

# THNKS FR TH MMRS

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EXT. LIZZIE'S BAR - NIGHT

The neon glow of Lizzie's casts gradients of magenta and violet on your body as you admire the electric haze of the city night. You lean against your bike, visibly battered, your armor scuffed and jacket stained with blood.

Your gaze locks on JUDY ALVAREZ as she exits Lizzie's and approaches with a vulnerable smile. Wrapping your arm around Judy's waist, you pull her close, resting your face cheek-to-cheek.

V

You might be one of my favorite  
parts of this city, you know that?

Judy sends you a sly smirk, the warmth of your words lighting a fire. She pulls back to look you dead in the eyes.

JUDY

What's this "might" bullshit? Ain't  
no "might" between us. And "one of"  
better mean top three. At least.

You pull Judy into a passionate and grounding kiss. For a moment you melt together, the hum between you drowning out the city.

Before you pull away, you land a gentle kiss on her forehead.

V

I don't have a leaderboard, Sparks,  
but you're always on my mind.

Judy scans you up and down, noticing the wear and tear.

JUDY

Every time you show up half dead,  
I'm torn between admiration and  
scared shitless. What happened  
tonight?

V

How 'bout we snatch some preem top  
shelf and I spill about my day.

INT. LIZZIE'S BAR, LOUNGE

You place four empty shot glasses on the table in the middle of the dimly lit box as Judy, carrying a bottle, closes the door behind her.

You uncork the bottle and pour four shots, sloppy as hell, then immediately slam one back. Push two shots toward Judy.

JUDY  
I'm on the clock. Can't braindance  
if my brain's scrambled.

You fire down another shot like there's no tomorrow.

JUDY  
Someone's thirsty. What's the  
occasion?

Then raise a third shot as a toast as Judy's concern grows.

V  
To the death of future pain.

Slam it back as well, then wipe your mouth.

JUDY  
Future pain? The fuck is going on?  
How twisted was the fuckin'  
mission?

You nudge the last shot closer to Judy.

V  
Trust me. On the clock or not, you  
need this.

Judy straightens, eyes piercing at you to cut the bullshit.

JUDY  
Spill. My little angel.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP -NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The city sprawls below in its energetic neon glory. You stand near the rooftop edge, talking with TORQ, a mid-level fixer with a scowl and a shiny ambition. You hand over the shard.

V (V.O.)  
Simple job. Klep a shard for a  
fixer named Torq. He sells it to  
some corpo assholes and I get a  
slice. But...

TORQ  
Reliable, as always. Quite the  
reputation you're building.

A WHINE numbs your ears as AVs rise up on either side of the  
skyscraper, operatives racing down cords to the rooftop.

TORQ  
You're becoming valuable.

V  
What the fuck is this?

TORQ  
They don't want the shard. They  
want you.

Teeth gritted, you blast Torq's chest with an epic right  
hook, smashing him to the ground. Spotlights from the AV  
blind you as operatives close in.

You pull your pistol and open fire, diving for cover as they  
unleash hell and fury upon you.

Two operatives fall as your cover shatters from heavy fire.

Breathing desperate, you sprint for the ledge and leap across  
the expansive gap to the lower roof of the adjacent building.

Landing hard. Sparks fly. Operatives give chase, a few  
leaping the chasm, the rest firing relentlessly.

You stumble as a bullet grazes your head, tumble, roll,  
launch up and keep going. Fire in your veins.

MOMENTS LATER

Cornered, you fend off another attacker with a knife,  
struggling to push them over the edge to their death.

You grapple with another and put a gun to their head. Half a  
dozen operatives closing in.

The edge leads to death. No more gaps to jump. Nowhere else  
to go. You're pinned.

The rhythmic THUMP of your heartbeat fills your ears as time  
slows down.

V (V.O.)  
The world is crashing in on me and  
I think... you know... this is it.  
Gonna flatline.

INT. LIZZIE'S BAR, LOUNGE (PRESENT DAY)

V

And I thought of you.

A warm smile graces Judy's lips.

V

I should be focusing on how to save my ass. How to win. But instead all I could think of is losing. Losing you.

(beat)

And you losing me.

JUDY

But you made it back. You're a survivor--

V

I was a nano-second from flatlining because I love you too much.

JUDY

Wait. What are you saying?

Melancholic silence grips the air a little too long. Judy realizes this isn't a love story, it's something else.

