

PROJECT: MEGA MAN

(Multisensory Expressive Gesture Applications)
(Metal Augmenting Nano-mechanics)

Written by

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Based on the Video Game by Capcom

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FADE IN:

ESTAB/EXT. ERDL FACILITY - DAY.

The expanse of what seems the world's largest engineering research and development compound.

SUPERIMPOSE: MAY 9, 2142

INT. ASSEMBLY BAY - CONTINUOUS

A LONG AISLE divides hundreds of WORKERS in light blue lab coats assembling electric components on one side and technicians with dark blue lab coats assembling metal parts with power tools on the other. It's every workstation to a worker, and they are keenly focused on their individual tasks.

SOMEONE'S POV:

Walking up the aisle... moving... evermore closer to a set of steel doors at the end of the aisle. The automated pocket doors slide apart, revealing...

ASSEMBLY BAY #2

We move... into another hanger, but smaller. We pan to an assembly line conveyor with TECHNICIANS in powder blue jumpsuits and blue goggles making more complex components out the parts from the prior bay. We continue along, about thirty yards to another set of steel doors.

DECONTAMINATION ROOM

We come to a stop. PHISS! A blast of white air clouds the room. We continue moving as the mist clears towards the doors ahead. Before we crash into them the doors slide apart revealing...

CLEANROOM

Still walking... We PAN TO several pairs of ENGINEERS are running voltage tests on what will be CORE DRIVE RECEIVERS, and continue walking... through another set of doors to...

ASSEMBLY BAY #3

It's a small bay with twenty white-jumpsuit clad TECHNICIANS skillfully SOLDERING WIRING to motherboards and assembling components the prior area into robotic extremities.

ASSEMBLY BAY #4

Another hanger, huge and noisy. Small gantry cranes on each side of the hangar move along a rail system overhead, carrying fully and partially assembled infantry drones.

Still walking... as an incomplete SNIPER JOE's leg components suspended by a lift jib swings past our view. We move along the walkway and through another set of heavy sliding doors to...

*
*
*

INTERCUT: EXPO / EDRL

INT. EXPO - LIGHT ROBOTICS BOOTH - EARLIER

DR. WILEY (40's), a fit, smartly dressed and charming man who seems very passionate about tech, in mid presentation of a prototype combat droid.

DR. WILEY

...We are on the cutting edge.
Absolutely on the cutting edge, and there's no other company that can beat a Light industries product.
It's all the reason Light leads the industry...

EDRL FORGE HANGER - SAME

A wall of glass separates the corridor from Heavy machinery. On the opposite side of the glass sparks fly and industrial robots attach components to a Red-hot metallic torso frames as they move down a assembly conveyor.

EXPO - LIGHT ROBOTICS BOOTH - EARLIER

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Contractors from all over the world, for all kinds of weapon systems are present.

Wiley shakes hands and schmoozes with potential clients.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Minutes later, Wiley is pacing, with a handful of pamphlets. He checks his watch.

EDRL - SHIPPING HANGER

A huge production and logistics bay. A few forklift-like hover-cranes fly past overhead clutching fresh, fully-built robots and combat droids headed to the shipping area.

We turn the corner revealing, a couple of technicians in white lab-coats, standing near a entrance to a hallway. One speaks as we pass.

LEAD TECHNICIAN

Good morning Dr. Light.

HALLWAY

We move, passing more technicians, approaching two GUARDS at the entrance. One of them recognizes us.

GUARD #1

(cheerful)

Morning doctor!

The guard holds his palm up to a control panel and the doors slide open.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - EARLIER - EVE.

DR. Wiley drops his briefcase into an adjacent chair and flops down into the next. He looks stressed and due for a vacation. He pulls out his phone for a second. From out of nowhere, Someone in a dark suit sits near him, They seem to be go through their carry-on for something. Suddenly, the stranger places an envelope next to Wiley's briefcase, then leaves.

Wiley casually looks around. Looks at the envelope.

Beat.

He picks it up discretely and slips it into his suit jacket.

INT. ASSEMBLY BAY CLEANROOM

A blast of STEAM from wall vents as we enter the sterilization chamber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seconds later the steam stops and we exit revealing, an armed guard wearing a anti-static suit standing by another pair of steel pocket doors.

CORRIDOR

We hand him our identification badge and he scans it with a ultraviolet pen. He hands us back the badge. His scowl brightens to smile.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Thank you Doctor, have a good one.

The guard presses a button on the access panel and the doors behind him slide apart as we move past him, turn another corner to...

BREAKROOM

We approach a engineer with his back turned and a familiar disposition, holding a transparent optic tablet in hand. Suddenly, he does an about-face.

DR. WILEY

(to Dr. Light)

We have a problem!

DR. LIGHT takes the tablet from him as they walk.

DR. LIGHT

(sarcastically)

I love problems. Problems are our business. It's How I like to start every morning!

(Glances at the clipboard data.)

After I've had my coffee.

He hands the tablet back Wiley then starts to make a cup of coffee.

DR. LIGHT (CONT'D)

How'd the conference go?

DR. WILEY

Great, great.

(checks his surroundings)

I might have scored us a few patrons with big purses

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT

Really?

DR. WILEY

Yeah, You should've come out on the next one. Q and A with the great Doctor Light. Maybe sign a few autographs...

DR. LIGHT

(blows air)

You've always had a knack for sales, besides you know how I loath conferences.

DR. WILEY

You like Comecon.

DR. LIGHT

Touche! What's on today's agenda?

Light turns to Wiley with the perfect cup coffee. Wiley hands him a optic sheet. Light examines it.

DR. WILEY

Well we've just ironed out the dipole field interference in Sniper Joe so, looks like the only problem is the two D.O.D Suits waiting in your office.

Dr. Wiley points in the direction of the office.

DR. LIGHT

(Sighs)

Suits or brass this time?

Dr. Light looks to the distance.

DR. WILEY

A bit of both.

INT. DOCTOR LIGHT'S OFFICE

A General and two men in suits stand on the tier outside of Dr. Light's office overlooking and making observation of the work in the area -- their expression are serious.

DR. LIGHT (O.S.)

Well, they seem to be a happy bunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Light shakes his head.

DR. LIGHT (CONT'D)

(Continues walking)

No bother. After all... the most wasted of all days is the one spent without controversy.

DR. WILEY

I would think the most wasted of all days is the one spent in line for unemployment.

DR. LIGHT

That too!

INT. DR. LIGHTS OFFICE - DAY

His office wall displays his degree plagues, awards, and certificates. His desk has a few robotic related gismos.

DR. LIGHT

(sits behind desk)

Please, have a seat.

SENATOR ROSS sits on the leather couch, but GENERAL REED continues to stand.

GENERAL REED

Doctor, I'm going to be quite frank with you. The only person that I don't mind making me wait is my wife, and even that has limits.

DR. LIGHT

My apologies General, but...

GENERAL REED

The deadline has come. Now, where do we stand with the Mega program?

DR. LIGHT

I thank you for your patience general, although there have been a few wrinkles to iron out, but...

SENATOR ROSS

Doctor we're very anxious to see your team's progress! Something, marvelous, to report back to the subcommittee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT

Yes well, we have a prototype we can show you both.

SENATOR ROSS

Well good, cause those Senate subcommittee slobbs want to block spending on anything that isn't related to their pension.

ESTAB/EXT. TEST RANGE - DAY

Down range several technicians do their final diagnostic checks of a fully assembled combat ready SNIPER JOE standing on the test field. It's sleek, lethal and a bit taller than the average a man. Equipped with an mini Cyclotron Particle Accelerator on its right arm, and a Tungsten alloy ballistic shield attached to his left.

INTERCUT: OBSERVATION BUNKER W/ TEST FIELD

INT. OBSERVATION BUNKER

We follow Dr. Light and Wiley through a sliding door into a small dark bunker with small windows.

INSERT: HOLOGRAM COMPUTER SCREEN

Several monitors with Algorithmic data.

Dr. Wiley stares out of the bunker window to the test range. Dr. Light enters frame and they share a anxious look.

DR. WILEY

(to Dr. Light)

Diagnostics complete. All systems are go.

Light nods and Dr. Wiley pushes a red button on the control console.

EXT. TEST RANGE

A WARNING SIREN WAILS and servos WHINE as red flashing lights surrounding the test area rise from their housings out of the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Technicians quickly rush off the field.

INT. OBSERVATION BUNKER

Dr. Wiley's finger flicks up the safety covers of several switches.

DR. LIGHT
Activating hostiles.

Dr. Wiley's flips a switch from off to on.

EXT. ERDL TEST RANGE

A quarter mile down range, an obsolete M2A3 ABRAMS & a Russian T200 w/ dual 90mm barrels leap out over separate embankments onto the test field.

STEEL TRACKS

Tear at the turf. Both tanks charge down the field towards Sniper Joe, like vicious behemoths.

INT. OBSERVATION BUNKER

Dr. Light looks on with the glow of the virtual screen in his eyeglasses. General Reed steps up behind Dr. Light and Wiley to get a better look at the monitor.

SENATOR ROSS
Uhm, those are unmanned tanks correct?

DR. WILEY
Of course General, they are strictly autonomous.

GENERAL REED
That M2A3 was revered for it's armor, even by today's standards. And the T200...

DR. WILEY
...Was the best of the best up till last year. They'll pose no threat to the prototype, as you'll see.

