

THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN

by

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FIRST DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. O.S.I. BIONICS DIVISION, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

An establishing shot of a polished and sterile looking building. A subtitle lets us know where we are.

The grounds are patrolled by SOLDIERS -- six of them to be exact; fully armed, fully trained. They walk the borders and watch the shadows.

One of the Soldiers reaches into his top pocket and extracts a cigarette. He pops it into his mouth and reaches for a light. As he flicks the lighter, a flash of steel swipes in front of him, lightly sprinkling his face with blood. His eyes go wide, and he slowly looks toward the ground.

There, on the cement pathway, his hand rests, lighter still ignited in it's severed grip.

The now pale Soldier slowly looks up. As his eyes meet with something offscreen, he buckles forward as if gutted.

INT. O.S.I. BIONICS DIVISION BUILDING - NIGHT

A NIGHTWATCHMAN sits at the front desk. He twists furiously at the lid of a jar of mayonnaise. Before him sits an open turkey sandwich -- awaiting said condiment. Frustration shows on his face. His eyes clamp shut to facilitate a harder twist...

... and miss the SECURITY MONITOR, which details flashes of black darting across the front of the building's exterior. The fallen Soldiers are dragged offscreen.

The Nightwatchman gives up and slams the jar on the counter of his desk. He checks the security monitor briefly, sees nothing, and turns his attention back to his sandwich. He closes it, and looks around for something. Behind him, he spots a butter knife. As he turns to retrieve it, a flash of silver comes down behind him, slicing his sandwich in half, making not the slightest sound as it does so. The Nightwatchman turns back to his dinner, preparing to cut his sandwich in half with his butter knife. When he notices the sandwich already cut in half, he freezes, blinking twice. He slowly looks up. His eyes go wide.

Before him, stand six NINJA -- swords drawn, shuriken in hand. They seem very out of place in the lobby...

... but not as out of place as the Nightwatchman looks -- facing down well-armed would-be assassins with a butter

knife. He continues to stare.

The Ninja part as if on cue, allowing for a large, CLOAKED FIGURE to pass between their number. Half his face is shrouded. The one eye we can see stares down the Nightwatchman. The Cloaked Figure stops at the counter and eyes the Nightwatchman.

The Nightwatchman begins to sweat.

The Cloaked Figure turns his attention to the sandwich on the counter. He picks up half and takes a bite, chewing. He pauses, and replaces it on the plate. He then slowly reaches for the jar of mayonnaise and twists off the lid with the ease with which one would fart. He points to the butter knife in the Nightwatchman's hand.

The Nightwatchman looks down at it, comprehends, and then hands it to the Cloaked Figure.

The Cloaked Figure dips the knife into the jar, gets a knife full, and spreads the mayonnaise on the sandwich half he's eating. He takes another bite and nods at the Nightwatchman -- "Better."

The Cloaked Figure puts the sandwich down, wipes his hands, then reaches forward and snaps the Nightwatchman's neck with the ease he displayed in opening the jar of mayo. Clearly, this is a strong man.

As the Nightwatchman crumples to the floor, the Ninja wordlessly rush out of frame. The Cloaked Figure places the lid back on the jar of mayonnaise.

INT. BIONICS LAB - NIGHT

A crew of SCIENTISTS put the finishing touches on a microchip.

One touches a wire to the chip's edge.

On the other side of a glass wall, a ROBOTIC ARM flexes open -- in the fashion of a human arm. Touching another wire to the chip, the 'Hand' on the arm closes tightly, then opens.

The CODE PANEL on the door blinks to life. A number sequence begins to flash.

The Scientists look to the door, then to one another. They share "We're all here" and "Who could it be at this time of night" confused glances.

Suddenly the door whooshes open, allowing a view of a smoke filled outer hallway.

The Scientists stare, confused.

Then black flashes speed into the room. Blades rise and fall, shuriken fly.

One by one, the Scientists drop -- bloodied, dazed and unaware of what hit them.

The Cloaked Figure enters the fray, stepping over bodies. He approaches a computer bank and begins typing on a keyboard.

ON THE SCREEN -- the graphic reads CYBERNETIC SYSTEMS FILE -- O.S.I. ONLY. ENTER ACCESS CODE.

The Cloaked Figure reaches into a pocket and withdraws a cable. He inserts one end into the hard drive of the computer. He pulls off his hood, giving us a view of one side of his face and head. The other end of the cable he apparently plugs into his unseen ear. He types anew on the keyboard.

ON THE SCREEN -- an access code bypasses the security, and encrypted codes fill the screen.

The Cloaked Figure presses enter.

ON THE SCREEN -- the graphic reads DOWNLOADING. PLEASE WAIT.

The Cloaked Figure's fingers tap the console patiently. He freezes.

One of the Ninja examines the Robotic Arm and the corresponding chip.

The Ninja looks up sharply.

The Cloaked Figure slowly turns, giving us a full view of his face. Half of the skin on the previously unseen side is worn away, revealing tarnished metal beneath it. The cord is inserted in a vacant eye socket. This is our first full view of KLATCH.

KLATCH
(in Japanese; subtitled)
Don't touch the machines.

The Ninja backs away with a slight bow. Klatch turns his attention back to the screen.

ON THE SCREEN -- the graphic reads DOWNLOADING COMPLETE.

Klatch unplugs the cord from his eye and crosses to the Robotic Arm. He takes the microchip from the workbase and

sticks it in a small plastic bag. Smashing his hand through the glass, he grabs the Robotic Arm, crushing it in his gloved grasp. He shakes his hands free of glass and metal shards, and strides out of the lab, closely followed by the Ninja.

Credits.

EXT. TAFT EXPERIMENTAL AIRFIELD - DAY

A ground crew prepares the DAEDELUS FIVE -- a sleek, black, futuristic stealth bomber. It looks mighty pricey.

GENERAL MCCLINTOCK (fifties, on the heavy side, old soldier feel) barks into a cellular phone. He is closely shadowed by his aide.

MCCLINTOCK

I want to speak to Goldman, and I want to speak to him now... I don't care... Tell him it's goddamn job security calling!...

(to Aide)

Still no sign of him?

AIDE

Main gate says he hasn't come through yet, sir.

MCCLINTOCK

Test pilot -- they go civilian, and it's all talk shows and golf! Well this is the last time I wait for...

(into phone)

What?... Well you track his ass down, missy! If I don't hear Oscar Goldman on his phone by the count of three...

OSCAR (O.S.)

You'll have him thrown in the brig.

MCCLINTOCK

... I'll have him thrown...

McClintock looks up sharply.

OSCAR GOLDMAN (also fifties, trim, kind-faced) smiles at McClintock.

McClintock frowns back at him, thrusting the cellular at his Aide. He holds his watch up at Oscar's face.

MCCLINTOCK

You see that, Oscar? See how the big hand has now passed the twelve and is well on it's way to the three? That means that this craft should have been airborne fifteen friggin' minutes ago!

OSCAR

I see that ROTC education paid off, Hal. Silly me -- I let my parents teach me how to tell time.

MCCLINTOCK

Where is that little shit, Oscar?

OSCAR

Little. He's bigger than you.

MCCLINTOCK

The only thing big about Colonel Austin is his big aversion to being one time. If he's not here in ten minutes, you're going up in his place. The Airforce didn't spend two billion on this piece of wow to have it decorate the airstrip, for Christ's sake!

OSCAR

Two billion's a kind estimate.

MCCLINTOCK

I am not screwing around here, Goldman. Does your boy have a case of the chicken shits or something? I swear to God, if he doesn't show, I'll have his ass drummed out of this program so fast...

OSCAR

Hal -- let's not kid ourselves. Yes, he's late. Yes, he's always late. But I'll tolerate lateness because he's the best. He's a regular Chuck Yeager, and it's a privilege to watch him work. Is he irresponsible? Of course. But insinuating that he might be even the slightest bit nervous about what for him is probably the most routine of test-runs -- even in this souped-up 727 -- well, that's just childish.

MCCLINTOCK

Good, he is. A god, he's not.
People get scared, Goldman -- even
overpraised test pilots...
particularly on their final runs.

OSCAR

(beat)

Who flew twelve test runs in the
stealth, even when we were sure the
retro-thrusters weren't up to
snuff? Who landed the H-Class on
fumes when the fuel-to-weight ratio
was miscalculated by your people?
Who when told to eject from an on
fire F-16 -- still brought her in
safely and quick enough to
extinguish the blaze before it even
came close to irreparable damage?
Steve Austin may not be the most
punctual person I've ever worked
with, but I'd say he's -- hands
down -- the bravest man alive, bar
none.

EXT. BATHROOM - JAMIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

JAMIE SUMMER (thirties, gorgeous in a bookish sort of
fashion) bangs on the bathroom door.

JAMIE

Jesus, Steve -- you're the biggest
coward I've ever met. Must you
lock the door every time you go?
It's not like I haven't seen it
before.

STEVE (O.S.)

You don't need to be in on what
goes down in here.

A toilet flush is heard.

JAMIE

And don't forget to wash your
hands.

The door opens. There stands STEVE AUSTIN (thirties, well
built, charming as hell). He reaches for Jamie's face.

STEVE

Let me caress your lips.

JAMIE

(ducking past him,
entering the bathroom)
Get off me, you pig. All I needed
was the brush, but oh no...
(in baby voice)
... the big, bad test piwot had to
be awone when he tinkled.

STEVE
What can I say? I'm shy.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Steve climbs into a flight suit. Jamie brushes her hair in
the mirror.

JAMIE
You're also late. Which means
you're also holding me up.

STEVE
(grabs her from behind)
Why don't you skip class today and
watch me fly.

JAMIE
Why don't you skip flying today and
watch me teach. It's safer.

STEVE
Face down a class load of fifth
graders? I'll take my chances with
the unproven aircraft.

JAMIE
You better get used to the idea of
kids, Colonel. If you think I'm
marrying you for the way you
monopolize the bathroom, you're
sadly mistaken.

STEVE
No, I think you're marrying me
because my father is giving your
father two fat cows and three
pelts.

JAMIE
You're such a moron.

He takes her in his arms.

STEVE
Tell the moron that you love him.

JAMIE
God help me...

STEVE
Tell him.

JAMIE
(stares at him lovingly,
smiles)
I love the moron.

STEVE
The moron loves you.

They kiss -- deeply, familiar. These two have spent some time together.

STEVE
Give me a lift?

JAMIE
Why don't they have you test cars
instead of fancy experimental jets?
That way you can drive your own ass
to work all the time.

STEVE
And miss the last minute fondling
before I face death? Never.

JAMIE
You had enough fondling this
morning. Which is why you're
now...
(looks at clock)
... twenty minutes late. God, I
hope they fire you.

STEVE
Old pilots never get fired -- they
just fly away.

JAMIE
And beg for free rides. Come on.

EXT. TAFT AIRFIELD - DAY

Jamie's car pulls onto the airfield, about a hundred feet from the craft.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

Jamie stares at the plane.

JAMIE

So that's the other woman?

STEVE

Beautiful, isn't it? Although it's a woman I could never afford to keep it around. You, on the other hand, are cheap.

JAMIE

(takes his hand)

I want you to promise me one thing.

(beat)

You come back alive.

STEVE

Jesus, Jamie...

JAMIE

Promise.

STEVE

(sighs)

Okay. If I have to. But next time I get to come back dead. It's only fair.

JAMIE

Like there'll be a next time.

STEVE

Do you know how much shit Oscar gave me about that? He said you were such a good influence.

JAMIE

Oscar's a smart man. I should marry him.

STEVE

Oscar would never quit his job for you.

JAMIE

(touches his face)

Don't think I don't appreciate it.

STEVE

(kisses her forehead)

You owe me so much sex for this.

JAMIE

A lifetime's worth.

(smiles)
You're dismissed, Colonel Austin.

STEVE
I'll see you tonight.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Steve steps out of Jamie's car. He watches her go as she speeds away. Oscar joins him.

OSCAR
She's not even going to watch the last flight?

STEVE
That -- my friend -- is one stubborn woman.
(shakes his head)
So, did I miss the plane?

They head toward the hanger.

OSCAR
You're forty five minutes late.

STEVE
Really? I thought I was early.

OSCAR
Like that excuse worked the first three times. Matters little to me, believe me. Just don't ask to borrow any money from McClintock right now.

STEVE
I'm glad you're here, Oscar. Gives this whole career a sense of closure.

OSCAR
Unfortunately, I can't stay.

STEVE
What? Why not?

OSCAR
Do you think the government pays me to watch you play 'Top Gun'? I have a real job you know.

STEVE
Which is?

OSCAR

Well I...

(sarcastically)

Oh my God, you almost tricked it out of me. Thank heavens I'm smart.

STEVE

It would be nice if one day I knew what branch you worked for, at least.

OSCAR

I'll tell you, if you really want to know... but then you'll have to be killed. For your own safety, you understand.

STEVE

I didn't think they let G-men have sense of humor.

OSCAR

You think that's funny, wait'll you hear my Hoover jokes.

McClintock storms up to them, closely followed by his Aide.

MCCLINTOCK

Austin, this is the last time...

STEVE

(shaking his hand)

It is, sir. And that's what makes your being here so touching. I'm moved, sir. Deeply moved.

Steve enters the locker room. McClintock stares after him, then at Oscar.

OSCAR

(staring at his forehead)

Hal, you've got this vein popping out... right there.

The Cellular phone rings. The Aide answers it.

AIDE

Go for General McClintock.

The Aide listens, then extends the phone to Oscar.

AIDE

It's for you, Mister Goldman.

Oscar takes the phone.

OSCAR

Goldman... Yes... What...?

(his face goes pale)

Uh... This... this is not a secured
line. I'm on my way. You can
debrief me there... Goldman out.

Oscar looks shocked. He absently hands the phone back to the Aide.

OSCAR

Extend my best wishes to Colonel
Austin, and inform him I will speak
to him after his run.

Oscar grabs his briefcase from the hanger and rushes to a waiting car.

MCCLINTOCK

(with disgust)

Civies.

AIDE

Yes, sir.

Oscar's car races away.

MCCLINTOCK

Let's get this show on the road,
shall we?

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Steve leans over an examination table, bone-still. He obscures a figure behind him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Cough.

Steve coughs and squints. He shakes his head.

STEVE

It's customary to at least buy a
fella dinner first.

DOCTOR RUDY WELLS (late fifties, somewhat burly for a Doctor, mustached) rises and pulls off rubber gloves. They're old friends.

RUDY

I find nothing wrong with you that
a good, swift kick in the ass
wouldn't cure.

STEVE

(pulling up his shorts)

Honestly, Rudy -- I'd rather a kick
than a probe any day. You're not a
gentle man.

RUDY

(chuckles)

How often am I going to see you --
now that you're leaving the good
life behind?

STEVE

What that fat retirement health
plan the government's providing --
try one every twenty years.

RUDY

I'll miss you, Steve. It's always
been a pleasure being your
physician.

STEVE

(tugs at the back of his
shorts)

I'd say the pleasure's been all
mine.

Rudy chuckles as Steve heads off.

RUDY

Tear a new one in the sky, Austin.

EXT. AIRFIELD - LATER

In slo-mo, Steve emerges from the hanger, dressed in full
flight regalia: his sealed G-suit, an oxygen mask hanging
from his face, connected to a breathing unit which an
assistant carries.

Steve approaches the craft and ascends the ladder, climbing
into the cockpit.

The cockpit windshield slides closed. Techies lock it shut
from the outside.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve locks his breathing unit in and adjusts some switches
on the control panel. He extracts a photo of Jamie and

wedges it between two dials.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

McClintock debriefs a small gaggle of military officers of various branches.

MCCLINTOCK

Now I know you've all been debriefed, but to sum up today's exercise -- we're going to demonstrate the validity of the Daedelus Five for combat runs. The Daedelus is our newest stealth bomber which will operate along the same principal as the SR-2 at Beale or the U2. Colonel Austin will be taking her up to eighty thousand feet, at speeds of MACH 8. Once reached, Colonel Austin will shut down and glide for approximately six minutes, at which time he'll re-engage and bring her back for a fairly smooth landing.

(beat)

We hope.

The officers laugh. GENERAL 1 seems dubious.

GENERAL 1

MACH 8 at eight thousand? I fail to see how that can be effective in combat.

MCCLINTOCK

The Daedelus is intended for long range, covert use. It can enter enemy airspace quickly, quietly, and without detection. Once it's shut down, it's virtually cloaked. By the time it ever did show up on radar, it'll have dumped whatever payload it's carrying, and be gone.

GENERAL 2

A phantom offensive?

MCCLINTOCK

Exactly. And the reinforced undercarriage allows for it to land not only on airstrips, but on carriers as well.

GENERAL 1

But short of combat, what use will it have?

MCCLINTOCK

Surveillance, tracking. Honestly, gentlemen -- the chances are, we'll never have to use it. But in the eventuality, I know I'm probably not alone when I say I'd sleep better at night knowing this thing's sitting in one of our hangers.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve flicks a switch.

STEVE

Mission control, this is Daedelus, do you copy?

CONTROL (V.O.)

We're getting you just fine, Daedelus.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

A crew of eight techies line monitors and computer banks. The Mission Control Captain, BARNES (forties, clean, buzz cut) speaks into a microphone attached to his console.

BARNES

How you feeling, Steve? How's your airflow?

A MONITOR shows a graphic of Steve's body. Arrows delineate the passage of airflow.

STEVE (V.O.)

Nothing beats having oxygen forced into your lungs.

Barnes smiles.

BARNES

Ready for one last stab at glory, Colonel Austin?

STEVE (V.O.)

It's funny, Barnes -- that's what your wife always says when I stop by to see her on those cold, lonely nights you're down here playing glorified air traffic controller.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve makes come last minute adjustments.

BARNES (V.O.)

As long as you make the bed before you go, you have my blessing. Just let me borrow your little whip cracker from time to time. Maybe she can talk me into retiring early as well.

STEVE

She could talk you into manning the mic at the B.K. drive-thru. Are we ready to kick start this jalopy?

BARNES (V.O.)

You have clearance, Clarence. Say hi to the angels for me.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The ground crew gives Steve the thumbs up and darts for the hanger.

The thrusters heat up.

The Daedelus begins to move.

The assemblage of military hold onto their hats against the strong winds created by the accelerating craft.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve pulls down on the thruster.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The Daedelus begins it's taxi up the runway. It travels for a few hundred feet, picking up speed.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve settles back, flicks a switch, and pulls back hard on the throttle.

STEVE

Grab your socks and hose, and pull.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The Daedelus jets forward, fires down the runway and lifts

off, shooting into the sky.

The assembled crowd watches in awe. Some clap.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve pulls back further on the throttle.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Daedelus takes another jump in speed. A sonic boom sounds.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes monitors the computer banks.

BARNES

Daedelus at MACH 1 and climbing.
Steve, you can flap your wings
anytime now.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve flicks a switch.

STEVE

Roger that.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The sheer wings extend fully out to the sides.

The craft rockets through a cloud bank.

INT. O.S.I. BIONICS LAB - DAY

M.P.'s and Military Coroners zip closed and carry out body bags containing the butchered Scientists.

Oscar surveys the mess, accompanied by HAUSER (forties, trim, all business).

OSCAR

What time, approximately?

HAUSER

Meds figure around two.

OSCAR

What were they still doing here at
that time?

HAUSER

Project log indicates they were working on the sub-fusion chip. Security cameras went down minutes before the forced entry.

OSCAR

I take it it's the same as the two we had at Langley and NORAD?

HAUSER

No guns, all swords, apparently. The Nightwatchman...

OSCAR

Had his neck crushed. Family man?

HAUSER

Divorced.

OSCAR

Thank god for small favors. What was taken?

HAUSER

All the Cybernetic Systems files, as well as the sub-fusion chip they were working on. The prototype arm was destroyed.

OSCAR

He's nothing, if not thorough. Media?

HAUSER

Not a word, not a sound. Complete lock-up.

OSCAR

(exiting lab)

How about the Old Man?

INT. FOYER O.S.I. BIONICS DIVISION BUILDING - DAY

Various M.P.'s clean up. The area is taped off.

HAUSER

Already been -- earlier. She wants us back at the con in twenty for a tactical. I think she's going to suggest an immediate start.

OSCAR

Then I hope she's volunteering. Because out of all the possible

candidates they sent us, only one came even close. And he didn't have a shred of combat experience.

HAUSER

What are you going to suggest?

OSCAR

Same as always -- beefed-up security at all our labs, counter espionage measures, manhunt, blah, blah, blah...

HAUSER

I mean about Project: Six Million?

OSCAR

(beat)

What can I suggest? Wait for a suitable, human guinea pig.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Daedelus rockets through the stratosphere.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes checks over one of the techie's shoulders. He speaks into his headset mic.

BARNES

Colonel Austin is at MACH seven.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

McClintock's Aide presses his headpiece to his ear and nods. He turns to McClintock.

AIDE

Colonel Austin is at MACH seven, sir.

MCCLINTOCK

(to the assembled party)

Colonel Austin should be at MACH eight in approximately thirty seconds. At which time, he'll shut down, re-engage, and glide her in.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve pulls back on the stick.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Daedelus climbs ever higher.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The digital ALTITUDE GAUGE reads seventy nine thousand feet, and climbing.

Steve moves his attention from the gauge to his control panel. The sheer pressure of the G-force shows on his face. He makes an adjustment, passing over Jamie's picture. He pulls back on the throttle one last time.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Daedelus shoots flames out of it's ass and rockets forward.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes claps his hands together, happily.

BARNES
Goddamn! He's at MACH eight!

His crew lets out a cheer.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

McClintock's Aide relays the information.

AIDE
Colonel Austin's at MACH eight, sir.

GENERAL 2
That has to be some kind of record?

MCCLINTOCK
His fifth, I believe. Colonel Austin is nothing if not an over achiever.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve flicks a switch while speaking.

STEVE
Control, I'm shutting down now.
All power switching to back-ups.
Stand by.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The tail exhaust kicks off.

The Daedelus glides through the sky, eight thousand feet above sea level.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve relaxes.

STEVE

Barnes, how impressed will your wife be?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes lights a cigarette and chuckles.

BARNES

I'll tell you, I'm going to be here late tonight, so...

Suddenly, an alarm goes off. Barnes' attention snaps to his console.

ON THE MONITOR -- a graphic of the outline of the Daedelus comes up, with a red light over the tail-pipe.

Barnes studies it, taken aback.

STEVE (V.O.)

Come back, Control -- I missed that last part.

Barnes' face drops. He smashes his cigarette out.

BARNES

(urgently)

Steve, do not re-engage. Repeat, do not re-engage.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve catches the fear in Barnes' voice.

STEVE

I won't be re-engaging for another four minutes...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Pan down a row of Techies, scrambling about frantically, checking data. Stop on Barnes, breaking a sweat.

BARNES

Negative, Colonel. You have a massive fuel leak in your exhaust.

ON THE MONITOR -- the red that was limited to the tail end of the craft has now spread to the undercarriage.

BARNES (O.S.)
It's spreading... shit!

Barnes leans heavily into the mic on his console.

BARNES
Steve, shut down your back-ups -- now!

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve checks his instrument panel.

STEVE
Control, I'm showing nothing up here. Are you positive.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes slams the console.

BARNES
Colonel Austin, shut down your back up's now! That's an order!

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

McClintock's Aide receives word over his headset. He whispers it to McClintock. McClintock's face drops.

MCCLINTOCK
Oh my God.

He looks up.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The tail of the Daedelus catches fire. It spreads quickly.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve struggles to look back, but the cabin allows for limited movement.

STEVE
Control, I've got flames here!

The altitude gauge is dropping dramatically.

Steve struggles with the stick.

STEVE
And I'm losing altitude...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes and his team are buzzing about frantically.

BARNES
Eject, Colonel Austin! NOW!

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve unhooks himself from the cabin and reaches for the eject lever. He pulls at it with zero results.

STEVE
Negative, Control. Ejection is jammed.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

TECHIE 1 taps furiously at his keyboard. Barnes is over his shoulder.

TECHIE 1
The fire's spread to his instrumentation already! It's affected his ejection relay...

Barnes shoves the Techie out of the way.

BARNES
MOVE!

He slams at the keyboard, with no results. He leaps to his feet.

BARNES
Shit!

He frantically presses his head-set mic to his ear.

BARNES
Steve...

