



NICK FURY, AGENT OF...



SHIELD

MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

12¢ 4
NO. SEPT



NICK FURY

AGENT OF
S.H.I.E.L.D

by
G.J. PRUSS

SECOND REVISION
HILL/OBST PRODUCTIONS

Paramount Pictures Corporation



© 1971 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

NICK FURY

Real Name: Nicholas Joseph Fury
Occupation: Director of S.H.I.E.L.D.
Identity: Publicly known
Legal status: American citizen with no criminal record

Former aliases: None
Place of birth: New York City
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: Jacob Fury (alias Scorpio, brother, deceased)
Group affiliation: Former Colonel, United States Army; former official, Central Intelligence Agency; Director of S.H.I.E.L.D.
Base of operations: S.H.I.E.L.D. Helicarrier, apartment in Manhattan

First appearance: SERGEANT FURY AND HIS HOWLING COMMANDOS #1

Origin: Nick Fury was the elder of two children born to an American pilot who died in battle during the last year of World War I. Fury grew up in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City.

Fury underwent basic training at Fort Dix under the command of Sgt. Charles Bass, a stern taskmaster who chose Fury to be the company scapegoat. Shortly after completing basic training, Fury proved himself an excellent soldier and capable leader, and rose quickly to the rank of sergeant. In the European theatre of operations during World War II, Fury commanded the "Howling Commandos," a specially-trained band of soldiers whose exploits gained them fame for their brave and apparently foolhardy combat style. On one mission in Europe, Fury came under the emergency care of Professor Berthold Sternberg, who first inoculated him with the "Infinity Formula," a serum Fury has taken annually since then, which has slowed the processes of aging in his body. Sgt. Fury remained on active duty through the Korean War, during which the Howlers were reunited for a special mission to surreptitiously cross the 38th parallel to blow up an enemy MIG base. This mission earned Fury a battlefield commission, and he was promoted to Second Lieutenant. Spy work Fury performed for the French government in Viet Nam in the 1950s earned him a promotion to Colonel, and eventually a full-time appointment to the Central Intelligence Agency. Fury remained there for several years, until the newly-organized international espionage organization S.H.I.E.L.D. (Supreme Headquarters International Espionage Law-enforcement Division) offered him directorship. Fury has served as S.H.I.E.L.D.'s public director, both in administrative matters and in the field, ever since. (The identities of the men who hired Fury have never been revealed.)

Many of the details of Nick Fury's life have been deliberately obscured in the interests of national security.

Height: 5' 1"

Weight: 225 lbs

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown, with white at temples

Unusual features: Fury wears a cosmetic eyepatch over his left eye. The eye was injured when a bone ship from his right zygomatic arch was driven into his right optic nerve (which crosses over from the left eyeball to the right side of the brain) by shrapnel from a German hand grenade during World War II. This caused slight damage at the time, which became aggravated over the years, and finally caused a 95% vision loss. **Powers:** Nick Fury possesses no superhuman powers. He is, however, a combat veteran of three wars, plus numerous military

adviser missions and clandestine operations. Fury has trained as a paratrooper (137 official drops), a Ranger, a demolitions expert (including Underwater Demolition Team training), and a vehicle specialist. (He has the following aircraft ratings: 800 hours single-engine prop, 800 hours 2-engine prop, 350 multiple-engine prop, 100 hours glider, 1,700 hours single-engine jet, 750 hours twin-engine jet, 250 hours multiple-engine jet, 500 hours helicopter, and 75 hours in the Lunar Module mission simulator.) He is the holder of an unlimited-tonnage, all-seas Commander, Ocean-Gong Vessel License. He has received Green and Black Beret Special Forces training in 1968 and 1973 respectively, and has been an agent of the OSS (Office of Special Services) and a liaison of the MI6 (British Secret Intelligence). He is a seasoned unarmed- and armed-combat expert, was a heavyweight boxer in the army (during WWII), and holds a black belt in Tai Kwan Do and a brown belt in Jiu Jitsu. Fury has honed his fighting skills sparring with Cap-

tain America, perhaps the world's finest unarmed combat expert.

Weapons: As the highest-ranking, known official of S.H.I.E.L.D. (see: S.H.I.E.L.D.), Fury has access to the most technologically advanced weaponry of any class in the western world. His personal weapons have included a Government Issue .45 caliber automatic, a captured German Luger in 8mm Parabellum, and a modified, semi-automatic Walther's PPK also in 8mm Parabellum. Since 1975 he has carried the Ingram MAC 10 super-machine pistol in .45 caliber. He has also employed such gimmicks as a tear-gas buttonnere, automatic lock-pick pistol, a shirt composed of a stable, low-temperature ignition explosive, a radio-link tie, a bullet-proof summer suit, a rear-view periscope-hat, chemically-impregnated clothing containing binary explosives (requiring the presence of one another to detonate), and a modified Omega Speedmaster chronograph which contained an early version of a flat TV camera and a two-way radio communication device.



CLASSIFIED

FADE IN:

INT. LAB -- NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Fluorescent lights. Computer consoles.
Shining tile floor. Sterile.
Cramped.

In the center is a LARGE CRYOGENIC CHAMBER.

You know, a place to freeze someone in suspended animation.
It's about the size of a phone booth but has a rounded aluminum
and graphite framework holding thick plexiglass panels in place
around a contoured bed/seat.

The whole thing tilts to rest at 60° and a CLOCK counts: 671
HRS. 58 MIN 43 SECS.

INSIDE THE CRYO-CRYPT

we see a MAN sleeping, dressed in a white leotard.

We HEAR BLIPS and BEEPS as his physicality is monitored by both,
the hardware and ---

DR. LYNDIA CIHON

A late-thirtiesish woman with strong, determined features and
would be rather attractive after getting half the sleep she
apparently needs.

She checks clipboards. Flips a switch or two. Records readouts.
And drinks coffee from a vending machine paper cup.

DR. CIHON

Alright, Mr. Riner. Let's see how old
we are today.

As the COUNTING CLOCK reads: 672 HRS 00 MIN 00 SEC

A MAIN SWITCH is FLIPPED, we hear a HUM wind down and the CRYO-
CRYPT OPENS with a vacuumed HISS.
Some condensation forms on the plexiglass after the mist clears
and Dr. Cihon pulls wired pads from Mr. Riner's temples and he's
groggy but comes around pretty fast as Lynda does some quick
recording.

DR.CIHON

Well, you were in for 672 hours, your heart beat only twice, you inhaled once and you've aged....4 seconds. How do you feel, Mr. Riner?

RINER

I haveta' pee.

DR.CIHON

Yes, I know. Go ahead.

But Mr. Riner's muscles don't respond. He just sort of grunts a bit and moves his eyes and head.

DR.CIHON

You won't be able to walk for another two hours. I meant go in your suit.

RINER

My mother told me never to wet my pants in front of a lady.

DR.CIHON

Does that mean it's okay in front of a man?

RINER

I never asked.

DR. CIHON

I'll turn around. Starting next week we'll go for the three month mark.

And she finally finds a moment to sit. She checks her watch.

DR. CIHON

Damn.

RINER

What? I shouldn't pee in my suit, right?

DR. CIHON

No. I get a regular cab and I forgot to call and postpone it.

RINER

Forget it. He'll wait ten minutes and leave.

She sucks down her last drops of coffee. Checks the clock counter again, smiles to herself and Riner lets out a satisfying SIGH as ---

RINER

You know, at this rate I'll live forever.

BAM! BAM!

RINER is SHOT in the head and dies INSTANTLY.

FOUR WHITE-UNIFORMED MEN barge in and what happens in the next 18.4 seconds runs like clockwork:

Cihon screams. She is held, injected in the arm. Riner is jerked from the CRYO-CRYPT and flops to the floor. Three men pull Cihon's desk and a computer console away from the far wall and uncoil A SPOOL of COPPER CORD which they run along the outline of the wall.

The copper cord has SMALL OVALS strung to it every six inches and is in place and ---

The end has a simple plug and one of the goons PLUGS it into a wall socked and ---

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM...

the little ovals EXPLODE in succession and the ENTIRE WALL IS PULLED OUT FROM THE OTHER SIDE and

FORKLIFTS drives into the lab, lift up the CRYO-CRYPT and other computer consoles and haul them to up a ramp and into a waiting TRUCK, including a now unconscious DR. LYNDIA CIHON.

EXT. LAB

as a YELLOW CHECKER CAB pulls up and --- THE DRIVER sees the havoc and SPINS his cab around and peels the hell outa' there but a CAR cuts him off and the cab SCREECHES and jumps the curb and BASHES into a LIGHT POST and tears down the street, with the car chasing him and ---

the truck pulls away across the sidewalk and grass, and bounces off the curb onto the street and it's gone, leaving a dead Mr. Riner, alota' dust, and us ---

CUTTING TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NEW YORK -- MORNING

A BLUE FORD sits at a curb.

INSIDE

a middle-aged moustached man checks his watch. Pulls away from the curb and drives.

UP BROADWAY to W. 89th. Takes a right. Goes three blocks. Pulls over and parks near a chain-link fence where some kids are playing ball.

A BLOCK AWAY and UP TO A FOURTH FLOOR window.

INT. APARTMENT

Dirty morning sunlight pushes past Venetian blinds and sits down all over a desk, a chair, a computer. TIME Magazine with the inevitable cover story about U.S./Soviet relations.

MOVING along the desk. Picture of brothers together. Another picture, a burly guy with a patch over his left eye.

An ancient Little League baseball trophy inscribed to: NICOLAS FURY, TEAM CAPTAIN 1960

A nearly empty bottle of CUTTY SARK beside a crumpled wrapper of Black Jack cigars, and an ashtray you can smell with your eyes.

Past that to a bookshelf and the books in it and they're sorta' technical books on technical technology, technically. And crammed in there somewhere are a couple of comic books.

AS THE PHONE RINGS ---

We move to a BED and the MAN in it. Shafts of sunlight wrap around his thick frame as he STIRS and blindly reaches for the phone and groggily rolls over and we see a PATCH covering his left eye and ---

MEET NICOLAS JOSEPH FURY.

We have permission to call him Nick.

In his thirties. Good-looking if you like tough, strong faces. Could use at least one shave. And morning doesn't appear to be his favorite part of the day.

As he ANSWERS THE PHONE --- He struggles to his feet and trudges in his underwear to his desk where he picks up an ELECTRONIC DEVICE about the size of a micro-cassette recorder and flips it on and it STARTS BEEPING and flashing A RED LIGHT. He nonchalantly follows the beep as it speeds up in one direction.

NICK

Hello?

ANNA (RECEIVER)

Hello, Nick, Anna. Have you seen Denny?
He didn't come home this morning.

NICK

No? He dropped me off at two.

ANNA (RECEIVER)

Would you check around for me?

The beep takes him to the window where Nick checks around for something with his fingers running along the frame.

And now the phone cord thinks it'll be a great idea to coil around the ashtray and SWIPE it off the desk and down into one of NICK'S BOOTS where the ashes billow up like a scale explosion.

NICK

Terrific.

ANNA (RECEIVER)

What?

NICK

Nothin. He's a cabbie, Anna. He's suppose to be out late. Maybe he's got a long fare.

ANNA (RECEIVER)

On Saturday? Besides, Johnny's pitching in the park later today and he wouldn't miss it for the world. He's gotta' get home, shower, eat, he's gonna' be late, Nick.

Nick finds what he's been looking for on the window LOCK.

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS AND ---

A small electronic TRANSMITTER about the size of a square dime. He turns off his beeping devining rod and sees ---

OUT THE WINDOW

The BLUE FORD PARKED at the corner. Nick puts the TRANSMITTER in front of the radio SPEAKER and BLASTS ON a ROCK STATION and from right here we can see the guy in the BLUE FORD JUMP and FREAK OUT and shake the earplug from his head.

And that satisfies Nick enough to turn off the radio and crack a half a smile.

NICK

Okay, Anna, I'll track him down for ya'.

ANNA (RECEIVER)

Gee thanks, Nick. And tell him to fix the jump seats in the Checker. Johnny's got some friends coming.

And they hang up and Nick checks his boot. And isn't really pleased.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Nick's wearing an overcoat on this fog-sunned day. He passes through the revolving door and there's a donut sticking out of his mouth as he goes back to help a MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR through the service door and ---

On the street, a bum asks ---

BUM

Hey Joe, can ya' hep me out for a cup o' coffee?

Nick ignores him.

NICK (V.O.)

Autumn in New York. The city is grayer, the streets are wetter, and the bums are turning their fall colors. The week seemed fairly normal and in New York that means only slightly annoying. But today was a little different. It was November, and I got to remember that twenty years ago my folks died in an arson fire. Nobody found out who did it because nobody really tried to find out. I know it's a long time ago, but remembering the date somehow makes it seem closer. November 30th...three years ago today I resigned as Agent and Chief of Operations for S.H.I.E.L.D. It was hard to give up at first. I wound up playing Private Eye for a while, but decided I'd had enough of hiding and bullets and bad guys for one lifetime. All I wanted to do was come up for air. Live life on the surface again. In the past three years I've slept late, watched daytime t.v., been to a few ballgames, and met a new neighbor or two. It was nice to experience a bit of what I'd been fighting for my whole life and that was just to be a citizen. Just to exist.

He walks down an alley to a fenced off parking lot and all of a sudden the neighborhood ain't so stylish. Some kids are playing stickball on that parking lot nestled in among some six story brown brickers.

A burned out '64 Flacon with one tire has been made into a rocket car with cardboard wings and fins. Some other boys are working on it, and say hi to Nick.

INSIDE THE CAR

In the pilot's seat is a MANGY DOG with a football helmet on. He answers to MORTY.

NICK

Hey, Morty. How's she runnin'?

There's a hot shot PITCHER whizzing fastballs against a wall. He's thirteen. He's the leader. He's JOHNNY SCOTT.

Some of the other guys cat call to Nick who just keeps walking. Johnny FIRES the ball over to -- make that AT -- Nick who swipes at it and knocks it away. In the process he knocks the donut to the ground. The guys have a yuck.

NICK

That's my breakfast sittin' there, Johnny.

Nick picks up the ball and the donut and walks over to the guys and Johnny takes the donut out of his hand and eats it.

NICK

Holy Hannah, don't eat that. It touched New York. You could die from that.

JOHNNY

Pick up the stick.

NICK

I get it. You don't WANT what I got for ya' in my coat pocket. You're too busy being a wise guy.

JOHNNY

Whatdya' mean, whatya' got f'me?

Nick pulls a baseball from his coat pocket. Not JUST a baseball. A NEW baseball, and this one is AUTOGRAPHED by DWIGHT GOODEN. Guys have gathered around and as Johnny takes the ball they all stare at it as if it were the Holy Grail (and young boys were interested in the Holy Grail). Johnny is REALLY touched.

JOHNNY

Nick...That's Dwight Gooden's name on that ball.

NICK

Yeah, I noticed he always signs HIS name when he autographs balls. Pitch the ball.

Nick picks up the stick and stands by the batter's wall. Across the parking lot on the third floor, MRS. ROSALLO is covering her window with a piece of plywood. Johnny sets his Dwight Gooden ball to the side. The other guys from the Falcon gather around. Morty joins the gang around Nick.

JOHNNY

Don't worry, Mrs. Rosallo, he couldn't hit a home run in a phone booth off me today.

And the first pitch. SWAP! this one SLAPS the white chalk square behind Nick for strike one amidst calling from the peanut gallery.

JOHNNY

Wo, Nick that ball must look like a peanut to ya' at that speed, huh?

Nick sets. Johnny FIRES. NICK SWIPES at it and SWAP! It hits the wall for strike two. Some of the guys cheer. Nick takes off his coat. This is getting serious.

Here's the third one and SMACK! Nick lines this one down the first base line, foul and it BOUNCES off the fender of the BLUE FORD. The guy in the Ford tries not to notice.

And Morty SCAMPERS for the ball and brings it back.

JOHNNY

You're getting warmer. Must be from all the smoke I'm throwing at ya'.

Johnny PUFFS his cigarette one last time. Grinds it out on the pavement. Nick sets. Johnny fires.

NICK

Smoke this.

CRACK!

And Nick sends this one. Going, going, gone. Right to the third floor window. Right to the plywood and BAM!

It hits the corner of the board and sends it TOPPLING from the window ledge down to the second floor window sill and SMASHING into potted flowers.

As Nick rounds the bases, Morty follows him, Johnny lights another butt and --- Mrs. Rosallo leans out the window. She's not pleased. Johnny walks up to Nick...

JOHNNY

Good one, Nick. Listen, you think you could say something to her for us?

NICK

Sure. Oh...nice pitch.

JOHNNY

Nice hit.

They shake hands and we CUT TO:

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS -- COMMAND OFFICE -- LATER

A large EMBLEM is secured to the wall -- an American Eagle on a GLOBE BACKGROUND, CLUTCHING A SHIELD. The border reads:

Supreme Headquarters International Espionage Law enforcement Division

A huge, plexiglass GLOBE commands the center of the room with pinpoint lights BLINKING in what look like strategic points on all continents.

Computer readouts FLASH across monitors surrounding the sphere and on the globe itself.

The six, slate steel and graphite walls rest 70° to the floor. Three stories. Light STREAMS in shafts from above.

This place is very VERY special.

A desk with a man behind it. His name is MONTGOMERY WOODCOCK.

A name plate on his desk confirms this and the fact that he is the Commander of S.H.I.E.L.D. Which you wouldn't expect of an anal retentive, uniformed, pencil-necked yuppie.

A door opens and in walks a powerful, red-haired man with a big, red walrus mustache.

Meet DUM DUM DUGAN.

He takes off his Bowler hat and asks Woodcock in an IRISH ACCENT

DUGAN

You wanted to see me, sir?

WOODCOCK

Yes, Dugan. Sit. Please.

Woodcock throws down a folder and PICTURES flop out onto his desk. We recognize some of the pictures are of DR. LYNDIA CIHON. Besides, the file is LABELLED: Cihon, Lynda E.

DUGAN

I heard, sir. Any word from Macavoy yet?

WOODCOCK

None...The President informs me the CIA may be exposed on this particular case and suggests we intervene.

DUGAN

Therefore...

WOODCOCK looks a little apprehensive.

WOODCOCK

Therefore, I am considering Fury for this mission.

DUGAN

You're kidding.

WOODCOCK with great restraint:

WOODCOCK

He's your friend, Duum Dum. I want you to talk to him for us.

DUGAN

You ARE kidding.

WOODCOCK

No. I'm not.

DUGAN

Why HIM? We have two hundred agents world wide who WANT the job. How 'bout Andreson? He's finished with the Beirut case and could be ready by tomorrow....

WOODCOCK
No.

DUGAN
Murnoy?

WOODCOCK
No.

DUGAN
I haven't seen Nick Fury in two years.
He may not listen to me, sir.

WOODCOCK
I want him, Dugan.

DUGAN
Let me ask you something, sir. You've
been commander at SHIELD for how long
now?

WOODCOCK
Three years.

DUGAN
Then you would know it's not a
coincidence that Nick hasn't taken a
case in those three years.

Woodcock paces in his yuppie Sears suit.
He pulls a nail clipper from his pocket and SNIPS off a pinky
nail.

WOODCOCK
You're saying he still holds a grudge
about the Eddie McPherson incident, are
you, Dum Dum?

DUGAN
No, that's not what I'm saying. I'm
saying he hates your guts because of
the Eddie McPherson incident.

WOODCOCK
I think you underestimate him, Dugan.

DUGAN
It's not just you. It's how you operate
that bugs him, sir.

WOODCOCK
You mean following orders? Following
correct procedures? Respecting my
superiors? Doing things the RIGHT way?
THAT bugs him?

Dugan feels compelled to defend Nick.

DUGAN

He thinks you lack imagination, sir.
That if you weren't told what to do you
wouldn't do anything. In short sir,
Nick Fury thinks of you as just another
BC.

WOODCOCK

What's that?

DUGAN

A Bureaucrat.

Woodcock tries to smirk.

WOODCOCK

Nevertheless, the President asked me
personally to get Fury for this case.
And I'm not about to let him down.

Woodcock straightens his tie in a mirror, as if anyone gave a
shit and he steps over to a window and stares out into the NIGHT
SKY.

As he speaks, we PULL BACK ---

LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH THAT WINDOW from outside.

WOODCOCK

I want Nick Fury.

STILL PULLING BACK until we see that S.H.I.E.L.D Headquarters is
not in a normal building. In fact, it's not in a building at
all.

The blue curve of earth's horizon comes into frame below the
S.H.I.E.L.D. SPACE STATION:

Two rounded, wedge-shaped superstructures joined back to back by
a multi-levelled corridor from which extends docking ports above
a large rotating dish.

Don't think Star Wars and don't think Star Trek, this thing is
designed to be useful in TODAY'S WORLD. It's not a spaceSHIP.
It's an actual SPACE STATION.

BLAST CUT TO:

INT. PRISON -- REICHENHALL, W.GERMANY -- NIGHT

And for those of you at home WE SUPER: REICHENHALL, W.GERMANY.

Dark and scary. We HEAR WATER DRIPPING and if I didn't already
tell you we're in a prison, you wouldn't know. Because we're
actually ---

CLOSE ON A RAT

licking up water from a stone floor. His friend joins him. We
HEAR RAT SQUEAKS. We HEAR a MAN SCREAM. We HEAR a GRINDING
MORTAR AND PESTLE sound.

MOVING

and following a line of water along the floor, past the rats and up to a man's bare feet. Tiny pieces of broken glass sit in puddles. We follow the dripping water up his leg, chest to his chin then to his eyes. We follow the water to its source: A TUBE dripping near his eyes. His eyes are bleeding from a thousand tiny scrapes as water drips down his face.

ANOTHER ANGLE

and we see it all. The man is in his underwear, tied to a chair with his head pulled back, his eyelids secured open, staring into a bright light. He has been in considerable pain for hours now.

TWO MEN

are with him. Not his friends.

The leader, MYCROFT, stands in the shadows. The other, DUBRO, waits for Mycroft's commands. Wait a minute, there's something odd about Dubro.

I mean he's dirty and ugly and his face is scarred and looks like a bad guy, but... Makeup.

He's wearing makeup on his eyes and cheeks and lips....Scarry.

Mycroft gestures. DUBRO takes the water tubing away from the man's eyes, leaving them to dry in the bright light. He turns to a small table and breaks lightbulbs into a bowl, grinds them with a marble tool and talks in a thick Bulgarian accent.