Reed gives a look of contempt for the Russian tank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT
Activate hostile infantry units.

EXT. TEST FIELD - DAY

Just as the tanks RUMBLE past US we hear SERVOS WINE and see a camouflaged steel plate slide apart, the ground opens, rising from within is the crown of several droid's heads.

20 combat ready DLN2's surface. A prototype similar to Sniper Joe developed a few years prior, equipped with shoulder mounted mortar and grenade launchers, and a handheld M144 compact mini-gun.

INT. OBSERVATION BUNKER

There is a slight apprehension in Dr. Light yet, he presses the last green button.

DR. LIGHT
Commencing field in Tee minus
three, two, one, zero!

TEST FIELD

Warning sirens blast a long BLARING BELLOW before... BOMM!
BOMM! Downrange both tanks fire shells.

SNIPER JOE'S P.O.V:

A hyper-real HUD display. This is Sniper's vision because it's slightly fish-eyed and is digitized with range finding displays and scrolling algorithms in the peripherals and environmental data.

Zooming in close on three shells flying at him at over seven hundred meters per second.

SNIPER JOE

He leaps vertically. Thrusting himself up into a high somersault.

ZISS! BA-BOOM! Shells explode as they impact the spot where Sniper Joe once stood in an eruption of dirt and black smoke.

Sniper Joe lands, cat-like, a few meters from the smoking crater... Stands up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fearless, as his cyclotronetic particle accelerator starts glowing. Charging. Suddenly, he takes off, running-back to flank the tanks.

The QM4 abrams tank changes direction swings its turret towards Joe. It BLASTS another round.

VWOMP! VWOMP! Joe fires two blasts.

KABOOM! The PARTICLE BEAM a shot blasts the shell right out the air with pinpoint accuracy.

The second shot SLAMS into the turret. Instantly, the tank EXPLODES hopping three feet off the ground and slues to a halt. Twisted and burning.

The Russian VT40 FIRES with both barrels --

VWOMP! VWOMP! Joe BLASTS both shells out of mid- flight. Joe starts running to flank it.

The VT40 sluggishly tries to maneuver it's bulk. It's mounted fifty Cal starts CHATTERING, pumping out round after round tracking with Sniper Joe.

Joe produces his shield, a clear force field Bullets PLINK off Sniper Joe's helmet & shield. Sniper Joe looks mammalian as it dashes and leaps across the battlefield.

W'WHOMP! Sniper Joe fires two shots.

A bolt of light slices the tank's 50 Caliber machine-gun off the turret and pierces the tank's hide, like a hot knife through butter.

The T200 EXPLODES blowing it's turret hatch 10 meters into the air.

EXT. OBSERVATION BUNKER - DAY

Suddenly the T200's turret hatch comes impales itself in the ground right in front of the windows.

INT. OBSERVATION BUNKER

Everyone inside flinches a bit, except General Reed. General Reed and the Senator share a affirming glance unnoticed by Doctor Light.

EXT. TEST RANGE - DAY

Joe's helmet visor rises revealing Joe's optical sensory components.

A stream of bullets PELTS Joe's shield. Ricochet in every direction, suddenly --

Joe strafes across the open field at top speed ducking behind his shield and firing.

DNL2's close the distance, forming a firing line.

They unload a storm of converging fire from their minigun's.

Tracers burn through the air striking the Joe's shield in a concentrated stream, heating the impact point.

Sniper Joe's footing slips, but he plants his cleats, THLACK!

Tucked behind his shield, Joe pushes back against the streaming torrent of firepower.

Each step gains more and more momentum until he is in full head-on gallop towards the front line.

Hot stream lead heats the front of the shield to a glowing hot orange. Joe's arm reaches over top, his cannon ignites -- He returns fire.

Rows of Dnl2's take hits and crumple into melting heaps suddenly--

A GRENADIER DNL2 plunges itself into the ground. His body converts and opens revealing, a MORTAR system.

A SECOND PLATOON OF DLN2'S open fire. Encroaching behind their volleys.

Joe quickly changes direction, behind him the mortars land bombarding the landscape. Joe continues charging towards us.

He leaps, and dives CRASHING through the second platoon's squad leader droid with its shield like a Spartan --

He spins behind the second platoon's SQUAD LEADER DROID in attaching his shield to his back one movement.

DLN2 POV:

Joe holds the leader hostage style and starts BLASTING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DNL2's are dropping like flies.

Joe BLASTS the subdued squad leader drone in its back several times, melting it in half. Its SERVOS SQUEAL as if in agony.

Joe is left holding the head and spinal assembly of the squad leader... He tosses the junk aside.

The fallen grenadier drone shoots a last-ditch mortar off that goes foul and strikes another drone, blowing its head to pieces-- one drone remains.

The last drone mindlessly presses its attack.

It's MINIGUNS spin dry-- out of ammo.

Sniper Joe squares off with it. His helmet visor closes quickly. His particle cannon integrates back into a fist.

Joe runs, then pounces.

The DNL2 tries to run. Too late.

Joe lands on him and pummels it MMA style. Aggressively. The drone servos SQUEAL, as Joe punches through it's breastplate and tears out it's power core.

The Sniper Joe rises to his feet. Devastation in its wake. Sniper Joe powers down and goes into standby mode.

EXT. ERDL TEST RANGE - DAY

The T200'S smoking and burned turret hatch is wedged in the ground like Excalibur.

Dr. Light, Wiley, Senator Ross, and General Reed approach the turret. General Reed's black shiny shoe kicks the side of the still smoking hull, THUMP! THUMP!.

GENERAL REED

Outstanding! Now that looks like the work of an artist, would do you think, Senator?

SENATOR ROSS

Ha, a real Picasso.

(to Dr. Light)

I was a little concerned at first. Now, I'm very convinced. I'll try convince my colleagues on the Arms committee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL REED

(to Ross)

From what I've seen these droid
weapon will change future warfare--

SENATOR ROSS

Not mentioning what the boys at
Quantico would have in mind.

(to Dr. Light)

Doc, if you were a soldier I'd put
you up for a service medal!

Reed gives a look -- concurs.

GENERAL REED

Certainly a Nobel Prize, at the
least.

Dr. Wiley gives a look looks on with surprised contempt.

DR. WILEY

Thankfully the Acelleron drives
retained calibration. We were
finally able to design a bit of
programming that...

General Reed and Senator Ross seem to overlook Wiley's
statement, sensing the Generals impatience

DR. LIGHT

...Learns! In every regard to the
battle conditions.

SENATOR ROWE

Amazing.

GENERAL REED

Outstanding work gentleman.

DR. WILEY

(to Dr. Light)

I'm going to... take a look at
this... data, excuse me.

(Acknowledging nod)

Gentleman.

DR. Wiley gingerly walks off, clipboard in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR ROSS

I'm going skedaddle too. I have to get back to Washington in time for session. Don't worry about that funding doc.

(shakes Dr. Light's hand)
Congratulations.

DR. LIGHT

Thank you Senator.

SENATOR ROSS

(saluting)
General.

GENERAL REED

(renders the salute)
Sir.

Senator Ross walks off toward the facility escorted by his BODYGUARDS.

GENERAL REED (CONT'D)

Doc, I want to have a look at that battle damage.

EXT. TEST RANGE - MID FIELD - DAY

Reed and Dr. Light gaze at a smoldering droid. General Reed turns to the smoking tank. It's massive bulk, like a whale dead under it's own weight. He touches it with the reverence of saying goodbye to an old battle buddy.

DR. LIGHT

General, this technology is going to save countless lives on the battlefield.

GENERAL REED

I'm sure it will.
(he pauses)
You have single handedly changed warfare for generations to come...
God forbid.

Dr. Light hadn't anticipated such a reaction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT

I'm sorry? I thought we were here
to bring an end to the
Transcontinental war and save
lives.

Moving with General Reed amidst the twisted metal, Dr. Light
walks further out onto the test range.

GENERAL REED

It's never about saving lives, not
in war... Did you ever stop to
think "what happens to the
professional combat soldier?"
(pauses)

No?

General Reed stops and surveys the test field with austere.

GENERAL REED (CONT'D)

Where's his place in this future of
war that you've invented.
Personally the thought of it is,
(sighs)
Abominable!

He kicks a smoldering piece of shrapnel.

GENERAL REED (CONT'D)

War without the sting of battle,
honor, heroics, or even cowardice?
My God.

(Shakes his head)

One droid replaces an entire
regiment of fighting men.

General Reed stops and turns to Dr. Light.

GENERAL REED (CONT'D)

I pity myself for having to live to
see it.

General Reed steps out of frame. Dr. Light is left looking
out onto the test range past us.

Dr. Light and Reed walk on amidst the smoldering and molten
heaps of twisted metal and debris strewn across the expanse
of the open field.

INT. DR. WILEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Wiley enters his office, letting the door SLAM behind him and flings his clipboard at a bookshelf. He begins to pace back forth, grumbling under his breath and eyeing his work station.

DR WILEY
Eccentric. Recluse.
(scoffs)
Without me this whole project would
be... Noble Prize...

He sits, pauses for a beat. With a wave of his hand the desk awakens boots and lights dim. Starts typing.

DR. WILEY
C'mon.

MONITOR

The D.O.D SEAL and WARNING. A top secret portal. A PASSWORD typed. LOADING. PROTOCOLS DISABLED.

