

COWBOY BEBOP

"PILOT"

Written by

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Based on
"Cowboy Bebop"
The Animated Series

MIDNIGHT RADIO
TOMORROW STUDIOS

3/20/2018

FADE IN:

Desperate, dirty FACES in an outdoor HOLDING CAMP push up against a chain link FENCE, yelling out in anger and fear.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The refugee crisis turned violent once again, as a riot broke out between detainees and Fortuna City police. The fifth incident in as many days.

POLICE in RIOT GEAR fire TEAR GAS CANISTERS into A CROWD, as another helmeted COP unleashes a WATER CANNON.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Three officers were injured in the conflict, which left seventeen refugees dead --

A GUNSHOT, and the image suddenly SHATTERS and goes BLACK.

TANAKA (O.S.)

Fucking refugees.

INT. WATANABE CASINO - NIGHT

Where we meet TANAKA (Asian, mid-40's, eyes as dead as a dead shark). As he turns from the MONITOR he just shot, stepping over a dead SECURITY GUARD on the floor...

TANAKA

They'll be the death of us all.

He moves from the MONITORS in the BAR/DINING SECTION of the CASINO, through a number of SLOT MACHINES and POKER TABLES. The dings and whirrs mix with soft crying and whimpering.

TANAKA (CONT'D)

They eat our food. Drink our water. Rub their filthy hips against our daughters. I do not like speaking in absolutes...

GAMBLERS of all races and ages are face down on the ground as several GUNMEN watch over them with MACHINE GUNS.

TANAKA (CONT'D)

But I *absolutely* wish every one of these fucking refugees would be taken to the woods. And the woods be set on fire.

Tanaka approaches the CASINO MANAGER, a woman in a TUXEDO, mid-30's. She's got a gun to her head and looks scared.

The young TWEAKER holding the gun on her looks just as nervous, sweating paranoia... And drugs.

TWEAKER

This is taking too long, boss --

TANAKA

All of the alarms have been disabled. The cops won't know we were here until we are gone.

(then)

You smell like drugs, Largo. Are you on drugs?

TWEAKER

No, sir.

He is so very clearly on drugs. But Tanaka turns to the Casino Manager. Offers an avuncular smile...

TANAKA

Don't be afraid. I once worked in a casino. In my younger days.

Tanaka moves to the CASHIER COUNTER behind the manager. He taps a SMARTPHONE lying on the counter, next to a CASINO COMPUTER TERMINAL which emits a HOLOGRAPHIC SCREEN.

TANAKA (CONT'D)

Until I was fired. For stabbing a pit boss.

The smartphone shows a PROGRESS BAR; it reads "TRANSFERRING."

TANAKA (CONT'D)

The pit boss also lost his job. Because, after all, what good is a *one-eyed* pit boss?

Another punk with a SHOTGUN (mid-20's) paces nearby, watching over more HOSTAGES. There's another security guard DEAD on the ground, another shot and bleeding out.

Tanaka's smile is all malice, no mirth.

TANAKA (CONT'D)

Jobs are lost. And who do they go to, do you think? *The fucking refugees.*

(then)

Where are you from?

But before she can answer, A BELL CHIME sounds off, and Tanaka turns with a frown.

As a SET OF ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. And a man emerges. He's mid-30s, loose and lanky and moving with a slouchy insouciance that is equal parts confidence, arrogance, and recklessness. A kamikaze in a hopeless world.

This is SPIKE SPIEGEL. And this is *his* fucking show.

Spike's HEADPHONES are on over his ears; seemingly oblivious to the crime drama unfolding here.

TANAKA (CONT'D)

I thought we had the elevators covered --

SHOTGUN

Floyd was up there!

Spike's got a single COIN in hand that he taps on a SLOT MACHINE. Tanaka aims his gun at Spike...

TANAKA

HEY! *YOU WITH THE HEADPHONES!*

Spike turns to Tanaka, as if seeing him for the first time. And then his eyes sweep across the room. To the other gunmen. The dead bodies. The whimpering hostages.

Yet Spike is oddly unfazed. His becalmed expression that of a man watching children apple-picking in an orchard. He takes his headphones off.

SPIKE

Yeah?

TANAKA

What do you think you're doing?

SPIKE

Came to place a bet.

And Spike FLIPS the coin right in Tanaka's FACE. Tanaka flinches, simultaneously firing his gun. Spike sidesteps out of the way, then puts a foot into Tanaka's face, knocking him back into the counter.

The Tweaker who was holding the Casino Manager takes aim at Spike, but Spike's already on him: he grabs and BREAKS the Tweaker's arm. The Casino Manager backs up with wide eyes.

But Spike keeps moving. He's on Tanaka instantly, fast and precise - an ease and fluidity to his movements...

It's as if he's having fun. But that's understandable: *because he is good at this shit.* With a Bruce Lee-esque flair, Spike puts the butt of his PALM into Tanaka's nose, then again with his other open hand.

It all happens fast, but Shotgun and Tweaker recover. Shotgun raises his weapon and FIRES.

Spike knocks Tanaka out of the way before tackling the Casino Manager and DIVING over the BAR with her.

As more shots pepper the area over their heads, they hit the ground. Spike takes cover, back to the bar. When, over COMMS we didn't notice Spike has in his ear:

JET (O.S.)

Spike! I heard shots! What the hell is going on down there? They've got hostages, the plan was for you to wait!

Spike presses two fingers to the earpiece.

SPIKE

"Waiting" was no longer an option.

Spike moves toward the Casino Manager, who flinches. But he offers her a reassuring smile, and:

SPIKE (CONT'D)

You okay?

She looks at him, tears and snot running down her face.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

CASINO MANAGER

(really?)

Carol.

SPIKE

Everything's gonna be all right, Carol.

But she turns away from him, sobbing. Staring at the two more DEAD CASINO EMPLOYEES, splayed-out not ten feet from them. Young women like her.

JET (O.S.)

Spike! *SPIKE!!* Do not kill anyone, do you hear me?

Spike's expression curdles. Into something hard.

SPIKE

You're breaking up, Jet.

And Spike LEAPS UP from behind the bar... Flinging himself on Shotgun, who had been cautiously approaching...

On the fly, Spike grabs the barrel of Shotgun's shotgun. He aims it at the bastard's face. And pulls the trigger.

Shotgun's head SNAPS BACK, A BULLET HOLE RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES -- blood spattering the two GUNMEN just behind him.

Who barely have time to react. As Spike opens fire. The first is a perfect headshot, but the second returns fire.

Spike DUCKS and RUSHES the gunman, who takes a swing at him. Spike blocks and shoots him point blank from under the chin.

HOSTAGES SCRAMBLE FOR COVER as two more GUNMEN open fire at Spike from across the room. Spike takes cover behind a SLOT MACHINE, which is riddled with bullets.

And here comes that Tweaker to take aim at Spike...

BOOM! A CEILING PANEL ABOVE is suddenly TORN OPEN and a large, bad-ass BLACK MAN drops down next to Tweaker.

This is JET. And he is mid-50s and the answer to the question: *"what would it look like if Ving Rhames and Delroy Lindo fell in love and had a baby?"*

Jet puts a fist the size of a horse's heart into the Tweaker's stomach. So hard the dude doubles over and PROJECTILE VOMITS across the casino...

Jet scans the room with his own weapon, a massive HANDGUN. Moving with the tactical precision of someone with extensive police and/or military training.

And, deeming all to be seemingly quiet, he turns to Spike:

JET

Goddamnit, Spike! We have to take them *alive!* How many times have I told you?!

As if on cue (hell yeah, it's on cue!), a wounded gunman has found his hand-cannon. He rises up. Aims it at Jet.

BLAM! Jet fires first, taking off a chunky corner of the gunman's forehead. He drops, and Spike looks at Jet.

SPIKE

What was that about taking them
alive? I can't remember.

JET

Shut up. You didn't kill Tanaka,
did you?

TANAKA (O.S.)

DROP THE GUNS!

They turn. To where Tanaka has a GUN pressed against the
head of a terrified OLD LADY. Spike to Jet:

SPIKE

Not yet.

TANAKA

I walk out of here or she dies.

SPIKE

You have to get better at hostage-
picking, Tanaka. I mean, look at
her. What are you, 80, ma'am... ?

JET

Spike --

SPIKE

What? She looks like she's led a
full, rich life, haven't you,
ma'am? Grandkids? Sensible shoes?
Recipes for rhubarb pie?

JET

Spike!

SPIKE

You're the one that doesn't want me
to kill him. So what's your plan?

Because this is something of a stand-off. When vaguely, off-
screen, a TOILET FLUSHES. And a NEARBY DOOR OPENS. To the
last remaining GUNMAN, as he buckles his pants.

Everyone glances at the GUNMAN in disbelief, their own
weapons still raised on each other.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Who takes a shit in the middle of a
heist?

FRANK THE FLUSHER sees them. He scrambles to pull something
out of his JACKET...

A GUN. But *unlike any gun we've ever seen before*. It's sleek, futuristic, and LIGHTS UP with a HUM and FLARE of ENERGY as he aims it at Spike.

FRANK
Fucking pigs! Stay back!

JET
Is that a Disruptor?

FRANK
That's right, asshole.

TANAKA
You can't fire that thing in here!

FRANK
Why the fuck not?

JET
Let's all just take it easy now.
We're all gonna be sensible here.
Right, Spike?

