

KIREFAX REPORT: 6x255-XT[REDACTED]-F46-C)

Subject status:

See attached report (file x255-AW2239[REDACTED]-TS)
CONFIDENTIAL - EYES ONLY - DO NOT REPRODUCE

Transcript as follows, Dec 17, 6:28 PM, 20[REDACTED]
Special Agent Johnson present - digital



Johnson: Jadelna Kirefax, age 21, *subjective* Black hair, blue eyes. Caucasian female.

Kirefax: Right, and you are? (3 seconds) Where am I?

Johnson: You died on December the 17th 20[REDACTED] at [REDACTED] AM, and your remains are currently being held at the [REDACTED] Investigative Morgue on [REDACTED] street.

Kirefax: Died? (2 sec) This is a uh, this is a digital construct?

Johnson: Yes.

Kirefax: You're an AI?

Johnson: No.

Kirefax: You sound like an AI. (4 sec) Must be Feds. You with the Feds?

Johnson: I am not at liberty to disclose the name of my employer.

Kirefax: Whatever. (3 sec. - a chair squeaks) So let me get this straight, you've got my wetware wired up to a [REDACTED] somewhere in uh, in an [REDACTED] or something [REDACTED] right? (3 sec. - a sigh) Guess I'm not going anywhere for while. (4 sec) Well, I'm sure you've got me here for a reason. (2 sec. - gestures) What do you want to know? TW-312

Johnson: Lets start simple. (2 sec) What is the last thing that you remember?

Kirefax: The pain. (5 sec. - a sniff) I don't even remember hearing the shot. I just remember the gun, the [REDACTED] the (2 sec. - gestures) just, uh, totally emotionless face of the suit who munched me in that rainy, stinky, stupid-ass back alley. (2 sec) oh yeah, heh, and the overwhelming

realization that I'd seriously fucking screwed up, hah, how about that. (8 sec) Hey, you got any cigarettes? I could use one about now.

Johnson: This is a digital construct. (2 sec) Any addiction you're feeling is purely psychological.

Kirefax: Look, I asked for cigarettes, not a lecture, alright?

Johnson: I don't have any cigarettes. (3 sec. - a sigh) What else do you remember?

Tx - 5178 → Kirefax: I remember the fucking sting when the piezoplastic flechettes ripped into me, if that's what you're asking. Hurt like hell, put a bunch of holes in those cheap adhesive alloy plates I'd slapped against the inside of my jacket this... that morning, whatever. (2 sec) Same jacket Kuzmanovski used to wear before the [REDACTED] mowed him down with some luxury aerodyne last time they caught him haunting the Strip. Lucky jacket, I'd said. Worn, but tough. (2 sec) They don't make synthleather like that anymore. Blood didn't even stick to it. (8 sec) Fucking stupid. Never should have touched the thing. Fucking magnet for bad luck. (4 sec) You sure you don't got any cigarettes?

Johnson: I'm sure.

Kirefax: They spark when they go in, you know that?

Johnson: Cigarettes?

Kirefax: Piezoplastic flechettes, dumbass. (2 sec) They're about the nastiest thing you can fill a shotgun with. Just the shock alone is like getting hit by a mac truck full of mace gel and tasers. It burns the fuck out of you and knocks you cold before you even realize that you're a fucking pincushion full of a thousand tiny little plastic skewers, each about the size of a cactus needle. (2 sec) At least, for a few seconds anyway. Then the uh, (2 sec) the smart plastic in the needles wakes up, instantly turns from pins to razor fucking discs, each one about the size of your thumb. Turns you into hamburger just about the instant you realize just how seriously you've fucked yourself by even being born. (2 sec. - a cough) No one can take a hit like that. I don't care how much techware you've got rattling around in your gut. Me, I just lost my stock bioware, hah. Fucking meat I was born with. Figures, huh? And my fucking cigarette. (4 sec) Did

you find that fucking jacket? (3 sec - Agent Johnson
nodded) Yeah? Full of holes, I bet. (3 sec) Fuck.
(unintelligible)

(4 sec) Yeah, the cigarettes. Another thing I got from
Kuzmanovski. A pack of zigs crammed full of street-
grade narcotics like Zippy and Thrash and that one
sweet one you rub on your teeth... (2 sec) Man, all that
shit laced with things grittier and harsher than cheap
asphalt. (2 sec) Hot shit.

Johnson: You were high when this happened?