WILEY

Gaze hardens, then gathers his things hurriedly.

INT. ERDL PRODUCTION BAY - HALLWAY - DAY

Lisa (24), a white coat technician, breaks conversation with another white coat and hurries to catch up to Dr. Light as he passes. Lisa matches his pace.

LISA
Oh, Dr. Light? Excuse me?

Slightly chafed, Dr. Light continues walking not breaking stride,

DR. LIGHT
Yes.

LISA
Hi, I'm Lisa Roell. I don't know if
you remember me, you were my
professor for my senior year at
TCU.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT

Lisa Roell? Wait, why does that name sound familiar?

LISA

My senior thesis was on Multisensory Expressive Gesture Applications.

DR. LIGHT

Yes! yes, yes, that was a most deviceful perspective.

LISA

You wrote "Quite plausible" on the cover page.

Dr. Light stops and turns to Lisa.

DR. LIGHT

Then I take it I gave you an "A" minus on that contention.

LISA

Yeah, ya did.

DR. LIGHT

And here you are. Brilliant!

LISA

(Gratified)
I was, lucky.

Dr. Light begins walking again. Lisa follows alongside.

DR. LIGHT

Yes. Well, brilliance and hard work trumps the best of luck.

LISA

Well that's why I wanted to speak to you about possibility transferring to your team.

LISA (CONT'D)

There's a rumor that Dr. Seriff is leaving the project this week-

Dr. Light stops in his tracks as Lisa engages him again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT
(Interrupting)
And you would like to take his
place, I presume?

LISA
Well, yes, I would.

Dr. Light sighs in deep reluctance.

LISA (CONT'D)
My entire life has lead to this

DR. LIGHT
My dear, it is highly irregular to
just circumvent the normal hiring
process.

LISA
(Interjecting)
I know, but if I could only...

DR. LIGHT
Even if said candidate had the
brave conviction... acumen... the
genius of a brilliant and cherished
colleague like Dr. Seriff, an
irreplaceable intellect, mind you.
(Shaking his head)
It would be most irregular.

Lisa's optimism diminishes into disappointment.

DR. LIGHT (CONT'D)
Lets see how it works out.

Lisa's face lights up with joy and appreciation.

LISA
Really?

DR. LIGHT
Why not?

Overjoyed, Lisa gives Dr. Light an impromptu hug. Dr. Light
tries to calm her and maintain professionalism.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT (CONT'D)
Okay, okay.

LISA
Oh, sorry, sorry. Thank you! I
won't let you down I swear.

DR. LIGHT
I'm sure of it. Now, if you'll
excuse me, I running a bit late.
You have meeting with your new team
in half an hour.

Lisa is at a loss for words.

LISA
Absolutely!

DR. LIGHT
Good, carry on young doctor.

Dr. Light turns and walks away. Lisa is all smiles, thrilled
with a mix of esteem and gratification.

INT. DR. LIGHTS OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Light sits at his desk on the computer looking at --

INSERT -- SCREEN

We see an Eight segment Central processor core drive, Mega
and Proto-Man's operating system, with open slots for other
cores in their chest.

Dr. Light closes the file on the computer. He opens his desk
drawer and pulls out a vintage bottle of Brandy. He pauses
staring at the bottle when, there is a KNOCK at his door.

DR. LIGHT
Come in.

DR. WILEY
Tom?
(Sees the bottle)
Is this a bad time?

DR. LIGHT
No, no, come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WILEY
Celebrating are we?

DR. LIGHT
Oh no, haven't touched the stuff in
ages.

DR. WILEY
In life you need to appreciate
moments, a lot of people don't
appreciate the moment until it's
passed.

Dr Wiley moves to Dr. Lights desk.

DR. LIGHT
Hot off the presses?

He tosses the report onto the desk.

DR. WILEY
Yeah, the cover story is, we still
haven't sorted out the I.D issues.

Doctor Light thumbs through the pages.

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)
In every test, the micro-structure
cognisance of the nano-machines
conflict with and override it's
coding...

DR. LIGHT
Staggering! The droid can
restructure any part of itself made
with the alloy into whatever it
wants.

DR. WILEY
Within the scope of programming, or
memory?

DR. LIGHT
It's what Dr. Seriff and I
predicted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WILEY
(glaring)
Really? Neither of you informed me
of this possibility.

Dr. Light strokes the bottle of brandy.

DR. LIGHT
I've keep this bottle for a
celebration, or for Armageddon.

DR. WILEY
Well in that case, don't drown your
sorrows just yet.
(smiles subversively)
Since our funding is going to be
extended. We have time to sort out
the kinks.

Dr. Wiley sighs.

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)
History will record our names right
up there with the likes of, the
Wright Brothers, or...

DR. LIGHT
Verner Von Braun.

Dr. Light chuckles wistfully with a sense of uncertainty. He
turns to the window overlooking the production bay --gazing.

DR. LIGHT (CONT'D)
Today I felt like a mad scientist.

DR. WILEY
We will be richer than we ever
would've imagined?

Dr. Lights scowls.

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)
Tom, the entire world is at war.
Will we either be the saviours, or
destroyers of it. That's our work!
The side we're on may determine who
wins.

Dr. Wiley gives a look -- "And that's, that".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT

(Sighs)

Those who make peaceful revolution impossible, will only succeed in making violent revolution inevitable.

DR. WILEY

President Kennedy.

Dr. Lights gives the slightest of nods.

EXT. ERDL PRODUCTION FACILITY - DAY

Dr. Wiley is leaving the facility in a hurry with briefcase in one hand and a dialing on a sleek, futuristic cell phone with the other.

ESTAB/EXT. NEW ANGYEON - CENTRAL SPIRE

The space metropolis is bustling.

INT. TIHIRO'S OFFICE - EVENING

A spacious luxury office with a inspiring view of the city. Decorated with classic art and leather furniture. Shelves are adorned with cultural artefacts. The office of a rich and powerful man.

A hard looking TIHIRO OSHIDA, (50's) stares out the window, fixated on the city skyline.

EXT. CITY / NEW ANGEYON - CONTINUOUS

Monorail passenger trams zip through encapsulated tunnels along each of the living concourses.

Behind his ear, the light on his Tac-com implant starts blinking. Tihiro casually press the answer button.

TIHIRO

Yes?

VINCEN'S VOICE

(Filtered)

Sir, it's done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIHIRO

How long do we have until the
breach is discovered?

VINCEN'S VOICE

(Filtered)
It's immutable.

TIHIRO

And what about our friend.

VINCEN'S VOICE

He should be arriving shortly.

The call disconnects. Tihiro, with samurai-like bearing, turns around to us and waves his palm over his desk which awakens the holographic console. His glass desk becomes a computer.

INSERT -- THE DESKTOP

Displaying a dossier for Dr. Wiley, his whole life in one file.

Tihiro presses an area of the desk and suddenly -- all windows in the office become a large monitor displaying photos, articles, and information about Dr. Light's robotics accomplishments. Tihiro studies Dr. Light's file.

INT. VALAINT INDUSTRIES OFFICE AREA - EVENING

KAREN walks out of an office with an armful of fiber optic files and graphic sheets. She walks past cubicles and out to the hall to a waiting elevator.

CUT TO:

ESTAB/EXT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES - EVE.

INT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES OFFICE AREA - EVENING

We see a woman legs in corporate attire as they exit the elevator and we track her as through a luxury office corridor and to--

INT. TIHIRO'S OFFICE

Tihiro sits on the edge of his desk, reviewing optical sheets. Intensely obsessed yet intrigued by what he sees.

KAREN, 30's enters the office and places a set of fiber optic sheets streaming with live data, and information that seems to be updating itself, on his desk.

KAREN

This is all we can find on Dr. Light and his team. A large majority of his file is actually D.O.D classified.

TIHIRO

(to Karen)

After your presentation you may take your leave for today.

KAREN

Yes, Mr. Oshida.

Vincen looks at Ms. Karen's backside as she leaves the room, he gives a look... "Not bad".

TIHIRO

What news do you have for me?

VINCEN

My team is ready sir.

TIHIRO

Good. I'm going to address the council.

Picks up the files. They re-illuminate with his grasp. He hands them to Vincen, Tihiro still holding tight.

TIHIRO (CONT'D)

They feel it's time to assert ourselves, strategically!

CUT TO:

INT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES - COMPUTER LAB

A HACKER typing code in a network node.

VINCEN (V.O.)
(to Tihiro)
If I may, sir-

TIHIRO (V.O.)
(interrupting)
How long will it take your team?

VINCEN (V.O.)
Within a couple of hours, sir.

CONTROL ROOM

A text alert comes across LEAD HACKER screen "COMMAND PROMPT ACTION - OK."

LEAD HACKER
(looking to someone)
Lovely, the bloody back door is open.

BACK TO SCENE:

TIHIRO
You have one, hour.

Vincen nods affirmative.

TIHIRO (CONT'D)
Your people will find a way to do this within the desired time!

Tihiro walks over to a shelf with an display of 19th century swords. He is drawn to the rack holding the samurai sword.

VINCEN
Yes, sir.

His fingers glide along the Japanese letters engraved on the sheath of a beautiful katana, the blade of a shogun, his ancestor.

TIHIRO
For this moment, there have been many sacrifices and arrangements.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCEN

Our informant left the back-door to the entire system wide open. They won't know what hit them.

