

***CHAPTER 5***



***PRIS AND SEBASTIAN***



## Chapter 5 - Pris and Sebastian

Far below, a female figure walks the street near a huge, multi-door container. She bears a hard, almost expressionless face with soaking wet blonde hair hanging on either side. Pris, the third replicant, stops for a moment, staring off into the distance at the immense buildings on either side of the street, creating an artificial canyon, the ubiquitous blimp gliding overhead. She hurries forward as a spinner speeds by above.

Presently, she comes to the entrance of an old building, the



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Bradbury. She looks around, takes a last drag from her cigarette which she then drops on the sidewalk, putting it out with her foot. She sits down against a wall amidst a pile of trash and papers which she gathers around her to form a kind of hiding place.

It isn't long before the real reason for her presence there arrives in a small ground car. The man, short, wearing a bowl-shaped hat, exits the car and walks quickly toward the door of the building, looking for his keys.

Suddenly, Pris looks up, startled. She jumps up, runs past



his face. "What's your name?"  
"Pris."  
"Mine's J. F. Sebastian."  
"Hi."  
"Hi."  
"Oh," he says, "where were you goin'?"  
She just shrugs.  
"Home?" he asks.  
"I don't have one," she answers, all the while putting up the appearance of a lonely, frightened soul, looking for help.  
Sebastian smiles then begins to turn away...

him, knocking him over and races toward his car. She slams against its side, crashing her hand through one of its windows.

"Hey!" yells the man... then.... "You forgot your bag!" he offers, retrieving her dropped satchel.

Sheepishly, she slowly approaches as he holds the bag out toward her. When she gets close enough she grabs the bag from his hand, then says in a small voice, "I'm lost."

"Don't worry, I won't hurt you," he says. He obviously likes what he sees as he makes primping gestures with his hand around

In desperation she says quickly...  
"We scared each other pretty good,

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didn't we???"

"We sure did!" he answers as she laughs. Then her expression again turns sad.

"I'm hungry, J. F."

"I got stuff inside... you wanna come in?"

"I was hoping you'd say that," she answers, smiling.

He smiles broadly as he moves toward the door. When he turns his back her face instantly changes back to its normal, hard expression, as if all that transpired before was just an act to win him over.

"Iiiiiiki koto, oooooo," a voice sings from the blimp floating overhead



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seen through the building's enormous skylight as Pris and Sebastian enter. On the side of the blimp is a movie of a beautiful oriental woman smiling and smoking.... something.

The pair walk through a trash-strewn hallway toward an open elevator which takes them upwards.

"You live in this building all by yourself?" Pris asks as they ride the slow elevator.

"Yeah, I live here pretty much alone right now. No housing shortage around here. Plenty of room for everybody."



They arrive at one of the top floors. The grill-work gate of the elevator car slides open as Pris coughs a couple of times. "Watch out for the water," J. F. warns.

"You must get lonely here J. F." Pris says as she hangs back a bit from Sebastian who is searching for the key to his door as he hurries along.

"Hmmm, not really." he says, looking back at her. "I make friends. They're toys... my friends are toys, I make them. It's a hobby, I'm a genetic designer. Do you know what that is?"

"No," she answers, almost whispering it.

"Now," he says as he opens the large, ornate door. "Oh," he says, letting her go ahead of him.

"Yoo hoo!" he yells, "Home again!" He slams the door shut, bolting it from the inside.

Pris looks around then sees... two little people marching forward, dressed in odd, military costumes. They say in unison... "Home again, home again. Jiggity, jig! Gooooood evening J. F.!" They come to a stop with a click of their heels.

"Evening fellas." J. F. answers. At that, the two tiny figures do a one-eighty and walk back toward the room

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from which they came, one of them bumping into the door jamb and letting out a hearty "Ooof!". Pris smiles at this.

"They're my friends," says J. F. with some satisfaction. "I made them! Where are your folks?"

"I'm sort of an orphan..." she replies.

"Oh. What about... your friends?"

"I have some, but I have to find them," she replies as J. F. removes his soggy outerwear, putting them on a chair. "I'll let 'em know where I am tomorrow."

"Oh." he says, with some disappointment at the



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news of her search for her "friends". "Can I take those things for you?" Pris, who was standing in the foyer

during this exchange now relaxes a bit and hurriedly enters, handing J. F. her bag as he says... "You're soaked aren't you?"

**BR**