DUBRO

You want see how tough you are, Agent Macavoy? You are CIA? KGB? No matter, you are all alike. You want see how long you can put up fight. But after that game you talk. You all talk. You will talk too, Agent Macavoy.

Mycroft motions to Dubro who scoops some of the ground glass out of the bowl with a rusted tin cup and approaches Macavoy. Mycroft speaks in a controlled, metered voice.

MYCROFT

Now, once more. What do you know about the Nietzsche?

MACAVOY

Nothing.

Mycroft gestures.

DUBRO twists a spitty smile past the jagged scar through both his LIPSTICKED lips and down his chin. And PUNCHES Macavoy hard in the gut.

MYCROFT

What about the Nietzsche?

MACAVOY

Philosopher -- German. I --- think.

Dubro lets him have it in the face. Macavoy's almost out cold.

MYCROFT

You were watching Doctor Kopechik. You must know something. Come now, Agent Macavoy, I can keep this up as long as you can. Do you know where the Nietzsche is?

MACAVOY

Dead?

MyCroft nods.

Dubro pours the ground glass into Macavoy's dried, open eyes. Macavoy uses what's left of his strength to twist, scream, and writhe in pain. And Dubro mashes more glass into his bowl.

MyCroft motions to Dubro who rinses the glass from Macavoy's eyes with water from the tube, and pets his head, then kisses his forehead, and leaves a lipstick print.

DUBRO

Why were you watching Doctor Kopechik!
What do you know about Nietzsche!

MACAVOY

Nothing.

Dubro dowses him with more glass. Covering Macavoy's face with it. He tosses the bowl and cup and kicks over the table.

MYCROFT shakes his head. He pulls out a gun.

Casually levels it at Macavoy's chest and feeds him two fast ones in the heart. Dubro Lights a stubby stogie. And points to Macavoy.

DUBRO

Can I have this one?

Dubro kisses Macavoy's forehead and gets some glass on his lips. Rinses it away.

MYCROFT

Yes, of course. But his hands. I will need them. Cut them off.

MyCroft nods then walks towards and past us. Behind him (and slightly OUT OF FOCUS, because even I don't wanna' see this) Dubro tumbles Macavoy to the floor, and chops off his hands with a cleaver.

CLOSE ON DUBRO

LAUGHING and some soggy tobacco hangs on his lip like a barnacle to a hull.

Incuse your thinking of letting Dubro take your sister to the prom, don't because now he ---

Pulls a lipstick out of his pocket, touches up, and turns Macavoy over to face him.

DUBRO

Well, what do you want to do first?

FOLLOWING MYCROFT

down the corridor of empty, smelly, cells to an old, grungy iron door. MyCroft opens it and ---

INT. A CELL

Through another set of steel bars we see a man HIDING what he has just scribbled on a piece of paper. He goes back to eating a nice meal off of nice dishes. He is middle-aged, bearded and glares at MyCroft through black-framed glasses. He is DOCTOR VLADIMIR KOPECHIK.

MYCROFT

Good evening, Dr. Kopecchik.

Dr. Kopecchik mutters some Russian disdain and SPITS on MyCroft's shoe.

MYCROFT

Yes, thank you, I'm doing well. I trust the food met your taste?

Dr. Kopecchik utters something that sounds like Russian profanity and throws his dishes to the stone floor. MyCroft's mildly annoyed.

MYCROFT

Good. I'm sure now you're well rested and anxious for your journey. Someone will be by shortly to collect you.

Dr. Kopecchik gets as close as he can to MyCroft and BARKS more hatred at him. MyCroft quickly reaches through the cell door, grabs Kopecchik by the lapel and YANKS his head into the bars. The piece of paper falls out of his shirt pocket.

MYCROFT

Dr. Kopecchik, cooperate, huh?

He throws Dr. Kopecchik to his cell floor. MyCroft finds the piece of paper and reads:

ALL IN ARGENTINA АЛЛ ИН АРГЕНТИНА

MyCroft laughs a little.

MYCROFT

I will mail this for you.

He crumbles it up and laughs again. The iron door CLANGS closed. MyCroft walks to the VERY NEXT DOOR, opens it and ---

INT. MYCROFT'S COMMAND CENTER

Computers. Maps. Readouts. Patchboards. Chrome. Linoleum. A bunch of slick, high-tech stuff all over the place.

INTO AN ADJOINING ROOM

A SURGEON washes his hands as his patient, let's call him PEITZMAN, dresses.

MYCROFT

Is he ready?

SURGEON

Yes sir.

MYCROFT

Will he make it past security?

The surgeon walks over to Peitzman. He is a strong, chiselled man of forty.

SURGEON

The explosive has been implanted against the wall of Herr Peitzman's stomach. It is plastic and will not show on X-ray security detectors.

(to Peitzman)

It is not motion sensitive so it cannot be detonated by a punch or fall, do you understand?

He does.

MYCROFT

How is it detonated?

SURGEON

Water. All he has to do is drink some water and the bomb will explode in sixty seconds.

MYCROFT

Excellent. Here's a picture of the computer system you need to blow up.

We see the picture too: A Black and yellow square with an upside down R in the middle.

Dubro enters with a vacuum-sealed plastic bag. Inside are MACAVOY'S HANDS. MyCroft takes them, opens a black valise in front of Peitzman and ---

MYCROFT

Good luck.

PLOPS the plastic bag into it, AND we CUT BACK TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NICK

walking a not-so-busy Saturday afternoon sidewalk and he walks into a bar: LUKE'S

INT. LUKE'S BAR N GRILL

An intimidating ex-boxer cleans some glasses behind the bar and in front of some regular customers. He's LUKE.

NICK

Luke, you seen Denny?

LUKE

Naw, he won't be in 'til late. His kid's got a game or somethin'.

NICK

Yeah, I know.

MONTAGE:

Nick walking the streets. Steps into a liquor store. Asks a clerk about Denny, and gets a head shake. Grabs a pack of Black Jacks.

Hits the streets, puffs a cloud of blue stogie exhaust into the dingy city air and ---

WALKING into a Chinese Deli and carp are getting axed and another head shake and Nick is offered a gob of raw fish goo which he turns down and

WALKING Down subway stairs.

ANOTHER SET OF STAIRS and Nick comes UP.

And he crosses the street to ---

A CHECKER CAB COMPANY DISPATCH OFFICE

Which is really a GARAGE and ---

END THE MONTAGE, okay, because now NICK'S ---

INT. GARAGE

Dirt. Oil. Fumes. Grime. Girly calendars. And YELLOW CHECKER CABS with the trademark WHITE and BLACK CHECKED stripe.

And some drivers, and one of them recognizes Nick, so we might as well call him WILLY.

WILLY

Now there's a man who knows how to flag down a cab.

NICK

Hey Willy. You seen Denny?

WILLY

Not since yesterday.

Another cabbie pulls his head out from under the hood of a hack.

CABBIE

Nobody's seen him and he's got my cab. I'm grounded 'cuza' him.

WILLY

If you'd quit your whining and fix 543
you'd have a cab.

CABBIE

You tell Denny that he owes me, ya'
hear? No doctor dame is worth another
guy's rent money.

He goes back to work on 543.

NICK

What's that suppose to mean?

WILLY

Oh, jeez, he's always shootin' his
mouth off about somethin'.

NICK

What doctor dame?

Willy pulls Nick to the side as he works on a submarine sandwich
about as daintily as a cheetah on an antelope carcass.

WILLY

Listen, Nick, I'd like to keep this
thing quiet but every friday night,
'round two, three in the mornin'
Denny's had a regular fare. Another guy
saw him one night at the University
pickin' up this professor-lookin' dame.
You know, white coat, glasses the whole
schmeer.

NICK

So?

WILLY

So anyways this regular fare has been
regular for about three months now.
You know what I mean? I mean maybe it's
just a fare and maybe it's just an
AFFAIR, you know? So the guys kid him
here and there about it, you know...

NICK

What's he say about it?

WILLY

He says, nothin' you know, what?

NICK

Well then it IS nothin'. I know him
better than you guys. What cab did he
have?

WILLY

552. Hey, I hope you're right, he's a good guy, his wife Anna seems, uh...good too, you know. All I'm saying is it wouldn't surprise too many guys 'round here if you found him and the professor at a hotel or somethin' you know?

NICK

Yea...Where'd you say he picks up the professor again?

EXT. LAB -- NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

The wall pulled out, lying crumbled on the campus grass. Yellow POLICE borders, roping off the area. SQUAD CARS. Flashing lights. Coppers. Detectives. Federal-looking guys questioning a student or two.

Nick asks nearby FRAT DUDES ---

NICK

What gives, you guys?

FRAT DUDE

Physics Prof got kidnapped last night.

FRAT DUDE 2

Maybe no one'll find her for a while and our final will be cancelled.

Nick crosses the border and snoops around. He checks the copper cable that blew the wall free. He asks a COP ---

NICK

Somebody pulled a whole wall down to kidnap one lady teacher?

COP

Maybe she was a big lady teacher. Who wants ta' know?

NICK

Was there any mention of a Yellow Checker cab in the vicinity when this happened?

COP

Read the paper tomorrow, will ya' buddy? We got work to do.

He points Nick past the border and out where regular people are suppose to stand. Nick sees something. Walks to a LIGHT POST. He follows a SKIDMARK to it and over the curb to the BASHED IN post and kneels and clearly sees paint SWIPED ONTO the pole.

A large YELLOW patch and some BLACK AND WHITE as well.

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

EXT. GLEN CREEK, KANSAS -- FARMLAND -- DUSK

MOVING past flowing fields of wheat. Long, waving, golden, shadows. Amber waves of grain. Some perfect little trees.

STILL MOVING -- A HOUSE.

A dog BARKS.

A chicken CLUCKS.

A sheep does whatever sheeps do.

Peace.

A FARMER, we'll call him LES, sits on the porch reading the National Enquirer. Headlines read:

ELVIS PILOTED SPACESHIP TO MY
BACK YARD!

Pictured is a middle-aged Memphisish woman pointing to a burned spot in her lawn.

Les takes out a sack of tobacco and searches his pocket for the pipe. A dog, OLIVER, sits at the end of the porch, then... Oliver runs downstairs and returns with the pipe.

LES

Where did you learn that, anyway?

The dog begins to HOWL. He seems in pain.

LES

Now what?

Oliver HOWLS. Until he LUNGES from the porch, stumbles, tumbles down the steps and runs to an open field.

ON OLIVER

running like hell into the field. He stops, runs around in circles and HOWLS. Rubs his head on the ground and does other dog stuff.

IN THE b.g. we see Les running after him.

WE HEAR a high-pitched WHINE coming from... Somewhere. And Les looks around, up, to the heavens and ---

Oliver tilts his head the way dogs do and ---

The WHINE gets LOUDER. A METEORITE STREAMS out of the sky but -- Only for a second, because --- KABLOOOM! It RIPS through the top of LES'S house ZOOOMS! past him and --- KKRAASHES! into the God's green earth, sending Les to the ground and chunks of sod and mud flying into the nearby creek.

LES

wobbles to his feet. Oliver barks.

LES AND OLIVER

walk towards the CRASHED METEORITE.

And that's when Les realizes it ISN'T a meteorite at all. It's made of metal and it's beat to hell and it's about the size of a half a Volkswagon and it has markings on it in a language we can't quite read but it's not English. Les leans closer to the gigantic hole plunged into his field.

LES

Olly, get a flashlight. Flashlight.

Oliver runs back to the house and ----

Les HEARS the WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP of CHOPPER BLADES and --- Turns to see his house silhouetted by a bright spotlight.

And the light comes up over his house and right into Les's face and the chopper ZOOMS to the field, quickly lands over the wreckage as a WHITE-CLAD, uniformed SOLDIER jumps out. A winch lowers a toggle cable to the wreckage and hauls it aboard.

Meanwhile, Les shits his pants and can ya' blame him? The soldier faces Les.

LES

E-Elvis?

BLAM! Les crumbles near the ditch. The soldier holsters his gun, checks the area, boards the chopper, the spotlight goes out and the chopper is gone.

LES

dead, open eyes.

OLIVER

returns with the flashlight. It's turned on. He's a smart obedient dog.

BLAST BACK TO:

INT. THE SCOTT'S APARTMENT -- NEW YORK -- EVENING

Nick talks to Anna. She's not crying yet, but we can tell she's worried.

NICK

...so I notified the Police, and gave them his cab number and your phone number. That's the best I can do, Anna. I'll be at home if you need me. Okay? Call me as soon as he comes home.

Okay, so now she starts to cry a bit. Nick hugs her.

NICK

Hey, he'll be home.

ANNA

Thanks, Nicolas.

NICK

How'd Johnny pitch today?

ANNA
 (a tear)
 Great. Great...two hitter.

And we pull back out of earshot of that conversation and back up into a room off the hall into ---

INT. JOHNNY'S ROOM

Johnny's on his bed. Smoking. Tossing his Dwight Gooden into a well oiled glove, LISTENING to the grown-ups in the other room.

ABRUPTLY BLAST CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL FIELD -- VOLGOGRAD -- CCCP

And for those of you at home WE SUPER: VOLGOGRAD USSR

A car stops. Alone.

The man inside gets out. He is PEITZMAN, MyCroft's suicide agent. He wears white and grey overalls. A metal I.D. card is clamped to his pocket.

He reaches in the back seat, pulls out a briefcase, opens it and takes out the vacuum-sealed bag with Macavoy's hands. He tears it open, holds the hands gingerly and PRESSES Macavoy's fingertips on the door handle.

ECU

of a finger tip as it leaves a print on the chrome.

Peitzman presses Macavoy's hands on strategic places around the car. Satisfied, he puts the hands on the road, takes something else out of the briefcase.

It looks like a CO2 cartridge with a button. He pulls the button, drops the cartridge on the hands and it breaks open and the hands dissolve in a blue cloud.

He puts his maps in the briefcase, his gloves. Puts a strong back behind the car and pushes it down into a ravine. He smiles. Checks his watch and looks out at:

The BAIKONUR COSMODROME in the distance. Huge Soviet rockets stand at several launch pads at this the biggest, busiest, and best rocket launch site on earth.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING KG-1

Heavy security. Soldiers.

Triple electronic security passages. Kinda' like the ones at airports but bulkier and, well...more Russian.

INT. KG-1

Peitzman shows his pass. He's let into the electronics. Across from him he sees a schematic directory of the building on the wall.

CLOSE ON

A YELLOW AND BLACK SQUARE WITH and upside down R and an arrow pointing down the hall. He's almost there. He smiles as he is let into the second electronic passage and ---

A BUZZER BLARES!

Peitzman goes pale. Soldiers seal the passages at both ends as AN OFFICIAL rushes toward Peitzman, he flinches as the official reaches for him and ---

Takes Peitzman's metal security pass off his pocket and puts it on a running CONVEYOR beside the passages.

OFFICIAL (RUSSIAN)

You must be new.

PEITZMAN

Da.

The Official laughs a bit at the shaken Peitzman. Peitzman forces a nervous grin and is waved on through. At the other end he picks up his pass and heads in the direction of the arrow.

BEHIND HIM a man has been FOLLOWING. Let's call him VORCHEV.

ON PEITZMAN

at another security door. This one just has one soldier guarding a double glass door system through which we can see a huge COMMUNICATIONS nest.

Peitzman shows the guard his pass and reaches for the door. But the guard grabs his arm and now Peitzman is even more nervous.

The guard hands Peitzman a clipboard sign-in sheet. Peitzman signs in. The guard buzzes him in and ---

INT. MAIN COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

Row after row of computers with Russian guys manning them. Peitzman looks around and sees. A computer system set apart from the others marked with that YELLOW AND BLACK SQUARE and upside down R. He smiles. And now looks around for the water.

Looks all over the place, and finally has to ask someone. A technician tells him and points outside the room. Peitzman leaves.

Passes the two glass doors on his way out. Down a long hallway, a right, a left into a niche and there's the water fountain. He stares at it as though it were a noose. He approaches it, but another man steps up.

PEITZMAN (RUSSIAN)

After you.

The man drinks, wipes his mouth and leaves, thanking Peitzman.

DOWN THE HALL

Vorchev takes some eyeglasses out of his pocket and puts them on. He looks at Peitzman and ---

VORCHEV'S POV

and we can see right into Peitzman like an X-Ray. Vorchev looks. Scrunches his eyebrows at ---

CLOSE ON PEITZMAN'S STOMACH

and something showing up WHITE where everything else is red and black.
The BOMB.

BACK TO PEITZMAN

Leaning over the water fountain. He looks at his watch. Sets the stopwatch, leans over, closes his eyes, drinks and starts the clock.

NOW HE'S HUSTLING to get back to the computer.
Vorchev follows.

BACK AT THE DOUBLE GLASS DOORS

There's a line to get in and Vorchev can't believe it. Some technicians take their sweet time, cracking a joke or two as they sign in and show I.D.'s. Almost everyone's done.

Almost there. But now one stops. The pen is out of ink. Peitzman checks his watch : 29 30 31 32 And the guy asks his friend for a pen. And another joke and ---
C'mon already, 38 39 40

PEITZMAN (ENGLISH)

Hurry up!

And everyone stops and stares at Peitzman who panics, SHOVES a technician into the other two PUNCHES the guard in the face and forces his way through the double doors as ---

VORCHEV (RUSSIAN)

HE'S GOT A BOMB!

And now I hope you're in the mood for some general panic because the guard rights himself and tears after Peitzman past the onslaught of panicked technicians who run like scared cattle through the doors. Most screaming and ---

BLAMMETY BLAM!

Peitzman catches four shots in the shoulder and --
He grabs what's left of it and --- 50 51 52

BLAMMETY BLAM!

There goes a leg as the guard is catching up to him but ---
there's only a few more feet to go --- There's the main computer and Peitzman reaches for it as ---

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Three more slugs rip through him and --- 54 55 56.

The guard catches up to him. Looks down, rather proud of his pulpy catch as Peitzman still grasps a service handle on the computer and hugs it and smiles and ---

CLOSE ON PEITZMAN'S WATCH: 57...58...59...

BABOOM!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- A LITTLE LATER

Nick's WALKING again. Near the chain-linked fence around the parking lot and therefore near Nick's apartment.

And up ahead he sees SOMEONE leaning against that fence. Trouble? Nope. He almost smiles and now we see IT'S DUGAN. Behind him and parked across the street is THE BLUE FORD.

NICK

Two years is too long, Dugan.

DUGAN

It's good to see you, Nicolas. Are you out looking for trouble today?

NICK

Lookin' for a friend of mine. Didn't come home last night. So what's up?

DUGAN

Nothing much. Espionage is a little slow this month.

NICK

Things'll pick up for the Christmas rush.

DUGAN

Woodcock can't find enough work for me.

NICK

Woodcock can't find his ass with a mirror.

DUGAN

Woodcock's Chief now.

NICK

Woodcock's Chief now?

DUGAN

Woodcock has changed things up there.

NICK

Woodcock's a dick.

DUGAN

There's more ---

Nick cuts him off. They've strayed near the BLUE FORD.

NICK

Not here.

DUGAN

Fine. I'm parked around the corner.

NICK AND DUGAN

at Dugan's 1974 beat-to-shit Nova that would be silver if the paint actually showed through the rust.

NICK

I'll drive.

MOMENTS LATER -- OUR PALS -- DRIVING

Nick checks his mirrors and sees the BLUE FORD following.

DUGAN

S.H.I.E.L.D. has been assigned to find some missing scientists. All physicists and leaders in theoretical aerospace and astrophysics.

He pulls pictures from a manila envelope. As Nick is preoccupied with the Ford and runs a red light, checks behind him -- HONK -- SWERVE.

DUGAN

That's Kip Thorne, he's the head honcho. Richard Feynman, Murray Gellman and Steven Hawking.

The Ford is still there. Nick turns down an alley and SCREECHES out the other end.

DUGAN

About two years ago they teamed up to work on a closed-door project called Operation Tardis. The U.S. Government poured about twelve million dollars into it and then all four men disappeared.

NICK

Maybe they're in South America, living like kings.

DUGAN

Nick, they're scientists. They're the HONEST ones, remember?

HONK! SWERVE! SCREEEECH! The curb -- BOOM!
and now we're heading the wrong way down a ONE WAY STREET.

DUGAN

Nice choice, Nick.

NICK

I thought so.

Nick spins the wheel around and CRANKS the Nova over another curb and up onto the sidewalk and turns down another alley and around a corner and heading the WRONG WAY down another ONE WAY STREET.

DUGAN

Want me to get out the map?

NICK

Would you?

Nick spins the car around and LOCKS 'EM UP and there's a block of traffic in front of us and more behind.

NICK

Great.

DUGAN

Are we being followed or do you always drive that way?

NICK

Yes.

DUGAN

Let me guess. Blue Ford, right?

NICK

Very good.

DUGAN

Get in front of him and back up to his bumper.

Dugan opens an ashtray, revealing a set of switches. The Blue Ford gets closer.

DUGAN

Nick, the President called us in on this one personally.

NICK

What IS Operation Tardis?

DUGAN

Basically it's a Regeneration Device.

NICK

I think I saw one of those on a Home Shopping channel.

DUGAN

Basically they've been able to freeze someone in time and wake them up later.

(MORE)

DUGAN (CONT'D)

Supposedly they brought someone back to life who was clinically dead for twenty-four hours. Although that hasn't been confirmed.

The Blue Ford is close. Nick backs up the Nova. Dugan FLIPS a switch and ---

CLOSE ON THE NOVA'S REAR BUMPER

A bumper sticker reads: IF YOU CAN READ THIS
YOU'RE TOO CLOSE

And the bumper FOLDS UP and TWO STEEL RODS RAM into both front tires of the Blue Ford. Dugan smiles. The traffic pulls away, letting us go and we do.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- A HUGE CLEAVAGE

Yes, a huge cleavage, okay? And as it moves away we see it belongs to a counter-waitress at a DINER because that's where we are.

INT. DINER

Our pals sit at the counter. Dugan taking a particular interest in DORIS'S girthy mams that would look about right if she was eleven feet tall. Nick pulls out a nice, fat BLACK JACK cigar and hands one to Dugan who POCKETS HIS. DORIS pours some coffee and leaves.

DUGAN

Now that's my cup o' tea.

NICK

Looks more like a pot. Yo, Doris, could I get another roll here?