CUT TO:

INT. VALCOM INDUSTRIES - MEETING ROOM

Ms. Karen has just concluded a video presentation. On HOLO-MONITORS, the faces of several foreign dignitaries.

Tihiro's enters and sits at the head of the table. His seat accommodates him as he sits.

TIHIRO

Distinguished leaders of the East Hemisphere Republic. First, thank you for your time.

He pauses a short beat.

TIHIRO (CONT'D)

Time... Years ago, this council commissioned my corporation to give our union the advantage in terrestrial and outerworld affairs.

INT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES - PRODUCTION BAY - CONTINUOUS

Karen steps off the elevator to a glass-enclosed catwalk.

TIHIRO (V.O.)

Time... to give you us the ability to break from tyranny... and corruption. To achieve... freedom. Freedom from a handful of corporations and elitists, who seek power, only to control the conditions of mankind, or worse... for wealth.

Beat.

TIHIRO (V.O.)

I am proud... for that time has ended.

Council leaders APPLAUD and APPROBATE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEAPONS LAB

Karen rides the moving walkway above a huge weapons hanger and assembly plant.

Karen steps off the elevator taking a seat on the moving catwalk. She moves along, below her are ranks and columns of futuristic unmanned fighters, then infantry transport vehicles,

ASSEMBLY LINES

Robotic arms and droids assembling large artillery components. Workers moving bombs with forklifts.

TIHIRO (V.O.)

Today we are formidable... but in
two weeks we'll be... Victorious.

Seconds later, in another section, hundreds of 10 foot tripod armored combat mobile suits, drone Wing Blades, small autonomous gunboats, then mini stealth fighter drones.

Karen moves along on the overhead catwalk. A section of a TROOP TRANSPORT, suspended by gantry cranes, passes beneath her.

In the far background engineers are on the upper decks of a Air Ship welding the hull. Karen looms down to the expansive view of workers and bots going about their work like bees in a hive.

KAREN'S P.O.V

Two sleek and fully assembled HIVE SUBMARINES sit ready for shipping and resting on massive steal buttresses close to the gigantic dock doors.

She steps off and walks through a set of doors.

INT. HAL'S OFFICE

Karen walking past several technicians monitoring instrument panels, and up to disheveled HAL BURTON's desk. He and his desk are slovenly compared to the surroundings.

KAREN

Christ!

Startled a bit, the stilus drops from Hal's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAL
(sarcastically)
Hello Karen.

Karen, sweeping her hair aside, points to her illuminated tac-comm implant.

KAREN
You know what this is? You should know, you invented the thing. It's brilliant actually. It allows people now-days to share information, communicate over vast distances. Like how I've been trying to do with you for the past half hour.

Hal turns back to his holo-puter. Karen scoffs.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
Your like the last person in the world that still uses paper.

She tosses a optic-sheet on his desk which Hal dispassionately tosses aside and picks up a notebook.

HAL
See, I like to conceptualize, or write things I want to remember on these thin strips of marvelous textile.
(holds up a cup of coffee)
And I like coffee. You know, a beverage that helps homo-sapiens to stay alert, think and be creative, so I can conceive of wondrous enchantments like that little implant behind your ear that makes communication so, convenient.

Hal takes a sip of his coffee savoring the flavor.

KAREN
Mark twain would be proud.

HAL
Just don't want brain tumors.

KAREN
Pig!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAL

Bimbo!

KAREN

Virgin!

HAL

(stammering)

O' Okay that's not true... What do
you want?

Karen, confident Hal's still a virgin, leans against the door
frame alluringly.

KAREN

Yeah, just wanted to give you a
heads up. I think we just hired on
your replacement.

(plays with her necklace)

He seems to be a superior fit in
every way. Anyway, he'll be down in
a bit to have look around so,
I trust you'll give him a warm
welcome. We want him to feel right
at home. Bye!

Karen walks off leaving Hal in contemplation.

HAL

I'm file a grievance about you to
HR!

Karen pokes her head back in the office.

KAREN

I am HR so, grievance denied.

Hal gives a look. He want her so bad. Everything about her is
sexy. Karen puts her tac-comm back in.

INT. ERDL PRODUCTION LAB

Dr. Light, has just finished talking to Technicians JANEK,
(30's). Kaven, (30's) and DR. SERIFF, (50's) an Indian-
American man.

Lisa enters the lab.

LISA

You called for me Dr. Light?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. LIGHT

Yes, yes, my dear come. I want to show you something.

STERILE AREA

Intrigued, Lisa approaches the glass of the sterile area and gazes in. WE SEE robotic pincers from above opening MEGA MAN's cranium as he lay on a metal table. Braincase open, WE SEE Mega Man's head cavity. The pulsating glow of Mega Man's exposed a functioning Cerebral Processor Core.

DR. LIGHT (CONT'D)

Are you ready to see another form life?

We see Mega Man's face. Lifeless with boyish youth. Lisa smiles, bewitched by how life-like he seems.

LISA

Yes.

The INTERCOM ALERTS Dr. Light walks over to it, and presses a button. On the small monitor within the intercom we see GUARD #4

DR. LIGHT

Corporal?

GUARD #4

Sir, our log shows Dr. Wiley has signed out for the day, he's already left.

Dr. Light shakes his head and walks back over to the operatory.

DR. LIGHT

Blast him.

LISA

Everything alright?

DR. LIGHT

Certainly, Dr. Wiley should have been joining us shortly. Never the less,

(pointing)

This is your team... Dr. Janek, Dr. Kaven, and of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

Doctor Seriff! It's a pleasure.

DR. SERIFF

Doctor Roel. Heard so much about you, it's a shame this will be the last day working together.

SMASH CUT TO:

Lisa as she sits at the workstation. She looks at the coding on the holographic monitor. It's filled with line after line of code.

LISA

This is Intelinine programing?

DR. LIGHT

Dr. Wiley designed it. The Sniper Joe system runs a less advanced version of it.

LISA

There's a bunch of conflicts in these partitions.

DR. LIGHT

Wiley wouldn't have allowed that to be.

LISA

No way. This had to be done on purpose. See?

Lisa points to the screen.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's almost like...

DR. LIGHT

A subprogram. Damn him! He was stalling to have more time to write it.

(to himself)

Why would he do that?

Dr. Light looks closer at the screen and scowls. Lisa shaking her head, SIGHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

I can the rewrite all conflicting
sensory partitions.

Lisa starts typing.

DR. LIGHT

Without Whiley here it'll take
days!

LISA

Or, I'll write a sort of, white
blood cell code to...

DR. LIGHT

...To negate the sequence every
time it activates. Do it.

LISA

On it!

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) A saline tank with a submersible 3-D laser printer
constructing a jelly-fish like brain sack around a metallic
cerebral cortex and spinal collum.

B) Lisa typing the last few lines of AI programming.

C) Lisa, Dr. Light and, a couple of technicians look on as
Janek and Kaven working from outside the sterile area via
robotic arms attach and gently insert a soft artificial brain
into Mega Man's cerebral compartment.

D)Janek using robotic hands to work on Mega Man's braincases
and seal it with his trademark helmet.

Dr. Seriff walks over to Janek and Kaven who are seated at
their dual workstation.

DR. SERIFF

How are we looking.

KAVEN

Initial boot... successful, sir.
Operating systems looking good. All
cores firing on full.

JANEK

Same here. Cerebral integration is
was flawless Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. SERIFF
Excellent, commence full boot.

Janek as she types a few KEYSTROKES. Kaven, Lisa, Dr. Sheriff and Dr. Light look on as Mega Man's system starts. Dr. Seriff leans over to Lisa as she looks at Mega Man with observant wonder.

DR. SERIFF (CONT'D)
Wonderful aren't they?

LISA
Magnificent.

A short BEAT, then:

LISA (CONT'D)
Are they made from the Sniper Joe chassis?

DR. SERIFF
Not quite. The difference is in the metallurgy. Take a look.

Dr. Seriff slides his chair over. Lisa looks into the microscope.

DR. SERIFF (CONT'D)
We still can't get the Nano machines to form complex molecule chains to our satisfaction.

LISA
Well, I would pass alternating current through them, in phase. They'll begin to amalgamate. Forming complex structures... depending on the wattage.

INSERT: MICROSCOPE VIEW

Nano-machines begin bonding.

DR. SERIFF
(surprised)
Yes... And the processor core of our boy can precisely control that complexity.

They share a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA
(smiles)
Yup.

Dr. Seriff smiles warmly.

DR. SERIFF
Wow, That solves that. Fascinating.

GLASS CHAMBER

Lisa steps over close to the glass wall to observe Mega Man closely. She gazes at the droid.

Suddenly, Mega Man effortlessly sits upright. Startled, Lisa gives a short yelp.

LISA
Ok, he's moving. The robot his
moving.

Mega's SERVOS WINE as he look himself over in child-like bewilderment -- moving his arms, fingers, feet and then--

His right hand TRANSFORMS INTO A PROTON CANNON.

Mega Man looks at his cannon and his eyes glow a long, soft, pale-white strobe. He's analyzing and astonished.

His head whips to make eye contact with Lisa gazing at him through the thick glass wall of the sterile area. She is nervously-fascinated, with bated breath she takes a step back.

JANEK
How did it activate?

KAVEN
I don't know. It just came online
by itself.