And Spike turns his gun on FRANK. Frank's locked eyes with Spike. He rattles the gun at him.

FRANK
I'm not fucking around, cop!

Spike smirks. Aiming his gun at Frank.

SPIKE
See, that's the problem. I'm *not* a cop. And you? You're *not* worth that much money...

FRANK
(gets it)
Piece of shit Cowboy...

Jet closes his eyes, he knows what's about to happen.

JET
Shit.

TANAKA
Frank, don't --!

But Spike and Frank FIRE at the same time.

Spike's shot TEARS THROUGH FRANK'S THROAT. Sending him falling back as he FIRES.

And The Disruptor unleashes A MASSIVE ENERGY BOLT, which goes wild and *misses* Spike. HITTING THE WALL just past them...

And the wall IMPLODES. A chunk of it, literally, gets SUCKED INTO the BOLT OF ENERGY, like a miniature BLACK HOLE.

Instantly, everything in the casino not nailed down FLIES TOWARD THE HOLE, which is about the size of a manhole cover.

Seat cushions, highball glasses, gunman cadavers. All go rocketing toward the avulsion and vanish.

The roar of AIR is deafening. Red LIGHTS FLASH, a KLAXON BLARES an alarm.

Spike DIVES to grab hold of a STOOL that is bolted-down in front of a slot machine. He also grabs the Casino Manager.

Hostages are holding on for dear life. Jet clutches onto another slot machine. As Frank The Flusher soars toward the hole. Screaming as he is jettisoned into the aperture and disappears.

The old lady that Tanaka was holding is smart enough to hold onto a TABLE, but TANAKA slips...

He hits the ground, sliding toward the hole. Spike sees him going, as does JET.

JET

SPIKE!

Spike looks to the Casino Manger:

SPIKE

Hold on.

She does. And Spike dives at Tanaka, grabbing his ANKLE before he gets to the wall. But now they are both moving toward that hole... Closer... Closer... Tanaka's eyes go wide, barely able to scream out:

TANAKA

Fuuuuu --

When an EMERGENCY ENERGY SHIELD comes down over the HOLE. Sealing it shut with a wall of RED LIGHT.

Tanaka drops to the floor, as does Spike. Tanaka sucks in air, freaked out, grateful to be alive.

TANAKA (CONT'D)

AAAAHH! Jesus. Jesus! Fucking FRANK, that asshole!!

Jet staggers forward, looking at them, taking a big deep breath of air.

JET

You okay?

Spike nods. Hauling Tanaka to his feet. To Jet:

SPIKE

Just to be clear: we *don't* get paid if we bring 'em in dead. But damaged is okay?

TANAKA

What the fuck are you --

JET

That's right. I'd say even very badly damaged would be *a-okay*.

Spike nods. And sends a knee into Tanaka's belly; followed by a sizzling uppercut to the face when he doubles over.

Tanaka falls to the ground. Knocked out cold. Then:

OLD LADY

Who are you?

Spike smiles. Who indeed?

SPIKE

Just a humble bounty hunter, ma'am.

As a high energy, jazzy TUNE starts to play as we PULL BACK FROM SPIKE, moving THROUGH the HOLE IN THE WALL.

THROUGH THE RED ENERGY FIELD COVERING THE HOLE. AND OUT INTO:

SPACE. Yes, that's right. Space.

EXT. WATANABE CASINO / SPACE STATION - ABOVE EUROPA - SPACE

Deep space. Where we find POKER CHIPS and DEBRIS from the casino. As well as FRANK THE FLUSHER. His wide-eyed, frozen DEAD BODY tumbles through the black. Away from the CASINO.

Which we now realize is a SPACE STATION that rotates in place above the blue MOON below it, the blackness of space all around it. And now we get it:

The casino isn't on Earth.

Many SPACESHIPS are docked at the STATION. As the blue and red lights of ISSP SHIPS -- which are clearly the POLICE CAR equivalents in this brave new world -- approach...

SMASH CUT TO:

COWBOY BEBOP -- MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUPITER

The word "BEBOP" is painted on the side of a STARSHIP flying through black OUTER SPACE. The ship looks like a hunk of junk, as if some insane person gave space-faring capability to an old FISHING TRAWLER. Which is pretty much right.

This is the "BEBOP". But don't let her looks fool ya: she's a bad whammer-jammer.

INT. SPIKE'S QUARTERS - BEBOP - NIGHT

Spike turns on an overhead LIGHT and looks into a mirror. He is shirtless, wrapped in a TOWEL. When suddenly he winces in pain and rubs his temple by his RIGHT EYE.

CLOSE ON SPIKE'S EYE. The IRIS ROTATES, there's extremely fine CIRCUITRY in it. The eye is MECHANICAL.

A SERIES OF IMAGES, different TIMES and different places.

-- Spike in bed, naked, sheets flowing in the wind of open windows. Daylight streams in. Blonde hair, lips, a face... a beautiful WOMAN. The two smile, laugh, KISS passionately.

-- In front of a Gothic CATHEDRAL, Spike wears dark clothes and a long coat. A single ROSE in his hand.

-- The WOMAN again, that smile... A haunting beauty. Spike behind her, kissing her neck as he moves her long hair.

JULIA (V.O.)

Wake up.

When there is a POUNDING O.S. And the images VANISH. Just Spike. Looking in the MIRROR again, the images GONE.

The pounding persists. Spike opens the door. To Jet.

JET

We'll turn in Tanaka on Europa.

SPIKE

Fine.

JET

Assuming you don't kill him in transit.

SPIKE

That's a big assumption.

Jet can grok Spike's discomfort. Whatever those images were, they rattled him.

JET

Everything all right?

Spike considers. There's so much he could divulge, but...

SPIKE

Everything's swell.

Jet eyeballs him; it's so obvious that is *not* the case.

JET

Good.

And Jet leaves. And Spike closes the door. Glancing at himself one more time in the mirror. Perhaps coaxing those images to return.

Or perhaps coaxing them to stay the fuck away forever.

But that distinction is for later. So we'll --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TIJUANA - DAY

A beautiful young WOMAN's lips let out an agonizing cry of pure orgasmic pleasure as her head arches back...

This is KATERINA, mid-20's and hauntingly beautiful. Skin glistening with sweat, hair matted, she lies in bed, sheets twisted all around her. She's curled up around a man, older, mid-30's...

Disarmingly handsome, with a few scars and tattoos across his muscled body, this is ASIMOV SOLENSAN. Hints of LATINO, MIDDLE-EASTERN, AFRICAN... He's also bare-ass naked, a leg up and over Katerina's hip beside him.

They just had some amazing sex in the dark room. Both out of breath. Bathed in that post-coital glow.

He's kissing her neck, stroking her hair back. He loves her, and she loves him. They stare into each other's eyes.

ASIMOV

I love you.

She's hesitant... her lip trembles.

KATERINA

Asimov...

ASIMOV

Everything is going to be okay. I promise.

And we understand them. It's so obvious in their attitudes, their bearing. They are lovers, separated by caste, by class. If this were a Jane Austen novel, we'd be talking heiress and stable boy.

KATERINA

We shouldn't have come here. We can find another way.

ASIMOV

You know there isn't one.

KATERINA

He'll find us.

ASIMOV

He won't.

KATERINA

You don't know him...

ASIMOV

Of course I know him. I've worked for him for five years.

KATERINA

No you haven't. You've worked *for men who work for men who work for him....*

ASIMOV

I am going to give you the life you always dreamed of, Katerina. The life you deserve.

(beat)

Far away from your father.

He kisses her forehead, then gets up out of bed. She sits up, holding the sheets over her as she looks to him.

Still naked, Asimov moves to a TABLE, picks up a CIGARETTE from an ashtray. Still lit.

Next to the tray is a SINGLE SMALL VIAL and a GUN.

The vial is filled with RED LIQUID, thinner than blood.

Asimov takes a drag, then picks up the gun. He handles it like a pro, checking the chamber.

He looks at her, naked, gun in hand:

ASIMOV (CONT'D)
Once we make this deal, we put all
this behind us. We'll be free...

Katerina nods. She knows the futility, but hopes nonetheless. Her love for this man blinding her to the tragedy that awaits them both.

He leans down to her, hand behind her neck, pulling her in for a kiss.

ASIMOV (CONT'D)
We can start over... *Together.*

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - THARSIS CITY - MARS

The MUSIC BOOMS as a man moves through the oddly EMPTY CLUB, colored lights strobing. We can't see the floor but he's walking carefully.

The man is MAO YENRAI, late 50's, in a businessman's suit, glasses. He looks annoyed as he comes to a stop.

MAO YENRAI
Vicious.

In a BOOTH, a man with long WHITE HAIR and a face like a starving eagle is casually having a drink.

This is VICIOUS, dressed sharply in suit and vest. He's nothing if not stylish. Vicious looks up as Mao calls out his name again.

MAO YENRAI (CONT'D)
Vicious!

VICIOUS
My apologies, Mao. Have you ever had Venusian Absinthe? It's like lighting your blood on fire. Very rare... Can I pour you a glass?

MAO YENRAI

I did not come here to drink.

VICIOUS

No? One comes to a place like this to drink or dance. I hadn't figured you for a dancer...

MAO YENRAI

There is an assignment...

Vicious's expression sours.

VICIOUS

You call it *an assignment*. I call it *an errand*.

