

Trusted Download

by Dominic DiGiovanni

B. S. Candidate, Biomechanical Engineering, Theatre, W.P.I.

Contact Information:
Box 1133
100 Institute Rd.
Worcester, MA 01609
(510)-332-4082

Cast of Characters: 4 unisex roles

Alex: Drug addict. Hacker. Dissasociated.

Mel: Head of the heist. Fixer. Driven.

Sam: Mercenary. 'Ornery.

Joey: Medic. Sympathetic.

Alex:

Lights up. A sole actor sets the stage. Slumped against the corroding pillars of a decaying industrial complex, the man and the building share an emptiness of the soul. The building once had purpose, given by its users, required by its country, defined by its product, and sustained by the foundations of the society in which it existed. While the building's meaning was taken by the march of progress, the man merely floats free of the slumped form in the warehouse. His mind wanders, wanders down to the shores of the river. A river of golden light, the threads of the last ideal city. The new Zion. Always clean. Always pure. Built on the iron skeletons of the old world, the global village is as resonant as a single thought. The voice of 10 billion people, solidified into digital form and functions. **enter Mel** Global citizenship, digitized to its true-

Mel:

Noise issues from her mouth, but not speech. Static?

Alex:

Sound. Filtered through the perceptions of a poisoned form.

Mel:

You **noise** of **noise** me?

Alex:

Scene change. Sharpen. Back away from the river. Reinhabit the structures of the recent past.

Mel:

shaking Alex Snap the hell out of it you worthless drug addict!

Enter Sam and Joey as if they had always been there

Alex:

I'm – here. You – you – can -st – stop sha- shak -

Mel:

As long as you can hear. Don't try to hard to do anything else. You might fry whatever's left of your brain. And we'll be needing that.

Joey:

You really shouldn't try and wake him like that. He would have come out of it in 10 minutes or so.

Mel:

Well, I don't *need* him in 10 minutes.

Alex:

P-pres-ent.

Joey:

I'm just saying, you're risking permanent brain damage by introducing far too much stimuli to him. Especially with the dosages that he dropping. They're astronomical.

Sam:

Shit, I say we just dump him in some slagged out wirehead den and find somebody else.

Mel:

Can't. This guy is the best the whole Northwest Territory has to offer.

Sam:

Are you kidding!? We might as well have pulled him out of a gutter.

Mel:

Yea, *I* pulled him out of that gutter. And the only things he had were a pocket full of some sort of street death and a top of the line wireless rig.

Sam:

Whatever. Don't get how he's supposed to be so good anyway.

Alex:

L- ots – of – pr – prac -

Sam:

Shu – Shu – Shut up! Goddamn! I've had to shoot 'mates with fucked up wetware all up, down and sideways more functional than you!

Alex:

F- F – Fu

Sam:

Yea yea, fuck me. Can we get on with this?

Mel:

Alright. Everyone's clear on details, right? Sam.

Sam:

In the door, shoot everything that moves, eagle eye on the street. Damn simple enough.

Mel:

Joey.

Joey:

Get to the back room, plug in the solid-state, count to 30, unmount, unplug, back outside.

Mel:

Good. I'll be outside in the car, Alex will be here softening up the data core and making sure the trojan is ready for when you get there with the drive.

Alex:

I do not f-fear the heat of their wall of fire.

All look at Alex. Beat of silence.

Joey:

small smile It sounds like you're pulling out of it. That's good.

Sam:

Sounds like a fuckin' nut job to me.

Alex:

I am pulling myself up by my bootstrap. Yes. Thank you.

Joey:

Good. Just make sure you drink lots of water. You'll die of dehydration before anything else.

Mel:

Alex'll be fine. For a wastecase, he's more careful than anyone I know. Doesn't even have any implants.

Alex:

Tin men have heavy metal poison.

Joey:

Its perfectly safe. Most people have some sort of neuro-electronic implants these days. Biomonitor systems can save lives, you know, even restart someone's heart.

Sam:

You could even get the fuckin' net jacked right in behind your eyes. More real than life, and you'd be jammin' as fast as you could think.

Alex:

Too dangerous. Vampires are only allowed in if you in-vite them.

Sam:

Oh for god's sake, strap a sack, you walking talking stack overflow. I've got more chrome than meat and I'm fine. Hell, I'm better than fine! Eat bullets, spit lightening, crush someone's head with my bare hands, and still got enough chips left upstairs play Tetris.

Joey:

Oh yea, you're the perfect example of a well balanced cyborg.