DR. LIGHT
Shut it down!

DR. SERIFF
Lisa, back away slowly.

Mega Man's PROTON CANNON INTEGRATES back into a fore-arm and hand as he slides off the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finding his footing for the first time, he is unsure at first but, lurches forward then, takes a more confident step.

DR. SERIFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He's calibrating his equilibrium
sensors to his environment.

Mega Man glances at his feet, looks up at us and smiles, like a toddler figuring out the concept of walking. He walks over to the glass. His eyes strobe rapidly. We see Mega's vision as he analyzes Lisa. She smiles at him and places her hand on the glass. Slowly, Mega Man places his hand on the glass over her's. He scans her from head to toe and commits it to memory.

MEGA MAN'S POV:

We see Mega Man's computerized vision as he scans and analyzes the clean room environment, then identifies Janek, then Kaven, then Dr. Seriff, and Dr. Light.

Dr. Light gives a slight nod as to say -- "Greetings".

CUT TO:

INT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES COMPUTER LAB

A computer room with SEVERAL HACKERS sitting in the dark, faces ominously lit by the glow of holographic computer monitors and holographic keyboards.

TIHIRO (V.O.)
Today, with your approval, the
strategic advantage can be taken in
the assertion of our sovereignty. I
would like to begin with an update
on the progress.

Vincen moves with gusto through the computer room heading to his personal workspace.

VINCEN
Look alive people! Operation "Edge"
is a go! You all have been briefed,
you know what to do. Let's get in,
upload the virus, and get out
before their system knows what's
happened!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two of the hackers glance at each other. Then at once we see several holographic screens BOOT UP as we PUSH IN on HACKER #2's screens as she starts typing-- she is a bit unnerved. FINGERS TYPE FEVERISHLY over the lightboard.

The Lead Hacker's screen displays a 3-D hologram of the ERDL building. The building structure fades into a blueprint of the neural network of the facility.

LEAD HACKER
Loading short sequence script
kiddie.

HACKER #1'S TERMINAL

HACKER #1
Uplink to access terminals in five,
four, three, two, one. Bot
netscript ready for breach.

HACKER #2's terminal.

HACKER #2
Node break sequence deployed.

VINCEN
(looks at a screen)
Alright... nuke it on my go! Number
one...
(beat)
go!

ANGLE - HACKER #3 & #4 WORKSTATION

VINCEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Number two... go!

HACKER #3
Cross your finger's.

HACKER #4
Cross everything.

VINCEN (O.C.)
(looks at a screen)
Three... go! Four... go!

In Hacker #4's GLASSES. We see GREEN LINES OF CODE scrolling down the lenses as he types.

Hacker #1's finger swipes a line of code in mid air, highlighting it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A three dimensional floor plan of the ERDL network's central node hub comes up on all the hackers screens.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

The central node hub being accessed and different nodes being attacked or blocked from tracing the hack.

INT. STORAGE HANGER - LATER

A soldier slams the door to Mega Man's storage cell. Heavy PINS LOCK. His power indicator goes from a soft strobe to a rhythmic pulse.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

A red car drives up to the security checkpoint.

A SECURITY GUARD leans out of the booth window and looks at her her I.D. He gives a look "Okay!".

The security area ROOF DOORS unlock and slide apart revealing daylight. Lisa's car begins to rise through the entrance, then takes off.

INT. LISA'S CAR - EVE.

Lisa drives in traffic.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

She pulls her hair clip out. She runs her fingers through her hair. She shakes her head whipping her hair out to full length. She attaches her Tac-com behind her ear.

A MELODIC TONE. A pleasant voice.

TAC-COM VOICE
Tac-Com active. Hello, Lisa.

The ambient interior lights illuminate.

LISA
Phone. Call Mom.

NAVIGATION VOICE
(filtered)
Dialing Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The phone RINGS as Lisa drives off, her car hover quick and smoothly towards the exit gate.

INT. ERDL STORAGE BAY

An unattended storage bay filled with DNL2'S. The lone Sniper Joe unit is secured by restraint clamps, and plugged into the charging dynamo.

Without warning, his system POWERS UP. His eyes blaze red, his helmet vizor begins to close. He is awakened -- fully activated.

Sniper Joe's left hand integrates a laser torch. Embers fly about as he cuts himself from the leg restraints. ELECTRICAL ARCS from the charging conduits lash out around him as he rips his connection to the charging dynamo.

SNIPER JOE'S P.O.V:

Taking calm analysis of the DNL2's. He ULULATES an ominous, reptilian, robotic growl.

As if back on the test range, he attacks the DNL2's blasting until they melt into heaps of steaming junk.

INT. DR. LIGHTS OFFICE

Dr. Light and Dr. Seriff feel the slightest trembles.

INSERT: A WATER BOTTLE.

The water ripples from a vibration. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at the door.

DR. LIGHT

Come in.

Kaven and Janek enter.

JANEK

Hey, we just wanted to say goodbye.

KAVEN

...And to give you're a going away present!

Kaven pulls a small gift wrapped package from behind his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. SERIFF
Ohhh, you two didn't have to...

JANEK
Well, we did.

KAVEN
So like it or not, your stuck with.

DR. SERIFF
(chuckles)
Well, lets just have a look, then.

Abashed, Dr. Seriff rips the paper off revealing a steel watch.

DR. SERIFF (CONT'D)
Oh, this is just splendid! Simply grand! Thank...

Dr. Seriff reaches to hug Janek. Suddenly, a muffled BOOM a noticeable tremor!

INT. ERDL HALLWAY

Several technicians and guards lay dead and dying. Sniper Joe walks the hall. Several technicians flee across his path. Joe fires and the last technician is vaporized instantly as the shot impacts the wall behind him.

INT. DR. LIGHTS OFFICE

Immediately a WARNING SIREN WAILS. A VOICE comes over loudspeaker.

RECORDED VOICE
(repeating)
ALERT! All security personnel report to your duty stations. All civilian personnel and visitors are charged to quarters. Security measures in progress!

Dr. Light strides over to his office window. AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE rings out from somewhere.

He taps the opaque window glass. It instantly turns crystal clear, and he gazes out to the production bay.

HEAVY BLAST DOORS closing over exits as technicians run for the lives. Guards with heavy weapons YELLING as run by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. SERIFF (O.S.)
What the devil?

JANEK (O.S.)
Oh my god!

DR. LIGHT
Dear God! Let's go, now!

The camera PAN TO Kaven struggling to open the door.

Dr. Seriff rushes over to help. They push with all their might -- it won't budge.

KAVEN
Shoot, we're locked in!

Janek pushes against the door in vain.

JANEK
(crying)
No!

DR. LIGHT
Quick, the window.

Kaven grabs a chair and bashes the window with all his strength, nothing. He tries again. Nothing. Another EXPLOSION rocks the building.

INT. ERDL HALLWAY

Sniper Joe emerges from the hole and smoke, scanning, he's a killing machine.

INT. ERDL CORRIDOR

GUNS COCK as several guards and soldiers with heavy weapons ready themselves behind steel blast shields.

Heavy METALLIC FOOTSTEPS approaching the hallway intersection become louder and louder until --

Sniper rounds the corner with shield raised, already expecting them.

SQUAD LEADER
Fire!

SOLDIER P.O.V:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they unload on Sniper Joe with machine guns. The SQUAD LEADER aims, fires, and electric bolts of light arch through the air from rounds fired from his semi-automatic railgun.

Sniper Joe ducks behind his shield, each impact of the railgun's bullet barely forces him backward. The rounds are lodged into the shield. Undaunted Joe strides purposefully toward them.

SQUAD LEADER (CONT'D)

Take it's legs out!

SOLDIERS open fire. ELECTRICAL ARCS and GLOWING PARTICLES are drawn into the vent holes of Joe's PROTON CANNON. Charging.

A GRENADE loads and locks an airburst round into his grenade launcher. He aims, but before he can fire.

Joe, shoots an overhead plasma shot. The ceiling above the guards and soldiers EXPLODES.

THICK DUST CLOUDS THE HALL.

All gunfire stops. A muffled EXPLOSION from the grenade goes off.

As the smoke clears, a light fixture swings, an ominous pendulum over a pile of rubble where the men just stood.

JOE'S FEET

CRUNCHES the rubble as he continues on his way. Head movements reptilian, scanning for more targets.

INT. CLEANROOM / ASSEMBLY BAY

Autonomous robots are still assembling the units.

Joe's proton canon CHARGES as he surveys the area, scanning the incomplete droids. He GROWLS with contempt. Suddenly he opens fire on all he sees.

INT. DOCTOR LIGHTS OFFICE

Another MUFFLED EXPLOSION, Dr. Light and Janek immediately turn around and gaze out of the office window to the production bay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANEK

Oh my god.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS, as Joe steps through a molten hole in the blast doors and into the production bay -- scanning for targets.

Guards open fire on Joe and --

He keeps coming with shield raised, helmet visor down. Their weapons are useless.

DR. LIGHT

(quietly/ fearful)

Get down!

Dr. Light pulls Janek down to the floor and all in one movement motions to everyone "Get down." Kaven and Dr. Seriff quickly take to the floor as --

GUNFIRE, PROTON BLASTS, and HORRIFIED SCREAMS as Kaven sneaks a peek out the window with one eye --

Panicked workers run for their lives.