DORIS

What's wrong with it?

NICK

What's wrong with it? It's a doorstep.

Nick drops the Danish on his plate and it CLANKS like a chunk of shrapnel. Doris leaves to replace it and Nick works on his coffee.

DUGAN

What do ya' say, Nick? Wanna' do something dangerous?

NICK

I don't know, Dugan. Sounds like a CIA job to me.

DUGAN

They were on it too. But the President thinks they're exposed.

He takes a picture. It is of Dr. LYNDA CIHON with DR. KOPECHIK.

DUGAN

This is Lynda Cihon. Her partner, Kopechik here is a Russian. They're the world experts on cryogenics and suspended animation. Sleeping pods for space travel. They'd been working together following up Thorne's work for three years here in the states and then last week Kopechik just leaves. Goes back to Mother Russia. Then low and behold Cihon turns up missing last night. CIA suspects Kopechik was a mole and led the KGB right to her.

Nick's Danish comes. It's not much fresher. He taps it on the plate to check it and it CLANKS.

DUGAN

Without these five scientists, the American space program is paralyzed, Nick.

NICK

So the President's reaction is to blame the Soviets?

DUGAN

He's not blaming them publically, no. But they have the most to gain.

Nick motions to get a refill on his coffee. Pushes the pictures back into the envelope.

NICK

Forget it. My luck I'd find all these guys, bring 'em back, they'd build this Regeneration machine and the government would sell it to Sears. Next thing ya' know everybody would live to be about three hundred.

DUGAN

And you wouldn't like to live that long?

NICK

I didn't think I'd live THIS long.

DUGAN

Seriously.

NICK

Seriously, the phrase "a bunch of bullshit" comes to mind.

DUGAN

Rescuing our scientists is bullshit?

NICK

C'mon, you remember why I started SHIELD in the first place, Dugan. You were there. It was designed to handle TOP TOP SECRET espionage assignments that the CIA or INTERPOL wouldn't risk exposure on. We were espionage trouble shooters. And when I was in charge, I never lost a man in the field. Woodcock lost one his very first case. SHIELD use to be something...great.

DUGAN

It still is, Nick.

NICK

Tell Eddie McPherson's wife that. Where was the President when Eddie was left out to dry? Ever since the BC's took over...

DUGAN

I know this speech. All Bureaucrats are selfseeking morons. They're not even human and...

NICK

Not human? In evolution they fall somewhere between plants and salamanders.

DUGAN

...and they forced you out of your own operation.

NICK

Forced me out of it and the whole operation's been going down hill ever since. Woodcock is more interested in making sure the agents have matching stationary than in making sure they stay alive. And do you know why?

DUGAN

Tell me.

NICK

Because he's one of 'em. All he had to do was send a backup and McPherson would be alive today.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Woodcock never spent one day in the field as an agent and I was asked to step aside so he could run two hundred agents' lives. Bullshit, Dugan. It's what BC's do for a living.

DUGAN

They want you, Nick.

NICK

They want alot of things, Dugan. The KGB, Beirut, Central America, Lybia, Iran, nobody know what it all means and nobody gives a shit as long as we don't get bombed. All we DO know is that we get to worry about it and it's not our fault because we didn't build the damn things. I knew something big was going down because for the past three weeks the BC's have been following me around and bugging MY house just in case I'm using MY expertise against Uncle Sam. Nobody can tell who the good guys and bad guys are anymore, Dugan, because half the time they're the same thing. And you want me to go to Russia to track down some scientists as if that'll make a difference, well forget it. That's not gonna' stop the BC's from pushing the button if they really want to.

Nick pushes the envelope into Dugan's coat.

NICK

Meanwhile, my friend Johnny Scott's got a real problem. All he cares about is pitching in the World Series some day. Then he tells me he's not gonna' quit smoking because he doesn't plan on living past twenty anyway because of all that "nuclear stuff". The kid's twelve years old, Dugan. Count me out.

Nick pulls money from he pocket, throws it on the counter and swaggers out the back door.

EXT. DINER

It's raining. THUNDER rumbles. Nick turns up his collar and pushes his way down the alley. Dugan follows him out the door. He catches up to Nick, grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around.

DUGAN

This is it? This is what became of the great Nick Fury? The whole world's gone wrong so you're not gonna' do anything about any of it, right?

Nick pulls away.

NICK

It was good to see you, Dugan. Don't be a stranger.

DUGAN

And it doesn't matter to you that when it comes down to crunch time your country comes to you for help.

Nick keeps walking.

DUGAN

'Course, you're probably too busy, right? Got some t.v. to watch, maybe some drinkin' to do? Fine. Woodcock was right. You're probably too soft by now anyway.

Dugan grabs Nick spins him around again and --- BAP!
Nick serves Dugan a left hook right on the jaw then ---
The brawny Irishman takes a step back, sets, and delivers a couple of his own hardrock uppercuts and ---
SLAMS
Nick into a trash bin but ---
Nick rights himself and pops in a left and a sweeping kick SWAPS the feet out from under Dugan but ---
Dugan charges a head butt into Nick's gut and drives him back, back, back ---
SMACK into the brick wall and Nick sits down on the pavement.

Dirt. Cuts. Bruises. Rain. Thunder.
And Dugan stands over Nick. Helps him up. Stands him against the wall and stares into his face.

DUGAN

You got no steel in your eyes, Nicolas.
You're afraid to do something dangerous.

Nick stares with that good eye.

DUGAN

Once in a while ya' gotta' do something dangerous if ya' think it will help.
You remember where I got that?

More RAIN. More THUNDER.

DUGAN

You got a reputation, Nick. People look up to ya'. Well, don't worry. I won't tell anybody you can't cut it anymore. By the way, Woodcock put Macavoy on this case.

NICK

Good. He's a dependable man.

DUGAN

Except nobody's heard from him in four days and Woodcock hasn't assigned a back up.

Nick agonizes.

Dugan takes the now soggy Black Jack Cigar out of his pocket, throws it on the ground, and walks away.

CLOSE ON NICK

Picking himself up. Adjusts his eye patch. Fixes his jaw. He's seen better days. He walks. Stops to pick something up.

CLOSE ON

The MANILA ENVELOPE.

And WILLY comes BURSTING through the alley door in a panic and into the rain and over to Nick.

WILLY

Nick. The cops found Denny.

EXT. A LOADING DOCK -- EAST RIVER

A bashed up YELLOW CHECKER cab is hauled up on a loading hook. Rain washes East River mud off the fender and we can see paint has been scraped from the side and we read: 552

Cops. Flashing lights. THUNDER.
A cop walks over to Nick.

COP

Well, you were right, buddy. There was a chase alright. There's skid marks and busted rails from here back to the University. You know this guy?

NICK

Yeah. He was a friend.

COP

Sorry. You think it has something to do with Cihon?

NICK

Who?

COP

The professor that got kidnapped from
the University last night -- Lynda
Cihon.

CLOSE ON NICK

He knows that name.

NICK

Yeah. Maybe.

ANNA AND JOHNNY huddle next to each other as a body bag is
ZIPPED closed over Denny Scott's face and Johnny walks over to
Nick, standing alone. Rain pelting off his shoulders and face.
Johnny's trying his best not to cry.

JOHNNY

My mom says you don't wanna' help find
out who killed my dad, Nick.

NICK

C'mon, kid. The cops are on it.

Nick gives him a hug and Johnny pulls away.

JOHNNY

Let me go, I ain't crying. Somebody
drove him into the river, Nick and the
cops ain't gonna' do nothin' about it.
They don't know me. They don't know my
mom. Ya' gotta' be the president or
something 'for they do anything for
ya'.

Anna pulls Johnny away.

JOHNNY

My mom says you were a copper for a
while, Nick. Why don't you do
somethin'? Huh? Why don't YOU do
somethin'? Why don't you find who did
this to my dad?

He cries hard and long into his mother's arms.

CLOSE ON NICK

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

INT. LUKE'S BAR -- NYC -- LATER

Lame pool tables with lame players and a run down juke box with
records from the seventies and there's less smoke in a forest
fire but we gotta' be here because over in the corner...

NICK

SITS at a table with three friends:
Black Jack cigar.
Cutty Sark.

A glass.

He's just sittin' there, looking at people. He looks for a match, can't find one, but a BIKER-LOOKING dude catches his attention and tosses him a matchbook and Nick catches it between his first and second fingers, lights a Black Jack with one hand, positions the matchbook on the heel of his palm, snaps his fingers and SHOOTs the matchbook right into the guy's hand fifteen feet away.

Back to looking at people. Mostly at their faces.
The BUSINESSMAN complete with indoor outdoor hair.
The BARTENDER leaning on one shoulder almost listening.
The BIKER playing pool with his friend and laughing.
The GIRL on the payphone complaining about the rain, but noticing Nick and giving him an extra look.
The FRAT DUDES yucking no doubt about dick jokes. The WASHED OUT mother with a problem.
PEOPLE.

THE T.V
and it's showing the news.
And the news shows violence, because that's all the news ever shows because that's why people watch it unless they're waiting for the sports.

And now it shows one of those feature stories for the Enquirer crowd, but this one is of interest to all of us because it shows

FARMER LES'S BURNED OUT CRASH SITE IN KANSAS

The babe at the phone eyes Nick again and smiles.
She hangs up and walks -- make that swaggers -- over to Nick, who blows a blue cloud from Black Jack and downs a Cutty shooter.

The dame, we'll call her Mary for no reason at all, PLOPS down in a seat near Nick and she's a little, let's say, TIPSy, and topples forward.

Forward enough for her breasts to push together toward the top of her low cut, sweater. BLACK sweater.
And her legs dangle from beneath a denim skirt.
She tosses her coat and it finds its way to the floor.

Nick picks it up for her.
She's attractive...enough, and slurrrrs a couple of words together into something like a sentence.

MARY

You don't mind too much, do ya'?

NICK

Nope.

Mary takes the Cutty Sark bottle.

MARY

The rough stuff, are you a tough guy,
or just depressed, never mind, how
'bout this rain, that's stupid, I can't
believe I'm talking about the
weather.....

And as Mary continues proving she's this side of a rocket
scientist, Nick drifts back and forth between watching the T.V.
and Mary bob around in her dress like honey dues on a
trampoline.
And shoots another one.

ON THE T.V.

and we're still in KANSAS and the cutesy Japanese American
reporter talks to one of Les's neighbors and the Sheriff of Glen
Creek.

We don't hear much over the bar room din, but now they walk over
the the CRASH SITE itself and the t.v. camera looks into the
burned out ditch dug and ---

WE SEE that the CHOPPER recovery team left something behind.

CLOSE ON T.V.

and CLOSE on the t.v. CAMERA SHOT and ---

WE SEE:

A CHUNK OF METAL with a BENT LEVER-GRIP HANDLE.

Nick is about the only one who pays attention to this, and he
doesn't very much. But he HEARS the reporter tell us that A
MILITARY PLANE must have gone out of control and crashed, so the
site has been roped off for police inquiries.

Oh and, incidently, Mary is just plain STARING at Nick and
if her eyes had appendages Nick would be thrown to the floor and

Nick looks out the window and the kids playing in the rain
around the burned out Buick.

Mary is almost on top of him. He's had them there before.
She is relentless, and finally (and he knows it's coming)...

MARY

Do you live far from here...I mean I
don't live very far from here, um...
Do you wanna' go?

Nick bites down on another shot glass of magic and gives Mary
his good eye, and... They leave.

EXT. LUKE'S BAR

Mary holds Nick's arm as they walk past the WINDOWS of Luke's.

NICK stops. He sees himself in the window. More than sees
himself.

STUDIES himself.

Maybe not so satisfied.

STUDIES himself.
Maybe not so satisfied.
Sees Mary's reflection over his shoulder. She's out of it. Snaps her gum.

BACK ON NICK -- CLOSE

He reaches into his coat and pulls something out.
Dugan's MANILA ENVELOPE -- the PICTURES of LYNDIA CIHON
THUNDER RUMBLES.
A GUST of WIND SNAPS the awning over Nick's head and RAIN
WATER DOWSES the window in front of him. The reflections
melt as the water runs down to the sill.

MARY
Are we goin' or what?

NICK
I don't think so, kid.

He flags a cab, hands her some money, and...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- NIGHT

Nick walks alone.
His collar up.
Rain dances off his hair and shoulders as he stares a hole past
us, into the night with his good eye.

THUNDER RUMBLES as NICK turns up his collar looks at that Manila
Envelope again and strolls into the night.

He passes a subway entrance marked with a fallout shelter symbol
and walks under an el track.

He steps up behind a ten-year-old boy with big, unloved brown
eyes. The kid is spray painting on an army recruitment poster.
One of those Be All You Can Be numbers with the American Eagle
spreading his wings above a tank unit as if to justify it for
other members of the animal kingdom. He's spray painting what
any ten-year-old would paint: Huge dicks and balls on the
soldiers, Fangs, horns, you know...

Now he hears Nick and stops. Nick's shadow envelopes the kid. He
turns...

KID
I didn't do it.

Nick corners a smile.

KID
Mr. you're not gonna' do anything, are
ya'?

NICK
I don't know, kid. Maybe.

Nick crams the envelope back into his coat and walks.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT

Nick sits at his desk. Leans back in the chair and pours a little more Cutty into his bottomless rocks glass.

RAIN pelts his window. It's actually kinda' peaceful. He holds his Little League Trophy. Silence.

then...

CRASH!

The window SHATTERS onto his desk and RAIN pours in as he FALLS to the floor and the Cutty bottle CRASHES to the floor beside him. And beside the missile that did in the window...

CLOSE ON

A brand new BASEBALL. Nick's seen it before. He turns it over and reads DWIGHT GOODEN across the seams.

ANOTHER PLACE IN NICK'S APARTMENT

Nick is digging in a closet. He hauls out a TRUNK. Goes to a cookie jar and pulls out some keys.

The light is dim. Thunder SCRAMBLES the air as Nick Fury kneels before his old trunk, dusts it off, turns the key in the lock and rocks the lid back on hinges that creak for the first time in three years.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

The personal field gear of the most efficient secret agent ever. His .45 His S.H.I.E.L.D. I.D. Boots, gloves, belts, sheathes, knives, eye patches, suits.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

It's kinda' dark but we see Nick unlock a steel door and behind that door is a FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

He pushes a button and the elevator RAISES from the basement.

ON THE ELEVATOR

is a CAR under a TARP.

Nick opens the elevator doors and pulls the tarp off the car.

EXT. GARAGE

Nick drives out his PERFECT Stuka Green and Black 1969 Shelby Cobra.

EXT. STREET

The BLUE FORD parked near his curb. Nick pulls up behind him. The DRIVER leans on one elbow, almost asleep.

NICK

gets out of the Cobra, steps up to the Ford, opens the door and the STARTLED driver almost falls out. Nick catches him.

NICK

We're all in this together, chum. Take the night off.

Nick shakes the guy's hand and before he realizes what's happened, Nick's back in the Cobra and down the road.

INT. COBRA

NICK

driving on the water front. And this car ain't no ordinary car. Only half the windshield is glass. The passenger half is covered with instrumentation: Compass, Meters, Transponders, Zoom lock, Turn coordinator, Thrusters 1-2, Boosters 1-2, Gear, Flaps, Nav Coms, Magnetos. Think F-16.

BACK OF THE COBRA

as the fastback OPENS REVEALING ROCKET THRUSTERS glowing and now TORCHING and ---

THE BLUE FORD

locks 'em up as ---

THE COBRA

ZOOOOMS out over the water as SHORT WINGS scissor out from under the Cobra and it PULLS UP AND UP AND out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS -- G-SYNC ORBIT

COMMANDER WOODCOCK'S OFFICE

And Woodcock isn't well. He paces in front of DUGAN. There are illustrations on two main projection screens: FINGERPRINTS on a car door. And pictures of Macavoy with his fingerprints beside him.

WOODCOCK

What you see before you is Soviet Verification that one Agent Thomas Macavoy most probably blew up the computer system at Baikonur. That comuter system controlled all communications between the ground and any Soviet-launched space missions. It did not control, however, any nuclear missiles.

DUGAN

Which is why I don't think Macavoy did it, sir. I mean why would an American go through all the trouble to set off a bomb in the USSR and not make sure it affected the nuclear system?

Woodcock sidesteps. He just plain doesn't know, and instead of admitting it he just says...

WOODCOCK

That's not the issue here. The point is Macavoy was assigned to watch DR. Kopechik and he wound up dead in Baikonur. I need someone to do his job for him. I'd like you to recall Brown and Anderson from Lybia --- they're the most qualified.

NICK

Not any more.

LOW ANGLE -- PUSH IN FAST ON -- NICK

Standing at the door and we get a good look at him. SHIELD jump suit, black boots, holsters and harnesses and GOD, HE'S BITCHIN.

WOODCOCK

Well, Fury. I'd thought you'd given up.

DUGAN

Good ta' see you, lad.

BAP!

Nick CLOUTS Dugan one on the jaw.

NICK

Don't ever hit me again without askin'.

Dugan picks himself up, rubs his jaw and smiles.
Dugan whispers to Nick.

DUGAN

Hello, Nicolas. Listen, don't start right off with Woodcock, okay? I mean play it cool, lad. Hear what he has to say, call him SIR or something, not Woody, and...

NICK

Gotcha'.

(Loud)

What the hell is going on here, Woodcock?

DUGAN

Terrific.

WOODCOCK

The spy business, Fury. It does continue, even without you.

NICK

It looks like you've remodelled. I thought the rule was the men come first.

WOODCOCK

You're not in charge anymore. I don't play by your rules.

NICK

No kidding. Maybe that's why there are twenty men crammed into 8x10 cubicals on concourse B while you operate from Madison Square Garden.

WOODCOCK

The men are fine, Fury. Unlike you, they don't complain. I take care of them.

NICK

You take care of 'em alright. Like the plague took care of central Europe.

WOODCOCK

Listen, Fury, I don't want to work with you any more than you want to work with me, but I got my orders from the PRESIDENT.

NICK

Wow, the President, guy like you probably had to change his underwear after that.

WOODCOCK

Damnit! Put your cards on the table. Is it the Eddie McPherson case? Because if it is I have an explanation.

NICK

Of course you do, BC's always have explanations. They don't cost much but they never saved anybody's life either.

Dugan shows good timing.

DUGAN

Like I was saying, Mr. Woodcock, I don't understand why an American would go through all that trouble and get that close to the Soviets just to cut surface to space communications.

Nick and Woodcock face off then decide to take a break.

NICK

He's right. Besides, Macavoy couldn't have done it. I know the guy. I trained him myself.

WOODCOCK

Did you train him to leave his fingerprints on a ditched car three miles from the explosion? Because he did.

NICK

It needs checking. My Russian's as good as the next guy's, Woodcock. I'm back and I'm going in.

WOODCOCK

Fine. You can go in. To Paris.

NICK

I haven't checked a map lately, but isn't Paris a considerable distance from the Soviet Union?

WOODCOCK

No one is to go to the USSR.

NICK

What were you before you became an idiot, Woodcock?

Woodcock leans over the desk to Nick. Nick is busy almost listening to him, strikes a Blue Tipped match on the NO SMOKING sign perched and polished on Woodcock's desk, and lights a thick, Black Jack Cigar.

WOODCOCK

Paris is the first place Kopechik went after leaving New York, smart ass. It's procedure.

NICK

Woody, Woody, Woody, where did your mother and I go wrong? Macavoy tailed him all the way to Russia. I'm going to Russia. It's common sense.

Woodcock explodes.

WOODCOCK

Jesus Christ, the President will NEVER GO for it! Do you hear?

NICK

Jesus Christ isn't the President now, is he, Dugan?

Dugan shakes his head.

NICK

I mean I know I've been gone for a while...

WOODCOCK

I am in charge here!

Nick doesn't.

NICK

You're an idiot, Woody. And you're in charge here because I took a vacation.

WOODCOCK

I am in charge here due to my work on the force and the fact that my Father bent over backwards for Senator McDonnell to appropriate funds to keep this tub in the air.

NICK

Well, you're close. You never worked a day in your life and your father bent over FORWARD for the Senator, not backwards.

Woodcock steams. Woodcock hands papers to Nick.

WOODCOCK

Paris, or I call Anderson.

Nick takes the papers.

NICK

Fine.

WOODCOCK

One more thing.

NICK

What?

WOODCOCK

Fury, Fury, Fury. You know what it's like to be a SHIELD agent. Once you accept a job in the field it's GO GO GO.

Not a break, not a beat, not an extra breath. I can't send you out without knowing you're fit.

NICK

Woodcock...

WOODCOCK

You've been gone for three years, Fury.

(MORE)

WOODCOCK (CONT'D)

You have to pass one simple field test
down at the U.N.I.T. obstacle course
and you're on your way. That's a rule
of yours I kept.

Nick GRINDS his jaw at Woodcock.

NICK

Fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAT OFFICE

Nick walks with Dugan and TEARS UP THE PAPERS Woodcock gave him.

DUGAN

How good IS your Russian?

AND now fasten your safety belts, kids, because Nick's vacation
is officially over...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON NICK'S FACE

UPSIDE DOWN as he WHOOOOSHES past us and now we see he is ---
HANGING by his ankles and STRAPPED in a straight jacket and
SWINGING on a LONG CHAIN in LONG LONG LONG swoops over:

INT. U.N.I.T.

on the OBSTACLE COURSE.

And this place is NOTHING like the one you know from the
Superstars Competition on tv.

To the side, an agent is getting first aid. His arm is GASHED
open. Another limps off to the side with a friend, shaking his
head and moaning. Officials in lab coats cruise around, checking
on things.

THE COURSE:

METAL. INDUSTRIAL.

LOUD.

STEAM. BUSY.

LOUD.

GRINDING. CHURNING.

LOUD.

SCAFFOLDS. CATWALKS.

LOUD.

FOREBODING.

LOUD. LOUD. LOUD.

ON A HIGH CATWALK

A UNIT OFFICIAL wears a white boxing robe instead of a lab coat.

His name is TERRY and he's observing Nick and making a note or two on a clipboard while tipping a box of Cracker Jacks over his mouth.

A GUY

steps up to Terry. He's REACE and an agent and cool and bitchen.

REACE

Hi Terry, heard he was back and had to see for myself.

TERRY

Nice timing.

And NICK SWOOOOOPS up right in front of us and the guys.

REACE

Hiya' Nick.

