

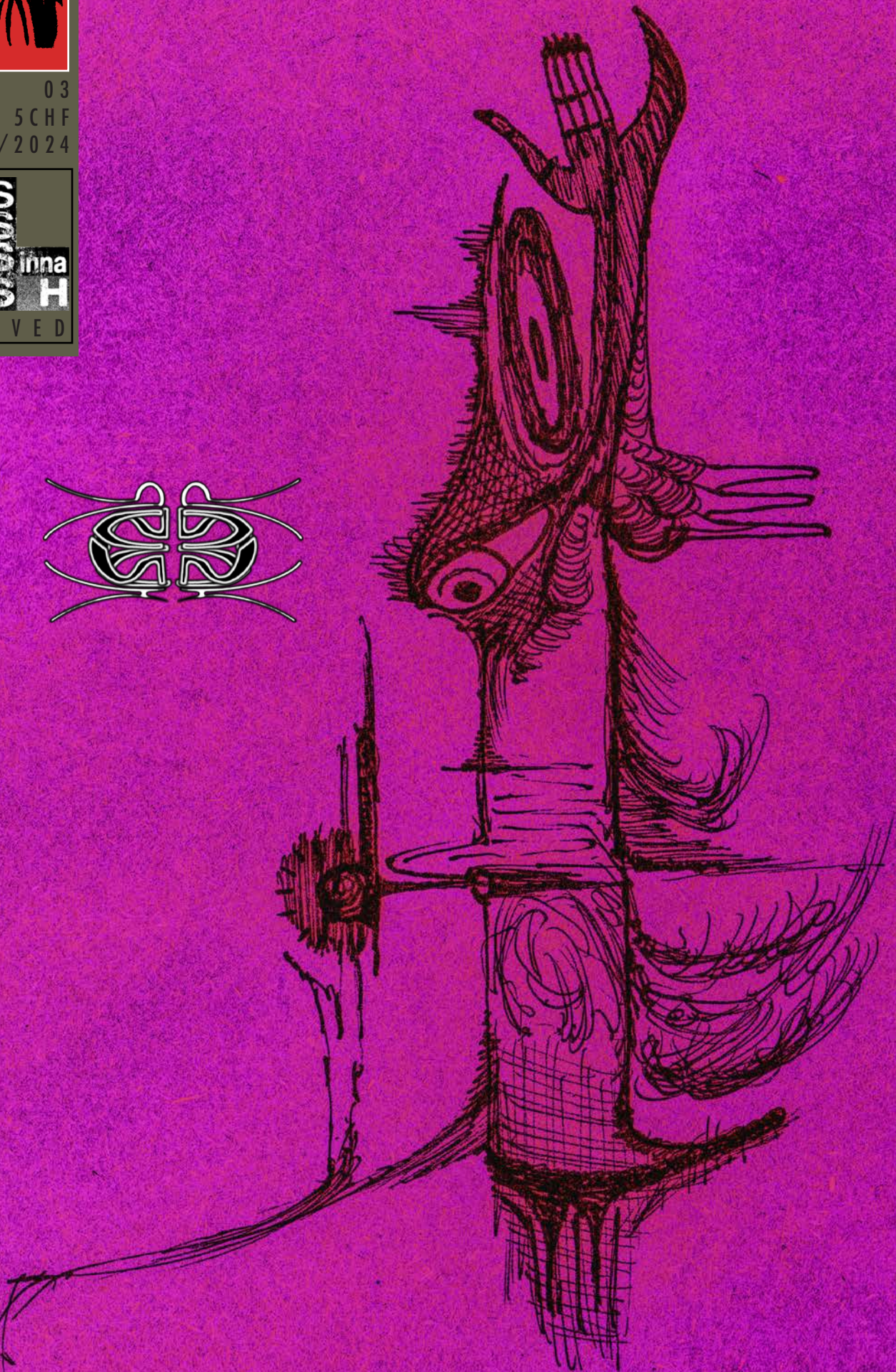
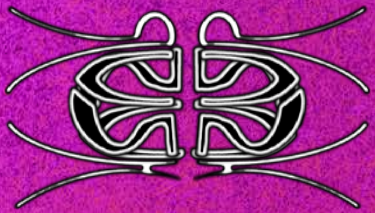


