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Death Machine

By Stephen Norrington

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Oh, it's all yours.
This is out of my league.
Relax, Chief.
We'll take it from here.
No! Aahh!
There he is...
The ultimate soldier.
No mercy, no pity.
No fear.
Oh yeah.
Save it.
They'll glitch, then overload
and shut down.
Help me!
Happens every time.
Everything's under
control, Dixon.
Out of sight, and completely
out of mind, do you get my meaning?
I understand completely, sir.
Needs of national security.
That's good, Dixon.
That's very good.
You've done a great job.
Just make sure
that nobody saw nothin'.
National security.
Thank you, ma'am.
He was pounding the wall
like a road jig or something,
just... over and over again,
like a-an automatic, and just--
Are you trying to tell us
that this was a man?
- A human being?
- Oh, definitely.
A man machine!
The new reports add weight
to the accusations
leveled at the Chaank
Armaments Corporation,
by a growing alliance
of humanist organizations,

who insist that
Chaank is, quote:
The original allegations arose
after the horrific death
of Joint Chief Executive
Bob Nicholson,
currently unexplained.
And tonight are still
fueling demonstrations
outside Chaank's
downtown facility.
Chaank kills children!
Chaank kills children!
Chaank kills children!
Chaank kills children!
Wait!
Wait!
Miss Cale, can we
have a statement?
I understand the deep,
emotional reactions
to allegations
of illegal projects.
But I assure you,
a full public disclosure
will be made
by this corporation.
And all your questions
will be answered.
Earlier today, a Chaank
spokesman said he believed
that new Joint Chief Executive
Hayden Cale's impressive reputation
would bring an end
to the public disquiet.
Miss Cale, are you aware
that under the '94 FOI revision
all new exoctic projects must
be disclosed to congress?
Of course
she is aware!
Chaank isa responsible corporation
with a clear world vision.
As a Chief Executive yourself,

Mr. Ridley.
does that vision include
systematic law breaking?
We know our maxim:
Hard technology for a hard world.
If it wasn't for people like us,
you'd all be speaking Russian.
So how did
this report get out?
There's a leak somewhere,
we tried to stomp on it, but...
Fuck the leak!
Now our alleged involvement
made prime time last night.
You gotta
can the stations.
Easier said than done
with the new syndicators.
Then find the leak,
and plug him.
Her.
I'm the leak.
Well, that's stunningly
noble, Cale.
But we're not
selling hamburgers.
Your behavior
on camera and off
is not proven conducive
to better public relations.
That's a mutual
observation, Scott.
And irrelevant.
GSE has imposed me to
clean under your carpets,
and rest assured,
I suck like an Electrolux.
Incidentally,
I speak Russian.
- I'm gonna sit down now.
- You're a Chief Executive.
Start acting like it.
All right.

One:

This corporation's belligerent stance
in it's attempts to surpress the media
are breeding rumor and protest.

So I'm sure you'll all agree
that a public disclosure would be
preferable to an other outbursts
on the networks
or syndicators.

- Two...

- This is a moot discussion anyway.

The Hardman project
just doesn't work.

We're recommending
a complete shutdown.

- What are you talking about?

- It's fundamentally flawed.

- John.

- Direct cerebral downloading
- generates collateral errors.

- John.

I've explained this
to Dante over and over.

- John.

- You know how excitable he gets.

- John!

- What! What!

Shut the fuck up.

Did I just hear right?

Am I to understand

that those demonstrators outside

- might actually have a point?

- You should understand--

I want every suspect project
shut down!

I want all the details
on my desk tonight,
and I want Dante fired
right now.

With respect, Miss Cale,
he's an invaluable asset.