V

It's too risky.

Judy's voice tightens.

JUDY

So, you're ghosting the life?  
You're on your way to legend status!

You shake your head slightly, then pound the last shot.

JUDY

(realizing)

Oh. Shit. You're not dropping the life, you're dropping...me.

V

Not for good. Not forever. I want you to take my memories.

JUDY

What memories?

V

Us.

JUDY

(lost)

Us.

V

The other day, remember you mentioned that new type of exclusive virtu. Where it wipes the memory from the original person?

Judy's head starts to spin. This can't be happening.

V

I want you to take "us" out of my head, every memory. So it won't distract me at the worst possible time and end us.

JUDY

But taking the memories ends us.

V

Not the same way. You work your magic, pull out those virtus.  
(beat)  
You'll store them. Safe and sound until things change.

Judy leans back, her eyes narrowing. Unable to look at you, her eyes glazing over. Crushed.

JUDY

(whispers)

Everyone always finds a reason to delta.

V

I fucking love you. And I'm not going to survive with you in here.  
(taps head)  
If I'm dead, we're dead.

JUDY

How will you remember to upload us back into your head if your memories are erased?

V

You'll remind me.

Judy scoffs. The fucking nerve of all this.

JUDY

What if I don't want to remind you?

You open your mouth but catch your words -- didn't foresee this curveball.

JUDY

You give up your memories. Give them to me -- they're mine, baby. I can lock them away. Give them back. Set them ablaze. Sell to the highest bidder. It's my call.

(beat)

Once you delta on me, you can't just undelta.

V

Look, this is for us. For both of us. We don't do this, one day I'm zeroed for good. Turned into a memory. This way we have a chance.

(beat)

But when I'm legend, and no one will touch me. No more looking over my shoulder. We'll be safe.

(beat)

If you love me, waiting shouldn't be a problem.

Judy snaps, slamming her hands on the table.

JUDY

You can't pause a relationship like a fucking holovid. You're scared? So am I! But I'm not asking you to fucking disappear!

Judy upends the bottle, filling two shots and letting the rest splash out. Slams both drinks, immune to the burn.

V

I can't trust anyone else with this. It's my survival. It's our future. It has to be you.

Judy reaches across the table and holds your hands in hers, knowing she's caressing them for the last time.

JUDY

It someone wants to leave, let them, right?

Judy brings your hands closer and gently kisses them with tears welling her eyes.

Judy stands, clears the tears, suddenly all business.

JUDY  
Alright, you ready to do this?

INT. LIZZIE'S BAR, JUDY'S BRAINDANCE STUDIO - LATER

You sit in the chair with a wreath on your head. Judy preps the terminal, her expression stone-cold.

V  
You know I'd never do this if I had another choice.

JUDY  
You always have a choice.  
(beat)  
Any last words?

The machines hum. Judy hesitates, then starts the process.

JUDY  
No turning back now. Spit 'em out before they're history.

V  
You're the best thing that's ever happ--

Your words stretch out as if time is warping and glitching. Neon in the room coronas as vision melts to black.

LATER

Judy unhooks you from the machine, who with furrowed brow, scans the studio like you were teleported here against your will.

V  
Hey...I must have been zeroed to the world. Don't even remember why I'm here.  
(beat)  
You didn't reformat my skull, did you?

JUDY  
Just a routine tweak. You're fine.  
(beat)  
All paid. Transaction complete.  
Ready to go.

Judy forces a smile, holding back tears. You nod, trusting.  
As you move toward the door, Judy catches your eye.

V

Hey, I don't know if you're seeing  
anyone but... what are you doing  
later? Maybe we can grab a drink.

Judy freezes, her mask of composure cracking for a moment.  
Her lip quivers.

JUDY

Um...

V

I know this place. Really close.  
Maybe you've heard of it? Lizzie's  
Bar.

(playful)

It's like...right through those  
doors and up some stairs. Yeah?

JUDY

I just got out of something  
serious. Thought she was the one,  
but--

(beat)

People are always full of  
surprises.

V

Oh, I see. Yeah. That they are.

You fire off a charming grin.

V

Well, maybe next time. I'm nothing  
if not persistent.

Judy offers a sad smile.

JUDY

Sure.

(beat)

Maybe next time.

As you leave and the door hisses shut, you swear you hear  
Judy whisper to herself.

JUDY

(whispering)

Thanks for the memories.

THE END