NICK

Who added this thing?

REACE

Terry. It's a fun little ride, isn't it?

And Nick SWOOOPS away and wriggles in his straight jacket and is working a hand out the top, near the neck hole.

TERRY

He's already done his submerged and balance tests.

REACE

How'd he do on hand to hand combat?

TERRY

He's here, isn't he?

NICK

SWOOOOOPS towards a STEEL BAR and has to do a giant sit-up to clear it and he made it but ---

BKSSSSHHHHH!

gets blasted for a second with steam jets and now he's SPINNING and swinging back at us, and quite frankly, he's looked better, folks.

TERRY

Ya' look great, Nick.

And Nick throws the FREED straight jacket and WHOPS! Terry in the face with it. Terry talks into a radio.

TERRY

T-24 let me have a ratchet on the big chain.

REACE

Does this mean I can give Woodcock his
going away present?

TERRY

I hope so. How do you wrap a live
grenade, anyway?

CLOSE ON THE TOP OF NICK'S CHAIN
and the RATCHET TOGGLE it is held up by and ----

WE SEE every time Nick swings by, another LINK in the chain
RATCHETS through to the other side. The point is, he's only got
another six or seven swings to go before the end of the chain
and he falls about twenty feet to a mess of steel catwalks and
gratings and steam and ichh.

The problem is his feet are locked to the chain with a padlock
and ---

He swings and spins over the steam jets, OVER the steel bar,
near us...

And sees TERRY holding the KEY in his hand, and TOSSING it to
Nick who has a better chance of sprouting wings than he does
catching that key and, the key FALLS and ...

NICK

I hope your parents beat you when you
were young....

NICK SWINGS....

The chain is near the end of it's rope and Nick gets blasted by
the steam and PULLS a METAL PIN from his eyepatch and JAMS it in
the lock and POPS open the padlock and his feet SLIP THROUGH and
as he reaches for the CHAIN, he gets BLASTED by steam and SLIPS
and FALLS and

LANDS with a WUMP! on the catwalk at TERRY'S feet and BONGS his
head on the steel grating.

NICK

Soaking wet from the steam, tired, and bashed up, looks up at
Terry with his box of C-Jacks.

TERRY

Ya' ever notice there are only about
three peanuts in one of these? And the
Prizes are so lame. I mean I'd gladly
forfeit the prize for say, five more
peanuts...

NICK

Terry, would you lean down here, I'd
like to kill you now.

CACHUNK! And the GRATING FALLS out from under Nick who
FALLLLS!...

INT. REFRIDGERATED ROOM

as Nick falls and the CEILING PANEL reseals itself with a WHOOSH.

And NICK rights himself in a chair and the temp. on the digital thermometer reads: 40° F. And that's not so bad, but...

WHOOOSH!

the panel in front of Nick opens and reveals: AN ELECTRONIC CHESS BOARD

NOW the temperature starts to drop as the COMPUTER makes the first move and Nick moves next and

DISSOLVE TO:

THERMOMETER READING: -1° F. and Nick is FROSTED over and the ---

CHESS BOARD is sparce and the computer BEEEPS a move and Nick's good eye LIGHTS and he SHAKES a hand over and makes his move and a DOOR GUSHES open and ---

NICK

Checkmate.

KFWOOSH!

His seat drops out and Nick falls into

INT. VERTICAL WIND TUNNEL -- NICK

clutches on to a chain for dear life as his face peels back from the 90 knot winds SCREAMING through him and about twenty feet above him he sees the way out through an opening in the tunnel chasis.

He climbs the chains, hand over hand and they stop at the base of a peg board. Like the one you had to climb in gym class with the steel pegs and the staggered holes on the wall. Nick grabs the pegs and now for the fun part.

Every hole Nick advances with a peg triggers the fan in the wind tunnel to spin faster and work against Nick. Every hole he pegs LIGHTS and READS OUT the wind velocity in mph. Not only that, but when he reaches the 120 mph hole, debris and water start SPRAYING at him too.

TERRY (LOUDSPEAKER)

This is the one, Nick. You make it to the hatch and you're done.

Nick eyes the hatch and it's only ten feet away. Only.

Wind. Stronger. Papers and water and wind and CHANK! Another hole pegged. And it's agony. And only three more holes to get and 140 mph winds and CHANK! Two more holes, but

SMACK!

A piece of something RIPS into Nick's hand at 140 mph and draws blood and Nick drops the peg and he reaches into the hole with his thumb but it won't do...

He grasps the one peg with both hands, but he can't advance. The HATCH is five feet away!

He reaches, and WHACK WHACK WHACK! gets pelted with crap from above and he's ripped free and FALLS the twenty feet to the STEEL GRATING BELOW

CUT TO:

INT. A CONTROL BOOTH -- WOODCOCK

watches the whole thing on a monitor and LOVES it.

WOODCOCK

Yes!

NICK

Lays on the grating with wind dying down but still RIPPING past him.

TERRY (LOUDSPEAKER)

Sorry, Nick.

NICK

What now?

TERRY (LOUDSPEAKER)

The hard part.

KFWOOOSH!

The grating drops out and Nick falls short to a CONVEYOR which SCOOTs under him and carries him to the next level where he's DUMPED into a CAGE and there's only one way out of this thing and that's forward.

BUT forward is a steel catwalk with railings. Not just railings, because...

NICK

Takes the pin he used to unlock his shackles, from his patch and tosses it and it CLANKS on the railing and SPARKS FIRE, and wouldn't ya' know it, it's ELECTRIFIED.

And to make matters worse, Nick can't get past the front gate of the cage and he has to carry it and ...

To make matters MUCH worse the gate has STEEL RINGS at each end circling each railing and Nick better not let them touch the railing or he's TOAST.

So he steps slowly and carries the 100 pound gate gingerly and watches each railing pass through each metal ring and --

Now for the fun part. The catwalk begins to SWAY and PITCH and now this ain't quite the walk in the park it never was in the first place and up ahead ---

ROPE hangs eight feet up, and wouldn't ya' know it, now some STEEL CYLINDERS come ROLLING down the catwalk in front of Nick and he has to do his balancing gate trick on a swaying catwalk and HOP over this thing too as it, it, it...

PASSES under him and here's another one and ZOONOM, he makes it. Now he positions the gate under the rope. He's sweating like a pig, can't hold this thing up much longer, can't set it down on those railings, how to let it go and JUMP for the rope at the same time, but can't really reach the rope anyway. Hmmm...

Better think fast, Nick. Because, those cylinders are coming back, and this time they're BEHIND ya'. And he judges the first one and --- HOPS and maintains a steady hand and he glances at the rope and here's the second one and in one MOTION HE---

JUMPS and DROPS the METAL GATE and REACHES up and GRABS the ROPE and --- the cylinder passes under him and the GATE HUGS the railings and SPARKS FIRE and up the rope he goes, to...

A HIGH PLATFORM

and from here we see there is only one way to get out of the COURSE. A series of MOVING cages on a flying counter weight system and they're spaced about ten feet apart from one side of the room to the other like gigantic, moving, metal lilly pads.

As Nick leans to jump to the next one, the cage he's on SUDDENLY RUSHES upward and the next lilly pad gets further and further away.

Nick watches as the CHAIN holding his platform SCREAMS through the pulleys and a metal handle SLAMS down, locking the pulley and STOPPING the platform.

Nick notices the other pulleys and locking handles near the CEILING and correlating movements and pulls a .45 from his boot. He reaches up, YANKS the handle near his head and OPENS the pulley and his platform RACES downward and he JUMPS as he passes near another platform and CLUTCHES THE side, just barely as this one races back up and Nick holds on with one hand and ---

BAM!

Fires with the other and HITS the handle and it LOCKS the pulley and this cage stops and Nick SWINGS and lands on another one, but it's really far down so he aims, fires and UNLOCKS the handle at the ceiling and this one RUSHES up and Nick JUMPS from this one...to...

ON AND ON, lilly pad after lilly pad and now a SPRINKLER SYSTEM RAINS down on Nick and he's SLIPPING and JUMPING and only a couple of more to get to the last platform where...

TERRY, REACE and DUGAN are cheering him on through a plexiglass booth.

DUGAN
You ever get this far?

REACE
No. You?

DUGAN
No.

REACE
Damn.

TERRY
Nobody has.

REACE
He's gonna' make it all the way.

And just as he says that we ---

CUT TO NICK
and the cage he is on JOLTS to a SHOCKING halt and the .45
POPS from Nick's wet hand and CLANK CLANK CLANKS to the bottom
of the course.

Only two platforms to go and Nick eyes the situation, takes off
his belt, JUMPS GRABS onto a moving chain for the next platform
and WEAVES his belt through a couple of links and
holds on under it and FASTER AND FASTER he is pulled to the top
of the building...

REACE
It won't hold.

TERRY
It's gonna' go.

DUGAN
It might work.

AND SLAM!
Nick's belt CRAMS into the pulley, locking the chain in place
and stopping the platform and that's the good news, the bad news
is, the JOLT topples Nick backwards, but he's wrapped the chain
around his leg so he's dangling...

And one more platform to go, and...

TERRY
Damn, he almost did it.
(into a mic)
Let me have Recovery 2 on platform 8

AND CLOSE ON NICK'S BELT
as it WORMS its way through the pulley.

DUGAN
Uh, Terry, ya' better hurry up, lad.

TERRY
punches away at keys on a computer.

TERRY
I'm trying! The system's not taking the
commands.

WE MOVE
past the wall joining

ANOTHER ROOM
in the command booth and see:

WOODCOCK
with a yuppie butt-boy friend of his and Woodcock has a ANOTHER
CONTROL SYSTEM and he's punching in commands and flipping
switches and

WOODCOCK
Well, you see, Mr. President, I tried
to enlist Fury. Gave him priority. But
I regret having to report, sir, he had
a career-ending accident on the SHIELD
obstacle course. Nick Fury is
permanently out of action, sir.

And Woodcock punches in more commands.
And WE SEE:
A MAMMOTH-SIZED WINCH AND PULLEY HOUSING lumbering on it's
tracks
squeeking it's castings and HUMMING that hydraulic hum as it
relentlessly heads for Nick.
Imagine a rolling pin heading for a grape and you're close.

DUGAN
Terry....

TERRY
I know. I see it.

DUGAN
Well DO something laddy! Isn't there a
plug we can pull or something?

TERRY
This isn't a t.v. set, Dugan.

And they see it too.
And Nick's belt is causing a real problem. The winch is trying
to run the chain and the belt is fighting it and the chain is
starting to twist and knot and

The WINCH HOUSING is closing in and ...
As the Rescue team throws ropes and start to climb toward Nick,
the CHAIN BREAKS and

NICK

Reaches around to the other side of the pulley and FUMBLES FOR the free chain and ---

ON WOODCOCK

WOODCOCK

Yes!

ON TERRY

TERRY

No!

NICK

SWINGS across the RAINY MECHANICAL MONSTER and up over the scaffolds and catwalks and right AT US and ---
KKRAAAASH!

through the plexiglass and over a console and onto the floor and They pick each other up and laugh and ---
WOODCOCK steps in and isn't pleased.

WOODCOCK

Do you have any idea what this is going to cost to replace?

NICK

Your salary for a day or two?

WOODCOCK

Your plane is waiting, Fury. Bon Voyage, and give my regards to the Champs Elysée.

Woodcock storms out.

DUGAN

Congratulations, you're a secret agent again.

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

EXT. VOLGOGRAD -- CCCP -- NIGHT

For those of you at home we SUPER:

VOLGOGRAD -- USSR

On the Volga River. It's really cold here. Some snow, but mostly just cold.

NICK

walks the riverside street in the style we've come to recognize. A HUGE loading CRANE is loading a barge at the riverbank. A SMALL CROWD OF VOLGOGRADITES forms around an enclosed PRESS BOARD in which hangs the daily PRAVDA.

A front page picture shows THE DITCHED CAR left by PEITZMAN on his way to BAIKONUR and blamed on Macavoy. Nick reads further,

then runs across the street to a man getting out of his car. He offers the man money.

NICK (RUSSIAN)

I'll bring it back, I promise, comrade.

COMRADE (RUSSIAN)

Two months rent for two hours?

Йоу готта бе киддинг ме.

NICK

И яоньт лет Йоу доян.

COMRADE takes the money. Nick jumps in, looks at the controls for a moment and speeds outa' there as --

A MAN -- VASILI VORCHEV COMES INTO FRAME
He's been watching Nick.

EXT. ROAD NEAR BAIKONUR

A ROPED OFF AREA.

Lights HIT it.

Nick's headlights.

We are at the DITCHED CAR SIGHT. The car is gone.

NICK STOPS

Finds a flashlight in the glovebox, gets out and snoops around.

He finds the BURN MARK from Peitzman's incendiary device, brushes some snow away, snoops around and finds the PULL BUTTON from the same device as ---

HEADLIGHTS HIT HIM square in the face and freeze that good eye like a deer at a crossing and --- Nick jumps back in the car but --- They're right behind him and SHOUTING things the KGB would shout because that's just who they are and ---

BAM!BAM!BAM! Machine gun fire across NICK'S DOOR and --- Nick HAULS out his Colt .45 Reaches back, over his seat, aims with the rearview MIRROR and BLAM! THROUGH his back windshield the

KGB CAR

Windshield EATS it and --- SWERVE, SCREECH, BRLUMMM off the road and out cold.

NICK

That wasn't so tough. BAM! BAM! BAM! THROUGH his back windshield and a piece of Nick's jacket BLOWS apart at the shoulder as that round BURSTS through the front windshield too and BASH rearended and BASH swiped and now it's Nick's turn to swerve and

EXT. VOLGORAD STREET

Near the river.

About the same place Nick got the car and yup, there's his Comrade and here comes the chase ---

INTO TOWN and MACHINE GUN FIRE and SIDESWIPING and ---

Nick looks ahead at a dead end 'cause the damn river is there at the end of this street which isn't a street any more but a loading ramp to the barges and ---

now what! because to the left and right are concrete walls for the ramp and the river is closer, so damn! what can he do?

He's Nick Fury, and much cooler than you and I, so he FLOORS IT right at the HUGE HOOK at the end of the LOADING CRANE and the KGB GUYS LAUGH but LAUGH at this, guys --- because Nick SLAMS the car into the hook which SMASHES through the windshield just enough to CATCH under the ROOF of the car and ---

SWING NICK AND THE CAR out OVER THE RIVER in a big SWOOP and now the KGB guys are in trouble because the loading dock's fresh outa' big ol cranes and hooks and they fly into the FREEZING Volga River as ---

Nick and car SWING BACK to the dock and it's a tough landing, but dry at least and Nick LOCKS 'EM UP and topples out of the car and his COMRADE, who came running, ain't so pleased but ---

NICK

Thanks alot.

But now some cops are running after him and shouting Russian stuff and worse yet --- A CAR SCREEECHES and stops right at his toes. Shit, all that for nothing. But the door swings open.

A VOICE

Get in!

He does and we find ---

INT. THAT CAR

VORCHEV IS DRIVING.

VORCHEV

You are from the west?

NICK PULLS out the .45

NICK

Who wants to know?

Vorchev laughs.

VORCHEV

You are from the west.

EXT. THE CAR -- DRIVING

Well out of danger on an open road.

VORCHEV

I am Vasili Vorchev. I am from the USSR.

NICK

Never woulda' guessed.

VORCHEV

I was at the Baikonur explosion. I saw your agent Macavoy.

NICK

Why'd you save me from your pals back there?

VORCHEV

I am not KGB. Not any more. The bomb was hidden in agent Macavoy's stomach. I think it was set off on a time release after he drank water.

NICK

If you're not KGB, what are ya'?

VORCHEV

Let us say I am on Special Assignment.

NICK

So why share this with me?

VORCHEV

Your government thinks the Soviet Union has kidnapped your Dr. Cihon, yes? The Soviets think you have kidnapped our Dr. Kopechik. Perhaps things are not as our governments think.

NICK

What do you mean by that?

VORCHEV

You know this Dr. Kopechik? The one who led the KGB to your Dr. Cihon? Well it was not the KGB. Dr. Kopechik's correspondence never made it to Moscow from New York.

NICK

Where'd it go?

VORCHEV

The same place Dr. Kopechik stopped from New York on his way home. Munich. He has not been heard from since.

NICK

Interesting, Macavoy was tailing him and was contacted in Munich before being found dead here.

Nick thinks.

NICK

Did the explosion wipe out the space communications computer system like they said?

VORCHEV

Oh yes. It will take over a year to replace it.

NICK

And that computer system was used ONLY to transmit data for space missions?

VORCHEV

Correct.

NICK

And it doesn't affect the nuclear arsenal at all?

VORCHEV

Correct.

NICK

Strange. If you knew about the bomb, why didn't you stop it?

VORCHEV

I tried. But your agent Macavoy is a large man. He forced his way through the guards and ---

NICK

Wait a minute. Macavoy's an intelligence man. About 5' 10". I trained him myself, he wasn't the type of guy ---

VORCHEV

This agent Macavoy was 6'3". Blond hair?

NICK

Brown.

Vorchev smiles.

VORCHEV

I do not think either of them made it to Soviet Union.

NICK
I think you're right.

VORCHEV
I have people to get us across border
and to Munich.

NICK
Sounds swell.

VORCHEV
I think we work well together.

Nick pulls out a couple of Black Jacks.

NICK
Maybe we do. Name's Nick Fury, I'm
American.

VORCHEV
I never would have guessed.

EXT. MUNICH -- NIGHT

And for those of you still at home, we SUPER:
MUNICH, WEST GERMANY

Wet.
Brick street.
Old. Old. Old.
DIM Streetlights.
Muffled music and LAUGHTER from nearby clubs.
And most of all COLD, COLD, COLD...
A NASTY part of town. Everything is 600 years old but the people
here.

NICK and VORCHEV are on the street in front of a real
hole-in-the-wall kinda' joint. Vines have covered most of the
facade, and the leaves have fallen off the vines leaving
brown, sinews and veins embracing the walls and windows.
Their BREATH STEAMS the air as ...

NICK
Supposedly this is where Macavoy last
made contact with us.

VORCHEV
He has good taste.

NICK points across the street.

NICK
I'll meet you back at that hotel.

They shake hands and ---

INT. MUNICH SEX BAR -- NIGHT

and one of your favorite places on earth if you want to be a sleaze bag, or just look like one. It feels like we went through a time warp and ended up in 1939. Somehow the air has turned brown.

Opium pipes.

Queens. Fags.

Dikes. Straights.

Hookers. Trannies.

Hunchbacked Midgets with pierced nipples... (why not?)

Fat girls with sweaty necks carrying a bunch of beer to fatter guys with sweatier necks and maybe one or two teeth. Leather. A Swastika or two.

We HOLD for a second on:

A MOUSTACHED guy in a TUXEDO in the corner, sprawled on the laps of three blonde-haired, blue-eyed, guys in BLACK uniforms. Not cops.

And hey kids, it's a bar AND a strip joint because center stage is dancing Helga and her three Dachshunds.

And as Nick passes by, Helga takes off her robe and Jabba's got nothing on ol' Helga who holds her small basket of money from patrons and leans over to Nick and ---

HELGA (GERMAN)

My lovers give me one mark for each piece of clothing.

NICK

I'll give ya' twenty to put the robe back on.

Nick passes to the bar. And the bartender, who looks like he went three rounds with a truck, talks to Nick through a broken nose that looks more like a club steak.

BARTENDER (GERMAN)

What are you drinking?

NICK (GERMAN)

Scotch, any kind. Have you seen this guy in the past week?

Nick holds a picture of Macavoy. Bartender checks it.

BARTENDER

Nein.

NICK (GERMAN)

You are sure?

BARTENDER

Ja.

Nick takes his drink and nods, as Helga leaves the stage to thunderous applause, and that guy in the TUXEDO leaves his

blonde boyfriends and takes the stage, lights a hash joint in a LONG black cigarette holder and sings a German love song to a single PIANO and a SAX.

And Nick passes by the stage and the tuxedo guy sees him stick the PICTURE back in his pocket and crouches down and GRABS Nick's thigh.

Nick pulls his hand away.

NICK (ENGLISH)

You're not my type, pal.

GUY (ENGLISH)

Not yet.

Nick notes the English, and BARTENDER talking to a MAN in a DARK CORNER.

DUBRO

smoking some hash in his lipsticked lips and unshaven, scarred face and he's not alone. He has his arm around his date for the night: A middle-aged guy with lipstick prints on his face, who doesn't seem to be enjoying himself. But maybe that's because he's DEAD.

The bartender says something to Dubro who nods and GLANCES to -

NICK

Across the room who catches it for the split second it takes to catch something like that and KNOW instantly what's going on. Nick has been tagged.

Dubro leans his date against the wall and goes over to talk to his Nazi-looking buddies. They nod and Glance to Nick and move for the doors and

NICK

Peachy.

And Nazi-looking guys, dressed in, not uniforms exactly, but grey and black outfits, are positioning themselves for the pinch, and Nick cracks his knuckles and the guy in the tuxedo starts STRIPPING and oh, please...

I don't want to see this, but wait a minute, maybe I do, because

Under that Tux and moustache is a shapely, sleek, brunette woman, and I mean strikingly beautiful woman with cat chestnut/green eyes and feline smile like she just ate a bird.

There is no one like her. She is the BEAUTY that evolution has worked on since there was light.

And she sings that haunting, German sex song and the guys are going crazy because she's down to her underwear and YIKES, how does a woman GET this way in only 26 years...

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you VAL and she's keeping an eye on Nick.

DUBRO
Confronts Nick and ---

DUBRO
Perhaps you are looking for agent
Macavoy?

NICK
What do you mean, agent? He's a friend
of mine.

DUBRO
Of course. A friend. Perhaps I know
where he is.

NICK
You're not sure?

DUBRO
Perhaps I can take you to him.

Nick lights up a Black Jack.

NICK
I like it here.

DUBRO
Perhaps you like it better there.

Dubro pulls a Luger from his jacket. A Nazi goon makes a fist.

NICK
Perhaps...not.

WHACK!
and only Nick is fast enough to grab the Luger, pull Dubro's arm
around
BAM!
shoot the goon with it ---
SLAM an elbow under Dubro's chin, sending him DOWN for the count
but ---

ANOTHER GOON pounds Nick across the back and the Luger goes
flying and maybe this stuff isn't new to this place because a
BRAWL of the Pier 6, Bar Room variety doesn't ensue. Actually
nobody does much about it as

Nick gets POUNDED in the face by a Nazi guy and TOPPLES
backwards and lands on his back on the stage and between VAL'S
FEET and LOOKS UP ---
she looks down at him ---

VAL
See anything ya' like?