He never submits reports,
he illegally orders supplies,
he's working secretly in Vault Ten,

and he's not here now!
I vote we kick him out.
You should understand
that you're one of us now.
Are you still itching?
Those monitors take
a while to get used to.
Listen, thread carefully
around Dante.
- Are you threatening me?
- No.
Read Nicholson's file.
Hi, Hayden. I just
spoke with Jack Dante.
He says
he'll see you now.
He'll see me?
Great.
Excuse me, which way
to Engineering?
Uh...
What are you doing in here?
This is my room.
Well, keep it clean.
Get out of my room.
When I say I wanna see you,
I expect you to come to my office.
- Who are you?
- Hayden Cale.
I run this corporation.
Oh.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
The boss lady.
Yeah.
Don't I know you?
I want to see
what you're doing in Vault Ten.
Entry is rated
Dual Code Access.
You've got to get Ridley to swipe
his card the same time as yours.
- So how do you do it?
- I'm smart.
Show me.

What does the number
7796452 mean to you?
I don't know
what you're talking about.
Dont recognize your own
com link number?
How about account ident?
213-95234-C containing
7,852,320 dollars and 27 cents...
...I believe.
How did you
get that information?
Same way I got your address,
1011 Century Plaza,
same way I could get your
door code if I wanted to:
Hacking!
I've got all the best gear
right here.
I can find out
anything I want.
Stay out of my files.
Oh, well, I think I'm going
to find out all about you...
...Miss Cale.
I understand the deep
emotional response--
I-I-I understand--
...the deep emotional re--
...deep emotional respo-response--
...to allegations of--
...illegal projects.
Where you been?
Been gettin' provisions.
See, B?
Goods.
All right.
And...
Wang!
Almost forgot.
I got this
from Morse today.
Scott Ridley.
Also know as the Rat.

I want you...
...to implant that
on your brain.
And of course, the lovely Cale,
Nicholson's replacement.
They are the target.
We should have hid
right after Nicholson croaked.
But we didn't.
You gotta learn patience.
Now remember
these faces.
The core containment
can not be opened
without their D-Lock
sequences.
We just ought to
play the Cutter.
- It's 90 minutes max.
- It'll never work.
- Two hours minimum.
- In any case we only use the Cutter
if they refuse to spill.
- They won't.
- They will.
And so...
...the weird turned pro.
- We can't just ignore him!
- Watch me.
Fine! Then just give me your card,
and I'll deal with Dante.
You can go home
and shed your skin!
Fuck you!
Why don't you go back to your
ten million dollar apartment
and play with
your fucking cat, huh?
You're as morally reprehensible
as the rest of us.
He could be building
anything down there.
Nicholson did what you're doing.
You read the autopsy.

- Shark attack.
- In this fucking building?
He was chewed to death.
His body was covered
in synthetic lubricants, and
all Dante ever said is he's building
the "meanest motherfucking
frontline morale destroyer ever".
In his words.
And you wanna
keep him busy?
I just wanna
stay alive.
I thought this was
a responsible corporation.
Christ. Hardly.
Accessing personnel file

0-5-7-0:

Subject was orphaned
just after birth.
Primary education in various
state institutions.
A serious
source of disruption,
he was transferred to a
secure unit at age seven
after killing a fellow student
in a mantrap he built himself.
Released into the care of
Chaank Corporation
by special executive order
NSA22/134.
Three acquittals for sexual assault,
homicide and weapons offences.
Judicial psychological
reports
are borne out by
Chaank psyche-evaluation.
...reached the conclusion
that Jack Dante is a prime example
of accute violent psychosis,
allied to extreme technical virtuosity.
Try "HARDCORE".

- Bad guess.
- I want you out!
- I just got here.
- You know what I mean.
But I'm having so much fun!
You know, it's cool here.
There's loads
of... stuff!
Except, you know,
nobody talks to me, and,
I'm cleverer than anyone,
and nobody comes even near me.
Except you.
And I know
what you're after.
With weapons like mine,
and authorization like yours,
we could do
some serious damage.
Sounds like a
wet dream to me.
I got something
I wanna show you.
That's not it.
Hold on to this
for a second, would you?
Ta-daaa!
I just knew I'd seen you
someplace before.
I was...
- I was just a kid.
- Oh, come on, admit it!
You are hot.
- Jelly, baby.
- Get out.
God, that turns me on.
Would you like to do it,
like really kind of...
...weird?
Right.
Time of the month.
You know, all that stuff
is a total mystery to me.
Get some rest.

