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Johnny Mnemonic

By William Gibson

Good morning. | This is your wake-up call.
Thank you for staying | at the New Darwin Inn.

The time is 10:

You have no new messages.

Johnny?

- Yeah? | - Never mind.

NAS:

So where is home?

Johnny?

Home?

Would you believe | I don't even know?

Yes. I would.

Going out?

Getting some ice.

We've got...

ice.

Pick it up, Ralfi.

How about it?

You said you'd lock down a date | for the procedure.

And hello to you too.

Ralfi. The date. When?

I'm sorry, Johnny. The Sheba surgeons | have changed their quote.

You told me 800K would cover it.

The fee for removing the implant | is now one-million-five.

That is complete memory recovery.

If you don't want it all back...

they may come down.

If I just wanted the silicon | dug out of my brain...

I could go to Mexico City!

I want a full restoration! | I want it all back.

Johnny, the Sheba boys, | they set the price.

- I've done what I can. | - Come on, Ralfi.

One more run, Johnny.

And then you could cover it, | provided it's a rich one.

What have you got?

It depends. | Did you get that upgrade?

Very good. Pick-up is in central Beijing | tomorrow night, 10:00.

This is the big one.

Don't be late, Johnny.

Paging Mr. Smith.

NAS, the so-called black shakes...

first identified in 2010 | in a small population--

Snatch back your brain, zombie,|and hold it!

Sorry, technical difficulty.

Please come in.

Activating Pemex Memory Doubler.

Your present capacity:|80 gigabytes.

Doubler loading.

Your storage capacity is now|160 gigabytes.

Warning:

The courier is late.

Be calm.

Double cheese? Anchovies?

You are Mister--

- Smith.|- You are late.

Right.

Question.

You're not the kind of people|I usually work for.

We are new at this.

No shit.

We approached you|through the correct channels.

We paid half to the Swiss account|exactly as your agent instructed.

Here's your ticket.|First class.

Let's see the upload.

Motion detector.

How much am I carrying?

Your storage capacity?

Where am I taking it?

Newark.

Your storage capacity?

More than adequate.

Somebody'll take him|to Las Vegas?

It is extremely dangerous...

if the upload volume|exceeds your storage capacity.

Synaptic seepage can kill you|in two or three days.

Plus, the data...

may be corrupted and coherent download|will be impossible.

We don't have a problem.

Are we loading or not?

Your ticket.

Ralfi, your agent...

will arrange the meet|for the download.

When the counter approaches zero...

click on three frames off the TV.

Any three. They'll meld with the data,|and I won't know what they are.

That's the download code.
You get a hard copy.
You fax one copy|to your connection on the other side.
When I get there,|we feed in the code and download.
Understand?
Upload begins|when you press here.
Who's the target?
Scientists.
PharmaKom R&D people.
Detectors.
Hit me.
The access code.
Mr. Smith?
Where's the bathroom?
- What?|- The toilet.
Destroy the original!
Fax the images to Newark.
Oh, Jesus! Shit!
Water temperature is 17 degrees.
Next time, knock, baldy.
Transmission commencing.
Transmission interrupted.
Get him!
You !
Where is he going?
Where is he taking the data?
Newark!
Immigration control.|Please insert passport.
Beginning scan.

Warning:

Scanning dyslexia|prosthesis implant.
Government approved.

Warning:

Neural failure within 24 hours.
Seek medical attention immediately.
Thank you.
Welcome to Newark.
Final boarding call,|Western Pacific Air...
flight 86, gate 113.
Tokyo wants me to recover|the stolen data...
for PharmaKominat Industries|of Zurich.
Our operation in Beijing|met with limited success.

The PharmaKom traitors are dead.
The courier, however,|escaped with the data.
He's on his way here,|to Newark.
I didn't want to disturb you|in your grief.
It must be very difficult|to lose an only child.
I can't say.
I'm to recover the head|of the mnemonic courier...
cryogenically preserved.
The traitors wiped|the PharmaKom mainframe.
If we lose the courier...
they've lost the data forever.
If the courier is in Newark...
it's my responsibility.
You have part of the courier's...
download code.
Just what's the deal here?
Johnny boy, my ass.|What's the fucking score here?
I'm way overloaded, man.
You would not believe how much.
You told me you got upgraded.
Yeah, I did.|I got the goods.
I want them out of my head.|Did they get the code out?
Don't worry.|They said they can extract.
Extract?
What's going on, Ralfi?|This feels like a blown deal, man.
You say you have to get|the data out.
They are the only ones who can do it.|There's no other choice.
Trust me. I will tell the driver|where to take you.
Spider, I need to get some work.
About these episodes|you've been having.
I want to get you back to the shop|for some tests.
Hey, are you listening?
No more playing doctor,|remember?
That's not what I meant.
Look.
They must be the oldest bodyguards|in town.
I'm twice as fast as they are.
I'm worried about|your nervous system!
Especially it you continue|being a bodyguard.
Get out of here, bitch.
Take it easy.
Your hired muscle's|aging on you, Ralfi.
I could've done you.
Time you hired|some young and fast.

