

OUR CAST:
(FEEL FREE TO SKIM VIDEO CLIPS)

[KIM KITSURAGI](#) (*Disco Elysium*)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XpalyAnmmbw>

A whip-smart and subtle adherent to procedure and the Rule of Cool. Outcast by competence.

[CLEMENTINE](#) (Telltale's *The Walking Dead Season 2/3*)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9bMPQkPgsgM>

A preteen raised by the apocalypse, torn between her instincts towards closeness and five traumatic years of tragedy and betrayal. Has attached to an adopted child - AJ - who was taken from her.

[THE IRON BULL](#) (*Dragon Age: Inquisition*)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HPx-R2t3UyQ>

Deceivingly perceptive under a layer of flirtatious bluster, this spy-turned-mercenary-captain is an onion of half-truths.

(We're going to pretend we don't have to react to zombies being real or Bull being a whole other species; more fun to just let the characters bounce off each other, don't you think?)

INT. DIMLY-LIT ELEVATOR

The FLICK of a lighter. Flame nearly the same shade as his burnt-orange pilot's jacket. KIM KITSURAGI lights a thin cigarette, standing over the unconscious, hulking form of THE IRON BULL. He takes a drag.

CLANG. An impact on the roof of the elevator car. Kim's reflexes trigger, his free hand snapping to the single-shot pistol slung under his arm. But he knows he can't fire in here without risk of ricochet; he relaxes and sighs out smoke as the ROOF HATCH smashes open.

KIM

Come on in.

CLEMENTINE drops from the hatch. Her eyes scan over Bull's body -- widen -- and then go curious to Kim.

CLEM

(quietly impressed)

You do that?

Kim gestures to the elevator doors, conspicuously dented in three places, mirroring the shape of Bull's head and horns. Clem tries to stifle a giggle. Kim does it better, barely betraying his amusement.

KIM

Found him out cold, same way you did -- perhaps somewhat quieter. He almost had the door beaten into submission, by the looks of it.

CLEM

(taking stock of the elevator)

So you're telling me we can't get out this way.

KIM

The whole building is on lockdown. Likely to remain that way until the *Council Hommes* are satisfied they've purged the infection.

Clem carefully pops open the elevator's maintenance panel with her knife. Notices Kim's cigarette.

CLEM

(exasperated whisper)
You're just planning to wait until
this guy wakes up? What if he's
dangerous?

KIM

(shrugging, taking a
drag)
I try not to assume all stupid men
are dangerous, even if they
frequently prove I should.

Clem rolls her eyes and starts pressing buttons
experimentally. She's an adventure game protagonist, after
all.

KIM (cont'd)

Anyway, more dangerous out there. You
don't want to cross the Council.

BULL

(dazed murmur,
stirring)
... do you think we should cake the
duck? Or is the orange punch soft
enough?

Clem and Kim freeze, but Bull still seems fast asleep.

CLEM

(scoffing, to Kim)
...Fuck the Council. They're not
going to hold us here. I need to get
back to AJ.

Kim is forced to place his opinion of Clem on the brave/
foolish spectrum. The cock of his eyebrows suggests 'brave',
but it goes over her head.

A couple of long seconds as Clem concludes the panel is
useless. She turns to inspect Bull, noticing the long axe
pinned to the wall by his back.

CLEM (cont'd)

Could use that as a lever...

She crouches down to try and grab it. Conveniently --
suspiciously so? -- that's when Bull wakes.

BULL

(with a start)
Hgk -- oh! Hey, kid.

CLEM
 (matter-of-fact)
 I need your axe.

Bull hauls himself up with a grunt, nearly scraping the ceiling at his full height.

BULL
 Free advice: you don't just ask a man for his axe! Open with: "Cool horns!" or "your pants sure are stripey!"

KIM
 Flattery will do wonders for your negotiating skills. Unless one finds it suspicious.

Bull appraises Kim with an intensity unannounced by his easygoing attitude. Kim tries to read Bull back, but finds himself taken off-balance. He channels the crack in his composure into cleaning his glasses, still keeping hold of his cigarette between two fingers. Bull grins jovially. If Clem notices the sudden erotic charge between the two men, she's happy to skip right past it.

CLEM
 You're not my dads.

BULL
 Could be! My Chargers are a lot like kids. Or chaotic little ducklings I herd from battle to battle. We could use someone like you -- you know, with the angry face, the knife thing.

KIM
 (suspicious)
 You trade two words with a child and you're ready to recruit her to your -- your *mercenary company*? Do I have that right?

BULL
 (winking)
 You do. But I've got a good feeling about this one. Come onnn, I wouldn't put her on the front lines!

CLEM
 Why not?

BULL

(to Kim)

My people don't see kids as useless
like you Southerners -- plus we've
all got to get out of here, don't we?

KIM

(realizing)

You weren't unconscious at all.

They exchange a second long stare, but this time Kim's got
the upper hand.

BULL

(grinning wider)

Ahh, you got me. Nothing gets people
to trust you like knocking yourself
out in front of them.

CLEM

Never heard that one before.

BULL

Worked though, didn't it? Stick with
me, kid, I'll show you the ways of
the battlefield. How to wrestle down
a dragon! How to charm the hearts of
maidens!

CLEM

(nervous at the
mention of maidens)

How did you kn-...

Clem seems skeptical as she listens to him ramble on, but
she cuts off her protest when she notices bright red
teethmarks on his hip.

CLEM (cont'd)

Oh, shit.

BULL

What. I spill something?

Clem points with one hand, the other on the handle of her
knife. Kim drops his cigarette and puts it out with his
heel, sensing conflict.

CLEM

(gravely)

You're bitten.

BULL
Whoa there! That's from last night.
My, uh, *roomate* got a little feisty.

KIM
They imprisoned us separately.

BULL
... Hm. Good point.

Awkward silence, with a hint of menace. Bull knows it's useless to protest -- and that he could take these two -- but Clem is right on the edge of attack.

BULL (cont'd)
All the more reason to get us out of here?

CLEM
You could have done that the *whole time*?

BULL
Well, yeah.

Bull pulls the axe off his back, telegraphing his actions carefully. Then he wedges it in the door and pops it open, revealing the hallway beyond. A sudden CLAXON blares.

CLEM
(peering out,
confident)
Great. You go first, I got your back.

BULL
Hm. Good delivery! Maybe I should join *your* mercenary company.

CLEM
(amused)
Play your cards right. Move.

Bull stalks out the door, axe hefted. Clem turns to Kim.

CLEM (cont'd)
You coming?

She doesn't wait for an answer. Kim sighs, adjusts his glasses, and draws his pistol.

KIM
(exasperated)
Let's go cross the Council, I guess!