It's incredibly stupid, the perimeter access says Adam and I still work here.

So much for

automated security.

Time for a big burge.

And down.

And mark.

Okay.

Recap time, yeah?

All right, when the bypass is in place, and the facility is vacated, we down the sensing network.

And move in through

the northern gate,

courtesy...

...of the lock decoder.

Check.

Now once we get inside, we head straight up to the 60th floor, make our way

to the initialization area,

and hole up for 0600 hours.

- Bang! Cale and Ridley arrive.

- And we appropriate their swipe cards.

We also extract their

D-Lock sequences!

- But I think that--

- You have got to remember that.

And turn that

1980 shit down.

Core containment is located deep within the foundations of the building, surrounded by 22

medium security vaults.

Now the only viable access is through a deep corridor, negotiating a tech seal, a serious mother

of a bulkhead,

and finally,

the core seal itself.

All courtesy of the swipe cards

and the D-Lock sequences.

The containment is the most secure area of the building,

protecting Chaank's
digital soft spot,
a quad matrix of googolplectic
memory co-processors
and 350 billion in
master software bonds!
Aroo! Aroo!
Arooha!
When you must walk,
then walk.
Yeah...
Now, when the job is done,
we then make
a quick exit out.
And hope nobody
wants to start a shootout.
Yeah.
John, we gotta do
something about the bitch.
She's cut her own throat,
her dismissal is already being arranged,
what the hell do you expect
to do about it tonight?
How the fuck
should I know?
You're the creative type; come up
with a car accident or something.
- Oh, for chissake.
- John, we got orders of banned hardware
from every blockade and
embargoed army on the planet.
We are knee deep into
brain wiping ex-battle vets.
That situation
is being contained.
On a personal level, pertaining
directly to you and I,
she is gonna
piss Dante right off.
The cat is gonna tear
shit out of the pigeons!
- We gotta do something about her.
- Don't you do anything about it!
- I'm coming right up there. Don't--

- Fuck you.
Hi, Scott!
Hi.
Just wanted a quick word.
What do you
wanna talk about?
Entropy.
You know?
Order into chaos.
Certainty into unpredictability.
Growth into decay.
Sometimes I just like to
pile up my bricks
so that I can just knock 'em
down again, that's the good bit.
Look.
This is order.
Straight. Truly.
Now don't you think
that's more interesting?
Frankly, no, it's just
a broken pencil.
Oh.
Well, I wanna show you
what I made.
Great.
This is a neuro-synaptic
remote relay controller.
This button...
...defaults the system
to "ON".
Like a dead man's hand, though,
you have to hold it in
to keep the thing
under control.
What thing?
Patience, dude.
So what happens?
Hopefully...
...you die!
What!
The initial test
was a success,
but I always think it is wise

to double check, don't you?
For God's sake, Jack!
Scott!
Be reasonable.
You're planning
to slay my sweetie boss?
You did give her
your access swiping card.
She stole it!
Oh.
Scott, I'm sorry, I...
I hadn't thought of that.
Here.
Don't you ever
call my girlfriend a thief!
Scott.
I'm sorry.
What do you think?
That good, huh?
God, what a kick!
What's it like
to feel stark terror?
Order into chaos.
The way of the world.
We've a helluva situation, here.
You've got a helluva situation,
you understand me?
Get over here right now.
I'm in level 3PR.
Get here now!
Fuck off.
It's here.
It's Cale.
They really never left.
Change of plan.
Let's go!
So I scanned the whole
goddamn building until I found him.
Well, you think it could wait
until better times?
It's a little late.
This could wait till morning at least.
- Oh yeah? You think so?
- Yeah. Yeah, I think so.

Geez...

Fire the cleaners.

Yeah.

It's worse than it looks.

What, the cops caught you playing with your Hardman again?

Yeah, that's it, laugh it up, Miss Chief Executive.

This is your problem.

It's Ridley.

Something did that to him.

Watch this, uh...

I've got the security surveillance tape.

I checked the access record.

