCHEH!

...ELLEN AUSTIN... TZZK!... JOSHUA SLOCUM... CAROL A. DEERING...

TZZZZKKK-KK-KKK!



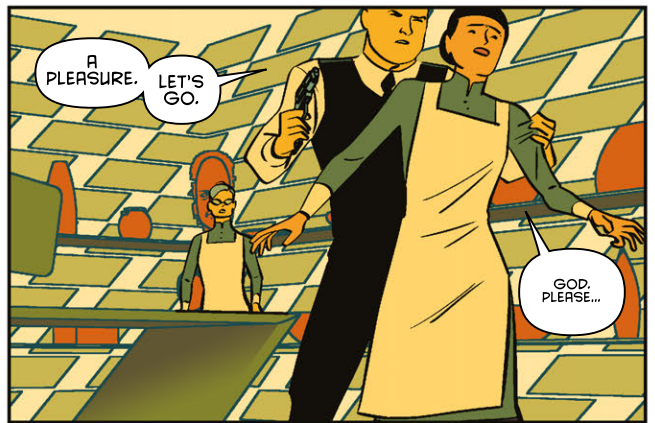
THAT'S A MAN'S VOICE, I THINK.

IT'S SO FAINT. THERE ARE BIG SEGMENTS LOST TO AUDIO NOISE.



AGREED. WE'VE WASHED IT THROUGH EVERY PIECE OF RESTORATION SOFTWARE WE HAVE, **AND** BOOSTED THE VOCAL COMPONENT.

THAT'S THE BEST WE CAN SALVAGE.





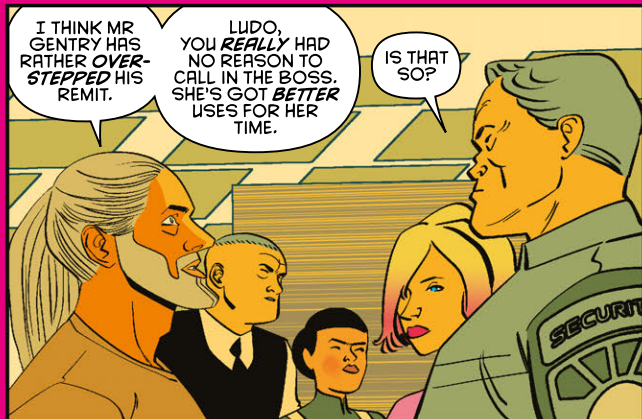
MARIAM. THIS IS A SURPRISE.



JOEL.

MR GENTRY THOUGHT I SHOULD CHECK ON YOUR ACTIVITIES. HE BELIEVES THERE IS CAUSE FOR CONCERN.

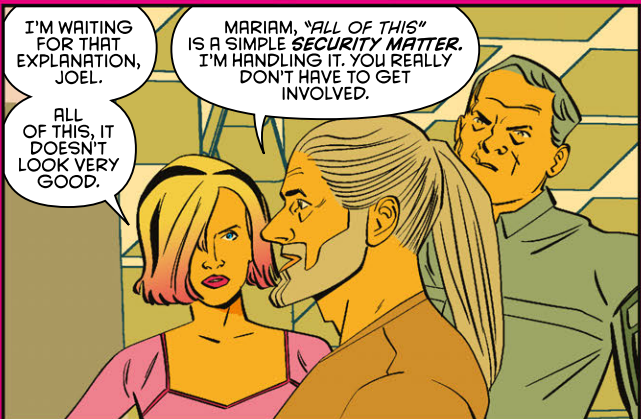
THERE IS NOT. NOT AT ALL.



I THINK MR GENTRY HAS RATHER OVER-STEPPED HIS REMIT.

LUDO, YOU REALLY HAD NO REASON TO CALL IN THE BOSS. SHE'S GOT BETTER USES FOR HER TIME.

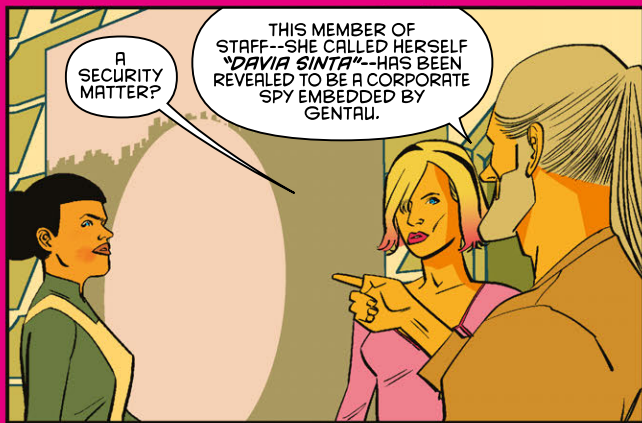
IS THAT SO?



I'M WAITING FOR THAT EXPLANATION, JOEL.

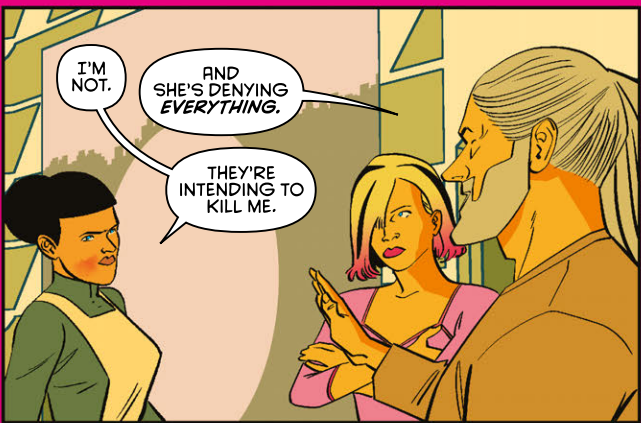
MARIAM, "ALL OF THIS" IS A SIMPLE SECURITY MATTER. I'M HANDLING IT. YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO GET INVOLVED.

ALL OF THIS, IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY GOOD.



A SECURITY MATTER?

THIS MEMBER OF STAFF--SHE CALLED HERSELF "DAVIA SINTA"--HAS BEEN REVEALED TO BE A CORPORATE SPY EMBEDDED BY GENTAL.



I'M NOT.

AND SHE'S DENYING EVERYTHING.

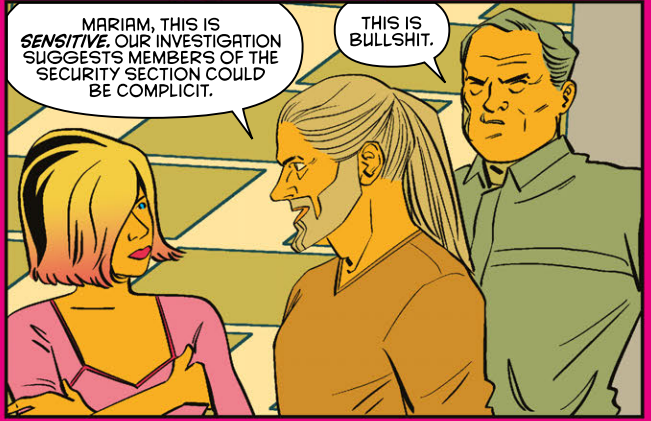
THEY'RE INTENDING TO KILL ME.



AND SHE'S FLINGING *WILD* ACCUSATIONS.

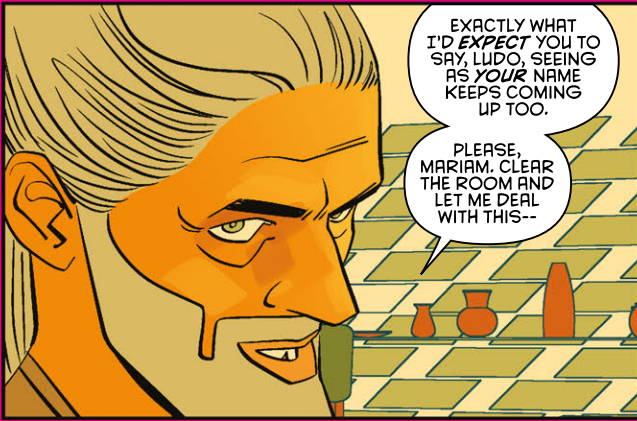
WE'RE SIMPLY CONDUCTING AN INTERROGATION--

WITHOUT ANY REPRESENTATIVE OF HOUSE SECURITY PRESENT?



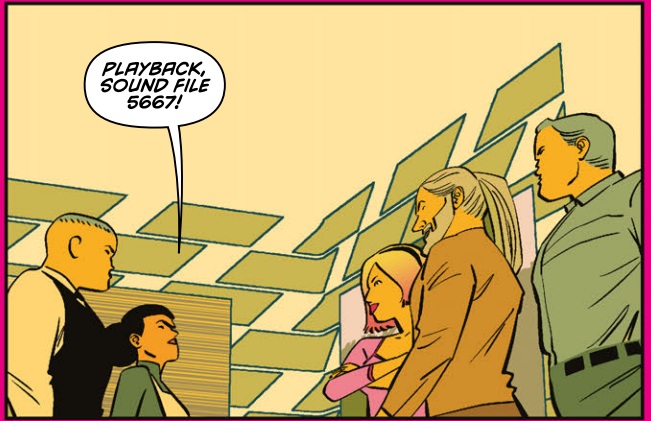
MARIAM, THIS IS *SENSITIVE*. OUR INVESTIGATION SUGGESTS MEMBERS OF THE SECURITY SECTION COULD BE COMPLICIT.

THIS IS BULLSHIT.



EXACTLY WHAT I'D *EXPECT* YOU TO SAY, LUDO, SEEING AS *YOUR* NAME KEEPS COMING UP TOO.

PLEASE, MARIAM. CLEAR THE ROOM AND LET ME DEAL WITH THIS--



PLAYBACK, SOUND FILE 5667!



...ROSALIE... TZZZKK!

...ELLEN AUSTIN... TZZKI... JOSHUA SLOCUM... CAROL A. DEERING...

...COTOPAXI... JOHN AND MARY... GLORIA COLITA... ZZITI! ZZITI!

TZSSHHK! STAR TIGER... AL SNIDER... STAR ARIEL... ZZZZTI!... REVONOC... SNO' BOY... WITCHORRAFT... EL CARIBE... ZZTTTCHHH!

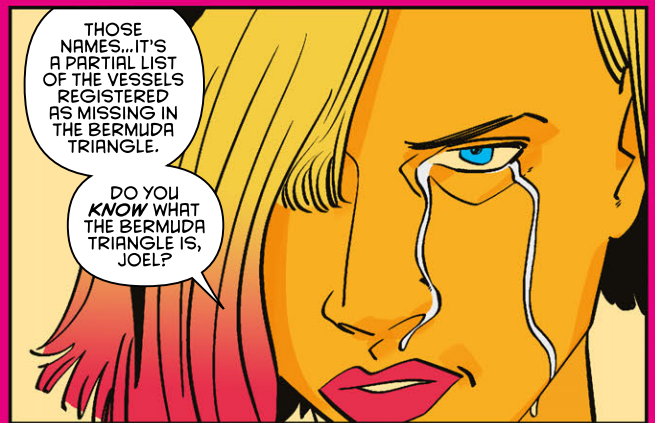
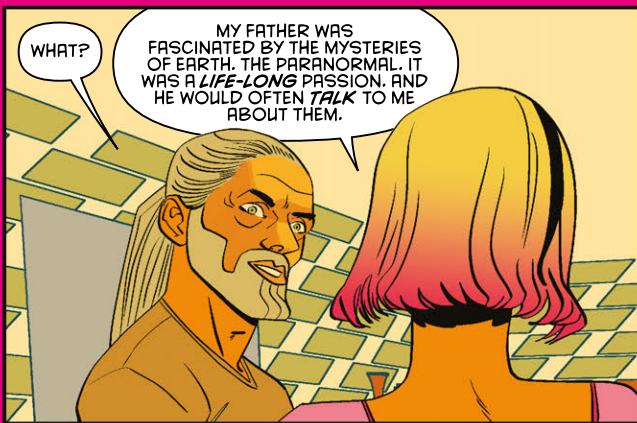
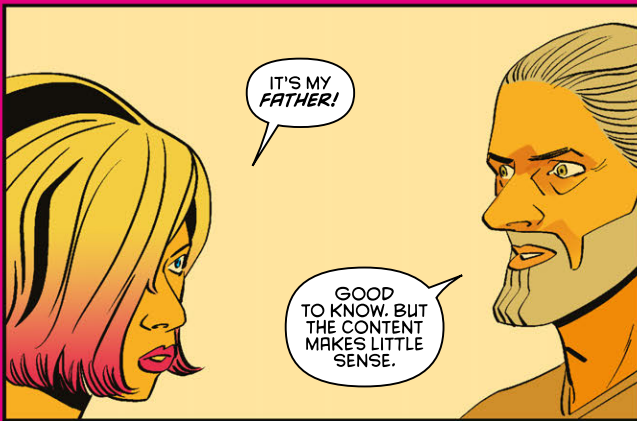
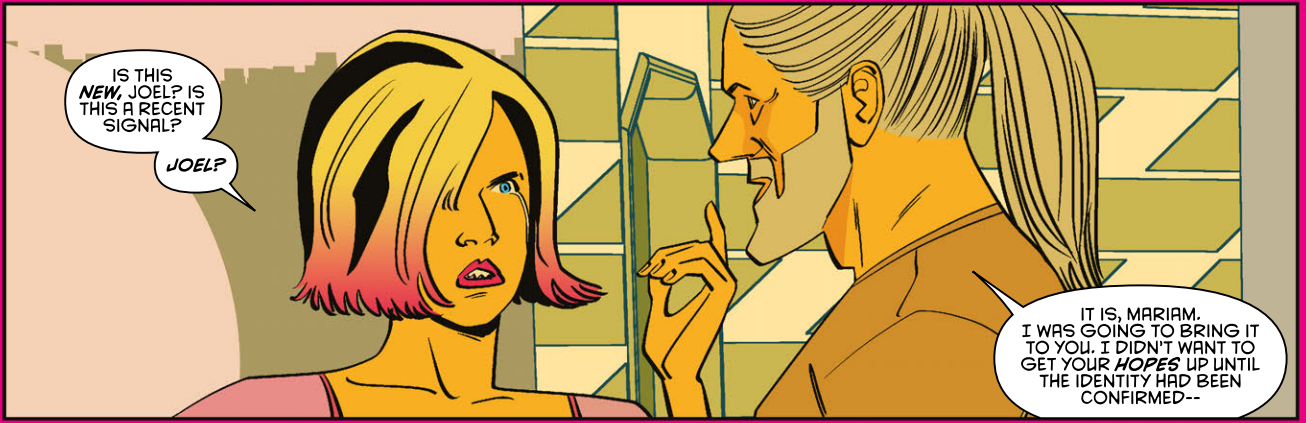
TZZZZKKK-KK-KKK!



THAT'S PAPA...



OH MY GOD. THAT'S HIS VOICE.





I'M RATHER OVERWHELMED, TO BE HONEST.

IT'S THE CODED MESSAGE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. WAITING FOR *ALL* MY LIFE.

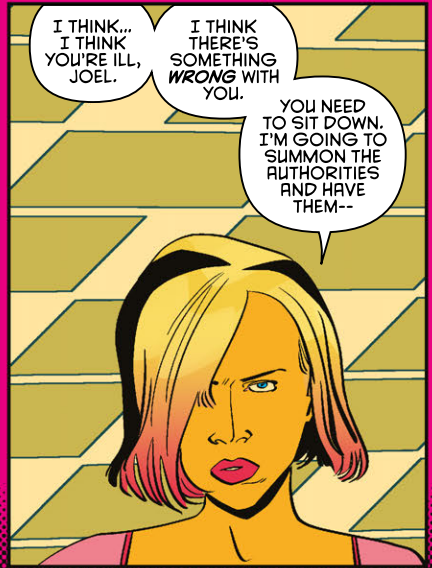
I *KNEW* HE'D FIND A WAY TO TELL ME EVERYTHING WAS READY.