MAO YENRAI

Regardless.

VICIOUS

I'm a captain now, I thought I was done with that. Doing errands for the old men...

MAO YENRAI

Those "old men" made you everything you are. Show them respect.

A pause. Vicious is the king of the pregnant pause. He bows his head slightly.

VICIOUS

Of course. Who would the distinguished, illustrious, wise old fucking men like killed now?

Mao glares. Vicious is a prick, but a dangerous one.

MAO YENRAI

Not an assassination. Something else. It's important.

VICIOUS

Fine.

Vicious finishes his drink, puts the glass down as he stands.

VICIOUS (CONT'D)

I was done here anyway.

As Vicious passes by Mao, Mao looks to the BOOTH.

There's a DEAD MAN in the booth, he's been OFF-SCREEN the whole time. He's been impaled with an ornate KATANA.

MAO turns, watching Vicious leave. There are several DEAD GUARDS on the floor leading up to the booth, blood everywhere. The reason Mao was walking so carefully.

Mao just shakes his head. *This fucking psycho.*

EXT. MARS - SPACE

The red planet, at night. But similar to Earth, there are LIGHTS. A CITY. This is THARSIS CITY.

SPACESHIPS fly toward and away from the city... Even in the future, there's goddamn TRAFFIC.

Another ASTRAL GATE looms in the distance.

INT. VAN'S RECEPTION HALL - SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Mao enters through the double doors, followed by Vicious.

The room is massive, like a THRONE ROOM, with a high DAIS at the far end. Atop the dais sits THE VAN, the three ELDERS of the SYNDICATE: the old men who lead this MOB.

Standing before The Van, however, is someone most definitely not part of the mob...

This is UDOKA, black, 40's, wearing a MILITARY UNIFORM, emblazoned with INSIGNIA.

Udoka turns from The Van to Mao and Vicious as they enter. He doesn't look happy to be here. Less happy to see Vicious.

MAO YENRAI

Vicious, this is Major General
Udoka with Titan Army Special
Operations. General Udoka...
Vicious.

Vicious appraises Udoka with indifference.

VICIOUS

Shouldn't you be out fighting a
war?

UDOKA

I am.

Beat... As the two attempt a light-saber battle with their eyes. Then:

MAO YENRAI

The Military has requested the
Syndicate's aid.

Vicious looks genuinely surprised at this.

VICIOUS

The almighty Military needs *our*
help?

MAO YENRAI

We have an agreement. The military
turns a blind eye toward our
operations, and in turn we assist
them as needed.

VICIOUS

With what? Drugs? Whores?
Anything for the war effort.

ELDER (O.S.)

VICIOUS.

Vicious, Mao and Udoka all look to the ELDERS. The LEAD
ELDER stares down at Vicious. Inscrutable.

Vicious finally bows, ever so slightly in respect.

VICIOUS

How can I be of service?

UDOKA

One of our MONO carriers was
hijacked. A shipment was stolen.
We need it back.

Vicious looks to Udoka, intrigued.

VICIOUS

A shipment of what?

Udoka doesn't answer, but steps toward Vicious. Dicks out on
the table, time to measure.

UDOKA

We have heard of you. Mister
Vicious. The Syndicate's
boogeyman. Do you want to know
exactly how little that means to
me?

VICIOUS

Tell me.

UDOKA

All of you piece of shit criminals
know each other, so go find me my
shipment.

Vicious bristles. Mao steps in.

MAO YENRAI

I will send you what information we
have. Use your contacts. Track
the thief down, send your men to
retrieve the stolen goods.

Vicious regards both of them with sloe-eyed disdain...

MAO YENRAI (CONT'D)

This is important, Vicious.

VICIOUS

Well, then. There is nothing more
important than something that is
important.

Whatever the fuck that means. Vicious looks to Udoka. And then gives him a *salute*. A salute that, somehow, reads like a middle-finger, a Bronx cheer, and a chin flick all rolled into one...

And then Vicious turns and exits. After he is gone:

UDOKA

You said he was your best man.

MAO YENRAI

(kills him to say it)
He is.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUPITER

In the distance, floating between the *Bebop* and Jupiter, is a massive *ASTRAL GATE*, one more of those metal man-made donuts large enough to fly an aircraft carrier through...

INT. MAIN CABIN - BEBOP - NIGHT

Jet stands at the controls. A RADIO crackles to life...

GATE CONTROL (VIA RADIO)

*Transport-Class Designation
"Bebop," we have you on approach.
Astral Gate toll will be deducted
from your account.*

JET
I'm gonna take a piss in transit,
wanna charge me for that too?

GATE CONTROL (VIA RADIO)
Gate control in 3... 2... 1...

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUPITER

The interior of the GATE suddenly LIGHTS UP, like a hole has opened in space. The Bebop FLIES THROUGH.

And when the Gate goes dark, the ship is GONE.

INT. MAIN CABIN - BEBOP - SPACE

Through a nearby WINDOW, space outside BENDS and light BLURS -
- they're in SUB-SPACE TRANSIT. Jet flips another switch,
and JAZZ comes on the ship's speakers.

Spike sits on a COUCH, picking at a bowl of BELL PEPPERS as
Jet comes down from the controls, he sits down on a chair
across from Spike...

JET
Europa wants immediate delivery of
Tanaka, his price went up after
that shit-show at the casino.

SPIKE
He's a menace. They should lock-up
the key and throw *him* away.

Jet frowns, looking at his RIGHT ARM, stretching it.

JET
Smart-ass. Maybe we can finally
get out of the red for once.

SPIKE
Maybe we can get some actual food.

JET
Is that all you fucking care about?

Jet's arm seems to be made of some kind of metal -- an
ADVANCED PROSTHETIC now that we get a better look at it.
It's clearly bothering him.

JET (CONT'D)
Goddamn this thing...

SPIKE

They can *grow you* a new arm, if you want them to...

JET

Sometimes when you lose something, there's no getting it back.

Spike stares down at his bowl of peppers, for a moment he's lost in Jet's statement. A crack in his acerbic demeanor that he immediately tries to cover.

SPIKE

So I hear.

(beat, a smirk)

Any more fortune cookies you want to crack open, or can I eat now?

Jet just shakes his head. Well-versed in Spike Siegel's predilection for "taking the piss."

JET

Do you work at being an asshole?

SPIKE

Nah. It comes naturally. Unlike your arm.

Jet GRINS.

JET

Eat your fucking peppers.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - TIJUANA - DAY

Katerina looks up to the sky, the dim, distant sun reflecting in her SUNGLASSES. Her dress and hair blow in the hot wind...

And for the first time, we see she's holding her hand to her VERY PREGNANT STOMACH.

The area is desolate but for a seedy old bar.

And, in the far distance is a METAL WALL that spans the HORIZON. Multiple massive STRUCTURES line it, with STACKS spewing out OXYGEN. This is an ATMOSPHERE GENERATOR.

Asimov comes up beside Katerina. A jittery, nervous energy.

ASIMOV

This is the place.

KATERINA
Please be careful.

Asimov pulls a GUN from the back of his pants, checks to make sure it's loaded before putting it back.

ASIMOV
Always.

He pulls her into a kiss, then strides toward the bar. She looks after him, a sadness to her as clear as the sky.

INT. BAR - DAY

Asimov and Katerina enter the dimly lit bar, which is a squalid hodgepodge of cultures: the looks of a Mexican cantina, but with Eastern European music playing.

An old ASIAN man sits hunched over at the bar. In the corner, three MIDDLE EASTERN men pass a hookah pipe.

An AFRICAN BARKEEP watches a TV above the bar. As an EGYPTIAN JANITOR mops the floor.

Katerina looks a little freaked out. She's clearly never stepped foot in a place like this. Asimov notices her reaction as he looks around the place.

ASIMOV
Don't worry: the stench washes off.
I've spent enough time in these
kind of places to know.

Asimov and the Barkeep make eye contact, the Barkeep nods toward a backroom.

Katerina squeezes Asimov's hand before letting him go.

ASIMOV (CONT'D)
All this will be over soon.

Asimov heads into a back room while Katerina takes a stool at the bar, putting a hand on her stomach.

She looks up at the television. To where a *tourism COMMERCIAL* for MARS plays. An image of a SPACESHIP soaring toward the RED PLANET. BLUE WATER WAVES lap against RED SAND BEACHES, a COUPLE lay on deck chairs, drinking exotic drinks.

TV COMMERCIAL
Mars. Where life begins.

KATERINA
A glass of water, please?

BARKEEP
No water today.

The barkeep puts a BOTTLE of TEQUILA on the bar. Katerina gestures to her tumescent tummy.

KATERINA
Do I look like I should be drinking
tequila?

BARKEEP
You look like you should *only* be
drinking tequila.

INT. BACKROOM - BAR - DAY

Asimov holds up a small VIAL of RED LIQUID with a small SPRAYING MECHANISM on it. Like a perfume atomizer. With an INSIGNIA engraved on its side, similar to the one on Major General Udoka's uniform.

The OWNER of the bar, a Middle Eastern man, looks skeptically at Asimov.

BAR OWNER
The fuck is this?

ASIMOV
Red-Eye.

BAR OWNER
Bullshit. Red-Eye is not real,
you're wasting my time.

ASIMOV
Listen, you don't know what I've
been through to get here. It's
real... Everything else is baby
food next to this. Now do you have
a buyer or not?