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Daedelus plummets in a nose-dive.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The instrument panel ignites in flames.

Steve wrestles with the stick.

BARNES (V.O.)
... You've got to pilot her in!
Try to even up!

STEVE
I'm trying!

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The assembled officers watch the skies. The Aide points north.

AIDE
THERE!

In the distance, the Daedelus shoots into view.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve pulls back hard on the stick. His muscles strain, his face is so tight it looks like it'll burst.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Daedelus evens up a bit, still in flames.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

TECHIE 2 points to his monitor.

TECHIE 2
Sir, he's coming in too fast! At
this speed...

BARNES
I know!
(into mic)
Steve, pull up! PULL UP,
GODDAMIT!!

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Firetrucks arrive, sirens blaring. McClintock and the officers rush into the hanger.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Amidst flames and smoke, Steve pulls back even harder on the stick.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The Daedelus -- now hundreds of feet from the ground -- evens up enough to land, but is still going too fast.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes barks at his crew.

BARNES

Get a cable going out there!

TECHIE 1

We can't sir. He's too close.

BARNES

(slams his console)

Jesus Christ!

TECHIE 2

Twenty seconds to impact.

BARNES

(into mic)

Come on, Steve -- you can do this.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve struggles with the stick. Through the windshield in front of him, we can see the ground fast approaching.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Even it out, Steve! Even it out!

INT. HANGER - DAY

The hanger-protected officers watch in horror.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes and his crew mirror them, their eyes glued to the screens at the head of the room which display the fast landing craft. The immortal words are spoken.

STEVE (V.O.)

I CAN'T HOLD IT! SHE'S BREAKING
UP! SHE'S BREAKING UP!!!

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The Daedelus touches down, back-end first, then goes into a forward roll, exploding and speeding forward. It crashes through blockades and other aircraft, devastating everything in it's path, before sliding to a firey halt (I can't do this

justice -- but I'm sure I.L.M. can).

INT. HANGER - DAY

The officers shield their eyes.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Barnes and his crew watch in horror.

A tear rolls down Barnes' cheek.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The wreckage endures a series of smaller explosions. In the distance, fire trucks speed toward it.

An Emergency Crew unloads equipment and what looks like an aircraft variation of the 'jaws of life'.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is very high-tech, yet very functional. Screens built into walls display rapidly changing data from around the globe.

Around a conference table sit the movers and shakers of O.S.I. -- Oscar, Hauser, CORE (forties, bullish), LANGSTON (thirties, company man), DAWSON (late thirties, Collin Powell-ish). At the head of the table, a high back chair faces opposite the others, preventing us from seeing it's occupant. The others listen to the distinctly whiskey-yet-feminine voice intently.

VOICE

Four hits in four months -- all on Bionics divisions of O.S.I.; all resulting in theft of highly classified data; all resulting in gruesome casualties; all engineered by our own former agent.

The chair spins around, revealing SAGE -- the head of O.S.I. She's in her fifties -- attractive, while maintaining an extremely commanding presence.

SAGE

Gentlemen, I see no reason to put this off any longer. I strongly suggest we move ahead with phase two.

OSCAR

Mrs. Sage, ma'am -- to use these

attacks as an excuse to move forward with unproven technology... technology that -- at this point -- is more theoretical than probable...

HAUSER

It's our belief, ma'am, that it may result in the same outcome that we now find ourselves facing...

OSCAR

Another system failure that turns our own weapon against us.

SAGE

What would you suggest, Oscar? Whoever's stealing our technology is doing so with the intent to put it to use. Would you like to be the one who has to explain to the President why another country has a functional prototype we developed before we have one ourselves.

DAWSON

That's not fair, Mrs. Sage -- we've had a prototype already.

SAGE

(rises and tosses a folder at Dawson)

I'm aware of that, Dawson...

The folder flaps open in front of Dawson, spilling photographs of the body count from the Bionics Division break in's across the table.

SAGE (O.S.)

... he's made me aware of that several times now in the last few months.

Oscar shakes his head.

OSCAR

Margaret, there are other means of shutting down Klatch...

SAGE

And what are they, Oscar?

(walks around the table)

The last time we came even close to tagging him, Klatch took out three

crack troops of S.E.A.L.S. before the team leader even caught a glimpse of him. That is, before his neck was snapped. Do you know what that sounds like, Oscar? The sound of a neck being broken? Try listening to it amidst screams, over a walkie-talkie. I had to. And I also had to live with it, because I sent that team into the jungle to liquidate our renegade lab-rat.

(reaches her chair again
and sits)

No, gentlemen. We're moving ahead with Project Six Million as soon as possible. The only way to destroy a weapon is by using another weapon.

CORE

Will you be overseeing volunteer selection, ma'am?

SAGE

I'll leave that to Oscar.

Oscar looks over to her sharply. Langston looks from Oscar to Sage.

LANGSTON

Begging your pardon, ma'am, but it was Mister Goldman's last selection that placed us in the position we now find ourselves.

(to Oscar)

No offense, Oscar.

SAGE

We don't lay blame at O.S.I. Langston. Oscar's no more responsible for what happened with Klatch than I am.

LANGSTON

Ma'am -- Klatch was Mister Goldman's recommendation. The prototype's restructuring and training were completely overseen by him and his team as well. It's difficult to not find some fault in his project management...

SAGE

Ralph -- if I recall correctly, you were the one who approved of the atomic relay in Klatch's central nervous system. A relay that resulted in contamination.

Sage coldly stares down Langston. Langston makes and breaks eye contact with the seated committee, then sheepishly looks down.

SAGE

Now that we're all playing nice, let's adjourn and get to work. Thank you, gentlemen.

The assembled group rises as a wall door slides open with a hiss. They exit, exchanging thoughts on the meeting. Oscar has a brief word with Hauser, who nods and exits, leaving Oscar and Sage alone in the conference room. Sage packs up files. Oscar saunters to the seat across from her.

OSCAR

You were pretty harsh on Langston.

SAGE

He was pretty harsh on you.

OSCAR

He was only making an honest observation.

SAGE

As was I.
(packs her briefcase)
Nobody likes a martyr, Oscar.
Except the Catholics.

OSCAR

(beat)
Thank you. For defending me.

SAGE

Nonsense. I'd have done the same to you, had you gone after Langston.

They exchange a quick glance. She smiles.

SAGE

Maybe not quite as harsh, though.

OSCAR

(beat)
In regards to candidate selection --

I have to tell you that we don't have a volunteer who'd even come close to specs. Prolonged use in the field would result in another breakdown -- physiological or psychological.

SAGE

Not this time. Limited usage is our objective. Shut-downs and fail safes will be built in. Once we clean up the Klatch mess, we can mothball our new model until further necessity.

OSCAR

Margaret -- we're talking about a man, here.

SAGE

That's where you and I have always differed, Oscar. I'm talking about a machine. And when not in use, machine's get turned off. It saves on the wear and tear.

Hauser re-enters, urgently. He rushes to Oscar's side.

HAUSER

(grimly)

There's been an accident... at the airfield.

Oscar's eyes go wide.

OSCAR

(frightened)

Steve!

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The 'jaws-of-life' machine uses a high-powered laser to cut into smoldering wreckage. Rudy and his team of medics and emergency units surround it, waiting.

Oscar's car screeches to a halt a few yards from the action. He and Hauser jump out and race toward the broken craft. McClintock intercepts them, and holds Oscar back.

OSCAR

Get your hands off me!

MCCLINTOCK

Save it, Goldman! All we can do it

wait!

Oscar watches wide-eyed and helpless, as the emergency units work feverishly at cutting the roof off the ship.

HAUSER
(to McClintock)
How long has it been on the ground?

MCCLINTOCK
Twenty minutes. The hull's twisted so tight, they're having a hard time breaking through.

HAUSER
Have the scanners picked up any vital signs?

MCCLINTOCK
The only way we're gonna know anything is by...

The 'jaws-of-life' laser shuts down.

McClintock takes stock of this.

MCCLINTOCK
We're in!

The machine lifts the cut metal away, allowing medics to pour over the inside.

Oscar, Hauser and McClintock breathlessly wait.

The CHIEF MEDIC pulls his head out of the hole.

CHIEF MEDIC
HE'S ALIVE!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A Helicopter lands on the roof. Doctors and Assistants rush over to it, ducking their heads beneath the whirring blades. The door is slid open, and a gurney is removed.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The gurney slams into two doors, throwing them open. A team of Doctors rush beside and behind it.

Atop it, looking bruised, burned and badly damaged is Steve. He's covered in a series of bandages (forehead, right eye),

I.V. hooked up to his arm, oxygen mask over his mouth. He appears to be barely alive.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The gurney is wheeled to a stop beneath high-powered lights, and locked off.

Life-support machine's are hooked up and display immediate read-outs.

Steve's G-suit is cut off, revealing mauled skin. Bone fragments break the surface.

Above, through the Observation Window, we see Oscar. He watches intently.

The Doctors break out bone-saws and various high-tech medical gear.

Operation tools cut into Steve's various appendages.

The Life-support systems give constant read-outs of Steve's falling vital signs.

Oxygen regulating his breathing, Steve remains very unconscious.

Rudy enters, surgical mask in place.

RUDY

Damage report.

DOCTOR 1

Severe arterial tear near left ventricle...

DOCTOR 2

... sternum crushed, six ribs puncturing right lung...

DOCTOR 3

... abdominal duress, pelvic contusions...

DOCTOR 4

... shrapnel lodged in right eye, severe ocular damage...

DOCTOR 5

... skull fracture, with cranial trauma...

DOCTOR 6

... blood pressure dropping
rapidly...

RUDY
We're losing him! Prep for
defibrillation -- STAT!

The paddles are shoved onto Steve's chest. Rudy holds them.

RUDY
CLEAR!

He pumps the paddles. Steve's body jolts up a bit and
settles.

The heart monitor goes from flatline to erratic.

Rudy rubs the paddles together and places them against
Steve's chest again.

RUDY
CLEAR!

He pumps Steve again.

The heart monitor displays a newly steady heartbeat.

Rudy tosses the paddles to the side and grabs the bone-saw.

RUDY
Let's get to work.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Oscar watches the operation below -- jacket off, tie
loosened. He sips coffee.

The CLOCK on the wall behind him says 12:30.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Rudy and his team hover over Steve, pulling, cutting,
checking.

Steve is, mercifully, out cold.

EXT. TOKYO, JAPAN - DAY

An establishing shot of the bustling city, with subtitle
burned in, letting us know where we are.

EXT. ATOYA MOTOR PLANT - DAY

Establishing shot of the automobile giant of Japan.

INT. ATOYA MOTOR PLANT ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Cars are put together by man and machine. Bodies travel down assembly lines and are augmented along the way, taking shape bit by bit.

ASAKI (late forties, Japanese business exec) travels down the line, accompanying TASKAGI (early sixties, commanding and stern), his boss. As they pass workers on the line, the workers bow.

They speak in Japanese, translated by subtitles.

ASAKI

Production has taken another leap. Our output has tripled and the need for workers has decreased by another eighteen percent. We've laid-off two thousand more employees in our sixteen plants.

TASKAGI

You take great pride in relating this information.

ASAKI

Of course, Taskagi-san -- that puts our revenue higher than it's ever been in the company's thirty year history.

TASKAGI

There is no honor in depriving a man of his livelihood. You'd do well to remember that.

Asaki regards his superior with discomfort and disappointment.

TASKAGI

And what of our competitors in the states? Have they not these new machines as well?

ASAKI

No, Taskagi-san. We are far more advanced. It will be years before they come by the technology we're employing, I'm sure. And within three months, the latest advances we've come by will enable us to go completely automated. And while there is no honor in eliminating

workers, there is tremendous profit.

TASKAGI

And how is it that you come by this great technology that the Americans do not have?

ASAKI

Well, we do not fear spending money to make money, Taskagi-san.

Taskagi looks at him, saddened.

TASKAGI

I pray, nephew, that you do not place too much faith in machines.

He looks at Asaki, knowingly. Asaki hangs his head, respectfully.

ASAKI

Never, Taskagi-san.

Taskagi shakes his head ruefully and walks away. Asaki watches him go, hate burning in his eyes. He then whips around and rushes off the floor.

INT. DARKENED CAVERN

Alone, under a single light, Klatch sits cross-legged on the ground. He's shirtless, giving us a view of metal beneath even more of his rotting skin. He appears to be meditating. He opens his eyes, and looks around at the shadows. He withdraws a piece of cloth from beneath his legs and ties it around his eyes. He then draws a breath and settles.

KLATCH

(in Japanese)

Come.

From out of the darkness, a horde of Ninja strikes, attacking from all angles.

Klatch hops up, unnaturally, and defends himself, blindfolded.

The first attacker rushes at him. Klatch reaches out and snaps his neck, as the second attacker leaps atop him, sword drawn. Klatch turns the sword on his attacker, impales him, then quickly withdraws the sword to impale the incoming third attacker.

A fourth attacker hurls shuriken at Klatch's head.

Klatch catches them quickly, one by one, and reverses their direction -- back at the sender. They sink into his masked face.

The fifth and sixth attackers race at Klatch with chuks, spinning them deftly around their elbows and shoulders. They move to strike. Klatch juts both hands out and snatches the either ends of the weapons, pulling the bearers close to him. He leaps off both of his feet, sending his heels flying into their noses, pushing the bone into brain, and dropping them, dead.

The seventh attacker comes from behind Klatch with a solid, five foot bamboo shoot. He swipes it at Klatch's legs, but Klatch instinctively jumps over it, kicking his foot backward at the same time, disarming the seventh. He reaches back and punches his fist through the attacker's head. He pulls it out hard in time to elbow the face of his eighth attacker, catching him in his armpit and pulling his head off.

Then, all is quiet. There's zero movement. Klatch stands there, surrounded by bodies. The whole scenario lasted about twelve seconds.

KLATCH
(in Japanese)
Lights.

The lights come up and we get a view of the cavernous room. It looks like it was built inside a mountain -- steel walls, built into stone; metal catwalks; computer banks.

Klatch pulls off his blindfold and tosses it to the ground, just as Asaki enters, flanked by two SOLDIERS.

ASAKI
(in Japanese)
Eight assassins in twelve seconds.
Your appetite for death is showing
no signs of wear, Gear That Thinks.

KLATCH
(in English)
English. You behave like an
American, I'm going to speak to you
like an American.

ASAKI
(in English)
I behave like an American?

GILGAMESH -- Klatch's silent assistant -- approaches Klatch with a kimono, which Klatch then dons. Gilgamesh regards

Asaki with distaste.

KLATCH

Your's is a culture built on honor, Asaki. Centuries of pride, and tradition -- all with high regard for honor. You've managed to undermine that in six short months by functioning on greed and trading in espionage.

ASAKI

You would perhaps care to terminate our agreement.

Klatch offers Asaki a sharp glare and then looks to Gilgamesh. Klatch smiles and heads toward a computer bank, closely shadowed by Asaki. Gilgamesh rides Asaki's heels.

KLATCH

You're too transparent to threaten me with something you'd never consider, Asaki. You need my help, and what's more -- you want my help.

ASAKI

(switching gears)

I hear reports that your latest raid went smoothly.

KLATCH

In and out, multiple casualties -- all so you can produce cars faster than the Americans... using American technology. The manner in which you betray your own is most inspiring.

(snorts)

You're pathetic.

ASAKI

So says the one who betrays his own -- his country of origin, his government's top secrets. And for what? Profit -- same as myself.

KLATCH

That's where you're mistaken, Asaki. You assume I speak of allegiances to nations. I refer to the casual attitude you take to reports that I've killed some of your species -- and the curiosity

with which you've watched me do it here.

ASAKI

My 'species'? And what species would that be, Gear That Thinks?

KLATCH

(looks at him, aghast)

Humans, stupid.

(moves on)

The downloaded data is on the disk in that attache.

ASAKI

And the sub-fusion microchip our industrial spies informed us the Americans were working on?

KLATCH

(beat)

Doesn't exist. Your leads were wrong.

ASAKI

Our spies are never wrong.

KLATCH

They were this time. Take your disk, leave my money and get out of here.

ASAKI

The manner in which you order me around -- it would seem you forget who paid for the construction of this fortress of your's.

KLATCH

People that stick around here wind up as dead or bio-mechanically improved. If you're willing to volunteer for either, I'd be glad to have you.

ASAKI

Threats aren't necessary, metal one -- I'll go. The only other matter we have to discuss is my uncle.

KLATCH

Ah -- the great, oblivious Taskagi.

ASAKI

Oblivious no longer. I suspect
he's starting to believe in your
rumored existence.

(beat)

He may need to be silenced.

KLATCH

(looks at Asaki)

Willing to kill his own blood --
and for what? Money?

(shakes his head)

I'll do your uncle, Asaki -- free
of charge. One less of you...

Klatch taps a few keys and looks up.

Before him, a wall opens, revealing a window into what can
only be described as a cocooning facility. In various
transparent, liquid-filled chambers, float CYBORGS in various
states of completion. We can see this because their replaced
limbs are crude and metallic in nature -- no epidermal
layers. Robotic arms and legs are attached to forced
hibernation subjects -- most of Japanese descent.

Asaki is wide-eyed. Klatch looks like a proud father.

KLATCH

... means one more of us.

ASAKI

Ah yes -- I'd almost forgotten.
You're building an army, aren't you
Klatch-san? Preparing for the day
machines run the earth.

(smiles)

Machines are powerful, yes. But
they still require a human to turn
them on.

From his terminal, Klatch reaches out and grabs Asaki by the
throat, lifting him off the ground. Asaki struggles in
Klatch's grip, choking. Klatch doesn't even look up,
choosing instead to concentrate on his work. Gilgamesh
watches.

KLATCH

You'll do well to remember that my
need of you grows less and less,
Asaki. Pray the day never comes
when I find you obsolete.

He drops Asaki, while continuing his work. Asaki, coughs,
weakened. He collects himself and rises, staring bug-eyed at
Klatch with a mixture of fear and bile.

ASAKI

Your funds are in the silver
briefcase. I will inform you of
the opportune time to liquidate my
uncle.

KLATCH

You do that.

Klatch gestures to Gilgamesh, who in turn grabs Asaki and
briskly ushers him away.

KLATCH

And get me more Ninja, will you? I
seem to have run out.

Klatch giggles at his terminal, as Asaki is marched out
amidst the fallen Ninja.

And in their cybernetic rendering chambers, Klatch's army
lies in wait.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

The Clock reads 9:15.

Oscar dozes off in a chair in front of the observation
window.

Rudy enters, pulling off his mask. He saddles up beside
Oscar and gently shakes him.

RUDY

Oscar.

Oscar stirs slightly, then bolts upright, eyes snapping open.

RUDY

Take it easy, pal. It's alright.

OSCAR

Is he...?

RUDY

He's still with us.

Oscar sits back, gasping a sigh of relief.

OSCAR

I dreamed I had to call Jamie and
tell her... you know.

RUDY

That call you don't have to make.
But there's another one you will
have to.

OSCAR

(beat)

How bad is it?

RUDY

(beat)

We lost both legs.

Oscar looks out the observation window.

BELOW -- post-surgical Steve is wheeled out of the operating
room.

RUDY (O.S.)

... the left to the knee, the right
to the hip. The right arm is gone
as well. His right eye is gone --
took a piece of metal in it. He'll
be in intensive care for months.

Oscar stares, sadly.

OSCAR

(sighs)

Right.

RUDY

(beat)

I love Steve Austin -- the man's a
saint -- a hero, even. I've worked
on him for years -- kept him
healthy, patched up some minor
bruises and broken bones.

(beat)

The man they're hooking up to
monitors right now in the I.C.
Unit is not Steve Austin -- not the
Steve Austin that we know, the
world knows... or even he himself
knows. It's going to be hard,
Oscar. Especially for...

OSCAR

Jamie. Has she been...

RUDY

Not yet. And when you do, you're
going to have to break it to her
that she won't be permitted to see
him yet -- not for a while. And

when she is given access... well, I don't know that he'll want to see her -- or rather, that he'll want her to see him.

OSCAR
Understood.

RUDY
But Jamie's not who I'm concerned with. The one who's going to take this the hardest is Steve himself. You know what kind of man he is -- physical paradigm, go-getter, constant achiever. Between you and me, I never thought for a second that this early retirement he was planning would ever stick. He'd find some way to get back into it -- some way to convince her, that he'd always be alright.

(beat)
He's going to have to be watched, is what I'm getting at.

Oscar looks to Rudy, dubious.

RUDY
It's text-book, Oscar.

OSCAR
(choking up)
Steve's not a text-book case, Rudy.

RUDY
(beat, sadly)
He is now.

Rudy quietly stands and stretches.

RUDY
I'm going to check on him and then get some sleep.

OSCAR
Can I...

RUDY
Not tonight. There's no point -- he'll be out for at least two days. Maybe more.

(help Oscar up)
You keep your strength for your phone calls.

OSCAR

This isn't something I can do over
the phone.

(beat)

I'm gonna go see her.

RUDY

That's good of you. I know she'll
appreciate that. She'll need
someone tonight -- someone to lean
on.

(beat)

You'll both need that.

Rudy exits. Oscar watches him go and collects his things.
He takes a beat to look out the observation window again.

OSCAR'S P.O.V. -- the operating theatre, now dormant and
quiet. It's more than evident, however, that something major
just took place there.

Something major indeed, Oscar thinks. He throws his jacket
over his slumped shoulder and walks out of the room.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

A murky, out of focus view of Oscar, bright lights behind
him.

OSCAR

Steve.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - DAY

Steve struggles to keep his eye open, the other one hidden by
bandages. He slowly takes in his surroundings.

Oscar sits on the bed, beside Steve, holding his one hand.

OSCAR

Welcome back.

Steve focuses on his friend.

STEVE

(slowly, with difficulty)

I... made... it...?

OSCAR

You did. Wish I could say the same
for the Daedelus.

A pained smiles plays about Steve's lips.

STEVE

Tell... tell... them...

He goes out again, and comes back.

STEVE

Take... take... it... out... of
my... pension.

OSCAR

(smiles)

I'm sure they'll appreciate the
offer.

STEVE

How... long...?

Oscar steels himself to respond.

OSCAR

Four weeks, Steve. It was touch
and go for awhile there, but Doctor
Wells says you're going to be fine
now. You're out of the woods.

Rudy enters, clipboard in hand. He smiles when he sees the
awake Steve.

RUDY

Two days ahead of schedule. I told
you this boy was strong.

(to Steve)

Hello, stranger. Aren't you glad
you got that check-up before take
off?

Steve smiles, but then confusion slowly plays about his face.

RUDY

(to Oscar; checking
Steve's pulse)

Has he spoken?

OSCAR

He's cracked a bad joke -- does
that count?

RUDY

Cracked bad jokes and cracked ribs
-- yes, I'd say Colonel Austin is
back to...

STEVE

Where...

Rudy and Oscar look to Steve. Steve looks to his right arm -- or lack thereof.

STEVE

... my arm...

Oscar looks to Rudy: the moment nobody's been looking forward to. Rudy moves closer to Steve.

RUDY

Steve -- you had a bad crash.

Steve slowly looks to Rudy. His eyes say it all.

STEVE

No...

RUDY

You lost your right arm. And both of your legs.

Steve rolls his head to the side, shocked.

STEVE

No...

RUDY

But you're alive, Steve. You're going to live.

OSCAR

Did you hear Doctor Wells, Steve? You're going to live.

Steve tries to focus on them.

STEVE

Why...?

Rudy and Oscar exchange looks.

STEVE

Why... didn't... you... let me... die?

He closes his eyes and goes under again. Oscar looks to Rudy. Rudy checks Steve's stats on the monitors.

RUDY

It's okay -- he just lost

consciousness. It'll be like that
for a few days.

OSCAR
Did you hear... what he said?

RUDY
Yes.
(beat)
And it's going to get worse before
it ever gets better.

Hauser enters, carrying a cellular phone.

HAUSER
Oscar -- the Old Man called. She
wants to see you.

Oscar stares at Steve, oblivious to Hauser. Rudy puts a hand
on his shoulder.

RUDY
You'd better go. He won't be back
for a couple of hours. I'll call
you with any news.

Oscar nods, still staring at Steve.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS, SAGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Oscar stands before Sage's desk, open-mouthed.

OSCAR
No.

SAGE
I don't think I asked for your
permission, Oscar.

OSCAR
I don't care. I won't let you do
this.