Something came out of the vault...

...and did that to him.

Which vault?

Which vault?

Ten.

Give me your card.

What are you gonna do?

What are we gonna do!

Swipe now. Swipe now.

Swipe now.

Hey, dude.

Workin' late?

Yeah.

Watcha doin'?

Oh... budget reports.

You know, boring stuff.

I hate those.

All done.

Did you hear about what happened to Ridley?

No.

He's dead.

I showed him my thing, and it killed him.

- I'm impressed.

- I knew you would be.
Do you know
what this means?
No?
It means that
you can up me.
We could be
the Demoliton Duo forever.
Why don't you get the personell
hard disk, and I'll do that now?
Sure.
Which format is it?
I thought you said
you were finished.
No.
Bitch!
Bitch!
Bitch!
God, that was stupid!
It was. Ridley's dead,
I'm in charge; you're fired.
I am very disappointed.
Drop it.
Drop the gun.
- Get your ass in there, Ho Ho.
- Who are you guys?
Where's Ridley?
It's a bad time.
- Where's Ridley?
- He's dead!
Tough bananas.
No problem.
The command chain will automatically
promote the next in line.
W-well, I d-I don't have my card.
I-I gave it to her!
Lost it.
- Did ya?
- Mm.
What's this, then?
Huh?
Write down your
D-Lock sequences, please.
Sure.

Thank you.

See?

Give me the sequence.

No.

Bring the Cutter.

Did you ever see
that movie Scarface?

I know a better way
into the containment.

Follow me.

You're awfully keen to be
on our team all of a sudden.

That bitch
just fired me.

Now go watch.

Hold it!

This isn't taking us
to the containment.

Now whatever it is
you are doing...

...don't.

- He knows this place inside out.

- He doesn't know everything.

Check your prints. The containment
is surrounded by security vaults.

So?

So, don't you think
it would be a lot faster
to cut through
a standard vault door,
and 14 feet of concrete,
and a nuke proof bulkhead and
2 inches of molybdenic composite?

Nice.

You know

what that means?

That means the seal in
Vault Ten has been breached.

Vault Ten contains
some kind of death machine.

- And your friends are letting it out.

- Shut up!

Warmonger.

Hey!

Don't worry about him.
Just get this stuff inside.
Christ.
Almost, but not quite.
What's that?
Ah. This? Backup.
I always carry backup.
Why are you
wearing those glasses?
Because this is
a surprise part-ay!
Suurpriiiiise!
But you should have
come in fancy dress.
Weyland!
May your
spirit rise, man.
It's redemption time.
All I saw, was something big,
fast and fucking dangerous.
- Frontline morale destroyer.
- Shut up!
What does Weyland think?
He's dead, man.
It took him out.
I'm sorry, man, I tried
to do everything I could.
There was nothing more
I could do.
- I swear to God--
- I've seen what this thing can do!
- Shut the fuck up!
- We have to take him down!
Yutani, you calm down now.
You're out of line.
- Calm down!
- Listen to me! Fuck you!
- You fuckin' idiot!
- Calm the fuck down!
You listen to me!
- Yutani, you're out of line!
- I'm out of line?
Excuse me?
Uhm... Hey.

STOP!

Dudes! Dudette.

I guess that you're all
pretty concerned at this point,
but then again, hey...

Who wouldn't be?

Because, uh...

Oh! Wait, folks.

This late breaking
news flash just in:

There is a psycho
death bot on the loose.

There is, however,
a way out.

All it takes is for Cale
to agree to...

One:

Reinstate my access.

Two:

Forget everything that's
happened here tonight, and three:

Agree to...

...interface with me
on a regular basis.

- All you need to do is sign.

- Yeah, sign my ass.

Ooh, God! That's
a sharp comeback.

Is that how you reacted
when David divorced you?

- What?

- I said:

Is that how you reacted
when David divorced you?

What the hell is this?

Fuckin' Oprah Winfrey?

Oprah? John, we are

talking quality, here!

We are talking Gerraldo!

Cale?

Miss Cale.