Dr. Light crawls over to his desk. He dons his digital monocular.

MONOCULAR VIEW - COMPUTER SCREEN

A command prompt types: Load, Rokku, quotation mark, *, quotation mark, comma, 8, comma, 1.

INT. PRODUCTION BAY - CONTINUOUS

Mega stands in a containment cell. His eyes strobe once and he awakes from his standby state.

The containment cell opens and a rush of cold air escapes. The doors slide apart.

Mega Man steps out and immediately hones in on a threat -- Sniper Joe.

We pan down from above to an injured ARMY MP lying against the wall looking down the hall. He sees certain death approaching.

EXT. LISA'S CAR - MOVING - EVENING

We PUSH IN ON Lisa's floating car as it weaves through the layers of hover-car traffic on the highway.

INT. LISA'S CAR

Lisa talking to her mother through the car speakers.

LISA'S MOTHER
(filtered)
It may be good for you.

LISA
(scoffs)
Mom, I haven't seen Tyler since we were in high school.

A high performance car full of teens BLARES it's horn as it blows past Lisa and cuts her off, then rises into the upper lane.

LISA (CONT'D)
Jerk!

LISA'S MOTHER
(filtered)
How can you say that, you never give anyone I set you up with a chance.

LISA
No, not him, some guy totally cut me off.

LISA'S MOTHER
(filtered)
I'm just saying, you should date more. Tyler is nice, and handsome, successful...

LISA
Okay, okay. Tell him to call me, tomorrow, I guess.

Suddenly her call is interrupted -- a DOORBELL-like ALERT. A robotic voice comes over the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALERT VOICE

This is an emergency alert! The south bound I-238 highway has been closed due to an emergency situation. The Highway Authority urges all drivers to find an alternate route. Closures, from Trumbull to the twenty-first street.

Lisa looks off to the opposite side of the highway. We see traffic starting to come to a halt.

INT. VALCOM INDUSTRIES COMPUTER LAB

Vincen watches a monitor showing the fight with Mega from Joe's point of view.

INT. ERDL PRODUCTION BAY

Joe and Mega size each other up like gladiators. Sniper Joe seems to tower over Mega. Suddenly, Sniper quick draws and lets off several shots from his proton cannon at Mega.

Mega reacts milliseconds ahead of time as he instinctively dodges the blasts. Mega somersaults and returns fire in mid air as the cannon fire impact the spot where he once stood.

P-POM! Two shots hit and burn into Joe's shield --merely absorbing the blasts but glowing red hot.

MEGA MAN'S POV:

Through a cloud of smoke Joe moves with prizefighter agility then, his fist coming toward us. It impacts Mega's chest with a deep CLANK.

MEGA

Is thrown back against a large industrial press. He scrambles around to the rear of the press.

JOE

Leaps on top of the press, looking behind it-- Mega is gone. A heavy piece of METAL FALLS in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe's attention snaps to the direction of the sound, Sniper Joe moves cautiously, like a soldier in the jungle.

JOE

Scans the area as he moves toward the sound. He jumps, and lands on top of a workstation, it buckles under his weight.

A FEMALE TECHNICIAN cowering in fear behind it is paralyzed with fear.

MEGA MAN'S POV:

We see Mega's vision of below. The environment is in high definition; in color, with power supply, damage alerts, geometry and algorithms streaming down the right and bottom of the screen. He identifies a weakness in Joe's chassis.

MEGA

Hangs from a gantry crane with one arm as he analyzes Joe. Quickly, Mega swings and lands on Joe's back and starts to pummel him until -- thrown off.

Mega slides like a rag-doll across the floor, but scrambles to his feet.

JOE

Lands in front of Mega then, slams shield-first into him like a battering ram.

ON MEGA

Bracing. Being driven backward. His feet GOUGE THE CONCRETE floor.

JOE

Pins Mega against a large Dynamo. The spinning FAN WHEEL inches from Mega's helmet. Joe's hand grips Mega's face and tries to force his head into the moving blades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGA

Eyes strobe intensely. His right hand integrates into the PROTON CANNON. CHARGING. He thrust kicks Joe with all his might and fires a BURST.

JOE

Steaming clears. Voltage arcs roll over the surroundings. Joe rises from behind his shield.

JOE'S SHIELD

Glowing hot shield falls apart in molten chunks.

JOE

GROWLS ELECTRICALLY and Slings it to the floor. His arm quickly integrates into a PLASMA SAW. He slashes.

MEGA

Ducks and Joe's saw arm slices deep into the dynamo. Jamming right into the fan blades.

THE DYNAMO

Servos WINE. Metal CRUNCHES. Joe is pinned good.

JOE

Feebly tries to free himself. His hand and arm integrates to the cannon.

MEGA

Arm-locks Joe, and with a powerful squeeze dislocates it. He pulls hard. The arm pops out of socket.

JOE

SQUEALS in robotic pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE'S ARM

RIPS from the shoulder socket.

JOE

Convulses wildly. Hydraulic fluid spurts.

MEGA

Coated in the hydraulic fluid, steps closer. He punches Joe through the torso, probes deeper, grabs something. He yanks out Joe's still glowing processor core.

JOE

SHRIEKS then slumps dead. Mega's core drive slot opens and juts out hungrily.

Mega inserts it. Suddenly, a POWER SURGE shoots through him like adrenaline.

EXT. DR. LIGHTS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mega rips the door to Doctor Lights office off the hinges.

MEGA MAN'S POV:

We see the Light team. Dr. Light rises and slowly approaches. Mega Man retreats a bit, holding his damaged arm. Dr. Light follows.

DR. LIGHT

Hey, wait!

(to his team)

It's ok, we're safe now.

PRODUCTION BAY

The Female Technician comes out from hiding, shocked by the sight of the destruction.

KAVEN (O.C.)

oh, man. Look!

The production bay looks like a war zone. Kaven takes a closer look at --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe, lifeless. A squirt of hydraulic fluid spurts onto his shirt. Kaven flinches.

Mega's large bold eyes blink. The team approaches Mega, shaken.

KAVEN (CONT'D)
(easing)
Wow, your kung Fu is really bad.

Mega shrugs bashfully.

JANEK
You kidding? He did great. Thank
You!

DR. SERIFF
He fought like a man!

LISA
Yes. A Mega Man.

Dr. Light sees Mega's arm leaking hydraulic fluid.

DR. LIGHT
(to Mega)
We're going to have to get you
fixed up.

INT. VALCOM INDUSTRIES COMPUTER LAB

Some of the hackers look to each other. Everyone sits absolutely quiet. Vincen sucks his teeth and relaxes in his seat.

VINCEN
Bugger!

CROSSFADE TO:

ESTAB/EXT. CAPITOL HILL - MORNING

INT. DIRKSEN SENATE BUILDING - DAY.

A crowded room of government officials, military brass, reporters, and clerks having personal conversations.

A GAVEL HITS A BLOCK several times. A hush falls over the crescendo of chatter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Light and his attorney take their seats before a Senate committee. Senator Sanders adjusts his microphone.

REPRESENTATIVE SANDERS

Order! This Committee of the Armed Forces hereby calls this hearing to order!

(adjusts glasses)

Now, Doctor your testimony has been noted. However, given the threat posed by the Combat Infantry Drones your group has developed, this committee charges that all sentient assets are an indomitable threat to the national security of the country.

Dr. Light looks as if the wind has been knocked out of him. ADMIRAL GRAYBIRD rises from his seat.

ADMIRAL GRAYBIRD

(clears throat)

Doctor, let me state my appreciation of your genius and the contributions you've made to safeguarding our beloved nation and the entire world. With that said, I will not take part in a dog & pony show. I recuse myself from these proceedings!

A sparse APPLAUSE rises from the surprised attendees as the Admiral leaves.

SENATOR MCCLAIN

Admiral, your recusation is sustained. Indeed It's regretful that this committee has arrived at this consensus. Your career up till now was one of enchantment and distinction. However, a lot good men and women were lost in this tragedy.

MONTAGE - MULTIPLE LOCATIONS

A) Soldiers loading DNL2'S and other cargo onto a C-130 transport plane.

B) Soldiers on guard while agents take boxes of files and paperwork out of Dr. Wiley's office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C) Mega Man is secured by metallic restraints while in standby mode inside his containment cell.

D) Dr. Seriff is mobbed by reporters as he pushes past them and enters a car near the capitol building.

E) Lisa is crestfallen as she sits Indian-style on her sofa watching Dr. Lights hearing on TV.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dr. Light is downcast. He looks to Senator Ross, who sits on the committee -- Ross doesn't break expression.

DR. LIGHT

Sir, I realize and agree that what happened was lamentable yet unforeseeable. However...

Dr. Light's attorney covers the microphone and before he can say another word, whispers something in his ear -- Dr. Light exhales deeply. Flustered.

DIRECTOR SANDERS

Doctor, it is the decision of this committee that your work be henceforth suspended pending the outcome of the D.O.J investigation.

The crescendo of MUMMERS from the attendees until -- a GAVEL STRIKES A BLOCK twice.

SENATOR MCCLAIN

If there's nothing further from members of this committee, I motion this hearing adjourned.

(pause)

Adjourned.

The panel of officials as Director Sanders looks left and right.

A few COMMITTEE MEMBERS GRUMBLE among each other before --

Sanders SLAMS THE GAVEL on the block.

