

JAM 04.5: "THE DEVIL OF SAN MALVADO!"

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, in our first ever minisode, you're gonna hear someone get dismembered on a meat hook. Content warnings are in the show notes! Enjoy this fun-sized dose of carnage!

SOUND: We hear the end of the Faustina Vs. Mother Hysteria fight playing on a phone, with the beeps and pings of livestream reactions. **KELSEY** (*Ashlee Craft*) intently watches. Mother Hysteria approaches, and the crowd parts.

RANDY (VO., RECORDING)

The Bloodstreamers return. You can't have a dying animal without buzzards buzzing around!

KELSEY

C'mon, Faustina, get up! It can't end like this!

FAUSTINA (RECORDING)

[Weakly]

What I ever do to you guys?

MOTHER HYSTERIA (RECORDING)

*And so they part like the Red Sea for my arrival. You may have scarred me, Faustina
Fetamine, but I will be the one who finally sends you back to hell.*

FAUSTINA (RECORDING)

Hell is having to hear you monologue all day. Just fucking shoot me.

KELSEY

Oh no...

MOTHER HYSTERIA (RECORDING)

Archangel, Hollow Points.

SOUND: *In the recording, Archangel reconfigures. BANG! Brains splatter. Crowd Gasps. Beat.*

FAUSTINA (RECORDING)

Wait... How come I'm not dead?

SOUND: *Mother Hysteria's body collapses.*

KELSEY

What the fuck? Is that...?

JESSE (VO., RECORDING)

Either someone hacked my eyes, or we just witnessed a complete rando walk out of the crowd and shoot Mother Hysteria in the back of the head!

RANDY (VO., RECORDING)

Is that a Civ with a military-grade hand cannon? It turned MH's endoskeleton into scrap metal! This kid looks way too young to be rocking those kinds of cybernetics!

JESSE (VO., RECORDING)

Should we... uh, cut to commercials?

SOUND: *Footsteps approach. It's the mysterious BELLAMY PINK.*

KELSEY

No fucking way.

BELLAMY

Alright, alright. Let's back up a little, folks. Give the lady some room to breathe. She's been through enough today.

[Bellamy cocks his gun-arm]

I'd hate to ask twice...

SOUND: Kelsey gets up and leaves, as the stream continues to play out.

AUTOMATED VOICE

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SOUND: After the words of **THE NARRATOR** (*Bradley Gareth*), we cut to the heavy metal door of a freezer opening. Generators hum. Meat hooks swing. **SHANKHILL** (*Zane Schacht*) enters, his cane tapping against the ground.

NARRATOR (VO.)

The Walk-In Freezer of Shankhill's Quality Meats, The Kagetsu District.

SHANKHILL

Wakey wakey, Michael. We've got another order to fill.

SOUND: **MICHAEL** (*Jamie Douglas*) gasps and comes to life. He's swinging on the meat hooks.

MICHAEL

Fuck. Shankhill... I dreamed I was dead. Why'd you have to wake me up?

SHANKHILL

You're not allowed to die yet, my friend. Not until your loan is repaid in full. Call me old-fashioned, but I take deals of that nature very seriously.

MICHAEL

That wasn't in our fucking deal!

SHANKHILL

'Fraid you're wrong, son. That contract had some mighty fine print, which puts you in a mighty fine predicament.

SOUND: Shankhill rests his cane against the wall. He walks over and picks up a butcher's knife, which he begins to sharpen.

SHANKHILL

You owe me a pound of flesh. With interest.

MICHAEL

Please... It hurts...

SHANKHILL

We can move the hook to your other shoulder if you're uncomfortable.

MICHAEL

Why couldn't you just cut it off my corpse?

SHANKHILL

Customers like it fresh, Michael. All the synth nonsense out there... Why, once people get a taste of real meat, they develop a discerning palette.

SOUND: He finishes sharpening the knife.

SHANKHILL

Now... We're down to the bone on your right leg, I think it's time we got started on the left, don't you?

MICHAEL

Fuck you, Shankhill.

SHANKHILL

Are you a god-fearing man, son?

MICHAEL

I stopped believing in God when you dragged me in here...

SHANKHILL

[Grinning]

Good boy. How about a little music while we work?

SOUND: Shankhill turns on a stereo. Tom Lehrer's "*My Home Town*" starts to play.

MICHAEL

Wait... Please... PLEASE!

SOUND: Shankhill begins to cut into Michael. Soon, meat slaps into a metal tray.

MICHAEL

Oh god, somebody help me! HELP ME!

SHANKHILL

Don't cry, Michael. You'll grow it all back eventually...

SOUND: The heavy metal door slides open. Kelsey enters, excited.

KELSEY

Dad?

SHANKHILL

Can't you see that daddy's working, honey?

KELSEY

But it's important!

MICHAEL

I'm begging you, just let me die...

KELSEY

Shut your trap, idiot.

SHANKHILL

No need to be rude to the poor soul, princess. Good manners cost nothing.

KELSEY

Dad, you're not listening. Hex is back in town!

SHANKHILL

Hex? Are you sure?

Kelsey brings up footage of the end of the fight.

KELSEY

He blew the head off a Jammer in the Cronenberg District!

SHANKHILL

Now, ain't that interesting...

KELSEY

[Giddy]

Can we go hunting?

SHANKHILL

That depends, Kelsey. Have you finished your homework?

KELSEY

C'mooooon, Dad. I can finish it later! We don't wanna lose him! Think about all that money he owes you. We're gonna make that skinny little deadbeat pay!

SHANKHILL

[Chuckles]

Awww. Look at you, taking an interest in the family business. Okay, honey, you can tag along. Be a doll and fetch my coat.

KELSEY

Yay! Can I wear my Radgoll costume?

SHANKHILL

Hmm...

KELSEY

Pleeease? I just wanna try my new claw mods. I can rip him to shreds!

SHANKHILL

Aw, hell. How can I say no to my little princess?

KELSEY

Thanks, Daddy, you're the best!

SOUND: Kelsey giggles and heads out. Shankhill grabs his cane and walks out.

SHANKHILL

We'll pick this up later, Michael. You just hang tight, son.

KELSEY

Hex won't know what hit him... Gonna cut him into itty bitty pieces...

SOUND: Shankhill slams the door to the meat locker. His and Kelsey's laughs echo as the last of "*My Home Town*" plays out, and blood drips from Michael's hanging body.

[END]