

JAM 05: “AN OFFER YOU CAN’T REFUSE!”

SOUND: Jaunty pop music plays. An up-beat woman, **FAUSTINA** (*Addison Peacock*), speaks.

FAUSTINA (VO.)

Hey, Cuties! It's ya girl, Faustina! Just a heads up, I got crucified at the end of the last episode, and in this episode, I do some weird shit with my hand holes. What? You're telling me you wouldn't? Better check the content warnings in the show notes! Now sit back, relax, and enjoy the carnage!

SOUND: Swords clash!

Bellamy's theme music blares. Tires squeal on asphalt as **BELLAMY** (*Zuwie Le Fou*) and Faustina speed away. Other cars follow, shooting guns. A medley of angry voices yell.

FAUSTINA

Cars aren't meant to go this fast!!

BELLAMY

[Yelling over din]

Oh, yeah, I'm so glad to finally meet you! I'm Bellamy Pink, the manager who goes the extra mile. You can thank me later for saving your life.

SOUND: A nearby gunshot as a **PURSUER** (*Gus Zagarella*) gets close.

PURSUER

It's over, Hex!

FAUSTINA

I appreciate it, but keep your eyes on the fucking road!

SOUND: A bullet smashes the window, narrowly missing them.

BELLAMY

[Manic Giggle]

You may wanna duck; those pricks aren't shooting to wound.

FAUSTINA

Why are people shooting at us!?

BELLAMY

They're degenerate gamblers who just lost a lot of money on your survival!

FAUSTINA

They bet against me!? God, it just keeps getting worse!

BELLAMY

Ah, fuck 'em! I see further than they! With your Athletic Genius and my ambition, a bright, shining future is within our grasp!

SOUND: Another bullet.

BELLAMY

After you return fire and send those bastards to hell!

FAUSTINA

Can't you just shoot them with your crazy Robo gun arm?

BELLAMY

A. That's for special occasions, and B, I need to focus on driving. There's an autogat in the glove. Just see how many you can hit.

FAUSTINA

Are you fucking crazy!?

BELLAMY

No, I'm an entrepreneur! Point and shoot!

SOUND: Faustina fumbles the gun out of the glove box.

FAUSTINA

OKAY—

BELLAMY

Roll the window down first!--

SOUND: Gun goes off. Glass shatters.

BELLAMY

FUCK!

[overlapped beneath FAUSTINA]

Fuckin hell—

FAUSTINA

--I'm sorry! I'm a melee gal!

BELLAMY

Just aim and squeeze the trigger. Y'know, it's simple!

FAUSTINA

It's not that easy! I've still got holes in my palms!

SOUND: A car pulls up alongside them, containing **RAMROD** (*Gianni Matragrano*).

RAMROD

Hex, you slimy motherfucker!

BELLAMY

Hello, Ramrod! Nice to see you. How's the wife?

FAUSTINA

You know this guy!?

BELLAMY

Yeah, I told him to bet against you.

FAUSTINA

You fucking traitor!

BELLAMY

Hey, *my* money was on you! He just— He just gave me longer odds!

RAMROD

I blew our second honeymoon fund on that bet! You're gonna die, kid!

BELLAMY

Ice him, Faustina!

FAUSTINA

I don't kill Civs!

BELLAMY

I didn't kill Jammers until earlier today!

RAMROD

You don't kill Jammers?

[LAUGHS]

That's a good one, Hex!

BELLAMY

[Growls]

GET FUCKED! YOU DON'T GET TO MAKE FUN OF ME, YOU DEADBEAT PIECE OF SHIT! I'M A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN!

Bellamy slams the car into Ramrod's car. It flies off the road and explodes.

BELLAMY

Check that shit out! I just fuckin' exploded him!

FAUSTINA

What the fuck!? Did you just kill that guy?

BELLAMY

Oh, you committed cannibalism earlier today! Glass houses, Faustina!

SOUND: Cars peeling away.

FAUSTINA

Looks like we lost our tail!

BELLAMY

YEAH, YOU'D BETTER RUN! TELL YOUR BUDDIES NOT TO FUCK WITH BELLAMY PINK!

[BEAT]

Oh, look! A Wingo Zingo. Are you hungry?

SOUND: The car powers down.

FAUSTINA

[Dizzy]

Yeah, I could eat.

SOUND: A coin slides into an arcade machine. Theme kicks in.

BELLAMY

It's KILLJAM XXX - Episode 5: An Offer You Can't Refuse!

SOUND: Cut to restaurant interior. People murmur from other tables.

NARRATOR

Wingo Zingo Restaurant and Sports Bar, Millennium City.

BYSTANDER 1

[Whispering]

Holy shit, bro, is that Faustina Fetamine?

BYSTANDER 2

[Whispering]

That's a lot of blood, man...

WAITER

Two orders of Grande Mondo Death Pepper wings. One for you, and--

FAUSTINA

Oh, they're both for me, actually.

WAITER

Of course. Let me know if you need anything else.

SOUND: The **WAITER** (***Matt Baker***) leaves.