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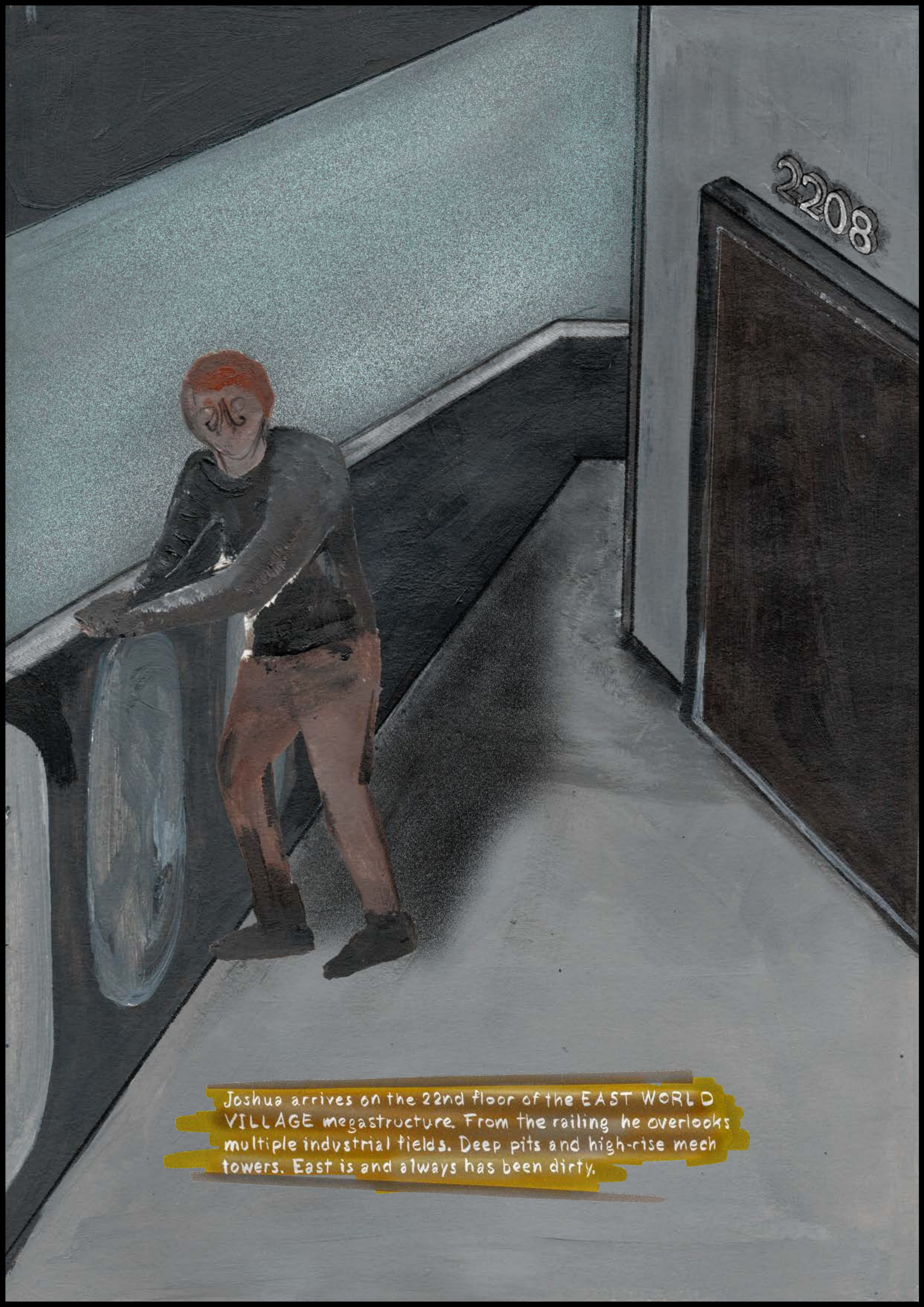
LÉON FERRÉTTI

Note

All images are property of Leon Ferretti,
unless stated otherwise.

Special Thanks to
Albert Kelleher
(Character faces.)