IT'S TIME. THAT WHICH WAS MISSING MAY NOW BE FOUND. THAT WHICH WAS MYSTERIOUS MAY NOW BE REVEALED.

THAT WHICH WAS HIDDEN MAY NOW BE SEEN.

MY, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO.



I THINK... I THINK YOU'RE ILL, JOEL.

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH YOU.

YOU NEED TO SIT DOWN. I'M GOING TO SUMMON THE AUTHORITIES AND HAVE THEM--



A-ARE YOU ALL *INSANE?*



TOSS THE WEAPON, GENTRY.



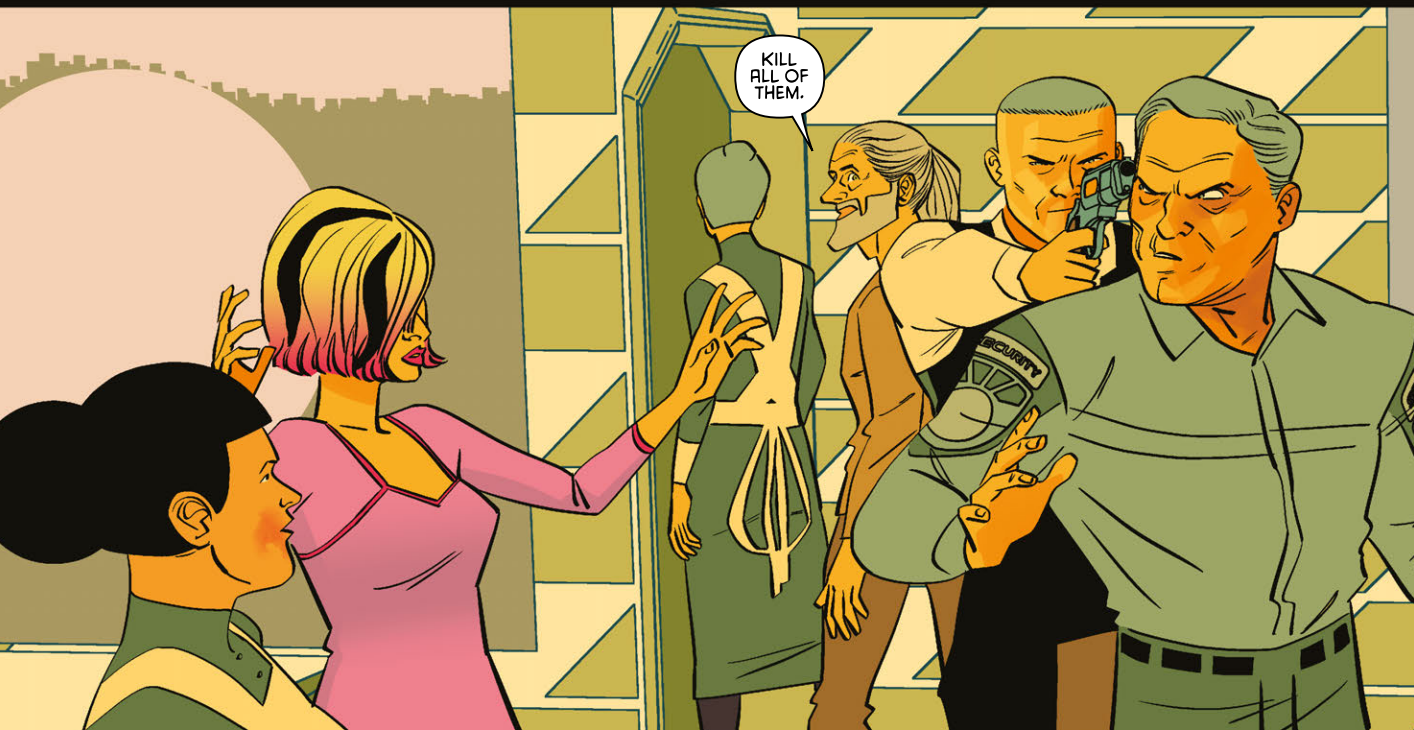
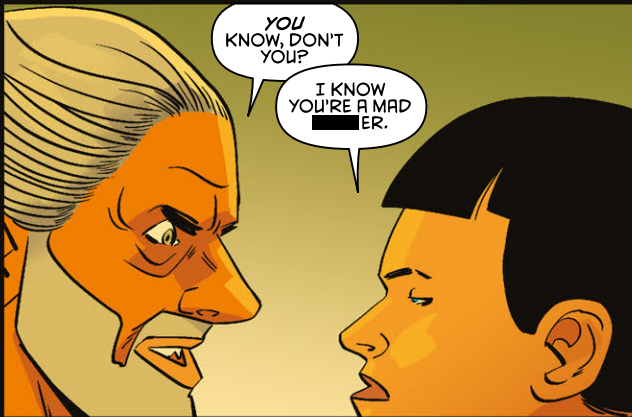
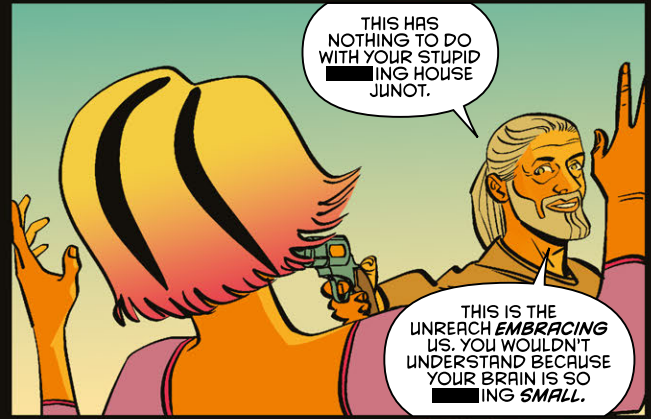
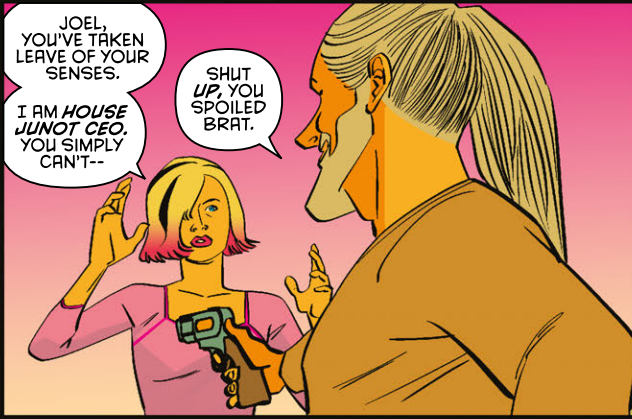
SHIT.

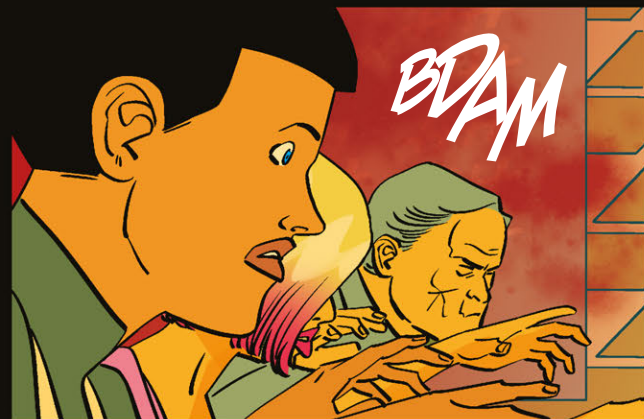


MRS SYLVIE?

CALL IN EVERYONE. WE'RE GOING TO THE ROOM.

SIR.



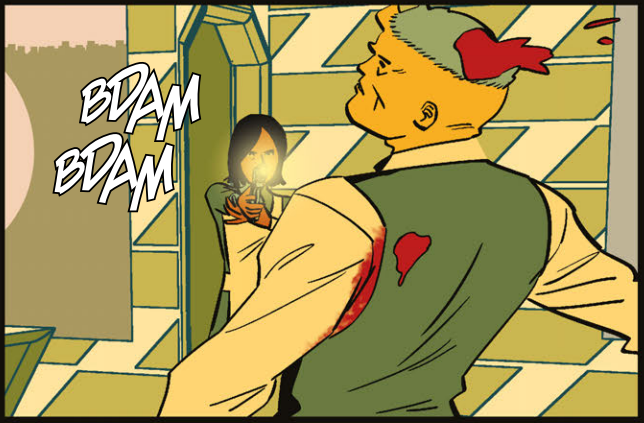




KNOCK  
KNOCK.  
HOUSE-  
KEEPING.



FF--UH!  
ING



BDAM  
BDAM



EVERYONE  
OKAY?





WE HAVE TO GET TO TILLERSON.

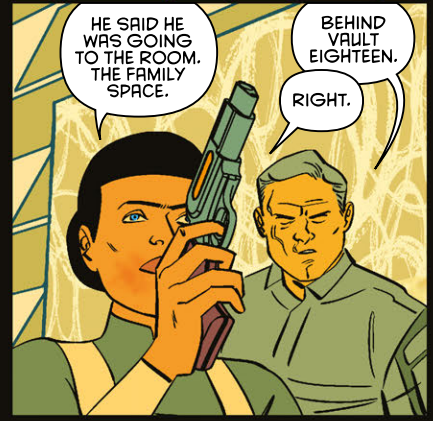
WE HAVE TO GET TO TILLERSON.

THE INSERT OP IS BLOWN--



BEFORE WHAT? BEFORE HE DOES WHAT?

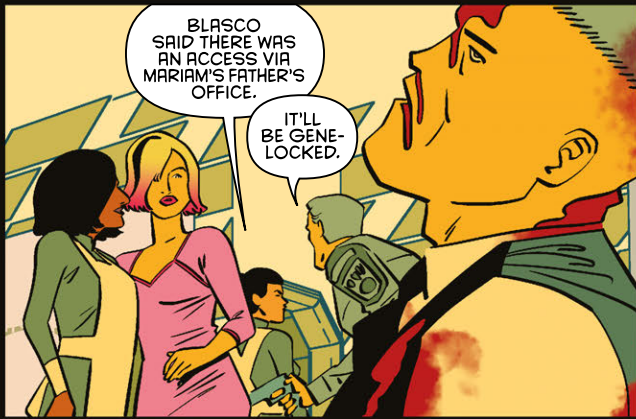
WHO THE HELL KNOWS, GENTRY? BUT THE SECT LIKES SACRIFICE AND THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE ON THIS HABITAT.



HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ROOM. THE FAMILY SPACE.

BEHIND VAULT EIGHTEEN.

RIGHT.



BLASCO SAID THERE WAS AN ACCESS VIA MARIAM'S FATHER'S OFFICE.

IT'LL BE GENE-LOCKED.



YEAH, AND WE'VE GOT THE RIGHT GENES.



Bernard Junot's office, Junot House bigspace.

I HAVEN'T BEEN IN HERE SINCE PAPA VANISHED--

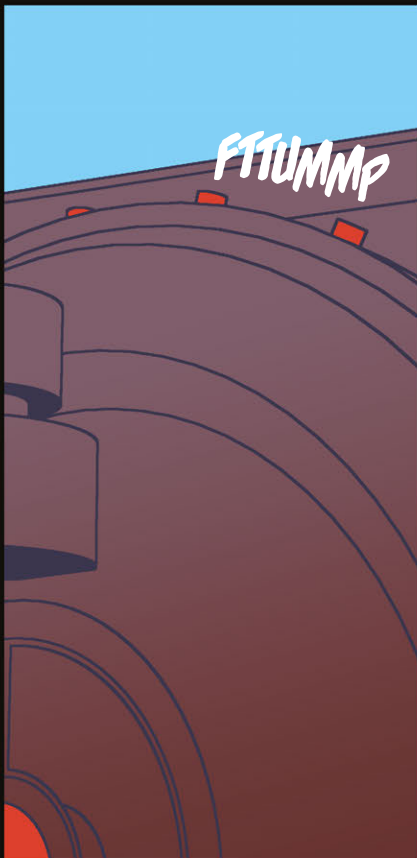
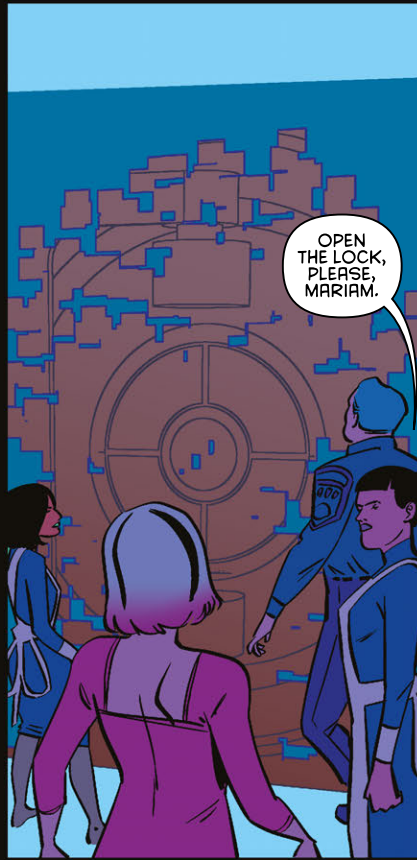
YOU WON'T BE STAYING LONG. JUST OPEN THE DOOR.

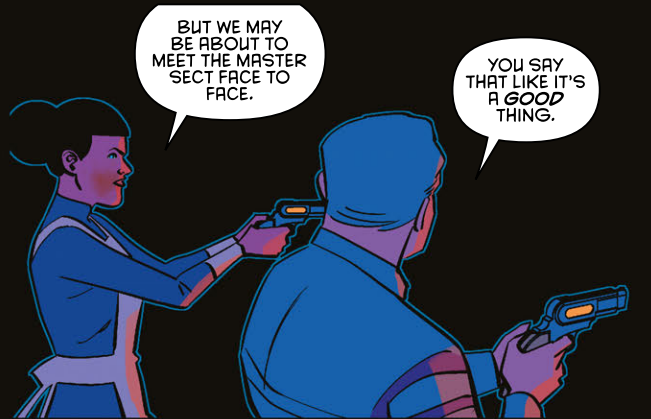


IS ANY OF THIS TRUE, BRIDGET? W-WAS MY FATHER--

WE'LL PICK THE BONES OUT OF IT LATER.

I DON'T THINK IT LOOKS GOOD FOR YOUR FATHER, OR FOR HOUSE JUNOT.





"The Family Space."

Unclassified area behind Vault 18, Junot House.

EVERYONE IS HERE, MR TILLERSON.

THAT'S LOVELY, MRS SYLVIE.

HELLO, EVERYONE.

SO HAPPY YOU COULD ALL MAKE IT.

WHAT'S GOING ON, JOEL? THIS MEETING WASN'T SCHEDULED--

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON, DAVID. REALLY EXCITING THINGS, *THAT'S* WHAT.

LOOK... I'VE CALLED YOU ALL DOWN AT SHORT NOTICE. *APOLOGIES* FOR THAT.

INCONVENIENT. I *GET* THAT.

THE THING IS, OUR MOMENT IS HERE.

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THE OFFER.

WE ARE?

NOW?