You mean like you?
You're the best agent|for bodyguards in town.
I'm the fastest,|now Spider's jacked my system.
Hold out your hand.
Okay.
Fine. Just hold it there.
So?
Just hold it there.|You can hold it.
- Can't you?|- Yeah. Sure.
See?
Cheap street implants.
You're damaged goods.
Spider man jacked you up|all right.
Jacked her up so tight|she shakes.
I cannot use you,|not for muscle.
Ever considered something|a little less actively physical?
Like on your back, babe?
Or on your knees.
I'll get a gig, Ralfi.
Then I'm coming back for you.
Sure.
Yo, J-Bone.
What you clocking, man?
Some suit out from the city.
What for?
I don't know.|Suits don't come out here.
You're Johnny?
Am I?
I sure hope so.|Come on in.
We're here to help you.
We've got to stop meeting|like this.
Baldy.
Doctor will see you now.
You lied.
Time to die.
Time?
We've got all night, asshole!
- Let me see it.|- Shut up, man.
Yo, J-man.
Toad!
You weren't on the menu.
- I want you to do something.|- Do?
Yes. Say 'bye.
Hold it right there.

You're tooling up.
As long as you understand|one thing:
We're even.|I don't owe you shit.
Who are you?
I'm J-Bone.
I run Heaven.
The LoTek headquarters.
Easy as apple pie|Easy as app--
- Johnny!|- They were waiting for me, Ralfi.
Two big, nasty men!
Johnny, please.|Let me explain. Johnny!
You set me up, my friend.
Johnny, it's not my fault.|There's been a screw-up!
You're dead if you don't get|this stuff out of my head.
Shit!
Not on the head!
Don't tell me you hit him|on the head.
This way.
Hooky, give me my shit.
Come on.
Looks like he's coming 'round.
Looks like he's coming 'round.
How you feeling, Johnny?
What'd they upload?
The goddamn Library of Congress?
Feels like my brain's gonna explode.
I think your friend|can take care of that.
Ralfi, you lying sack of shit.
Please, let's work this out|like gentlemen.
In this business, you only fuck up once|with the Yakuza.
We'll need a bucket.
Put it here beside the table.
Can we talk?
Talk.
I have one image of the access code.|You have the other two.
I'll give you the data.|Everybody happy.
You don't understand.
They want the data and|everything it's ever been stored in.
There's less danger|of information decay.
We don't have to worry|about anyone going in...
with mnemonic sensors.
These days, you see...
dead men can tell tales.
There's some way|to work this out!

There is.
Hurry up. Please.
What is going on?
I'll slit his fucking throat, bitch.
So? The other guy's gonna|cut his whole head off.
- Say we pay you to walk away?|- I'll pay 20 grand.
You wouldn't believe|the shit you're in.
Fifty.
Deal.
You bitch!
It's okay.|I got the gun. Let's go.
Time to go!
Bitch!
Hey! You could have|fucking killed me!
Get out of my way!
What are you doing?
My gear.
In here.
Back door.
Thanks, J-Bone.
We'll find you again!
Count on it!
Down!
You LoTeks will regret this.
I have to get on-line.|Must be some way to square this.
Fifty thou', you said.
Time I see the color.
Right. You were terrific.
So if you'll point the way out|and give me an account number--
Account number?
I'm on you till you pay.
How come they want|to cut off your head?
Usually they just|off people around here.
Long story.
I'm gonna be around|until I get paid, so--
I can carry nearly 80 gigs of data|in my head.
But somebody stuck in more,|and I don't know how to get it out.
Wait. You're a smuggler?|In your head?
What's wrong?
Come here. Sit down.
Oh, man, you are fucked up severe.
Stay quiet, boy. Okay?
Papa!
Takahashi. How sad.