And she raises her SPIKED heel over his face and
WHAM!
kicks FORWARD at the onrushing Nazi and SLAMS the glossy black
stiletto heel into his gut and ---

VAL

Your friend was taken from here by
MyCroft's boys.

NICK

MyCroft, are you sure? Do you know
MyCroft?

VAL

I oughta', he owns this place.

And Nick springs to his feet as he recognizes the name and
SLAP! Catches a fist in his palm heading for Val's face.
Twists the guy's arm and slaps a kick across his face.

NICK

Where'd they take him?

VAL

Don't know. MyCroft's Mansion would be
a good guess.

NICK

Where's that?

VAL

Reichenhall.

And the bartender SWINGS a bat at them and Nick ducks and pops
him in the gut and Val swings a foot down HARD on his neck and
he's OUT.

VAL

I think I just lost my job.

She takes Nick by the hand and runs...

NICK

Where we going?

VAL

Trust me.

NICK

Yeah, you dress like somebody I should
trust.

They run through the club to the back and through some curtains
to a BACK ROOM and ---

CUT TO:

THE BACK ALLEY

as they emerge through a THICK door and VAL hops on a motorcycle
and REVS it up and ---

The last Nazi guy comes running after them and Nick sidesteps him and CLOTHESLINES him with a forearm in the throat as he comes through the door and ---
VAL scribbles something on a napkin. Hands it to Nick.

VAL

This will get you there. You speak German?

NICK

Enough to get my face slapped.

VAL

You seem like someone who could do that without opening his mouth.

NICK

Maybe. Interested?

SIRENS BLARE and --- Val looks so damn bitchen on that black BMW motorcyle,

Steaming breath in the freezing air. Spiked heels. Gartered nylons under a leather skirt and black bra and she reaches down to the guy Nick just knocked out, rips the leather coat off of him, puts it on, reaches into it, finds some cigarettes, lights one up, shakes her brunette mane, blows a puff at Nick, smiles and ---

VAL

And you said I wasn't your type.

SCREEEEEECH! and she SLAMS the cycle down the wet street and into a turn and the SIRENS get louder and Nick's alone and runs... so WE CUT TO:

EXT. REICHENHALL -- BAVARIA -- NIGHT

And for those of you still at home, we SUPER: REICHENHALL
WEST GERMANY

Reichenhall is about 100 kilometers SW of Munich even if you wanted to know, and ---

NICK and VORCHEV hide outside a massive Bavarian Mansion. Actually, they're outside its gates, and INSIDE the gates we can tell there's a real shindig happening. Cars, Limos, an enclosed awning walkway, flood lights. And of course, well-dressed German snobs. NICK looks at a section of the roof with an out-of-place ADDED piece of architecture and ARMED GUARDS.

NICK

There. That wall has been reinforced.

VORCHEV

A prison cell, do you think?

NICK

If Macavoy and your Dr. Kopechik WERE taken here, that's where I'd keep 'em. Maybe Cihon's here too.

Nick scouts the area a bit.

NICK

I don't see a huge problem getting in. Let's move.

VORCHEV

Old Russian saying: Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.

NICK

Did you guys come up with the crossing-the-road bit too?

Nick leads Vorchev around a corner of the stone fence and down a small hill, to a more industrial, RAZOR wire fence.

Nick gets out some leather gloves and gingerly tests the edge of the razors and just as he's about to CLIMB the fence, Vorchev stops him, hauls a HUGE pair of tin snips from his overcoat. SNIPS the razor wire and our pals climb over the fence and are not far from ---

AN ANCIENT stone archway covered with vines and roots and Nick starts ripping the roots out of his path and it's tough going until...

Vorchev to the rescue again and this time he hauls a HUGE MACHETE out of his coat and hacks away at the brush, clearing an entrance to ---

INT. TUNNEL

WET and dark and tunnel-like and our pals come to an intersection.

NICK lights a match, it is BLOWN out and the smoke WHISPS off in one definite direction. They follow it and wind up...

OUTSIDE near a large stone wall. Above them and on the other side, a GUARD. They just see his helmet. The boys are very quiet. The only way to go is up and you guessed it --- Vorchev to the rescue AGAIN. He pulls a collapsable grappling hook out of his coat,

NICK

Oh good, I forgot mine.

Vorchev SWING, SWING, SWINGS it, lets it fly up, over the guard's shoulder, HOOKING him and --- YANKING him over the wall where Nick applies a finishing touch to the jaw and up the line, Nick looks at ---

A well sculptured terrace, past which lies three massive archways with windows through which WE SEE those stuffy Germans. I was talking about all dress to the nines.

NICK

I think we're overdressed..

EXT. MANSION

Our buds sneaking across the terrace to a shadow near the house. Vorchev looks up and points to a lit window. Nick nods. NEAR A WINDOW. So AGAIN Vorchev pulls something from his magic coat and

NICK

Does Harpo Marx know you're wearing his coat tonight?

...it's a glass cutter and he cuts a panel from the window, unlocks it and they're in.

INT. HOUSE -- DARK ROOM

WE HEAR the party in the other rooms and Wagner playing throughout the house. Actually it's just a tape because Wagner's dead, and it's being played LOUDLY for a celebration. And our buds crack a door open and see the festivities.

Almost no one is under sixty. But there is a group of young men and women off to one side. ALL the men are blond-haired, blue-eyed and twenty-two. ALL the girls are blond-haired, blue-eyed and twenty-two. Not a pore outa' place.

Nick points at the man for whom most of the attention is directed. A man with a monacle. A man with a finely chiseled face. A man with piercing eyes. A man with perfectly tailored clothes that fit him perfectly. MYCROFT.

THE STAIRS aren't far away and the boys sneak unnoticed to them and crouch and scurry to the next floor.

INT. HALLWAY

Nick and Vorchev crouching along the second floor banister. Shhhh.

Nick sneaks behind a guard and gives him a straight arm bar hold against the trachea and silently knocks him out.

Vorchev jimnies the door and they're in...

INT. ROOM

Nick lets the guard flop to the floor. and our pals find themselves in an office.

NICK

There must be a false wall.

VORCHEV

Look at this.

Beside a LEATHER BOUND edition of Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil" and a Jules Verne Collector's Set is a PICTURE of a young man with ADOLF HITLER. Nick points.

NICK

Looks like MyCroft and unckie Adolf.

VORCHEV

What did MyCroft DO during war?

NICK

Got me.

Vorchev rustles through more stuff in the desk. Nick checks walls for a sliding panel or anything to lead to the prison cell.

Vorchev finds more pictures of an OLDER MyCroft with his Nazi cronies.

Nick is trying to force open a HUGE ARMOIRE.

NICK

(grunting)

That's General Dörnberger.

VORCHEV

The Commandant at Peenemünde.

NICK

And in charge of the Nazi Rocket program.

VORCHEV gives the picture an extra stare, takes out a large ring of SKELETON KEYS from his pocket and CHINK CACHUNK!

The door opens on ---

Uniforms and medals and other scary stuff from the Third Reich.

And Nick digs through them and on the back wall finds, a COMBINATION LOCK SYSTEM.

NICK

What now, Comrade?

Vorchev reaches into that magic coat again.

NICK

Of course....

And Vorchev pulls out an electronic doodad with magnets attached to wires. He attaches a rubber cup around the combination dial, the magnets to the bolt locks, holds the part that looks like a calculator, punches in some variables and --- WHIRR CLICK. WHIRR CLICK. WHIRR CLICK. WHIRR CLICK. SCREEEK, KACHINK.

And the door is unlocked.

NICK

I didn't know you Russians were so into gadgets.

VORCHEV

Not. Stole this from CIA.

SLAPS the handle down and the door of the vault IS the huge armoire and it all SWINGS BACK into the room with a slow, hydraulic HUM revealing a smaller room encased in marble and stainless steel and there is a COMPUTER, and a table with BLUEPRINTS.

NICK

Is it just me, or does this look NOTHING at ALL like a prison cell and missing scientists?

Vorchev fires up the computer.

ON THE COMPUTER

List of scientists including Cihon, Feynman, Hawking, Gellman, Thorne, Kopechik, Sanger and Ohashi. The countries they are kidnapped from and dates.

NICK

Looks like a German scientist, Dr. Reinhard Sanger and Japanese, Ohashi were kidnapped too.

Vorchev is snapping pictures of blueprints with a small camera.

NICK

Why the hell would MyCroft kidnap them?

VORCHEV

To build this. What do you think it is?

The blueprints show this weird mechanical thing and well, I'll let Nick tell ya' it...

NICK

Looks like a specialized satellite of some kind. Here's the antennae, radio receivers, transmitters.

VORCHEV

So MyCroft is in the satellite business. Why?

NICK

Maybe he's stealing cable channels, I don't know...Uh oh...

VORCHEV

Uh oh?

NICK

This panel here, the one that looks like a solar collector is a mirror. And these are positioning thrusters. This thing is strategic.

VORCHEV

Then he is having scientists build this for him.

NICK

NO, he doesn't need Cihon and Kopechik to build this thing. ENGINEERS build things. These kinds of scientists sit in a room with a notepad and dream for a living. Besides, Cihon and Kopechik's expertise is in suspended animation, cryogenic sleeping pods. If he's just building satellites, what does he need THEM for?

VORCHEV

He is greedy man. Maybe he wants personal sleeping compartment. To sleep at night in cryogenics would add thirty years to his life.

NICK

Maybe you're right. At least we know it is MyCroft for sure who had them kidnapped. Maybe he's working for someone. Someone who would have a military use for this stuff.

VORCHEV

(cynic)

Now what capitalist country would be interested in Strategic Satellites for weapons purpose?

NICK

Don't get testy, we still have work to do.

Besides, four of our scientists were kidnapped and only one of yours.

VORCHEV

You are correct. Let us check rest of house for scientists.

VORCHEV takes a camera case out of his coat, pops his camera into it and stuffs it back in..

NICK

I'll lay odds we find 'em in your coat.

WE HEAR voices GETTING CLOSER.

NICK AND VORCHEV SCRAMBLE and in seconds they've dragged the guard into the vault, closed the doors, spun the locks and --

the voices get closer so... How 'bout the window?

OUT ONTO A ROOF

and we look down to see SOME GUARDS have noticed one of their pals is missing, they draw their guns and go looking.

NICK

Looks like the fun part is over.

Nick draws the man-sized .45 and screws on a silencer. He grabs the drain pipe.

NICK

Cover me till I get down.

VORCHEV

I don't have gun.

NICK

What? You're kidding. You had room in that coat for machetes, lawn furniture, and toaster ovens but you didn't bring a gun? Here.

He pulls a three-inch, silenced Derringer out of his boot and gives it to Vorchev.

VORCHEV

(VERY American)

Didn't know you Americans were so into little guns.

NICK

(VERY Russian)

Not. Stole this from KGB.

And down the drain pipe they go.

And OUR PALS turn a corner not far from there, where TWO GUARDS spot them and a MILD RUMBLE ensues and --- NICK CRUNCHES his guy in the face putting him out with one punch but Vorchev is having a little trouble until Nick PLOWS that guy in the back of the head with the .45 butt and he falls and Vorchev plugs him ONE.

NICK

Nice shootin'.

And another GUARD turns the corner and BAP BAP Nick dispenses with him and guards across the compound are combing the bushes for them, and if they're gonna' leave, they'd better leave now and

Nick motions for Vorchev to take off running for the tunnel and he does and as Nick tries to join him, TWO GUARDS step in his path.

Nick JABS JABS HOOKS the first one in the head and SWAPS the gun out of the second guy's hand but

Nick catches one in the gut and it's a pretty good whollop, but Nick SLAMS a kick into his chest like a pile driver and the guard falls back
SMACKS into the 600-year-old brick wall loud enough for his buddies to hear and come running and ---
Nick slips along the wall to an alcove and the THICK wooden door there.
And Nick sees ---

VORCHEV reach the tunnel and look back and WAVE to Nick.

BACK TO NICK and his door...

Damn. Locked. Nick pulls the lock pick from his eye patch and -- Pulls back in the shadow as a guard RUNS by and just as the other guards get there...CACLACK!
And Nick pushes open the door and steps ...

INT. DUNGEON

Down a cruddy stone hall.
And Nick comes to another door. He pushes it open on ---

INT. MYCROFT'S COMMAND CENTER

Checks around. Coast is clear.
Now what's in this joint? He looks around and finds an INCENDIARY DEVICE with a pull button. He digs the one he found at the DITCH SITE out of his pocket and they match.

Through another door, and there's Kopechik's cell. He checks it out, sees the dishes, Rats trying for some old chicken bones. He moves the cot and sees something SCRATCHED IN THE WALL. It reads:

ALL IN ARGENTINA
АЛЛ ИИ АРГЕНТИНА

And BAP! Nick falls to the floor and standing over him is DUBRO with a bat, smiling his brown smile.

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSTON TEXAS -- EST.

And for those of you at home we SUPER: MISSION CONTROL CENTER -- HOUSTON

INT. A HALLWAY

And a man RUNNING, being chased by security and he's SHOUTING...

MAN (RUSSIAN)
Revenge! Revenge!

And he bursts through double doors marked: Main Line Computers -
 - Cray 1000 and people run out and security runs in and ---
 BABOOOM!

BLAST BACK TO:

INT. A LARGE CELL

and it's MYCROFT and DUBRO.

And Nick is stripped to his shirt and his hands are tied to a pole above him and he's getting the cold water treatment. This time the cold water is from a FIRE HOSE and it nearly rips his skin off. Nick is exhausted.

MYCROFT

Another hero. What do you know about Nietzsche, hero?

NICK

Third base, Dodgers I think...

KSHHHHHH!

and it's REALLY cold in here because the other guys have big ol' coats on and we can see their breath steam the air. And on the STONE WALLS hang FROZEN icesicles from the HOSE'S BLASTS like crystal stalagtites. And Nick's nearly unconscious and hurting a ton.

MYCROFT

What do you know about Kopechik?

NICK

Nothing.

KSHHHH!

MyCroft motions to Dubro to haul him up and Dubro pulls a chain and NICK is HOISTED about twenty feet up into a cage above, out in the open German cold. And Nick is SHAKING as his hair freeeezes in an ICE HELMET and tiny icesicles drip from his brow.

DUBRO

Nietzsche? Kopechik? Talk, you idiot
 you will freeze to death! Say somesing!

NICK

(struggling)
 I feel a draft.

MyCroft smiles.

LOW ANGLE

from behind MyCroft and looking WAY up at Nick and the DROPLETTES of water sparkling down from the blue night light and shining isicles...

MYCROFT

Even heroes die!

Motions to bring him down and Dubro obliges. MyCroft takes Nick SHIVERING by the collar.
SPITS on him and still smiling slightly ---

BLAST CUT TO:

INT. A CELL

Nick SCREAMS and --- A familiar cell and place, because Nick is in his underwear and tied down to Macavoy's chair with his head pulled back and good eyelid pulled back and ---
BRIGHT LIGHT in his face and ---
a lipsticked Dubro GRINDS GLASS and ---
lipstick prints spot Nick's forehead and ----
he's been there too long already and ---
now MYCROFT looks STRAIGHT DOWN at him and ---

MYCROFT

I killed Macavoy. I will kill you. Now,
one last time, tell me everything you
know about Nietzsche.

Nick uses his last strength to shake his head, NO. MyCroft takes out his Luger cocks it.

MYCROFT

You are not tough. You are stupid. And
you are dead.

BLAM! BLAM!

And isn't this when the good guy usually gets away? Well, Nick EATS both blasts right in the chest and there's blood and he slumps that slump and this is death, Nick Fury.

BLAST CUT TO:

INT. COMMANDER'S OFFICE -- S.H.I.E.L.D. HQ

Woodcock sits at his desk. Another SHIELD BC stands pertly at attention at his side. The t.v. is on. A news report finishes and Dugan comes in.

DUGAN

Yes sir?

WOODCOCK

Things look grim, Dugan. I suppose you
know the Russians blew up Houston
Control the same way Baikonur went up.

DUGAN

Yes sir.

WOODCOCK

Like the Russians, All of our most
important space communications systems
are knocked out.

DUGAN

What about National Defense?

WOODCOCK

Nothing. I mean it's not affected.

DUGAN

Strange.

WOODCOCK

The President's asking American personnel to vacate Soviet soil. Some of the CIA is gonna' come back through Paris. I want you to notify Fury. Maybe some of them can give him info on Kopečnik.

Dugan hangs his head.

BC

Well sir, we've a little problem where that's concerned.

WOODCOCK

Oh?

DUGAN

You see sir, Nicolas isn't in Paris.

WOODCOCK

Well when did he leave?

BC

He never went, sir.

WOODCOCK

NEVER WENT! Well where the hell is he?

BC

He was spotted crossing the border into West Germany. Heading for Munich from Chechoslovakia. He was with a Russian, possibly KGB.

Woodcock glances at Dugan.

WOODCOCK

That's it. Get the President on the phone! This time I got him and his Commie buddy RED handed. I want him brought in. And I want him brought in NOW! Notify EVERY agent in central Europe to dragnet Munich.

BLAST BACK TO REICHENHALL:

INT. PRISON CELL -- CLOSE ON NICK

LYING DEAD with a couple other bodies, a little riper than his.

We HEAR sweet MUSIC and across the LARGE CELL ---

DUBRO

Moves piles of clothes out of the way and we see

He has tied Macavoy to a pole and the pole is stuck to a platform with wheels on the bottom and

DUBRO all gussied up IN DRAG, touches up his lipstick and resumes DANCING with Macavoy to the music. He stops, spins and dances over to Nick.
He leans over.

DUBRO

You know, I noticed you right when you came in. I saw you look at me a couple of times...what? Him? no... I can get rid of him in a second. Wait here.

And DUBRO goes over to give Macavoy the brush off.

DUBRO

Listen, I gotta' go. But I'll call ya' tomorrow.

FROM BEHIND

NICK

Are you a guy or just an ugly chick?

And DUBRO TURNS AROUND surprised to see ---
NICK FURY with the blood dried to his chest.

DUBRO

Could you tell from a kiss?

And Dubro pulls a gun, but Nick kicks it out of his hand and ---

NICK

Kiss this.

CROINK!

Nick blasts a New York City-sized boot into Dubro's crotch so hard it knocks him out cold.

And Dubro falls.

Nick reaches up and peels a huge protective contact lens from that good eye, holds the knife and cuts some skin off his chest so he can get a good grip on --- What really isn't his skin at all but a BULLETPROOF LATEX chestpiece which he peels off.

Now he takes Macavoy off the pole and gently lays him down. He reaches into Macavoy's mouth with the knife and YANKS out a MOLAR. He pauses for a minute.

NICK

I knew you wouldn't talk, kid.

And thank God WE CUT TO:

EXT. S.H.I.E.L.D. HQ

as NICK and the Cobra dock in one of SHIELD'S six docking bays,
and ---

INT. COMMANDER'S OFFICE

Woodcock is watering a plant and NICK BURSTS through the door.
Actually he's being escorted through the door by two SHIELD
agents.

NICK

Thanks for the lift, guys.

The GUYS leave, nod and smile to Nick on the way out.
NICK looks like he's been through everything he's been through
in the past ten pages.

NICK

It wasn't Macavoy.

WOODCOCK

Fury. Where the hell have you been?

DUGAN enters.

NICK

Well Woody, I was home contemplating
whether or not elevators are using up
the earth's gravity. What did YOU learn
in school today? Dugan get the
President on the horn.

DUGAN

Right.

WOODCOCK

Yes, I think the President might be
interested in whom you've been spending
time with, Fury.

DUGAN

How was Russia, Nick?

WOODCOCK

Russia? ---

What do you mean it wasn't Macavoy?

NICK

Dugan, Macavoy was framed. His hands
were cut off taken to Baikonur and used
to fingerprint the car the KGB found.

DUGAN

Who's behind it?

NICK

An ex-nazi named MyCroft. I've got to see Terry right away.

DUGAN

Fine, let's go.

WOODCOCK

How do you know it wasn't Macavoy?

NICK

I saw him in Germany. Dead.

WOODCOCK

Germany, dead? Are you sure it was him? How close were you?

Nick pulls Macavoy's tooth from his pocket.

NICK

Close enough.

WOODCOCK

His molar recorder?

NICK

Very good, Woody, ya' know I think maybe the BC's are right. You ARE better for this job than me. Keep trying to get the President, okay?

WOODCOCK

What about the scientists? Where are they?

NICK

I think Argentina.

WOODCOCK

Argentina...?...

NICK

What are you, a parrot? Yes, Argentina. I want you to write it a hundred times before I get back...And stop watering the plants, Woody, they're fake.

NICK and DUGAN head out and we ---

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- DAY

Outside a LAUNDROMAT. And Nick and Dugan enter.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Aside from a woman and her four-year-old boy, Nick and Dugan are the only people here. They go to a front-loading washer that is OUT OF ORDER. Nick turns a key in a lock and THE WOMAN doesn't pay any attention to them, but the kid does.

Dugan puts four quarters in the slot, pulls the door open and JUMPS IN. The little kid points and says something to his busy mom who just nods as though she's paying attention to him. Nick's next and before he jumps in he waves to the kid who waves back.

INT. U.N.I.T. -- A SECRET ENTRANCE

and our pals slide into an elevator lobby and take one down. It counts off about twelve stories, the door opens and they are at the security entrance to U.N.I.T. And Nick breaks out a Black Jack and lights her up.

Stainless steel, electric eyes, security cameras, guns and GUARDS.

and one of the GUARDS breaks from his group. He's a black, brawny, bitchen guy and he SLAPS Nick on the back. And his name is GABE.

GABE

Nick. I heard you were back. Hi ya'
Dugan. God, it's great to see ya'.
Where they sticking you, Beirut?

NICK

No. Special Assignment.

GABE

Great. Sounds like fun.

NICK

How 'bout you, Gabe. What're YOU
training for?

GABE

Nothin'.

NICK

Just here to keep sharp?

GABE

No, I mean nothin'. I mean I haven't
had a job in the field since you left.

NICK

Woodcock?

GABE

Woodcock. He's got me setting targets,
guarding doors and helping the young
dudes.