YES, HECTOR. *RIGHT NOW.*

I'M SCARED, JOEL.

OH GOSH, SARAH. NO NEED TO BE.

THERE, THERE.



I'VE RECEIVED A MESSAGE.

FROM **BERNARD**.

BERNARD? IS HE ALIVE?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT HIS MESSAGE WAS VERY CLEAR. HE SAYS EVERYTHING'S READY, IT'S TIME. THE UNREACH IS OPEN.

THAT WHICH WAS MISSING MAY NOW BE FOUND, THAT WHICH WAS HIDDEN MAY NOW BE SEEN.



WE ARE IN LOW THETA, EVERYONE. IT'S DAWN, THE FIRST MORNING OF ALL MORNINGS. THAT'S WHAT BERNARD WANTED US TO KNOW.

SO IT'S THE **MAKING TIME**. IS IT THE **MAKING TIME**, JOEL?



IT IS, DAVID. AT LONG LAST, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF DARKNESS.

VOVEK IS WAKING FROM HIS SLEEP, AND MELANCHOLEMA IS RISING UP TO WELCOME HIM LIKE A DAWN CHORUS

CAN YOU HEAR MELANCHOLEMA SINGING EVERYONE?

N-NO?



WELL, YOU WILL.

ONCE WE MAKE THE OFFER, **EVERYONE** WILL.

GALINA WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE OFFER, JOEL. NOT US.



BRUCE. BRUCE, BRUCE, BRUCE.

GALINA WAS A WONDERFUL DREAM, BUT IT'S JUST NOT VIABLE. IT'S NOT GOING TO BE **READY** IN TIME.

WE NEED TO MAKE THE OFFER **NOW**.



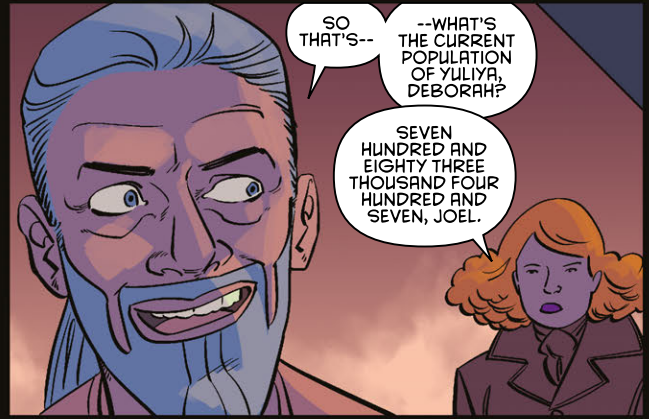
MRS SYLVIE? WOULD YOU CHECK THAT THE CANISTERS ARE PROPERLY ATTACHED TO CENTRAL AIR-CIRC?

THOSE OF YOU FROM THE DUCT UNION, COULD YOU HELP HER? THANKS.



THE R-ACOL 3 WILL WORK SWIFTLY BECAUSE OF THE NUDGE WE'VE BEEN LACING THE FOOD AND WATER SUPPLIES WITH FOR THE LAST YEAR.

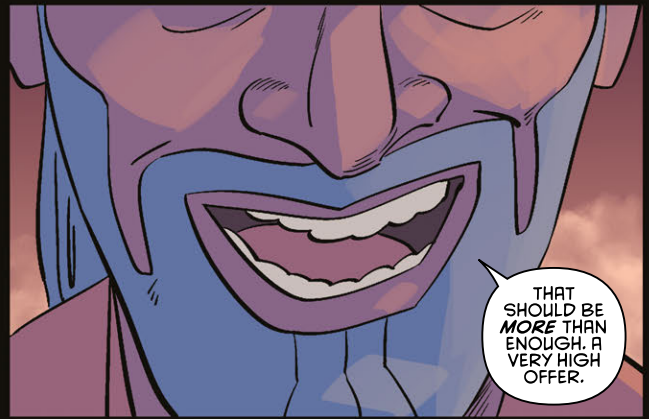
IT'S AN ACTIVATOR. GAS FORM. IT JUST CHEMICALLY SWITCHES ON THE NUDGE LOAD IN EVERYONE'S SYSTEM.



SO THAT'S--

--WHAT'S THE CURRENT POPULATION OF YULIYA, DEBORAH?

SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVEN, JOEL.



THAT SHOULD BE MORE THAN ENOUGH. A VERY HIGH OFFER.



W-WILL PEOPLE BE HURT, JOEL?

ONLY PHYSICALLY, SARAH.

OH, BLESS YOU FOR CARING.



IT'S NOT DESTRUCTION, SARAH, IT'S CREATION. ORDER FROM CHAOS.

EVERYONE WILL BE RIGHT AS RAIN IN THE LONG TERM.

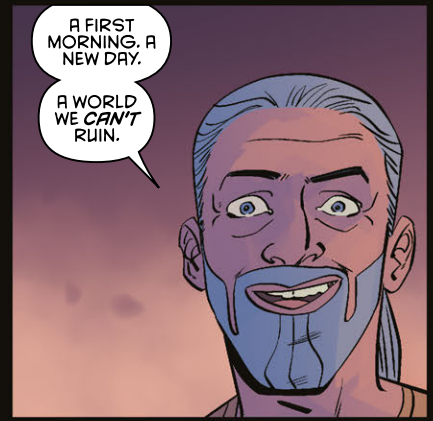
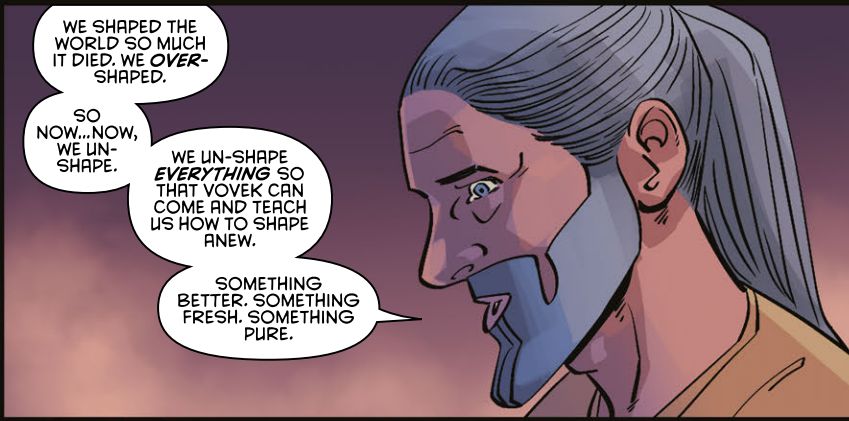
JUST LIKE ALAN.

ALAN'S DEAD.



NOT REALLY HE ISN'T, SARAH.

JUST UN-SHAPED. HE WASN'T READY TO HEAR. MAINLY BECAUSE HE WAS A BIT OF A DICK.





DO WE JUST...WAIT, JOEL?

YES, DAVID. SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG.

I SUPPOSE WE COULD PRAY.



TO YOLOT LEPER HEART FOR GETTING US TO THIS MOMENT. TO MELANCHOLEMA FOR GUIDANCE.

TO THOSE HANGING IN THE SUN, THEIR MINDS BURNED BLACK.

YES, LET'S DO THAT.



JUST IN YOUR HEAD'S, I MEAN, EVERYBODY. NOT OUT LOUD.



JOEL? NH-NH/ NOT OUT LOUD, SARAH.

JOEL!



OH.



HABITAT SECURITY DIVISION.

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.

SO THERE'S THAT.

PLUS YOU'RE ALL ABSOLUTELY **BATSHIT CRAZY.**



BRIDGET.

LUDO.

EVERYONE? THIS IS BRIDGET AND LUDO.

H-HELLO.



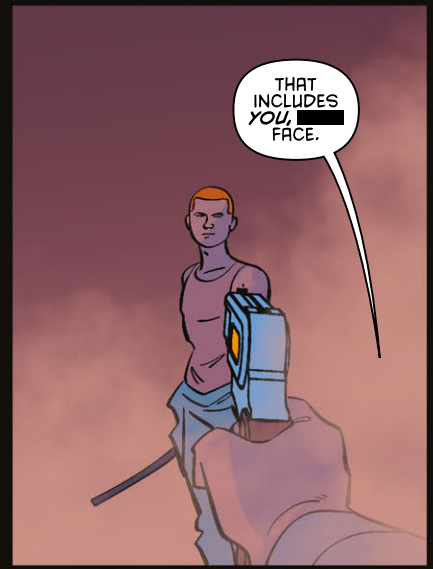
TH- THEY'VE GOT GUNS, JOEL.

I THINK AT THIS POINT THAT ONLY ADDS TO THE FUN, SARAH.

VOVEK WILL BE DELIGHTED--



I CAN'T STRESS HIGHLY ENOUGH HOW IMPORTANT IT IS THAT **NONE OF YOU** **ING MOVE** RIGHT NOW.



THAT INCLUDES YOU, FACE.



GUYS, I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY GRASPING THE BIG PICTURE.

I IMAGINE YOU'RE WAITING FOR **BACK-UP** TO ARRIVE, YEAH?

WE'RE WAITING TOO. SO THIS IS JUST GOING TO BE US ALL WAITING TOGETHER.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, JOEL?

YOU KNOW **ALL** THEIR NAMES, BRIDGET.



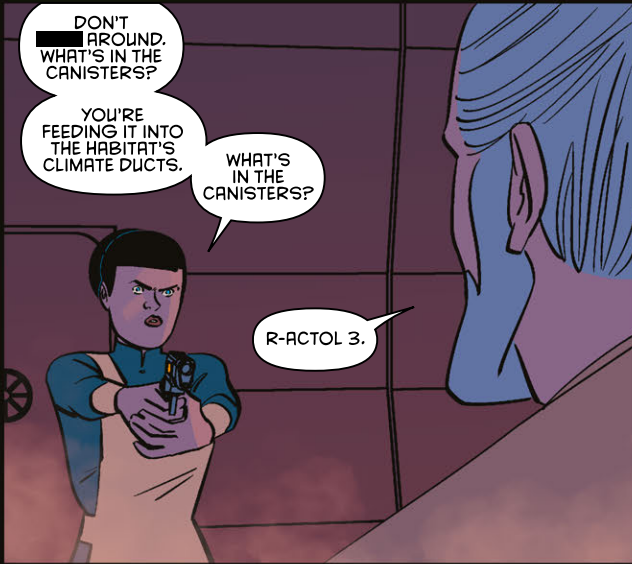
THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY. **CORPORATE** PROPERTY--

OH, WE ARE **SO** PAST THAT.



WHAT'S IN THE CANISTERS, JOEL?

REVELATION.

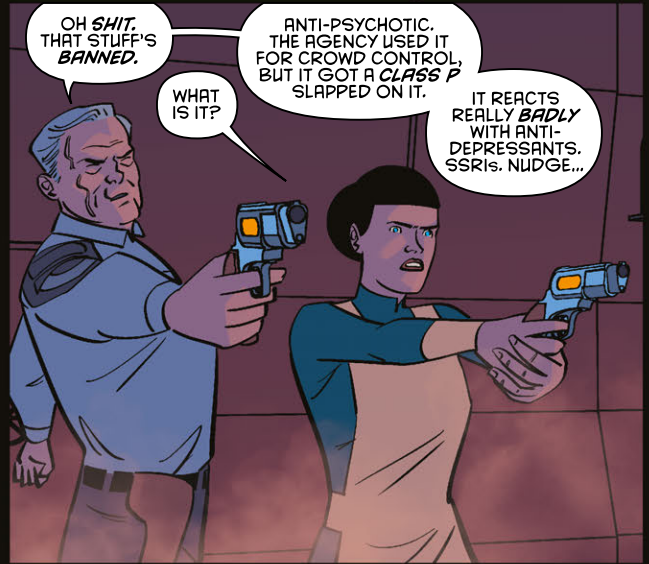


DON'T  
AROUND.  
WHAT'S IN THE  
CANISTERS?

YOU'RE  
FEEDING IT INTO  
THE HABITAT'S  
CLIMATE DUCTS.

WHAT'S  
IN THE  
CANISTERS?

R-ACTOL 3.



OH SHIT.  
THAT STUFF'S  
BANNED.

WHAT  
IS IT?

ANTI-PSYCHOTIC.  
THE AGENCY USED IT  
FOR CROWD CONTROL,  
BUT IT GOT A CLASS P  
SLAPPED ON IT.

IT REACTS  
REALLY BADLY  
WITH ANTI-  
DEPRESSANTS.  
SSRIs. NUDGE...



WHERE  
DID YOU GET  
YOUR HANDS  
ON SHIT LIKE  
THAT?

MY  
BROTHER USED  
TO WORK IN IIA.  
THEY HAVE ALL  
SORTS OF  
STUFF.

THE AGENCY?  
THE INTERHAB  
INTELLIGENCE  
AGENCY?



TURN  
IT OFF,  
TILLERSON.

EVERYONE'S  
ALREADY  
BREATHING IT.

TURN  
THE  
OFF.

NO.



I'M GOING  
TO TURN IT OFF.  
ANYONE TRIES  
TO STOP  
ME--

KURTIS--



ANYONE  
TRIES TO STOP  
ME, THEY WILL GET  
SHOT. ARE WE  
CLEAR?

WE'RE  
NOT AFRAID OF  
YOU OR YOUR  
GUNS.



IN FACT, WE'D *LIKE* YOU TO SHOOT US. WE'D *WELCOME* IT.

IT'D GET THINGS GOING.

I WILL SHOOT ANYONE WHO ATTEMPTS TO IMPEDE OR ASSAULT US.

AS MANY OF YOU AS POSSIBLE ARE GOING TO FACE *DUE PROCESS*--



THIS IS REALLY WHERE I BEGIN TO *DESPAIR* OF YOUR RATIONALITY.

*DUE PROCESS*? SOME NOTIONAL FORM OF *JUSTICE*?



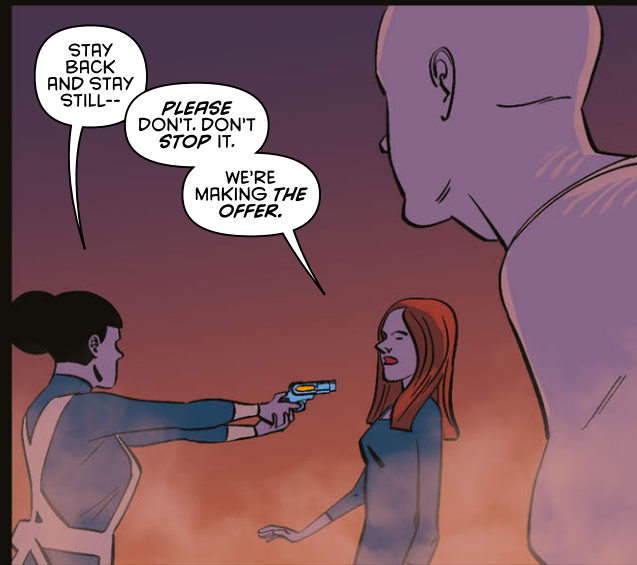
I CAN IMAGINE THE CHARGES. QUITE THE LIST.

AND I CAN IMAGINE THE SENTENCE. *LIFE* FOR MOST OF US, I SHOULD THINK. LIFE WITHOUT *POSSIBILITY* OF PAROLE.

*LIFE*, LOCKED IN A SMALL METAL CELL. *THAT'S* WHAT YOU'RE THREATENING US WITH.



THE *LIFE* EVERYONE IS LIVING *ALREADY*.