BAR OWNER
I need proof first. Show me.

ASIMOV
What?

BAR OWNER
If it's what you say it is, we make
a deal. Then we have cupcakes.

ASIMOV
Cupcakes?

BAR OWNER

Yeah. Who don't like cupcakes?
 (a grin; then)
Show me.

INT. BAR - DAY

Katerina sits at the bar, looking up at the TELEVISION. Where there is an image of an ASTRAL GATE -- a man-made RING OF METAL floating near the planet JUPITER.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

The Jupiter Gate has reopened for public travel after a brief shutdown by the Military. Ellis Rothschild, CEO of the Astral Gate Corporation, would not comment on a possible connection to activity on Titan --

And, on-screen, we see ELLIS ROTHSCHILD, who is in his late-50s; imperious and rather awful.

Katerina is transfixed by him, until the door to the bar opens. Katerina glances back to see FOUR MEN IN SUITS enter the bar, eyes searching.

Katerina looks nervously to the backroom where Asimov is.

INT. BACKROOM - BAR - DAY

Asimov apprehensively raises the vial to his eye. And presses the atomizer, which sprays a MIST OF RED LIQUID directly onto his cornea.

Asimov closes his eyes. Then lurches forward, head down. He makes a guttural sound, like an animal in pain.

BAR OWNER

What does it feel like?

Asimov flips his head back to reveal the VEINS in his forehead bulging; his eyes aflame with bloodshot...

ASIMOV

Fuck. It feels like I can do
anything...
 (grins)
It feels like I just mainlined God.

When the door behind them opens. And two of the men in suits enter. Guns in hand.

LEAD SUIT
Asimov Solensan.

The Bar Owner steps back, holding up his hands.

BAR OWNER
I got nothing to do with this --

The SECOND SUIT raises his gun and shoots the Bar Owner in the gut. He drops to the ground, dead.

INT. BAR - DAY

Katerina reacts to the gunshot. Not sure what to do. As the other denizens of the bar flee...

INT. BACKROOM - BAR - DAY

The Lead Suit faces Asimov. Gun raised...

LEAD SUIT
Word is you stole something from
some serious people. Our boss
wants it.

Asimov just stares at the dead man on the floor.

ASIMOV
I liked him. He was nice.
(then)
We were gonna have cupcakes.

The Suits exchange a look. *What the fuck is with this guy?*

SECOND SUIT
Look, fuckwad, just give us what
you got or you're dead like your
friend here.

Asimov laughs. From his POV: everything is RED.

ASIMOV
Dead? I can't die.

Both men raise their guns... But Asimov is already on them. The Lead Suit fires, the bullet goes into Asimov's shoulder.

But it doesn't stop him. Like someone amped-up on a combination of PCP and Columbian coffee and played at fast-forward, Asimov is stronger, faster, and impervious to pain.

Asimov grabs the Lead Suit's GUN HAND, twisting it so that his WRIST BREAKS, BONE piercing the skin. As the Lead Suit SCREAMS, Asimov maneuvers the man's arm so to --

STAB THE SECOND SUIT IN THE THROAT WITH LEAD SUIT'S EXPOSED WRIST BONE.

A geyser of blood arcs from Second Suit's throat. Spraying Asimov and Lead Suit in a fresh coat of gore.

Asimov picks up the gun. And pumps three bullets into Lead Suit. And three bullets into Second Suit.

And a few more into the ceiling just for shits and giggles.

INT. BAR - DAY

The two remaining GUNMEN hear the symphony of GUNSHOTS..

THIRD SUIT

What the fuck -- ?

THE DOOR EXPLODES OUTWARDS AT THEM, kicked off its hinges by a drugged-up Asimov. Covered in blood, the gunshot wound on his shoulder doesn't seem to faze him.

The Barkeep runs out of the bar, while Katerina ducks down behind the counter, her .22 in hand..

The THIRD SUIT opens fire, but Asimov fires FIRST, putting the man down with a bullet to the NECK.

The FOURTH SUIT steps back in fear, but Asimov is on him, punching him, once, twice, a third time... Punching him long past the point of necessity.

KATERINA

Asimov! Asimov, stop! *Please!*

At last he stops. He, quite literally, looks like he was dipped in a pot of marinara sauce, so covered is he in gunmen gush. In fact, the *whole place* is soaked in crimson.

Asimov looks at Katerina... His face a veil of plasma...

ASIMOV

Hello, baby.

OFF Katerina, CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - EUROPA - NIGHT

JUPITER looms large in the sky above. What looks like a star FLARES in front of the planet briefly, then goes dim again. It's an ASTRAL GATE, too far away to make out.

A SIREN SQUELCHES. On the street below, a sleek-looking SQUAD CAR, blue and red lights flashing, passes a BUILDING. Upon which a SIGN reads:

INTER-SOLAR SYSTEM POLICE - EUROPA DIVISION

POLICE are going in and out. Two uniformed INTER-SOLAR SYSTEM POLICE OFFICERS, in helmets and riot gear, drag a screaming PERP toward the entrance of the POLICE STATION.

PERP

I'm from Earth, you can't do this!!

COP

There *is no Earth* anymore, asshole.

In the background, maybe we notice and maybe we don't, is some GRAFFITI being cleaned up. It reads, "NO WAR ON TITAN!!"

INT. PROCESSING - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jet leans against a COUNTER, filling out paperwork for the STATION COP. Tanaka sits on the floor, his face bloody and his hands CUFFED to a metal RAIL.

TANAKA

You're infringing on my rights!

JET

Rights? You give up all rights to rights when you kill innocent people...

Nearby, another man fills a Styrofoam cup with COFFEE from a station house pot. This is PEDRO, Latino, 30's, all smirk.

PEDRO

So wait, word on the spit is there were *six or seven* bounty heads on that casino hit. But you only bring in *one*? Lemme guess, Spiegel took his trigger-finger out for a stroll?

Pedro snickers. But Jet gestures to the floor...

JET

I may have only brought in one,
Pedro. But it's *one more* than you.

Pedro looks down... Because he also has a PERP cuffed to the rail. But his perp is slumped over, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the shoulder. And deader than nickel beer.

PEDRO

Shit! Don't die, you asshole!

Pedro drops his cup of coffee, which SPILLS across the floor. And begins giving the perp a series of chest compressions.

STATION COP

They gotta come in breathing,
Martinez. No pulse, no pay.

PEDRO

Come on, man! Don't you die!

JET

Better luck next time, Pedro.

Pedro gives up. He sits on the floor. Forlorn. When he notices his spilled coffee.

Pedro opens his mouth. And to our surprise, his TONGUE snakes out. Long and thin and split at the end. Forked like a serpent. He begins LAPPING UP the spilled coffee.

Jet shakes his head and continues filling out his forms.

JET (CONT'D)

(to Station Cop)
We done here?

STATION COP

Credits go to your account minus
expenses.

He hands Jet a RECEIPT, which Jet looks at. Scowls.

JET

Are you fucking kidding me with
this?

STATION COP

What, you think the rules don't
apply to you, *Cowboy*? You left
that casino *in tatters*. That comes
out of your kick...

Jet shakes his head... When --

FAD (O.S.)

Jet.

Jet closes his eyes, a silent 'fuck' written all over his face. He turns to see a DETECTIVE at the station entrance.

He's Jet's age. On the "Robert Mitchum Gruff Scale", a 14.

This is FAD. And he and Jet go back. Way fucking back.

JET

Fad. I try and do drops when I know you're not working...

FAD

I know you do. I'm only in today cause I'm filling in for Chalmers.

JET

Where's Chalmers?

FAD

Caught a bullet on Io. Chasing watermelon thieves. Bring us anything good?

JET

Fad, meet Tanaka. Hacker, armed robber, all around anal fissure.

TANAKA

Fuck you, you fat piece of shit! Fucking COWBOY!!

JET

Oh, and he walks with a limp.

TANAKA

What? I do not --

STOMP! Yep, Jet brings ONE BIG BOOT down onto Tanaka's right ANKLE. We can hear it snap here in the cheap seats. Tanaka howls in pain...

Jet turns back to the STATION COP. Holds up the receipt, annoyed.

JET

And you can shove your "station fee" up your ass.

FAD

Things have changed since you worked here, Jet.

JET
 Nothing's changed, Fad. This place
 was dirty then. It's dirty now.
 The only difference is I quit and
 you didn't.

And Jet walks away. Fad watches him go for a half second...

FAD
 Jet!

Jet stops. Fad looks around to make sure no one's listening.

FAD (CONT'D)
 There's a bounty coming up, big
 payday. It hasn't made it to the
 wire yet. Some shit-brain named
 Asimov Solensan just shot up a bar
 on TJ. The brass wants him bad.

Jet eyeballs him. Suspicious.

JET
 Why you telling me?

FAD
 Pity. I heard that partner of
 yours is playing hell with your
 profit margins.

JET
 That he is.

FAD
 You're a cop, you shouldn't have to
 work as a Cowboy. Never mind a
 Cowboy who can't afford to keep the
 lights on...

Jet considers. Nods. He can accept that.

FAD (CONT'D)
 Only don't sit on it. Once word
 gets out, every bounty hunter from
 here to Pluto will be on-the-chase.