Sage pulls out a file and reads aloud from it.

SAGE
(reading)
Colonel Austin has been in combat
twice -- once in the Gulf War, once
in Bosnia. He's flown countless
test flights and covert missions.
And his health is impeccable.

OSCAR

Was impeccable! That man is broken now!

SAGE

We can rebuild him.

OSCAR

For what?! So you can send him on your dirty little errands? Bullshit! He's just woken up to a lifetime's worth of misery and acceptance, and I'm not going to allow you to play Frankenstein with what remains of his dignity!

SAGE

He's come to, has he? That's a shame. I was hoping to bypass certain... situations.

OSCAR

You heartless witch! He has a fiance!

SAGE

He had a fiance. As of eleven hundred this morning, Colonel Austin has been reclassified as deceased.

OSCAR

WHAT?!?

SAGE

He's dead -- at least to the world. He undergoes surgery next week. That is, if he complies -- which I can't see why he wouldn't. He's broken and -- for all the world knows -- dead. What other choice does he have?

OSCAR

He has the right to a normal life.

SAGE

Please -- the man is damn-near limbless, with one eye. What semblance of a normal life can he possible have a right to?

OSCAR

Dammit, Margaret -- he's a friend!

SAGE

All the more reason why you should be in support of this procedure. We'll make him whole again, Oscar. That much I promise.

OSCAR

You'll make him a machine -- nothing more. I won't sit back and watch what happened to Klatch, happen to Steve.

SAGE

(angrily)

Then get it right this time, Mister Goldman. And the first step toward that mutually beneficial goal is convincing him that this is exactly what he needs...

OSCAR

And if he refuses?

SAGE

(beat)

He's classified as dead. That classification can't change -- it can only become more accurate.

Oscar stares at his superior, shocked. Sage closes her file.

SAGE

You have one week. I suggest you get to work.

Oscar shakes his head and storms out, slamming the door behind him.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - DAY

It's the next day. Steve is now awake. He lays in his bed, slightly propped up, staring at the ceiling. He looks to the machine's to the right of him.

There they sit -- a wall that separates Steve from the outside world. They beep, whir, and hiss back at him.

Steve continues to stare at them. He then reaches toward them, but they are not at arm's length. He reaches instead for the table beside his bed and pulls himself over -- closer to the machines, but still too far away. He reaches again and pulls, this time falling out of the bed and onto the floor. Frustrated, he pulls the tubes out of his arm, and slaps at the machines, which now buzz with alarms.

Rudy rushes in, followed by two NURSES.

RUDY
Sweet Jesus...
(to the Nurses)
Help me get him back on the bed.

STEVE
(panicky and insane)
TURN THEM OFF, WELLS! SHUT THEM
DOWN, GODDAMIT!

Steve swings at them with his one good arm, as Rudy and the nurses grab hold of him and lift him into bed. Steve struggles the entire way.

STEVE
I DON'T WANT THIS!!

RUDY
(to Nurse)
Get me the sedative.

STEVE
LET ME DIE, DAMMIT!! I'M NOT A
MAN!!

RUDY
What were you trying to do? Shut
these down? They're not keeping
you alive, Steve -- you're not on
life support anymore!

STEVE
Why'd you let them pull me out of
that wreck, you sick friggin'
bastard?!

The Nurse hands Rudy the syringe. Steve continues to struggle.

RUDY
Hold him down, dammit!

The Nurses attempt to hold Steve. For a man whose been out for four weeks and has only a battered arm, he's fairly strong. They finally subdue him, while Rudy administers the injection into Steve's arm. Steve starts to lose consciousness, and passes out. The Nurses release him. Rudy looks down at Steve, sadly.

INT. RUDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Oscar sits opposite Rudy. Rudy looks as forlorn as he did in Steve's room.

RUDY

He wants to die. Which is normal for a patient in his condition, but I'd hoped for better from him. He's strong, though. He may not have a strong will to live right now, but his strength for someone who has been through what he has is impressive. It took myself and two nurses to subdue him during this episode.

OSCAR

How strong? Would you say he could live a long life?

RUDY

Actually, I'd say he has better chances of living longer now than he did before. His lifestyle, pre-crash, dictated that sooner or later, his luck would run out. Now -- forced to stay-put -- ironically enough, he'll no doubt live far longer than he ever would have.

Oscar shakes his head in agreement, marking the irony. He then looks at Rudy.

OSCAR

Have you ever done organ transplants?

RUDY

(caught off-guard)
Well... yes. Hearts, livers, kidneys.

OSCAR

What about prosthetics? Any experience?

RUDY

Rudimentary. They're basically operational by straps and harnesses, though -- no real need for surgical procedures.

(beat)

Why do you ask?

Oscar looks at him, gravely.

OSCAR
We have to talk.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

Tourists run to and fro, snapping pictures of the instantly recognizable monument. Classes of children led by teachers march across the grounds.

Oscar and Rudy walk and talk there as well.

OSCAR
Are you familiar with the term
'Bionics'?

RUDY
From science-fiction literature,
sure. Advanced robotics of some
sort.

OSCAR
They're a reality. And I'm not
talking about assembly line-type
machinery that puts together a
Ford. I'm talking about limbs --
legs, arms. And organs -- hearts,
eyes.

RUDY
Oscar, I'm a doctor. I'm up on
every advance medical science makes
in any field. And I've never
heard...

OSCAR
I'm talking about military science.

Rudy stares at him, confused.

RUDY
Meaning?

OSCAR
(beat)
This information is highly
classified.

Rudy catches on. He's shocked.

RUDY
You're O.S.I.

OSCAR

Level twelve.

RUDY

All this time, I just assumed you were N.S.A.

OSCAR

Sometimes, I wish it were that simple.

RUDY

Well... God, man -- how far have they come?

OSCAR

We could build a human being, if we chose. One so real, it'd shock you. We could build your wife, and if she never spoke, you'd never know the difference.

RUDY

My God, you're serious.

OSCAR

But we haven't. Not yet. There's no programming a machine with human behavioral patterns -- humans are just too erratic to be faked. But we can repair, organic matter -- endo and exo-skeletons, tissue, skin. More real, than real -- down to the amount of hairs on a knuckle.

RUDY

You're talking about cyborgs.

OSCAR

It works. It all works. And it's so advanced, it would change the way you view medicine forever.

RUDY

They why the hell isn't it employed now? If what you're saying is true, we could make cripples walk, the blind see, eliminate the need for dialysis...

OSCAR

It's highly classified.

Rudy stares at Oscar.

OSCAR
Weapons division.

Rudy comprehends and shakes his head.

RUDY
Figures. Something that could do
the world a great service, and
they've already figured out a way
to corrupt it.

OSCAR
It's disappointing, I know. But
I've been working to change that...

RUDY
Not doing a very good job, are you?

OSCAR
Rome wasn't built in a day, Rudy.
But the first, real step toward
improvement can begin with us.

RUDY
How so? Spill all this to the
media?

OSCAR
That's not even half funny. No,
I'm talking about Steve.

Rudy freezes.

RUDY
You mean...?

OSCAR
The works. Complete over-haul.

RUDY
By whose say-so.

OSCAR
That's classified. But it's on the
up-and-up.

RUDY
To what end?

OSCAR
That's also classified. But does
it matter?

RUDY

It does to me. I'm the boy's physician, Oscar. I'm not going to instill him with hope and give him a second shot at life, only to have him blown away over some covert, foreign turf war.

OSCAR

You're his physician, yes...
(solemnly)
... but he's my friend.

RUDY

(beat)
Forgive me.
(thinks)
Well, in Steve Austin you have a prime candidate for partial rehabilitation with the technology you're talking about.

OSCAR

Partial? You said he was strong.

RUDY

For a man that's been through what he has, sure. But we're talking about severe spinal damage, the man sustained. Even if he'd kept his legs, I doubt they'd have been much use.

OSCAR

I can guarantee complete recovery.

RUDY

Complete?

OSCAR

With four times the strength -- perhaps more.

RUDY

How? What are these things made of? How are they powered?

Oscar smiles and puts his arm around Rudy.

OSCAR

Oh Rudy. We have to catch you up on fifty years worth of research by tomorrow morning.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - THE NEXT MORNING

Steve sits up in his bed, staring out the window. Oscar and Rudy excitedly explain the project.

RUDY

... and it's all on the up and up,
Steve. I've gone over everything
myself. All of it's possible. And
the project will be fully funded
for five years to the tune of...

(to Oscar)

How much?

OSCAR

One point six billion dollars.

Steve doesn't flinch. Rudy is beside himself.

RUDY

Steve -- you'll walk again. You'll
run, even -- faster than you ever
could before. Faster than anyone
on the planet.

(beat)

You'll be made whole again.

OSCAR

It will be as if the crash never
happened.

Steve continues to stare out the window. Oscar and Rudy look to one another.

OSCAR

Steve?

STEVE

Who told Jamie?

Rudy looks from Steve to Oscar. Oscar drops his head.

OSCAR

I did. That night.

STEVE

What did you tell her?

OSCAR

(beat)

Everything.

Steve continues staring out the window. His face is turned from the pair. They don't see the tear roll down.

RUDY

But that doesn't matter now. You can be with her again -- as normal as you ever were.

STEVE

I had a mole, Rudy. On my right thigh. Right under my butt. She always said it looked like Africa -- because of the way it was shaped. She called me B'wana, sometimes -- just to be cute. B'wana Beast.

Rudy and Oscar exchange glances -- "Where is this going?"

STEVE

I've spent weeks lying here thinking about how she'd never say that again. Because there's no mole.

(chuckles)

Because there's no leg. And I though about how I won't hear humor in her voice anymore -- only pity. At first pity for me -- her broken fiance. Less than half the man he used to be. And then the pity I'd hear in her voice would change... to pity for herself. Pity for a woman who -- because of one in four hundred mechanical failure -- would be forever shackled to a hunk of meat that shared some memories of a man named Steve Austin.

(Steve turns to them)

But now you say that's over. Now you tell me I can be whole again, and return to her -- like nothing ever happened. And based on the advancements of technology you've described... well, you can probably even replace the mole. Duplicate it. Put Africa back on my ass. And then I can be the B'wana Beast again.

He smiles at his friends. They smile back, comforted. Then Steve explodes, knocking everything off his bedside table, toppling some nearby equipment -- all with his one good arm.

STEVE

AND THEN I'M JUST A FREAK OF ANOTHER COLOR! IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE

OFFERING ME?!

OSCAR
Steve, don't...

STEVE
I'll walk, you say! I'll run!
I've seen former pilots and what
passes for prosthetics, Oscar! And
you may sit there and paint a rosey
portrait for the sad, triple
amputee of how 'natural' or
'realistic' it'll all be! And you
think because of the condition I'm
in, I'll agree to everything, to
anything that could possibly give
me some goddamn humanity back!
Well I'll let you both in on a
little secret -- something it'll
take all the therapists and head
shrinkers you send in here months
to reach a conclusion on: I'm a
dead man already! I died in that
crash! And no promise of normalcy
you offer is going to bring me back
from the grave.

(pounds on the bed)
THIS IS MY GRAVE! DO YOU HEAR
ME?!? I'M DEAD!!!

Oscar and Rudy stare in disbelief. Steve breathes heavily, a
snarl crossing his face. He turns back to the window.

STEVE
Why don't you respect the memory of
a dead man, and get the hell out of
here?

Oscar and Rudy don't move.

OSCAR
Steve...

STEVE
GET OUT!

The pair watch Steve for a beat, and solemnly exit; the door
closing behind them softly.

Steve chokes back tears. He quietly pounds the side of the
bed in slow, sad bursts.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - THE NEXT DAY

A Nurse enters Steve's room; her nametag reads 'CATHY'.
Steve stares out his window.

CATHY

Good morning, Colonel Austin.
Sorry to bug you again, but I have
to take your blood pressure.

Steve says nothing. Cathy slips a cuff over Steve's arm, and
flicks a switch on the accompanying unit. The cuff begins
inflating. Cathy looks at Steve and smiles.

CATHY

This is going to sound extremely
corny, but I feel like I know you.

Nary a response from Steve. Cathy shrugs.

CATHY

I don't mean that in a 'I've met
you before' kind of way. It's just
that my brother used to always talk
about you.

Steve looks at her, still saying nothing.

CATHY

He was a pilot. Air Force. Really
young. Whenever he came home over
holidays, he'd blab on about how
great the Service was, and what
he'd been doing. You know what
gung-ho kids are like when they
first enlist, I'd imagine.

Steve smiles a bit.

STEVE

I was one of those gung-ho kids,
once.

CATHY

Why am I not surprised?
(checks the machine)
Anyway, Brad -- my brother -- he'd
always talk about this Colonel
Steve Austin. War hero, astronaut,
test pilot. He said he wanted to
be you -- live a couple different
lives by the time he was thirty.
Anytime you broke a record, I knew
about it. And I don't follow
things like that. I follow music.
Well... my boyfriend follows music,

you know what I mean?

Steve nods, knowingly.

CATHY

When they told me you'd crashed, my heart sank. For you, of course. But more-so because I thought about Brad -- and how he'd have taken it. He'd probably go A.W.O.L. and get here somehow -- to see you. Make sure you were okay.

STEVE

(looks back out the window)

Tell him not to waste his time.

Cathy pulls the cuff off Steve, and jots down the results.

CATHY

He's dead.

Steve looks back to her.

CATHY

A crash like your's -- only not in some incredibly expensive super jet. Just a normal F-16. Landing on a the deck of a carrier. The cable snapped and he rolled.

Steve is taken aback.

STEVE

I'm sorry.

CORE

(she shrugs it off)

It was a couple of years ago. He'd lost both of his legs in the crash and was in a coma. He never came out of it.

(beat)

My family became very fond of saying that it was probably better that he died, you know? Rather than have to live like that the rest of his life. People tell themselves some stupid things to get over pain, I guess.

STEVE

Maybe it wasn't so stupid.

CATHY

It was to me. It used to make me so angry. I mean, so he wouldn't walk anymore? That's sad, I know. But Brad was funny -- just a really funny guy. And you don't need legs to tell a joke, last I heard.

(she props up his pillow)

You know, there's not a day that goes by that I don't think about how great it would have been to hear him joke around again, or blah blah about the Air Force... or even tell me what record Steve Austin broke today. I miss him.

(shakes it off)

But it's been great having you around. You just... you remind me what a great guy Brad was. I'm glad I got to meet you, finally. I mean, I wish it was under more pleasant circumstances, but still -- I'm glad.

She heads for the door and stops as she opens it, taking a moment to look back at him.

CATHY

I'm really glad you made it,
Colonel Austin.

Steve looks at her. She smiles and exits, leaving Steve alone with his thoughts.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD, HALLWAY - DAY

A GERMAN SHEPHERD pitter-pats down the hall, past patients, hospital rooms and the Nurse's station. His tongue dangles dopily out of his mouth.

The HEAD NURSE looks up from her paperwork and notices the dog. She returns to her work, then does a double-take. She leaps from her seat.

Oscar walks the dog down the hallway, toward Steve's room. The Head Nurse jumps in front of him.

HEAD NURSE

Where in the hell do you think you're going with this dog? This is a hospital, not a vet's!

OSCAR

You're kidding?

The Head Nurse doesn't find Oscar the least bit amusing. Thankfully, Rudy enters the fray, intervening.

RUDY

This dog is here on my authority, Nurse.

HEAD NURSE

I don't care if he's here on Saint Francis' authority! You get that thing out of here, now!

RUDY

This animal's an important part of an extremely depressed patient's therapy. Now unless you can think of some other way to cheer this patient up, how about giving us a break here, huh?

The Nurse stares down Rudy, then Oscar, then the dog. She sighs loudly.

HEAD NURSE

(to Rudy)

If he shits, you're picking it up.

OSCAR

I wouldn't dream of it, ma'am -- I myself, will pick it up.

HEAD NURSE

And who the hell are you?

OSCAR

I'm the man with the German Shepherd.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD, STEVE'S ROOM - DAY

The door opens, and the German Shepherd rushes in. He approaches Steve and licks his hand. Steve is at first taken aback, but quickly relents, petting the dog.

STEVE

Hey, boy. Who let you in here?

Oscar and Rudy enter.

OSCAR

He's with me.

Steve's attention shifts to the pair. His expression falls a bit. Oscar pets the dog.

OSCAR

Like him? His name's Max.

(to dog)

Say hi, Max.

(to Steve)

Man's second best friend. His first he carries around with him, I believe.

STEVE

What am I -- five years old? You think you're going to bring me a puppy and it'll make everything okay?

OSCAR

He's a little big to be calling a puppy, Steve.

RUDY

Steve, Max is a very extraordinary animal. He's specially trained in narcotic detection and rescues.

STEVE

And now he's what? My new pal? And what's so extraordinary about a narc dog? What's he going to do for me? Roll over? Beg?

OSCAR

He'll fetch you your slippers.

Steve shoots Oscar an angry look.

OSCAR

Oh, smile, dammit. That was funny.

STEVE

Take your dog and get out of here.

RUDY

Max was used in border patrol in San Diego. You know the drill -- sniff out coke and heroin from inside car seats and trunks. Then one day, a van load of drug-runners gets popped at the border, thanks to Max here. So one night, weeks later when they make bail, one of them is so pissed at Max here, that

he sneaks back to the dog pens at the station and takes him to pieces with a crowbar.

Steve looks at Max. Max pants back at him.

RUDY (O.S.)

Shattered his hind legs, broke his front legs, fractured his skull -- just mutilated him. One of the cops finally heard something and got to the guy before he could kill Max. The cop's beat the shit out of him, so I hear.

Oscar pets Max's coat. Steve stares at the dog, looking him over.

OSCAR

What else is new?

STEVE

(beat)

So how come he...

Steve looks at Oscar and Rudy, then back to Max. He catches on.

STEVE

You're kidding...

Oscar brings Max over to Steve's bedside. He takes Steve's hand and places it on one of the dog's hind legs.

OSCAR

You can't tell the difference, can you? It feels organic.

STEVE

This is the lowest of low. This dog is not artificial.

RUDY

Not artificial, Steve...

Rudy opens a panel on Max's leg, revealing circuitry and gears, miniscule and finely interwoven.

RUDY

... cybernetic.
(he closes the panel)
Bionic.

Max scampers to the corner of the room and begins pissing.

OSCAR
And very, very normal.

Steve stares at the dog. He looks back to his old friends, contemplating.

STEVE
How long will it take?

RUDY
The procedure will last forty two hours. Recovery time is hard to say because the extensive amount of replacement we'll be doing has never been done before.

Steve thinks for a beat.

STEVE
Where? Here?

OSCAR
Our facility in Colorado. State of the art. Fantastic view of the Rockies.

Steve looks out the window. He turns back to them.

STEVE
The moment it doesn't feel right, I'm out -- you understand? If I start to feel like a guinea pig...

OSCAR
... then we'll take you off your tread-wheel.

Steve smiles at Oscar -- for the first time in awhile.

EXT. COLORADO ROCKIES - DAY

An Army Helicopter whips through the mountains, racing toward one particular peak.

In the side of the Peak, the rock begins to tremble and move. Huge STEEL DOORS are revealed opening, giving us a view of a large, man-made cavern inside. Once the doors are sufficiently spread, the Helicopter slips inside.

INT. MOUNTAIN

The Helicopter touches down, blades still whirring. A MEDI-TEAM approaches the side of the copter and slides it's door

open.

Atop a stretcher and out cold, Steve is wheeled off by the Medi-team.

Rudy disembarks. Oscar meets him, followed by KILLIAN (fifties, tall, physician-like). Oscar leads Rudy from the copter, debriefing him.

OSCAR

Rudy, this is Doctor Richard Killian. He's our top man in the field. He'll be assisting with the procedure.

Track with them through the mountain -- from the landing bay, through heavy, pneumatic doors, into a sterling medical facility.

KILLIAN

(extending hand)

Doctor Wells. Your reputation precedes you. Welcome to Slab Rock.

RUDY

It's a damned impressive facility, Doctor Killian. And not exactly the easiest to find.

KILLIAN

Government agencies have this thing about secrecy, as I'm sure you're aware. We have the people at NORAD to thank for this place. When they relocated, they left a perfectly good mountain behind. Didn't take all that much to turn it into what we humbly consider the finest medical establishment in the world.

OSCAR

When they work on the President -- anything from routine physicals to hemorrhoids -- they do it up here, Rudy. Regardless of where the media tells you he goes.

RUDY

Cloak and dagger -- even for piles?

OSCAR

Well, he is the President.

RUDY

Doctor Killian -- this is your field of specialty. Are you sure you wouldn't rather take the helm for this procedure -- you're far more qualified.

KILLIAN

I know the hardware, Doctor Wells -- that's where it begins and ends. You know the man.

Rudy nods.

KILLIAN

I'll be at your disposal for the entire procedure if you have any questions. My real job kicks in post-op; rehabilitation. It'll be up to me to make sure your boy learns to utilize all this technology we're going to load into him.

OSCAR

We'll all see to that.

RUDY

Are we ready to go, then.

KILLIAN

They're prepping him as we speak. Procedure begins as soon as you're ready.

RUDY

(beat)

At the risk of sounding melodramatic, gentlemen -- let's go give a man his life back.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

The OPERATION MONTAGE begins.

A box marked TOP SECRET and BIO-HAZARD is opened, revealing a human arm. Well, it would be human, were it not for the metal base at the shoulder, and the myriad wires that trail out.

Steve lays on the table. Rudy and Killian -- surrounded by their Team -- go over the replacement limbs.

INT. OBSERVATION THEATRE - DAY

The O.S.I. Team watch through the window from their seats. Oscar stands at a podium. He'll be their (and our) narrator for the procedure. Whatever Oscar described, we're cross cutting to.

OSCAR

Gentlemen, Mrs. Sage -- what you're about to witness is nothing short of a miracle of modern science.

CUT TO:

A close-up on Steve's face.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Colonel Steve Austin. A man barely alive.

CUT TO:

Rudy and Killian proceeding to cut into Steve.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Gentlemen, we're going to rebuild him.

CUT TO:

The high-tech looking machines that surround the operating table, including the opening cases that contain Steve's new body. The limbs are extracted and placed into bubbling fluid baths.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We have the technology.

CUT TO:

The Surgical Team begins the intricate process of prepping Steve.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We're going to recreate the world's first, fully functional Bionic Man.

CUT TO:

Oscar at his podium.

OSCAR

Steve Austin will be that man.

CUT TO:

There separate shots of the Team at work, the life-support systems functioning, the monitors monitoring.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We'll make him better than he was before. Better, stronger, faster.

CUT TO:

A steel strap being locked across Steve's chest. The Team steps back. A switch is flicked, and the surgical table rotates on a gyro, so that Steve now faces the floor.

CUT TO:

A close-up of his face -- the unconscious human guinea-pig.

OSCAR (V.O.)

The first step towards this is to reinforce Colonel Austin's skeletal structure -- particularly the spine. While the alloys that make up the bionic limbs are light and built to withstand torque of up to a ton, attaching these to the existing frame would result in instantaneous combustion of the skeletal structure the moment an attempt to lift any object outside the realm of human capacity was made.

CUT TO:

A steel tube is inserted into Steve's spine.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Doctor Killian's team has developed a polymer that allows steel reinforcement to be liquefied and injected into Colonel Austin's bones. It effectively replaces marrow with metal, allowing the alloy to reinforce the skeleton to withstand the weight and pressure Colonel Austin will now be capable of handling.

CUT TO:

A monitor that details the flow of the liqui-steel (not unlike the one that detailed the flow of oxygen into Steve's

body in the pre-crash sequence).

OSCAR (V.O.)

Once the alloy settles into place, it immediately hardens. Blood cells will now be manufactured outside of the bone, by bio components that Doctor Killian's team have updated since procedure on the prototype...

FADE OUT OF VISUAL AND VOICE-OVER. FADE INTO:

The steel tube being extracted. The table flips back, facing Steve up. A new voice-over is already in progress.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... a system back-up, that will regulate usage and wattage of the generators -- the feature that caused contamination in the prototype. To insure this never happens again, the containment unit is placed beneath the brain-stem.

CUT TO:

The back of Steve's neck -- opened, exposing the top of his spinal cord. A computer component is inserted and sewn in.

OSCAR (V.O.)