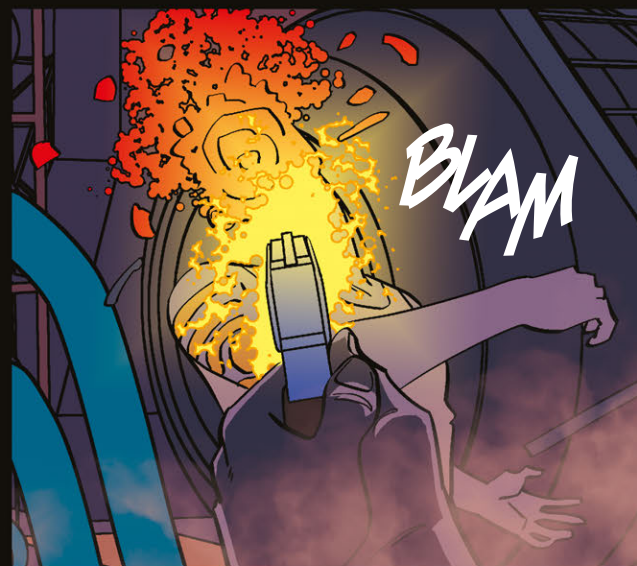
STAY BACK AND STAY STILL--

*PLEASE* DON'T. DON'T *STOP* IT.

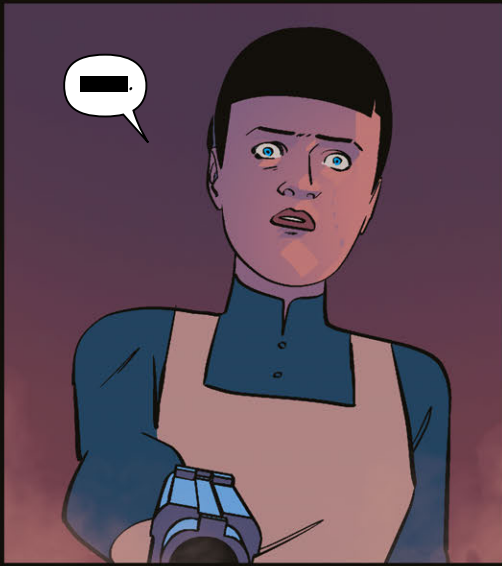
WE'RE MAKING THE *OFFER*.



DON'T--

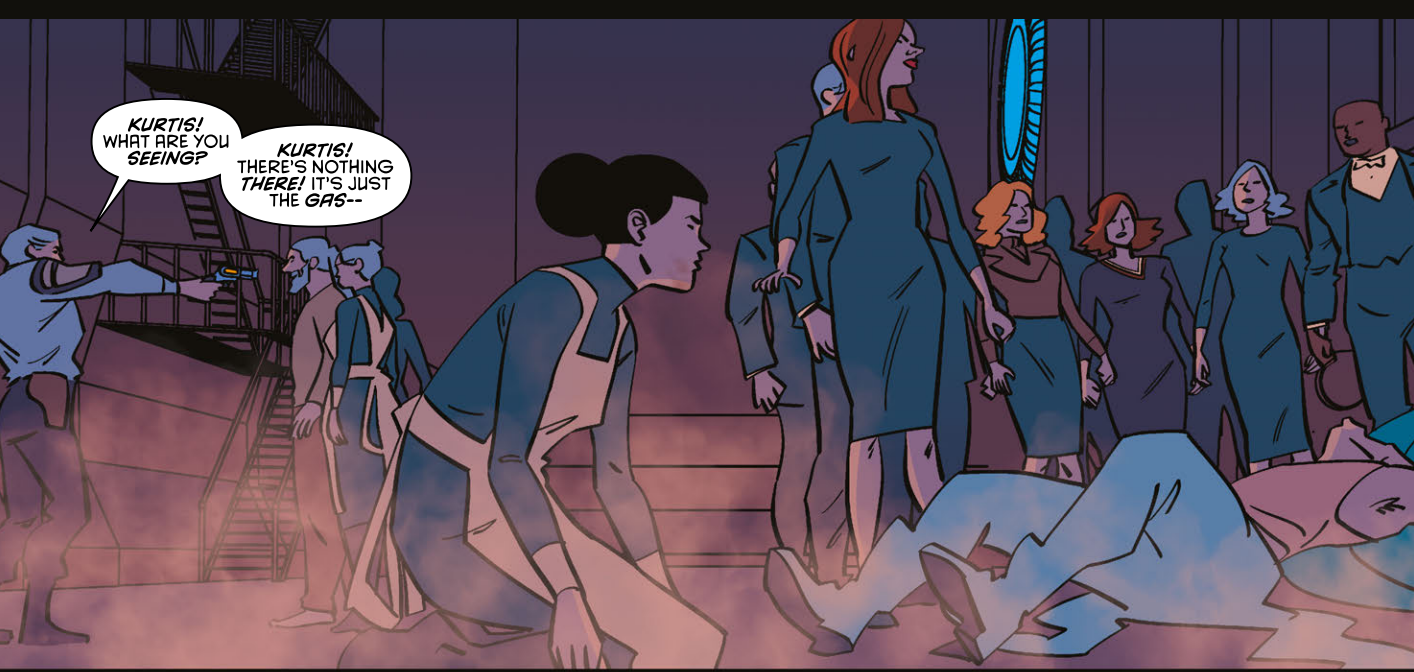


**BLAM**





**KURTIS!**



KURTIS!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
SEEING?

KURTIS!  
THERE'S NOTHING  
THERE! IT'S JUST  
THE GAS--



It's everyone  
I've ever shot it's  
Styles and Bob  
Adler and Frannie  
Lightman and

And I can  
see my father too  
that night that  
night before he died oh  
ooohhh Dad all the air in  
all the metal boxes is  
running out

It's running  
out Gentry it's  
running out it's  
running out



KURTIS!  
IT'S JUST THE  
GAS--

IS IT,  
LUDO? IS  
IT?



BACK THE  
OFF,  
TILLERSON!

SHE'S NOT  
HALLUCINATING,  
LUDO. SHE'S JUST  
SEEING THEM AT  
LONG LAST. THE  
DEMON-SPIRITS  
OF AIR AND FIRE  
AND WATER.

WHEN THERE  
WAS A WORLD, THEY HAD  
PLACES TO HIDE FROM US.  
THE WILDERNESS. THE FOREST.  
ONLY THE LUCKIEST OR MOST  
ILLUMINATED PEOPLE EVER  
GLIMPSED THEM.



BUT ON THE  
BRINK, LUDO, LIVING IN  
TIN CANS...THERE ARE NO  
TREES OR MOUNTAINS  
OR RIVERS LEFT, NOT  
ANYMORE.

THERE ARE  
NO SECRET PLACES  
LEFT FOR THEM  
TO DWELL EXCEPT  
INSIDE US, WE'RE THE  
ONLY LANDSCAPE  
LEFT--



DO THEY  
HURT, MR  
GENTRY?

WHAT?

YOU'VE GOT  
HORNS. LIKE  
ANTLERS.

AND A  
HALO ALL  
AROUND  
YOU.



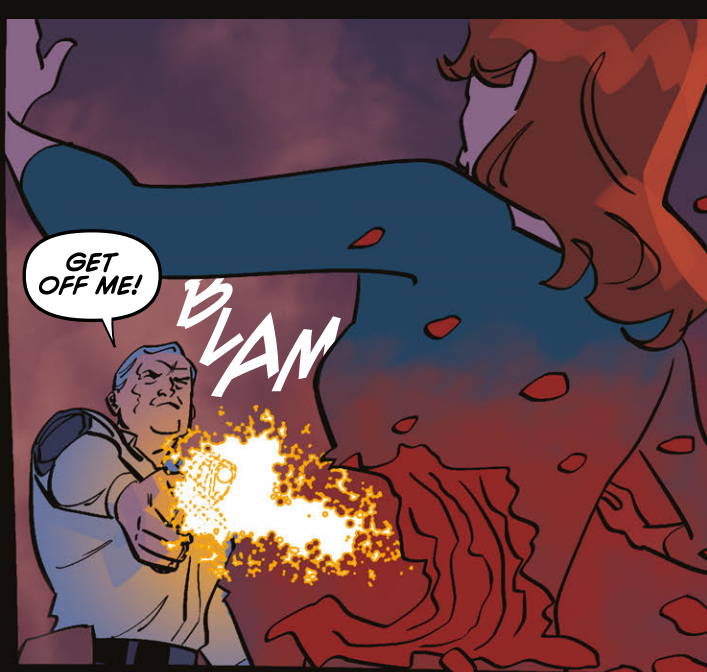
WHAT  
THE ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

I  
HAVEN'T--

CAN  
I TOUCH  
THEM?



CAN I?  
CAN I TOUCH  
THEM?



GET  
OFF ME!

BLAM



KURTIS!  
KURTIS!

OH,  
I'VE GOT A  
TUMMY ACHIE,  
JOEL.



Look look  
there's the  
first one

Six days on  
the job Salma HSD  
and he was fifteen  
and he'd raped this  
old woman and I had  
him cornered gave a  
warning but he

So I had  
to shoot had  
to shoot

Do you  
see him?



I SEE VOVEK.  
HIS NAME IS  
VOVEK. SEE?  
WHEN I SAY HIS  
NAME HE NODS  
TO ME.

VOVEK?



IT'S NOT  
VOVEK! IT'S  
NOT ~~VOVEK~~  
VOVEK!

IT'S THAT  
ASSHOLE BOY  
WHO MADE ME  
SHOOT HIM!

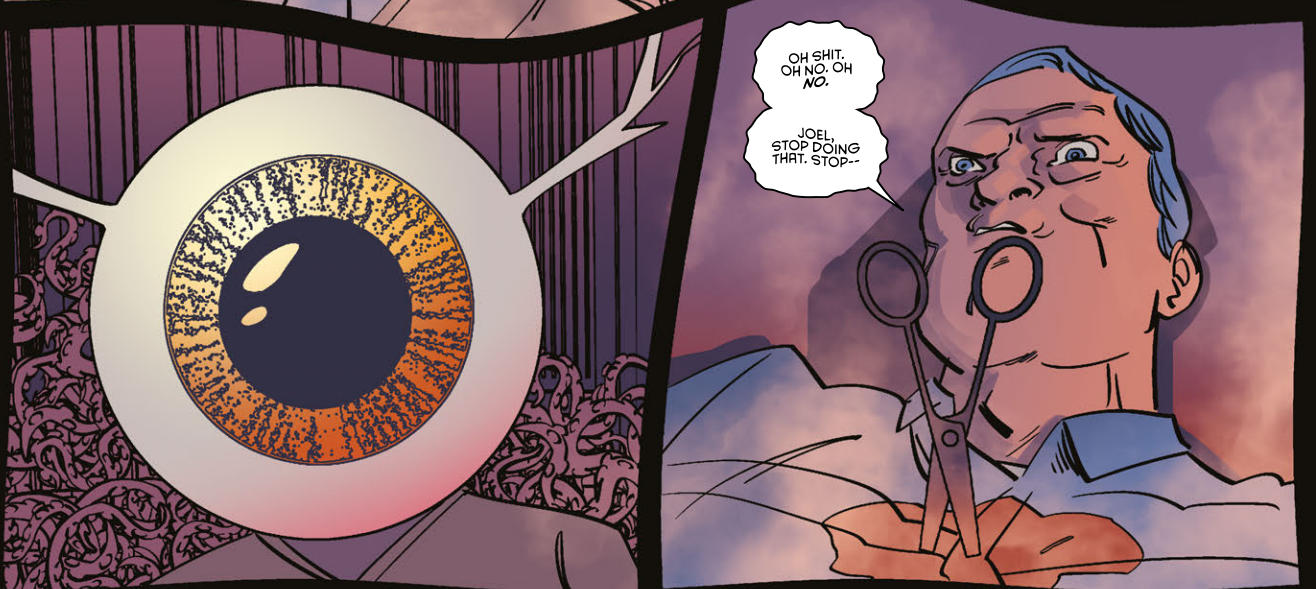
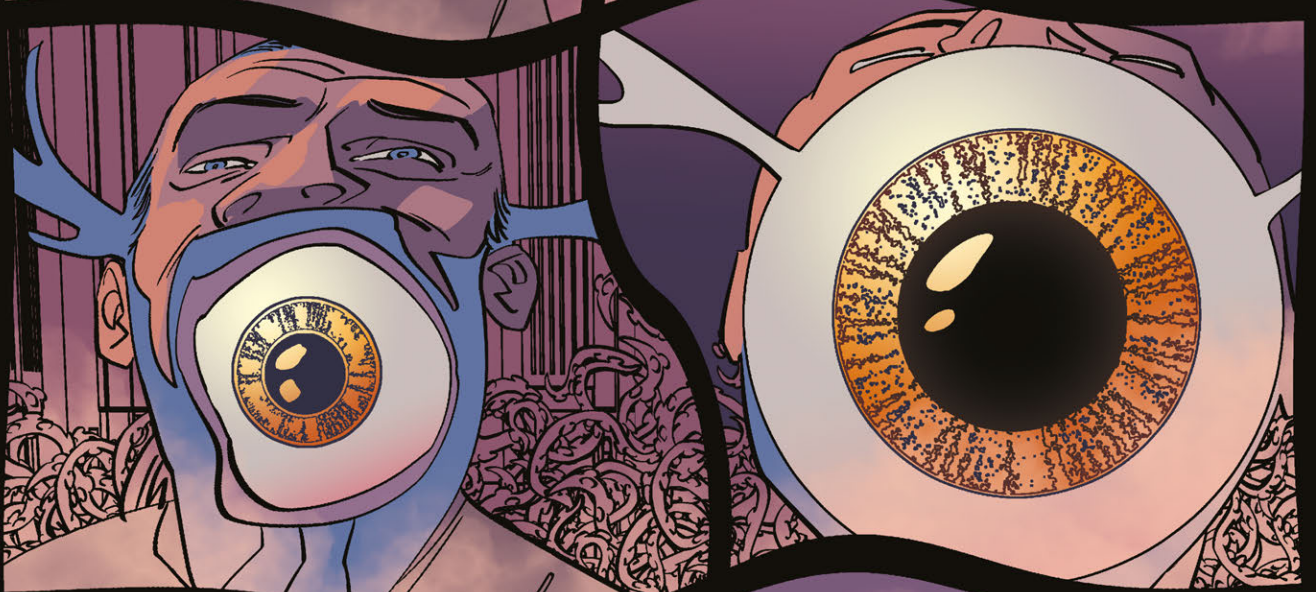
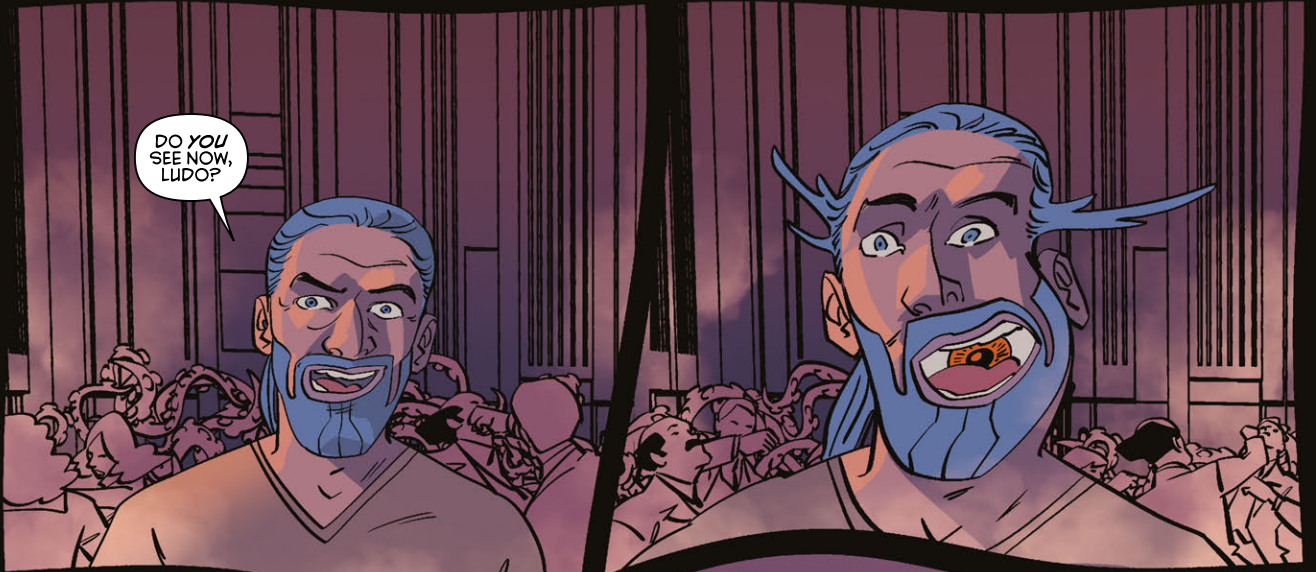
WHAT?