I realize that this is
extremely difficult for you,
but how did you feel
when your family disowned you?
- In print, no less.
- That's bullshit!
Wrong answer.
The correct answer is:
It's all in the files.
Except...
...why?
Why did they do that to you?
What did you do
that was so bad?
That's it, man, we're out of here.
Beta retreat.
Hey, hey! What about us?
Wa-wait, loo-look!
What about you, Ho Ho?
It's your problem, you deal with it.
It's not our problem,
we had nothing to do with this!
Nothing! Right, Cale?
Tell him!
Wa-wait, loo-look! What about
compassion, huh?
Or human mercy, huh?
Think about it at least, for God's sake!
So tag along,
moosehead.
We ain't gonna
look out for ya.
- Sure this is the right way?
- Yeah, two more offices. That way.
What are you, a one-man
percussion section or something?
Move it.
Engine quiet.
All right, stand back.
Hold it.
A Category One fire alert
would close blast doors.
All over the building.
- Make problems for the machine.

- Yeah, and make problems for us.
- Let's do it.
- Does anybody have a match?
- Not me.
- Not me.

Not me. But I do have
a thermic detonator.

Isn't that
a little archaic?

Hardwire D.C.

Can't be jammed.

Here.

What do you think
you are? Stallone?

Shouldn't you put it
closer to the detector?

It's a shaped charge.

Straight up.

Move.

What are you carrying around
a det for, anyway?

Once we got to the core,
we were gonna pile everything
right up to into
the middle of that vault,
and then blow
the shit out of it.

- And steal all the money.

- No, we were gonna blow that up, too.

Dead battery.

Another.

Why were you gonna
blow up the money?

Strike a blow
for humanitarian causes.

Put as many people like you
out of business as we can.

People like me? I'm not
the armed raid around here.

Neither are we, honey.

- Blanks?

- That's right.

Not a live round
between us.

Great!
Terrific!
I'm being protected
by the Three Stooges!
- Minus one.
- Hey, fuck you, Ho Ho!
You guessed it.
Humanist Alliance.
We're the good guys.
What's the problem?
- No power.
- Explosion must have ruptured those feeds.
That's it!
Time to change
the game plan...
...treehuggers.
Why did you leave that
lying around?
You knew Ho Ho was gonna
turn out to be the fat, sweaty,
desperate psycho!
- You gave him the knife.
- Oh, really mature.
Well, Big Boy
has got a gun now.
A real gun.
Real bullets.
And he's not gonna
let you play with it.
Come on, kids!
Everybody out.
Suck me.
Listen up, children.
We're all going down the service elevator.
And when going into a deep, dark hole,
a smart boy always pushes
a couple of canaries ahead of him.
Shall we?
Nothing personal,
You understand.
I hope this, uh... this won't
affect our professional relationship.
What'd you do? Huh?
What did you do!

What are you up to, huh?
What'd you do?
- Nothing!
- Nothing? Nothing?
If you're not up to anything,
then why aren't we going down?
No!
It's pinned me down!
Hit the button!
Press the button!
Hit the button!
Christ.
- Do we have any more explosives?
- Nada.
Flairs, dets?
Does anybody
have a cigarette?
We have nothing.
How ya doin'?
Uhm...
We're gonna need a bandage
or something here.
You're the man.
What are you lookng at?
Look...
We didn't expect trouble,
you know?
We're just a caring,
humane attack squad.
- Well, you got guts.
- You spelling that D-U-M-B?
What is this place?
I don't know.
Give me my card.
- Access denied.
- Come on, I'm Chief Executive.
Access denied.
All right, let me try the old
Ho Ho Execu-card.
Welcome.
Well... so much for
job description, huh?
Imagine getting
strapped into this.

- Nice shades, huh?

- Yeah.

Cryonics.

They're just kids.

What is going on here?

This is Chaank's

weapon of the future.

You take an injured war vet,

make sure he's listed MIA,

and erase his mind.

Pump up his violent nature

and program him with knowledge

of every weapon and

fighting skill you can think of.

He becomes

the ultimate fighting unit.

No mercy. No pity.