SCENE 3
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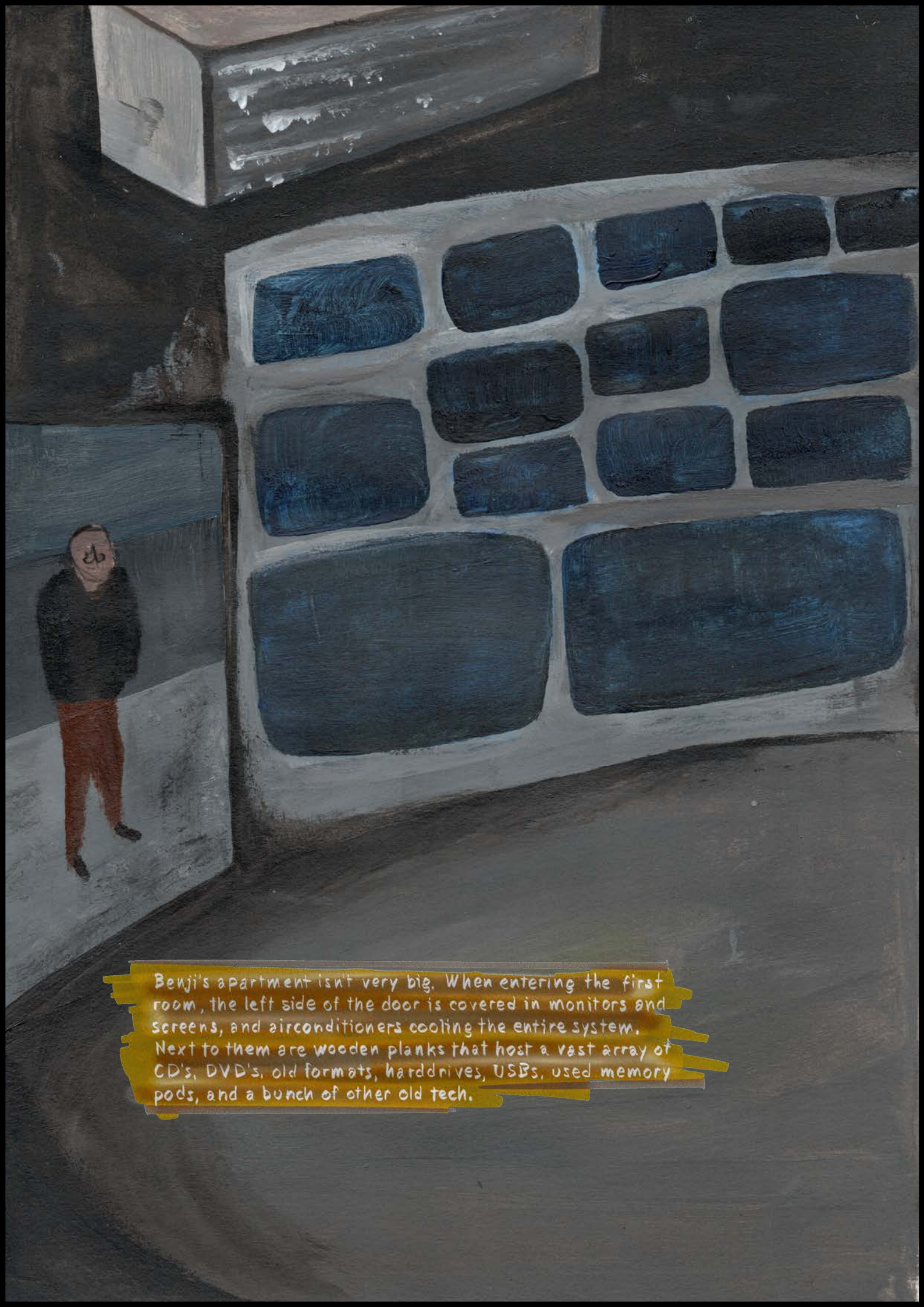
Joshua arrives on the 22nd floor of the EAST WORLD VILLAGE megastructure. From the railing he overlooks multiple industrial fields. Deep pits and high-rise mech towers. East is and always has been dirty.



Hey Benji. Open the fuck up. It's Joshi. Got what you wanted, better make the effort to open the door.



Just open it, crank down the handle and push.



Benji's apartment isn't very big. When entering the first room, the left side of the door is covered in monitors and screens, and airconditioners cooling the entire system. Next to them are wooden planks that host a vast array of CD's, DVD's, old formats, harddrives, USBs, used memory pods, and a bunch of other old tech.

A dark, textured painting of a man sitting in a chair. The man is wearing a dark, possibly black, sweater and pants. He is looking towards the viewer with a serious expression. The background is a mix of dark brown and grey tones, suggesting a room with a brown wall and a grey floor. The overall style is somber and somewhat abstract.

The ceiling and the back of the room are covered in aluminium foil, to stop any network leaking into the apartment.

Next to Benji is a big switchboard with cables hanging from port to port. He is a slightly overweight middle aged man wearing a stained black sweater. His memory collar can be seen slightly through his shirt

Sidenote: Benji loves his TV bag meals.

Hey, hey Joshi, I've missed you! Hows your head? How are them eyes?

Benji, I'm fine, and my eyes are still better than yours, same with my ears and my legs too!

You been in here all week?





You know what I mean! The glaring. What is it feelin like? Gustavo from 23rd told me too much glaring is not good during nighttime.