The loss of a child.
They know that your purpose|in life has been lost.
It died with your daughter.
You have become a risk to them.
Take a good look|at their errand boy.
The one who wants|the courier's head.
He's plotting to destroy you.
You must neutralize him,|Takahashi.
I promise you...
the courier,|what he carries...
can give you new purpose in life.
I was PharmaKom,|and I--
They're listening.
They're everywhere.
It's just my stuff.
Mace, throwing spikes, grenade.
Everything a girl needs.
You let me sleep?
You needed it.
I'm in a hurry.
I'm dead it I don't get this|out of my head.
Hey. Do you ever sneak a look|at what you carry?
Usually there's a code,|like a lock.
Well, when there isn't?
No. It goes with the territory.
Safer for me|and the client.
How come you knew those, uh--
Oh, call them LoTeks.
I sort of hung with them|when I was a kid.
How do you fit all that shit|in your head anyway?
Must have been pretty good|at memorizing, huh?
Implant. Wet-wired.
I had to dump a chunk|of long-term memory.
You had to dump what?
My childhood.
Your childhood?
Really?
All of it?|You can't remember a thing?
Maybe there's some residual traces.
Every now and then there's something,|but I can never hold onto it.
That's a seriously|weird-ass thing to do.
Maybe I didn't lose anything|I wanted to keep.
I needed the space for the job.
You got parents and stuff?

You got parents and stuff?
Yeah. Once.
But I haven't seen them in years.
Anyway, I don't think|about it much, okay?
What do you think about?
When you're alone?
I think I want to get out|of this rat hole.
I want to get on-line.|I need a computer!
Where'd you learn to do that?
I used to have a summer job|breaking and entering.
I need a Sino-Logic 16...
Sogo-7 data-gloves,|a GPL stealth module...
one Burdine intelligent translator|and Thompson eye phones.
Password, enter.
Welcome to BRT on-line.
Global Net selected.
What are you doing?
Making a long-distance phone call.|Beijing. A hotel.
Beijing selected.
Access denied.
Access granted.
Hotel Beijing selected.
General accounts selected.
Fax charges, suite 2571...
He'll try to make a move.
He'll use his connections on the net.
Narrow the band width.
Go low rent.
On-line translation.
Translator selected.
Shit. It's just an all-night|copy shop...
they were faxing to|here in Newark.
Local net selected.
Hold it.
Command terminated.
Come on, baby.
All the way back to Newark.
Copy shop.
It's here.
Fax buffer selected.
Part of it's here|in the buffer of their fax modem.
Nothing but a name:|Dr. Allcome.
Nothing came through.
Shit!

Let's go.
No, I'm gonna try something else. | A guy called Strike.
He runs a board in this sector. | Maybe he can find this doctor.
We're on him.
He's using a Sino-Logic 16, | GPL stealth module.
Crazy Bob's Computer Shop...
Initiate the virus.
Access denied.
Let me in.
Access granted.
Get off my board, man. | You are too hot.
You're a hit waiting to happen.
Off!
You owe me, Strike.
I don't owe you that much.
I could crash you from here. | Wipe out your board!
Johnny, don't, man. | That's my livelihood.
Then stop bullshitting me. | I need to know what I'm holding.
Why is the Yakuza after it? | Who's Dr. Allcome?
All I know is...
you've got a head | full of PharmaKom data...
and they've hired the Yakuza | to get it out.
PharmaKom?
Shit! They put a virus on us.
Get out of here, man! | I never heard of any Dr. Malcolm.
Johnny. Hurry, Johnny. | They're coming.
Who the hell are you?
Got to go now.
Come on.
Watch this.
Inform Takahashi...
his tracker was late | in locating the courier.
It seems he's already departed.
Mr. Takahashi, Shinji has failed | again to locate the courier.
Get me Karl.
Church of the Retransfiguration. | Thank you for calling.
I need your services.
We hold services nightly.
You should join us.
A special one.
You need someone | brought to Jesus...
or to you?