The computer contains eight gig's of RAM, allowing optimum information processing and storage. From an access hook-up behind Colonel Austin's right ear, data may be entered and downloaded using an twenty-eight-eight processor...

FADE OUT AND INTO:

The Team removes Steve's good arm.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... due to weight displacement ratios, the existing arm will be removed to compensate for the replacement arm.

CUT TO:

One of the arms is extracted from it's preparatory fluid bath.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Each arm is fitted with it's own power source. Through the process of micro-miniaturization, Doctor Killian's team has been able to update and streamline multiple nuclear generators that act as power cells for the limbs, allowing them to manipulate weights of up to one ton. Simulated nerve-endings receive and process stimulus by sending electrical impulses first to the generators, then to the brain.

CUT TO:

The Team attaches the arm.

OSCAR (V.O.)

While neurological pulses from Colonel Austin's brain will control the limbs as if they were his own, the limbs draw their strength from the generators. This will alleviate Colonel Austin of the normal fatigue one would feel after extraneous activity. As per Mrs. Sage's directive, a fail-safe device has been implanted...

FADE OUT AND INTO:

The bionic legs being attached.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... each leg can withstand impact of up to one ton, allowing for landings that would shatter normal legs. Also equipped with the micro miniaturized nuclear generators, the legs will function at ten times the speed of the average athlete if so required...

FADE OUT AND INTO:

The eye, being inserted into Steve's head.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... as with the arm, removal of the existing, healthy eye is essential for optimum performance -- so as not to confuse the sensory portions

of the brain with conflicting depth perceptions. When utilized, the bionic eyes will capture and crystallize images up to one mile in distance. Maximum range is approximately three miles, with built in tracking and targeting systems that allows for pin-point accuracy. When special systems are not required, the eyes function normally; twenty, twenty for distances up to...

FADE OUT AND INTO:

Steve's face. Needles are injected into Steve's cheekbones.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... the maxio-facial muscle layer in Colonel Austin's face will now act as malleable free-agent. Using encoded DNA structures of over three hundred facial types, as well as time-released skin toners that are neurologically activated, the Visage Modification Enhancer will allow Colonel Austin to change the shape and color of his face at will. Identity can be altered to resemble a wide variety of sizes and ethnicities...

FADE OUT AND INTO:

The skin that is attached over and around the shoulder area where Steve's body and the bionic limb are joined.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... the entire epidermal layer that replaces the existing material is formed of a syncro-mesh bio-alloy, not all that different from medieval chain-metal. Developed by integrating steel polymers with skin cultures harvested from prepuce removals, the new epidermis can withstand pressures of four hundred pounds without puncture. Flame retardant up to two hundred degrees and easily replaceable, the skin will function primarily as armor.

FADE TO:

The Team steps back. The table -- bars still holding Steve in place -- slowly shifts into an upright position, giving us our first, complete view of the newly repaired, complete Steve Austin -- BIONIC MAN.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - TWO WEEK LATER

Steve stands before a mirror. Clad only in boxer shorts, he studies his new body. He looks as he did pre-crash.

Off the mirror, Steve examines his arm. He extends it back and forth, clenching his fist. He pushes his finger against the mirror.

He slides his finger across the reflective surface, leaving the streak of a fingerprint.

Steve notes this, amazed. He then looks to his bedside table and spots a drinking glass. He picks it up and crushes it in his grip. Opening his hand, he tosses the shards into the trash and looks at his palm.

Not a mark.

Steve is taken aback. Then he remembers something. He looks at what was his 'good' arm -- the one not damaged in the crash.

The scars that were there no longer remain.

Oscar enters. He gives Steve the once-over.

OSCAR
(jokingly)
Tired of having sand kicked in your face? Try O.S.I.'s new Bionic Overhaul, and never be a wimp again.
(chuckles)
Come on, beefcake -- you ready to see what you can do?

STEVE
They took my arm.

Steve's not in a joking mood. Oscar deflates a bit.

OSCAR
They had to. To compensate for...

STEVE
The robotics.

OSCAR
Bionics.

STEVE
(shaking his head)
Is there any of me left?

OSCAR
(points to his chest)
This is you, Steve.

STEVE
There's nothing to indicate I lived
through that crash. No one would
ever know.

OSCAR
Some of us will never forget.

STEVE
I wanted those scars. As a
reminder of who I was.

OSCAR
Who you are. You're still the same
man.

STEVE
Men have scars, Oscar. I'll never
have scars again. I'm without
blemish. I'm perfect.

OSCAR
Perfect people don't bitch.

STEVE
I just wish they'd left some scars
or something. To make me feel
like... me.

Oscar looks at Steve for a beat. Then he approaches him,
turns him around so his back faces the mirror, and lifts his
boxers a bit. Oscar points. Steve looks down.

There -- on his upper thigh, beneath his ass -- is the
'Africa' birthmark Steve had talked about.

Steve looks at it, then Oscar. He smiles.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

A BIO-TECHIE outfits Steve with a monitor. He attaches it to
Steve's chest. Another Techie velcro's shut a digital device
that looks like a beeper. Steve straps on a head-set.

Killian, Rudy and Oscar sit before a bank of table-top monitors in the fresh air of the Colorado Rockies. Killian speaks into a microphone.

KILLIAN

Steve, we're going to be testing your speed today. The course is laid out with markers along the trail. We'll be able to monitor your heart-rate and velocity with the devices you're wearing. We've got video monitors throughout the trail, so we'll never lose sight of you.

Steve limbers up a bit, listening to his instructions.

KLATCH (V.O.)

Just relax and take it easy at first. When you feel comfortable, pick up the pace -- but don't overdo it. This is just a trial run.

STEVE nods. He begins jogging in place, then heads off into the woods.

AT THE TABLE, the Team monitors.

KILLIAN

Heart-rate normal. He's doing fine.

RUDY

Speed: five miles an hour.

STEVE trots along a path, past a marker. We can hear the sound of his breathing.

A CAMERA high in a tree pans with him as he passes.

THE IMAGE of Steve running is on one of the screens. Oscar watches it.

OSCAR

He's passed the first marker. How's he doing?

KILLIAN

Blood pressure normal.

STEVE passes between some tall trees, picking up his pace a bit. His breathing remains the same.

The MONITOR strapped to his leg jumps from five to ten.

BACK WITH THE TEAM -- their monitors reflect this.

KILLIAN
He's sped up some.

OSCAR
To what?

KILLIAN
Ten miles an hour.

RUDY
Heart-rate hasn't jumped yet.

OSCAR
Interesting.

STEVE runs now. He takes a hill in a few steps. His breathing is normal still.

BACK WITH THE TEAM -- The heart monitor beeps steadily along.

KILLIAN
He's taken a thirteen foot incline without raising his blood pressure.

RUDY
He's up to thirteen miles an hour.

OSCAR
How long's he been at it now?

KILLIAN
Ten minutes.

STEVE whips into a clearing. He breaks into a sprint, heading toward a mountain. His breathing remains constant.

AT THE TABLE -- the monitor picks up to twenty five. Then jumps to thirty.

The Team goes wide-eyed.

OSCAR
That monitor okay?

STEVE takes the mountain base, breaking nary a sweat. His breathing -- as always -- is unaffected.

AT THE TABLE -- the monitor is now at forty eight and climbing.

Killian studies his data, eyes darting from the pages to the monitors, to the video of Steve making his running climb up the mountain base.

Rudy smacks the monitor that displays Steve's heart-rate. Oscar's eyes jump between the two.

OSCAR
Is that possible...?

KILLIAN
We were expecting twenty five,
thirty -- tops.

OSCAR
His heart-rate hasn't jumped!

RUDY
That's because he's expending very
little energy.

OSCAR
Not expending energy?! He's
running...
(checks monitor and goes
wide-eyed)
... SIXTY MILES AN HOUR!

RUDY
But the bionics are doing the work.
His cardiovascular isn't being
taxed. As far as he body's
concerned, he's doing nothing more
strenuous than walking.

STEVE'S FEET dig into the earth, pushing his running climb.

The MONITOR on his leg reads SEVENTY FIVE.

THE TEAM stares at their monitors, dumb-founded.

STEVE reaches the peak of the mountain and comes to a stop.
He raises his hands triumphantly -- the 'broken' man
returned.

ENDURANCE TEST MONTAGE BEGINS --

- 1) Steve in the weight room. Killian inserts a pin into the weight pile (two hundred). Steve lays back and places his hands on the grips. He pushes up oh-so-easily.
- 2) The eye test -- on what resembles a shooting range. Rudy hangs an eye chart on two pegs. He has Steve cover one eye and read. He does. Rudy pulls a switch and the eye

chart drifts backwards ten feet. He urges Steve to read it again. Steve does.

- 3) Steve in the weight room again. Killian sets the pin again (this time four hundred). Steve again pushes it up with zero sweat.
- 4) The eye test again -- the chart is back against the wall. Steve moves to cover his eye and read it again, but Rudy stops him. Rudy then turns off the lights. The screen goes black. Then, we switch to STEVE'S P.O.V. -- and infrared glow fills the screen. We see everything in night-vision. It zooms in on the chart, giving us a crystal-clear view.
- 5) In the weight room -- C.U. on Killian, straddling the bench, inserting the pin into the heaviest weight. Suddenly, he shifts forward, his eyes darting about. He grabs onto the bench. Cut-out to reveal Steve lifting the entire bench -- weights, seat, base and Killian -- over his head. He smiles up at Killian.
- 6) Outside, Steve runs again -- this time slo-mo; reminiscent of that shot from the opening of the old show.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM, SLAB-ROCK - DAY

Steve sits at a conference table. Across from him sits Oscar. Behind them, a blank screen.

OSCAR
How do you feel, Colonel Austin?

STEVE
Sore. Rudy and Killian have developed worse endurance trials than Idi Amin.

OSCAR
(laughs)
Give a scientist any sort of budget...

They chortle for a moment, then fall into silence.

OSCAR
I can't tell you how glad I am that...

Oscar's at a loss for words. Steve nods.

STEVE
I know. And I thank you, my

friend. What you're done for me is
nothing short of amazing.

(beat)

But I'd like to know why.

OSCAR

(smiles)

Cut right to the chase.

Steve smiles. Oscar stands.

OSCAR

Steve -- it is our hope that you'll
come to work for us at O.S.I.

Steve is flabbergasted.

STEVE

You're... you're O.S.I.?

Oscar shrugs and nods.

OSCAR

I'm sure you've heard many rumors
about what it is exactly that we do
at O.S.I. Some of them are
probably true... well, most of them
are probably true.

Oscar motions to the back of the room. The lights dim, and
images begin filling the screen behind Oscar. The first one
is of Kennedy's assassination.

OSCAR

This is what created us. After the
Kennedy assassination, we were set
up to police our government's
various agencies, and for years we
did just that.

An image of Nixon's farewell address fills the screen.

OSCAR

Sometimes we were effective...

An image of Reagan's attempted assassination replaces it.
Oscar shrugs.

OSCAR

... Sometimes we weren't. But
where we found ourselves to be most
efficient was in world politics, or
more precisely, areas of world
politics where the C.I.A. and

N.S.A. couldn't even make moves
without creating international
incidents.

An image of gas-lines from the seventies fills the screen.

OSCAR
Making sure things like this...

An image of Quadaffi replaces it.

OSCAR
... and this, came to a quick end.
We've never been detected, and
we've never dropped the ball.

STEVE
Kind of stuff you're dealing in, I
should hope not.

OSCAR
I'm not going to lie to you -- it's
pretty cloak and dagger stuff.

STEVE
Spying? In this day and age?

OSCAR
We call it Pre-emptive Defense.
Short-fuse potential problems
before they become just that.

STEVE
And you think I fit the profile?

OSCAR
If you didn't before, with your
potential now... well, let's just
say I'm glad someone with your
capabilities is on our side.

Steve inhales deeply, exhales and shrugs.

STEVE
Is there some sort of secret
handshake you're supposed to teach
me here?

OSCAR
(smiling)
So you're in?

STEVE
(beat)

What's the mission?

EXT. SKIES OVER NEW YORK - DAY

A commercial AIRLINER soars through the clouds.

OSCAR (V.O.)

There's an international Automobile Manufacturer's Trade Conference in New York City this weekend. The chairman of Atoya Motors, Toshiro Taskagi, will be delivering the keynote address. He's the man we're investigating.

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

Steve sits in a first class seat, studying a data chart. He's dressed in a suit.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We'll supply you with an identity that'll gain you access into every aspect of Taskagi's dealings. Once inside, the objective is to investigate Taskagi himself -- download his files, talk to his people; if possible, interrogate him. But at no point is he to be made aware of your agenda. Keep it all friendly.

Steve studies FILES on a Taskagi executive -- NGUYEN YOSHI. His photo peaks out from beneath the pile.

OSCAR (V.O.)

The Neural-Translator you've been equipped with will allow you to 'understand' Japanese, but speaking the language will be a different matter altogether.

Steve pulls a small device that resembles a micro-cassette recorder from his briefcase. He inserts a thumb-size micro disc into it.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Doctor Killian has assembled a rudimentary breakdown of the most basic elements of the language, skewing heavily toward vehicle manufacture and business -- as they are more necessary for your mission than simply learning dirty words.

Good luck, Steve. I'll see you in
Washington.

Steve pulls a pillow from under his feet. He places the pillow behind his head and leans back. He looks around furtively, then extracts a cord from the device, plugging it into the base of his neck, beneath his hair. He leans back and closes his eyes.

The device activates. It's tiny monitor reads 'DOWNLOADING'.

EXT. J.F.K. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

The Airliner touches down in New York.

EXT. TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Steve steps out of a cab, paying the driver. A bellhop grabs his bag. A banner out front reads 'WELCOME WORLD AUTO INDUSTRY'.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Steve enters the bar, dressed in a tuxedo. He looks around and spots...

NGUYEN YOSHI -- the Taskagi exec whose file Steve was studying on the plane.

A WAITRESS passes Steve and he grabs her.

STEVE
Excuse me -- Miss?

WAITRESS
What can I get you?

STEVE
My friend over there -- I'm playing a joke on him. I know this is going to sound unorthodox, but I can pay you for your effort.

WAITRESS
What do you want me to do?

STEVE
Here's my idea...

Steve begins whispering in the girl's ear. He holds up his room key, shaking it toward the offscreen Nguyen. The Waitress laughs and nods.

AT NGUYEN'S TABLE -- the Waitress joins him. Nguyen studies

paperwork.

 WAITRESS
 (sing-songy)
Hi, Nguyen.

Nguyen looks up, taken aback. He looks around, then back at the girl.

 WAITRESS
Yes -- you, handsome.

 NGUYEN
I'm sorry -- have we met?

 WAITRESS
No, but we're going to... if you'd like.

She slips the room key into his lap. Nguyen looks around, shocked, then back at the Waitress.

 WAITRESS
Twelve eleven. Now.

She rubs his head gently and exits. Nguyen watches her go, amazed. He looks around, then at his paperwork. He tosses the paperwork into his briefcase and hurries out of the bar.

Steve and the Waitress watch him go. They giggle. Steve hands the Waitress a hundred dollar bill.

 STEVE
Can't thank you enough, my dear.
This will be one surprise party
he'll never forget.

Steve heads off.

INT. HOTEL - ELEVENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Nguyen steps out of the elevator and looks at the directions to the room. He hurries in that direction.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A key is heard being inserted into the door. The door opens, and Nguyen stands there, hesitating.

 NGUYEN
Hello?

 WAITRESS' VOICE
Hi, Nguyen!

Steve hides behind the corner wall. He speaks but we hear the girl's voice.

STEVE
(in Waitress' voice)
Well get in here, you sexy thing.

Nguyen shuts the door behind him and hurries into the room. Once he rounds the corner, Steve nerve-whacks him in the neck. Nguyen goes down, out cold. Steve carries him to the bed and checks his pulse. Satisfied, he begins tying the man to the bed-frame.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Steve finishes taping Nguyen's mouth closed. Then he takes a stationary position over him and stares.

C.U. ON Nguyen's face -- passed out.

C.U. ON Steve's face -- concentrating.

STEVE'S P.O.V. -- changes from normal vision to digital read out. It contours the unconscious man's face, measuring, cross-checking. At the bottom of the 'screen' a read-out says 'VISAGE MODIFICATION ENHANCER ACTIVATED'.

C.U. ON Steve's face -- as it slowly morphs into Nguyen's. Except for the mouth.

Steve looks in the mirror and is caught off-guard.

STEVE
My God...

Then he notices the mouth. He looks at it, puzzled -- then looks back at Nguyen.

STEVE
(to himself)
Duh, Austin.

He removes the tape from Nguyen's mouth and stares at him again.

C.U. ON Steve's mouth -- as it takes the shape of Nguyen's.

The phone rings. Steve answers it, speaking in Nguyen's voice.

STEVE
(as Nguyen; in Japanese)
Yes?

PHONE (V.O.)
(in Japanese)
Taskagi-san wants to speak to you
before his speech. We're in his
suite.

STEVE
I'll be right there.
(beat)
What room is that again?

INT. TASKAGI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taskagi addresses someone offscreen.

TASKAGI
(in Japanese)
I don't trust my nephew any longer.
There are things he's involved
with... well, I have suspicions
he's involved with...
(beat)
I fear for my life, Nguyen.

Steve-as-Nguyen sits across from Taskagi. He struggles for
something to say.

STEVE
(as Nguyen; in Japanese)
What is it that leads you to this
belief?

TASKAGI
I suspect that he's made alliances
with...

There's a knocking at the door. Steve-as-Nguyen answers it.
A Japanese BODYGUARD leans in.

BODYGUARD
(in Japanese)
They've started. Taskagi-san is on
in five minutes.

STEVE
(as Nguyen; in Japanese)
They'll have to wait. Taskagi-san
needs some...

Taskagi places his hand on Nguyen's shoulder, shaking his
head gently.

TASKAGI

(in Japanese)
This old fool was just prattling
on, Nguyen. Pay no heed.

He steps out of the room and into the hallway, patting the
Bodyguard on the back.

TASKAGI
Besides -- I have Gon to watch over
me.
(to Gon)
Isn't that right, Gon?

Gon smiles and nods. He taps his watch. Taskagi nods and
turns to Steve-as-Nguyen.

TASKAGI
We should go.

STEVE
(as Nguyen)
If permitted, I have to use your
bathroom, Taskagi-san.

Taskagi waves Steve-as-Nguyen on. He closes the door to the
room, leaving Steve alone. Steve leaps into action, heading
for Taskagi's closed laptop. Taking a seat in front of it,
he pulls up his sleeve and opens a panel in his arm. He taps
a few keys.

STEVE
(still as Nguyen; in
Steve's voice)
Breaker one, nine -- this is the
Tin-Man. You got your ears on,
Solid Gold?

EXT. O.S.I. BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

An establishing shot of the by-now familiar O.S.I.
Headquarters.

OSCAR (V.O.)
That's a big ten-four, Tin-Man.

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

In a room filled with computers, screens scroll with data
readouts, L.E.D., infrared, body-temps, graphs -- all
awaiting link-up with Steve. Technicians cover every aspect,
while Oscar and Sage look on.

OSCAR
Have you been to see the Wizard?

STEVE (V.O.)
Affirmative, Solid Gold.

OSCAR
I assume the cloak worked. But
how's your Japanese holding up?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Steve types away at the terminal, speaking aloud.

STEVE
Keep the chatter down to a Beavis
like monosyllabic banter, and I'm
ice cream.
(shakes his head)
Have to say, though -- he doesn't
seem like the mercurially type.
And another thing -- he's scared.

OSCAR (V.O.)
What of?

STEVE
Mentioned a nephew, who's
apparently not here.

Steve plugs a disc attached to a wire into the base of his
neck. He slips the disc into Taskagi's computer.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Yes, he's our next line of
investigation, but for now, you
stick to the old man.

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

Oscar switches on a monitor.

OSCAR
You ready to uplink?

STEVE (V.O.)
That's a go, Solid Gold.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Steve punches digits into his paneled-arm-control-pad.

STEVE
I'm online... now.

Steve taps a key in his arm.

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

The screen fills with Steve vital stats, as well as his P.O.V. from Op-Mon. Oscar and his team can see what Steve sees, hear what Steve hears, survey possible damage, and keep track of Steve's health on a moment to moment basis.

Oscar looks at the monitor that displays Steve's P.O.V. We see the laptop Steve's working on. He's scrolling through data.

OSCAR
Colonel, would you do Mrs. Sage
and I the pleasure of checking a
mirror, please.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Steve gets a perplexed look on his face. He looks up from the terminal. A mirror hangs on the wall in front of him. He stares into it, then understands.

STEVE
(singing)
If you want to know who we are...

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

On the monitor, we see the face of Nguyen.

STEVE
(continuing singing)
... we are gentlemen of Ja-pan.

Oscar and Sage are taken aback. Sage then smiles.

SAGE
Amazing.

OSCAR
(to Steve)
Can you do 'Three Little Maids From
School' while transmitting
Taskagi's files?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The laptop screen reads 'DONE'.

Steve unplugs the wire from the back of his head. From the panel in his arm, he extends a micro-antenna. He taps some keys, his head bobbing back and forth from side to side.

STEVE
Transmitting.
(singing)
'Three little maids from school,
are we...'

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The SPEAKER is at the podium, addressing a crowded room full of well-dressed automobile executives, seated at tables, finishing dinners.

SPEAKER
And now, without further ado --
from Atoya Motors, Japan. The
Chairman and C.E.O. -- Hyatti
Taskagi.

From backstage, Taskagi steps out toward the podium, leaving behind his Bodyguard. The Bodyguard looks over his shoulder, noting two COPS standing by the curtains. He then eyes the crowd, scanning.

BODYGUARD'S P.O.V. -- some security GUARDS by a set of doors that lead out of the Ballroom. Pan over to another set of doors, where two COPS are chatting quietly. Pan up to a PICTURE WINDOW high above the floor, unguarded.

The Bodyguard then looks to Taskagi as he stands at the podium, smiling at the applause he's receiving from the crowd.

TASKAGI
(with difficulty)
You'll have to forgive my
English... which I learned mostly
from watching Woody Woodpecker
cartoons.

The crowd laughs. Taskagi smiles.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Steve-as-Nguyen exits Taskagi's room, pulling the door closed behind him. He walks briskly down the hallway, 'talking' to Operations Monitoring.

STEVE
Austin out of the boudoir, heading
for what I'm sure will be a
scintillating lecture.

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

Oscar smiles at Sage. A Techie hands them some data.

OSCAR

Just got the stuff you sent.
Perfect. Your Communications
Networking Processor is functioning
at an optimum.

STEVE (V.O.)

So's my bladder. I'm going to hit
the bathroom, so I might be losing
you folks for a bit.

SAGE

(into headset)

Colonel Austin, this is Mrs. Sage.
We'd like to continue monitoring
from Operations, and I'd be
hesitant to break that connection,
just as a precaution. Stay online.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steve enters, shaking his head.

STEVE

Well folks, you see -- I'm pretty
big on bathroom privacy.

SAGE (V.O.)

Oh for God's sake, Colonel Austin --
if you don't look down we'll never
see it!

Steve slips on the floor, losing his footing a bit. He
rights himself, and looks back at the source of his stumble.

From the bottom of a closet door, a small viscous puddle of
red and white juice pools.

Steve stares at it.

STEVE

You getting this?

OSCAR (V.O.)

Cleaning solution of some sort?

STEVE

(approaching door)

Perhaps...

Steve tries the door. It's locked. He looks around briefly,
then pulls the door off it's hinges. Out falls a body --

nearly nude.

STEVE
Mister Clean, Oscar?

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

Oscar and Sage recoil at the sight. On the monitor is the image of the body -- head bashed open like a cantaloupe, leaking the blood and cranial fluid that Steve slipped on.

STEVE (V.O.)
New York, New York -- it's a
helluva town. Any suggestions?

OSCAR
Anyone we know?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steve reaches down and turns the body over. It's the Bodyguard, Gon, who had picked up Taskagi.

STEVE
Oh my God.

OSCAR (V.O.)
Steve? Steve, what is it?

But Steve's already on the move. We see his feet rushing past the fallen Bodyguard and out the door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Steve rushes past Convention revelers and other guests, heading toward the Ballroom doors.

STEVE
If you people have any sort of
backup, I'd suggest calling it in.
Something's going down here.

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

Oscar watches Steve's P.O.V. on the monitor, as it rushes toward huge doors.