INT. MAIN CABIN - BEBOP - SPACE

A COMPUTER TABLET hits Spike in the chest roughly, he catches
 it with a frown. He looks at the tablet:

SPIKE
 Tanaka was only worth a hundred
 thousand woolongs?
 (MORE)

SPIKE (CONT'D)

I thought you said he went up after the casino carnage?

JET

He did. He was worth *1.5 million* woolongs. But then we got charged for half the goddamn casino floating out into space.

SPIKE

How can they blame us for someone bringing a Disruptor to a robbery?

JET

If you had just waited like I told you, we could have controlled it. A few of Tanaka's thugs would have off-set the property damage. But you had to kill 'em all...

SPIKE

I have always had this weird quirk where I prefer to murder people before they murder me...

Jet in full "lecture/scold" mode...

JET

There are parts of the body that can be fired upon without yielding a lethal result...

SPIKE

You ever consider they deserved it?

JET

That's not up to us! They break the law, we bring them in. That's how it works. I handle the strategy, and you take point.

SPIKE

I take point because you're too slow...

JET

And I handle strategy because you'd just kill everyone!

A beat. The two face off, tensions high. Spike considers:

SPIKE

In my defense, you tagged the guy with the hand cannon.

(MORE)

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Right as you were telling me to take him alive. Which I found ironic. Although I didn't find it as ironic as he found it. Did you see the look on his face? Before you shot it off?

Jet softens, even a smile breaks out on his face.

JET

He did look pretty surprised, didn't he?

Spike smiles. Yes, despite the loggerheads they are often at, these two have an obvious affection for each other...

JET (CONT'D)

Come on. I got a lead on a bounty while I was on Europa, not even on the wire yet.

SPIKE

Great. I'll handle the strategy.

AN IMAGE ON A TABLET. IT'S ASIMOV.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - VENUS - NIGHT

The door to a dingy, cheap HOTEL ROOM unlocks...

...then is slammed open as FAYE VALENTINE (20s) shoves a TATTOOED MAN inside, passionately kissing him.

Faye is beautiful and intense as she tears the clothes off of the guy, SNYDER (African-American, 30's). Her purple hair shimmers as she pulls off her top. He looks her up and down.

SNYDER

You are so friggin' hot.

FAYE

There's better things to do with that mouth of yours than talk.

She pushes him backwards, he falls onto the bed. Faye's hands move over his TATTS, which are CIRCUITRY painted on his body, like a motherboard in the style of tribal design.

Snyder closes his eyes... And hears a CLICK. He looks to see FAYE handcuffing him to the BEDPOST. Snyder grins.

SNYDER

Hell yeah. I heard you Venus girls were into some kinky shit.

FAYE

Don't get too excited, asshole.

Faye hops off the bed. And sits in a nearby chair, lighting a smoke and pulling a phone out her jacket pocket.

SNYDER

What are you doing?

FAYE (INTO PHONE)

Yeah, it's Valentine. Uh-huh. Snyder. Damon. Yeah. A million woolongs. I can deliver tonight... What? Let me check.

(to Snyder)

Did you put up a fight, lover?

SNYDER

You're a goddamn bounty hunter?

FAYE

You're not bad looking, Snyder, but come on.

(gesture to her body)

Did you *really* think you were in the same league as *this*?

Faye clicks off her mobile and picks up the house phone...

FAYE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Room service? I'll have the burger. With fries. And definitely a milkshake.

(to Snyder)

Anything for you, sugar-mouth?

SNYDER

FUCK YOU!!

FAYE

He'll have a B.L.T. Hold the B and the T. Yeah, I know, but assholes get lettuce sandwiches.

She hangs up. Snyder staring at her in total bafflement.

SNYDER

Who the hell are you?

A bit of melancholy flashes fleetingly across her face.

FAYE
I wish I knew.

But her reverie is interrupted. By a KNOCK at the door.

FAYE (CONT'D)
That was fast.

She frowns... then pulls a gun from her small-of-back carry.

Except THE DOOR IS KICKED IN. And SIX MEN IN BLACK stand there. Pointing a veritable arsenal at her...

LEAD MIB
Faye Valentine?

FAYE
I don't see my milkshake.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CABIN - BEBOP - SPACE

Jet has the tablet out between he and Spike...

JET
Asimov Solensan. Immigrant. He's worked private security the last few years for Astral Gate Corp. Not much of a record, small time stuff, some petty theft as a kid...

SPIKE
Any Syndicate ties?

JET
Not that it says.

SPIKE
I know you've got a hate-on for the mob, but those jobs won't get us rich. They'll just get us dead.

JET
He's not Syndicate, alright? Jesus. If he was, I'd kill him myself.

SPIKE
So why'd he shoot up the bar?

JET

How should I know? Maybe someone
pissed him off for asking too many
questions.

SPIKE

(beat)

You're talking about me now, aren't
you?

Jet swipes the tablet. To a SECURITY CAMERA PHOTO of
KATERINA from the BAR. This piques Spike's interest. As Jet
knew it would.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Who's that?

JET

Dunno. Girlfriend, I guess.
Christ, she's pregnant, too...

SPIKE

Love on the run. How nice for
them. Can't we find a bount
somewhere a little better?
Tijuana's a shithole.

Jet glowers at him. Rage bubbling like a kettle on the boil.

JET

It's my granddaughter's birthday
tomorrow. Kimberly. She's turning
five.

SPIKE

That's an odd segue.

JET

Yes, it *would* be an odd segue.
Except it's not. Because it's
Kimberly's goddamn 5th birthday
tomorrow. And I can't afford a
present because of you. I can't
afford a motherfucking "WALKING
SALLY" doll. Which is, apparently,
the latest motherfucking rage in
little girl toys! All because of
YOU!

Spike stares at Jet, just taking it. When A BUZZER sounds.

COMPUTER

INCOMING MESSAGE.

Jet stands up, still glaring at SPIKE.

JET

This is *my* ship. And as long as
you're on it, we go after the
bounties *I* say we go after!

And Jet, furious, walks out. Leaving Spike to scowl at the
tablet. At Asimov's FACE. At Katerina's face.

SPIKE

"Walking Sally."

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES - ASTRAL GATE CORPORATION - VENUS - DAY

In a sleek, modern glass and steel OFFICE, Faye Valentine is
forced down onto a chair before a massive desk.

She looks up at the six men surrounding her, the ones who
picked her up from the hotel.

FAYE

Are you sure the six of you can
handle me? Maybe you should call a
few friends?

She looks from the MUSCLE to a MAN sitting behind a DESK.
Late-50s, in a \$5000 suit and \$300 haircut. He's signing
PAPERS, head down.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Hey, asshole! Do you really think
you can just kidnap me like this?

ROTHSCHILD

Actually, yes. I do.

FAYE

Oh.

Faye frowns, unsure what else to say. The man waves away the
hired muscle, who all leave. Once they are gone, he looks up
to Faye and fixes her with his oily gaze...

This is ELLIS ROTHSCCHILD, whom we saw earlier on the TV in
the TJ bar. He is, *quite literally*, a Master of the
Universe.

ROTHSCHILD

Faye Valentine. An alias. A silly
one at that. *Valentine*.

(MORE)

ROTHSCHILD (CONT'D)
The romantic longings of a girl
with nothing. With no one.

FAYE
I don't know what the fuck you --
Oh, shit. You're Ellis Rothschild.

Stunned, Faye looks around to notice VARIOUS MODELS of the
ASTRAL GATES scattered around the office. She looks back to
Rothschild in stunned realization.

ROTHSCHILD
And you're nobody.

FAYE
Hey --

ROTHSCHILD
Real name: *unknown*. Age: *unknown*.
Place of birth: *unknown*. No
current address. No relatives. If
you disappeared, no one would care.
Worse yet? No one would notice.

FAYE
Wow, you're even more of a prick
than you seem on TV. Who'd have
thought?

Ellis looks out the window to THE CITY BELOW. A small SHIP
flies past the skyscraper, like a helicopter would in L.A.

ROTHSCHILD
Maybe so. But a hundred years ago,
we could barely get to the moon.
Now look at what I've accomplished.
My Astral Gates let humanity
colonize the solar system. They
let mankind survive after Earth
became uninhabitable. And, in
time, they'll take us to the stars.
(a grin to Faye)
If I let them.

FAYE
That's super fucking interesting.
Did you drag me here for any
particular reason?

Rothschild takes a small DEVICE from his desk. He presses a
button on its side. An IMAGE projects up from it: A
HOLOGRAPHIC PHOTO. *Of Katerina*.

ROTHSCHILD
This is my daughter. Katerina.

FAYE
She's very beautiful.

ROTHSCHILD
She is.
(beat)
I want you to find her and bring
her back to me.

Faye looks at him...

FAYE
The richest girl in the universe
went missing? There a ransom note?

ROTHSCHILD
No. She left Venus with some
filthy immigrant she's been
involved with. He confused her;
put ideas in her head. We argued --

FAYE
Uh-huh. Look, I'm a bounty hunter.
I don't chase after spoiled runaway
girls who are -- and I'm going out
on a limb here -- mad at their
daddies so they take up with the
help...

ROTHSCHILD
You seem confused, Ms. Valentine.
I'm not *asking* you to find
Katerina. I never *ask*. When
you're as rich as I am, all
conjugations of the verb "*to ask*"
are removed from your vocabulary.

He opens a cooling drawer. Takes out two purple bottles.

ROTHSCHILD (CONT'D)
Grape soda?

Faye looks at him like he's insane.