Only one part:

And who is this lost soul?
This sinner unrepentant?
A courier.
Last seen at the drome. | Name is Johnny.
If you get me the head in 24 hours...
triple the fee.
Karl, do not fail me.
Hey! What are you doing?
Mind if I use this?
Man owes me 50 thou', | and he's scamming my phone card.
And it's still our first date.
Welcome to AT&T.
Enter password.
This is an unlisted number. | How did you get it?
Don't like surprises?
No, and it's a federal offense | to hack shielded lines.
I have 320 gigabytes | of PharmaKom data.
Don't bother. | I'll be out of here in 20 seconds.
So, what exactly is it | that you want?
Your data out of my head.
That can be arranged.
Let's meet.
Where?
They're gonna chop your head off!
They're gonna chop your head off!
They'll negotiate. | They're corporate.
So's the Yakuza.
If you don't come, fine.
It's not your kind of scene.
If it works out, I'll pay you. | If it doesn't--
If it doesn't, | you're one dead Johnny.
I will be anyway, | if I don't get this shit out of my head.
Listen.
I know this guy Spider.
Used to be a doctor. | He could help you.
Fix your--
Hey, what's with you?
I'll be all right.
Jesus, you're sick!
You strung out or what? | You got NAS!
You have the black shakes.
Whatever it is you have, | you're sidelined, right?
I've got to make this meeting. | Hey! Can you hear me?
Spider. He could help you !

He could help me.
If you're not expected,|you're not invited.
So fuck off, okay?
It's Jane.|She says you know her.
Get down here, man.|She's sick.
Look, I've got to run.
Shut up. Give me that|muscle relaxant over there.
The red one.
It's NAS, right?
Yeah, the black shakes.|Like half the people on the planet.
Let me tell you something|so you get this straight.
It's not my work that got her this way.|My work is clean.
Besides, you don't get this shit|from amp jobs.
That's a myth.
So what does cause it?
The world causes it.|This causes it!
Information overload,|all the electronics...
poisoning the airwaves!
Technological fucking civilization!
But we still have all this shit,|because we can't live without it.
Let me do my work.
Whoa. Street preacher's out.
J-Bone, you copying?
That son of a bitch doesn't have|one natural bone...
Left in his body.
He really a preacher, J-Bone?
Preacher? That motherfucker's|got God and technology ass-backward.
He'll kill anybody for money|just to keep his body full of implants.
Want me to follow him?
Stay away from him.
He's too crazy.
Anna Kalmann, founder,|former CEO...
of the multinational|PharmaKominat Industries, Zurich.
Born August 1, 1965.|Died September 3, 2015.
Died? Six years ago?
She was imprinted to PharmaKom's...
neural-net installation in Zurich|prior to onset of morbidity.
Imprinted?
Her neural-net persona|has Swiss citizenship...
under the artificial|intelligence laws of 2006.
She advises the current board|from this state of being.
PharmaKom, Newark.
What are you doing?
Just looking.

Don't touch anything. |Who the fuck are you anyway?
Johnny who?
Just Johnny.
It looks like a full-service shop. |How are you on brain implants?
Silicon implants, neural overlays, |memory augmentation?
We don't get much of that out here |in Newark, Just Johnny.
Kind of upscale for us, |you know?
Got mine in Singapore.
Oh, yeah? |What's your deal, Just Johnny?
I got this problem.
Up here.
"They err in vision. |They stumble in judgment.
For all the tables are full...
of vomit and filthiness.
So that there is no place clean."
You should have seen it before.
Isaiah.
Isaiah? Mine's Hooky.
Hey!
The girl that took Ralfi's boy...
out of the back room.
Who is she?
You expect me to remember...
half the shit?
Heal!
Oh, man. |Why'd you have to do that?
- Who's the girl? | - A wanna be.
She's always hanging around here |looking for a job.
Name?
Jane.
More.
- One of Spider's jobs. | - Spider?
He's a flesh mechanic-- |implants and shit, you know?
They said he used to |be a legit doctor once, but--
Where?
They did some serious shoehorning |to get that in there.
Let's skip the technical critique. |I need some help.
You don't know the half.
Must be hurting like hell.
Think I need you to tell me that? |I got 320 gigs in here.
Yeah? What is it exactly?
What kind of stuff?
I haven't got a clue, and I don't have |a download code either.
Hey.

You doing okay?
Good girl, Janie.
You brought him to the right place.
You can fix him?
I don't know.
With his seepage,|if I could work a download...
I don't know|if the product would be coherent.
Fuck the product.|I just want it out.
I wish it was that simple.
Allcome. Dr. Allcome.
Ever hear that name?
- Maybe.|- Where is he?
Maybe! Why do you want to see him?
Oh, come on, Spider.
I'll make sure Just Johnny|gets to see who he needs to see...
but you need bed rest, down time.
He's my client.
I'm telling you,|you've got to sleep!
Just tell me where to go.
All right.|I'll drive you.
Right.
- Halt, sinners!|- Fuck!
Spider, look out!
Who the fuck was that?
You don't want to know.
Jesus.
Where are we?
You'll see.
He's been this way for an hour now.|I don't know what to do with him.
If we still got any Paralon B,|give him 20 mg's.
Fucking PharmaKom, man.
That shit costs two grand|per clinical unit.
Okay, keep him warm|and bring his charts.
Here are the charts, Doctor.
Where's Dr. Allcome?
Dr. Allcome is a name|used when we've got a major problem...
and don't want to spook the patients.
"Doctor all come to ward seven."
We drop everything|and haul ass to wherever.
Usually means a crazy, somebody violent.
But I saw it on the fax buffer.
That tax was meant tor us.
Who's "us?"|Hey, wait a minute!
Who's "us?"