STEVE (V.O.)
Looks like our man Taskagi's made a
run for it.

Oscar and Sage exchange knowing glances.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The doors are thrown open, as Steve-as-Nguyen rushes in. Some people shush him, urging for the closure of the doors. Steve then recognizes the voice of Taskagi and looks to the stage.

Taskagi is continuing his speech to the seated Conventioneers.

Steve looks perplexed. He quickly cases the room and heads toward the stage.

TASKAGI

... it is this precise level of craftsmanship that I refer to. A mark of pride and quality that this industry has forgotten since assembly-lines are now almost ninety percent mechanical. Which is why my plan for Atoya is to have the robotic lines phased out in favor of manned-assembly lines -- by the turn of the century.

The crowd breaks into applause. Taskagi bows, smiling.

Steve-as-Nguyen heads for the backstage area. Suddenly, a Japanese SUIT grabs him.

SUIT

(in hushed tones)

Nguyen! You've missed almost the entire speech! Come -- sit with us!

Trapped, Steve-as-Nguyen allows himself to be seated at a large table of other Atoya Execs.

Taskagi settles the crowd with hand-gestures.

TASKAGI

I realize that many of you must think I'm crazy.

The crowd titters. Taskagi smiles.

TASKAGI

Yes -- it was my company that started the unmanned lines years ago. But when I think of how many jobs that practice has eliminated... when I think of the families who were affected by this so many years ago... I am filled

with shame.

At the table, Steve-as-Nguyen fidgets in his seat, casually searching the room.

TASKAGI (O.S.)

For it is the human element that
makes any manufactured product
worthy of purchase.

Backstage, the Bodyguard is no longer standing in his place. The Two COPS that were standing by the curtain are crumpled heaps on the floor.

TASKAGI (O.S.)

It is the human element that builds
companies and sustains life.

Taskagi stands at the podium, fully engaged in his own speech.

TASKAGI

And it is the human element that
keep our's as a world not run
entirely by soul-less machines.

At that moment, Taskagi's chest explodes into the crowd -- a fist propelling his bones and guts out the hole it makes.

The Crowd screams and disperses madly. Steve-as-Nguyen looks up sharply.

At the podium. The Bodyguard withdraws his arm from the gaping chest wound it created in the now-dead Taskagi. He lifts the body over his head and hurls it into the crowd.

Taskagi's body lands hard on the Atoya Execs table -- much to the occupants' horror. Steve looks from the body to the stage.

On the Stage, a team of Security Guards rush the Bodyguard. Quickly and violently, he dispatches them -- in a very familiar fashion.

Steve struggles to get through the rapidly fleeing crowd.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Steve, what are you doing?!

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

Oscar leans into the mic, watching the mayhem on the monitor.

STEVE (V.O.)

What do you think I'm doing?! That guy up there is dead in the bathroom, yet he somehow managed to punch a hole through Taskagi!

OSCAR
Do not approach the subject...

Sage slaps Oscar's arm and shoots him a fiery look.

OSCAR
Repeat -- do not approach the subject, Colonel Austin!
(to Sage)
He's not ready for this.

SAGE
Bullshit. Let's find out.

OSCAR
(into mic)
Do not appro--

Sage grabs her head piece and barks into it.

SAGE
Colonel Austin -- apprehend the suspect immediately! That's an order!

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Steve-as-Nguyen tries to rush through the fast-fleeing crowd but can't. Finally, he LEAPS OVER them -- about twenty yards -- and onto the edge of the stage.

The Bodyguard is engaged in dispatching more COPS when Steve lands. He doesn't see the approaching Austin. He cracks the neck of the last Cop and looks up.

A large, ornate CHANDELIER hangs above the crowd.

The Bodyguard leaps from the stage, twenty feet into the air, just as Steve-as-Nguyen is about to grab him.

The Bodyguard lands on the Chandelier, causing it to shake and swing beneath his weight. He looks to the PICTURE WINDOW far across the others side of the room.

Steve-as-Nguyen is flabbergasted.

STEVE
Who is this guy?

He himself then makes the leap at the Chandelier, landing mere feet from the Bodyguard. The Bodyguard offers a puzzled double-take.

Steve locks eyes with the Bodyguard, then allows his own face to morph back into it's true shape -- that of Steve Austin.

STEVE

Fun's over, Big Guy. Come quietly
or this gets ugly.

The Bodyguard is shocked by this momentarily, then smiles widely.

BODYGUARD

Well -- they finally updated the
roster.

He allows his own face to morph back into it's natural shape -- that of KLATCH.

Steve goes wide-eyed at the transformation -- perhaps more so when Klatch takes a second to rip off the temp-skin that his previously exposed metal features. Klatch looks down at the crowd below.

BODYGUARD'S P.O.V. -- Still amassed, the crowd rushes about, fleeing.

Klatch looks at Steve and smiles. He punches one fist into the ceiling, followed by the other. He lifts himself off the Chandelier, and kicks at the buckle that keeps the massive light attached to the ceiling.

Steve clings to the Chandelier as it sways -- first from Klatch's leap-off, then from his assault.

Klatch kicks the buckle squarely, and the Chandelier breaks free, falling toward the floor -- Steve atop it. Klatch laughs, pulling his fist from the ceiling and punching it in again a bit farther away, mimicking the move with the other hand. He does this repeatedly, 'climbing' across the ceiling, moving toward the Picture Window on the other side of the room.

Meanwhile, as the Chandelier falls, Steve flips himself off it, leaping toward a blank spot in the crowd below.

He lands and throws his arms up, catching the Chandelier and absorbing the shock. Once people have cleared away, he sets it down and looks across the room.

Klatch has made his way toward the Picture Window. Below him, Cops fire their guns. The Bullets -- while hitting

their intended target -- seem to have zero effect. He reaches the Picture Window and hurls himself through it.

Steve -- surrounded by a curious crowd -- watches the offscreen action.

STEVE
(to crowd)
Excuse me.

Steve dashes through the crowd -- dodging the occasional roadblock -- and leaps through the shattered Picture Window himself.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Landing on the pavement below, Steve looks up.

Klatch leaps from car rooftop to car rooftop on the unusually fast-moving traffic of the N.Y.C. streets.

A Squadron of Police Cars and S.W.A.T. trucks screech up in front of the Hotel. The CAPTAIN rushes out, surveying the mess. He spots Steve standing amidst the broken glass and cement from the shattered picture window, and urges everyone to take defensive positions as he draws his gun.

CAPTAIN
FREEZE! PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

Steve looks to the Captain and assembled Police. He realizes that they're talking to him and moves toward them.

STEVE
I'm not the...

The Captain and the Police Team freak.

CAPTAIN
FIRE!

The assembled Police open fire on Steve. He's thrown back into the exterior of the Hotel behind him, dropping to his knees.

The firing ceases. The Police look at their handiwork nervously.

Steve shakes off his daze. The Cops look on, amazed as he steps past them, eyeing the Captain angrily.

STEVE
This isn't L.A., you know.

Steve jumps into the air, grabs onto a STREETLIGHT, and spins himself into a swing across the four-lane Ave., landing into a perfect sprint down an alley.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Steve runs at breakneck speeds, eyes darting in every direction.

STEVE'S P.O.V. -- Infrared images with Body-Temp enhancements flash on an L.E.D. graph that switches every few seconds with every direction Steve looks in. Then it zeros in on one figure. A distance readout at the bottom displays '600 m.', then flashes to '300 m.' as the figure becomes more recognizable, then flashes repeatedly until it reads '10 m.'. The figure is Klatch. He rushes into a subway entrance, effortlessly throwing people to the side in great distances as he passes.

Steve picks up speed, dashing through traffic and over cars -- reaching the same Subway entrance in seconds.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Bruised and battered bodies line a path that Steve follows. The sound of an approaching subway rattles the terminal.

Suddenly, the window of a token booth explodes, as Klatch hurls himself at Steve, knocking them both off the platform and onto the rails below.

Steve and Klatch stumble to their feet and immediately trade blows -- Klatch throws a punch that Steve deflects into the wall, shattering cement and tile. Klatch kicks his knee up, catching Steve in the abdomen. He pulls his fist out of the wall and slams it into Steve's head, dropping him. Klatch grabs Steve's head and attempts to twist. Steve struggles in his grip. Klatch's face belies shock at his own inability to snap Steve's neck. He opts instead to bash Steve's head against the ground.

And a TRAIN whips around the bend, heading toward them.

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

On the monitors, we get a view of the filthy subway-tunnel ground and Klatch's leg. Oscar checks the readouts.

OSCAR

Some internal injuries, but his
processors are intact and
functioning at peak.

SAGE

This is almost out of hand. He's exposed himself and jeopardized the program.

(beat)

It may call for the Fail-safe.

OSCAR

(suddenly ferocious)

NO, GODDAMMIT!

Sage reacts to Oscar's outburst.

OSCAR

He's fighting for his life,
Margaret -- and you put him in that
position!

(beat)

Give him a few more minutes.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Steve frees a hand and reaches up, grabbing Klatch by the neck and pulling him forward. He flips Klatch, slamming his exposed metal face into the third rail. Sparks fly, as Steve holds Klatch there momentarily, then pulls him up off the tracks, out of the way of the approaching train.

On the platform, Klatch kicks Steve solid in the chest, sending him sprawling across the floor, knocking what few people remain on the platform down.

Klatch then leaps back towards the tracks, into the path of the coming train. He punches his hands through the ground, and pulls -- straining. The tracks break free from earth with sparks, and Klatch twists them upwards, toward the platform -- leaping away just in time as the Train -- horn blaring -- is almost on top of him.

Steve shakes off his stupor and sees what Klatch has hatched. He sees the Train heading -- emergency brakes screeching -- heading for the twisted track/ramp, looks to the bystanders -- both standing and injured -- and reacts.

STEVE

(screaming)

RRRUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNN!!!

The bystanders scramble, as the Train -- unable to stop -- hits the crumpled track/ramp and jumps the platform.

Steve lifts his foot and brings it slamming through the platform -- lodging it firmly into the ground. He does the same with his other foot and braces himself, throwing his arms out at the approaching Train.

The Subway Train, teetering onto it's side, races at Steve -- impacting at about fifty miles per hour. It pushes Steve forward as he digs his fingers into the steel, getting a grip. Steve's feet race backwards through the floor of the platform, as Steve tries like mad to slow the speeding car down.

A DRUNKEN BUM sucks with all his might from a turnstile token slot. He lifts his face, smiling -- a Token between his lips. Then his eyes bug.

Steve and the Train are rushing at him.

The Token drops out of his lips and he dashes up the stairs, just as the Train smashes through a nearby wall.

Steve manages to hold on, pushing against the force of the Subway. The pair burst through pillars and security gates, smashing against walls along the way.

Ahead, a MOTHER pulls madly at her small SON who's jacket is caught on a turnstile. The kid cries, the mother screams.

Steve looks back over his shoulder and sees the Mother and Son directly in his path.

His heels dig deeper into the ground, sending debris and sparks flying.

The Mother pulls frantically at her Son.

Steve's face is one large grimace of pain, as the Train slows down from his effort.

His heels dig even deeper into the ground.

The Subway throws less sparks as it grinds to a slow halt.

Steve and the Train decelerate to a stop -- mere inches from the Turnstile-trapped Son. For a moment, all is quiet.

Then the Mother rushes to her child -- tears of joy streaming down her face.

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - NIGHT

Oscar surveys the scene from the Monitor. He looks Heavenward.

OSCAR
(mouthing it silently)
Thank you.

He looks to Sage. Sage frowns.

SAGE
(getting up)
Bring him in.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Steve releases the Train, and pulls his feet out of the ground. He looks back past the path of destruction he and the Train left.

Lots of damage, but no dead or smashed bodies... and no sign of Klatch.

Steve looks around, slowly -- exhausted. He turns to the Mother and Son, as Emergency Teams pile down a nearby stairwell. The Mother now holds her free Son, weeping happily.

MOTHER
(through tears)
I... I don't know how... but thank
you, sir! Thank you so much!
Thank you so...

Her expression changes into one of first confusion, then disgust and horror. She screams and points at Steve.

Steve looks down -- there is exposed metal and wiring poking through his skin.

He moves toward the Mother and Son.

STEVE
It's okay...

They both scream, and dash away.

SON
(as they flee)
It's the Terminator, Mommy! Run!

Steve watches them go, then looks around at the crowd that surrounds him.

People whose lives he just saved, rescue workers, T.V. News crews all stare at him speechless.

Steve looks from the crowd to his injuries, then back again.

STEVE
What?! What are you... what are
you looking at!?

The crowd says nothing -- just stares silently. Filled with hurt, Steve's eyes dart from person to person.

STEVE
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING
AT?!?!

He dashes through their midst and takes the stairs, three by three.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

As Fire Trucks and Emergency Vehicles, Police and crowds flood the street, Steve sprints through their masses, running like mad into the night.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

A private JET sits on the runway. Asaki paces back and forth in front of it, looking to and fro for someone. Then his expression hardens as his eyes fall on...

Klatch, still in his shredded tux, racing toward him.

ASAKI
What took you so damn long?

KLATCH
I ran into a friend.

ASAKI
And my Uncle?

KLATCH
Deader than grunge, deader than
button-fly...

Asaki suddenly crumples forward, his spine crushed. He drops to the ground, revealing Gilgamesh standing behind him, bending down to wipe his blood-soaked hand on Asaki's suit. Klatch looks down at the fresh corpse.

KLATCH
But not deader than you.
(to Gilgamesh)
I trust you secured his account
numbers and access codes before
doing that.

Gilgamesh nods. Klatch smiles.

KLATCH
Well then let's break out the

bubbly -- we are now, officially
free agents.

EXT. RUNWAY - MINUTES LATER

The door of the jet closes as the craft begins an unscheduled taxi, rolling over Asaki's body.

INT. JET COCKPIT - NIGHT

Gilgamesh drives as Klatch joins him, now tux-less.

TOWER (V.O.)

K-L 37, this is the tower. You do
not have clearance for taxi or take
off... K-L 37 do you copy?

Klatch smashes the speaker with his fist. Gilgamesh regards this briefly. Klatch kicks back in the co-pilot's seat.

KLATCH

This thing have enough tank to get
us back to the compound?

Gilgamesh nods.

KLATCH

Good. We've got some massive
preparations to make. I believe
we'll be expecting company -- soon.

Klatch looks out the windshield, smiling.

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The Jet cuts off a commercial airliner as it taxi's, forcing it to veer off. The Jet leaps into the sky, narrowly missing a landing airliner, which then lands haphazardly.

EXT. SUBURBS, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Steve runs at high speed down a deserted suburban street. He slows to a stop and puts his hands on his knees, not breathing very heavily -- especially for someone who just ran over three hundred miles straight. He looks up.

Across the street sits his former house -- the one he shared with Jamie.

Steve stares at it, lost in thought. Then a car pulls up. Steve ducks behind a tree.

The Car pulls into the driveway. The door opens.

Steve's face goes pale.

Jamie steps out. She struggles to balance her book bag and two sacks of groceries, while closing the door with her foot. She lifts her book bag to her mouth and grabs the strap with her teeth, while fishing around inside for keys.

STEVE (O.S.)

Jamie?

Jamie freezes. She recognizes that voice. Her suddenly wide eyes slowly pan right and fall on something she finds unbelievable.

Steve -- her dead lover -- stands on her front lawn.

Jamie faints.

Steve rushes and catches her before she hits the ground. Lifting her, he grabs the keys from her bag and carries Jamie's unconscious form to the door. He opens the door and disappears momentarily. He emerges again and begins collecting the scattered groceries.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie is out cold on the bed.

Steve sits beside her, gazing at her face. He's changed out of his damaged tux -- presumably into clothes that he'd owned pre-crash. His sweatshirt and jeans conceal the damaged patches of his body and the exposed circuitry. Steve begins stroking Jamie's hair. He touches her cheek lightly, then her forehead. Jamie's eyes flutter, and she hazily comes to. She looks up at Steve, confused.

JAMIE

Am I dead?

Steve shakes his head no. Jamie takes this in.

JAMIE

Are you?

Steve stares at her for a moment and smiles, then shakes his head no again.

Jamie looks up at him, taking this in. Then she lashes out and slaps his face, leaping off the bed.

JAMIE

What the fuck is going on here?! I buried you, dammit! I saw them put what was left of you in the ground!

STEVE

I know, Jamie -- I'm sorry...

JAMIE

Sorry?!? For the last eight months, I've gone from home, to work, to running errands, to doing anything that would exhaust me and the hours I had to stay awake, just so I didn't have to think...

Jamie begins tearing.

JAMIE

So I didn't have to remember that you... that you burned up in that... fucking plane!

STEVE

(crossing to her)

I know, babe, I know -- but...

Jamie eludes him, exiting the bedroom.

JAMIE

Get the hell away from me!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steve follows on Jamie's heels. Jamie crosses to the table and pulls a cigarette from the pack, shakily lighting it.

STEVE

I know this is all a shock...

JAMIE

(exhaling harshly)

Shock?!? My dead fiance shows up on my front lawn at one in the morning and he calls it a shock?!?

Jamie shakes her head. Steve stands there, speechless. Then...

STEVE

What are you doing out at one in the morning?

JAMIE

(beat)

What?

STEVE

What are you doing out this late?
Don't you have school in the
morning?

Jamie looks at him, angrily stumped. Then...

JAMIE

I was grocery shopping!

STEVE

At one in the morning?

JAMIE

The store's less crowded then, and
I don't have to worry about running
into my students parents...

(catches herself)

Nevermind that shit! What are you
doing out at one in the morning?!

In fact, what are you doing
alive?!?

She looks at him, expectantly. Steve looks back at her,
sheepishly.

STEVE

I was waiting 'till you were gone
so I could use the bathroom.

Jamie stares at him, wide-eyed. Steve offers her a shrug. A
tiny smile toys about Jamie's lips. A large one grows across
Steve's. Jamie begins chuckling, as does Steve. Soon,
they're both laughing. And then, Jamie begins sobbing, and
rushes into Steve's arms. They kiss, passionately, and
embrace one another desperately.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

There's a fire in the fire place.

Steve and Jamie lay on the futon, Jamie wrapped up in Steve's
arms. They've been talking for some time. Her puffy eyes
and running nose also detail that she's been crying for some
time.

STEVE

The whole time I was coming here,
it just kept running through my
mind -- what if I catch her in bed
with some guy? Or some girl, for
that matter?

Jamie punches him. Steve laughs.

STEVE

What? If someone goes through a traumatic event it could... confuse their identity.

JAMIE

Who said being told you were dead was traumatic? I was relieved. No more waiting to use the toilet.

STEVE

Right.

JAMIE

I can't believe that sonovabitch Oscar sat right here and lied to me.

(as Oscar)

"He's gone, Jamie."

(shakes her head)

I'll hate him forever, now.

STEVE

It wasn't his fault. I didn't want you to know either.

JAMIE

Then I'll hate you forever, too. What did you think I was -- a child? So you got banged up in the crash! Bit deal! I should've been there with you all through your rehabilitation, through whatever surgery you had.

(beat)

I should've been told the truth.

STEVE

The truth would have been... well, it would have been hard to take.

She leans on her elbow, facing him.

JAMIE

What are you talking about? What'd you chip your tooth or something? You don't even look scarred. You keep talking about the crash like you really got destroyed, but you look great.

Steve looks at her. The moment of truth.

JAMIE

What?

STEVE
(grimly)
I was destroyed in the crash.

JAMIE
(scoffs)
Apparently. Look, the only thing
that seems to have been destroyed
in that crash was your libido.
Because after eight months of not
seeing me, you haven't tried to get
into my pants yet.
(tugs at his jeans)
Or is this what was destroyed.

STEVE
Jamie...

JAMIE
(oblivious)
Take 'em off, Austin.

STEVE
Jamie, wait...

JAMIE
(still tugging at his
pants)
For some reason, I thought you were
wearing a tux before I passed
out...

Steve grabs her hands. Jamie winces.

JAMIE
Oww!

Steve releases her, frightened by his strength. Jamie looks
at him, perplexed, rubbing her wrists.

JAMIE
What were they feeding you in rehab
-- spinach and salt-peter?

Steve looks at her, then downward. Jamie lifts his chin and
peers into his eyes.

JAMIE
What is it?

STEVE
(beat)

There's something I haven't told you. About the crash. Well, I've been trying to tell you, but I couldn't spit it out. It's the reason why I haven't come to see you. The reason they told you I died.

Jamie offers him a confused look. Steve touches her face. Then he stands up and puts his foot on the futon. He rolls up his pant-leg, exposing the circuitry and damaged metal skin. Jamie stare at it. Steve then pulls off his sweatshirt, revealing his damaged chest. He stands before her -- exposed.

STEVE

I'm not the man you loved.
(beat)
Not anymore.

Jamie stares at him, holding back shock. She touches the exposed circuitry, and probes the metal with her fingers.

JAMIE

What...?

STEVE

I lost almost every limb in the crash. Broke my back, lost an eye...
(beat)
They replaced everything with robotic parts. They're called Bionics. Even my skin is synthetic.

Jamie is speechless. She grabs Steve and turns him around, pulling his jeans down to reveal his ass cheek -- the one with the mole. She looks at Steve, quizzically.

STEVE

Synthetic.

Jamie looks away. She plops backwards onto the futon. Steve pulls up his pants. He sits beside her and moves to touch her, but she recoils, looking away.

Steve stares at her for a beat and then rises. He pulls his sweatshirt on and heads toward the front door.

JAMIE

And that's why you let them tell me you were dead?

Steve stops and looks back. Jamie is looking at her feet.

JAMIE

My father had a pace-maker put in when he was fifty five. For two years, he wouldn't let my mother touch him because he felt strange. Said he didn't feel like a real man, anymore. Then he died. And I remember at the funeral, my mother went up to the casket and just... touched him. She touched his face, stroked his hair. It kind of grossed me out, so I asked her why she did it. Do you know what she told me?

(beat)

She told me she hated him. That she hated my old man. Because he let something stupid like his masculine pride get between them, and because of that, she never got to touch him again... until he died.

Steve looks at Jamie. A tear rolls down her cheek. She looks at Steve.

JAMIE

You're a man, Steve Austin. You're the same man you've always been -- regardless of... that stuff. Do you know how I know that?

Steve shakes his head, tearing up. Jamie smiles at him.

JAMIE

Because you held me tonight, the same way you've always held me. And I felt your love for me. And I felt how much I love you.

(beat)

I didn't think I'd feel that again.

Jamie rushes into Steve's arms, and the embrace, tearfully.

JAMIE

I don't care. I never would have. I never will.

STEVE

I'm sorry...

JAMIE

You should be. Because your stupid
pride robbed me of eight months of
my life. Because you are my life!

(beat)

If you ever do that again, it'll
take more than metal to hold you
together after I get done with your
ass!

They hold one another, crying, laughing -- the whole sappy
works. Then...

Lights erupt outside the house. Cars can be heard pulling
up. Steve and Jamie look toward the windows.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A team of Government VANS pull up -- uniformed soldiers
piling out, armed.

Steve emerges from the house, Jamie slightly behind him.

The Soldiers trains their guns on Steve. Jamie ducks behind
him.

A HELICOPTER lands in the middle of the street. Oscar gets
out. He crosses the lawn toward them.

Steve grabs Jamie and looks into her eyes.

STEVE

Listen to me.

JAMIE

What's going on?!

STEVE

I have to go back with them. They
have a lot to answer for. But I
promise I'll be back. In the
meantime, you have to get out of
here. Take some sick leave from
work and stay with your aunt for
awhile, but lay low. Do you
understand?

JAMIE

Why...?

STEVE

Just promise me.

Jamie senses the gravity in Steve's words and eyes. She
slowly nods. Steve smiles and embraces her.

STEVE
I'll be back as soon as
everything's cleared up. I swear.

They kiss, and continue to kiss when Oscar joins them. He glances around, furtively.

OSCAR
We have to go, Steve.

Steve and Jamie continue to kiss.

OSCAR
I've bought you as much time as I
can, but now we have to go.

Steve releases Jamie.

STEVE
(to Jamie)
I love you.

Steve smiles at Jamie, then looks coldly to Oscar. He marches off toward the Helicopter. Oscar stands there momentarily with Jamie. There's an awkward silence on his behalf. Jamie stares at him, seething.