FAYE
No, thanks.

He pops the cap. Takes a swig.

ROTHSCHILD
I *fucking* love grape soda.

FAYE

Why me?

ROTHSCHILD

Because she won't listen to me.

(beat)

You're a woman. One of the few "cowgirls" out there. She will be more responsive to the likes of you. But also: you know what it's like to lose your family...

FAYE

No, I don't. I don't remember my family, I don't remember shit. But you already know that, don't you?

Rothschild moves in front of Faye, getting in her face.

ROTHSCHILD

I've always wondered, never having had amnesia myself. Have you ever considered that your loved ones know you're missing... But just *don't want to find you?*

And this hits Faye like a slap in the face. Because, duh, of course she has considered that...

FAYE

You're a real piece of shit, aren't you?

Rothschild turns away from her, looking out across the city.

ROTHSCHILD

What I am is a man of unlimited resources.

(beat, sincere)

I love my daughter very much, Ms. Valentine. There is nothing I won't do to have her back.

He turns back to Faye with what seems to be actual, sincere emotion on his face.

ROTHSCHILD (CONT'D)

Do this and not only will you be well compensated. But also I'll help you find out who you really are.

They hold a gaze.

FAYE
I think I will have that grape
soda.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS STATION - BEBOP

Still pissed, Jet sits on a metal BENCH, slamming a door SHUT. There's a COMPUTER TERMINAL in front of him.

Jet flips a few switches, the SCREEN comes to life. A static-filled image of a young man, early 20's. He's wearing black and white camouflage FATIGUES.

This is DONOVAN BLACK. Jet's son. Jet can't help but smile at seeing him. Donovan grins seeing his father - he's leaner than his dad, there's a sparkle to him. An easy manner, impossible not to like.

DONOVAN
Hey, pop.

JET
There he is -- !

DONOVAN
Sorry it's been so long. It's almost impossible to get comms clearance here...

JET
That's alright. We're talking now's all that matters...

DONOVAN
Truth.

JET
Where do they have you now?

DONOVAN
My unit's on Rhea. You wouldn't believe this place... They're trying to speed-terraform big chunks of it. It looks like the sky's on fire. You can see Saturn's rings through it. It's so beautiful. Wish you could see it...

JET
I do, too.

Jet stares at his son. So moved by the boy before him.

DONOVAN

So how're you doing? How's the bad
guy business?

JET

Booming. They keep making new
ones...

They share a smile. A beat.

DONOVAN

Mom still not talking to you?

JET

Don't you worry about that.

Donovan smiles.

DONOVAN

Well, that's a "no." What about
Carla and Kimmie? You going to the
party?

Jet frowns with the frown of a man who didn't know there was
a party...

JET

Yeah. Of course.

Donovan looks a trifle uneasy, he's got something else to
say. Considering. Finally:

DONOVAN

So, uh... This might be the last
time we talk for a while...

JET

Why's that?

DONOVAN

They say our orders are coming in
any day now. We're next in line to
head out.

JET

What are you talking about?

DONOVAN

The unit's being deployed to Titan,
dad.

Jet slumps back hearing those words, like the life just went out of him.

JET

Aw, Donny...

DONOVAN

It's okay. So many of the guys from basic are already out there. I can't just sit around and do nothing anymore...

JET

We're hearing a lot of stuff coming out of Titan. None of it good.

DONOVAN

I know. But I signed up to serve, to make a difference. Now I'm going to.

(beat)

Just like you taught me.

Jet puts a hand on the screen, on his son's face.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

This is all I've ever wanted...

JET

You just be careful, okay?

DONOVAN

Course I will.

Donovan looks to something OFF-SCREEN, then back to Jet.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Shit. The other guys are waiting. I'll try and check in as much as I can...

JET

You just take care of yourself, okay, Donny? And never forget that...

But the line CUTS OUT. Jet sits there in the dark booth, looking at the empty screen.

JET (CONT'D)

...your daddy loves you very much.

INT. WAREHOUSE - THARSIS CITY - MARS - DAY

Vicious is here, in this empty warehouse. He's got a man on either side of him, TWIN BROTHERS: LIN and SHIN. Both in suits, both with UZIs strapped to them.

They are conferring with a GIANT of a man. Built like a house, if the house was build of equal parts blubber and muscle. This is OGG.

More SYNDICATE MEN are unloading CRATES off a TRUCK.

VICIOUS
(to Shin)
Where's the guy from TJ?

SHEN
On his way...

VICIOUS
Good.

As two SYNDICATE GOONS open a crate, Vicious approaches it.

It's filled with GUNS.

All high-tech GRENADES, RIFLES, HANDGUNS, and more. Among them are DISRUPTOR RIFLES, similar to the one at the CASINO.

VICIOUS (CONT'D)
You have to hand it to the
military. They know how to kill
people.

He hefts a Disruptor... To Ogg:

VICIOUS (CONT'D)
I thought for a moment that Udoka
knew we'd been ripping them off.
Any trouble?

OGG
Nothing I couldn't handle.

VICIOUS
That's because you're the boss
piranha...

When Shin puts a finger to his ear, he's wearing an EARPIECE.

SHIN
He's here.

VICIOUS
Bring him in.

A SYNDICATE THUG enters. Perhaps we recognize him from the periphery of the wreckage at the TJ bar. Let's call him CLICK.

And he looks nervous as hell to be standing in the same air as Vicious.

VICIOUS (CONT'D)
Who are you?

CLICK
They call me Click.

VICIOUS
Why?

CLICK
Rhymes with Rick.

VICIOUS
So your name is Rick?

CLICK
No, my name is Eli.

Vicious frowns... Huh?

CLICK (CONT'D)
Look, I'm nervous as fuck, man.

VICIOUS
Why's that?

CLICK
On account of who you are.
(gestures to Ogg)
And him.
(to Shen and Lin)
And them. This is, like, some all-
star shit up in here...

VICIOUS
And yet you still manage to amble
in here without what they sent you
to get...?

CLICK
The thief... We found him on
Tijuana...

VICIOUS

And?

CLICK

And he's some nobody. A civilian. A fugee security guard that worked at the Astral Gate Corporation. Apparently he found out about some shipment. And hit the transport...

VICIOUS

What. *Happened?*

CLICK

He killed them all. Everyone we sent. A half-dozen guys. He tore them apart. He took a bullet, and he still tore them apart with his bare hands...

VICIOUS

All of them? A fugee security guard did that?

CLICK

Yeah. Never seen nothing like it...

Vicious seems to do the math on this... To Shen:

VICIOUS

And we have no idea what this man stole from the military?

SHIN

No. But it didn't come from a military site.

VICIOUS

Where did it come from?

SHIN

A lab.

Vicious scowls... Comes to a decision...

VICIOUS

I think I'd like to have a look at whatever this mystery box is before we hand it over to the military.

(beat, to OGG)

Go to Tijuana.

OGG

Me?

VICIOUS

You. It's like the old saying goes: "You want something done right? Send a big, fat maniac."

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA - SPACE

A massive, misshapen ASTEROID floats through space as the BEBOP flies toward it. The asteroid is barren rock, with no atmosphere...

But as the Bebop approaches, the slight spin of the asteroid reveals a WALLED CITY.

We are back on TIJUANA. But seeing it from a different vantage point...

EXT. RIVER - TIJUANA - DAY

The Bebop flies across blue skies, coming in for a landing over a dirty man-made RIVER. The ship touches down, kicking up a big wave before settling in near the DOCKS.

The spacecraft is massive compared to the other seafaring ships, its arrival causing them to bob up and down.

EXT. DOCKS - TIJUANA - DAY

Jet emerges from the ship, holding up a hand to shield his face from the sun. He looks out at the desolation and decrepitude. Only the CCTV CAMERAS affixed to the many roof-lines let us know we are even in a modern city...

JET

You were right... What a shithole. You'd think with all the drugs and guns that run through here, they'd have the money to spruce the place up a bit...

Jet's voice is slowly DROWNED OUT by a HIGH PITCHED WHINE. He doesn't seem to notice it, but as Spike comes out after him, he's uneasy. The sun above FLARES...

...and the BLONDE WOMAN is in the PARKING LOT. The one from Spike's previous visions on The Bebop.

The hot wind blows her hair in her face, she brushes it aside with a hand, smiling up at SPIKE.

She LAUGHS, a laugh like bells. Spike stares down at her, stunned to see her there.

JULIA
Are you coming?

SPIKE
Julia?

JULIA
Sweet man. You're born once again
for me...

Her smile is the light of the world. Glorious. Until --

JET (O.S.)
Spike!

The WHINE cuts out as Spike BLINKS, RIGHT EYE TWITCHING. And now we see that the woman isn't there. Spike looks to Jet, shaking off the VISIONS.

JET (CONT'D)
Let's split up. It'll go faster.
Ask around, show the picture. Even
if no one notices him, maybe
they'll remember the pregnant girl.

Spike nods. Still looking out at the parking lot.

JET (CONT'D)
Appreciate you taking this one on,
Spike.

SPIKE
Not doing it for you, Jet. Doing
it for Kimberly. And "WALKING
SALLY".

Jet smiles. And they head off. Neither noticing the CCTV CAMERA as it tracks them. Jet calls back:

JET
And don't kill him!

EXT. GAS STATION - TIJUANA - DAY

Jet shows a printed out picture of Asimov to an ATTENDANT.