FAUSTINA

[Giggling]

This is so fucking rad. Mara would never let me eat like this!

Faustina begins grossly eating the wings.

BELLAMY

I heard about your split with EKW.

FAUSTINA

[Mouth full]

Yeah, so did everybody else.

[Gulps]

Oh, fuck, these wings are good. You're paying, right?

BELLAMY

Of course, it's a business lunch, after all.

FAUSTINA

Sweet.

[shouts]

Waiter, one plate of wasabi pineapple wings, and an extra large strawberry soda, please!

SOUND: Order bell dings.

BELLAMY

You've certainly had an eventful first day on the Outlaw Circuit.

FAUSTINA

Yeah, in a total fucking shitshow kinda way.

BELLAMY

Well, I imagine it has you thinking about your future—

Faustina belches.

FAUSTINA

I can see that I'm running low on wings, and that's a future I'd like to avoid.

The Waiter approaches.

WAITER

Pineapple wasabi wings, strawberry soda.

SOUND: Faustina laughs in a goblinoid fashion and begins chowing down on her wings as the waiter leaves.

BELLAMY

... Please note this business lunch is on a budget.

[Louder]

Oh, uh, excuse me. Excuse me! Do we get free refills on the soda?

[Murmurs worriedly]

FAUSTINA

I'm an athlete, kid. This body is a powerful engine of carnage, and that engine needs hardcore fuel.

[Gasps]

Hey, watch this!

SOUND: Gross flesh-on plastic noises.

FAUSTINA

That's so sick! Look at that. The straw fits right through my hand hole! It's so fucked up.

BELLAMY

You know, uh, all the best Outlaw Jammers have an independent support network. Someone like you needs a next-level manager to activate her potential.

SOUND: She slurps the soda.

FAUSTINA

Whoa. Feeling the drink go through my hand meat is crazy. It's really soothing.

BELLAMY

Seems unsanitary.

FAUSTINA

My germs. Duh.

BELLAMY

Let's stay on track here. Has anyone else reached out with a management offer since you left EKW?

FAUSTINA

No offense, uh, Bellamy? I appreciate you saving my life and everything, but a whole business partnership-type commitment before I've even picked all the stained glass out of my tits?

[Burps]

I mean, I don't even know who the fuck you are, dude.

BELLAMY

That's exactly why we're having the *business lunch*, Faustina. Team building.

WAITER

Excuse me, sir and madam. We've received a number of complaints from other patrons about your, uh, drink etiquette...

FAUSTINA

What's the big deal? They've probably seen way worse happen to me on TV.

WAITER

Be that as it may, we have a policy against profuse blood loss on the premises.

BELLAMY

Let me handle this. Would a crisp membership card allow you to overlook the infraction, my good man?

WAITER

It would not. I'm asking you to leave.

SOUND: Doors open. Cut to outside. Cars going by.

FAUSTINA

Well, that was fun. Thanks for the food – I'm gonna go see if the nearest motel will trade me a room for an autograph. Bye!

BELLAMY

Wait, Faustina. C'mon, come on! I know you're not exactly copacetic with the whole idea of partnering up just yet, but if you just listen to my proposal--

FAUSTINA

Sorry, dude. The last thing I want is to sign my soul away to another coldhearted businessman with a scary robotic arm. I only just got away from the last one.

BELLAMY

Cold-hearted?

[Laughs]

Cold hearted. COLD HEARTED! I just saved your life!

FAUSTINA

Yeah, 'cause you wanted to pitch me! I don't know if I can vibe with the kind of guy who shoots people in the back of the head and runs Civs off the road.

BELLAMY

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. We might have certain ethical differences, y'know, sure. Big deal. But come on— think about the kurats! The kurats we'll make if we team up!

FAUSTINA

Why is everyone so obsessed with money around here?

BELLAMY

Because out here, Faustina, money is freedom! Y'know, and If you've got money, you can give orders, not just take them! And that's a good thing!

FAUSTINA

Goodbye, Bellamy.

SOUND: Faustina starts walking away.

BELLAMY

Y'know that's, that's— that's a shame. That's a real shame! 'Cause you— you would've loved what I had planned at, uhhh... At Sadie K's.

SOUND: Faustina stops. Then rushes back.

FAUSTINA

Sadie K's? As in... Super-exclusive, members-only kink club *even I don't have a membership Sadie K's?*

BELLAMY

[Acting Cool]

Yeah... y'know, *no biggie*. I've just got a business associate who works there, and I need to see him about some kurats he owes me. Yeah, I never have any trouble getting in, but, y'know, if you're not interested...

FAUSTINA

Well... Maybe I can tag along a little bit longer. To thank you for the wings.

BELLAMY

Our chariot awaits...

SOUND: Slick automatic doors open. Faustina and Bellamy enter. Intense horny music pounds. Chatter. Snap of a whip. Moans. Soft leather sounds- floggers, paddles. Rattle of chains.

NARRATOR

Sadie K's Kink Club, The Cronenberg District.