Mel:

Guys...

Sam:

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

Joey:

I'm just saying, I don't think that you're really the poster child for getting advanced hardware put into the different cortexes of your brain-

Sam:

And what, i'm supposed to look up to that garbage spouting Dex head?

Joey:

Hyperdex.

Sam:

Say what?

Joey:

Hyperdex. Dex was the street name for dextromethorphan, a twentieth century cough suppressant. Hyperdex is an endlessly complex tailored molecule, street named for its outlandish effects to the nervous system of-

Sam:

Oh who gives a flying fuck? One burned out nobody is the same as another. And-

Mel:

Sam, would you cut it the hell out-

Sam:

Not now Mel! And I don't need you rubbin' the fact that you're some fancy doctor in my face, because you're the same bank robbin' trash that the rest of us are.

Joey:

Still doesn't make me the same sort of gun toting psycho that you are.

Joey:

You know, you're so damn proud of all that cyberwear, and I'll put my money down that it was installed by doctors just like me. And for all that wetware you have floating around in your head, it doesn't seem like you've got enough thoughts to start a dream journal. And don't even get me started on your blatant over-use of combat enhancement drugs, while you constantly deride Alex for recreational use of a drug that happens to be touted as a performance enhancer for people who do his kind of work. At least he still has to take his drugs, you just have yours plugged right into your adrenal system. And your disregard for human life is a clear symptom of a dangerous case of cyber-psychosis. You should be locked up and on sedatives, not out on the streets! I'm surprised you haven't just snapped and killed us all-

Sam:

You had better watch your mouth. I'll stab you. I'll stab you right now. You ever been stabbed? Its not pretty. I've only got a 3 inch pocket knife blade, but I'll stab you all the same, right now. I've stabbed some big people. Real fuckin' big. Israeli special forces? Stabbed the last living one of those guys. Full metal conversions? Stabbed a few of those assholes. Needed a special knife. Guy was 8 feet tall, had a flamethrower for one hand. I've killed more people, for more money than most people will ever see in their lives. Of both. You know how much Heckler & Kotch paid for people like me during the European conflicts? They replaced half my spine with combat nerves like fuckin' greased lightning. You think your fuckin' morality is gonna phase me. You say one more goddamn thing, and I'll cut you so bad-

Mel:

Alright, cut it out! I can't have you two jumping down each others throat right before this job. Now if you two can't pull it together, I can find another solo and I can find another medic, so really the only two people who can't be replaced are myself and Alex.

Sam:

What the hell, why are you so special?

Mel:

Because I said so.

Alex:

I'm glad I am a variable with such a high value.

Mel:

Can it Alex. You sound like someone with a missing lobe. And besides none of you could have come up with such a perfect plan.

Joey:

Not to argue, but robbing a bank sounds pretty simple to me.

Mel:

That's the point Joey. Everything is digital these days. Everything. Do you think there's any actual money in that bank? The only thing in there are some Niponese bank tellers and the computer system. That's what we're after. Millions of account numbers, with corresponding pins and mountains of information on whatever money those corporate pirates are putting away for themselves. And they expect people to try to get at it. Oh yes. But its all just numbers, so they expect the attack to come from people like Alex over there, not walking in through the front door. I'd be surprised if they have so much as a lock on the place. Then we can divvy up the funds at our leisure.

Alex:

The money will be invisible. No one will be able to see it. But that does make it easy to lose.

Mel:

Alex, you're cute as a button, but you still sound like a damn third rate translation algorithym.

Joey:

That's the effects of the drug. Permanent cognitive damage.

Alex:

My cogs still run in their native grooves.

Sam:

As long as he's got enough sparks to light a fire under this project.

Mel:

Alex, go set up those tracking routines I asked you for.

I'm on it.

Alex:

Exit

Sam:

Damn net runner gives me the creeps.

Mel:

Well, don't worry. Once he gets us access to the accounts, he's gone.

Joey:

Now-

Mel:

Look. We all decided. This is the way its going to go. Even you agreed. He's a waste.

Sam:

We cut him in he'll just be right back where we found him, but with deeper pockets. Kid'll be dead in a week. We're just moving up the time table.

Mel:

The best thing for it is just to liquidate him.

Joey:

Its just not....its just not right.

Mel:

Whole world's not right. We're just trying to get ours.

Scene 2 same location

Alex on stage with computer. Enter Sam, being supported by Mel & Joey

Sam:

WOOO HOOO! We robbed that place good! HAHAHAHA!

Mel:

Joey, go get your kit.