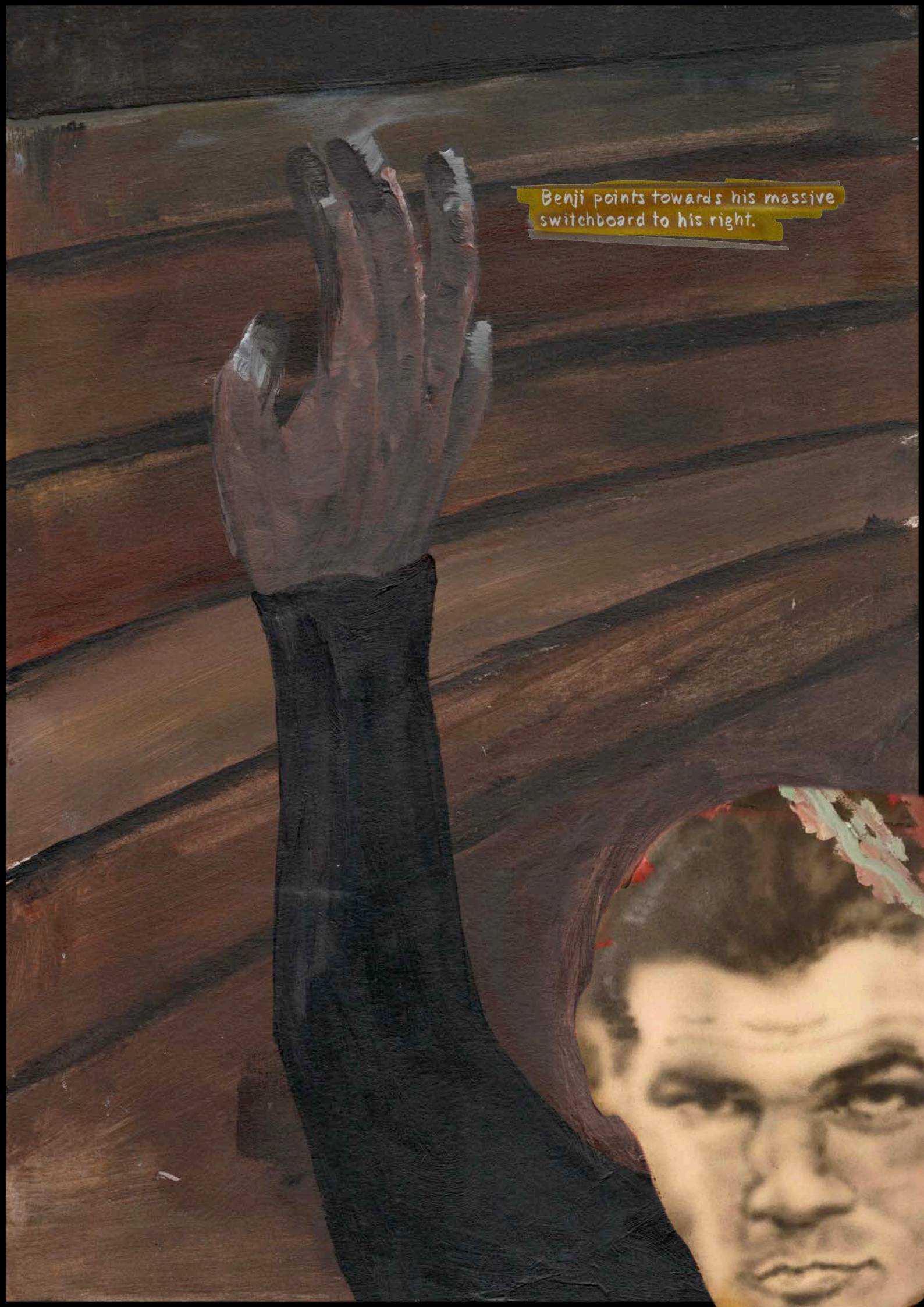


Benji! My glaring is normal. I'm normal. Nothing to worry bout. I've told you, in the place my mother was in getting glared was inevitable. Don't take that shit out on me. Had nothing to do with me.

Im more worried about your arteries. They not swole yet from all them TV's your punching. All damn day, and not moving a bit. Or that your lonely. You thought about that?

Me? Lonely? No no Joshi, look I've got all my friends and family on speed dial right here, And my arteries seem fine.



A painting featuring a large, dark-skinned hand with a black sleeve, pointing upwards and to the right. The background consists of horizontal wooden planks in various shades of brown. In the bottom right corner, there is a circular inset showing a close-up of a man's face with dark hair and a serious expression. A yellow text box is positioned in the upper right area of the painting.

Benji points towards his massive switchboard to his right.

What about your sleep? I see them bags under your eyes.