FAUSTINA

[Gasps]

Holy shit... Look at this place! It's like a wet dream come true! Is that a Vac Cube? Oh my god, Dictator extreme sex machine, I wanted one of those, but Mara said I couldn't have it! Aaaah! *Suspension hooks*. Ooh, me next, me next!

BELLAMY

Oh yeah, baby, Sadie K's. Vac box and dick thing and...

[Confidence Falters]

Yup, it sure is all of those things you just mentioned.

SOUND: They approach the reception desk. An AI HOLOGRAM (*Meg Tuten*) activates.

AI RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Sadie K's. Where extreme fantasies become reality. How can we *service* you today?

BELLAMY

Bellamy Pink and guest here to see Vic Cadmium.

FAUSTINA

Damn, that hologram is hot. They got a flesh version of you back there?

AI RECEPTIONIST

Welcome, Mister Pink. Mr. Cadmium left a voice message.

SOUND: The hologram recording, featuring VIC (*Charlie Green*), plays.

VIC

[Recording]

Hex, you mad lad, I placed the bet. Find me over by the bar, I'll be celebrating today's victory. Ciao!

[Recording Cuts Off]

FAUSTINA

Your associate sounds sexy. And... kind of familiar.

BELLAMY

Oh, god. We've gotta get in there before he drinks my money.

SOUND: Bellamy leaves, dragging Faustina.

FAUSTINA

Bye, Sexy Hologram!

AI RECEPTIONIST

Come back any time...

[robotic]

Guest name.

FAUSTINA

You don't seem like the kind of guy to trust other people with his money. How come he's the one who placed your bet?

BELLAMY

Because if I placed the bet myself, every bookie in Malvo would want to turn me into fertilizer.

SOUND: The automatic door opens. Clinking glasses. Laughter. Muffled whip crack. Muffled moan. Occasional sound pollution from nearby private rooms.

ROBOT BARTENDER

Please, enjoy your drink, sir.

VIC

Hex! Just in time. Drinking alone was starting to get depressing.

BELLAMY

Oh, Vic, you son of a bitch. How's your mom?

FAUSTINA

YOU!

SOUND: Faustina storms over and grabs Vic, slamming him against the bar.

VIC

Not the jacket, not the jacket!

BELLAMY

Faustina! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

FAUSTINA

This little SKID MARK stole my shit! My fairy lights! My vibrator! A little clay model of me that a six-year-old fan mailed to my PO Box! That had sentimental fucking value!

VIC

I'm sensing a little aggression here—

BELLAMY

No! Don't kill him before he pays me! Faustina, please!

ROBOT BARTENDER

No violence in the bar. We have dedicated rooms for that.

FAUSTINA

GOOD! Cause believe me, if you don't give me my stuff back, I'm gonna take my time.

VIC

There may be a teeny little problem with that, love.

FAUSTINA

Oh yeah?

BELLAMY

Alright, nothing to see here - *Faustina*, *c'mon*. Let's maybe do this later? Y'know, after our business transaction?

VIC

Your personal effects clearly meant a lot to someone else, too. So much, in fact, that they were sold in literally seconds. So, when you think about the hedonic calculus of—

SOUND: Faustina grunts and slams him into the counter. Glasses rattle. People gasp.

VIC

[Winded]

Ouch. I probably deserved that.

BELLAMY

Okay, okay, okay, he stole your stuff, you slammed his head into the bar. Alright? We're good. If we're going by Hammurabi rules here, we're even. Okay? So let's bring it down. Let's just bring it down...

FAUSTINA

Fine. But I will NEVER forgive you for Plastina.

VIC

I can live with that.

[Sips drink]

So, Hex, your money. Here you go.

SOUND: A beep as Vic transfers the money to Bellamy.

BELLAMY

Ah, yeah, baby, that feels good! That...

[Tone Drops]

Where's the rest of it?

VIC

Use that big ginger noggin of yours, Hex. Your winnings subtract my finder's fee, hazard pay, and time I could have been spending on other pursuits, we'll call them.

FAUSTINA

Oooh, I *hate* you.

VIC

Don't hate the player, darling. I'm just another lowlife trying for the high life.

BELLAMY

Yeah, on *my* money!

VIC

Love you too, Hex. Mwah.

BELLAMY

Okay. So we're a little lighter than I was hoping. Oh, *brilliant*. I'm so happy right now, thank you, Vic.

FAUSTINA

I mean, you've got money, right? That's how you paid for all those wings.

AWKWARD BEAT.

VIC

Oooh. Been telling porky pies, have we, Hex?

FAUSTINA

What is he saying? What does that mean?

BELLAMY

It means I'm gonna kill him later.

VIC

Not before you tell her the truth.

BELLAMY

...I may have shelled out the rest of my kurats at lunch to make a good first impression. And thanks to this parasite, we're still in the red.

VIC

I could buy you a drink?

BELLAMY

Oh, yeah, yeah, let's just spend more money on drinks. Yeah, it's just coming out your ass, isn't it, Vic? *The mere sight of you disgusts me.*

FAUSTINA

To be fair, the sight of him is the only part that doesn't disgust me.

VIC

[Touched]

Thank you. I'd return the compliment, but having seen you yesterday, I know this isn't your best look. Mind if I show you to the showers?