Kirefax: You think I'd tell you if I was? I know how you feds
work. You're just looking for things to stick me with so
you can keep me in the pen longer, keep me off the
street and, uh... get low-ass labor from me or some shit.

Johnson: What else do you remember?

Kirefax: Cake, flowers, and a little man with a funny hat... (2
sec) Come on, what do you think I remember? I fucking
died, okay? (3 sec - a cough) Did anyone else make it
out?

Johnson: Was anyone else with you?

Kirefax: (6 sec) Yeah, ha, good try. Next you'll be asking me for
names.

Johnson: It might be in your best interests to start giving me
some.

Kirefax: (5 sec) Is that a threat?

Johnson: (2 sec) The... (Unintelligible - a knocking sound)

(4 sec) Yes. (3 sec) Okay. (A cough - mumbling)

(5 sec) I'm sure your family is very worried about you.

Kirefax: Family? Hah, yeah, sure. I never had a family, wasn't
born into one. (2 sec) My mother was an electrified jug
full of synth-amnio with the number HR-118 taped to the
outside of it. The first person I ever saw was a lab
tech in a bioplastic cleansuit. You know, white paper,
more 6-gauge plastic than a back-alley bullet-puller's
digs, goggles that could shrug off a thermo-nade. (2 sec)
That's what I grew up with. (2 sec) Until I escaped and

got out on the street, my best friend was a lab rat and my brother was a test tube that'd gone south.

Johnson: (8 sec) You're a Derivative? (4 sec - paper shuffling) That's not in your file.

Kirefax: It's not? (3 sec) Shit. Wait. (3 sec) Then why are you holding me here? (4 sec - Kirefax stood) I, uh- I want to talk to my lawyer. (2 sec) Now.

Johnson: I need some information from you first.

Kirefax: Fuck you! You found my body at a fucking crime scene and now you're holding me against my will? I'm the victim here! I was shot! I... (2 sec) I'm the one who's dead dammit!

Johnson: This isn't about that. (2 sec) Honestly, at this point I don't even care if you are a Derivative illegally masquerading as a natural born citizen.

Kirefax: (8 seconds) Then what do you want from me?

Johnson: I want to know how you found out about the [REDACTED] Project, and I want the name of every person you've been in contact with in regards to it.

Kirefax: (7 sec) You're shitting me.

Johnson: I'm not.

Kirefax: (5 sec) But I...

Johnson: You were found outside the [REDACTED] where the [REDACTED] is kept. You had a sheet of silicon on you containing a diagram of the [REDACTED] and a floor plan of the [REDACTED] along with some very specific information relating to the [REDACTED] Project. We know you were there. What I want to know is who sent you, and why.

Kirefax: Look, it was just a job.

Johnson: I want names, details, (2 sec) not excuses.

Kirefax: (6 sec) Look, I'm not just going to roll over and...

Johnson: What do you have to lose, huh? (2 sec) You're already dead.

Kirefax: (12 sec) Yeah... I (3 sec) Hey... (4 sec) Can I ask... (2 sec) What... uh (6 sec) what's left of my body? What did they recover?

Johnson: Not much.

Kirefax: Hamburger, huh? (4 sec. - Agent Johnson nodded) Figures. (unintelligible) Fuck.

(7 sec) So... if I spill my guts on [REDACTED] is the state gonna wire me up with a new body?

Johnson: I can't promise anything, but the best thing you could do for yourself right now is to tell us everything you know about Project [REDACTED] and provide us with the names of anyone else who might be involved.

Kirefax: What? (2 sec) You know what, fuck you. Nobody sane makes deals like that, especially with the Feds.

Johnson: Maybe you should be the first.

Kirefax: And maybe you should go get stuffed! I'm not talking until I get a, uh, a lawyer in here or you state-job asshats get me a body to call one with.

Johnson: (3 sec) I see. (paper shuffling). Well, I hope you reconsider...

Kirefax: I won't.

Johnson: (3 sec) I'm sorry you feel that way.

Kirefax: Yeah?

Johnson: Yes, because you see, Project [REDACTED] has a clearance so high that even the President is fuzzy on the details when it comes right down to what is really going on. You aren't the first person we've [REDACTED] to keep it a secret, and if you're not going to give us what we want until we let a lawyer in here, I'm afraid you're going to be waiting for a very long time.

(Johnson logged out of the system at 6:39 PM)
TRANSCRIPT ENDS