OSCAR
I'm... I'm sorry, Ja--

Jamie slaps him. She turns away and storms into the house. Oscar rubs his face and heads toward the Helicopter. The Soldiers pile back into the vans.

The Helicopter lifts off, as the Vans pull out.

Jamie watches from the window.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS, SAGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve slams his fists through the desk of Margaret Sage. Oscar and Sage are wide-eyed.

STEVE
What the fuck was that all about!?!
You sent me into the middle of a
war zone, for Christ's sake!!

OSCAR
Steve, calm down. We didn't...

STEVE
Calm down?!? Oscar -- I watched

that man get disemboweled! And by who?! Who the hell was the guy? Another agent?!

SAGE
Former agent.

STEVE
(beat)
I want answers, dammit. And they better start flying fast and loose, or I'm walking!
(fiercely)
Who... was... that... guy?

Oscar looks to Sage. Sage nods to Oscar. Oscar looks to Steve.

OSCAR
Colonel Avary Klatch.

Steve is taken aback.

STEVE
Wait a second -- the spy they nailed for selling covert information to the Kremlin back in eighty two?

SAGE
That was our cover story, yes.

OSCAR
Klatch was the farthest thing from traitorous any branch of the service has ever seen. He worked for us on and off for two years under varying identities -- black ops missions. Extremely top secret.

SAGE
The President didn't even have knowledge of his activities.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - FLASHBACK

An angry crowd demonstrates in front of the White House, carrying placards.

OSCAR (V.O.)
In eighty two, there was a public furor over the possibility of P.O.W.'s still being detained in

Vietnam.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - FLASHBACK

A Presidential Spokesman stands at a podium, addressing a crowd of reporters. He shakes his head.

OSCAR (V.O.)

The government's official position was that we were working in concert with the Vietnamese ambassadors to insure that every measure that could be taken, was, and that the findings were negative -- there were no Prisoners of War left in Vietnam.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PRESENT

Oscar lowers his head.

OSCAR

But there were.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Sealed, Top Secret documents are traded and signed by unseen players.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Due to an agreement the C.I.A. had with the present government in Laos, there was nothing they could do about it. The party line was to stonewall until public furor died down.

A shot of a glum-looking Reagan.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Officially, the President's hands were tied.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PRESENT

Steve looks to Oscar.

STEVE

But not your's?

Oscar smiles.

INT. AIRPLANE - FLASHBACK

A young pre-op Klatch giving his team orders and outlining a plan of attack on a P.O.W. camp, via photos and models. They are in mid-flight.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We sent Klatch and his team to reclaim the P.O.W.'s. Get in, get out, limited casualties -- that was the objective. Deny it afterwards. Very Rambo.

EXT. JUNGLE - FLASHBACK

Klatch and his team -- in full camouflage -- duck through high reeds and swamps.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We had a rendezvous point for the team at the completions of their mission, ten miles from the camp. From there, we were to transfer the P.O.W.'s back to American soil.

INT. P.O.W. CAMP - FLASHBACK

A Vietnamese soldier is gutted by Klatch. He quietly motions. His team surreptitiously moves forward.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Klatch's team got inside the perimeter of the camp and found seven refugees...

The team release forty-ish, bearded men from bamboo prisons.

OSCAR (V.O.)

... and were then detected.

Gunfire erupts. The team and the refugees hit the dirt. Klatch and his men return fire. Klatch screams for his men to get the P.O.W.'s out while he covers them.

Two of his team dragging three P.O.W.'s are blown to bits by a mortar shell.

Three more are gunned down from above.

The P.O.W.'s get mowed down from behind.

OSCAR (V.O.)

They were caught in a crossfire. His entire team was lost.

Klatch, still firing wildly, takes a round. Then another.

His body buckles to and fro, filling with lead.

EXT. JUNGLE - FLASHBACK

Klatch runs/limps through the jungle, ducking machine gun fire from behind.

He races toward a helicopter, which starts to lift off the ground. Klatch throws himself aboard, taking more hits before the copter takes off.

OSCAR (V.O.)

By the time Klatch made it to the rendezvous site, he was barely alive. He'd taken ninety six rounds from Russian AK-47's.

INT. SLAB-ROCK - FLASHBACK

Klatch aboard a stretcher, being wheeled through Slab-Rock's hallways. Broken and bruised, he resembles the pre-op Steve.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Two week prior, our Bionics Division had a breakthrough in the micro-miniaturization field -- one that allowed for nuclear processors to power artificial limbs. All we needed was a candidate on which to test the procedure.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Klatch is operated on by a team of surgeons, quite like Steve.

OSCAR (V.O.)

The decision was an easy one.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PRESENT

Steve is somewhat shocked.

STEVE

I'm not the first?

OSCAR

Avary Klatch was our first Cyborg -- over ten years ago. Approximate cost -- six million dollars.

SAGE

The budget on the current project is one point six billion.

(smiles)
Inflation.

OSCAR
And also ignorance. We'd built a better man, yes -- but most of the design had only been theory at that point. We should have tested it further. But Klatch was as good as dead if we didn't at least attempt the procedure.

STEVE
What happened?

EXT. AFGHANISTANIAN STREET - FLASHBACK

A war-torn thoroughfare. Half-destroyed buildings, rubble, dead bodies.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - FLASHBACK

From a trashed hotel suite, soldiers trade fire with a rebel force in the street below.

The Freedom Fighters are also being chased by a TANK, which is corning them at the end of an already demolished street.

OSCAR (V.O.)
After the recovery period, Klatch wanted to go back into the field.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - FLASHBACK

Klatch runs along the rooftop of the Hotel building, armed only with a machine gun. He pulls blueprints from his jacket, and begins referencing the plans with the layout of the roof.

OSCAR (V.O.)
He was eager to test his new abilities. The Team thought he was ready. Physically -- of course -- he was in better shape than before the procedure.

KLATCH'S P.O.V. -- a digital imaging of the roof. Klatch looks from the blue-prints to the roof beneath his feet. One image is laid over the other, and in bursts of quick flashes, we zero in on one section of the roof in particular. Numbers delineating depth and pressure appear alongside the image.

Klatch crosses to the spot, slings the machine gun over his shoulder, and drops to his knees. He pulls back, and easily

punches his hand through the roof. He pulls back steel and wood, clearing a hole large enough for a body to fit into.

OSCAR (V.O.)

He'd been on a total of thirty two missions in various parts of the globe, and he never once mentioned the leak.

Klatch takes a few steps back, then runs toward the area he'd prepared. He leaps into the air, and comes down into the hole.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - FLASHBACK

The Soldiers continue to lay down a suppressing fire. Suddenly, Klatch comes crashing through the ceiling.

The Soldiers freak, attempting to get him in their sights.

Klatch guns two down, and hurls his machine gun at a third...

... the force of which sends the Soldier sailing through a window.

Another Soldier rushes Klatch with a bayonet, but Klatch thrusts his hand at the blade.

The blade shatters.

Klatch grabs the Soldier and snaps his neck.

Klatch grabs a missile launcher from the floor and heads to the window. He gets the Tank in his sights, and launches.

The Missile hits the Tank destroying it. The Freedom Fighters raise their rifles in salute to Klatch.

OSCAR (V.O.)

The containment units that we'd used for Klatch's nuclear processors were made of a weak alloy, not used to trial and endurance.

From the Suite window, Klatch salutes them back, then doubles over violently, grabbing at his head.

OSCAR (V.O.)

They began to leak. And what's more, the leak began to spread.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PRESENT

A schematic of Klatch's reinforced skull and neural-net processor fill the screen behind Oscar. Steve looks on.

OSCAR
(indicating area)
Here. The waste was carried through his system, directly to his brain. The toxicity of the waste generated by the Bionics is minimal, but compounded over time...

SAGE
It began to take it's toll on Colonel Sage's... perception.

Steve is suddenly pissed.

STEVE
And this is what you've stuck in my body?! This poison that's going to eat at my skull?!?

SAGE
One of the key differences between a six million dollar program and a one point six billion dollar program, Colonel Austin, is the ability to correct deficiencies in the former, to produce stronger results in the latter.

OSCAR
We were able to prefect the containment and runoff elements in you, Steve. Twice monthly, your system will be flushed of any containments that the processors generate.

Steve looks to Sage and Oscar. He shakes his head.

STEVE
So the contamination in Klatch led to his going renegade?

SAGE
That is correct.

OSCAR
It began simply...

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - ISRAEL - FLASHBACK

Klatch on an assignment in Israel. He leans behind an overturned jeep.

In the distance, a limousine pulls up. A shady-looking DIGNITARY steps out. He is led into a building.

OSCAR (V.O.)

His methods became questionable.

Klatch flicks the switch on a detonator. The building explodes.

OSCAR (V.O.)

His behavior became erratic.

INT. LIBYAN HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK

Klatch exits a room, wiping off his hands. A NURSE walks by him, confused by his appearance. She looks to the room he'd come from, and rushes in. A scream is heard. Pan-up to a sign that delineates the room as the DELIVERY WARD.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - FLASHBACK

Klatch -- now looking kind of primitive -- crouches on a limb high above a team of tree-leveling TRACTORS.

OSCAR (V.O.)

We'd sent him into the Rain Forest on an anti-deforestation fact gathering mission. The orders were to observe and collect data only.

Klatch leaps from this branch.

Landing atop one of the tractors, he reaches in and pulls the DRIVER out of the cab, lifting him above his head with one hand. Klatch punches his other hand through the man's back, and pulls out his spinal cord. It rips through the man's back, pulling the skull with it.

OSCAR (V.O.)

That was the last contact we had with him as our agent.

Klatch leaps to the roof of another tractor, hundred of feet away. He pulls the driver from the cab and snaps his body in two.

EXT. JUNGLE COMPOUND - FLASHBACK

Klatch -- now wearing only a loincloth and painted in blood -- sits atop a crude throne, adorned with skulls. Metal is poking out slightly, here and there, from beneath his skin.

Pull back to reveal NATIVES falling to their knees,
worshipping him.

OSCAR (V.O.)
He'd suffered a complete breakdown,
due to the contamination.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PRESENT

Oscar looks like he's carrying some heavy psychological
baggage.

OSCAR
Shortly after the incident, we sent
a Team into the jungle to bring
Klatch down. He took them out in
seconds -- like he knew they were
coming. After that, we lost track
of him completely. He vanished.

SAGE
Until a few months ago. The first
in a series of break-ins occurred
at our Langley Bionics Division.
Followed by subsequent break-ins at
other O.S.I. headquarters, the
latest of which being in
Washington. High casualties at
each.

STEVE
What's he after?

OSCAR
Technology. He's stolen data on
every area of Bionics we've been
developing.

SAGE
We suspect he's gone mercenary --
hiring out to enemy nations.

STEVE
I thought we didn't have any more
enemies?

SAGE
Please. This is the United States
government you're talking about.
We'll always have enemies,
regardless of what you read in the
papers.

STEVE

So who's he working for now?

OSCAR

Our sources told us that Atoya Motors has been developing highly advanced assembly-line technologies. Technologies that operate on almost the same principal as the data that's been stolen. Hence our investigation into Taskagi. But now that he's dead...

STEVE

Wait, wait, wait -- let me see if I follow this: you people re-built a war-hero, turned him into some sort of techno-super-solider, and now you think he's gone A.W.O.L. in favor of industrial espionage? Do you know how stupid this sounds?

OSCAR

We think there's more to it than that.

Sage rises and clicks a remote. The image on the screen switches to a detailed schematic of the sub-fusion microchip that Klatch has stolen.

SAGE

(standing in front of the screen)

This sub-fusion microchip was something that Bionics division was working on when the break-ins began. The project was so top secret that the team was split into three departments and relocated at our various labs around the country. Even the scientists involved in the project did not have full access to all the data.

STEVE

What is it?

Sage looks to Oscar. Oscar settles back in his chair.

OSCAR

It has to do with creating fertile environments out of arid climates. Our scientists were working on a way to triple the world's soil

growth capability. If it works, it could mean growing wheat in the Sahara, or taking radiation contaminated earth and reversing the effects. Turning a dune into a field, changing a toxic waste dump into rice paddies. Success on the project would mean tripling the world's food supply.

STEVE

And Klatch wants this to -- what? Start his own farm?

SAGE

The process also includes air ionization. Changing dioxide into oxygen, without photosynthesis. We could create atmospheric conditions specific to the demands of a particular region.

STEVE

But...?

OSCAR

The effects could also be reversed.

It starts to sink in for Steve.

STEVE

Oh my God...

SAGE

The technology fits into a box that's no larger than a washing machine. When activated, it could transform an atmosphere from oxygen rich, to carbon-rich. The entire process could take anywhere from ten minutes to two hours -- depending on how wide the target area. It could carbonize an entire city or country -- rendering it incapable of sustaining oxygen dependent life.

STEVE

This wasn't developed in the interest of world hunger -- you people developed it as a weapon!

OSCAR

Initially, yes. But when we

learned of it's capabilities...

STEVE

... you regarded it as nothing more than a convenient side-effect! Something that -- while beneficial -- would be thought of as little more than an interesting alternative use!

SAGE

Bear in mind, Colonel Austin, that the technology that has made you whole again was also developed primarily as a weapon.

Steve offers Sage a hateful glance.

SAGE

Nothing is ever all-good or all bad, Colonel.

Steve rubs his head, processing. He relents.

STEVE

What does this have to do with me?

SAGE

Due to the obvious diplomatic arrangements with the Japanese government, we can't charge Atoya Motors with employing a renegade covert agent that we're responsible for developing. And there is no actual proof that would link Atoya to Klatch.

OSCAR

We need you to find Klatch, via this lead.

STEVE

And once I've found him?

Oscar looks to Sage. Sage looks to Steve.

SAGE

Liquidate him.

Steve stares at her, then at Oscar. He starts laughing.

STEVE

So this is why you re-built me? To become your replacement-assassin?

Well what makes you people think I'm even capable of killing -- especially a man of Klatch's expertise in cloak and dagger?

SAGE

I'd hardly call it killing, Colonel Austin. You'd merely be shutting down a device. A device that has... malfunctioned.

Steve looks at Sage sharply. His looks softens.

STEVE

Send a machine to kill a machine?

Steve leaps from his seat and slams his fists into the conference table. The table splits in two. Sage and Oscar stumble back a few steps, shocked. Steve composes himself.

STEVE

Well this robot has no interest in killing your other robot.
(he moves to exit)
Count me out of O.S.I.

Steve moves to exit.

SAGE

(calling after him)
I'm afraid it's not as simple as that, Colonel Austin.

Steve stops and turns, pissed.

STEVE

And why not?

SAGE

Mister Goldman -- inform Colonel Austin of the conditions of his refurbishment.

OSCAR

Goddamn you, Margaret...

SAGE

TELL HIM!

Oscar is taken aback. He looks to Steve, a bit sheepishly.

OSCAR

Officially, you don't exist anymore, Steve. You were listed as

deceased after your crash.

Steve is a bit flabbergasted. He collects himself.

STEVE

Won't the world be surprised to see
that's not the case.

He turns to exit.

SAGE

There's more.

Steve stops again and turns back. Oscar hangs his head.

OSCAR

You've been implanted with a fail
safe device, Steve. If for any
reason you deviate from your
particular mission, the generators
that power you can be deactivated
by Mrs. Sage.

Steve looks at Oscar, wide-eyed. He then turns his attention
to Mrs. Sage.

SAGE

You can be shut-down, robot.
Permanently. And at the rate our
technology is progressing, what
makes you think that in a few short
years, we can't re-program you
anyway?

(beat)

You're either with us... or against
us.

Oscar shakes his head, ruefully at his boss. Steve stares at
Sage, grasping what she's saying. Sage rises.

SAGE

You leave for Japan in five hours,
Colonel Austin.

Sage exits. Steve sits in stunned silence. Oscar rubs his
forehead.

OSCAR

Steve, I'm...

STEVE

What have you done to me, Oscar?

Oscar's eyes flash downward. Steve kicks the desk, which

then sails into the wall.

STEVE

You were my friend!

OSCAR

I had no choice. Sage was going through with this regardless of how I felt...

STEVE

You stole my goddamn manhood. My goddamn humanity. That psycho bitch can turn me off on a whim!!

OSCAR

She'd have to get through me first...

STEVE

Oh, and it's obvious how much sway you hold over her! You're her goddamn lap-dog!

OSCAR

It was either Bionics or they were going to put you down...

STEVE

WELL WHY THE HELL DIDN'T YOU LET THEM?!? DO YOU THINK THIS IS LIVING?!!

OSCAR

(enraged)

I WAS TRYING TO DO THE RIGHT THING, GODDAMMIT!

Steve is taken aback. Oscar fumes.

OSCAR

WHAT THE HELL WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?!? MY BEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD IS LYING THERE LIKE A SLAB OF MEAT, AND THEY SAY "WE CAN REBUILD HIM, OSCAR!!" I DID IT FOR YOU -- TO MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN!! AND IF THE ROLES WERE SWITCHED, IF YOU GAVE TWO SHITS ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, YOU'D DO THE SAME GODDAMN THING!!!

Steve stares at Oscar. Oscar drops his head in his hands.

OSCAR

Nobody stole your goddamn humanity,
Steve. It's all still there.

STEVE

My life isn't in my own hands
anymore.

OSCAR

Nobody's life is ever in their own
hands. You step outside your
house, you triple the chances that
you'll never come home. Whether
it's a drunk driver, or some
lunatic with a shotgun in a fast
food joint, the choice to live and
die is never fully your's.

They sit in silence for a moment. Then Steve gets up.

STEVE

You just keep rationalizing it,
Oscar. And I'm sure you'll learn
to live with yourself.

Steve exits. Oscar kicks the chair.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Rudy and his team repair Steve's torn circuitry, and 'dress'
the damaged skin with replacement skin. Steve stares off
into the distance, wincing slightly.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Klatch's headquarters are rumored
to be somewhere in the vicinity of
Mount Fuji. You'll be Harrier-ed
over and dropped within a mile of
the mountain, where you'll proceed
to search for his base. Once
detected, Klatch is to be put down
by any means necessary. Any data
or hardware regarding the sub
fusion microchip is to be brought
back. We'll be monitoring from
Operations, but we'll have back-up
standing by on an off-shore
carrier, should trouble occur. In
the event that you're
incapacitated, we'll track you --
via your tracking device -- and
send them in. Barring that, once
your mission is accomplished, you
can rendezvous with the Harrier at
the coordinates you've been

provided with on disc. It also contains an entire digitized mapping program detailing the surrounding thirty mile radius of the mountains.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Steve zippers his flight-suit closed. Oscar debriefs him.

OSCAR
If we don't hear back from you in forty eight hours... We'll, I'm sure we will.

Steve says nothing. He grabs his helmet and moves to exit. Oscar grabs his arm.

OSCAR
Steve...

Steve offers him a cold stare. Oscar releases him.

OSCAR
The... fail-safe device that you're carrying...

STEVE
Will be activated if I deviate from my mission, I know.

OSCAR
No, it's...

Oscar looks around.

OSCAR
It's located in your right arm. Here...

Oscar indicates the placement on Steve's forearm.

OSCAR
Once activated, you'd feel a dulling of electrical charge -- something akin to having your arm fall asleep. It's programmed to spread from processor to processor until your entire system is shut down. But the process takes two minutes to reach complete detonation.

STEVE

Thanks, Oscar. I've gotta fly to Japan and kill a psycho robot now...

Oscar grabs Steve and looks him in the eyes.

OSCAR

You have two minutes from the moment you feel that sensation in your forearm. Do you understand?

Oscar offers Steve a grave glare. Steve catches on.

STEVE

I understand.

Oscar half-smiles and releases Steve.

OSCAR

Good luck.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The Harrier Jet is prepped for take-off. A PILOT is already in the cockpit.

Steve climbs the ladder and boards the craft.

Oscar watches from down the runway.

The Jet lifts into the air and shoots into the sky.

EXT. MOUNT FUJI, JAPAN - DAY

The Harrier carting Steve descends near the mountain.

INT. JET - DAY

The Pilot snaps on his interior radio.

PILOT

We're over the drop site, Colonel Austin. Do you remember where the rendezvous site is?

STEVE

Got it.

PILOT

Then I'll see you here in twenty four hours.

STEVE

Roger that.

Steve reaches above him and grabs hold of a red lever. He pulls it and his seat shoots upward.

EXT. JET - DAY

The back canopy flips open, allowing Steve's ejection from the jet. Once out, the canopy closes again, and the jet veers away.

EXT. MOUNT FUJI - DAY

A parachute erupts from Steve's seat, and he floats earthward.

INT. KLATCH'S COMMAND POST - DAY

A monitor displays Steve's descent.

KLATCH (O.S.)
Didn't I tell you, Gilgamesh?

Klatch sits on a throne, watching a bank of monitors -- half of which display Steve. The other half show CARRIER JETS being prepared. Gilgamesh stands in wait at a Control Panel.

KLATCH
Here's our guest now. What say we test our guest's newly-minted abilities, hmmm? Stingers, please.

Gilgamesh throws a switch.

EXT. MOUNT FUJI - DAY

Two STINGER MISSILES shoot out of the trees.

Steve takes note of the Missiles hissing toward him. He punches the belt on his chest which unfastens him from his seat/parachute, and drops like a stone toward the ground.

The Missiles hit the chair, obliterating it.

Steve free-falls toward a thicket of trees. He extracts a TETHER LINE with HOOK attachment from his belt and hurls it toward one of the larger limbs.

The Hook catches the branch and wraps.

Steve swings through the thicket and up again. He releases the line and lands in a lengthy lagoon.

INT. KLATCH'S COMMAND POST

Klatch nods toward the screen, impressed. He looks to Gilgamesh and offers the same impressive nod. Gilgamesh shrugs.

KLATCH

Sharks.

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

Steve rises to the surface of the lagoon and immediately surveys the lay of the land.

INT. LAGOON - UNDERWATER

A STEEL DOOR built into the earth itself flips open, and out rush two SHARKS (corny maybe, but it's been awhile since I've seen a shark on the big screen, and I miss them).

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

Steve wades toward the shore and is suddenly pulled under.

INT. LAGOON - UNDERWATER

The Sharks tug at Steve mercilessly.

INT. KLATCH'S COMMAND POST

On the monitor, Steve wrestles with the Sharks.

Klatch watches, intrigued. He looks to Gilgamesh for agreement, but Gilgamesh offers only the rolling of his eyes.

KLATCH

I know, I know -- how much harm can they do him? But you've gotta admit -- it's damned exciting stuff!

INT. LAGOON - UNDERWATER

Steve blasts one of the Sharks in the face with a right.

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

The Shark flies out of the water and lands on the shore, flipping about.

INT. LAGOON - UNDERWATER

The other Shark bites down hard on Steve's leg. Steve pries it's jaws open -- all the way open -- inverting the fish. It floats to the surface, dead. Steve sees the open Steel door and swims into it.

INT. CAVERN

Steve rises from the water inside the mountain. He examines his leg.

There's some 'skin' damage, allowing metal to show through.

Then, lights come on ahead, illuminating a tunnel.

KLATCH (V.O.)

Colonel Austin, this is Avary Klatch. I'll be your quarry for this evening. To meet me in battle at the heart of this mountain fortress, you need only step through the tunnel provided ahead for you. I await you with great eagerness.

Steve looks to the tunnel.

It would seem clear.

Steve looks around the cavern.

High above, there's a ventilating duct.

Steve climbs from the water and makes a Bionic leap. He reaches the duct and digs his heels and fists into the rock to hold him. He rips the duct grill off and jumps inside.

INT. GAUNTLET

Steve lands atop STEEL SPIKES, some of which enter his feet. He lets out a shriek of agony. Immediately, he's leapt upon by two CYBORG ASSASSINS.

KLATCH (V.O.)

Clever assessment, Colonel Austin. But you failed to pick the lady. Instead, you got the tiger.

Steve grabs one of the Cyborgs and hurls him into the other. He then pulls his feet off the Spikes with great effort, only to then face the second attack of the Cyborgs.

The Cyborgs pin Steve -- throwing punches into his mid-section. Steve kicks-up and in mid-air -- kicks the pair in their respective heads. They fall onto the Spikes. From their stuck position, one of the pair points his crude Bionic arm at the fleeing Steve. A tiny GUN BARREL emerges, and begins firing rapidly.

Steve ducks behind a outcropping. Bullets tear into the rock. He's pinned.

KLATCH (V.O.)