FAUSTINA

Nothing could wash off the stink of what you've done. But yes.

BELLAMY

Just meet me back here when you're done, I guess. Bartender, give me your strongest.

ROBOT BARTENDER

Coming right up—

BELLAMY

And *cheapest*.

VIC

...Still on the sauce, I see.

BELLAMY

Fuck you, I'm optimizing.

VIC

Alrighty. This way, KILLJAM Queen.

FAUSTINA

Eat shit.

SOUND: They walk away together.

FAUSTINA

[Quiet]

Where the fuck do I know you from?

VIC

I told you, I've just got one of those faces.

SOUND: High-tech door. High-pressure shower.

FAUSTINA

That's the fucking *stuff*.

NARRATOR

One Long Shower Later.

SOUND: Beep. The shower turns off. Steam. Faustina exhales.

FAUSTINA

Okay... I'm human again.

SOUND: Door opens.

BELLAMY

Why are you naked?

FAUSTINA

Cause I don't shower with clothes on, dingus.

BELLAMY

Oh, right. Oh god, that's good. Y'know, for a second, I was worried you'd spent more money.

SOUND: Vic enters.

VIC

Frugal as ever, Hex. You'd do great in a war. And look, you've already got the arm for it.

BELLAMY

Yeah, and it can do all kinds of fun hand gestures, too.

SOUND: Implied mechanical bird flip.

VIC

Most of what I saw in the lost and found probably wouldn't cover much more than you've got on right now, so I'd stick with a bathrobe until you can find something more presentable.

FAUSTINA

What about the clothes I came in with?

[beat]

I swear to fuck, Vic, if you sold them while I was in the shower—

BELLAMY

Don't worry, I kept an eye on them. And nobody wanted them anyway, cuz they stink, so you probably shouldn't put them back on until we've visited a laundromat.

VIC

Look— In my defense, I wouldn't have stolen from you in the first place if I'd known EKW froze your bank account. I assumed you were still well-off. So, sorry about that, love.

FAUSTINA

Thank you for saying that. I still hate you.

VIC

Understood. There are some thrift stores around here with reasonably chic offerings. If you want to go more upmarket, you'll need to use the ol' five-finger credit card.

FAUSTINA

[Horrified]

Thrift stores? Like, clothes other people wore before me?

BELLAMY

Oh, you'll adjust, c'mon. Hey, and looks like you're bleeding a little less now, too. Which is fantastic, cause I'm sick of getting kicked out of restaurants.

VIC

Oh, that reminds me. I have a little peace offering for you.

SOUND: Vic rustles and passes Faustina some glass vials.

FAUSTINA

You can't ply me with drugs, creep—

VIC

—I'm not trying to get you high. That's Regenerex. Synthesized Retinoic Acid from Axolotls and Planarian Neoblasts, retrofitted for human consumption. Two doses.

FAUSTINA

Woah. Dr. Yuzna used to shoot me up with this after fights all the time.

BELLAMY

Regenerex? Isn't that prescription only?

VIC

Locks on Deoxyco delivery trucks are shockingly primitive. I'm the Regenerex hookup for the pro's here. Some of their clients want a higher standard of damage than most establishments are comfortable offering. Regenerex can heal some of the more severe kink play that goes on here. Inject and heal - easy peasy, squeeze the lemon.

SOUND: Faustina injects. Fleshy noises of wounds healing.

FAUSTINA

Farewell, Hand Holes. You were fun while you lasted.

VIC

Keep the second dose for a rainy day. Side effects include muscle spasms, dry eyes, and fatigue, so I'd avoid any strenuous physical activity for twelve hours after taking it.

FAUSTINA

Then I guess we're going shopping, babyyyy!

BELLAMY

At the most reasonably priced establishments we can find, babyyyy!

SOUND: The Underground Market ambiance. Faustina and Bellamy walk.

NARRATOR

Gomez Square Market, the Kagetsu District.

BELLAMY

Yeah, I do most of my shopping here. You know what they say: Gomez Square has everything.

FAUSTINA

Nice to have someone who knows their way around. This place is a maze.

BELLAMY

Then allow me to be your golden thread.

FAUSTINA

What?

BELLAMY

Check this out. Over here, we'll be able to find some clothes stores, okay. Emil's place sells decent ammo.

[Dorkily makes a gun noise with his mouth]

Junko's sells crappy, crappy sushi. You know what they say, if you eat there you'll be filled with despair. I've had some personal experience with that... See that place with the cog on the sign? That is Axel's workshop. That's where I go to get my arm tuned, maybe... once a month? He's the only guy around here that works with this, uhhh... Particular model.

FAUSTINA

Jungle camo was a bold design choice.

BELLAMY

Wasn't my choice. We make the most of what we've got around here.

FAUSTINA

You're from the area?

BELLAMY

Uhhhh... No. Nope. Much like this old hunk of junk, I'm a transplant. Until about a year ago, I had a place downtown. Lately, I've been between fixed living areas. Which is good! Which is great! Because a man like me needs flexibility.