The NAS underground. | People who keep this place going.
People like me. | Get on the table.
Why?
Don't be a bigger asshole than you | have to. Just get on the table.
All right.
Jack in.
Lie down.
Let's take a look at this shit.
No access code?
Except for one image | out of three.
It won't help. | What'd they use? Random images?
Yeah. From the TV.
I've got some decryption codes here. | I'll run them.
Janie, you should | really lie down.
Can you break the code?
If I get lucky. | Really lucky.
Fuck!
No dice?
- No. But I can get it out. | - How ?
A general anesthetic, | a cranial drill and a pair of forceps.
I could die, right?
It's gonna kill you anyway.
If I take it out, you'll probably | survive but lose some fine motor skills.
You might not remember anything | for more than three minutes.
Fuck that!
Let me tell you | what you've got in there...
and what it's worth to the world!
You're carrying | the cure for NAS.
You're telling me I got--
PharmaKom's R&D on their cure | for Nerve Attenuation Syndrome.
Plus the field trials to prove | that it works-- and it really works.
You mean, like a real cure?
They could have you straightened out | in three weeks.
You and everybody else.
Everybody's trying | to cut off my head.
So Saigon can run it through | a quantum interference detector.
Then they would have the cure. | We wouldn't.
You keep that thing in your head | and nobody can save you.
Plus, the cure is gone forever.
I can save the cure.
Even with the code, the seepage is so | bad it'd probably come out as
garbage.
What's it supposed to matter to me | if I'm dead? Follow me?
The cure can save millions. You're gonna | die anyway if we don't get it out.

All I know is that whatever's|in my head is worth a lot of money.
Why should I trust you?
You're supposed to be my bodyguard.
Bodyguard!
You're not walking out|with that cure in your head!
That cure is mine!
Behold your savior!
Get out of the building!|It's your only chance!
Go! Get him to Jones!
Go!
Who is Jones?
He's that guy|who fucks your mother.
Where are they?
I couldn't make the meeting,|but I'm still up for it.
- Are you?|- Certainly.

This time:

Bring the rest of the code.|I'll find you.
I'll be there.
I want to negotiate.
Yes, sir.
Great. If they don't kill you,|J-Bone will.
Listen to me before it's too late.
We're running out of time.|He's carrying the cure for--
I told her|if she wants to get with me...
then I want to get with her.
Screw the physical disability.
Because it's about the feeling.
What's up?
Wind, maybe.
What do you think?
It's crazy,|but if I really have the cure...
it could save you.
It could save everybody.
Who is this Jones guy|Spider said was our only chance?
He's--
He was in the navy.
In the war.
They put a lot of stuff in his head.|Kind of like you.
Memory augments?
I don't know.
You'll see.
Man, somebody crazy down there|is getting on my nerves.
Ratlands are full of crazies, Stick.|Ignore it, man.

No, man.
Down there.
It's Spider's van.
Yep. Better tell J-Bone.
I got an idea.
Let's drop a bug on Spider man.
Forget it.
I'm going to do it.
Don't say that. | J-Bone'll shit if he hears you.
I'm going to do it.
Wake up, damn it!
- Shit, man. | - That's what they're for.
Shit!
What the fuck is going on?
You know, all my life...
I've been careful to | stay in my own corner.
Looking out for number one.
No complications.
Now suddenly...
I'm responsible | for the entire fucking world!
Everybody and his mother | is trying to kill me...
if my head doesn't blow up first.
Maybe it's not just about you anymore.
Listen. You listen to me.
You see that city over there?
That's where I'm supposed to be.
Not down here with the dogs | and the garbage...
and the fucking last month's newspapers | blowing back and forth!
I've had it with them!
I've had it with you and all this!
I want room service!
I want the club sandwich | and the cold Mexican beer.
I want a \$10,000-a-night hooker!
I want my shirts laundered...
Like they do at the Imperial Hotel...
in Tokyo.
We've got to see Jones.
Spider sent us.
Where's Spider?
He's dead.
Not in there. Earlier.
At the hospital.
If Spider sent you, come on.
J-Bone, help me.