INT. VALCOM INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - DAY

DR. Wiley sits in the waiting area.

INT. TIHIRO'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Wiley is escorted into Tihiro's office by Karen. Tihiro and Vincen walk up to shake his hand.

TIHIRO

Ah, there he is. The man who's name will be known as the worlds greatest scientist. Welcome.

DR. WILEY

Thank you, I'm glad to be here.

TIHIRO

You already know Vincen our Chief of operations.

DR. WILEY

The face behind the voice.
(shakes hands)
Cheers.

VINCEN

We finally meet. I trust your housing accommodations and finances are to your liking.

DR. WILEY

Splendid.

VINCEN

Outstanding.

TIHIRO

Very good.

TIHIRO

Well, I'm sure you're eager to see the fruits of your labors. Hal, our Engineering Chief will get you brought up to speed.

DR. WILEY

Excellent!

TIHIRO

Welcome doctor. Rest assured, all our efforts will not have been in vain.

INT. VALCOM INDUSTRIES - SUBLEVEL

Wiley tours the production facilities trailing Hal. Autonomous robots and STAFF pass them by as they go on their way down the hall to a set of steel doors.

HAL

As you can see we're not short on personnel, even if they are inorganic. Our security system is named Anna she controls every entrance and exit in the main building and labs... I designed her. I named her Anna cause of this really hot biomed chick I met in college. I think she dropped out and became a dancer. I don't know.

Hal waves his hand over the access panel LENS.

A seductive female voice replies.

SECURITY SYSTEM VOICE

Oh, hello again Hal.

Hal looks to Wiley and smirks.

HAL

Hi Anna.

SECURITY SYSTEM VOICE

Who's your friend he's cute?

HAL

This is Dr. Wiley you should already have his profile.

SECURITY SYSTEM VOICE

Affirmative.

(to Wiley)

Dr. Wiley, please, I need you to place the tip of your right index finger on the lens at the center of my panel.

Wiley hesitates. Hal smiles.

HAL

Go on man, touch her panel dude.

Slightly frustrated, Wiley he complies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY SYSTEM VOICE
A little higher.

Wiley adjusts.

SECURITY SYSTEM VOICE (CONT'D)
Right there, that's it! Scanning.
(pause)
Interesting, your finger seem to be
a bit bigger than Hal's.

Wiley gives Hal a look -- "What can I say".

OMITTED

INT. ARMY WAREHOUSE - DAY

A soldier tries to peek through the foggy containment cell window.

LOADING DOCK

Soldiers a loading container trucks with the DLN2's and equipment. A forklift pulls up to the containment cell. Six Soldiers standby with rail-guns trained on the cell door. A STAFF SERGEANT stands off to the side -- barking orders.

STAFF SERGEANT
Stay alert... Lets pull'em outt'a
there! Get this scrap loaded up.

The containment doors unlock and crack a few inches. A rush of cold mist escapes, no one notices.

SERGEANT (O.S.)
Maintain your bearing you!

The doors open a bit more then, cold nitrous-like fog rushes out--

Mega bursts through the doors moving like a running-back.

SOLDIERS
Argh!

The staff Sergeant taps his tac-com

STAFF SERGEANT (O.C.)
Code red, bot is on the move,
headed for section three.

INT. HANGER - DAY.

Mega runs into the production hanger. Suddenly tracer rounds stream past Mega's Head, and rounds bounce off his armor.

More soldiers enter the hanger and open fire at Mega

He leaps twenty feet into the air; crashing out of the sky light glass. Shards of glass rain down on everyone below.

EXT. AIRFIELD TARMAC - DAY.

ALERT SIRENS WAIL, soldiers are scrambling to lock down the airfield. At the same time the transport helicopter lifts off and banks sharply, Mega Man is clung to the underside.

ESTAB. HOVER HIGHWAY - DAY.

Heavy traffic as -- A MILITARY TRUCK ZOOMS overhead.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK CABIN - DAY.

A DRIVER and CO-PILOT are laughing about a Hover-ball match.

DRIVER

No way Chicago is set to take the flag this year.

CO-PILOT

Hey, all I know is I put a thousand debit's on Kingston.

DRIVER

(shaking his head)
Ah man!

CO-PILOT

Hey they won title last year, their going back for it!

DRIVER

You wish...

A loud IMPACT shakes the truck. Both men share a puzzled look.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

What the...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CO-PILOT
 Android scrap... The load probably
 shifted, we're good.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK CABIN - DAY

Flying towards the city. The driver and copilot converse
 while moving in traffic.

DRIVER
 Yeah, Abominations. You ask me,
 that Dr. Light should burn for
 making 'em.

CO-PILOT
 I don't know, man. Like, bots help
 people.

DRIVER
 Tell that to all those people who
 lost there lives. They say their
 bringing him up on high treason.

Suddenly an SMALL EXPLOSION rattles the truck. The drivers
 are jarred. WARNING TONES start to go off.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Argh, pull up hold... steady!

CO-PILOT
 Somebody hit us?

DRIVER
 No, hold what you got!

The co-pilot checks the hologram monitors.

INSERT: MONITOR SCREEN

3-D Diagram of truck with damage to the rear.

CO-PILOT
 We got roof breach.

DRIVER
 Crap we're loosing speed.

CO-PILOT
 Wind bakes -all off. Tram trusters
 and static ports -positive read!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER
Pulse coils?

CO-PILOT
All seven max read!

HOVERCAR HIGHWAY

Mega forces apart the hole he made in the trailer like an egg shell then, bails out head first.

Free-falling, nearly colliding with a car, he flips upright and falls in classic Mega-Man form through the air with terminal velocity until he lands with BOOM on

HIGHWAY RUINS

A dilapidated and aging overpass. Smashing clean through then, landing with in the overgrowth of shrubbery beneath.

BACK TO SCENE:

CO-PILOT
You want auto-pilot?

DRIVER
Yeah, yeah -on!

TRANSPORT TRUCK

Several car HORNS BLAIR as it swerves around and over the smoking truck as it bobs in traffic. Levels.

CO-PILOT
That's it. Chin is up, Ohhh, we got it man!

DRIVER
Instruments good. I'm going to talk to company. Trans-Cruise ace, zero, five, to Company.

DISPATCHER VOICE
Copy zero-five.

DRIVER
We experienced trailer breach and loss of air speed. We're going for descent and vehicle check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCH

Roger that zero-five, report back.

TRANSPORT TRUCK

Lands. The pilots get out and see the breach.

TRUCK TRAILER

A gaping hole in the upper port side of the trailer.

EXT. SQUATTER CAMP - DAY.

K'BOOF! Mega hits the ground, landing on his feet at near terminal velocity. He'S ready for action. He blinks, then runs off in to the distance.

OMITTED

SUPERIMPOSE: JUNE 11, 2142

INT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES - PRODUCTION BAY

A rigid Tihiro strides over to Doctor Wiley and Hal waiting next to five Mega Man-like droids.

HAL

Good day, Mr. Oshida.

TIHIRO

Chief. Doctor. Introduce me.

THE MEGA MAN KILLERS

Remarkable droids suspended by small forklift-like gantry cranes. Each one made vastly different.

HAL

Well, these are-

DR WILEY

The weapon systems based on the designs I pioneered back home.

Tihiro gives a look -- "huh?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIHIRO

Home is where the heart is. Is it not?

DR. WILEY

Pardon me, on Earth.

(continues)

Each with M.O.S specific features and weaponry.

TIHIRO

Didn't Dr. Light make similar weapon systems?

Wiley points to the Flecktarn grayish-blue camouflage Mega Man Killer.

DR WILEY

Yes, but these are far superior.

(pointing)

Bubble Man, designed for deep sea engagements, search and rescue.

He's a sub and a seal team in one.

They move to the next, a larger Mega Man Killer, who's camouflage dissolves from desert to woodland.

DR. WILEY

Woods Man. The tip of the spear.

(strokes it proudly)

He commands the battlefield.

Tihiro gives a slight nod.

HAL

(to himself)

My favorite.

Tihiro is stoic like a General inspecting his battalion while they move to the next. It's a sleek, two-tone painted droid, with large ram-air induction vents.

HAL (CONT'D)

This one...

TIHIRO

Don't tell me. Air operations?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WILEY

Yes! Air Man. Like a flying battleship.

(pointing)

Stealth coating, Plasma cannon, fifty caliber gun, guided munitions.

On to the next, the ninja, Gold tinted, the height of Mega Man. Hal gives a SNORTING-CHUCKLE. Tihiro and Wiley look at him oddly, then move over to the last droid. *

HAL

This is, Flash.

(mocking Flash Gordon)

Da-Daaah!

Tihiro turns and gives Hal a look.

DR. WILEY

A recon unit. This bad boy emits an EMP so immense theoretically it can affect orthogonal space and time.

Tihiro approaches Flash-Man.

TIHIRO

Quantum Teleportation? how does it survive the collapse in gravity. *

DR WILEY

His slipstream deploys him anywhere. Plasma sword. *

Flash Man's arm integrates into a plasma blade that resembles a Katana. *

TIHIRO

(fleetingly smiles)

Impressive. How soon will they be ready for deployment?

Hal looks to Wiley.

HAL

Ugh, well we have to...

DR. WILEY

...If, they were built to the exact! And I mean, my exact specifications?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)
 (eyes shift between Hal
 and to Tihiro)
 Their ready now.