FAUSTINA

So we're both on the streets? I was hoping you'd have a place for us to crash.

BELLAMY

Excuse me, I have a car, and all you have is a bathrobe on loan from a sex club.

FAUSTINA

Not for long. Where can a girl get a cute top around here? I really want something glittery and pink, something that says 'don't fuck with me', but also 'I'm fuckable'. The bifecta.

BELLAMY

Anything is possible on the clearance rack.

SOUND: The sound of customers sifting through clothes.

FAUSTINA

[while sorting through clothes]

Ugly... ugly... boring... ugly... grandma... Bellamy, why is nothing here good?

BELLAMY

Come on, It's cheap, y'know. What is better than cheap?

FAUSTINA

Pink!

BELLAMY

You just have to look harder. Look, Lemme do it, look... This one, this one's kinda pink. Wait, never mind. That is white with dried blood on it. Interesting, moving on...

FAUSTINA

Ooh, the red kind. Don't see that every day.

BELLAMY

Maybe *you* don't.

FAUSTINA

Yeah, fuck this. Until we can clean my Jamming fit, I'll stick with the robe.

SOUND: Bellamy and Faustina walking.

BELLAMY

Okay. Where exactly are we going? Cuz, I don't know if you noticed, but there is not any laundromats around here.

FAUSTINA

There's a score I need to settle. You've still got at least *some* money, right?

BELLAMY

Sure, let's go with that.

FAUSTINA

I'm ashamed to admit this, but in a moment of weakness, I had to pawn Gutter to some asshole, Rig or something. We need to get her back!

BELLAMY

Wait, wait, wait, Rig? I know them.

FAUSTINA

Wow, you're genuinely friends with every prick in town.

BELLAMY

I, I... I don't know if I'd say we're friends, exactly. Uh, they paid me, um... to cut off my arm.

FAUSTINA

What the fuck!?

SOUND: Chime. Faustina and Bellamy storm into Rig's pawn shop. RIG (Lou Sutcliffe) seems unsurprised by their appearance.

RIG

Miss Fetamine. I see you brought a Hex with you. To what do I owe the pleasure?

FAUSTINA

You know why we're here, Myxter Advantage-Taking Pile of Human Garbage.

BELLAMY

That's how you start a business transaction!?! Oh my God, okay, whoah, Faustina, *that needs work*.

FAUSTINA

Seems I'm not the only one who makes money dismembering people.

RIG

Hex was paid fairly, and I didn't do anything he didn't agree to.

FAUSTINA

Oh, right. Just like I *agreed* to give you Gutter!

RIG

You *did* agree to it.

FAUSTINA

I was dying, brainlord. That's not a real choice!

BELLAMY

Alright, okay. We can all be reasonable actors in this debatably free market, okay? Rig, we'd like to see Gutter and get a price quote.

RIG

I'm afraid we're beyond that now. An interested party bought it this morning.

FAUSTINA

What!?! Who?

RIG

Disclosing client information would be unprofessional.

FAUSTINA

Unprofessional would be me smashing down that stupid glass divider and making you eat the pieces. This is common fucking courtesy!

BELLAMY

Okay, there's got to be some kind of arrangement we can make.

RIG

Perhaps there is, but not with me.

FAUSTINA

Why do I have to keep losing everything I own!?

RIG

No one owns anything, really. Even your body and soul are just matter and energy you're renting from the universe. Have a good day now.

[Laughs Dickishly]

SOUND: Chime. The ambiance of a laundromat. Clothes tumbling around in a washer.

NARRATOR

Dream Spinner Laundromat, South San Malvado.

BELLAMY

That's the last of our winnings, but at least you'll have clean clothes.

FAUSTINA

I can't believe they sold Gutter. Who does Rig think they are?

BELLAMY

The real question is, "Who's the buyer?" We find them, we find Gutter.

FAUSTINA

Who would want her, anyway?

BELLAMY

Whoever they are, they probably won't give her up cheap. Yeah... We need capital to close these kinds of deals.

[Tuts and whistles, attempting to appear casual]

That's why I suggest you—

FAUSTINA

Accept your business deal?

BELLAMY

YES! It's a once-in-a-lifetime offer!

FAUSTINA

No offence, Bellamy, but it seems like you need a win just as badly as I do.

BELLAMY

Oh god, who in this city doesn't? If Faustina Fucking Fetamine can't beat the odds, the average person has no chance. And that's why you have to get back out there. With me, preferably!

FAUSTINA

It's sweet that you're still trying to cheer me up, "Hex."

BELLAMY

[dead serious]

Did you really just call me that?

FAUSTINA

Everyone calls you that!

BELLAMY

You don't even know why.

FAUSTINA

Okay, why do they call you—?

SOUND: Enter the Truants. **GASH** (*Kate Clarke*), **LASH** (*Bailey Meyers*), and **BASH** (*Val Petrone*).

BASH

Hex!

LASH

We've been lookin' for ya.

GASH

Thought you could dodge us, eh, carrot top?

BELLAMY

Perfect. Now The Truants are here. Oh, *fuuuuck*.