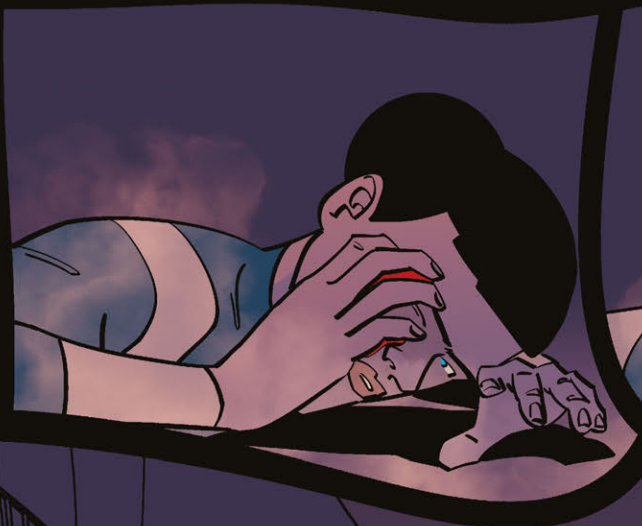
MY DAD SAID IT  
WAS OKAY. HE'D BEEN HSD TOO,  
SO HE *KNEW*. HE SAID IT WAS  
*JUSTIFIED* AND I'D GET OVER IT  
BUT I *DIDN'T* BECAUSE IT DIDN'T  
*MATTER* WHAT HE'D DONE, HE  
WAS JUST A BOY--



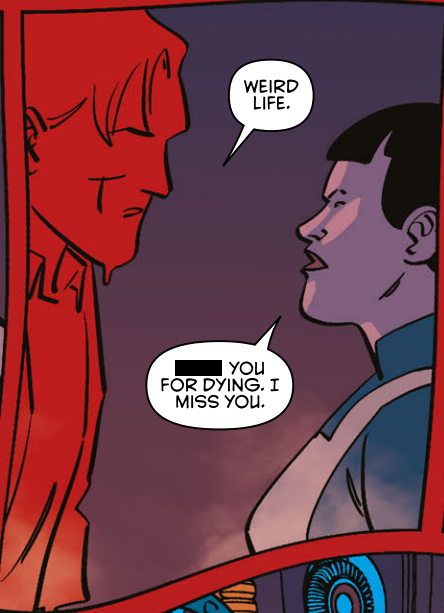
DO YOU  
SEE NOW,  
LUDOP?

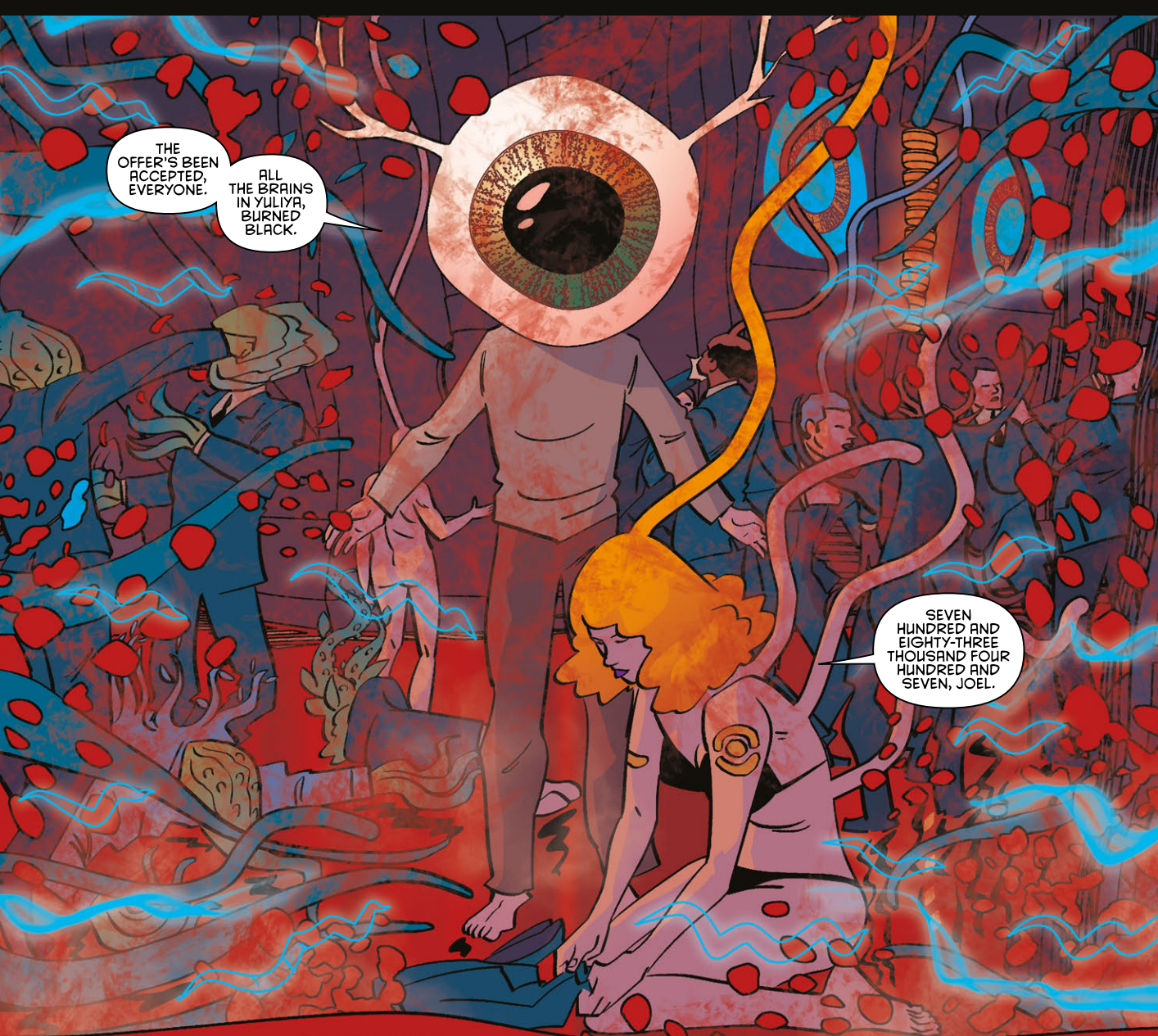


OH SHIT,  
OH NO, OH  
NO.  
  
JOEL,  
STOP DOING  
THAT. STOP--



BRINKMANN.  
HUH.  
HA HA.

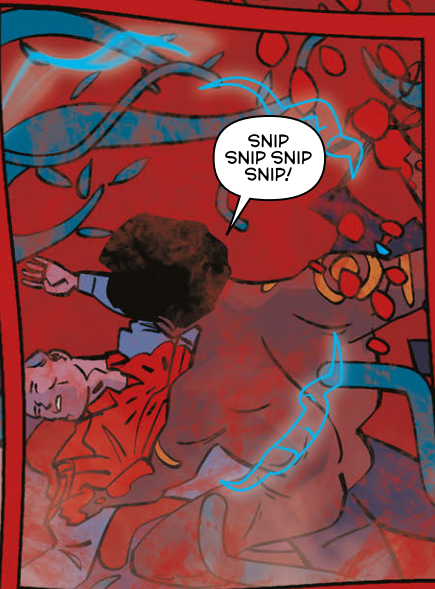




THE OFFER'S BEEN ACCEPTED, EVERYONE.

ALL THE BRAINS IN YULIYA, BURNED BLACK.

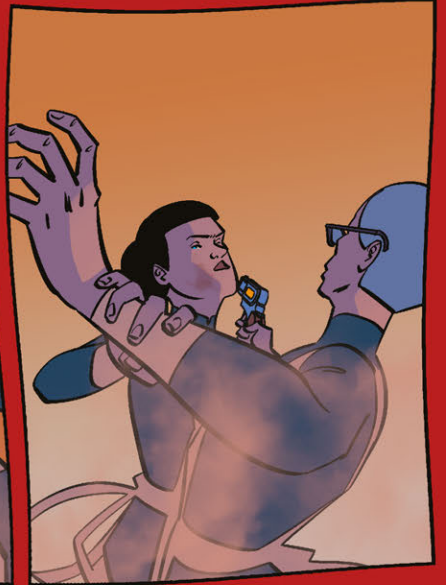
SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVEN, JOEL.

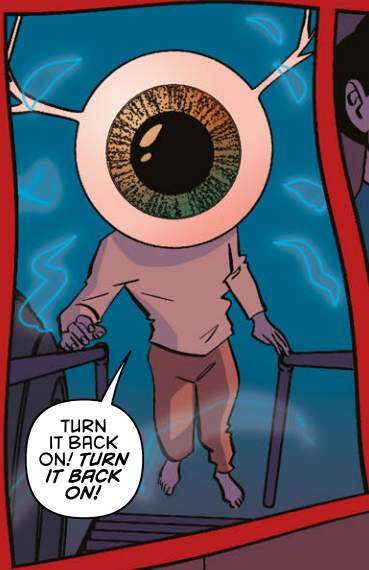


SNIP SNIP SNIP!



GENTRY? COVER ME! COVER ME!







SHIT. WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?



ARE YOU PHALE CHRONOZON OR OR OR OR...



I DON'T CARE.

GET HER WEAPON.

JESUS WEPT, LOOK AT THIS--

RUN THE VENTS TO PURGE!

HURRY THE [REDACTED] UP!



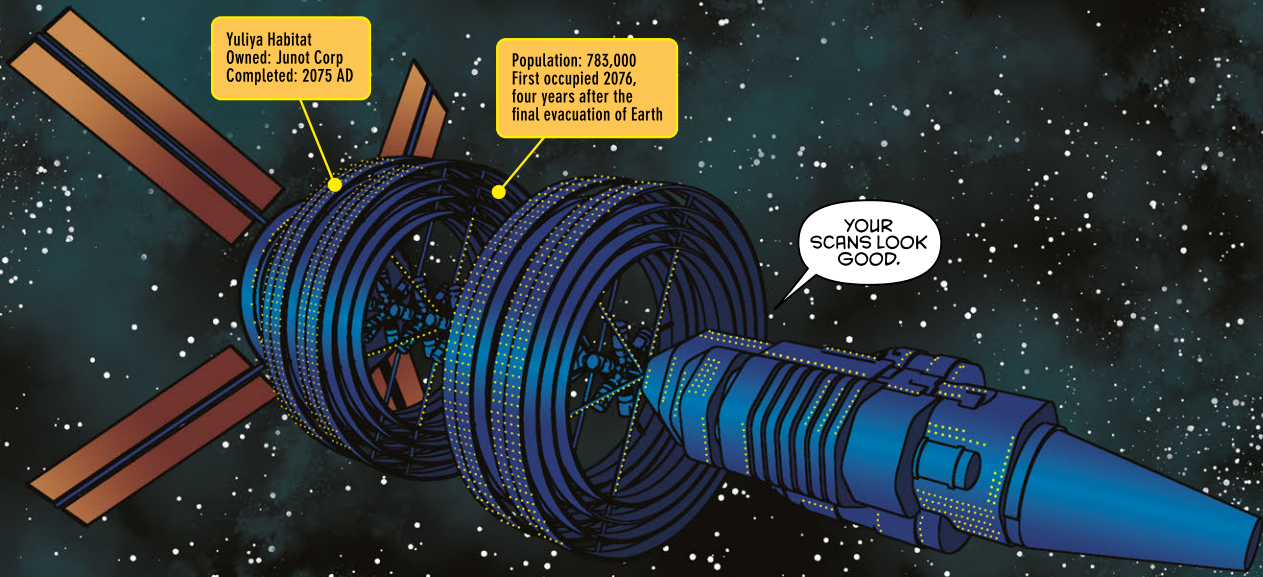
KURTIS?



KURTIS?



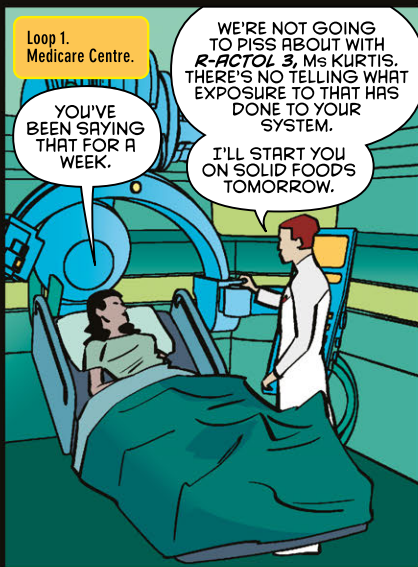
BRIDGET KURTIS?



Yuliya Habitat  
Owned: Junot Corp  
Completed: 2075 AD

Population: 783,000  
First occupied 2076,  
four years after the  
final evacuation of Earth

YOUR  
SCANS LOOK  
GOOD.



Loop 1.  
Medicare Centre.

YOU'VE  
BEEN SAYING  
THAT FOR A  
WEEK.

WE'RE NOT GOING  
TO PISS ABOUT WITH  
*R-ACTOL 3*, Ms KURTIS.  
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT  
EXPOSURE TO THAT HAS  
DONE TO YOUR  
SYSTEM.

I'LL START YOU  
ON SOLID FOODS  
TOMORROW.



CLEAN,  
RIGHT? NO  
NUDGE.

AS  
REQUESTED.



YOU HAVE  
VISITORS.

Vittori, Elane  
Director, Habitat Security  
Division  
Born: Kiros Habitat 2045

Gibrani, Gita  
Investigator, Habitat  
Security Division  
Born: Yuliya Habitat 2072



DON'T  
YOU LOOK  
AWFUL.

HAAH.

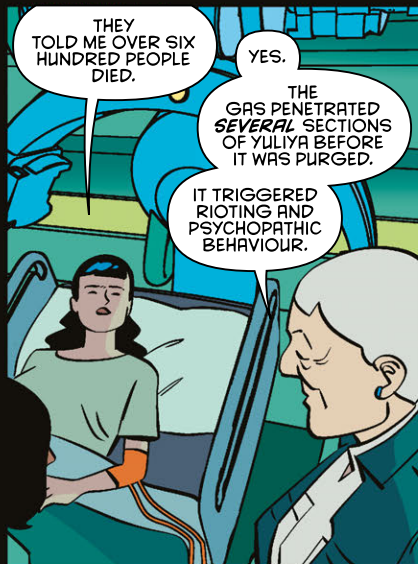


THEY  
TOLD ME OVER SIX  
HUNDRED PEOPLE  
DIED.