JET
Big guy. Traveling with a girl,
knocked up. Seen 'em around?

EXT. BUS STOP - TIJUANA - DAY

Spike holds out a mini-HOLO-PROJECTOR to two HOOKERS. It creates a small image of Asimov.

SPIKE

Goes by the name Asimov.

One Hooker is like a sentient BARBIE DOLL: genetically-modified with huge eyes and breasts and thin waist and legs.

The other is BI-GENDER. S/HE is a MAN in one moment, but transitions to a WOMAN in the other. S/he's anything you want him/her to be.

PROSTITUTE 1

You a cop?

PROSTITUTE 2

He's too pretty. Cowboy, I bet.

SPIKE

You seen this guy or not?

PROSTITUTE 2

You can have me any way you want, cowboy. Or I can have you. Top or bottom or anyplace in between. I got you, babe.

SPIKE

I'll get back to you on that.

EXT. SIDEWALK - TIJUANA - DAY

Jet drops a bag in the lap of a HOMELESS GUY with WRAPAROUND SHADES. The guy tears into the bag, wolfing down the kebabs inside. Jet holds the picture of Asimov in front of him.

JET

Okay. Deal's a deal. Have you seen this man?

HOMELESS GUY

I ain't seen nothin' since you were shittin' in a crib, fella.

And the man takes off his shades. So Jet can see that HIS EYES ARE EMPTY SOCKETS. They've been burned-out by RADIATION. The flesh around them blackened and cracked...

JET

Goddamnit, I hate this place.

EXT. STREET - TIJUANA - DAY

Spike walks, head down, hands in pockets.

BEHIND HIM, IN THE DISTANCE: A man is watching. He's dressed in a shitty suit, similar to the men that braced Asimov in the bar...

He is Middle Eastern, 20's, with a patchwork beard and a sharp nose he is constantly sniffing. This is NAVEED.

EXT. BODEGA - TIJUANA - DAY

Jet shows the picture to THREE OLD MEN playing chess on a table outside the liquor store.

JET
You seen him?

OLD MAN 1
Maybe. But I ain't telling you shit. You bastards have ruined the galaxy...

JET
How you figure that, old man?

OLD MAN 1
Cops stopped trying 'cause they got you *slobs* to clean up after 'em.

OLD MAN 2
Don't mind, Hector. He's just sore cause he got molested by a Moon Walrus and no one done nothing...

JET
I have *no idea* what the fuck a "Moon Walrus" even is, but I'm gonna *find one* and shove it *back up your ass* if you don't tell me where you saw this guy...

OFF the looks of horror on the three old men --

EXT. PARK - TIJUANA - DAY

Spike eats a CHURRO, bought from A GUY pushing a cart.

CHURRO GUY
(sub-titled Spanish)
I saw him. He didn't look so good. Sick maybe...

SPIKE
Is there a hospital around here?
La clinica?

Churro Guy points. To A BUILDING across the way. Spike turns. Only to BUMP INTO NAVEED.

NAVEED
It *is* you. I thought so. Jesus.

Spike looks around to make sure no one else sees them. And then pulls Naveed into a nearby --

EXT. ALLEY - TIJUANA

Spike releases Naveed...

SPIKE
Nav... Are you alone?

NAVEED
What are you doing here? On this planet of all places?

SPIKE
I'm *not* here.

NAVEED
Fearless is still alive? Are you kidding? Everyone's gonna *freak the fuck out*...

SPIKE
You have to listen to me. I am *not* here. You did *not* see me.

Naveed looks confused, still grokking he's seeing the man before him.

NAVEED
You have any idea the shitstorm that went down after you faded? Once they find out...

SPIKE
You can't tell anyone you saw me.

Naveed frowns, stepping back.

NAVEED
Naw. Naw, man. You know what I think? I think once I tell them you're here, I ain't gonna be a lowboy anymore.

And Spike looks downright wistful.

SPIKE
You sure? About having to go and
report back that you saw me?

Naveed REACHES into his JACKET --

NAVEED
Sorry, Fear --

-- but then STOPS speaking. His eyes go wide. His mouth
opens. And a gobbet of BLOOD leaks out...

Spike steps back from Naveed. Who we now see has a KNIFE
buried in the back of his neck. Hilt-deep.

SPIKE
No, I'm sorry, Naveed.

Naveed drops. On the ground, we see the GUN inside his
JACKET. Spike looks very, very sorry. As he heads off down
the alley --

In the distance. Down the alley. Another ROOFTOP CCTV
CAMERA follows Spike's hasty retreat. CUT TO:

INT. BAR - TIJUANA - DAY

Jet enters. To find the place still wrecked from the fight
between Asimov and the Syndicate. But surprisingly, there is
no spilled blood anywhere. That same BARKEEP is here.

BARKEEP
Can't you read? We're closed.

JET
I'm not here for a drink. I'm
gonna guess you've seen this guy.

Jet holds up the picture of Asimov for the Barkeep to see.
The Barkeep pauses but doesn't look at the picture.

JET (CONT'D)
What happened?

BARKEEP
You cop or cowboy?

JET
A little of both. Speak.

The Barkeep considers. Then...

BARKEEP

Some people, they came looking for him. Guess he didn't like that. He killed them all, a few of them with his bare hands. I never seen nothin' like it...

JET

Who were they? The ones he killed?

BARKEEP

I don't know. But then others just like them came and took away the bodies.

Jet's expression darkens:

JET

Fucking Syndicate.

The barkeep NODS.

BARKEEP

Who else but that outfit cleans up their dead like they ain't never died? You see any blood around here? 17 hours ago, this place looked like an explosion in a red paint factory...

EXT. PARKING LOT - MEDICAL CLINIC - TIJUANA - DAY

Katerina waits outside the medical center. Trying to light a cigarette with a bum lighter. She is clearly anxious...

SPIKE (O.S.)

Need a light?

She looks up to see Spike standing beside her.

KATERINA

Thank you.

Spike lights her cigarette. Then one for himself.

SPIKE

Can you imagine there was a time when these things were bad for you?

KATERINA

Thank God we weren't born then...

They share a smile and some more smoking... Then:

SPIKE

Forgive this for coming off like a cheap pick-up line but: what's a nice girl like you doing on a nasty cesspool of a place like this -- ?

KATERINA

Just passing through.

SPIKE

Good. Where you headed?

She hesitates, not sure she trusts him. Spike shrugs, glancing around, as if looking for something. Someone.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

I guess it doesn't really matter. Anywhere is better than this rock, believe me.

KATERINA

So why are you here?

SPIKE

I hear there's good dancing at "The Fox".

He gestures across the way... To a clearly CONDEMNED BUILDING with a crumbling nightclub sign on it that says "THE FOX".

KATERINA

(smiles)

Have you ever been to Mars?

SPIKE

I was born there.

KATERINA

I haven't been since I was a little girl. I remember it was beautiful, a good place to start a new life.

SPIKE

"Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your kids. In fact, it's cold as hell."

Katerina looks at him quizzically.

KATERINA

Really?

SPIKE

Nah. That's just a poem from the old days.

She rubs the protuberance of her belly...

KATERINA

I dreamt we'll be very happy there.

And for a split second, Spike looks at Katerina, but sees a that beautiful, mysterious BLONDE WOMAN in her place. JULIA.

JULIA

Is this a dream?

Spike blinks, a hand to his EYE, a little unsettled. Julia is Katerina again.

SPIKE

It's never too late to start a new life. Or escape your old one.

CUT TO:

INT. EXAM ROOM - MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

A DOCTOR'S hand TREMBLES as she holds a pair of FORCEPS. She's trying to hold it together.

DOCTOR

Please... Don't do this, you have to listen to me. I can't --

Asimov sits on an EXAM TABLE, shirtless, his shoulder covered in BLOOD. There's a terrified NURSE in the room with them, and Asimov has a GUN to her head.

ASIMOV

Sure you can.

DOCTOR

You need a transfusion. But your blood, there's something wrong with it. It's as if --

With a free hand, Asimov bites the cork on a bottle of TEQUILA, spitting it out. He takes a swig of the liquor, then looks at the doctor.

ASIMOV

I don't want to hurt you. I don't want to hurt anyone. But I made a promise.

(MORE)

ASIMOV (CONT'D)

So you either take this bullet out of me, or I put one in you. Get me?

EXT. PARKING LOT - MEDICAL CLINIC - TIJUANA - DAY

Spike looks to KATERINA...

Another FLASH, Katerina is JULIA once more.

JULIA

Do you love me?

Spike shakes his head, puts a hand to his RIGHT EYE. Julia is gone. Katerina looking at him instead.

KATERINA

Are you okay?

SPIKE

I'm fine. Where's your man?

Katerina's eyes tick furtively toward the hospital.

KATERINA

He's running an errand. He'll be here soon...

Because it's so apparent:

SPIKE

You love him.

KATERINA

Very much.

(beat)

Have you ever been in love?

SPIKE

Once. It didn't work out.

KATERINA

What happened?

And for the first time, Spike looks vulnerable.

Spike takes the cigarette from Katerina, takes a drag off it, then drops it to the ground, grinding it out with his heel.

SPIKE

I lost her.

Katerina looks heartbroken as Spike rubs his EYE.

SPIKE (CONT'D)
I was dreaming. And it was time to
wake up.

A GUN SUDDENLY PRESSES INTO THE SIDE OF SPIKE'S HEAD... ASIMOV?