FAUSTINA

The Truants? They're just teenagers, dude.

LASH

Oh snap! That lady in the bathrobe looks just like Faustina!

BASH

No, dipshit, that's the real deal! I saw her in person at KillCon last year!

GASH

Oh, righteous. It's Faustina Fucking Fetamine in the bitchin' blue flesh.

FAUSTINA

Ooh, Ooh! Bellamy, they're fans!

BELLAMY

Yeah, of you!

SOUND: Faustina gets up and approaches.

FAUSTINA

Those are some cute weapons. Are you kids Jammers, too?

BASH

We're in the Jammer Apprentice Program.

LASH

Working our way up to get our licenses.

GASH

It's a big-ass drag, but it's the only outlet we have for our violent urges.

FAUSTINA

Hey, we all got 'em!

SOUND: Faustina and the Truants laugh together.

BELLAMY

I feel like I'm having a lucid nightmare.

BASH

It's an honor to meet you. I'm Bash, on account of these knuckle dusters.

LASH

I'm Lash, cause I like to whip people with these rusty chains.

SOUND: Switchblade *shing!*

GASH

And I'm Gash, 'cause if you fuck with me, I'll slice your tits off. Anyway, wanna help us cut this guy?

FAUSTINA

Whoa, slow down, girls. Bellamy's cool. Mostly. And he's a Civ.

LASH

What's the problem? We bust Civ heads all the time.

GASH

It's nothing personal, just business.

BASH

We've got a sponsor who'll give us free beer if we cave in his skull. You ripped off the wrong gamblers, Hex!

GASH

I might cut out his kidneys, too. Make a little extra on the side.

SOUND: Bellamy cocks his arm gun.

BELLAMY

Fuck that! If anyone's gonna sell my kidneys, it's gonna be me!

GASH

Your busted old tech ain't scary. There's three of us and only one of you.

FAUSTINA

How about a compromise, girls? If you leave my associate alone—

BELLAMY

[Delighted]

Associate?

FAUSTINA

And I'll give you a crash course in KILLJAM.

LASH

Are you for real?

BASH

Bring it. You might have been KILLJAM Queen, but out here, we run these streets.

GASH

Damn straight. Fuck her up, girls!

FAUSTINA

Class is in session. Show me what you got.

SOUND: Lash swings.

FAUSTINA

Decent swing, Lash. I felt the breeze on that one.

BASH

Eat this, bitch!

SOUND: Bash roars and swings. Thump. The swing is blocked.

FAUSTINA

Good haymaker, but when you swing that wide, you're easy to block.

BELLAMY

Faustina, Faustina, watch out!

SOUND: Gash yells and slashes with her blade. Faustina shifts her footwork.

FAUSTINA

Nice try, Gash. Gotta be faster than that, though.

GASH

Lash, knock her teeth out!

SOUND: Lash swings the chain.

FAUSTINA

This is what Mara would call a teachable moment. When facing an enemy with a long reach, hang back and find a way to hit them from a distance.

SOUND: Faustina grabs a box of detergent.

FAUSTINA

This'll do!

BELLAMY

Uh, laundry detergent? Why!?

SOUND: Faustina throws the detergent powder into Lash's face.

LASH

Fuck, my eyes! Shit, shit—

FAUSTINA

One down, two to go. Who wants next?

BASH

This time I'll put you down with my knockout punch!

FAUSTINA

It's cool to have a special move, Bash.

SOUND: Bash lunges and runs in.

FAUSTINA

But only call it out when you know it'll hit. For example...

BASH

Knockout—

FAUSTINA

Fetamine Flurry!

SOUND: Faustina rapidly punches Bash, knocking her out.

GASH

Oh fuck...

FAUSTINA

Gash! Your turn!

SOUND: Gash roars and dives in.

FAUSTINA

Oooh, good form. You've clearly been practicing.

GASH

Stop treating us like kids!

FAUSTINA

Okay.

SOUND: Faustina opens a laundry machine door into Gash's face. Gash falls.

FAUSTINA

Like I was saying, it's good to know your weapons. And sometimes, a Jammer's best weapon is her environment. Like, for example, I bet you didn't expect me to slam that washing machine door in your face.

BELLAMY

OH, FUCK YEAH, BABY! UNH! That's what happens when you mess with the fuckin' KILLJAM Queen!

[Coyote Noises]

SOUND: All of the Truants groan on the floor. Bellamy approaches.

BELLAMY

That was fucking incredible! Oh, Faustina, you fuckin' destroyed them!

FAUSTINA

It's nice to get a light workout now and then.

BELLAMY

Now finish them off while they're on the floor!

FAUSTINA

What? Fuck no. I look like a Rookie Breaker to you?

BELLAMY

Okay, alright, jeez, relax...

FAUSTINA

Besides, it's over. I don't think the Truants will be giving you any more trouble. Right, girls?

GASH, LASH, and BASH

[Pained]

Yes, Miss Fetamine.

FAUSTINA

Good. Now take this Regenerex and fuck off. We've got laundry to do.

SOUND: Faustina throws them the Regenerex.