YES.

THE  
GAS PENETRATED  
SEVERAL SECTIONS  
OF YULIYA BEFORE  
IT WAS PURGED.

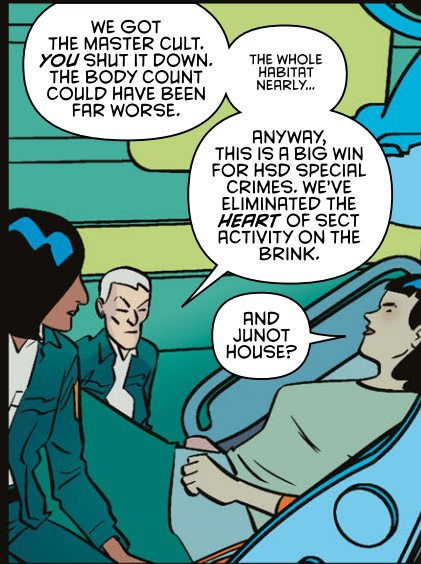
IT TRIGGERED  
RIOTING AND  
PSYCHOPATHIC  
BEHAVIOUR.





JESUS. NOT MUCH OF A WIN.

THE DEATH TOLL IS TERRIBLE, KURTIS. BUT IT IS. IT IS A WIN.



WE GOT THE MASTER CULT. YOU SHUT IT DOWN. THE BODY COUNT COULD HAVE BEEN FAR WORSE.

THE WHOLE HABITAT NEARLY...

ANYWAY, THIS IS A BIG WIN FOR HSD SPECIAL CRIMES. WE'VE ELIMINATED THE HEART OF SECT ACTIVITY ON THE BRINK.

AND JUNOT HOUSE?



JUNOT ASSETS AND SITES HAVE BEEN SEIZED. IT'S THE END FOR THEM. THERE'S A FULL INVESTIGATION RUNNING, INTERVIEWING ALL PERSONNEL, FORENSIC ANALYSIS OF HOUSE RECORDS...

MARIAM'S SAFE, THOUGH. SHE'S IN PROTECTIVE CUSTODY. SHE'S COOPERATING.



GENTRY'S DEAD, ISN'T HE?

YEAH. SORRY.



I THOUGHT SO. I THOUGHT I SAW HIM DIE.

BUT I SAW A LOT OF STRANGE SHIT.

YOU DID. I'VE READ YOUR REPORT.



MOST OF THAT WAS THE GAS, THOUGH. THE R-ACTOL.

I SAW THINGS. I SAW BRINKMANN--



THE GAS, YES.

THE DOCS THINK YOU WERE MORE RESISTANT BECAUSE OF YOUR HISTORY OF CLEAN DIET. LESS NUDGE IN YOUR SYSTEM FOR THE R-ACTOL TO WORK ON.

THAT'S HOW YOU STAYED SANE LONG ENOUGH TO CLOSE THE DUCT AND--

IT DIDN'T FEEL SANE.



LOOK, YOU SAY THIS IS A WIN SO... YAAAY.

TILLERSON'S COVEN WAS DANGEROUS AND INSANE, LIKE ALL SECTS.

BUT I HAVE A GUT FEELING THEY WERE ON TO SOMETHING IN THEIR OWN MAD WAY.



THAT'S NOT IN YOUR REPORT.

OF COURSE IT ISN'T. I DON'T WANT TO BE DISCHARGED ON A PSYCHE DISABILITY.



SECT ACTIVITY IS LINKED TO THE MERCURY EVENT. I DON'T KNOW HOW.

TILLERSON KNEW THINGS.

WE HAVE TO START TAKING THAT CONNECTION SERIOUSLY.



KURTIS--

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE VENUS HABITATS GO DARK TOO?

WE CAN FIGHT INCIDENTS OF SECT CRIMES ALL WE LIKE, BUT WHAT IF THE THINGS THE SECTS BELIEVE IN ARE REAL?



MAYBE NOT REAL... BUT INDICATORS OF SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT?

THERE'S SO MUCH COMMONALITY BETWEEN THE SECTS, THE LANGUAGE THEY USE, THE IDEAS--



YES, BECAUSE OF THE MASTER SECT, WHICH WE'VE--

THEY ALL BELIEVED THE SAME SHIT. HOW?

MORE THAN THAT. SHOW ME A LINK BETWEEN TILLERSON'S GROUP AND LUDMILLA OR SOPHIA.



I ALWAYS FIND CONVERSATIONS WITH YOU DEPRESSING, KURTIS.

I GET THAT.



BRINKMANN CAME TO ME. I FELT LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO TELL--

THE GAS, KURTIS.

NO. HE SAID TWO WORDS--



RIGHT. "WEIRD LIFE."

I DID SOME RESEARCH ON THAT.

THIS SHOULD BE GOOD.



WELL, IT'S AN AVANT-GARDE HYPOTHESIS THAT'S BEEN AROUND FOR A FEW DECADES.

SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THAT LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS MIGHT TAKE THE FORM OF **EXTREMOPHILES**.

LIFE FORMS THAT CAN LIVE IN HARSH ENVIRONMENTS THAT OUR BIOLOGY CAN'T COPE WITH.



THERE USED TO BE SOME EXAMPLES ON EARTH, IN VOLCANIC VENTS AND PERMAFROST AND STUFF.

THE POINT IS, THE BIOLOGY OF THESE THINGS MIGHT BE SO **OTHER** WE WOULDN'T EVEN **RECOGNISE** THEM AS LIFE FORMS.



WHY NOT?

Um, MICROSCOPIC, SILICON-BASED, USING AMMONIA RATHER THAN WATER. THEY'D POSSESS FEW OR **NONE** OF THE FACTORS WE USE TO DEFINE LIFE.



THE THING IS, THE WEIRD-LIFE THEORY PROPOSES THAT THERE WERE SPECIES LIKE THAT ALIVE ON EARTH **WITH US**.

**CO-EXISTING** WITH US. AND WE NEVER FOUND THEM. NEVER CLASSIFIED THEM.

BECAUSE MAINSTREAM THINKING WAS THAT ALL LIFE ON EARTH WAS CARBON-BASED--

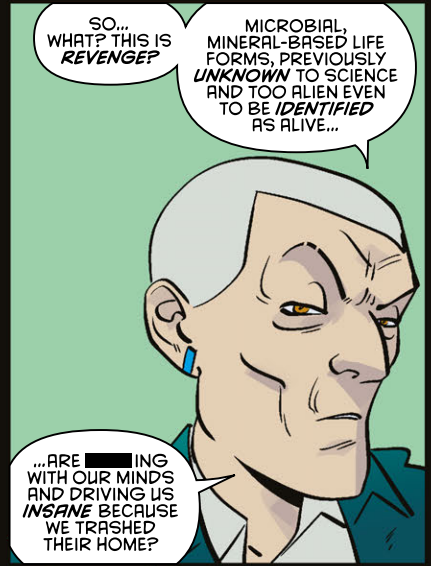
STOP.

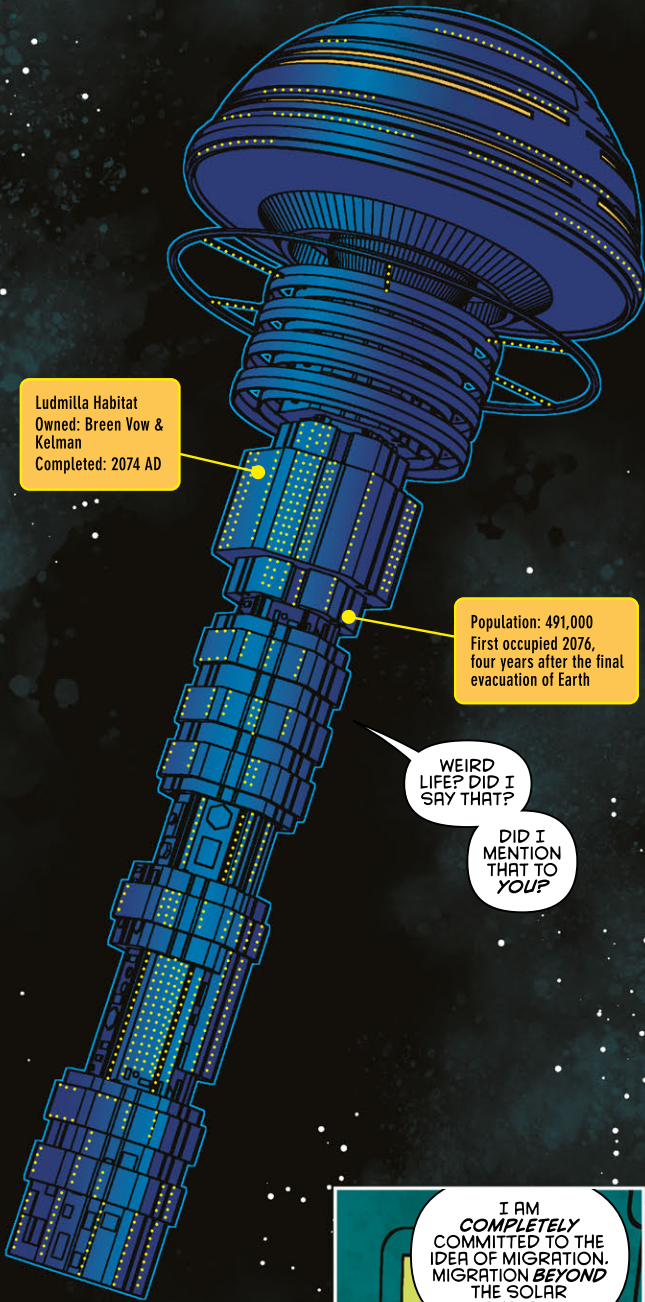


WHERE'S THIS GOING?

WE KILLED OUR PLANET, VITTORI. SO...

...WE KILLED **THEIR** PLANET TOO.





Ludmilla Habitat  
Owned: Breen Vow &  
Kelman  
Completed: 2074 AD

Population: 491,000  
First occupied 2076,  
four years after the final  
evacuation of Earth

WEIRD  
LIFE? DID I  
SAY THAT?

DID I  
MENTION  
THAT TO  
YOU?

I DON'T REMEMBER. IT WAS A BIT OF A CRAZY TIME. WITH BOB AND FRANNIE AND EVERYTHING.

A-AND OF COURSE, I WAS SHOT. THAT DID EFFECT MY MEMORY.

Anish Anoor  
Propulsion systems  
engineer  
Born: Sydon  
Habitat 2057

Um, I WANT TO APOLOGISE. THE THINGS WE WERE TRYING TO DO...BOB AND FRANNIE...

...IT WAS INSANE. SIMPLY INSANE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING.

AND YOU... YOU WERE HURT, I UNDERSTAND?

WELL, I'M PAYING THE PRICE FOR ALL OF THAT NOW.

PAYING THE PRICE.

WEIRD LIFE, THOUGH. IT'S WHY I DID WHAT I DID.

MY WORK, I MEAN. DESIGNING DRIVES. DEVELOPING KALI.

I AM COMPLETELY COMMITTED TO THE IDEA OF MIGRATION. MIGRATION BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY FORWARD FOR OUR SPECIES. THE ONLY HOPE.

OF COURSE, THE CORPORATIONS DON'T LISTEN. IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE! TOO COMPLEX!

BUT IT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO DO. IT'S THE NEXT STAGE OF OUR EVOLUTION.

OF COURSE, THE CORPORATIONS...

THEY DIDN'T LISTEN TO ME THEN, AND THEY CERTAINLY WON'T LISTEN TO ME NOW.



Gita Gibrani  
Investigator, Habitat  
Security Division  
Born: Yutiya Habitat 2072

Bridget Kurtis  
Investigator, Habitat  
Security Division  
Born: Salma Habitat 2067

WE'RE LISTENING.

WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TO SEE YOU, MR ANOOR.

AND THE FACILITY HAS GRANTED US HALF AN HOUR, SO IF WE COULD MOVE THINGS UP...

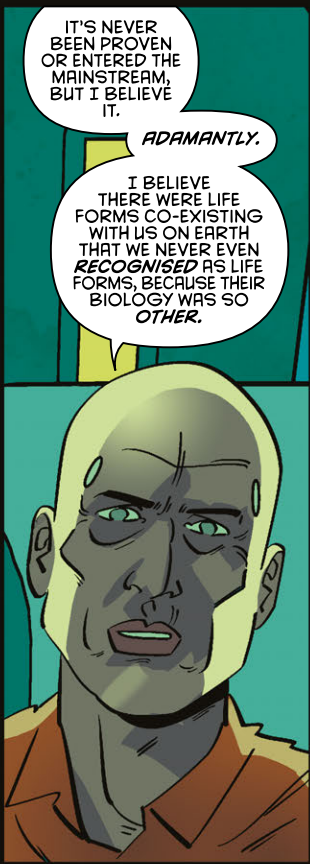


Psychiatric Wing  
Ludmilla Prison  
Hospital

FORGIVE ME. I DON'T GET MANY VISITORS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

WEIRD LIFE.



IT'S NEVER BEEN PROVEN OR ENTERED THE MAINSTREAM, BUT I BELIEVE IT.

**ADAMANTLY.**

I BELIEVE THERE WERE LIFE FORMS CO-EXISTING WITH US ON EARTH THAT WE NEVER EVEN **RECOGNISED** AS LIFE FORMS, BECAUSE THEIR BIOLOGY WAS SO **OTHER.**



LIKE... WHAT? SILICON BASED?

PROBABLY. THAT'S **ONE** POSSIBILITY.

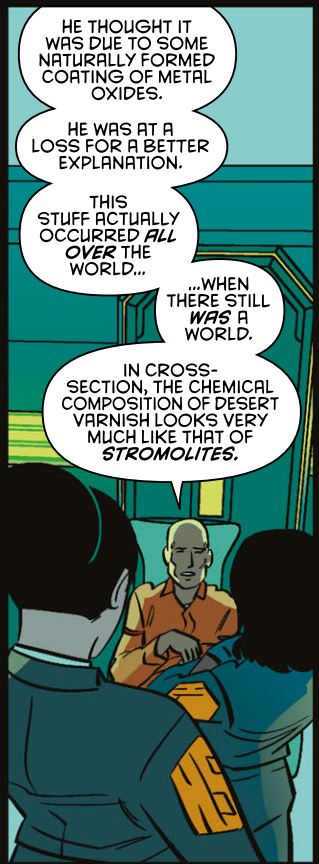
AND, OF COURSE, IT'S **LONG** PAST THE POINT WE COULD VERIFY IT NOW.



THERE WAS A THING, FOR EXAMPLE, CALLED "**DESERT VARNISH**".

DARWIN **HIMSELF** OBSERVED IT IN 1830-SOMETHING, NEAR SAN SALVADOR.

ROCKS THAT **GLEAMED**. THEY... THEY LOOKED **BURNISHED** IN THE SUNSHINE.