No fear.

Man and machine

indivisible.

Shame.

I was beginning

to like you.

We've completed

preliminary cerebral load.

This is the first test

of its effectiveness.

C'mon, hit it.

Okay, okay, kay, kay, kay.

Turn it off, t-t-turn it off.

I-I think I know

what I did wrong. I think...

This is gonna work!

I said

turn the camera off!

I would've stopped this

had I known about it.

Yeah, sure,

I believe you.

I didn't know about this

until now!

Sure!

- What do we do now?

- Call the syndicators!

Call the networks!
911, call now.
I'm on your side.
...and, we got a little bit
of a situation happening, uhm...
I'm in, uh, t-the lab here,
the covert lab,
and I just found a whole bunch
of bodies, and sort of freezer type things.
So let me
get this straight.
You say you have proof
that the Chaank Corporation
is involved in
illegal weapons projects?
I mean, I know
that sounds far fetched...
But a homicidal maniac monster
has got you trapped on the 65th floor!
It's... It's messy.
And, uh--
While you're up there,
say hello to Elvis for me, okay?
- We're on our own.
- Hey! I am here.
No you're not! And besides
that, you little freak,
- I'm gonna cut your eye out!
- How does he know where we are?
- He doesn't.
- Wrong. You are in the covert lab.
Turning me off
won't turn you off.
I me-I mean
"won't turn me off."
Lifesign transmitter.
Emits a local beacon pulse.
It's how he knows
where we are.
Yeah, do it.
Give me this one.
Okay.
Let's go.
Ah!

Not so fast, troops.
You still need the password.
One mean mother.
You wanna know
what the neatest thing is?
Enhanced Pheromone Tracing.
That's what the keys are.
- What does that mean?
- It keys on fear.
The more afraid you are,
the sharper its trace.
Access Amnesia Interface;
still a deal in talk.
I wanna
talk to Cale alone.
- Okay.
- Yesssss!
It's not okay.
Yeah?
Go fax yourself.
Very funny!
How smart are you gonna be when
the Warbeast chews your head off?
You wanna live?
You've got to stop being afraid!
How are you gonna
manage that, wise guy?
How are you gonna fight
being eaten alive?
No problem.
Suit me up.
- I should be doing this.
- Who'd set up the computer?
Look, you broke achievement
records at Cal-Tech,
I delievered
extra pepperoni.
- How'd you know that?
- Uhnn...
- Why didn't you volunteer?
- I did!
- He pulled rank.
- I get the duty.
Nice.

You sure this process
is reversible?
It'll save your personality to disk.
I can load it back any time.
Yeah? You better
make it a big disk.

- Ready?

- Ready.

The arrogant dragon will
learn to repent, my friend.

Absolutely.

Careful out there.

Oh, wait a minute,

I got something to say.

I'll be back.

I'll keep it

close to my heart.

Remain here!

Excecuting combat
objective now!

This area is secure!

Okay, we've got two
choices here.

One:

he beats the crap out of it.

No way.

No more hiding.

Or two...

Let's go.

I wanna talk to you.

- What do you wanna talk about.

- Parallel processing.

Two units interfacing
simultaneously,
with a high degree of
systemic compatibility.

There's a suspicion
of corrupted data.

Probably just a binary area.

You're not that fucked up, Cale.

- How did you feel when you killed it?

- Killed what?

I never killed anything

in my entire life!
Okay, how do you feel
about household appliances?
- I don't feel anything.
- Cale...
You need to understand.
We need to interface.
You need me.
Like I need a chainsaw
up my ass.
The thing is,
I read your file.
It took some code, but I finally
got into Sonic Health's network,
and then I got into you, which brings us
back to your sink disposal unit.
I was giving, uh... her a bath.
I... only left her for a moment.
But she didn't drown,
did she?
I got distracted,
and I...
I couldn't
hear the sounds.
Poor Amy.
That nasty machine
at her arm all up.
Chewed it right off.
Child killer.
It was screaming so loud
that I lost my temper.
I dragged her out of the sink,
and she came away so easily.
I tried to hold her,
but she slipped.
She's so slippery. And I'm
holding on, but she's so slippery.
And so red.
And she's falling on the ground.
And I can't
hold on to her.
And all the time,
she'll die in my arms.
There are pieces