Those are no ordinary bullets,
Colonel. They're teflon-coated
armor-piercing issue. 'Cop-killers'
I believe they're called in the
States. They can penetrate even
your thick skin.

The other Cyborg pulls himself off the Spikes and rushes the outcropping.

Steve leaps out and grabs the Cyborg, twisting him around like a human shield. The Cyborg takes the full-brunt of the bullets, until Steve clears a corner. Steve then spins the Cyborg around, head-butts him, and hurls him back down the corridor.

The Cyborg lands atop his partner, forcing his partner's rapid-firing arm-pistol into his own chest.

Steve dashes down the twisting corridor, as fire shoots from the walls, searing his clothing. He pats it out as he runs, and dodges a steel pole that juts out of the wall by flipping over it. He lands on his feet...

... on the edge of a precipitous CHASM.

The ground beneath his feet slides out.

Steve plummets into the darkness.

INT. PIT CAVERN FLOOR

Steve lands with a crashing thud. He attempts to shake off his daze, and raises his head. His eyes meet...

... that of Gilgamesh, standing above him. Gilgamesh smiles and brings his metal foot crashing against Steve's head.

Steve goes out, cold.

INT. CONTAINMENT HANGER

The cavernous room is dark -- with the exception of a single ceiling light, casting a shaft of illumination onto the ground far below. Thanks to this, we can make out a cage -- very simple in construction. On the floor of said cage, is the crumpled heap that is the unconscious Steve Austin. He begins to stir, slowly lifting his head. He tries to focus.

KLATCH'S VOICE

Tell me something.

Steve tries to zero in on the voice, scanning the room for it's source.

KLATCH'S VOICE

Did they let you keep your balls?

A shaft of light opens up on Klatch, sitting on a chair across from the cage, well out of Steve's reach.

KLATCH

I don't want to see them or anything. I'm just curious. They didn't let me keep mine.

Steve stumbles to his feet and rushes the bars of the cage. He pulls at them, unsuccessfully, attempting to pry them apart. Klatch nods at the cage.

KLATCH

Tough, isn't it? It's an alloy I developed for this very eventuality. I knew one day the ol' O.S.I. hubris would force their hand into a second attempt at Cybernetic Bionics. And for that reason, I tested the limits of my own strength on all the known metals, both natural and synthetic, until I found a combination that even I couldn't crush. I doubled it and had this built -- even reinforced the cell floor with the combination. The long and short of it is that you can't get out of there until I let you out.

(waves if off)

But that's neither here nor there. For now, let's use your unfortunate incarceration to get acquainted.

STEVE

I think we both know each other.

KLATCH

Yes, I'm sure Sage and her pet Goldfish told you all about me. And I've done my research on you, Colonel Austin. The second greatest miracle of modern science.

(beat)

I'm the first, of course.

STEVE

Of course. Look -- you know what has to happen here. They've stuffed me full of tracking devices, they can see everything I see, hear everything I hear. They'll be coming to blast this place to hell, if they're not already on their way. Let's not prolong this. Either give yourself up, or beat it. I'm not interested in any conversation right about now.

KLATCH

That doesn't sound like the gung-ho American spirit they're famous for at O.S.I. Has someone lost the faith?

STEVE

Someone doesn't give a shit anymore. They've taken everything else from me. I'm sure they'll have no qualms about destroying me right along side of you.

(to the air)

YOU CATCH THAT, SAGE?!? BLOW US BOTH UP, 'CAUSE I'M THROUGH WITH YOUR BULLSHIT AGENCY!!!

KLATCH

(claps)

Bravo. Stick it to the man, as they say.

(gets up)

But you're talking to yourself, Colonel. I had your refinements disconnected while you were out.

Steve looks up sharply.

KLATCH

Oh, no -- you're still fully functioning. But without the nuisance of your surveillance technologies. You can't communicate with them, they can't see or hear through you -- not anymore. By the way -- did you know they could turn that on and off at will? If you were to stay in their employment, they could go online with you any time they liked

-- say... while you were mid-coitus. There you'd be -- humping away at Miss Summers, and Sage and Oscar could be watching your bedroom antics back at their office like some amateur porn.

Steve goes pale. Klatch feigns ignorance.

KLATCH

What? Did I say something improper?

(sarcastically 'catching on')

Ohhh -- the mention of Miss Summers. Yes, I know all about her. It's in your personal files -- the ones that are all-to-easy to hack into back at O.S.I. Yes, Jamie -- I believe her name is? Jamie's in there as well. Seems Sage now regards her as potentially dangerous to Project Six Million. She's tossing around the idea of having her liquidated.

STEVE

(scoffs)

Bullshit.

KLATCH

Oh, right. I'm the villain who's trying to turn you. Hence, I'll say anything. Good point.

Klatch tosses Steve a micro-disc.

KLATCH

Process that at your leisure. It's your entire existence -- prior, present and future -- mapped out, courtesy of the good folks at O.S.I. They have big plans for you there, Colonel. You're the perfect weapon, and -- unlike myself -- you left ties behind. Ties that your human side might find difficult to cut, i.e. Miss Summers. Margaret Sage is toying with the notion of cutting them for you.

Steve eyes the disc.

KLATCH

You know I'm telling the truth.
They learned with the folly of not
keeping a tighter rein on me. That
fail-safe they've installed in you
is a direct result. They can turn
you on and off like a vibrator --
to be used only when it satisfies
them.

Steve gets up and crosses to the other side of his cell.
Klatch begins pacing.

KLATCH

On a lighter note, did you know
that there are six thousand and
twelve different ways to kill a
human being with your hands? I've
tried every one -- sometimes
multiplely. It gets so boring
after awhile. You can't imagine
how overjoyed I was when I ran into
you in New York. For the first
time in decades, I threw a punch
that didn't explode a head. It
killed me to have to give you the
slip. Half of me wanted to take
you out for a drink. I mean, how
often does one encounter a kindred
spirit of sorts?

STEVE

There's nothing kindred about us.
I was built to take you down.

KLATCH

Right -- well, there is that. But
regardless -- we are brothers of
sorts. We have the same parents.

(beat)

Do you know who those parents are?
Better yet -- and this is a trick
question, mind you -- do you know
who your father is?

Steve says nothing. Klatch draws nearer to him.

KLATCH

Hitler's your father, Colonel.

Steve's hand springs forward to grab Klatch, but Klatch
nonchalantly smacks it away as he dodges to the right.

KLATCH

It's true. Where do you think the

Bionics program began? You've heard of the experiments the Nazi doctors performed -- atrocious acts of inhuman proportions? Well, cybernetics was counted amongst those experiments -- seeing if man could be mechanically enhanced. The visionary quest for the uber mensch -- the Spider-Man. They made some headway, too. But then -- of course -- the Reich was defeated, and both the Americans and the Russians clamored to pull out as many German scientists as they could. And while the space program was born out of the genius of said scientists, something so much more important germinated as well.

(offers an exaggerated whisper)

Bionics!

(smiles)

That's your history. They say it's important, you know -- to know where you came from.

STEVE

You probably like that, don't you? Crediting a lunatic like Hitler as part of your heritage?

As he speaks, Klatch notices the exposed metal on his forearm. He begins fiddling with it.

KLATCH

Actually, I think Hitler was an idiot. But then, every son finds fault with his father sooner or later.

The metal plate shifts slightly, as if loose. Klatch's face registers this with some frustration.

KLATCH

Der Fuhrer was stupid, because he chose to focus his rage on one group of people. I find that kind of racism short-sighted. It would be ridiculous for us to view one race as beneath us when they're all beneath us. If you're going to hate only one race, I say hate the entire human race.

STEVE

So that's what you're working toward? You're going to wipe out mankind and fashion a machine world? Didn't I see that in a movie once?

(scoffs)

They didn't have to make me to stop the likes of you. They should've taken away your video store card.

Klatch grabs a screwdriver from a tool table. He begins tightening the panel in his arm.

KLATCH

The famous Austin wit, I presume. That was also in your profile. One of the contributing factors to choosing you as guinea pig number two. With your easy-going nature, they figured you'd adapt well to your new lifestyle. But wit is usually preceded by intelligence, and that's where they slipped up. Because it's that exact intelligence that's going to help you see the world through my eyes.

(lays down the screwdriver)

You're smart, Colonel Austin, so I'll cut to the chase: in constructing you, they've enabled me to institute my plan for -- yes -- worldwide domination. I mean, what kind of villain would I be if I lacked one of those, right?

STEVE

You're not a villain. You're a joke.

Klatch smashes himself violently into the bars, fiercely eyeing Steve.

KLATCH

I AM A GOD!

Klatch steps back slowly and brushes himself off slightly, containing his rage.

KLATCH

As is yourself. We are the Adam and the Eve -- you can be whichever

one you like -- of the new millennium. We are thinking machines. Machines with free will. And I'm not talking about that 'movie' crap -- we're not machines that gained total consciousness or some cyber-punk, sci-fi garbage of that nature. I'm talking about the perfect union mankind has been working tirelessly and obsessively toward since the start of the industrial revolution: the marriage of man and machine.

Steve looks back at Klatch.

STEVE

Jesus, you're insane.

KLATCH

No, I'm awake.

Klatch throws a switch on the wall that electrifies the cage. Steve convulses.

KLATCH

The rest of the world forgot to set their alarm.

Steve continues to jolt back and forth violently, writhing in pain.

KLATCH

A lot of people think I'm anti-human, and that's horse-shit. I realize how important humans are -- hell, I used to be one myself. But I view them as they view the apes from which they evolved: they're a cute but painful reminder of the necessity of natural selection.

(thinks)

Strike that. I view them as our cattle. Or something. Regardless, I don't discount or disdain them. We need the humans to make them over in our image.

Klatch pulls the switch again, shutting off the charges. Steve falls to the floor, breathing heavily.

KLATCH

Microwaves. I use them to discipline my troops. I also use

them on SMART-ASSES!!!
(calmer)
So watch who you call insane,
please.

Steve rubs at his head, attempting to gain his bearings. Klatch hits a switch on the wall, and huge hanger-like doors open, pouring light into the once dark room. Steve shields his eyes, looking up -- only to then go wide-eyed instead.

As the doors slowly slide open, we see a legion of CYBORG SOLDIERS. Row upon row of machine-men, standing in wait, eyes closed. Their appearance is bio-mechanic -- unlike Steve, the replaced limbs and enhancements can be seen for what they are. It's like an army of Klatches.

Gilgamesh stands at a platform, a control board spread out before him. He's online, as always.

KLATCH

This only took me six months,
thanks to the data the O.S.I. has
been pleasant enough to supply me
with, via my little raids. And
it's only the beginning, Colonel.
I'm going to decrease the
population of the world by two
thirds, and re-create the remaining
fortunate few as Cyborgs. Think of
it: the dregs of this planet wiped
clean, taking their disease and
pollution with them, leaving a
world where mortality is conquered
by science. As long as we continue
to update their parts and enhance
their health through bionics, my
people will never die. And the far
less-crowded Earth will then be
home to the product of self-
propelled evolution. Re-Genesis by
my hand. A race of the Bionic-
ageless, deathless, perfect. Like
us.

Klatch signals to Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh turns the key on his control panel.

The Army goes online. Every soldier sparks to life. Squadron leaders step out of line, and lead their squads toward the waiting carriers.

Klatch watches this, beaming with pride. He then turns his attention to Steve, who rolls subtly from side-to-side, still in pain. Klatch kneels down beside him.

KLATCH

I would like very much for you to rule by my side, Colonel. We were the first to be re-born into this new world -- it is only fitting that we oversee it together. Like it or not, we are brothers in steel.

Steve struggles to speak.

STEVE

H... how... how...

KLATCH

How...?

STEVE

... kill... t... two... thirds...?

KLATCH

How do I propose to kill the other two thirds? Good question. Well, I plan to use that Ionizer I stole the chip for, for starters. The rest will be executed.

STEVE

W... when...?

KLATCH

Well, these things take time. But it'll probably start in about...
(checks a wrist-watch that isn't there)
... twelve hours. In Washington, D.C. of all places. I know it'd be simpler to start here in Japan, but what if the Americans caught on. They're such a damn nuisance with their missiles and nukes. They might just -- as you said before -- blast me to hell once they caught wind of what I was trying over here. No -- I think it's better to start in D.C. See, America is the policeman to the world. And to cripple the world's police force would make it easier to carry out my plans. Beside -- by starting in Washington, I'm wiping out the cradle of government. And when there's no government, the country

will fall into anarchy -- which will make it that much easier to splinter the population into a million pieces. They'll do half our work for us by killing each other, once their leadership's out of the way. And given our proficiency with machines and computers and what-not, it'll be so simple to take control of the country's nuclear capabilities. I mean -- they were manufactured for use, right? We'll use them to downsize the population of the world. And given that we don't truly function as human beings anymore, we'll outlive whatever radioactive fallout that may exist from nuking the rest of the world. I mean, sure -- this semi-organic skin they covered you and I will most likely rot. But -- as you've probably already noticed...

Klatch peels another section of his facial skin off, revealing further metal.

KLATCH

... I'm not that into the aesthetic anyway. Beauty's only skin-deep, right?

(smiles as he tosses the skin away)

No, the only danger of the nuclear weapons is the possible havoc that the bomb's resulting electrical magnetic pulse could wreak on our circuitry, but I think our microprocessors can withstand low level hits of EMP.

(rises To his feet)

But I can explain this all on the way. The fireworks in Washington begin in approximately twelve hours, and that's the best time to Ionize the atmosphere -- when everyone's in one place. What can I say -- I believe in the quick kill.

(shrugs)

So what do you say, Steve? Are you with me on this? I've appealed to your intellect, you see that I can't be defeated. Look at that

army, for God's sake! This very day, the new world begins, and I'd have you by my side for it's birth.

(beat)

Are you with me?

Steve struggles to his knees, still convulsing. He grabs onto the cage and pulls himself up further, weakly staring up at Klatch.

STEVE

Go to hell.

Steve drops again. Klatch shakes his head at him, sadly.

KLATCH

It was worth a shot, wasn't it.

Klatch moves toward the wall and hits a button. A control panel opens.

KLATCH

(entering a code)

My parting gift to the Atoya Corporation and to this great land of the rising sun is rather dramatic, but somewhat essential. This fortress will go nuclear in fifteen minutes -- by which time my army and I -- along with the Ionization device -- will be long on our way toward the U.S. It won't be all that impressive an explosion -- only one megaton -- but it'll be enough to destroy this base... with you in it.

Klatch pushes a button. The LED clock built into the panel begins it's fifteen minute countdown.

KLATCH

A tad much with the clock, I know. But -- as you've pointed out -- I've watched too many movies.

(smiles)

Au revoir, Colonel Austin. I shall think of you, from time to time. Not often, but still. And should I run into either Sage or Oscar, I'll be sure to tell them that you died with your boots on.

Klatch mock-salutes Steve and marches away. Then he stops short. He heads back toward the switch on the wall and

throws it.

The microwaves erupt anew in Steve's cage. He begins convulsing violently again, rolling about.

Klatch frowns.

KLATCH

That's for not declining politely.

Klatch marches away, leaving Steve writhing in agony amidst the electrical waves.

INT. LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

Soldiers continues to board the carriers, under Gilgamesh's watchful eye. Klatch joins his major domo.

KLATCH

Is this the last of them?

Gilgamesh nods.

KLATCH

And the Device has been loaded as well?

Gilgamesh gestures toward the largest of the Jets -- a TRANSPORT -- a few planes away. Klatch nods.

KLATCH

Then let's clear this dump. You and I will ride with the Device. Instruct the others to follow.
(he rushes toward the Harrier)
Shotgun!

The roof opens, revealing the night sky. The Jets prepare for liftoff.

INT. CONTAINMENT HANGER

Steve writhes on the floor, agony splashed across his face. He manages a look toward the launch pad.

INT. LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

The squad of Harriers lifts into the air, being led by Klatch's and Gilgamesh's Transport.

INT. CONTAINMENT HANGER

Steve cranes his neck in the other direction, toward the

Countdown Clock.

It reads Ten minutes and counting. Steve will more than likely be permanently incapacitated in half that time.

Steve continues to be beaten by the microwaves. He looks around his cage and sees...

The Micro-disc -- the one Klatch has tossed to him.

Steve pulls himself toward it, struggling.

INT. LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

The Klatch craft clears the overhead doors and climbs into the night air. The second jet begins to follow.

INT. CONTAINMENT HANGER

Steve reaches the Disc and grabs it. Pulling himself toward the edge of the cage he grabs onto the bars and pulls himself to his feet, all while still being pelted by the devastating microwaves. He sets his sights on...

STEVE'S P.O.V. -- the second Jet. Using his Thermal-sighting enhancements, the image goes digital, giving a gridded layout of the cockpit. Through the grid, we can make out body-temp visuals of the Pilot and Co-pilot.

Steve winds up with his last bit of strength, and hurls the Disc with Bionic might.

The Disc whips through the air at incredible speed and pierces the hull.

INT. SECOND JET COCKPIT - NIGHT

The Disc imbeds itself into the head of the PILOT, who slumps forward on the column.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

The Second Jet veers and swings around, smashing into the third carrier, which then flips and spins into the fourth and fifth. Those carriers smash into the walls of the cave and are engulfed in a flaming explosion.

INT. TRANSPORT COCKPIT - NIGHT

Gilgamesh calls Klatch's attention to the mountain as it emits fire and smoke.

KLATCH'S P.O.V. -- the mountain shakes relentlessly under the force of the internal explosions and begins to crumble.

Then, we zoom in -- via Klatch's own Bionic sight -- six times, to catch the detail of the Soldier/Pilot of the fifth craft screaming as his cockpit is engulfed in flame.

Klatch slams his fist into the side of the cockpit.

KLATCH
DAMN HIM!!!

Gilgamesh offers a questioning look at his master. Klatch fumes.

KLATCH
Get us out of here. Now!

Gilgamesh lays on the thrusters.

Klatch's Transport takes off into the night.

INT. LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

The fifth carrier (the one with the screaming, flaming Pilot) bounces off the inside wall, careening toward the adjacent Containment Hanger.

INT. CONTAINMENT HANGER

From his cage, Steve sees the Jet heading toward him. With all the strength he can muster, he climbs to his feet -- the microwaves still lashing him. He watches the Jet sliding toward him and times his jump. A micro-second before the Jet smashes into the cage, Steve leaps into the air. The cage goes skyborn, and Steve runs across it's interior like a hamster in a wheel and flips onto the hull of the moving jet. He Bionically leaps from the Jet to a crumbling wall on the other side of the Hanger, just as the Jet impacts into the mountain and explodes.

Steve frantically punches the crumbling rock that holds him above the fire below. He 'climbs' in this manner toward the open ceiling, and pulls himself out.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Balancing along the lip of the mountain, Steve looks back briefly.

STEVE'S P.O.V. -- bionically enhancing his line of sight, Steve zeros in on the countdown clock, which hits the two second mark, then the one.

Steve jumps from the mountain top, into the air.

The Mountain goes nuclear, mushroom-cloud style.

INT. LAUNCH PAD

Soldiers climbing from the wreckage are seared by atomic fire, liquefying them.

INT. CONTAINMENT HANGER

The dazed Soldiers from the Jet that freed Steve, are seared by the blast.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

As Steve plummets to Earth, the mountain crumbles within itself.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Steve lands on one tree, then another, and hits the ground with a thud. He shakes off his tumble and climbs to his feet. Looking back at the mountain momentarily, he then races through the woods.

Steve reaches his Jet and climbs inside.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The Pilot is dead -- killed by debris that fell from the exploding mountain. He slumps over the partially damaged control board, which sparks. Steve winces as he pulls the man's body from the Cockpit and places him on the ground. Steve pulls the cracked Cockpit window closed and powers up the jet, while strapping on his helmet. He snaps on the com-link.

STEVE

Echo One to Echo Base, do you
copy?! Echo One to Echo Base, do
you copy?!

The dash sparks and the cockpit goes black. Steve slams his fist into it a couple of times, and it comes back on. He tries the radio again, but now it's completely dead. Steve blesses himself and guns his thrusters.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Steve's Harrier rises into the night sky, and takes off.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - THE NEXT DAY

It's five in the afternoon here, and already the city streets are jammed with revelers, preparing for the fireworks. Everywhere you look, the place is packed with bodies, waving

flags, wearing hats, boozing it up, having a grand ol' time.

INT. O.S.I. HALLWAYS - DAY

Everyone except Oscar and Sage. She marches down the hallway with Oscar following angrily.

OSCAR

We have to give him more time!

SAGE

For all we know, that maniac reprogrammed him. His Pilot hasn't reported in the last twenty four hours, Austin's tracking devices are offline, as are his monitors -- we've lost contact with him.

OSCAR

This is insane! He could be en-route home now and you're opting to blow everything because you're a little nervous?

SAGE

(turns to him)

It's my strong feeling that Colonel Austin has gone renegade. Yes, he could be en-route now -- to kill us or bomb the capital, maybe. He had specific orders that he's failed to comply with -- we're shutting him down!

Hauser races up the hall and intercepts the pair.

HAUSER

Sat-com's tracking an unidentified transport coming into our airspace pretty friggin' fast. Not on any logs or manifests. Flying due south.

SAGE

(to Oscar)

As if coming from Japan.

(to Hauser)

Notify all the intelligence branches, and the military.

(to Oscar)

You'd better pray it's him, and pray he's still one of the good guys.

EXT. THE REFLECTING POOL - DAY

The crowd looms large around the monument. Loud Music plays. There's a free Concert going on. An erected STAGE plays host to some Michael Bolton-type.

EXT. SKY ABOVE - DAY

Klatch's Transport zooms overhead.

INT. TRANSPORT CARGO-HOLD - DAY

The Device sits atop bombay doors. It's rather unimpressive -- only about the size of a Volkswagen. With the exception of the vents and a few blinking lights, you wouldn't know what it was if you fell over it.

A full platoon of Cyborg's surround it, lining the walls of the carrier.

INT. TRANSPORT COCKPIT - DAY

Gilgamesh flies. Klatch enters the cockpit.

KLATCH

We over the reflecting pool soon?

Gilgamesh nods.

KLATCH

The Device is programmed to activate on landing.

(jumps in his seat)

Once the parcel's dropped, we'll land on the other side of the city and let the troops start tearing things apart.

A light on the instrument panel goes off. Gilgamesh points. Klatch delights.

KLATCH

Bombs away.

Klatch pulls a lever.

INT. TRANSPORT CARGO-HOLD - DAY

The Bombay doors open, and the Device drops out of sight.

EXT. SKY ABOVE - DAY

The Device floats toward the Earth. A Parachute opens, slowing it's descent.

EXT. THE REFLECTING POOL - DAY

The crowd -- grooving to the concert, begins turning it's attention to the descending Device. Even the Bolton lookalike stops singing and silently watches this large box dropping out of the sky.

The Device lands in the Reflecting Pool, the parachute falling to the side. All is quite for a moment, then...

On the Device, a light flashes on. And a slow whirring rumbles.

Then there's a deafening SONIC BOOM.

The Crowd panics. The atmosphere changes colors momentarily, and electrical charges flash.

Then, the box emanates a gaseous cloud which spreads out from it's vents. It begins to overtake the fleeing crowd, and people fall to the ground, gasping for air. Hundreds topple over, dying.

The Ionization of Washington has begun.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

Klatch's Transport lands on the busy thoroughfare, crushing cars, killing bystanders.

Immediately, a battalion of Army SOLDIERS converge on the craft, rifles drawn.

The Transport's loading bay opens, and the Cyborg Army marches out -- opening fire on the Soldiers. The Soldiers attempt to fire back, but are cut to ribbons by the technologically advanced and well-armored Cyborgs.

Half of the surrounding Crowd is cut down; the other half flee.

Klatch and Gilgamesh emerge, surveying the battle. Klatch is pleased. He nods toward a tank coming up the intersection. Gilgamesh races toward it.

INT. TANK - DAY

The GUNNER turns in a panic from his sight.

GUNNER

Sir, there's a... shit! There
this...!

The Tank COMMANDER tries to follow.

COMMANDER
Spit it out, Soldier!

GUNNER
Sir, there's a... robot... coming
at us.

The Commander looks at his monitor.

Sure enough, there's Gilgamesh sprinting toward us.

The Commander goes wide-eyed.

COMMANDER
FIRE! FIRE!