They come to a set of double doors.
Nick passes a card through a slot and they OPEN.

GABE
He's trouble, Nick. If I don't get a
job in the field, where I belong, I'm
gonna' freak!

NICK
I'll talk to Woody for ya'. He loves
me.

Nick and Dugan pass through the door.

At a MONITOR CONSOLE sits a smallish man, about twenty-two with
one noticeable feature above all others:
He has WHITE hair and as a result, his pals call him Q-TIP.

Q-TIP
I guess things have gotten serious up
there. Hello, Commander Fury.

NICK
Hello, Q-TIP.

They shake hands. And as Nick and Dugan go through the I.D.
check by putting a palm on a magnetic plate and looking into a
set of eye pieces...

NICK
Is there a good reason SHIELD's best
technical explosives agent is staring
at monitors for a living?...No, lemme'
guess... Woodcock.

Q-TIP
He says nothing is more important than
security, so he put me here.

NICK
I'll talk to him for ya'.

Q-TIP
Yeah?

NICK
Yeah sure. He loves me.

INSIDE THOSE DOORS

A SERIES of ROOMS off a long, steel corridor. And the
S.H.I.E.L.D. seal/logo with U.N.I.T added to it and the words:
UNDERGROUND NETWORK INTELLIGENCE TRAINING

INT. ROOM

We find a lab and some technicians working.
White coats, glasses stereotypical lab dudes.

We see a WOMAN with her back to us.
And TERRY, running things.

He steps away from checking through a microscope for a
colleague. Nods his approval and ---

TERRY

Nick, dude, what's cookin'? Hey,
Dugan.

NICK

Is this what you were waiting for?

Nick holds out Macavoy's tooth.

TERRY

Yea, great. Hey, how'd the chest piece
work out? Ya' get a chance to use it?

NICK

Yes.

TERRY

Hey that's great -- I mean , you know,
in a way. I'm working on one for faces
now. Eyes are the toughest part though.

NICK

Can't wait.

TERRY

Beer? Dum Dum?

Nick shakes his head. But Dugan takes a cool one from the
fridge.

TERRY

Nick, I'd like you to meet Valentina de
Fontain. Woodcock checked her through.

The WOMAN turns around and it's ---

VAL

Val.

NICK

Woodcock let her in?

TERRY

Relax, she's INTERPOL.

NICK

Yippie. Next thing ya' know we'll be
hosting spy seminars for NYU.

VAL

I helped you once, I can help you
again.

NICK

Sure. Listen, nothing personal but this place used to be for SHIELD agents only.

VAL

So gimme' an application.

TERRY

Well, I can tell you two wanna' be alone. I'll have this for you in a few, Nick.

DUGAN and TERRY go to another small room where

TERRY pries loose the FILLING from Macavoy's tooth, puts it in a small glass housing, slips THAT into a CHROME SLEEVE and POPS the whole combo into a strange Macroscopic projector. Terry concentrates intensely. Turns a couple of knobs and IMAGES are projected on the wall from the MACROSCOPE.

DUGAN

That's genius.

TERRY

It's nothing. I'm working on a set of braces that convert into a motorcycle.

DUGAN

Really?

TERRY

Dum Dum?

DUGAN

Yea?

TERRY

How'd you get your nick-name?

BACK TO NICK AND VAL

And they're not quite getting along, yet. And Val's lighter is out of fluid.

VAL

...all I know is I'm trying to help and you're just giving me crap, which I guess figures in this case.

NICK

What do you mean by that?

VAL

I mean I never met a New Yorker in my life who didn't think the world owed him something for living in New York. You got a light?

And Nick lights up her filterless Camel.

NICK

What is it you do for INTERPOL, lady?

VAL

I spy, why?

NICK

You don't seem the type.

VAL

I've been assigned by the German government to find Dr. Sanger. He's an engineer.

NICK

I know. Aerospace.

NICK

And you think MyCroft is involved?

VAL

You know he is. I found out about him about six weeks ago. I've been rubbing shoulders with his cronies ever since.

NICK

So what's MyCroft's background? How'd he get so rich?

VAL

Some of it is old money. His real name is Miles von Croft. The von Crofts have been Bavarian Royalty for six hundred years.

NICK

And the rest?

VAL

The rest he got from deals he made with a pal of his.

Val pulls a stack of photos from a portfolio. The top one is of Mycroft with Hitler.

NICK

These look familiar.

VAL

MyCroft was a science whizz kid. In 1945 Hitler personally introduced him to Hermann Oberth, the German rocket pioneer.

(MORE)

VAL (CONT'D)

They worked together on V2's until MyCroft was put in charge of a secret Science and Technology branch of the Luftwaffe. Hitler gave him carte blanche on the use of engineers, scientists, forced labor...Whatever it took for his secret project.

NICK

Which was?

VAL

Nobody found out. We won the war, remember?

Val blows some smoke.

VAL

So what do you do for this place, tough guy?

NICK

Intelligence, why?

VAL

You don't seem the type.

And as Nick gives her that one, almost with a smile, TERRY AND DUGAN come back. Terry has some copies of the projections.

TERRY

Woah, Nick take a look at this stuff.

And Nick and VAL DO just that. And so do WE and we see ---

CLOSE ON PAPER

and it's a SCHEMATIC PERSPECTIVE TECHNICAL DRAWING of a really unique-looking SHUTTLE TRANSPORT, obviously built for use in SPACE. Included is a linear schematic and other views of the CRAFT. And a BUNCH of confusing Numbers, and letters all grouped together at the bottom.

TERRY

See anything you recognize?

VAL

I do.

She points to specific parts of the drawing.

VAL

These thrusters are Dr. Sanger's designs. And here and here as well.

DUGAN

What's it for?

VAL

It's a shuttle. More compact than the American shuttle. Also more maneuverable.

And Nick is rightly impressed by Val. He points to the numbers and letters.

NICK

What's this?

TERRY

Code of some kind.

NICK

Can you break it?

TERRY

Does the Pope shit in the woods?

DUGAN

Has this thing been built?

VAL

No. Because it's so small it's also very unstable and the materials needed to protect it on reentering the atmosphere also make it too clumsy to actually fly. Since the original design is meant for Zero-G flight, there's no airfoil and it's performance in atmosphere never survived simulator tests. As a result, and because of the huge cost for research, none have been made.

NICK

I don't know about that.

And Nick's good eye is focused ---

CLOSE ON

One particular section of the drawing. And WE CLEARLY SEE A HATCH WITH A LEVER-GRIP HANDLE.

BLAST CUT TO:

EXT. MYCROFT'S COMPOUND -- ARGENTINA

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN ARGENTINA

then, CLOSE ON -- A HATCH with that lever-grip handle as the craft it is attached to RISES and through the frame and we

TILT UP

and see it is attached to a Snger Shuttle and WHOOOSHING past the Tropical trees, up into the night and finally out of sight and let's

BLAST CUT TO:

EXT. KANSAS -- NEAR GLEN CREEK -- DAY

A field. Open road. A cow or three in the distance. Peace.
Until ---

SSSSSSSCREEOOOOM!

The COBRA ZOONOMS over our heads and LANDS in front of us and
keeps on going and ---

INT. COBRA -- NICK AND VAL

VAL

If that thing IS here and we can get
our hands on it, I'll be able to tell
what it's made of and maybe where it
was made.

And AHEAD they come upon Les's farm and ---

EXT. THE FARM

And NICK AND VAL walk from the Cobra to ---
A LOT OF PEOPLE near the house.
People with I.D. tags. People from the local paper.
People from UFO organizations. People from the Sheriff's office.
And just plain people.
And our old pal OLIVER runs back and forth from the house.

A search is in progress. Metal detectors, earphones, a real
serious search. Nick asks a Good ol' Boy ---

NICK

What's going on?

GOOD OL BOY

That piece of airplane that fell over
there? You know, the one what was in
the news? It's gone. These experts here
came clear from Witchita to find it.

CRAZY LADY

It went back from whence it came and
will return in eight years. Just like
the flying saucer that crashed in
Topeka.

ANOTHER GUY

Someone stole the damn thing.

NICK

I'm with you, bub.

VAL

I'll check out the site.

And she heads across the field to the huge burn mark.

As Nick NOTICES OLIVER getting up and scurrying over near some experts.

One of them has dropped his notebook and OLIVER scoops it up, runs into the house.

Nick smiles, sees VAL is eying up the site with the EXPERTS. And Now Nick notices Oliver sitting back in his spot on the porch and waiting until ---

He walks over near Oliver's flight path and takes a pack of Black Jacks from his coat and DROPS them behind him, steps away a little and waits for Oliver who doesn't waste a whole lotta' time. He scurries over, scoops them up and heads for the house. But this time he's got company.

INT. HOUSE

Oliver runs to the cellar stairs. And Nick is not far behind.

INT. CELLAR

Dark. Oliver runs down the stairs, jumps over some stuff and into a crawl space.

And here comes Nick who runs into Oliver on his way back out of the crawl space without the BLACK JACKS.

NICK

Hello, boy. What do you have in here?

Nick crouches and stuffs himself in the crawl space, pulls the light on and sees ---

NICK

What DON'T you have in here.

GOBS of stuff, all just small enough to be carried by a dog, and

CLOSE ON

THAT CHUNK OF METAL WITH A BENT LEVER-GRIP HANDLE and weird markings on it. Nick stuffs it in his coat.

NICK

I'm gonna' have to run ya' in.

Oliver actually smiles and cocks his head.

EXT. HOUSE

NICK heads back through the people and towards the Cobra and VAL spots him from the field and NICK motions for her to get back to the Cobra and

Nick and Val get in the Cobra and ---

INT. COBRA

VAL

You get it?

Nick drops it in her lap. Nick fires up the Cobra and they're outa' there. Val is examining the chunk with some electronic sensors and probes and other stuff and ---

NICK

Well, professor, is it made in Taiwan or what?

VAL

I've never seen anything like it. I'd like Terry to take a look at it.

NICK

Home it is.

And he punches familiar buttons and --- The FASTBACK OPENS revealing familiar THRUSTERS and they glow and WHINE and FIRE UP and ---

ON KANSAS FOLK and especially OLIVER as the COBRA SCREAMS over their heads and we CUT BACK TO:

INT. TERRY'S LAB

Our friends stand around the metal chunk from Kansas.

VAL

MyCroft must have succeeded. It's the only explanation. He forced the best science team in the world to build one of Sanger's shuttles. They tried to test fly it and this is what's left of it after it crashed.

NICK

Then why did he bomb Baikonur and Houston?

VAL

The computers he bombed are used for tracking spacecrafts. Shuttles, rockets, satellites... whatever is sent up. Without those computers we couldn't send anything up to investigate MyCroft's shuttle.

NICK

It still doesn't quite figure. The bombings were a week AFTER this thing did a Gaynor into Kansas.

VAL

Then there's more than one.

DUGAN comes in with large sheets of paper and lays them out: MORE PICTURES of the shuttle, a MAP of SOUTH AMERICA. Other stuff.

DUGAN Comes in with large sheets of paper and lays them out:
MORE PICTURES of the shuttle, a MAP of SOUTH AMERICA. Other
stuff.

DUGAN

There's three.

And everyone, including us, studies the layout and other Stuff
Dugan uses in his report.

DUGAN

After Terry broke the code we got from
Macavoy, it led me to an electronics
firm here in New York. Sobelman
Electronics. It seems the Sobelman
Corporation has been sending
electronics hardware to Argentina for
the past fourteen years. Enough to
build three of these things.

NICK scribbles something on a piece of paper.

VAL

Then you were right. The scientists ARE
in Argentina.

DUGAN

And working for MyCroft.

NICK

Terry, here's a list of the guys I want
for an assault squad to Argentina. Get
them together, get the gear ready for a
Code 6.

Terry looks at the list.

TERRY

Woodcock isn't gonna' like this list.

NICK

Woodcock isn't gonna' see this list.
I'll see ya' around. I got something to
do upstairs.

Nick leaves. Val follows.

VAL

I want you to brief me on the Argentina
job.

NICK

Why, you're not going.

VAL

Trust me. You need me.

NICK

Trust you? When I met you, you were a man.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET

A ROW OF STORE FRONTS.

CLOSE ON

old painted wooden doors to a HAT SHOP that looks like it closed around the time elastic was put in underwear.

SUDDENLY those old, wooden doors ROTATE and show their STAINLESS STEEL CYLINDRICAL backsides and out step:

NICK with VAL close behind.

Nick stops at a nearby corner where a blind woman sells flowers. Nick buys an assorted, small bouquet. Val looks a little surprised.

VAL

You shouldn't have.

Nick doesn't give her the flowers.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

They walk.

Nick fires up a Black Jack.

Val talks but Nick doesn't answer much.

They stop at a corner drug store.

Nick buys a fifth of Cutty and more Black Jacks.

They walk.

Their breath steams the air.

INT. COBRA -- DRIVING

Rain begins to pelt the windshield.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY -- MED SHOT

Nick and Val standing in the cold rain.

Val holds the half empty Cutty bottle by the neck and has looked happier.

NICK

sets the bouquet down on a grave.

The HEADSTONE reads:

McPHERESON, Edward J.
April 15, 1960 - May 2, 1984

VAL

Who was he?

NICK

An agent...a friend...a victim.

Val is slow on Cutty.

NICK

A while ago, when the bureaucrats decided THEY wanted to run SHIELD, I took a young cadet, someone I could trust, and trained him. Taught him the whole business inside 'n out. That was Eddie. He was...terrific. A real pro. And so young...special.

Nick bows over Eddie's grave, genuflects, says a short prayer, makes the sign of the cross, stands, turns and stares into the rain.

NICK

He was sent into Tripoli on his first mission, for two months. Meanwhile Woodcock and his daddy decided SHIELD needed a shake up from top to bottom. I was the top. Before my chair got cold, Woodcock and his political pals moved in... Time clock, triplicate forms and red tape dispenser. I made one request...To make sure Agent McPherson was brought in by May 1. If he wasn't, counter agents would identify him and he would be forced to kill himself. Woodcock flashed his nine dollar smile and assured me everything would run like clockwork. On May 1, a confident, young SHIELD agent sent a transmission to HQ from Lybia requesting contact and withdrawal from the field. He knew I'd be there for him. Only I wasn't. And Woodcock wasn't either. He was at a three-day Campaign Party for his dad. He never arranged for McPherson's withdrawal. He didn't even send emergency cover. On May 2 a very scared Agent Eddie McPherson, wondering how I could let him down, swallowed a cyanide capsule and died in Tripoli, Lybia.

Val drops her head and pours the rest of the Cutty into the wet grass.

VAL

I'm sorry.

NICK

Woodcock tried to cover it up. Three days later, against his orders, I brought Eddie's body back. At least he's back. At least he's here.

Val pulls up behind Nick and reaches up to his thick shoulder.
He turns.
She looks up into his face.

VAL
Are those tears, or just rain?

MED SHOT -- NICK AND VAL

standing near a HUGE CRUSIFIX.
Eddie's grave.
Rain.
They embrace and we

CUT TO:

INT. SHIELD HQ -- G-SYNC ORBIT

WOODY is on the phone. His BC buddy stands almost at attention.

WOODCOCK
...yes Mr. President...a KGB Agent of
fifteen years... Yes Mr. President,
Fury has assembled, without
authorization, a commando squad which,
under his leadership, has gone to
Argentina...

BC BUDDY hands him a map and some diagrams.

WOODCOCK (CONT'D)
...I don't know his intentions, Mr.
President...yes Mr. President, I DID
warn you about Fury, sir. That's very
big of you, Mr. President. I
understand, Mr. President.

CLICK.
He hangs up. SMILES so wide his ears disappear. Turns to BC
BUDDY and

WOODCOCK
Carte Blanche. The President has given
me Carte Blanche to handle this Fury
affair.

(beat)
I want an airstrike. I want a great big
airstrike sent to that Argentinian
Compound and I want that place GONE by
tomorrow morning.

BC
But sir, what about the scientists? If
they are there, they'll be killed. Not
to mention Fury's squad.

WOODCOCK

(smiling)

And it will be Fury's fault. And even if he survives he'll be tossed into a Federal Prison. He'll be told when to eat, what to wear, how to act, when to get up, when to sleep.... He'll live by the book for the rest of his life!

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

EXT. ARGENTINA -- NEAR TELSEN -- DAY

And for those of you....SUPER: ARGENTINA.

A TRUCK BARRELS THROUGH THE FRAME and Dugan's driving. The SQUAD is in the back and they swap some nervous stares.

And we're in JUNGLE TERRAIN. And the truck LURCHES through some brush and UP a hill and STOPS. Nick's Dirty Half Dozen piles out. GABE and DUGAN pull the artillery cart as they all hike it up a shallow incline.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

BOOTS. MUD.

TROPICAL RAIN. WEAPONS.

NICK. THE GUYS.

SWEAT. A RIVER.

And THE GANG makes it to a RIVER BANK in thick brush and across the river, nestled in a VALLEY we SEE ---

MYCROFT'S COMPOUND

It's A SIMPLE BRICK main BUILDING with guards. A HUGE RADIO ANTENA.

AN OBSERVATION TOWER with guards. A CHOPPER PAD with RUNWAY attached and guards. A FUEL DEPOT with two main tanks. And ONE Sanger SHUTTLE.

The guards all have GUNS, wear black jump suits with padded shoulders and NAZI MARKINGS on the collars, chests, sholders and hats.

VAL

This place is NICE.

DUGAN

You should see it in the off season.

Q-TIP

Oh sure, Dugan, this looks like a riot.

GABE

It beats the baby sitting jobs Woodcock sends us on.

DUGAN

Woody! I completely forgot. Q-Tip, did you leave him a note and tell him we'd be late?

NICK

Alright, kids, can it. Let's set up. Gabe you'll keep an eye on us from here. Dugan and Val, make sure Q-Tip gets close enough to set his bombs. Q-Tip I want everything to blow except the Shuttle and the Communications Building. I'll try for the scientists and bring them back here. Once they're safe and on the truck with Gabe he's blowing this place and pulling out, and I mean fast. Gabe, don't wait for anybody. Got it?

They do.

NICK

Dugan I thought you said there'd be three shuttles.

DUGAN

Well, I'll be sure to ask someone where the others are first chance I get.

Q-TIP

Wow, I didn't think there'd be that many guards.

NICK

I'm real sorry to hear that, Q-TIP, cause there's been a change in plans. Dugan here, is gonna' be our bomb man and I want you to take out the guards. Okay, you birds lets shut up and wait for the dark.

Q-TIP

You're kidding, right? He's kidding, right, Gabe?...Dugan?...

DISSOVLE TO:
SAME PLACE -- NIGHTFALL

Our buddies have their NIGHT FACES on and are moving into the River. Gabe pulls a cord and a RAFT INFLATES under the artillery cart as they make their way across river.

EXT. OTHER RIVER BANK

And they unload. Quietly. GABE has a Browning Automatic Rifle with infrared sights and rocket launchers and high-powered scopes and mortars. The compound border is sixty yards away. SEARCHLIGHTS. They use hand signals and whisper to each other.

And VAL heads out. Q-Tip nervously follows with his back pack. Dugan heads off the other way, very sure of himself.

VAL AND Q-TIP

duck some search lights and the compound is twenty feet away and they can see Vorchev clearly and --- VAL can tell Q-Tip is scared to shit so she gives him a smile and pats him on the back.

VAL

They don't know we're here and they're not gonna' know till it's too late.

Q-Tip smiles a little. And as they move forward, VAL STOPS suddenly and at her feet ---

AN ELECTRIC EYE beams its light across to a receptor at the TOWER. They step over it and keep going. Val moves ahead, silently takes out her knife and serves it up through the kidney of a guard and quietly drops him aside. Q-Tip follows and they make it to the TOWER AS A SEARCHLIGHT whips by and Q-TIP ducks and VAL hides and ---

VAL

Where to?

Q-TIP

There. Main supply.

ON BUILDING

and there is a gunnery team mounted behind a sandbag wall near the building.

It's across the runaway. Val is concerned about the tower guards.

But DUGAN is already on the move.

DUGAN

is scaling the tower support like a coconut picker.

He has a knife clenched in his teeth, and ---

WATCH OUT! A SPOTLIGHT swipes by him and he DUCKS behind the support in the nick of time and --- Up. Up. Up.

Now he's positioned UNDER the main lookout house.

The SEARCH LIGHT swipes by again and he ducks again and ---

NICK

Looks on. One screw up and this could be all the marbles.

BACK TO DUGAN

giving VAL the A-Okay sign as the LIGHT passes away.

And as Dugan moves up to grab the railing, he BRUSHES the knife against a board and --- DAMN!

the knife falls into the BUSHES below with a MUFFLED CLANG and Dugan reacts and almost loses his grip, but DANGLES and...

VAL AND Q-TIP

Lurch forward and ---

the knife falls into the BUSHES below with a MUFFLED CLANG and Dugan reacts and almost loses his grip, but DANGLES and...

VAL AND Q-TIP

Lurch forward and ---

DUGAN

regains his composure and hoists himself up and the SPOTLIGHT swings by and HOLDS on DUGAN'S position and he TUCKS himself up under the LOOKOUT HOUSE and, and, and FINALLY, the light passes away and

INT. TOWER

above DUGAN he sees through cracks between the boards:

GUARD leaving HIS spotlight unattended, walking over to investigate the NOISE and DUGAN holds.

GUARD looks over the tower wall DOWN, past DUGAN to the darkness below, sees nothing and as he TURNS to get back to his station..

DUGAN

quickly picks himself up and PULLS himself over the RAILING enough to REACH and ever-so-silently SLIP his hand under the guard's arm and take THE GUARD'S KNIFE from his scabbard as he walks away. Just as the guard reaches his SPOTLIGHT, we HEAR a TAP TAP TAP, behind him.

Again, he turns, and walks toward the noise.

But this time DUGAN is waiting for him and SSSSLLURPS the KNIFE blade between the crack in two boards and into the GUARD'S ribs and reaches up and covers his mouth so everything is nice and quiet, and dead.

He SWINGS up into the tower and drops the guard and ---

By now ANOTHER GUARD is wondering why that SPOTLIGHT hasn't been moving so he storms over as DUGAN aims the BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT at his face.

A GUARD

Stimmt etwas nicht?

DUGAN

Nein, alles in Ordnung. Mir sind nur meine Zigaretten runtergefallen.