I mean I sleep whenever I'm tired And ive been off the coffee or any kind of of uppers for a while. But if I can't i get me some sleepers. You need some?

Nah Benji! Dont like that shit.

Whatever





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Look here, got you couple new pods.
Make em last. They get harder to
source every day.

Ah Joshi, Thank you. I know you're
always there for me. Preciate it. Really.
Look I ain't tryna make you mad when
I speak bad of all that digital shit. I
just care about you.

I know!

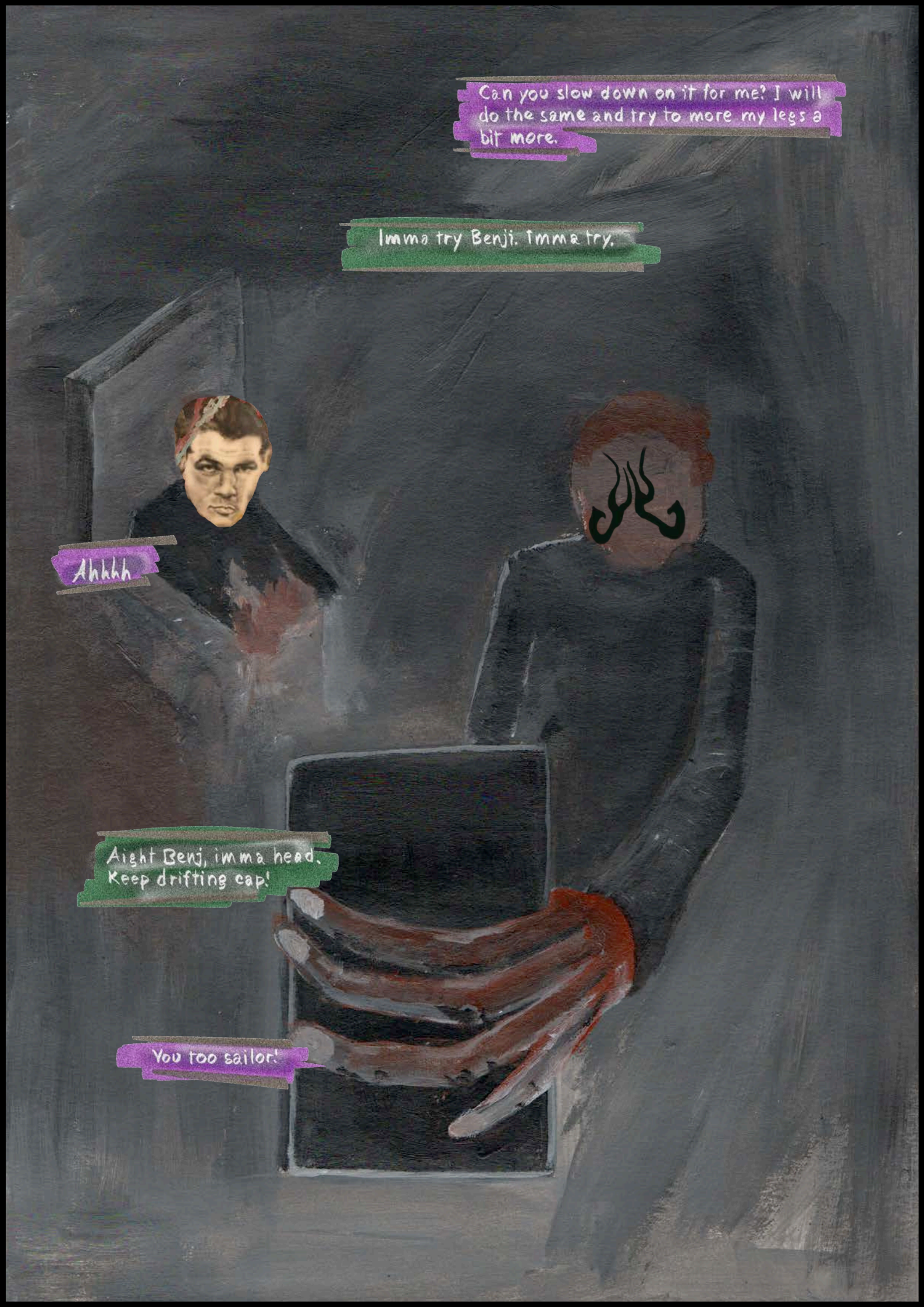
Can you slow down on it for me? I will do the same and try to move my legs a bit more.

Imma try Benji. Imma try.

Ahhhh

Aight Benj, imma head. Keep drifting cap!

You too sailor!





Gonna stay round these parts for a bit more and then head home.