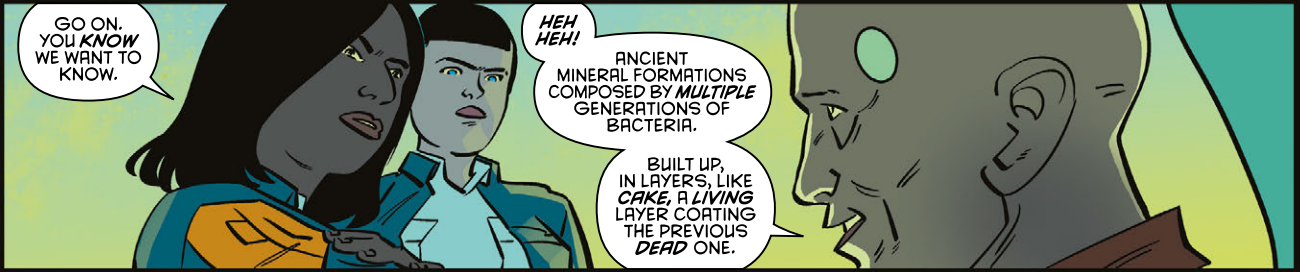
HE THOUGHT IT WAS DUE TO SOME NATURALLY FORMED COATING OF METAL OXIDES.

HE WAS AT A LOSS FOR A BETTER EXPLANATION.

THIS STUFF ACTUALLY OCCURRED **ALL OVER** THE WORLD...

...WHEN THERE STILL **WAS** A WORLD.

IN CROSS-SECTION, THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF DESERT VARNISH LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE THAT OF **STROMOLITES.**



GO ON, YOU KNOW WE WANT TO KNOW.

HEH HEH!

ANCIENT MINERAL FORMATIONS COMPOSED BY MULTIPLE GENERATIONS OF BACTERIA.

BUILT UP, IN LAYERS, LIKE CAKE, A LIVING LAYER COATING THE PREVIOUS DEAD ONE.



AND THE CHEMISTRY OF DESERT VARNISH SELDOM MATCHED THE GEOLOGY OF THE AREAS IN WHICH IT WAS FOUND.

NO ONE WAS EVER ABLE TO REPLICATE DESERT VARNISH ARTIFICIALLY. IT'S CLEARLY THE PRODUCT OF A VERY COMPLEX PROCESS.



YOU'RE SAYING...IT COULD HAVE BEEN A LIFE FORM?

YES! SOMETHING COMPLETELY BEYOND THE FRAMEWORK OF WHAT WE CONSIDER TO BE LIFE.

WE KNEW ABOUT IT FOR CENTURIES. IT WAS RIGHT THERE, AND WE NEVER WORKED OUT WHAT IT WAS.



AND WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH EXTRA-SOLAR MIGRATION?



DESERT VARNISH IS JUST AN EXAMPLE. THERE ARE OTHERS. THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FAR MORE THAN WE EVER REALISED.

AND JUST BECAUSE IT WAS MICROSCOPIC, MAYBE BACTERIAL IN SCALE, IT'S NOT TO SAY THAT IT WASN'T, IN SOME FORM, SENTIENT.



INTELLIGENT?

WE DIDN'T RECOGNISE THEM AS LIFE FORMS, SO THEIR INTELLIGENCE, THEIR SENTIENCE, WAS PROBABLY EQUALLY UNKNOWNABLE BY OUR NARROW DEFINITIONS.



BUT IF THEY EXISTED, THEY WERE ANCIENT. THEY PRE-DATED US. THE EARTH WAS THEIR HOME LONG BEFORE IT WAS OURS.

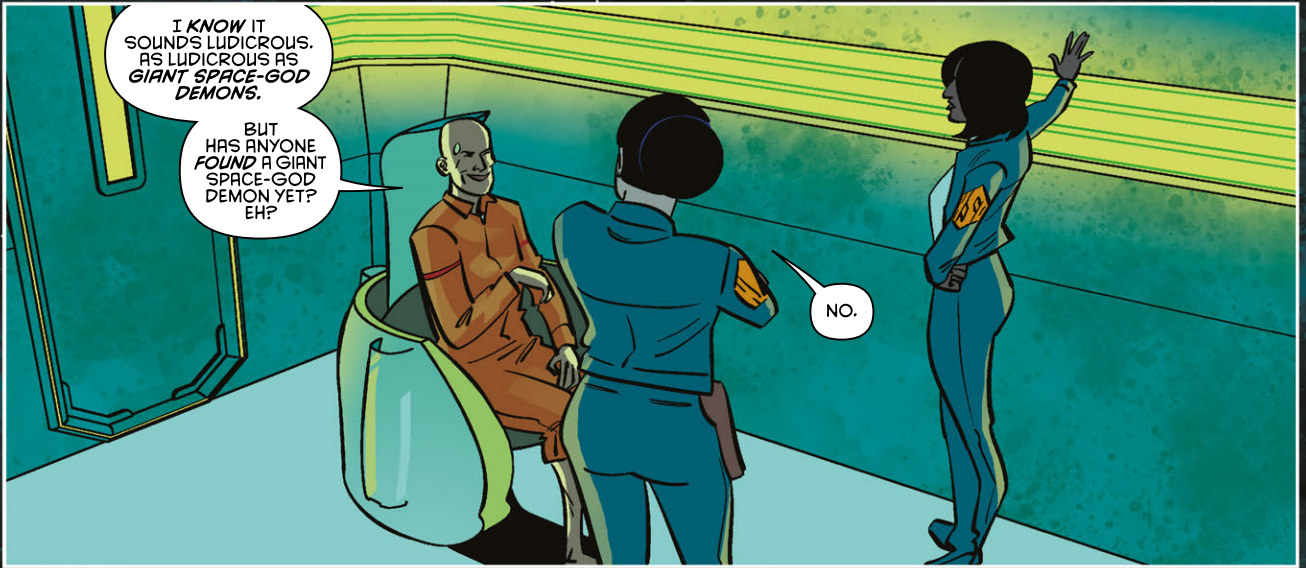


SO THEY'D BE PISSED OFF ABOUT THE END OF EARTH?

I MEAN, PISSED OFF IN THEIR OWN, UNDEFINABLE DEFINITION OF THE TERM?

THEY'D WANT REVENGE ON US?

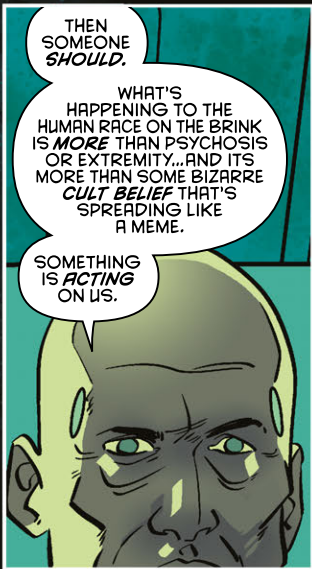




I KNOW IT SOUNDS LUDICROUS. AS LUDICROUS AS GIANT SPACE-GOD DEMONS.

BUT HAS ANYONE FOUND A GIANT SPACE-GOD DEMON YET? EH?

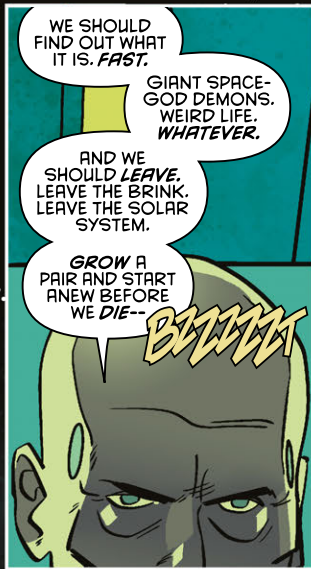
NO.



THEN SOMEONE SHOULD.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE HUMAN RACE ON THE BRINK IS MORE THAN PSYCHOSIS OR EXTREMITY...AND ITS MORE THAN SOME BIZARRE CULT BELIEF THAT'S SPREADING LIKE A MEME.

SOMETHING IS ACTING ON US.



WE SHOULD FIND OUT WHAT IT IS. FAST.

GIANT SPACE-GOD DEMONS. WEIRD LIFE. WHATEVER.

AND WE SHOULD LEAVE. LEAVE THE BRINK. LEAVE THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

GROW A PAIR AND START ANEW BEFORE WE DIE-- **BLAM!**



TIME'S UP.

THANK YOU FOR COMING.

IT'S BEEN NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO.



WELL? HE'S RIGHT.

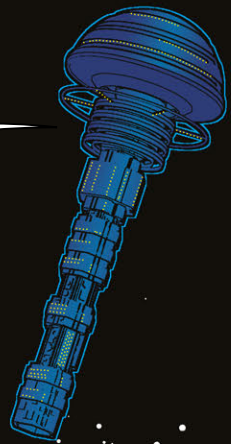
WITH WHAT WE GOT ON YULIYA, HSD SHOULD BE PRESSING AHEAD.

THE AGENCY'S HANDLING THE OFFICIAL--



■■■■■ WAITING FOR THE AGENCY AND ITS CLASSIFIED ■■■■■ INVESTIGATIONS.

WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT THE MERCURY EVENT ACTUALLY WAS FOR OURSELVES.



**COVER GALLERY  
&  
DAN ABNETT SCRIPT**





2000 AD Prog 2116: Cover by I.N.J. Culbard

# BRINK

## BOOK THREE: HIGH SOCIETY

Part one (of nineteen)  
[Episode 17 is 10 pages]  
Full script for five pages

### Note on "TAGS"

We're going to do the TAGS exactly as before, but this time SOME of them are going to be classified information. For these - which will be marked - can we use the same style but change the colour - maybe red with a green or white frame, please.

### NOTE ON SWEARING

There's a lot of real swearing in the opening scene. Rather than substituting with %\$f%! I think it would be much more powerful if we simply blocked out or replaced the offended words with black oblongs. To me, that very obviously redacted censorship fits in with Brink's style, and means we don't have to go for soft and invented swear words. Therefore, I have written the actual **fucking** swear words in, so we can replace with black oblongs of appropriate length. Words rendered in **fucking** bold are therefore to be blacked out. I apologise for any **fucking** offence.

### Page one

Ian - this opening scene takes place in a large, lower level cargo vault - very functional and mechanical, very 'space ship hold'.

1. Close in. MRS SYLVIE (head and shoulders), standing in front of a large, closed entry hatch (sliding shutters?). She is looking off to the left, at the source of the voice. MRS SYLVIE is the austere housekeeper of House Junot, a proper spinsterish lady. She wears a black and white housekeeper's uniform (a long dress/gown etc, very Victorian but simplified in modern fabrics). Over this, in this scene, she is wearing a CLEAR PLASTIC RAIN CAPE, a disposable. For some reason, I see her looking like Betty White, but unsmiling.

From off **LEFT**

JESUS! JESUS, YOU [REDACTED] [REDACTED]-SUCKING [REDACTED]! YOU [REDACTED]--

**MRS SYLVIE**

SHHH, DEAR.

2. Match shot. The hatch behind her opens and she looks around to greet JOEL TILLERSON. I imagine William Hurt - tall, handsome, but pale and soft-spoken, a lurking menace but genial. He is wearing a smart business suit AND a RAIN CAPE.

FROM OFF **LEFT**

OH [REDACTED]! OH [REDACTED]! YOU [REDACTED]-EATING [REDACTED]!

**TILLERSON**

MRS SYLVIE, HELLO.

**MRS SYLVIE**

THE GUESTS ARE WAITING FOR YOU, MR TILLERSON.

3. Page wide. Pull back to reveal all. We are looking down into this large hold space, clean but industrial, gloomy. Tillerson is walking out onto the floor beside Mrs Sylvie. A group of men and woman (about a dozen) are calmly waiting for them. They are all dressed in smart day clothes and RAIN CAPES (hoods up?), and each one is each holding an object in their arms in front of them (see after). A NAKED MAN (Victim) is grotesquely nailed (crucified) and chained upright, spread-eagled to scaffold in the middle of the room. He is twisting and shrieking, deep in terror and frenzy. He has been tortured, and is pretty much covered with bloody cuts. Everyone's body language should be very calm and casual and 'ordinary' apart from this poor bastard. Tillerson is walking towards him.

**TILLERSON**

GOOD, GOOD.

**VICTIM**

[REDACTED], JOEL! [REDACTED] IS THIS? LOOK WHAT SHE'S [REDACTED]ING DONE TO ME!

**TILLERSON**

ALAN! GOOD TO SEE YOU! THANKS FOR COMING!

4. Tight in as Tillerson hugs the startled, frantic victim. A real tight hug, arms around him, cheek pressed to his shoulder, warm and affectionate. Of course the bewildered victim can't hug back.

**TILLERSON**

I'M SO HAPPY YOU COULD BE HERE, ALAN.

**VICTIM**

NHHHH! THE [REDACTED]?

(JOINED)

JOEL, PLEASE [REDACTED] ING HELP ME! SHE'S--

5. Match shot. Gentle and benign, Tillerson kisses the victim full on the mouth like that's perfectly ordinary. The Victim's eyes bulge in astonishment.

**VICTIM**

MMNH!

6. Match shot. Tillerson pulls back and smiles - with what looks like genuine affection - at the victim, face to face. The man is utterly FREAKED.

**TILLERSON**

I LOVE YOU, ALAN.

**VICTIM**

(SMALL)

[REDACTED] IS WRONG WITH YOU...?

7. Tillerson smiles at the victim as he takes a step back, the others watching, waiting.

**TILLERSON**

THE SAME THING THAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ALAN. I'M LIVING THROUGH THE END OF THE WORLD BY CANDLELIGHT.

(JOINED)

IT'S CLAUSTROPHOBIC AND AIRLESS, AND THERE'S NOTHING BEYOND THE CANDLELIGHT EXCEPT UNENDING BLACKNESS.

**VICTIM**

(SMALL)

THE [REDACTED] ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOU STUPID [REDACTED] ING [REDACTED]--

8. Tighter on the smiling Tillerson, utterly casual and genial.

**TILLERSON**

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE BLACKNESS, ALAN, IF YOU'D LISTEN FOR A MINUTE AND STOP SWEARING.

(JOINED)

IT'S NOT EMPTY, THE BLACKNESS. THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT, AND IT'S WONDERFUL.

(JOINED)

WE'RE GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO IT.

**VICTIM**

(small from off)

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR [REDACTED] ING MIND--

**Page two**

1. Tillerson turns to approach the waiting figures. Each one is holding an object - a hedge trimmer, a food mixer, a sack of cement, a trowel, a spade etc etc.

**TILLERSON**

IT'S OUR GIFT TO YOU, ALAN. IT'S THE BEST GIFT ANYONE CAN EVER GET.

**VICTIM**

JOEL! JOEL! PLEASE--

2. Tillerson walks in amongst the waiting group, smiling, looking at the things they are clutching. Mrs Sylvie is at his side.

**TILLERSON**

EVERYONE'S BROUGHT SOMETHING, ALAN. LIKE A PICNIC.

(JOINED)

WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT, EVERYONE?

**MRS SYLVIE**

DAVID'S BROUGHT A FOOD MIXER, MR TILLERSON. NOT VERY PRACTICAL.

**TILLERSON**

NICE IDEA, THOUGH. WELL DONE, DAVID.

3. Tillerson continues to inspect. The waiting figures wait silently, holding their 'gifts' in front of them with both hands.

**TILLERSON**

NAIL GUN. SPLENDID.

(JOINED)

HACKSAW. ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE. HEDGE TRIMMER. POWER DRILL. TROWEL.

(JOINED)

A SACK OF FAST-SET CEMENT, SARAH? THAT'S LOVELY THINKING.

4. Tillerson looks back at the traumatized victim.

**TILLERSON**

YOU SEE, ALAN, THEY'RE ALL THINGS WE ONCE USED TO BUILD AND SHAPE OUR WORLD.

(JOINED)

WE SHAPED IT SO MUCH, IN THE END, IT DIED.