A GUARD

Sie erstatten mir persönlich Bericht nach ihrer Schicht.

DUGAN

Jawohl...moron.

BACK TO VAL AND Q-TIP

Who've made it to the SHUTTLE. Much smaller and of a stranger design than the shuttles you and I know, the Sänger Shuttle rests on a TRIPOD of landing gear.

They scurry underneath it and come up on the other side. Q-Tip stands up and is STARTLED to see --- A ROBOT.

Well, no, not a robot. It's an empty metal COCKPIT SUIT for the shuttle. Two of these suits sit next to each other WHERE THE COCKPIT WOULD NORMALLY BE.

When flown, the pilots sit in the HULKING suits which are then ATTACHED to the front of the shuttle in a CONTROL SEAT out in the open with levers and buttons and computers and all the other stuff we see in cockpits.

Q-TIP almost yells but VAL is there to cover his mouth and they continue to the MAIN BUILDING. Past the gunnery guards. To a grating at the base of the building in the back. VAL opens it and Q-Tip slides in on his back.

INT. UNDER THE BUILDING

Q-TIP

scrunches along with his shoulder blades, pushing the back pack ahead of him. But something other than Q-Tip is under here. He stops, hears a muffled, grumbled barking sound.

POPS on a pen light, turns and stares right into TWO FROG EYES, which freak him out a bit but he barely maintains and there are about ten of these huge frogs under there with him. There's about as much room under here as in a coffin and he finally STRUGGLES a detonation CANISTER from his pack and with penlight in mouth, attaches it to a building support.

MEANWHILE:

VAL looks out and two guards are heading her way. She tries to duck around the corner, but her luck isn't any better there.

She has to

turn back and work her way toward the Main Communications building, where Nick is.

As she turns a corner and finds a shadow to hide in, her FIELD WALKIE-TALKIE BLIPS on and a message prints out in LED on a small screen.

IT READS:

CODE RED INCOMING MESSAGE FROM U.N.I.T. -- ACKNOWLEDGE

Val types in a code, then: GO AHEAD, TERRY

MEANWHILE:

NICK has made it to the front of the MAIN BUILDING and as a guard walks by and Nick checks the entrance and slips in and...

INT. BUILDING

Nick hides in a niche and at the end of the hall Nick's good eye STARES a bullet through ---

DUBRO giving orders to a guard.

DUBRO (GERMAN)

We have all the information we need out of the Russian Agent. Shoot him.

Nick slips into another room.

INT. THAT ROOM

An EMPTY barracks. Cots, mirrors, toilets, barracks stuff. He checks another door. Another. Same result. ANOTHER.

INSIDE

He sees a COMMUNICATIONS DEPOT. Computers. Guys with headsets. Long tech consoles. I mean A LOT of stuff. Nick is as amazed as much as Nick can be amazed by all this. But still, NO Scientists.

He works his way back around a partition, past a short wall. LOOK OUT! a Guard opens a door and Nick ducks ---

AND THROUGH THAT DOOR AS IT CLOSES, IN THE ROOM WE SEE ---

VORCHEV tied to a chair, bright light in his face, and taking a beating from a guard. Nick doesn't see him... as he scurries past and crouches under a window, through which we see ---

DUBRO

barking at another guard, the guard leaves, Dubro turns and walks, and just as he passes the short wall,...

NICK

trips him and Dubro FALLS into a New York uppercut...

BACK TO Q-TIP

And he's still blocked by the guards. They won't move away from the grating. And those damn frogs are getting friendly with him again, and it's getting claustrophobic under here and the mud just isn't fun at all. And FINALLY the GUARDS move off and Q-Tip wrestles himself free.

BACK TO NICK

And now he's got someone else with him. DUBRO'S sitting, tied in a chair and Nick takes Dubro's SWEATY, and I assume SMELLY SOX off and CRAMS them down Dubro's throat to keep him from talking.

And Nick sets down a pen and paper beside Dubro and lets one of his arms go free.

NICK

Where are they?

Dubro scribbles: ?

NICK

Cihon, Kopechik, Hawking, Sängner, the others.

Dubro scribbles: ?

Nick's just plain not in the mood for this and POUNDS him one in the gut, grabs a FAN, RIPS the cord from it, STRIPS the end, plugs it in and TOUCHES the LIVE WIRE on his knife and it SPARKS.

Now he touches Dubro's hand with it and an ARC RIPS a hole in Dubro's flesh. He grabs the pencil and scribbles: NOT HERE

NICK

I can see that.

He scribbles: NOT IN ARGENTINA

NICK

Liar.

And Nick JABS him again and hold it there and Dubro shivers and spits.

SUDDENLY KABBBBOOOM!

An EXPLOSION ROCKS the compound and SIRENS BLARE and GUARDS RUSH and

Nick blasts Dubro one in the face for good measure and sees out the window that Q-TIP has been nabbed by a guard and is being taken into this building.

INT. THIS BUILDING

Near the entrance as the guard brings Q-Tip in and BAP! BAP! Nick lets him have it.

Q-TIP

I'm sorry, Commander. I let you down.

NICK

Forget it, kid.

BABOOOM!

and the wall behind them EXPLODES and GLASS and plaster and BABBOOOOM!

NICK AND Q-TIP get up and Q-TIP is bleeding but they're okay.

NICK

Q-Tip, who is setting off those bombs?

Q-TIP

I don't know. They're not mine.

And MORE SIRENS BLARE and ---

INT. ROOM -- VORCHEV

tied to his chair and an EXPLOSION ROCKS the room and Vorchev doubles up both legs and BLASTS them into the guard, knocking him against a wall and to the floor and Vorchev ROLLS the chair to the floor and BLASTS another double kick to the guard's head and reaches with his tied hands for the guard's knife and ---

EXT. COMPOUND

PANIC. Guards running and firing and machine guns and searchlights SCAN the skies and find: CHOPPERS

And they strafe the compound and blow DUST AND FIRE ROCKETS and more explosions and ---

GABE

SLAMS the bolt back on the B.A.R. and sprays the compound with .60 cal lead.

NICK AND Q-TIP run and guards fire at them as they make it around a corner and ---

VAL

Is it just me or was this not part of the plan?

NICK

Oh yeah, this the part where we get blown up, weren't you at the briefing?

VAL

Did you find the scientists?

NICK

No. They're not here. But I did find the largest computer tracking lab I've ever seen. MyCroft's got more stuff in there than Houston Control.

VAL

Or Baikonur too, probably. That figures.

NICK

I'm glad someone thinks so. Let's move.

BABLOOOOM!

Q-TIP

Commander Fury? Those choppers?

NICK

I know, Q-Tip, MyCrofts firing on us. The guy just doesn't like me.

Q-TIP

No sir. They're ours.

Nick verifies.

BABOOOOOM!

And they run to a safer location, closer to the shuttle.

BABBOOOOOOM!

VAL

Nick, wait. That chunk of metal we found in Kansas didn't just fall from space. It was made there.

Nick gives her stare.

NICK

Val, not now, huh. Woodcock is trying to kill me.

VAL

I got a message from Terry. It's made of a hyper-ceramic alloy that can't be made where there's gravity, Nick. It HAD to be made in space.

BABOOOM!

VAL

Don't you see? Houston has been knocked out, Baikonur too. A Communications Lab this elaborate is designed for one thing.

MOVE SLOW and PUSH IN ON NICK -- LOW ANGLE -- STOP
He looks to the heavens.

NICK

Deep Space. They're on a Space Station. All of them.

BAM!BAM!BAM!

They've been spotted by the gunnery crew and Q-TIP pulls a remote control from his backpack, presses a button and KABLOOM! The supply building blows up and the GUNNERY CREW with it.

Nick and Val look at the shuttle. More, they gaze at it. Nick stares it down. It's their only hope. AND OURS!

VAL

Do you think you can fly that thing?

NICK

No, but do you see anyone more qualified?

Vorchev staggers from around a corner, carrying a bloody knife.

VORCHEV

Yes. Me.

Val raises a gun. Nick stops her.

VORCHEV

I studied the schematics and programming.

NICK

Nice to see you, Comrade, but you can barely walk.

VORCHEV

Luckily, walking is not required, Comrade. I am going.

(MORE)

VORCHEV (CONT'D)
(to Val)

Nice to meet you, miss.

Vorchev staggers, heading for the Snger Shuttle.

SCREEEEAAAABLOOOM!

And that one RIPS into the communications building and TEARS away an exterior wall.

KABBOOOOM! and the TOWER EXPLODES! The tower DUGAN is in. Nick stares for a moment. Whispers "no" to himself, then abruptly turns his head.

NICK

Let' move!

VAL

Nick.

NICK

I said let's move. Q-Tip, find Gabe and get the hell outa' here. I'm not gonna' lose anyone else. Move!

SSCREEAMBOOOM!

VAL

I'll get to the main tracking computers and supply you with navigation info. You'll need me on the return leg.

NICK

Right. Hey.

VAL

Yeah?

NICK

I'm glad you came along.

VAL

I'm not. Get going.

KABOOOM! NICK AND VORCHEV head for the shuttle. Nick plows past a couple of guards.

VAL

enters the main communications center.

GABE

Keeps firing away.

Q-TIP

ducks and looks for a way out.

INT. CHOPPER -- COCKPIT

THROUGH INFRARED SIGHTING EQUIPMENT

WE SEE the compound in the distance... Slowly getting closer.

PILOT

Okay Blackbird this is Night Owl. Let's line her up for the final run. I read targets at SW corner of compound. You take the main building and I'll take the aircraft, copy?

(HEADSET, WE HEAR)

Roger, Night Owl. Punching in main rockets.

THROUGH SIGHTING we see BOTH CHOPPERS lock in on targets. ONE on the building Val just went into and THE OTHER on the shuttle.

VAL

turns a corner -- BLASTS a kick into a guard, WRENCHES his machine gun from him...

VAL

Thanks.

...SLAMS it under his chin then shoots him. What a gal. She cuts through another guard, another, turns a corner and ---

DUGAN

Quite alive, tips his hat to Val, SLAMS a kick into a Nazi bum and

DUGAN

Nice to see you, lassie.

They make their way to the Communications Equipment.

INT. CHOPPERS.

PILOT

Let's do it.

THROUGH THEIR SIGHTS and INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MAIN BUILDING -- VAL AND DUGAN

Punching in to communications computers and ---

NICK AND VORCHEV have made it under the shuttle and look for a way into the COCKPIT SUITS---

The CHOPPER PILOTS flip the safety caps from their firing switches and red ARMING lights FLASH and their THUMBS are millimeters from the triggers and they get closer and closer and----

PILOT

Lock on target.

OTHER PILOT

Target locked, sir. Firing main rockets
sir.

PILOT

WAIT! Don't blow that target.

The PILOT ZOOMS in on his INFRARED SIGHT and sees NICK with his trademark eyepatch.

OTHER PILOT

Incorrect procedure, sir, installation
has been targeted by Commander
Woodcock, sir. All targets must be
destroyed. Firing Main rockets.

The PILOT removes his helmet and face shield and we see it is REACE from the SHIELD obstacle course.

REACE

Screw Woodcock! That's Nick Fury for
Godsakes! You fire on that target and
I'll blow you outa' the sky.

WIDE SHOT -- CHOPPER

VEERING OFF away from the compound.

NICK YANKS the lever grip handle and a door WHIRRS and opens and
Nick loads Vorchev into a shuttle COCKPIT SUIT as ---

NOT FAR AWAY -- Q-TIP
sees something:

DUBRO

barking orders and then SEEING NICK near the shuttle. He smiles
and heads for Nick with a machine gun and ---

NICK

CLAMPS VORCHEV in and begins to turn...

Q-TIP

Commander Fury!

Q-TIP dives and grabs Nick ---

DUBRO FIRES and BLAMMETY BLAMMETY! BLAM! until his gun chokes
empty and

some of the bullets SLAM SLAM SLAM! into Q-TIP'S back and one
goes right through into NICK'S SHOULDER and they fall and Nick
POPS up on one knee and BAM!

ONE CLEAN SHOT drops Dubro.

NICK KNEELS BESIDE Q-TIP. Works on his wounds.

Q-TIP

I saw him coming, Commander Fury.

NICK

I thought I told you to get outa' here.

Q-TIP

I had to stay. I didn't want to let you down, Sir.

NICK

Shhhh... And call me Nick.

Q-TIP

It's important, ya' know. Not to let YOU down.

NICK

Let me down? You saved my life. You did nice work, Q-Tip.

Q-TIP

Nick?

NICK

Yeah, kid?

Q-TIP

My name is Adam.

A MOMENT.

Nick nods and Q-Tip... dies.

BAM! Nick gets clouted from behind and drops his .45 and BAM! knocked in the bleeding shoulder by ...

DUBRO

clutching the gunshot wound in his gut. Too stupid to die, I guess.

DUBRO

Your little friend looks very nice lying there. Is he single?

Nick looks at Q-Tip, the adrenaline SURGES through his system and he spinkicks Dubro across the face and SLAMS a fist across his nose and RAMS his head into the shuttle and Dubro goes down, and he'd love to take the time to kill him, but...

THE SHUTTLE TURBINES whirrrrr and Nick's got a flight to catch.

He works his way into his COCKPIT SUIT and the Hydraulic HUMMS the chasis closed just as some machine gun rounds pelt the door panel and

INT. NICK'S COCKPIT SUIT

As he settles himself.

Imagine yourself wearing a HUGE SUIT OF ARMOR with windows to each side of your head and enough room inside for a VIDEO MONITOR and a FEW CONTROLS. Nick looks to his left, through his window and into Vorchev's.

NICK
Thanks for waiting.

VORCHEV
Who says I was waiting?

NICK
You're sure you can fly this thing, eh,
Comrade?

VORCHEV
No, but do you see anyone more
qualified?

They smile and as Nick and Vorchev throw ignition and magneto switches, the ENGINES FLARE AND TURBOS BOOST and

CLOSE ON DUBRO
As BKSHHHHHHHH, a BOOSTER IGNITES and CUTS THROUGH HIS BODY like a propane torch through wax and nobody ever SCREAMED with more agony or deserved more pain.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Val is turning dials and poking buttons and adjusting her headset as DUGAN has WOODCOCK on a radio link.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. S.H.I.E.L.D. -- COMMANDER'S OFFICE

Woodcock on the phone with Dugan.

WOODCOCK
...and the scientists aren't even
THERE!...

DUGAN
Well, no sir. But Nick went to find
them.

WOODCOCK
Great! I did NOT authorize this
invasion into Argentina, Dugan. The
President will have my head, and I am
NOT about to let that happen because of
another b.s. stunt by Nick Fury! I'm
calling him in from the field, put him
on!...what?...well where IS he?

CUT TO:

EXT. A STARFIELD

And the gentle blue curve of EARTH covers a corner of the FRAME
as WHHOOOOSH ---
the Snger SHUTTLE glides past us on its way to a distant orbit.

INT. SHUTTLE -- VORCHEV'S COCKPIT SUIT

and through his window we see Nick beside us.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the SHUTTLE WHOOSHES past us again and Nick gets some pointers from Vasili.

VORCHEV

...we are preprogrammed to head for Space Station once escaping earth's atmosphere. Like VORTAC heading on airliner.

Nick grabs a YELLOW HANDLE

NICK

And this?

VORCHEV

It will release you in your suit from the shuttle. It is used for spacewalks.

NICK

So I yank this and I'm floating.

VORCHEV

Not floating. Your cockpit suit is equipped with omnidirectional thrusters for maneuvering. They are controlled with head movement.

NICK

How much longer?

VORCHEV

Patience, Comrade.

AND WHOOSH

the SHUTTLE ZOOOOMS over our heads, heading out further.

BACK TO VORCHEV

VORCHEV (RADIO)

I still don't understand why MyCroft wants our two countries to start war.

NICK

You mean why did he spend thirty years building a Space Station and shuttles for it just to see it blown to hell?

VORCHEV

Yes.

NICK

He plans on waiting out the storm.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

The Houston and Baikonur explosions have the Soviets and Americans chomping at the bit. All he has to do is instigate a nuclear war, the U.S. and USSR will destroy each other and everyone else, and everyTHING else, and MyCroft will come back after the dust settles and claim the earth in the name of the Fourth Reich.

VORCHEV

He'd have to wait out Nuclear Winter, chemical pollution, the UB-V flux... hundreds and hundreds of years...

NICK

That's where Cihon and Kopechik come in. They will make him a nice cryogenic bed to sleep in for hundreds and hundreds of years. How much further?

VORCHEV

You see the bright star off to right?

NICK

Yea.

VORCHEV

It's not a star.

AND ON THAT POINT OF BRIGHT LIGHT
as we get CLOSER and CLOSER

AND SUDDENLY something ZOODOOMS in front of us and past us and--

VORCHEV

What was it?

NICK

One of MyCroft's satellites.

VORCHEV

What is that thing carrying it?

And we see THAT THING is a ROBOT of some kind. But it doesn't look anything like Artoo Deetoo or C3PO or anything like that. This thing looks like a satellite itself with long, spindly arms for maneuvering things.

NICK

Some sort of automated pod.

VORCHEV

It must positioning the satellite.

NICK

Where's it being controlled from?

VORCHEV

There.

And now we see MYCROFT'S SPACE STATION
and Nick blinks that good eye in awe because he can't believe
what he sees and neither will you as you look ---

CLOSER ON THE SPACE STATION

as it cruises through the FRAME like a graceful whale.

You gotta' see this thing. It's got a MASSIVE WHEEL with a 6g
SPIN around a central HUB. A shaft juts out from the hub like
the axle on a wagon wheel and connects a SLENDER series OF
WINDOWED CHAMBERS to a LARGE SPHERE like a pencil stuck into a
ping pong ball.

The tail juts out in the opposite direction and connects eight
hexagonal chassis together like the tail of a scorpion and as it
LUMBERS THROUGH THE FRAME we see it has NAZI MARKINGS and a NAME
emblazoned across the main central hub beside an EAGLE clutching a
SWASTIKA.

THIS IS THE: RAUMSCHIFF NIETZSCHE

and it's grey and dark and dramatic and scary as hell.

INT. NICK'S COCKPIT SUIT

NICK

They better be here.

and we approach the docking bay beneath the SPHERE on the
Nietzsche where another, LARGER shuttle is already docked.

And a TRANSMISSION is coming in over the radio from the
Nietzsche.

TRANSMISSION

...Herr Dubro, bereiten Sie sich auf
das Anlegemanöver vor; in 20 Sekunden
an Dock KD-2 19, 18, 17 - Service Arme
sind aufnahmebereit.

VORCHEV

What'd he say?

NICK

He thinks we're Dubro.

VORCHEV

I am insulted.

And we SEE TWO HUGE MECHANICAL ARMS reach out to us from the
Nietzsche like a mother welcoming home her long lost son and

VORCHEV

positions the shuttle under the arms and each arm WHEEEZES and HUMMMMS and envelopes each cockpit suit and KACHEEEENK.

TRANSMISSION

Dekompressionskammer aktiviert durch
Dock KD-2. Willkommen zu Hause, Herr
Dubro !

EXT. NIETZSCHE

and the ARMS pull the shuttle close to the boarding terminal hatches.

INT. NIETZSCHE -- BOARDING TERMINAL

And some workers in their Nazi jump suits and headphones run some cables and prepare to receive Herr Dubro. There are only a few guys working at this place which is about as busy as a closed gas station.

A worker OPENS A HATCH and a .45 sticks in his nose and pushes him back with one, Nick Fury on the other end.

CUT TO:

SAME PLACE

but now FIVE workers are CRAMMED into the two-man decompression chamber that Nick and Vorchev just left and Nick SLAMS the hatch closed on them.

Nick and Vorchev adjust their NEW NAZI OVERALLS and look at a schematic of the NIETZSCHE.

NICK

If you were a scientist where would you hang out on this tub?

VORCHEV

Sections D-9 and D-10 look like the only two places large enough to hold a laboratory or research facilities.

NICK

Right, I'll take those. You get to the main brain of this tin can and try to send a radio signal. Use Morse Code. JPL, VLA or Arecibo will pick it up and maybe relay it.

VORCHEV

What should the message be?

NICK

Use your imagination. How 'bout PEACE?

And they split up.

VORCHEV

walks a corridor saluting passing soldiers and making his way through bulkheads to the MAIN COMMUNICATIONS BAY.

INT. MAIN COM BAY

a BUNCH of computers, switches, dials, meters, you know... Three men and now Vorchev makes four. They all notice him and he salutes and moves behind a wall where he's met by AN OFFICIAL of some kind.

OFFICIAL (GERMAN)

What are you doing here?

Vorchev points to some gauges.

OFFICIAL (GERMAN)

Our pressure is fine, idiot! Go back to your post.

And Vorchev leaves, but doesn't go very far. Just out of sight of the ass hole Official. He crouches and eyes the computer consoles and pulls the silenced Derringer Nick gave him....

MEANWHILE

NICK

Negotiates his way through a hatch or two and down a corridor. He actually stops another soldier and

NICK (GERMAN)

I have a message from Herr MyCroft for the American Professor. What is the number of her quarters?

SOLDIER (GERMAN)

17.

NICK (GERMAN)

D-9?

SOLDIER (GERMAN)

No. D-10, stupid.

That's all Nick needed to know. The soldier leaves.

NICK

Thank you, stupid.

And NICK opens a door and steps into ---

The CENTRAL HUB CHAMBER and this is an awesome sight because THROUGH THE GLASS WALLS Nick sees the walls of the ROTATING WHEEL and those walls are lined with FOUR LEVELS of blond-haired Hitler youth-looking guys and gals and they are all in perfect rows with perfect bodies and sleeping sideways, frozen in CRYOGENIC phone booths like Nazisicles in a frozen food section AND churning around Nick like the horses on a carrousel turned on its side.

NICK

Holy Hannah...

CUT TO:

A CORRIDOR

The one Vorchev took to the communications bay and we're following a TECHNICIAN and he opens a door to the communications bay and SEES ---

THREE DEAD COLLEAGUES spilled near their stations and VORCHEV with a headset on and working desperately to send a radio signal.

The technician turns and RUNS.

AND BACK TO NICK

IN ANOTHER CORRIDOR and we HEAR SCREAMING from behind a door and Nick INCHES that door open and looks inside at---

THE REASEARCH LAB

and at long last THERE ARE THE SCIENTISTS, including LYNDIA CIHON and KOPECHIK and a LARGE NAZI named BORMANN and MYCROFT.