The Gunner gets Gilgamesh in his sights and pulls the trigger.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

A MISSILE shoots from the tank, screaming at Gilgamesh.

Gilgamesh catches the Missile and reverses it's direction in one swift motion.

The Missile hits the Tank, obliterating it.

Klatch joins Gilgamesh, smiling.

KLATCH
Send a platoon to guard the Device.
Then you and I have a house call to
make. I've got some old friends I
have to pay my respects to,
Gilgamesh.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The place is a panic of information. The Heads of the Intelligence Community are there -- C.I.A., F.B.I., N.S.A. -- as well as a few Military Generals, and Sage, Oscar and Hauser. All watch a bank of Monitors.

GENERAL 1
It's like something out of a
goddamn movie!

GENERAL 2
They've already gone through three
battalions of our Soldiers.

SAGE

Where's the President?

N.S.A.

Safely aboard Air Force One.

C.I.A.

This is your tin soldier, isn't it
Margaret?

SAGE

(coldly)

No, Roger -- we're under attack by
Robot Island.

(to Oscar)

The Ionization Device?

OSCAR

Activated ten minutes ago.
Estimated three thousand already
dead.

F.B.I.

How long 'til it reaches us?

OSCAR

It's processing the ground-level
atmosphere at three feet per
second. At that rate, we'll be
steeped in a carbon-rich
environment in approximately ten
minutes.

GENERAL 3

(hanging up the phone)

The Third Infantry's on it's way
there now.

OSCAR

I hope they've been supplied with
oxygen tanks -- because there's
none for a five mile radius of the
Reflecting Pool.

GENERAL 3

All that's been taken care of,
Mister Goldman. You just sit back
and watch the Army take care of
this.

OSCAR

(under his breath)

Like they're doing on Pennsylvania
Avenue?

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - DAY

A TROOP of oxygen-masked SOLDIERS head over the embankment, followed by a TANK. Just as they reach the Pool, five CYBORGS rise from the water, opening fire, ambushing the Troops.

The Tank positions it's CANNON for firing.

One of the Cyborgs races forward and leaps on the Tank. He pulls the Cannon back, bending the steel, preventing it from firing. He leaps from it as the Tank explodes.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The group watches the action on the monitors.

General 3's face drops. Sage turns on him.

SAGE

You were saying? We've got enough Oxygen in the installation to sustain us until this is all under control.

OSCAR

Dammit, Margaret, are you blind?! That's an unstoppable army marching through the capital! The only control we're going to be under in about half an hour is their's -- if we haven't suffocated by then!

GENERAL 1

Can't we drop a bomb on it?

OSCAR

I'm guessing that it's housing is built from the same alloy that Klatch used to mechanize his army -- and you see what artillery's doing to them.

N.S.A.

Then what the hell are we supposed to do?!?

GENERAL 2

(to Hauser)

Seal the installation.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

The Cyborg Army marches up the thoroughfare, laying waste to everything in it's path, obliterating Soldiers and crowd alike.

INT. STEVE'S JET - DAY

STEVE'S P.O.V. -- it looks like a War Zone. Hell, it is a War Zone. The Cyborg Army marches on, explosions erupting around them.

Then Steve's attention is grabbed by something else.

STEVE'S P.O.V. -- the atmospheric anomaly of the air ionization. The dark cloud spreads deeper into the heart of Washington. Flash-Zoom in three times for an overview of the dead crowd around the Reflecting Pool. Flash-Zoom to a closeup of the DEVICE performing it's dark deed.

Steve changes course.

EXT. SKY ABOVE - DAY

The Jet does a one-eighty.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Sealed Front Doors explode inward. When the smoke clears, we see Klatch and Gilgamesh. Armed Guards open fire on the pair, but the bullets bounce off. They march down the hallway, Gilgamesh breaking the necks of everyone he passes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On one of the Monitors is the grisly sight of Gilgamesh killing a Soldier. The screen goes to static.

OSCAR
They're coming.

Then the wall caves in. Gilgamesh bursts through, followed by Klatch.

General 1 pulls his sidearm and begins firing at Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh walks up to him and crushes first his hand, then his skull. He throws General 1 to the floor.

Klatch smiles at Sage.

KLATCH
Margaret, Margaret, Margaret. How long has it been?

Sage responds with an icy glare.

KLATCH

Isn't that just like you, Margaret
-- in control 'til the last. I
regret to inform you, however, that
this situation has been out of your
control for some time. As I'm sure
your little voyeur club has been
watching...

On the Monitor Bank, we see the Cyborg Army continuing it's
path of destruction.

KLATCH

... the Main Street Electrical
Parade is wiping out the
inhabitants of your fair city.

Klatch smiles, the notices Oscar.

KLATCH

Hey! Golden-boy! Long time, no
see.

OSCAR

Where's Colonel Austin?

KLATCH

Ah -- the player to be named later.
I'll have you know, your little
second-stringer did manage to wipe
out two thirds of my army. Were it
not for his valiant efforts, the
oh-so-hostile takeover of the
capitol would be long over -- so
you can take some comfort in that.
However, it's my regret to inform
you that he is now only some
radioactive scrap metal in the
bowels of Mount Fuji.

Oscar is stunned, then saddened.

KLATCH

Let's all have a seat, shall we?
While we wait for the Ionization to
reach your precious H.Q.

GENERAL 2

Then you'll be killed too.

KLATCH

On the contrary -- when the good
people at O.S.I. re-built me, one
of the enhancements they added was

the internal re-breather that was to enable me to breath underwater once activated.

(to Sage)

For those high seas expeditions, right Maggie?

(to General 2)

So you see, it'll come in quite handy when there's no oxygen to be had. Would've come in handy for the late Colonel Austin as well, if he wasn't so... dead.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Steve sets coordinates on his control panel.

The monitor details the Cyborg Army blasting it's way down Pennsylvania Avenue, miles ahead.

Steve flicks a switch. The Auto-Pilot engages. He pops the hatch on the Jet, being met with rushing air. He fights against it and climbs out of the cockpit.

EXT. JET - DAY

Steve dashes across the top of the Jet and leaps off the tail, soaring into mid-air.

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - DAY

Steve lands in the Pool, sinking like a stone in the water, impacting deep into the cement bottom of the Pool.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

The Cyborg Army marches on. The Leader looks up.

EXT. SKY ABOVE - DAY

The Abandoned Jet is screaming at them.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

The Cyborg Army is mowed down by the Jet as it crashes into the thoroughfare, skidding down the Avenue, and taking most of the Army with it deep into the pavement. It explodes, descimating the Cyborgs.

The U.S. Army rallies, crushing the remnants of the Cyborg Army with heavy firepower.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

One of the monitors displays the wreckage. Gilgamesh turns from the screen to Klatch and snaps.

Klatch looks up and sees the devastation. He races to the monitor bank and studies the screen, angrily.

KLATCH

Austin!

Sage looks to Oscar, who in turn looks to the monitor that displays the Reflecting Pool. Klatch catches on.

KLATCH

(to Gilgamesh)

The Device!

Gilgamesh dashes from the room. Klatch puts his fist through one of the monitors. Then something below catches his attention.

On one of the smaller Monitors, we see the tiny form of Jamie -- alone in a sterile holding cell.

Klatch looks to Sage, grinning.

KLATCH

Miss Summers, I presume?

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - DAY

Steve bursts out of the water, trying to take in air -- but there is none. He engages his internal re-breather.

Then, the Five Cyborg Soldiers open fire on him. Steve is hit countless times, before he can take cover behind the Device. He scans his surroundings wildly -- his eyes falling on...

A fallen Troop Soldier... and his unused MISSILE LAUNCHER.

Steve bionically leaps from his cover to the Weapon -- the Cyborgs firing at him all the way. He rolls behind a pile of bodies and grabs the Launcher. He sets it up atop the bodies, and forces his fists into the ground.

The Cyborgs fire relentlessly, until their LEADER raises his hand. They assess the lack of return fire as their defeat of Steve. The Leader waves them forward, and they slowly proceed in a line toward the distant makeshift encampment.

CYBORG P.O.V. -- the launcher still peaks out over the bodies, but there's no movement from the unseen side.

Then, behind them, Steve shoots out of the ground by the

still-burning tank -- he tunneled under them! Steve grabs the Tank, lifting it over his head, and throws it at them.

The Soldiers are collectively crushed beneath the Tank.

Steve shakes his head in disbelief, and races to the Device.

Jamming his fists into the structure, he rips the large box apart, hurling metal as he digs. Sparks fly and wires burst as Steve shreds the Device.

Then, two metal arms envelope Steve. Gilgamesh is on him -- pulling him from the Device. He flips Steve over his head, sending him sailing a few yards away. Gilgamesh bionically leaps from the Pool.

The Device is still activated.

Steve climbs to his feet to be met by Gilgamesh, landing in front of him. They trade blows -- a battling pair of titans. Gilgamesh -- long-skilled at this -- clearly has the upper hand. Steve is preoccupied with shutting down the Device. With every battle-free second, he races toward it -- only to be pulled back by the relentless Gilgamesh.

Gilgamesh swings Steve against the side of the Pool. From his forearm, a STEEL BLADE shoots out, and Gilgamesh leaps atop Steve with it. He begins plunging it in and out of Steve's arm mercilessly. Steve is in agony. Then, he manages to secure a piece of the metal torn from the Device earlier. He brings it up into Gilgamesh's eye -- stabbing through, sending Gilgamesh reeling backwards. Steve begins rallying back, knocking the hell out of the silent Cyborg, until he picks Gilgamesh up over his head, and hurls him with all his might at the Device.

Gilgamesh sails into the box, crushing through it. It sparks and explodes, electrocuting Gilgamesh to death, and effectively shutting down the machine.

EXT. WASHINGTON - DAY

The Ionization Process halted, the Carbon Cloud begins to immediately dissipate everywhere in the city -- being replaced with fresh oxygen. Various shots detail this.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Group cheers, Oscar leading them.

OSCAR
He's shut it down!

GENERAL 2

(off phone)
Command says the E.P.A. estimates
ten minutes 'til the atmosphere is
back to life-sustaining.

OSCAR
(hugging Sage)
He did it, Margaret!

But Sage seems a bit chilly as she watches the monitors over
Oscar's shoulder.

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - DAY

Steve collapses by the side of the Pool, breathing heavily
and nursing his arm. Suddenly, two fists come down on his
head like a pile-driver.

Klatch stands above Steve, fiercely.

KLATCH
You killed my friend...

He brings his foot down on Steve's wounded arm, Steve screams
out in pain.

KLATCH
... Levelled my Army...

He picks Steve up over his head.

KLATCH
... and broke my air conditioner!

Klatch hurls Steve against the Stage. Steve sails through
it, bringing it down on top of him. He's pinned beneath the
structure. Klatch approaches him.

KLATCH
See, I believe in the old law of an
eye for an eye. Which means that
you kill one of mine...

Klatch grabs Steve's head and points it to something
offscreen, high above.

STEVE'S P.O.V. -- high atop the nearby Washington Monument,
Jamie hangs. The rope tied around her two hands and secured
to the pinnacle of the Monuments is the only thing that keeps
her from plummeting to her death. She screams, tears
streaming down her face.

KLATCH
... I kill one of your's.

Steve goes white-hot with rage. He pulls himself free from the wreckage, while Klatch grabs a sniper-rifle from a fallen Soldier. Steve lunges at him, but Klatch trains the rifle on the target high above.

KLATCH

Not so fast, hot-shot. You move toward me, I pull this trigger, and BLAM! One speeding bullet introduces itself to that already tense rope, and the ground introduces itself to Miss Summers.

STEVE

If she falls...

KLATCH

Then she dies. Or maybe not. Maybe your buddy Oscar hooks her up with Bionics as well, and puts her to work for O.S.I.

(beat)

Too far-fetched. Beside, you ever see what a fall from that height can do to the cybernetically challenged?

STEVE

It's over, alright?! Your half-baked vision of a Cyborg nation is history! Your army's been laid to waste! And without them, or your death-machine, you're going to be scrapped by the U.S. Army in a matter of seconds!

KLATCH

But I'll take what's left of your humanity with me by dropping your last hope for normalcy like a discarded marionette!

Then, a thought occurs to Klatch. His attention shifts from his rifle-sight to Steve.

KLATCH

No.

(he tosses the rifle)

No, actually, I have a better idea.

Steve races at him, and the pair engage in fierce hand-to-hand combat.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Group watches the monitors, which display the battle between Klatch and Steve.

OSCAR
Good God, he's taking Klatch on by himself!
(to General 2)
How long 'til you can get your Troops in there?

GENERAL 2
Estimate five minutes.

OSCAR
Five minutes?! He'll take Steve apart!

SAGE
(urgently)
We have to shut him down.

EXT. THE REFLECTING POOL - DAY

The Titans clash, beating one another senseless, throwing everything and anything they can each other's way.

KLATCH
That's it boy... show me what you got!

Steve rushes Klatch and slams both fists into him, but Klatch uppercuts Steve and kicks him in the stomach, sending him reeling.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Oscar stares at Sage, shocked.

OSCAR
Shut him down?!?! Are you insane?!? He just saved the city, not to mention the world!!

SAGE
(picking up the phone)
Yes, but he's no match to Klatch's strength, capabilities, or ruthlessness. If we shut him down now, we can halt the damage Klatch will most assuredly inflict on our hardware.

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - DAY

Klatch and Steve trade fierce blows, but clearly Klatch is the superior of the two.

KLATCH

That's it boy -- show them what a threat you represent! Show them that technology unleashed!

Steve lunges at Klatch and throws him against the base of the Monument, making a deep impact.

Atop the Monument, the force of the blow tosses Jamie from side-to-side, screaming.

INT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Oscar grabs the phone from Sage and slams it down.

OSCAR

This is going too far, Margaret. I thought you lost it when you had Jamie arrested as a threat to National Security, but this is beyond even that! This is a man's life we're talking about!

SAGE

Look at those screens, Oscar! Look at what he's capable of. He's served his purpose -- we have Klatch out in the open. But now Austin's losing it -- and causing serious damage to all our hard work in the process! This has to be stopped now!

OSCAR

You'll kill him!!

SAGE

His processors will deactivate, yes -- but he can be reprogrammed.

OSCAR

Reprogrammed?!? Dammit, Margaret -- he's not a machine, he's a human being!!!

SAGE

(grabbing phone)

How many times are we going to have this argument, Oscar. He's a

weapon. An expensive weapon, and
it's my job to marshal and protect
this agency's investment.

Oscar slaps Sage hard across the face.

OSCAR
PUT THAT PHONE DOWN NOW, OR SO HELP
ME MARGARET, I'LL KILL YOU!!!

Sage stares at Oscar in shock.

SAGE
(calling over her
shoulder)
Guard!

An armed GUARD rushes to her side.

SAGE
(eyes on Oscar)
If Mister Goldman doesn't step back
this instant, I want him shot.

Oscar stares at Sage, coldly. The Guard points his sidearm
at Oscar. Oscar backs up. Sage stares Oscar down, then
turns her attention to the phone.

SAGE
(into phone)
This is Sage. Shut him down. Now!

EXT. THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

Steve leaps over the fallen Klatch and digs his feet and
fists into the Monument, attempting to climb it to save
Jamie. He gets up a few feet, when Klatch leaps up at him
and grabs ahold, dragging them both back to the ground.

Klatch lands atop Steve, pummeling him, giggling -- both now
severely battle-worn, metal and wires poking out of their
respective 'skins'.

KLATCH
(taunting)
Oh, Half-Pint, Pa's going to
demolish you, strap on something
nasty and ride your girlie into
Hell!

Steve freaks and rallies. He forces his knees into Klatch's
midriff, and flips him over, landing atop his chest. He digs
his fists into the cement and pulls out a chunk, bringing it
down repeatedly into Klatch's skull.

STEVE
I'M GONNA TEAR EVERY CIRCUIT FROM
YOUR BODY AND EAT YOUR BLACK
FUCKING HEART!!

Klatch alternates from grimaces of agony to howls of laughter and weakened smiles. Steve's got him on the ropes now.

KLATCH
(weakly)
Thatta boy... you idiot... show
them... show them... what they're
afraid of...

INT. O.S.I. OPERATIONS MONITORING - DAY

Hands punch a set of codes into a computer. A panel lifts, revealing a retracted button. It rises from the control board and pops out, lit.

The Hands type.

On the Monitor, a schematic of Steve's Bionic Body is displayed. The screen reads "SYSTEM SHUTDOWN". A notice then blinks on the screen that reads "READY".

The Hand pushes the button.

The screen reads "SHUTDOWN ACTIVATED. TWO MINUTES TO RELAY". The schematic detailing Steve's Body shows a small area in Steve's ARM blinking red.

EXT. THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT - DAY

Steve continues to bludgeon Klatch. Then he freezes. He feels an electrical charge. His face goes pale. He shuffles backwards off Klatch.

STEVE
(shocked)
No...

Klatch laughs, pulling himself to his feet.

KLATCH
You know what that is... don't you,
boy?

Steve feels his arm helplessly. His eyes are filled with panic. Klatch grimaces.

KLATCH
That's your goddamn Fail-safe.

Steve drops to his knees.

STEVE
NOOOOO!!!!!!

Klatch supports himself against the Monument.

KLATCH
You showed them your savage, true
colors, boy... and it's got them
scared...

Steve rolls from side-to-side.

STEVE
(to no one)
WHY?!?!?

KLATCH
Because you're not one of them...
(beat)
... you're one of us.

Holding his wounded side, Klatch reaches for the sniper
rifle.

KLATCH
I told you I saw their plans for
you, Tin-Man... Sage had every
intention of reprogramming you once
you did her dirty work for her...
and now that you've served your
purpose... she's shutting you down.

Steve grabs at his arm, frantically. And then, a thought
begins to dawn through the haze of pain.

But Klatch now has the sniper rifle in hand.

KLATCH
What's it like?... Knowing...
feeling... all those processors
that keep you alive... they're
shutting down... one by one... All
while you're still conscious...
What's it like to know that you've
been abandoned?...
(hoists the rifle onto his
shoulder)
I'll tell you, I'm glad they
weren't advanced enough back then
to install one of those in me...

Then, it hits Steve. The arm -- it starts in the arm. Two minutes, Oscar told him.

KLATCH

You may have beaten me, boy... But
I did you one better... Forced
masturbation, you might say...
(smiles)
I made you beat yourself... And as
a parting gift...

Klatch lines up the rifle sight with his eye.

KLATCH'S P.O.V. -- first Jamie. Then, the ROPE that holds her aloft.

KLATCH

... I'm gonna impart one last
lesson in pain to you...

Steve climbs to his knees and looks at his arm. He steels himself, and grasps his arm by the shoulder.

Klatch wraps his finger around the trigger.

KLATCH

I'm gonna smash your pinata.

Klatch fires as Steve -- his face flush with agony -- rips his arm out of the socket, and in one swift motion, spins it and plunges it into Klatch's chest.

Klatch goes bug-eyed -- as the circuits fuse into his chest, and relay the Shutdown into his circuits.

ABOVE -- the bullet rips through the rope above Jamie's wrists.

Jamie plummets toward the ground.

BELOW -- Steve crouches and leaps into the air.

Klatch falls to the ground, writhing as the Fail-Safe from Steve's arm begins shutting down his own processors.

KLATCH

NOOOOOOO!!!!!!

ABOVE -- Steve meets Jamie halfway up the Monument, catching her with his one good arm. They descend.

BELOW -- Steve lands with Jamie, his Bionic legs taking the shock of the fall.

Klatch wrestles madly with the arm in his chest, attempting to extract it. But his own limbs are giving out, thanks to the Fail-Safe relay.

KLATCH
YOU BASTARD!!!!

Steve releases Jamie and looks down at Klatch. He crouches down to Klatch's ear.

STEVE
(wincing in pain)
How does it feel... to know that
technology... catches up with...
even the best of us?

Klatch's eyes lock on Steve's. A pained, betrayed expression fills them.

KLATCH
(weakly)
We... we're brothers... the same...

STEVE
(shakes his head slowly)
I'm not like you, you sonovabitch.
(pulls Klatch up by the
collar)
I'm a man!

Klatch's eyes go wide as his last processor -- his Neural Net Processor -- shuts down. And the Beast dies.

Steve releases him and falls into the arms of the crying Jamie.

And there they stand, embracing, amongst the two leveled Armies, a battle-scarred landscape, and the dead Klatch.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

All seems back to normal. A subtitle burned in reads "TWO MONTHS LATER".

VOICE OVER
(secretarial)
Colonel Austin here to see you,
sir.

INT. OSCAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Oscar sits at a large desk in what was formerly Sage's office.

OSCAR
(into speaker)
Send him in.

Oscar stands.

The door opens and Steve -- completely refurbished and repaired -- enters. Oscar meets him halfway and shakes his hand jovially.

OSCAR
"We can rebuild him. We can make
him better, stronger..."

STEVE
Later. I just wanted to stop in
and say goodbye.
(looks around)
New office, huh?

OSCAR
The new O.S.I., Steve. After
Margaret's dismissal, everything
here has changed. Even the food's
better.

STEVE
I'll bet.

They chuckle for a moment, then awkward silence. Until...

OSCAR
You look great. I was at the
hospital a few times to check in on
you, but you were still out.

STEVE
I know. Jamie told me.

OSCAR
How do you feel?

STEVE
Great. Better than the last time.
Hopefully better than the next
time.
(eyes Oscar)
Isn't that right?

OSCAR

(shakes his head)

Like I said, Steve -- it's a new O.S.I. You're no longer obligated to work for us. There are no Fail-Safe's built into you, and no collar around your neck. It's your life, now. Completely.

STEVE

(beat)

Thanks.

OSCAR

But I won't lie to you -- I'd hope you'd come back to work with us...

(beat)

With me.

STEVE

I don't know. The benefits aren't all that hot. Do you know what kind of deductible I have on my hospitalization?

They laugh. Then...

OSCAR

I hope you do come back one day, Steve.

STEVE

We'll see.

Steve offers Oscar a smile. Then...

STEVE

Well, I'm gonna bolt. Want to get out of this city for awhile -- see the country.

Oscar walks Steve toward the door.

OSCAR

If you don't send me at least one post-card, we're quits, Austin. That much I promise you.

STEVE

I owe you that.

(beat)

I own you that and more.

OSCAR

You don't owe me anything except a

promise that you'll give that girl
of your's a breather every so
often. I've heard about you Bionic
types and your libidos...

STEVE
(seriously)
No, Oscar -- I do owe you.

Steve offers Oscar an appreciative look.

STEVE
Thank you.

Oscar smiles. They shake hands. Then Steve pulls Oscar into
an embrace. He hugs his friend -- all is forgiven. They
separate.

STEVE
I'll be in touch.

Steve opens the door and exits. Oscar watches him go, giving
is a view of the door behind him, which reads "OSCAR GOLDMAN
- DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS".

EXT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Steve steps outside of the building. He looks around.

Jamie's car pulls up. She leans over and opens the passenger
side door.

JAMIE
Hey metal man -- interested in a
lube job?

Steve climbs into the car.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

Steve closes his door. They kiss. Then...

JAMIE
Let me look at you.

She looks him over.

JAMIE
Very nice. Very nice. Let me ask
you something -- did they replace
everything?

STEVE
They replaced everything that was

deficient.

JAMIE

My point exactly. So did they
replace everything?

STEVE

(mock anger)

What the hell are you insinuating?

JAMIE

Nothing, nothing. It's just that,
in a world where they can make you
better, stronger and faster...

(smiles)

Well, did they mention anything
about longer?

STEVE

(playing along)

No, but they did mention that they
could do a few things for you. You
know -- nip and tuck here, pull
some of that cottage cheese off
there, reduce those saddlebags...

JAMIE

Saddlebags?!?

STEVE

Well, we're not talking anything
big here -- just a couple of
pounds.

EXT. O.S.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The car, containing Jamie Summers and Steve Austin -- the
Bionic Man -- pulls into the bustling Washington traffic.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Couple of pounds! Men -- you're
such robots.

STEVE (V.O.)

Tell the robot you love him.

JAMIE (V.O.)

God help me.

STEVE (V.O.)

Tell him...

JAMIE (V.O.)

(sighs)

I love the robot.

STEVE (V.O.)
(robotic)
DOES NOT COMPUTE.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Don't press your luck, Austin.

And soon, their car is lost amongst all the others.

FADE OUT.