
It'd been Tom's idea, to make the labs that they'd taken over, a little more presentable. Seeing as they were going to be bunkering down for a while, there wasn't any reason that they shouldn't be comfortable. That would involve moving in some supplies from around the complex.

Unfortunately, because Laurel had no faith whatsoever in Jessie and Henri combined to not let Nina and Theodore die horrifically unobserved, it meant that they'd split up the pairs- Henri with Tom, and Laurel with Jessie.

Laurel is walking along the catwalk with Jessie, uneasy about being out in the open. Ozone sparks in the air, and she's tense, as they step across. Nothing in sight so far.

LAUREL SCORESBY

We should be arriving in five minutes, to the bridge towards the gameroom.

Jessie nods. He keeps pace with Laurel but tries to stay mostly behind her, as she's... you know. Laurel.

JESSIE DAY

Yes'm.

There's a very quiet sound- like someone thumbing back a latch on a door. Laurel startles- before she's grabbed Jessie more or less by the collar, yanking him towards her.

This seems to be an oddly violent, random decision- until the catwalk wires snap, and they find themselves in free fall.

Where Jessie had just been standing, a large chunk of rebar impaled through the thin, spidery metal of the catwalk.

The landing is hard- rubble cascading down upon them, the wind knocked out of their chests as they slammed against the ground. With the tilt of the catwalk leaning towards the side that

Laurel had been on, though- it's a shorter fall than one might assume.

At some point during their tumble, Jessie had bounced a little away from Laurel- his arm mangled between a large plane of sheet metal and a vent grating, shearing flesh off in slabs like cheese on a grater- the white bone protruding ominously from the surface.

Laurel lands beneath an overhang of metal- that's dented heavily as things continue to fall down around them. Things eventually come to a standstill, and Laurel is panting, trying to get her bearings about her.

There's the sound of her spitting- and that seems to have helped her figure out up from down, as she turns over to try to get up, cautious about moving from her tiny shelter. Her voice is hoarse, straining to keep quiet.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Are you alive?

Jessie's voice is strained, like he's trying to keep from screaming.

JESSIE DAY

Yes ma'am. Though, uh, I don't think I can sew anymore.

Laurel cusses, voice low and dark as she scrabbles around her pockets- pulling out a small syringe. She army crawls forwards, careful not to knock aside too much of the debris.

When she's near Jessie, she grabs him by the shoulder- and jabs the needle into his arm, having flicked the cap off with a smooth motion. It's followed up by another one- though this is more carefully angled around the actual site of injury.

A cold numbness floods over his shoulder, stinging a little-

before resolving itself into the absence of sensation. The wound site is glowing faintly bright purple.

LAUREL SCORESBY

That'll keep you from bleeding out- but what a fucking mess.
What a fucking mess.

Laurel leans back, trying to assess the damage. She puts a hand against the metal- but pulls it back after a moment of scrutiny.

LAUREL SCORESBY

No- I can't get this off of you. I don't think Tom could, either- even if he could get here in time. We're going to have to take the arm off, if we're going to get you out.

Jessie breathes in shakily, face ghostly white.

JESSIE DAY

Good thing it ain't my writin' hand, huh? Then I'd be plumb outta luck.

Laurel just nods tersely, as she's rummaging through her pockets. She whips off her lab coat, laying it down on the ground for a moment- before she's shimmying out of her sweater and t-shirt. The t-shirt is balled up, and she offers it to Jesse, prodding at his face with it.

LAUREL SCORESBY

You'll want this to bite down on. Look away. Psychologically, that improves results- we've found, in past field amputations.

She slots it into his mouth more or less by force, before going back to the sweater. She looks at it, considering the material- before she's turning around to the lab coat, ripping the sleeves off by biting and tearing, picking at errant seams. These get wrapped above the mess, pulled as tight as she can get it. The long panel of the lab coat is still on the ground, as she sets the sweater on top of it.

LAUREL SCORESBY

I'm going to wrap you up in this before I run you back to the labs, to help with compression of the site after we're done here.

Laurel looks around for a suitable implement- picking up a particularly wicked slice of metal. She wraps the end of it with a little left over strip from her lab coat- before she's got the blade poised.

LAUREL SCORESBY

Three, two-

And before she's finished, she's slicing downwards abruptly, hacking through shredded musculature and sinew as far down as she can. There's a wet squelch, but the damaged tissue gives way easily to the wicked point of her blade.

When Jessie's freed- she presses the sweater to the site, wrapping that into place with the labcoat to secure its position. She slides one hand underneath his knees, the other to his back- and is taking off sprinting.

Bullets bounce around at their feet- but it seems as if whoever's firing is either a poor shot, or toying with them.

Laurel guns a path straight for the bridge- ignoring cover that'd take time to weave around. There are livid red lines on the ground, from her ocular implant tracking the most efficient trajectory in livetime- and she shoulders open the doors, bumping her hip against the reader and kicking them closed again.

She promptly dunks Jessie into an open cryotank.

LAUREL SCORESBY

You sure know how to find trouble, Dr. Day.