Bormann is FLOGGING an older man, obviously one of the professors, HE'S MURRAY GELLMAN and has been knocked to his knees. Now MyCroft KICKS him.

MYCROFT (GERMAN)

Du Schweinehund, wie kannst du es wagen
meine Befehle nicht zu befolgen ! Two
days, do you hear? Two days more or you
will see a tape of your daughters
dying.

CIHON tries to help Gellman but she is WHACKED in the face by MYCROFT as NICK HEARS someone running down the corridor behind him and he calmly walks past that man and ducks behind a support.

The man is the technician who saw Vorchev and he alerts MyCroft, and MyCroft and he run back, past Nick to the distant head of the ship.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

and BORMANN is still disciplining Gellman. And NICK ENTERS and the other scientists cower and Nick steps over to Bormann who stops for a moment. He and Nick salute each other, Nick smiles and SLAMS his size 12 BOOT UP INTO Bormann's CROTCH and doubles him over as the air GUSHES out of Bormann's lungs and

now a KNEE to the face staggers him and a left hook to the temple buckles him and a SWOOPING wheel kick up then DOWN hard on his neck sends him to the canvas.

The scientists are quite pleased and Cihon steps over to Nick and Gellman and ---

NICK

Anybody here want to make it home for Thanksgiving?

CUT TO:

THE BOARDING TERMINAL

and another worker looks for the guys who are SUPPOSE to be working there and he finds them in the DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, lets them out and the leader RUNS to a communicator on the wall and BARKS a warning message into it.

BACK TO NICK

CIHON

We can't leave, Mr. Fury.

NICK

Excuse me for a minute, but that's not exactly what I was expecting to hear.

CIHON

Not just yet.

Cihon leads everyone around a partition to a CONTROL console and MONITORS and as her colleagues help flick switches and pull panels, she TYPES furiously at computer keys and on a HUGE MONITOR we see ---

A GRAPHICS DISPLAY of the satellite pod hauling a MIRRORED SATELLITE into a specific OCTOGONAL POSITION, where SEVEN OTHERS are set EXACTLY equidistant like points on a GIGANTIC STOP SIGN.

EARTH is represented and we see it's relationship to the mirrored satellite design. AS A DISPLAY ONLY we see the POD position itself in the center of the octagon and FIRE A STEADY LASER BLAST into the MIRRORED satellite pattern and the RED LASER LIGHT draws a perfect OCTOGON between the mirrors. And the LASER acceleration WHINES....

NICK

Those look familiar.

CIHON

Strategic relay satellites. Designed for one purpose and one purpose only.

OHASHI

To accelerate and intensify a laser beam.

CIHON

And then direct it to a target.

AND ON THE MONITOR DISPLAY we see the LASER detoured from the octogon, through the POD and BOUNCE into an adjacent mirror and BLAST to the earth's surface and a COMPUTER GENERATED EXPLOSION on the surface.

NICK

What target?

CIHON

If it's in orbit, and nobody can reach you, you can pick whatever target you want.

KOPECHIK

Basically it is SDI, but directed at earth rather than warheads.

NICK

Where is the laser source?

Cihon punches in some coordinants and ON THE MONITOR BLIPS a CLOSER shot of the pod, working to position the satellite mirrors.

CIHON

There. Mounted in the PTP. The Programmed Task Probe has a built-in hydrogen accelerated laser canon.

BACK TO VORCHEV

Struggling with a guard and MyCroft and POUNDING MyCroft one in the head and BREAKING HIS MONACLE into his eye and RUNNING down the corridor and

MYCROFT

SCREAMS as blood drips from the glass cuts in his eye socket and he wrestles a key from his pants, reaches to a CODE LOCK BOX on the wall, turns the key in a lock and revealing a touch tone number panel. He punches in a code and ---

THE SCIENTISTS

And a BLIP APPEARS on Cihon's monitor.

A NEARBY COUNTER STARTS COUNTING : 5:00..4:59..4:58.....

The scientists, look at each other.
They all register the same look of DISPAIR.

NICK

You guys are gonna' have to clue me in.

CIHON

MyCroft pushed the panic button.

NICK

What does that mean?

CIHON

It means that once the PTP has positioned the last mirror, it'll fire the laser into the pattern. Steven, can you at least tell us what target has been selected?

Steven HAWKING looks at another monitor.

HAWKING

Moscow.

NICK

How much damage will it do?

CIHON

A lot.

NICK

What's alot?

CIHON

Enough to make the Soviets believe the US is using SDI to attack. Basically, enough to start World War III.

NICK

That's a lot. Can't we do something from here?

CIHON

Nope. The PTP is automated.

NICK

Well, in that case, whaddya' say we leave?

CIHON

And leave the Nietzsche here to orbit us for eternity?

NICK

We can send something up after it later. It'd be in the defense budget. They'd love it. Let's move!

Nick leads them to the door.

CIHON

I don't trust bureaucrats, Mr. Fury.

NICK

Oh, and I have 'em over for tea every day.
I'll think of something. Trust me, Doctor.

AND CRUNCH!

Nick gets WHACKED from behind by BORMANN and Thorne and Hawling try to grab him but they get CRACKED by the enraged Uberman and go down hard. Nick pulls the .45 but ---

CIHON

No! Not in here!

Nick and Bormann SQUARE OFF on either side of a console. Nick tosses the .45 to Cihon.

NICK

Sänger, can you fly one of your own shuttles?

SÄNGER

Of course.

NICK

Well prove it. Get outa' here and blow this joint. I'll handle everything else.

They follow Cihon out the door who is about as familiar with a .45 as a lobster is with a fur coat and ---

NICK sends a left hook to Bormann's head and he counters with a punishing right and Nick steps back and Bormann DRIVES him into A CONSOLE.

Nick charges back and sends himself and Bormann out the door where these two heavy-weights keep at it and ---

VORCHEV

Who runs into an adjoining hallway and the SCIENTISTS and CIHON raises the gun at him but ---

VORCHEV

No! This way!

And he leads them down a corridor and into ---

THE BOARDING TERMINAL and there are five workmen and MyCroft comes in through the other side and a utility door is open and workmen pull guns from it and ---

BAM! BAM! BAM!

and our gang ducks and tries to hide as Cihon raises the .45 and BLAM!

of course she's a terrible shot and the recoil almost knocks her over and ---

CIHON

Jesus!

VORCHEV

Maybe I will do this part.

Cihon tosses the gun to him and BAM! BAM! BAM! three shots fired and three workmen hit and --- The scientists head for the port marked K-1 and MyCroft is close by and BLAM! Cihon takes one in the leg and goes down as Sänger opens the K-1 DECOMPRESSION PORT and ---

MYCROFT stares at GELLMAN who is defenseless and old and MyCroft smiles as the other scientists cram into the DECOM CHAMBER and MyCroft smiles and raises his gun but ---

BAM!
takes a shot from Vorchev and Gellman joins the others.

Vorchev pounds a workman in the gut with the .45 barrel and BAM! takes one in the shoulder from the other guy and SPINS and falls and BLAM! takes care of him.

Only MyCroft left but it had to happen sometime...the .45 is out of gas... as MyCroft staggers to his feet and throws some levers, trying to OPEN the DECOM HATCH and stop our scientist friends but Vorchev pushes MyCroft's arm in the opening door and throws the levers so the door SLIDES BACK, crushing MyCroft's elbow and holding him there and ---

BACK TO NICK

getting his HEAD RAMMED into a GLASS wall and actually cracking it a bit (the wall). And we see the two have fought themselves into the central hub where they battle with the NAZISICLE CARROUSEL rotating around them slowly.

And Nick returns the favor and RAMS Bormann into one of those rotating phone booths as

it passes and it cracks and as it does, white gas seeps out and as it rotates over head, the weight of the man inside crashes him through the glass and down onto NICK, and

Bormann wastes no time kicking Nick in that sore shoulder, but Nick blocks the next one with the fallen body, right's himself and gets hooked in the head and Nick sees that one BROKEN BOOTH coming around again and he SPINS a KICK across Bormann's face. Not exactly Karate but effective, because it turns Bormann around where Nick gets him in a headlock and RAMS BORMANN'S HEAD into the BROKEN BOOTH where SHARDS of GLASS grab Bormann around the throat and HOIST him up OVERHEAD.

Past the lab...
Nick notices Cihon's counter: 2:44, 2:43, 2:42...

CUT TO:

THE BOARDING TERMINAL

Where Vorchev OPENS the hatch at K-1 and climbs into his COCKPIT SUIT and the scientists are crammed in back, but safe and Vorchev closes their hatch and there's nothing MyCroft can do but work his crushed arm free from the hatch and run ---

NICK
Runs down a corridor... He is confused. Checks left then right.
Runs.

THE COUNTER: 2:27, 2:26, 2:25, 2:24...

NICK
tries a door and runs into...

SMACK!
Mycroft WHACKS him in the gut with a fireplace poker and we see
we are:

INT. REICH CHANCELLORY OFFICE

or at least an EXACT duplicate of Hitler's REICH Chancellory den
in Berlin 1938.
Wood paneling, rugs. Pictures of himself, Eva Braun, his dogs.
Wood furniture. Fake windows. Everything just as it was fifty
years ago.

Except for the fog-filled LARGE CRYOGENIC CHAMBER in the center
of the room.

WHACK!
Nick takes another shot to the back and hits the mat, but KICKS
a hammering blow to Mycroft's groin but Mycroft barely flinches
and WHACK WHACK WHACK Nick eats three hard ones and he's
staggering.

But manages to grab MyCroft's hands and the weapon on the next
pass and WRENCHES his wrists and MyCroft drops the poker and
Nick takes it and WHACK!
Mycroft ducks and the poker iron SLAMS into the GLASS canopy of
the CRYOCHAMBER and CRACKS it and the FOG HISSES out into the
room and the lid opens and
BEHIND NICK, the FIGURE INSIDE STIRS and ---

WE SEE
ADOLF HITLER
frosted over for his long journey through time, but still Adolf
Hitler.

MYCROFT

No!

And as MyCroft runs to the cryochamber Nick eyes his target and
PLUNGES the poker into MyCroft's side, running him through and
MyCroft PLOWS into Nick and they both tumble back and land in
Hitler's lap and
Nick looks up and

CLOSE ON HITLER'S EYES
as they POP open.
And Nick rolls over and

NICK
Welcome to the future.

BAM!

Nick SLAMS a Manhattan fist into Hitler's jaw and SLAMS the cryo lid down and RUNS...

NICK MAKES IT TO the BOARDING TERMINAL

Opens the hatch at K-1 and as he does gun shots ring out from behind him and ONE catches Nick's arm and Nick spins and ROLLS and two Nazi GOONS are there with guns and BAM BAM BAM BAM! a stray one ricochets through the airlock and THROUGH the window.

And even if ya' don't know anything about physics you know that means trouble, and

BLOOM! the window blows out into space and the AIR in the NIETZSCHE

SCREAMS through, BLOWS THE DOOR OUT TOO and NICK QUICKLY GRABS a railing and the goons don't and one GOON is WHIPPED past Nick like a fly out the window and PAST the shuttle and as he is carried out into space the oxygen in his lungs implodes and he POPS with no sound.

THE OTHER GOON grabs Nick's leg on the way by and NICK kicks him free to the same FATE as his friend. POP.

NICK

Clutching on to anything he can find and WIND RACING OVER HIM and peeling back his skin and debris from the Nietzsche tries to rake him from the railing and DOES!

And NICK flies OUT THE door AND BASHES INTO the SHUTTLE and he reaches for anything and GRABS a hydraulic pin on the shuttle landing gear and HOLDS ON FOR DEAR LIFE and the oxygen is being sucked out of the NIETZSCHE and Nick GASPS and locks his elbow around the metal and now reaches for a series of pins along the edge of the landing gear..

NOT UNLIKE THE PEGS IN THE OBSTACLE COURSE PEGBOARD and he starts the climb.

WIND. DEBRIS. GASP.

Just a couple of more to go and he loses his grip but dangles from one pin and twists and spins and reaches and is blown but SUDDENLY he is GRABBED from above.

VORCHEV

locks wrists with him and pulls him to the shuttle and INTO HIS COCKPIT SUIT and he looks across to VORCHEV.

NICK

Thanks for waiting.

VORCHEV

Who says I was waiting?

NICK

Punch it, Comrade.

AND THE engines WHIRRRR and THEY release from the DOCKING ARMS
and ----

The SHUTTLE pulls away from the docking bay.
THRUSTERS IGNITE and ----
BKSHHHHHHHH! We're off!

INT. SHUTTLE

and MONITORS are showing the scenes outside:
The NIETZSCHE pulling into the distance.
The PTP hauling the last mirror.
Nick talks into his headset.

NICK
Panzer Kampf 6 to Telsen base one, are
ya' there, Val?

SCReeeAAckk...Scramble scramble....

DUGAN (HEADSET)
Go ahead, shuttle.

NICK
Dugan, you made it after all.

DUGAN
You missed me, Nicolas?

NICK
No, I ordered flowers.
(beat)
We got 'em. They're all safe and on
their way home.

DUGAN (HEADSET)
Terrific laddy, ---

Cihon checks a monitor and the TIME CLOCK: 1:41, 1:40, 1:39,...

CIHON
Not THAT terrific, The PTP is almost
done.

CLOSE ON HER FACE as she turns to tell NICK...

CIHON
It's completing the pattern.

CUT TO:

PTP WHOOOSHING through the frame with the last satellite,
positioning it as a SERIES of numbers and letters FLASH across a
small DISPLAY panel near what would be its head.
As the PTP moves the numbers in one column begin to match the
numbers in another until.....

They MATCH perfectly and the PTP stops moving, detaches from the
satellite.

CUT:

INT. NIETZSCHE -- MYCROFT

CLUTCHING his bleeding shoulder and gashed ribs BARKING orders at his inferiors and waving a bloody poker iron and they SCRAMBLE to do his bidding while a BLARING emergency ALARM BUZZES...

MYCROFT (GERMAN)

Hurry! Idiots. Escape orbit procedure.
Escape!

CUT:

EXT. NIETZSCHE

as THRUSTERS begin to GLOW and ----

CUT:

INT. SHUTTLE

CLOCK: 1:15, 1:14, 1:13...

DR. SÄNGER picks it up on visual ----

SÄNGER

He is burning the main four.

CIHON

Shit.

NICK

What?

CIHON

He's burning thrusters. He's leaving.
We'll never find him out there.

CLOCK: 1:04, 1:03, 1:02, ...

CUT:

INT. NIETZSCHE -- REICH CHANCELLORY ROOM -- MYCROFT

Staggers toward the CRYO-CRYPT.

SOME WORKERS have replaced the plexi panel Nick cracked and MYCROFT

PULLS the locking rings on THE CRYO-CRYPT and climbs inside BESIDE HITLER, lies on his back at a 60° angle, puches some buttons and the lid closes, cocooning THEM inside.

MYCROFT (GERMAN)

They can't catch us now. We will
return...

PFSHHHHHHH!

The inside of the cryo-crypt frosts over in a bluing fog.

CUT:

EXT. SHUTTLE

as they pass the MIRROR PATTERN and the PTP and...

CUT:

INT. SHUTTLE

CLOCK: 35, 34, 33...

CIHON

The probe is positioning. It shut down.

VORCHEV

What does it mean?

CIHON

It's charging its lasers. It's gonna' fire in thirty seconds.

NICK

Sänger, is this thing armed?

SÄNGER

No.

NICK

Great.

(headset)

Dugan keep trying to get through to Moscow and warn those people.

SUDDENLY the shuttle banks sharply.

Vorchev steers her to a level pattern and swings her around.

NICK

What gives?

VORCHEV

Moscow. My whole family is in Moscow. I cannot let it fire on Moscow.

CIHON

He's gonna' ram it!

NICK

No he's not. Turn her around, Comrade.

DUGAN (HEADSET)

What's happening up there, lad?

NICK

I didn't chase these people around the world and into orbit just to watch them get killed!

VORCHEV

We have no choice, Nick. Too many people will die. We have no choice.

NICK

Yes we do.

NICK reaches down for the YELLOW EJECTION HANDLE.
Vorchev sees him...

NICK

You guys have a nice flight and no smoking in the aisles. Vasili, turn this thing around and hold course.

DUGAN (HEADSET)

Nick, what are you doing?

NICK

Something dangerous.

BKSHHHHH!

Nick YANKS the handle and -----

EXT. SHUTTLE

as Nick's COCKPIT SUIT releases from the shuttle with a KPFWOOOOOSH!
AND FOUR THRUSTERS on his back FLARE and he banks and turns and heads --

RIGHT for the PTP.

INT. NICK'S SUIT

NICK

Looks like it's just you and me, kid.

FWOOOOOOSH!

and Nick JETS for the POD which FIRES its STEADY LASER BLAST into the MIRRORED PATTERN and the RED laser light draws that perfect OCTOGON and we hear the WHINING as the laser accelerates and ---

The pod ACTUALLY seems to turn and face Nick as he barrels for it and --

CUT:

EXT. NIETZSCHE

as it LUMBERS further and further away, AND ---

CUT:

INT SHUTTLE

Clock: 19...18...17...16...15....

as the scientists see this and shake their heads.

EXT. SHUTTLE

as WHOOOOOOOSH! It blows past us toward the BLUE curve of earth's peaceful below...

CUT:

BACK TO NICK

NICK

This is how we do things in New York City.

BOOOOOM!

Nick plows into the pod, who adjusts itself for the impact and --

POWERS AFTER NICK AND SPINS and ---

BATS Nick and POUNDS Nick and FWAPS Nick and finally sends him flying backwards OUT OF CONTROL and ---

CUT:

CLOSE ON PTP'S DATA SCREEN

COUNTING DOWN: 5...4...3...2...

CUT:

NICK

has ended up near the AIMING MIRROR and he grabs it in a BEAR HUG and WRENCHES his body and turns his thrusters so the mirror TURNS SLOWLY away from EARTH just as ----

CUT:

PTP FIRES!

BLLLLLLOOOOOM!

detours the laser to ---

THE AIMING MIRROR AND the LASER BLAST

SLAMS off the mirror in front of Nick to ---

THE NIETZSCHE and... DEAD CENTER and I mean DEAD, because ----

BABLOOM! it blows to smithereens, wherever that is and it SHATTERS into BILLIONS of fragments in all directions, and that's the good news.

The bad news is WE'RE in one of those directions and THE FRAGMENTS BLAST through all the mirrors and SHATTER them and send the PTP breaking and spinning and

NICK

gets thrown, toppling backwards end over end and ---

BLAST CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND COMPOUND -- ARGENTINA

VAL AND DUGAN are on headsets with Vorchev.

DUGAN

...and all life support is GO, and
everybody is A-Okay...

VORCHEV

Da. We are safe.

EXT. SOMEWHERE -- SOVIET UNION

AND for those of you on the edges of your seats at home, we
SUPER: SOVIET UNION

And Military trucks and AMBULANCES SPEED PAST us into the open
field, where there are more waiting guns, just in case, and
what's the comotion?

MOVING

until we see THE SHUTTLE has landed and SMOLDERS from its
thrusters in a burned out landing area and ---

CUT:

INSIDE VORCHEV'S SUIT

We hear on Vorchev's headset.

VAL (HEADSET)

...and what about Agent Fury?

VORCHEV

I regret...he did not make it.

VAL and DUGAN

Drop their heads and peel off their headsets and ...

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEPLACE -- URBAN TUNDRA -- NIGHT

WE HEAR THUNDER rumble a bit.

I'm not quite sure yet, but it's dark except for some BLUING
street light and it looks like there are some RUN DOWN buildings
with broken windows and garbage and graffiti and a stray dog and
wet street and ---

KFWOOOOSH! BAM!

Something just SCREAMED out of the sky and SLAMMED off a brick
all and landed in a pile of GARBAGE and old furniture and boxes
and stuff and --

MOVING CLOSER

that thing SMOLDERS and if ya' didn't already guess, It's Nick's COCKPIT SUIT and it OPENS and ----

NICK FURY

Tumbles out of it and he's seen better days, but then again he IS far cooler than you and me so he just sorta' cocks his heads, cracks his neck and trudges past a corner and, an UGLY WHITE HOOD steps from a phone booth, pulls a knife.

UGLY WHITE HOOD

Your wallet, or I take your other eye.

Nick stops.. He's tired and angry and in one swift motion he SWAPS the knife out of the guy's hand and ELBOWS him under the nose, knocking him back into the phone booth and the phone off the hook and ---

NICK

Home sweet home.

IN THE BOOTH ---

BLOOD and THUNDER and THROUGH THE phone booth glass pane and PAST the DANGLING RECEIVER we see it start to rain and NICK disappears down the stairs and the SIGNS let us know it's a FALLOUT SHELTER, but for tonight Nick will use it as a subway.... A Harlem station to be exact.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT -- NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

He stands at the BLINDS with LINES of sunlight WRAPPING around his barrel chest and his cup of coffee STEAMS the window as he stares with that good eye down where the Blue Ford isn't parked anymore.

He sets down the coffee. And on his way out, looks down at the bed and as he leaves WE TILT DOWN and see ---

VAL

in dreamland.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT

He HOLDS the door so the guy in the wheelchair can get through and Nick BITES a stale donut and walks.

BACK TO NICK'S BEDROOM

and the PHONE RINGS.

VAL, standing at the window, answers....

VAL

Hello?

VOICE

The President would like to talk with
Nick Fury.

VAL

He's busy.

VOICE

Too busy to talk with the President?

VAL

Yeah.

OUT THE WINDOW AND ACROSS THE STREET

we see some guys playing baseball.
Nick and Johnny sit on the curb. Nick has his arm around the
kid. He pulls a brand new BASEBALL from his coat and hands it to
Johnny.

A brand new baseball with an autograph on it. We know which one
it is. They shake hands and Johnny heads out to pitch to him.

NICK (V.O.)

I slept late for the past couple of
days. I figure I deserved it. I thought
about Vorchev and wondered if there's a
chance in hell our two countries could
ever get along as well as we did...
Dugan called earlier and told me
Woodcock was fired for calling in that
airstrike. The President called it
'poor judgement'. Poor judgement.
Anyway, he asked if I'd be interested
in running SHIELD again. I didn't
answer. Right now it felt good just to
exist. Sometimes that's difficult
enough all by itself.

And the ball is pitched and

CRACK!

Nick will be back!