Come on.|Keep it together.
Come on.
Help. Right here. You too.
I got him!
He'll be all right.|Go on.
Tell Shinji to meet me at the bridge.
He's on his way, sir.
- My helicopter.|- It's waiting, sir.
You okay?
I saw--
I almost saw--
As if it was...
a memory.
We have a room especially for that.
It's time to meet Jones.
We built Heaven completely|out of straight-world junk...
all hauled up here piece by piece.
We work for Spider and his people...
and anybody else|who is fighting the system.
We out shit for them.
What do you mean, "out"?
Heaven.
The heart and soul.
This is where we tight back.
We strip the pictures|from their 500-channel universe.
Recontextualize it.|Then we spit the shit back at them.
Special data.
Things that'll help people...
Like stuff we get from Spider.
We wide-band it.
Broadcast it. Go global.
Bounce it off the satellites|that Jones hacks for us.
Way the navy got him hooked up...
he cuts through hard encryption|like a knife through butter.
Code breaker.|I can't wait to meet him.
Right this way.
Jones.
It's a fish.
It's a mammal.
He's a friend, sailor.
This was Spider's best bet?
One thing Spider wasn't was stupid.
Jones is set up to sample software|from enemy subs.
Intra-sound scan.

Right through the hull.
Jones'll feed you can opener codes.
We'll try to get you out in time.
Wait. Have you done this before?
Has the fish?
How dangerous is this?
Just keep your head still.
Move around too much...
could microwave your frontal lobe.
Forget it.
Look, man, at least you got a chance.
It's up to you.
Do what you got to do.
Give me what you got|of the download codes.
Inputting first image.
Set up the broadcast antennas.
Now.
It wasn't my fault.
We were just fooling around.
I just don't want to do nothing no more.
Hear what I'm saying?
Hey, buddy.
Maroni!
Motherfuckers!
Stations! You all know the drill!
- What did you get?|- We didn't.
We're not going to get it right now.
The only way is to hack your own brain|and loop it through Jones.
The fuel tanks!
Shit. It's the Yakuza.
Give me that.
I was almost there.
I could feel it starting to--
Mr. Smith?
PharmaKom?
Not really.
You can't shoot me.
Not in the head.
Takahashi!
Do you know what|he is carrying in his head?
He's carrying the cure for NAS.
Your daughter died to protect|PharmaKom's profit margin.
Treating the disease is far more|profitable than curing it.
They had the cure...

eight months ago, Takahashi.
PharmaKom, the company that I created...
Let your daughter die.
Shinji.
Hello, Johnny.
Raise your chin.
Let's make this clean.
Kiai !
If I fall, you don't get the head.
If you lose the head,|you're fucked!
Jesus time.
Come to Jesus.
The cure.
He's made you the vessel of His mercy|as I am the vessel of His wrath.
Jones.
What spawn of Satan--
Now!
Jane!
I'm all right.
Piece of shit.
Hook me up.
The second image.
Get the power up!
Johnny.
The dolphin can take you into the data.
Find the third image.
I knew their secrets.
The image...
the company has forgotten for me.
Now they erase me...
burn me out of the mainframes.
One memory after another.
How very kind of them.
Johnny.
We're out of power,|so we have to do the download now.
Remember, we've got to|loop it through Jones.
Okay, let's do this.
Watch your ass, man.
No telling what defenses|PharmaKom stuck in there.
Probably got virus programs.
You ready?
Loop it.
Listen up, world.
This is the last blast|from LoTek World Headquarters.

And believe this:|We're going out with a bang, baby.
So get your VCRs ready,|'cause we got what you need.
We got the cure to NAS.
That's right.|The cure to the black shakes.
It's coming to you live|from the labs up at PharmaKom.
And believe this: They did not want you|to get this information.
So here it is, coming at you,|LoTek style.
Hit me.
He's on his way in.
Unauthorized interface attempt.
Intruder alert.
Final warning.
Initiating virus program.
He's doubling himself.
Launching virus.
That's the double. Don't worry.
The only way is to hack your own brain.
Loop it.
Get ready.
Send it out.
Initiating download.
Happy birthday, Johnny.
Thank you, Mommy.
It's payback time.
Just garbage.
Get that out of here!