FAYE (O.S.)
Does this shit work on all the
girls, Cowboy?

Spike glances to see Faye grinning behind her gun.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Pack your bags, Rothschild. Your
daddy wants you home.

Spike looks surprised for once.

SPIKE
Rothschild?

KATERINA
What? No! Please... I can't go
back. You don't know what my
father's like --

FAYE
Sure, I do. I met him. He's rich,
powerful, and a total dick. But he
seems to care enough about you to
want you back --

KATERINA
You actually think he cares about
me? All he cares about is
controlling me.

SPIKE
(to Faye)
Whoever you are, walk away. Now.

FAYE
I don't know if you noticed, but
I'm the one with the --

As Faye turns the gun back on Spike, he ROUNDHOUSE KICKS the
weapon out of her hand, causing it to FIRE.

INT. EXAM ROOM - MEDICAL CLINIC - TIJUANA

A shirtless Asimov stands still, as the scared Doctor uses
needle and thread to STITCH-UP his shoulder. With his other
hand, Asimov still holds the gun on the nurse.

When there is GUNSHOT from O.S. The Nurse screams. Asimov leaps to his feet.

ASIMOV

Katerina.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MEDICAL CLINIC - TIJUANA - DAY

Spike rears back as Faye rains a flurry of blows upon him. He's blocking them effectively but for a little pint-of-piss, Faye Valentine can punch.

Katerina can only watch, hands protectively around her pregnant belly.

SPIKE

You gotta stop this. I can't go around beating up girls. It would play hell on my --

And she TACKLES HIM before he finishes. They fall to the ground. Rolling around exchanging blows.

Until the SOUND OF AN ENGINE REVVING gets their attention...

Katerina has climbed into her car. Started it up. Spike shoves Faye away, pulling a GUN from his JACKET.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Stop!

She stops and looks at Spike, seeing the GUN in his hand... a flash of betrayal...

But before Spike can react, he gets a Faye fist to the face. Followed by a KNEE into his STOMACH.

As Katerina's CAR SPEEDS OFF, Spike gets to his feet...

SPIKE (CONT'D)

NO! KATERINA!

AT THE CLINIC ENTRANCE: Asimov strides out, gun in hand, pulling on a bloody shirt over his half-bandaged shoulder.

Katerina's car skids to a stop at Asimov's side.

KATERINA

Get in!

Asimov jumps into the convertible, and Katerina SPEEDS down the city street. Spike and Faye both see them go.

SPIKE
Asimov! Shit!

FAYE
Damn it!

Spike takes off running after them, leaving Faye behind. She then GRABS her GUN from the ground and sprints after him.

EXT. STREETS - TIJUANA - DAY

Katerina grips the wheel as she speeds through the town, weaving around PEDESTRIANS and CARS.

EXT. ALLEY - TIJUANA - DAY

Spike races, fast and graceful, jumping over dumpsters and ducking under fire escapes...

...and Faye's right on his tail, she's not giving up.

EXT. STREETS - TIJUANA - DAY

Katerina skids around a corner. The way ahead is clear... Until SPIKE emerges from the ALLEY, cutting them off.

Katerina sees him, their eyes connect...

Katerina SLAMS on the BRAKES, the car SKIDS to a stop inches from running Spike down...

ASIMOV
What are you doing?!

Asimov aims his GUN at SPIKE...

...when a HAIL OF GUNFIRE strafes the CAR. Katerina and Asimov duck while Spike dives out of the way.

A VAN SPEEDS PAST, CIRCLING AROUND... A SIDE DOOR IS OPEN, A GUNMAN IS TAKING AIM AT ASIMOV.

From behind a PARKED CAR, Spike sees them...

SPIKE
Fuck!

As Faye emerges from the alley at full tilt, gun in hand...

She OPENS FIRE on the van, as does Spike.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The Gunman is shot multiple times, falling out onto the street below, body tumbling as it hits at speed.

From the front passenger seat window, another GUNMAN FIRES.

EXT. STREET - TIJUANA - DAY

Faye scrambles across the street, taking cover beside SPIKE.

SPIKE

What the hell are you doing?
Didn't you just try and shoot me?

FAYE

Grow up! If those two die, neither
of us gets what we want.

She pops up and unloads her gun at the Syndicate van, taking out the PASSENGER as they circle around.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bullets pepper the WINDSHIELD of the VAN. As in the back another GUNMAN kicks open the BACK DOOR and returns FIRE.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

In the CONVERTIBLE, Katerina races away. Spike aims, firing ONE SHOT. Which hits the convertible's REAR DRIVER SIDE TIRE. The convertible doesn't STOP, but it's slowed down.

Faye opens fire on the van again, aiming for the DRIVER.

The van CRASHES into several DUMPSTERS, the driver slumps forward against the wheel. Dead.

The Gunman in the back is hurt, his arm hanging limp at his side, he's on the ground at the back of the van.

SYNDICATE GUNMAN

Please... Help me, I need a
doctor.

Spike approaches... The Gunman sees him...

SYNDICATE GUNMAN (CONT'D)

I need --

The gunman's eyes go WIDE as he recognizes SPIKE. Oh SHIT.

SYNDICATE GUNMAN (CONT'D)

You -- ?

BLAM! Spike fires, putting multiple bullets in him.

The sound of a CAR ENGINE REVVING in the distance. Spike turns to look:

At the end of the street, a BLACK SEDAN. In it is Vicious's gargantuan goon, OGG.

Spike sees him. Ogg sees Spike. Ogg's face goes as white as a ghost. Which is what he thinks he's looking at.

OGG

Fearless?

Ogg presses a button on his DASH, and a holographic HUD appears on the windshield in front of him.

Spike starts striding toward Ogg, raising his gun.

Ogg's DRIVER'S HUD zooms in on SPIKE, and an image of his face FREEZE-FRAMES.

But then a BULLET shatters the front window and HUD, narrowly missing Ogg.

Ogg backs up the car, shifts gears and starts to turn it around, Spike OPENS FIRE.

Ogg PEELS off, speeding away as BULLETS hit his REAR WINDOW, shattering it.

Spike fires again and again at the car, and finally gets a hit on the DRIVER... The car SWERVES, jerking wildly before straightening out and speeding off.

The sedan disappears into the distance as Spike UNLOADS HIS GUN at it.

SPIKE

Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!!

It's the first time we've really seen Spike lose his cool. And Faye Valentine is right there to see it happen.

She looks at the DEAD GUNMAN from the VAN. Then at Spike.

FAYE

Who's you?

SPIKE

What?

FAYE

That poor bastard. Before you perforated him. He said "you" like you were something special to him. Like Santy Claus or Easter Bunny surprise type shit. So tell me: who the fuck are you?

And Spike points his gun right at Faye's face.

SPIKE

Here's a better question. What makes you think I won't do the same to you as I did to him?

OFF Faye --

CUT TO:

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - TIJUANA - DAY

Katerina's CONVERTIBLE speeds down the road at top speed.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Katerina is at the wheel looking freaked out.

KATERINA

Who were those people? That man...
The people in that van... Asimov --

But Asimov isn't paying attention to her. He's scrambling through Katerina's PURSE on the floor of the car.

KATERINA (CONT'D)

Asimov, what are you doing?

He sits up, holding a vial of RED-EYE. Asimov SPRAYS the drug into his EYE as Katerina watches in horror.

Asimov's pupils dilate, the veins of his eyes WIDEN and PULSE, his VEINS bulge...

He slams his hands down on the dashboard, over and over... yelling out in pain like he was dying...

KATERINA (CONT'D)

Asimov! Asimov, please... You're scaring me.

...and that's when Asimov starts to laugh. He looks at Katerina, his wild eyes now BLOODSHOT RED.

ASIMOV

Don't be scared. I'm going to fix this. I'm going to get us to Mars. And I'm going to *kill* anyone that stands in our way.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - THARSIS CITY, MARS - NIGHT

Two sliding doors open and Vicious emerges, shirtless, pants on. He closes the doors quietly behind him, moving through the simple but elegant apartment suite to a TABLE...

...where a PHONE buzzes. Vicious picks it up.

VICIOUS

Hello --

OGG (O.S)

He's alive. He's goddamn *alive*.

VICIOUS

What the fuck are you talking about, Ogg?

The phone emits a spray of LIGHT, culminating in a HOLOGRAM that hovers before Vicious. It's the HUD VIEW of SPIKE. An image of Spike Spiegel right in front of Vicious.

Vicious stares at it in shock. His legs actually buckle, as if they were suddenly made of ginger ale.

He takes a seat. In hushed disbelief:

VICIOUS (CONT'D)

No.

OGG (O.S.)

What do you want me to do?

Vicious stares at the image. If this were a different show, a small muscle below his eye would begin to twitch spasmodically.

Oh, fuck it. A small muscle below his eye begins to twitch spasmodically. Then:

VICIOUS

Kill him.

(beat)

Kill that fucker dead.

And Vicious hangs up. The holo vanishes. As the SLIDING DOORS behind Vicious OPEN, and Vicious snaps OFF the phone, causing the hologram to disappear.

JULIA (O.S.)
Vicious? Is everything okay?

Vicious turns to see: JULIA.

The blonde from Spike Spiegel's visions, the girl he lost.

VICIOUS
Everything's going to be just fine,
Julia.

END SESSION ONE