

MONTAGE: LARKIN'S SUPERHUMAN UPGRADES

VISUAL		constant VO track
A view of a hospital ceiling from the operating table.		WREN (V.O.) Please, he's all I have left.
	→ Hope drains from the eyes of the medical team. A puff of black smoke wafts towards the ceiling; the remaining colour leaves their faces.	WREN (V.O.) You're the only hope we've got.
A sheet is pulled over our eyes – a body sheet covering a corpse.		DUPONT (V.O.) He's practically gone already. I'm telling you there's nothing my doctors can do.
On the observer side of a human-sized compartment filled with blue gel, a small team of lab coats shake their heads and walk off. One woman, who looks more important than the rest – Dupont – stays behind, peering intently at us.		WREN (V.O.) You... you <u>have</u> to try! DUPONT (V.O.) <i>(she laughs.)</i>
In a different operating room, reminiscent of a workshop. Dupont, in HAZMAT gear, mutters to herself and works on something just out of view.		DUPONT (V.O.) You don't get to my spot by handing out freebies to everyone who comes begging.
Several teams of scientists watch from peripheral observation rooms. The head scientist gives the go-ahead; a syringe of black liquid passes into view. The plunger is depressed. Moments after it empties, a violent explosion of black miasma shatters the observation windows. Chaos ensues, amid hazard containment procedures.		DUPONT (V.O.) But I'm willing to strike a deal with you. WREN (V.O.) Yes. As long as you bring-- as long as you try your best to bring him back.
A huge elevator shaft continues up and out of view. A humanoid with heavy cybernetic modifications kneels piously at the center of a large chamber. The face is obscured by a tangle of tubes snaking towards the ceiling. They're shaped like wings. He's framed like a fallen angel.		DUPONT (V.O.) Hm. And for my help, you'll give me--

	→ Purple light courses through the tubes, pouring into the figure's body. Its head snaps back. The top half of the face is obscured behind a visor, but a glint of rosy golden light sparkles where its eye <i>should</i> be. A single tear rolls down Wren's cheek.	WREN (V.O.) <u>Anything!</u>
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INT. CRUSTY OLD SHACK

Larkin wakes up with a sharp gasp, bolting upright in bed. Through a rust-eaten gap in the corrugated metal roof of his bedroom shed, he sees a glorious slender tower that scrapes the rocky ceiling of the Bastion cavern basking in a warm glow. The top of the tower glints a rosy golden light into his eye. It's a stark contrast from the buzzy white lights outside his room and the red lamps that illuminate Bastiontown's edge.