(JOINED)

SO THESE THINGS NOW HAVE SYMBOLIC VALUE.

5. Tighter on Tillerson as he walks back to the victim.

**TILLERSON**

WE USE THEM TO UN-SHAPE NOW. TO UN-MAKE ALL THAT BAD THINGS WE MADE BEFORE.

(JOINED)

SO THEY POSSESS SPECIAL POWER THAT WILL HELP US WITH OUR WORKING TODAY.

6. The victim reacts violently, but Tillerson calmly - and firmly - clamps his hand across the victim's mouth.

**VICTIM**

YOU'RE ██████ ING MMMMGGHHH!

**TILLERSON**

SHH! SHHH, ALAN!

(JOINED)

THE LEPER HEART BEATS FOR YOU. LOW THETA HANGS IN THE SUN.

(JOINED)

DROWSY MELANCHOLEMA AND WATCHFUL VOVEK STAND SIDE BY SIDE, WAITING TO OPEN THE UNREACH FOR YOU.

7. Hand still clamped, Tillerson leans in, whispering, smiling. The victim is eyes-wide in frantic panic. Mrs Sylvie stands nearby.

**TILLERSON**

JUST FOR YOU, ALAN. SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

(JOINED)

MRS SYLVIE? TELL ALAN THE NAME OF THE WONDERFUL THING HE WILL MEET IN THE BLACKNESS.

(JOINED)

SO ALAN CAN GREET IT BY NAME.

**MRS SYLVIE**

PHALE CHRONOZON.

8. Tight in on Tillerson (smiling) and the victim (eyes wide) face to face, hand still clamped across the mouth.

**TILLERSON**

PHALE CHRONOZON, ALAN. PLEASE SAY HELLO FROM ME.

(JOINED)

DEBORAH, CAN I BORROW YOUR HACKSAW?

**VICTIM**

MMIIIIIMMMGGGHH! MIIIIIMMMGGHHHHHHHHH!

1. Page wide, big and splash. Big shot with room for the title and logo. A vast and spectacular exterior shot of YULIYA HABITAT in space.

**FROM 1**

AND WE'LL NEED A MOP, I THINK, MRS SYLVIE.

**FROM 2**

OH [REDACTED]! OH [REDACTED]! YOU [REDACTED]ING [REDACTED]ING NYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

**TAG**

(habitat)

Yuliya Habitat

Owned: Junot Corp

Completed: 2075 AD

**TAG**

(habitat)

Population: 783,000

First occupied 2076, four years after the final evacuation of Earth.

2. Interior, a shot looking down a very busy public 'street'. Really dense packed with citizens hustling about their business.

**TAG**

Loop 1. Junot Corporate Zone.

3. Close in to show KURTIS walking through the press of the crowd. She looks deadpan, dressed in simple civilian clothes, with a small rucksack or overnight bag.

**TAG**

(classified style)

HSD RESTRICTED DATA

Bridget Kurtis

Investigator, Habitat Security Division

Born: Salma Habitat 2067

OPERATIONAL STATUS: UNDERCOVER

4. Behind her as she approaches a large GATEWAY in the wall of a larger BUILDING. The gateway is a large, perhaps ornate, security gate/hatch, manned by uniformed security guards (Gentry's uniform from book 2). If we have a Junot logo, it's over the gate. Kurtis isn't the only civilian heading in.

**TAG**

(building)

Junot House

Junot Corporation headquarters

**TAG**

(gateway)

Junot House service entry (domestic staff only)

5. Kurtis stops and talks to a guard in the gateway. Others civilians pass by her, heading in. The guard, bored, is scanning her tracelet with a handheld device, reading off it. Kurtis is obediently holding her tracelet up.

**GUARD**

NEW?

**BRIDGET**

YES, SIR. FIRST DAY.

**GUARD**

I GOT YOU. DAVIA SINTA. YOU'RE TAGGED ON PAYROLL.

(JOINED)

GO LEFT FOR SCREENING AND INDUCTION.

**Page four**

1. Interior. A high-tech checking area like an airport security check. Kurtis stands at a steel counter facing a uniformed clerk. There is a plastic carton the size of an archive box on the counter, and she's putting her bag in it. The clerk looks bored, unamused. Nearby, other people are going through the same routine.

**CLERK**

NO, EVERYTHING IN THE CARTON. YOU DON'T BRING ANYTHING IN.

**BRIDGET**

EVEN MY TRACELET?

2. The clerk sneers. Kurtis slips off her tracelet, looking unhappy.

**CLERK**

DIDN'T YOU READ THE T.A.C.?

(JOINED)

JUNOT HOUSE IS A CLEAN HOUSE. NO PERSONAL DEVICES.

(JOINED)

PUT IT IN THE CARTON.

3. On her hands as she puts the tracelet into the carton with her bag (her POV).

**CLERK**

ANY IMPLANTS? NANOWARE?

4.

**BRIDGET**

NO.

5. Cut to Kurtis standing in a body scanner, arms raised. Graphic/light FX scans pass over her

From **OFF**

LOOK TO THE LEFT.

(JOINED)

OKAY, MOVE THROUGH. STRIP OFF.

6. Cut to her in a very sparse, basic 'locker room', stripping naked. Others, men and women, are doing the same around her. All very awkward and degrading.

**NO DIALOGUE**

7. Cut to her, stark naked, in an industrial shower that is hosing her harshly from all sides, Silkwood style. Other miserable naked people are in there with her. You can use the spray to cover actually nudity.

**NO DIALOGUE**

8. Behind Kurtis as she stands, naked and dripping, at another counter. A uniformed fitter is sliding her a shrink-wrapped block of clothes. He is absolutely not interested in the fact she's naked.

**BRIDGET**

DAVIA SINTA.

**FITTER**

THIS IS YOUR LIVERY.

(JOINED)

GET DRESSED AND GO THROUGH TO INDUCTION.

**Page five**

1. Page wide. Cut to induction. A small-ish room like a doctor's waiting room. Rows of chairs. Maybe a Junot logo on the wall, maybe even very faint, old fashioned wall appear. The place isn't full - about six other people. Kurtis, face grim, sits facing us in the front row. She is now dressed in her uniform - basically a black, Victorian housemaid's uniform with a white pinny. Not sexy, though. Very functional. Black tights. Heavy black shoes. The other men and women in the room wear similar uniforms (housemaids, grooms, servants).

**NO DIALOGUE**

2. A very young girl (LALLA) in a white 'cook's' uniform sits down beside her, nervous, smiling. Bridget doesn't look at her.

**LALLA**

THIS IS ALL WEIRD, ISN'T IT?

**BRIDGET**

YEAH.

**LALLA**

I'VE WORKED SMALLSPACE BEFORE, BUT NOT MAJOR CORPORATE LIKE THIS.

3. They sit side by side, not looking at each other. Lalla fiddles with her wrist where her tracelet should be.

**BRIDGET**

ME NEITHER.

**LALLA**

IT'S WEIRD NOT HAVING MY TRACELET. NOT BEING ABLE TO TALK TO ANYBODY OUTSIDE.

(JOINED)

I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE TO DO THAT, DON'T THEY? I MEAN, THE CORPORATE CONFIDENTIAL THING.

4. Side by side. Not looking at each other. Lalla laughs nervously, uncomfortable.

**LALLA**

THEY EVEN LOOKED UP MY--

(JOINED, SMALL)

YOU KNOW. CAVITY SEARCH. FRONT AND BACK. WASN'T VERY NICE.

**BRIDGET**

NO, IT WASN'T.

**LALLA**

BUY A GIRL A DRINK FIRST, I SAY. HA HA!

5. Match shot, but now they look at each other. Bridget still doesn't crack an expression.

**LALLA**

I'M LALLA. I'M A CLASS FOUR IN FOOD PREP.

**BRIDGET**

DAVIA.

(JOINED)

I'M A SWEEPER.

6. Match shot.

**LALLA**

OH, YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT THE CONFIDENTIAL STUFF, THEN.

(JOINED)

MUST THINK I'M AN IDIOT, GOING ON ABOUT IT.

**BRIDGET**

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE AN IDIOT.

**LALLA**

I MEAN, I'VE WORKED SMALLSPACE BEFORE, LOTS, BUT NOT IN A CLEAN HOUSE--

7. Behind Kurtis and the others as MRS SYLVIE walks in and looks at them (no rain cape now).

**MRS SYLVIE**

GOOD MORNING. WELCOME TO INDUCTION.

(JOINED)

I'M THE HOUSEKEEPER. I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW INFORMAL WORDS BY WAY OF HELLO.

(JOINED)

MY NAME IS MRS SYLVIE.

DTP

**NEXT PROG: SWEEPING SMALLSPACE!**

# DAN ABNETT

Dan Abnett is a seven-times New York Times bestselling author and an award-winning comic book writer. He has written over fifty novels, including the acclaimed Gaunt's Ghosts series, the Eisenhorn and Ravenor trilogies, volumes of the million-selling Horus Heresy series, *The Silent Stars Go By (Doctor Who)*, *Rocket Raccoon and Groot: Steal the Galaxy*, *The Avengers: Everybody Wants To Rule The World*, *The Wield*, *Triumff: Her Majesty's Hero*, and *Embedded*. In comics, he is known for his work on *The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *Aquaman*, *The Titans*, *Nova*, *Wild's End*, and *The New Deadwardians*. His 2008 run on *The Guardians of the Galaxy* for Marvel formed the inspiration for the blockbuster movie. A regular contributor to the UK's long-running 2000 AD, he is the creator of series including *Grey Area*, *Lawless*, *Brink*, *Kingdom* and the classic *Sinister Dexter*. He has also written extensively for the games industry, including *Shadow of Mordor* and *Alien: Isolation*.

Dan lives and works in the UK. Follow him on Twitter @VincentAbnett

# I.N.J. CULBARD

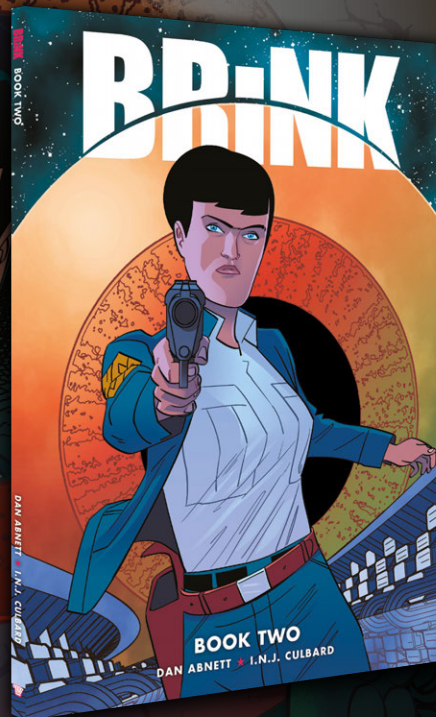
I.N.J. Culbard is an award-winning artist and writer. He has had work published by SelfMadeHero, Dark Horse comics, Vertigo and BOOM! Studios. He first started working with Ian Edginton on adaptations for SelfMadeHero of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Sign of the Four*, and *The Valley of Fear*. He has also worked with Dan Abnett on original series such as *The New Deadwardians* (Vertigo), *Dark Ages* (Dark Horse Comics), and *Wild's End* (BOOM! Studios). And lastly he has worked with Chris Lackey and Chad Fifer on the original graphic novel, *Deadbeats* (SelfMadeHero)

He has produced a number of his own adaptations for SelfMadeHero including *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, *The Shadow Out of Time*, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, *At the Mountains of Madness* and his first solo original graphic novel, *Celeste*.

**THE EDGE OF MADNESS!**

# BRINK

DAN ABNETT I.N.J. CULBARD

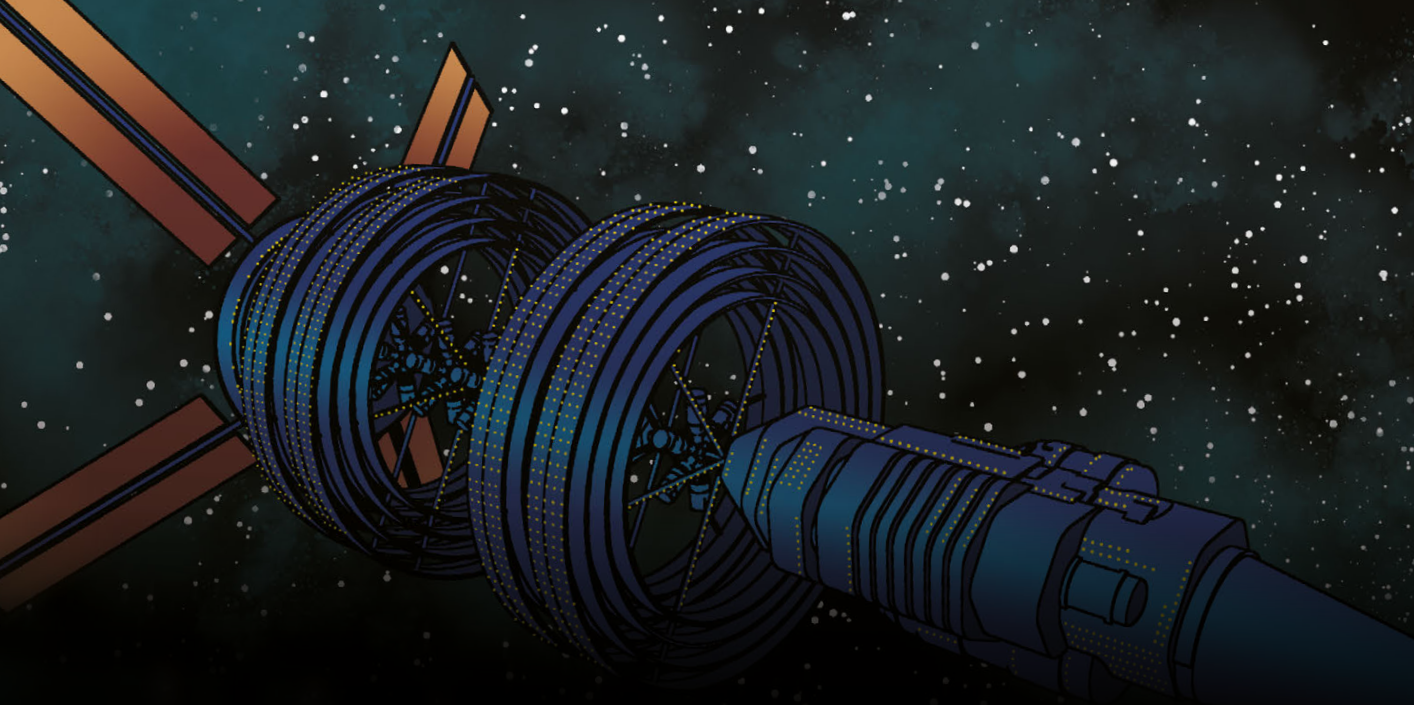


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## THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE BLACKNESS

**BRIDGET KURTIS IS BACK UNDERCOVER. POSING AS SECURITY STAFF WITHIN THE paranoid Junot house, she must attempt to infiltrate the Master Sect lurking amongst the upper echelons of Junot corporate before the group realises their plans to appropriate Galina Habitat for mass human sacrifice have been compromised.**

Separating occult machinations from insider dealing is hard enough, but the board are already suspicious of events on Galina, and the team's top-ranking "in" could quickly get voted out before they can uncover the truth. The corporation is viciously secretive, especially where "family" is concerned, and to earn their trust Kurtis may have to reveal her familiarity with the Sect's arcane gods, whether she wants to or not...

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