BELLAMY

Yeah, yeah, get outta here, you bunch of worthless punks! Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you—

FAUSTINA

Easy. You've gotta let 'em have *some* dignity.

SOUND: The three leave. The door closes. The bell rings.

FAUSTINA

Look out the window. Are they out of sight?

BELLAMY

Looks like it! Oh my God, Faustina, I should thank you, I—

FAUSTINA

Catch me.

BELLAMY

Oh shit, oh fuck—

SOUND: Faustina collapses. Bellamy lunges for her.

BELLAMY

Oh, fuck— Are you okay?

FAUSTINA

That Regenerex fatigue Vic mentioned. We're lucky I didn't collapse during the fight. That would have been so embarrassing.

SOUND: Ding! The washing machine stops.

FAUSTINA

Laundry's done.

SOUND: The sound of a car driving. We're in there with Bellamy and Faustina.

NARRATOR

In Bellamy's Car, Later That Day.

BELLAMY

How are you holding up back there, Faustina?

FAUSTINA

I can wiggle my big toe again. That's progress.

BELLAMY

Ha, I love progress! Speaking of...

SOUND: The car stops.

BELLAMY

Think you can sit up and, uh, take a peek out the window?

FAUSTINA

Sure. But you're asking a lot of me here...

SOUND: Faustina sits up.

FAUSTINA

Holy shit. What a view. I can see the whole city from here!

BELLAMY

Oh yeah. We're up on Mount Carradine. Out beyond the city, there's the Carcosa Desert. And out beyond even that, there's a shitty little nowhere town called Jackknife where nobody ever amounts to anything.

FAUSTINA

Jeez, what's your beef with this town?

BELLAMY

That's a story for another day. But a, uh, but a kid came out of that town, a kid with big dreams and big ambitions. A kid who thought out here, he could be somebody worth knowing about.

FAUSTINA

Just so we're totally clear here, you're the kid, right?

BELLAMY

Uh, yeah, yes, I'm the kid. And that kid - well, uh, / tried out for a management position at EKW. Didn't get it, that's fine, y'know, I had a pretty spotty resume - I got my foot in the door as an assistant there. First to River Styx, then to, uh, then to Magmyte.

FAUSTINA

Wait, aren't they both dead?

BELLAMY

Correct. Once is just business, twice is a coincidence. Then I got my third gig - assistant to Tesla's Revenge, Borg-Style Robo on the mid-card.

FAUSTINA

Tesla's Revenge! Oh, that takes me back! With the shock gloves, right?

BELLAMY

Yep.

FAUSTINA

I killed her in like two minutes flat at last year's Summer Slaughter. That must've been— Oh. Shit. Sorry.

BELLAMY

Do you know how superstitious Jammers are? You play assistant to three Jammers who die, and y'know, you don't have bad luck. You *are* bad luck. That's how I got my fun little nickname. "Hex." And how I lost my job at EKW.

FAUSTINA

Why didn't you just go back home to shitsville?

BELLAMY

Why didn't you just quit KILLJAM and write a tell-all memoir?

FAUSTINA

Because I can't read or write, but I get your point.

BELLAMY

I have done awful things to stay in this big, stupid, fucking city. Even selling my arm and getting saddled with this piece of metal crap.

SOUND: Bellamy moves his robo arm.

BELLAMY

But I am sick of surviving. I wanna live.

BEAT.

FAUSTINA

So, what was your business proposition? I think I'm ready to hear it.

BELLAMY

[Lighting Back up]

Well, uh, well, it occurred to me that you're a truly superlative fighter. But when it comes to money, PR work, and just general long-term planning ability... You... You kinda suck. Sorry.

FAUSTINA

Little mean, but fair.

BELLAMY

But that's my expertise! I'm a management super-genius! Okay, scheduling, negotiations, advertising, PR. I've done correspondence courses on all of them! You won't find a manager more dedicated! I'll get you good press! Good fights! Sponsorships! Ad spots! God, for fuck's sake, I shot a cyborg in the back of the head for you earlier today, and god damn it, I'd do it again! Stick with me, and together, we can show all those pricks at EKW exactly how stupid they were for abandoning us! Because we will go all the way to the fucking top!

[Breathing deeply, takes a second, calms down]

So, uh, what do you say?

FAUSTINA

I say... Let's shake on it.

BELLAMY

Really!?

FAUSTINA

Really. I think you've got yourself a deal, Mr. Manager.

SOUND: Faustina's hand claps against Bellamy's metal arm. Cut to footsteps in the alleyways. We're back with the Truants.

NARRATOR

The Backstreets of Kadokawa Quarter.

GASH

This fuckin' bites. We'd be getting wasted right now if Hex didn't have muscle.

BASH

You gotta admit, Gash, it was radical to meet her—

GASH

Can it, Bash! Faustina humiliated us! I mean, look at Lash. She's crying her eyes out.

LASH

[CRYING]

I'm not crying. It's the detergent.

GASH

Next time we see that Ex-KILLJAM Queen, she'll be the one shedding tears.

SOUND: A deranged laugh echoes down the alley.