Joey Exits

Alex:

How did it go?

Mel:

Well you're sounding lucid. It went great. Here's the drive. **throws storage device** Sam got shot.

Alex:

What?

Sam:

Just in the leg! Didn't expect that damn suit to be packing that hand cannon! Hot damn! Musta been 66 caliber!

Mel:

Goddamn pinstripe cowboys. That thing could have blown the engine block out of a car.

Sam:

Thank god for modern nano-carbon fiber technology. Hey, we got any drink around this place!

Mel:

Alex, get to work crunching those numbers, we gotta be out of this damn Metroplex by curfew!

Alex:

Yes. Time to execute the program.

Alex takes one pill and begins typing furiously.

Sam:

Hot damn man, what a rush. Just like fighting rebels during the reformation. Or nationalist. Fuck man, fighting is fighting.

Mel:

It shure did go down smoothe. Not a security officer or camera in sight. Must have been counting on their international clout to protect them.

Sam:

Good thing we're too stupid to give a shit about that!

Mel:

Hey, don't get me wrong. I'll stay out of the way of any corperation thats coming down the street, but I doubt they're going to send some sort of vat grown tech ninja after us for knocking over a small change corner store operation.

Sam:

Whatever! They wan't a fight, I'm ready!

Mel:

You really dont get it do you. We should morphine you up before they find us by tracking your ego.

Sam:

Look, after we get the credit line drawn, I'm gonna have more munitions than god.

Mel:

Well I know what I'm gonna do. Get the hell off of the grid for a while. I'm done with this land mass for sure. Probably some micronation in the middle of the ocean.

Sam:

Yea, yea...sandy beaches....uh....drinks....ughhh.

Mel:

Hey. Sam....your nose is bleeding.

Sam:

Huh? Oh...look at that....damn...didn't think a nose bleed would hurt so much...

Mel:

Hey, Sam, you alright?

Sam:

Fuck... **colapses**

Mel:

Fuck! **goes to check out Sam, Mel is clearly moving wrong, one arm dead at side, with a broken stride** Alex! Come over here and give Sam a diagnostic!

Alex:

Not enough person left to keep himself crashing.

Mel:

What the fuck Alex! Just get over here.

Sam:

No use. The lights guiding him home are all burned out.

Mel:

You...you iced him!? His head is 60 percent hardware, what the fuck did you do?!

Alex:

Smart enough to light a fire.

Mel:

His skull is like a fucking furnace! You fucking killed him!

Alex:

He's more metal than meat. He'll be fine.

Mel:

Clearly degrading further Fuck that! He's dead! And my...m-my cyberware is on the fritz! What...the fuck is this?

Alex:

Just liquid under the bridge. I've mailed you your severance packets.

Mel:

With the...tracking adresses I gave you no less. You...you fucking hacker...you sonnova...bitch...
reaches unsuccessfully for hidden gun with wrong hand, as the other refuses to move. Clearly on her last few breaths

*Alex walks over to Mel, takes her gun, sets it aside, and gently knocks her over. Takes out pill container.
 Takes 1 more as Joey enters*

Joey:

...

Alex:

What are you doing?

Joey:

What happened? **runs to examine Sam and Mel**

Alex:

I thought.....I thought you had a bio-monitor.

Joey:

What? No. That isn't important right now! Help me move these guys onto a table!

Alex:

I'm-I'm sorry. Oh god. I'm sorry.

Joey:

This isn't your fault Alex, just come over here and help me.

Alex:

I thought you had a Bio monitor. It would have been so peaceful. I'm sorry.

Joey:

Sorry for what? What do you mean.

Alex:

Your heart would have just stopped. Just stopped running along side Sam and Mel. You were so nice. Always so nice. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Joey:

Oh...oh god. Alex. Wha-

Alex:

I need it. I need to leave. I need to leave this behind.

Joey:

The money, you can just have it-

Alex:

No. Not now. Its too late. Not anymore.

Alex strangles Joey to death while whispering apologies. Collapses. Shakily takes a big handful of pills.

Alex:

The old world. Cold. Brutal. Arbitrary. Wrong. Invisible money flying off to places that loudly claim not to exist. Enough money to leave here. Leave here forever. Close up this poisoned shop. Buy a house by the river. Stare at the lights. Hear what Zion has to say. Have to get out for now. Just for a while. Get away. Come back later. Clean up. Set everything strait. Buy my tunnel to the network, and never come back. The poison spreads fast and heavy . Minds reach the halting state. Screen black.

End