of her little arm in the drain.
All right.
It's totally all right.
We're a system.
We're binary.
Two interactive units
on the harddrive.
One motherboard.
I'll be your baby.
No.
- Give baby.
- I'll be your baby.
No!
How does that feel!
I... came to save you.
I don't need your saving.
I just need your help.
We need
to destroy it all.
- How ya doin'?
- Not bad.
Listen to me!
Listen to me!
Your mission is still online!
You got that?
Take these down
to the core containment.
We're gonna blow
Chaank to hell.
There's no way. There's
no way I can get past that bulkhead.
That's why we gotta find Raimi
and reload him.
He's got Carpenter's codes.
Come on!
God damn it!
Come on!
No!
Go, go, go!
Come on!
Come on, come on!
Come on.
No!
Hydraulically operated hoist!

Position:

Secured at the roof!

Okay.

Come with me!

- Leave him!

- No!

We must

consider him defunct!

- He's not defunct, he's just injured!

- I'm okay.

If one unit is safe, do not
endanger it for a potential second!

We are not safe!

None of us are safe!

If one unit is safe...

...do not endanger it...

...for a potential second!

Don't! Don't! Do! Or, I don't know--

All right, get this

fucking machine off him!

Leave it,

he'll be completely blank!

We have to load

his program first in!

It... hurts... so...

Follow me!

And do not argue!

Stay close!

Next bay!

Service hatch!

Our exit to the hoist!

Cale! Reconnect the feeds

beneath the drum!

- Yutani!

- Hai!

Re-engage

clutch plate now!

Got it!

Raimi, just get

out of there.

Raimi!

Are you deaf?

Raimi, get out of there!

Quiet!
Hai!
Shoryuken!
I'm out!
Now we move!
Go to the hoist!
Come on!
Come on!
- Go to the hoist!
- Not without you!
Go to the--
Shoot it!
Help me!
Help me!
Come here!
Come on!
Go!
Come on!
Directive!
Battle directive!
Battle directive...
ended...
What the fuck
is going on?
- Have you got Carpenter's card?
- Yeah.
I got the D-Lock
sequence, too.
- Call me.
- Wait a minute.
- This is my mission, I started it.
- Well, then let's finish it.
Drop your weapon!
- On the floor!
- Relax, man, I'm the one who called you!
- Bullshit!
- You better call reinforcements!
You better
shut the fuck up!
Too bad!
- This is unit 257...
- You stupid motherfucker!
You've got the right
to remain silent!

Holy donuts!
Jesus Christ!
It jumped
from the roof!
This way!
Come on!
Open it!
Come on!
Go!
Cale!
Come on!
Come on!
Tight grip!
Sequence!
- Swipe now.
- Ready?
- Yeah!
- One, two, three - swipe!
Welcome.
How long
does this take?
- One, two, three - swipe!
- Welcome.
You should have run away
when you had the chance.
Why didn't you
just go away!
The needs of the many outweigh
the needs of the few.
That's a stupid reason!
You're making me kill you
for a stupid reason!
God...
I thought...
...we could have
a nice time.
And look after each other,
and... do nice things.
God!
My hand hurts.
Come here, Jack.
Come here.
Download it, Jack.
You can interface

with the motherboard.
What did... what did you
do that for?
Show this to the cops.
What's going on?
- I'm leaivng you, Jack.
- Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...
Here...
Play with this.
Goodbye, Jack.
Don't leave me in here,
Cale, I don't like it.
Cale, if you leave me in here,
I will kill you!
I mean it,
you fucking bitch!
And I'll
blow you to bits!
Oh no.
It's a hell of a
fire trap in there, man.
You better listen to me!
Because I'm dangerous!
Then you're in
the right business, Jack.
I'm not in
this business anymore.
Don't leave me in here.
Mama?
I don't like the dark.
For all the children.