BASH

Who the fuck was that?

LASH

Nobody laughs at us! We're dangerous!

SOUND: The laughing continues. Large footsteps approach. Bells jingle. It's **MOLLY MURDERCLOWN** (*Misha Bakshi*).

MOLLY

Dangerous? You three silly billies? That's a hoot and a half! Ever considered a career in stand-up? If just one of you died, you could be one heck of a double act!

GASH

Step off, freak. We're the Truants. This is our turf.

MOLLY

Oh, I get it. A cute little street punk trio! What a funny gimmick! Good job!

SOUND: Molly laughs but abruptly stops, angry at herself for laughing.

MOLLY

Gosh DARN it! No laughing, Molly. Serious face! This is SERIOUS business!

BASH

Well, what's your gimmick? Cheap spray tan? Boxed hair dye?

MOLLY

Well, that's no way to talk to your new friend! And this tan was super expensive!

GASH

Wait! Wait, wait, wait— I know this bitch! You used to be with the Gammaburst Circus, right?
My mom's boyfriend took me to see it a few years ago.

MOLLY

Oops, I think you're mistaken, *friendo*. Everyone at that circus is dead.

GASH

No, I swear it was you! Same voice, same pigtails... Oh, I know! You were the *clown*! Molly Malarkey! You made me a balloon animal!

MOLLY

NO!

SOUND: The **RINGMASTER** (*Bradley Gareth*) yells over a loudspeaker.

RINGMASTER

No malarkey here. You three lucky ladies are standing in the presence of the marvelous, magnificent *Molly Murderclown*, soon to be known as the new KILLJAM QUEEN! She dances! She sings! She dismembers! Making violence fun for the whole family, only at the Gammaburst Circus!

MOLLY

[SCREAMS]

I told you, I didn't need you anymore! I can do this myself!

LASH

Who the fuck are you talking to, lady?

MOLLY

Don't worry, you'll meet him soon!

SOUND: Molly unsheathes Gutter.

BASH

What the fuck!? Is that Gutter?

MOLLY

Ding ding ding! That's a bingo! Take any prize off the middle shelf!

SOUND: Laugh track.

MOLLY

No! That's a serious one! Don't laugh!

LASH

Nobody's laughing. We've had a shitty day, and we're a little too old for clowns—

MOLLY

I AM NOT A FLIPPIN' CLOWN! I'm a PERFORMER! Huh. You think after that joke of a fight in the laundromat, you've got any right to call *me* a clown? I'm the one who's going to kill Faustina Fetamine. You three are just a warm-up act.

SOUND: Rim-shot. Audience laughs.

GASH

Fuck this. Let's put this joker in the dirt, girls.

BASH

That's what I'm fucking talking about.

LASH

You don't get to diss the Truants and live!

MOLLY

Okey dokey artichokies, let's see if I can beat my personal best...

SOUND: A quick series of slashes. The Truants scream. Many parts hit the floor.

RINGMASTER

And she's off! Look at how she slices those ne'er-do-wells into ribbons!

SOUND: Imaginary audience claps and cheers.

GASH

Oh god, oh fuck... Lash... Bash... Why!?

MOLLY

Awww, cheer up, buttercup! Look on the bright side. They're both dead; all you lost are your limbs.

GASH

I'm gonna fucking kill you! You hear me? You're dead!

MOLLY

Ah, ah, ah. That's no way to talk to the future KILLJAM Queen.

SOUND: Molly picks up Gash's switchblade. Deploys the blade.

MOLLY

Ooh, nice blade.

GASH

Hey, hey, that's mine! What are you doing?

MOLLY

GOOD QUESTION! I wonder what will happen next! What do you think?

GASH

You're asking me!?

MOLLY

Hmm, more just thinking out loud. Actually, I'm thinking of doing a bunch of things right now.
First, though, I'm gonna take your little knife and unzip your tummy...

SOUND: She shoves the blade into Gash's gut. Gash gasps in pain. Molly pulls out some of Gash's intestine. Gash screams.

MOLLY

Don't ever let anyone tell you that Molly forgets about her Day Ones. You get a special solo show! And just for old time's sake, I'm gonna take your guts, and make you another balloon animal... How about a dog?

SOUND: As Molly begins twisting up Gash's guts, Gash screams, and Molly's maniacal laugh echoes off into the night. The audience cheers.

RINGMASTER

Let's hear it for Molly Murderclown! Isn't she fantastic? Isn't she DELIGHTFUL? When she goes head to head with Faustina Fetamine, it's going to be a show to remember! So listen closely, grab some popcorn from the concessions, and don't you dare look away!

[Echoing Laughs]

SOUND: Music plays out. Swords clash.

[END]

FAUSTINA (VO.)

Heyy, it's Faustina again! Yeah, that was kind of a fucked up ending! Find out about the freaks and weirdos responsible in the show notes! And don't worry. I promise we'll have some fun next time in the magical world of local advertising! In the meantime, do me and my new manager a solid and leave this show a positive rating and review, find our socials, and tell all your most badass friends to listen to KILLJAM XXX! Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go get another order of those wings...