Tihiro's hardened gaze shifts between Wiley & Hal.

TIHIRO
 Gentlemen, I have decided to
 implement your designs.
 Congratulations.

Tihiro inauspiciously turns and walks off.

HAL
 (nervously)
 Yes, absolutely Mr. Oshida, sir.
 (more confidently)
 Thank you!

DR. WILEY
 Thank you... Yes!

Hal goes for the High Five, but Wiley walks off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. O.I.A BRIGG - EVENING

Through glowing neon red containment bars of a cell. A soft BUZZING resonates from the rods. From behind we see Dr. Light gazing out the small slit of a window.

A YOUNG MARINE on guard detail is dressed to the nines and is standing nearby, keeping close watch on Dr. Light. He wants to say something, finally leans over to the glowing bars.

YOUNG MARINE
 (sotto-voce)
 My sister, worked there.

Dr. Light looks to him.

YOUNG MARINE (CONT'D)
 Fort Lake, R and D labs.

DR. LIGHT
 Was she... okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MARINE
(shaking his head)
Yea, doc. Your droid saved her.
Anyway, hang in there.

Dr. Light breathes deeply, then nods, relieved.

GEXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Lisa steps outside wearing a dress and high heels. We see how outside of the lab, she is stunning yet a bit dejected, something is on her mind.

TYLER, a handsome African-American man, early thirties, emerges from the restaurant, opens an umbrella, and walks over to her just as a soft drizzle starts.

TYLER
Looks like rain?

LISA
(wistful chuckle)
Yeah. Could you take me home?

INT. TYLER'S CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Lisa looks outside the window at the evening traffic. Tyler looks over to her.

TYLER
You okay?

Lisa snaps out of her daze.

LISA
Sorry, I just got a lot on my mind.
It's not every day you find out
from the evening news that you have
been fired.

TYLER
I'm sorry.

LISA
No, your good. It's just isn't a
good time for me now, but I
appreciate dinner. Thank you.

Tyler and Lisa make brief eye contact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

Hey, ya know. I've loved you...
since we were kids. I'm here for
you.

Her gaze shifts to Tyler and she smiles.

LISA

I know.

Lisa's phone RINGS.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hey Mom?
(short beat)
Yeah, were on our way home.
(jeeringly nodding)
Yeah, yeah.

EXT. OLD FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS - SAME - EVE.

Mega wanders underneath the decaying elevated infrastructure
of a forgotten century.

He climbs up and through a hole in the concrete of the
overpass.

CRUMBLING OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

His expression changes to wonderment as he observes skyline
of the city. It's bright and beautiful.

His eyes softly strobe as if in rim Sleep while he begins
scanning the Internet, RADIO, and random phone CONVERSATIONS.

MEGA'S POV: Several windows of Lisa's social media profiles,
pictures, government records, and anything about Lisa pop up
in rapid succession. Her time line shows everything we expect
from a genius of her caliber. Suddenly...

A Tramcar roars by a hundred feet overhead, it's lights
briefly illuminate Mega as it passes, then more cars ZOOM by.

ANGLE -- SKY ABOVE

Out of nowhere orderly layers of rush-hour traffic file in
and out of downtown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Over the noise of the passing VEHICLES and random phone CONVERSATIONS, LISA'S VOICE comes in clear over Mega's cellular scanner.

LISA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Okay mom. Love you too. Bye!

Mega looks off into the distance trying to pinpoint the direction her phone signal is coming in from, then takes off running.

EXT. ABLE CITY - CONTINUOUS - EVE.

The metropolis is a mix of New York and silicon valley on steroids. Exotic steel and glass skyscrapers with outdoor elevators, with fiber optic lights everywhere.

Above, people walk along elevated promenades. College kids party on rotating rooftop nightclubs.

Layers of hover-car traffic move about the airspace.

Hover-trams weave through the architecture a hundred feet in the air.

Holographic billboards show funny commercials.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Various types of bots sweep walkways, repair cars, do construction, clean skyscraper windows, even walk dogs.

Here robots are apart of everyday life. Whatever the need, there's a bot for that.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Mega moves from cover to cover like a stray cat, making his way from one alleyway to the mouth of another. Cloaked in the shadows, he moved towards the alley opening and peers out to the busy sub-street.

From Mega Man's POV, a group of BIKERS dressed like a racers ARGUE amongst themselves.

Mega's eyes softly strobe, analyzing this world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One biker turns and walks towards us. He walks into the alley, right to where Mega was and starts to the dumpster. Mega is gone.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT

A LITTLE BOY (3) plays with action figures while his parents argue about money in the background. Only the little boy notices Mega climbing along the outside of the window. Mega locks eyes with the child -- climbing undeterred.

LITTLE BOY

Toy!

INT. LISA'S CO.NDO - CONTINUOUS - EVENING

As Lisa walks in, ambient lighting illuminates the space. Simultaneously a pleasant robotic voice acknowledges her --

SECURITY SYSTEM VOICE

Welcome home, Lisa.

KEMET, her pet cat is lying on the chase lounge.

LISA

(scoffs)

Kemet? You like laying on mommy's chase, hmm baby?

She puts him on the floor.

Mega's head slowly rises above and eyes peaking about the sill, his bold eyes glow pale-white a long, soft strobe.

Lisa walks back into the living room in her underwear and turns on the radio, then walks into the hall. Mega is gone.

INT. BATHROOM

The shower door opens automatically and water starts to flow. She's about to step in when, We hear a VASE CRASH and KEMET'S HISS, then the sound of Mega's proton cannon CHARGING.

LISA

Kemet!

Lisa throws her robe back on and dashes out of the bathroom. We move with Lisa as she walks into the dinning room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA (CONT'D)
Kemet, if you're in my plants again
I'm going...

Lisa gasps at seeing Mega aiming at Kemet, canon CHARGING.

Mega and Lisa lock eyes for a Beat.

His large eyes blink then, the proton cannon POWERS DOWN and reintegrates back into a hand. He pets Kemet as if saying -- "nice kitty".

INT. LISA'S CONDO - LATER

Her DOORBELL RINGS. The front door slides open to Kaven standing in the hall.

KAVEN
Now what was so important that I...

Lisa yanks him inside.

KAVEN (CONT'D)
Whoa, okay, umm?

He looks at her confused about the situation.

LISA
We have a problem!

KAVEN
Well, you know we're both
professional adults. What happens
outside of work is really none of
anyone's business.

LISA
What? No. I mean yeah, but no.
(points)
Look.

Kaven glances to the living room. We see Mega trying to sit in a chair, it crumples then collapses under his weight.

KAVEN
Oh no.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and Kaven talk under their breath.

KAVEN

I don't understand, why would he come here?

LISA (O.C.)

It's not beyond his programming to be able to form bonds just as we do. Maybe he feels safer around us.

In the back ground, Mega's pulling books from the bookshelf and dropping them to the floor, his flicker-strobe as he speed reads them.

KAVEN

Fine, but what are we going to do now? The Army is looking for it.

Lisa shakes her head.

LISA

Maybe we should, turn him in?

KAVEN (O.C.)

Their giving out treason charges like it's Halloween candy. Look what their doing to Dr. Light.

LISA

I know. I wish he was here. He'd know what to do.

KAVEN

One thing's for sure, we got to get him out of here.

LIVING ROOM

Kaven and Lisa walk back into the living room a aire of concern mixed with carefulness, but Mega man is gone without a trace.

KAVEN

(sarcastic)

Yeah, this isn't weird at all.

The DOORBELL rings. Lisa steps to the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONITOR - DOOR CAM

Several agents and police officers standing by the building entrance.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - EVENING

The President of the Allied Nations is meeting with members of the National Security team. Over the raucous of separate conversations one voice cuts through.

PRESIDENT

How can a, robot just escape and elude detection this long?

GENERAL REED

From what I've seen, the weapon was designed to do just that and more, sir.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Mister President, we have deployed all suitable field assets. We're also closely monitoring all communications from anyone who is connected to the project.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

Might I suggest reinstatement of the curfew, sir?

PRESIDENT

No! Alert the media! Evacuate all major cities.

VICE PRESIDENT

The last thing we should do is signal to the enemy...

GENERAL REED

Sir, I agree. Also, I've seen the capabilities of these weapons.
(shakes his head)
Maybe Dr. Light's team can help?

PRESIDENT

(to and aide)
Right, bring'em back in.

An AIDE walks off hurriedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY OF STATE

I'd hate to add more whiz to the drink, but turns out one of the weapon's creators defected. Doctor Albert Wiley. His computer showed without a doubt he caused the network breach at several government facilities.

He slides a fiber optic folder with Dr. Wiley's dossier over to The President

PRESIDENT

A spy? Right under nose!

SECRETARY OF STATE

Graduated top of his class at M.I.T; three years in Air Force intelligence. Went on to Lead flight control systems for the Zaxxon space program.

The President looks at the optic sheet which lights up at his touch. He quickly slides through several screens of information, before tossing it back on the table soberly.

PRESIDENT

So, Apparently were are at war.

The President glances at his aides.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Order the evacuations!

INT. O.I.A INTERVIEW ROOM

Lisa and Kaven are bushed and being questioned by a FEDERAL AGENT. The agents sit expressionless, faithless stares. Lisa trying to avulse any sort of reaction--

LISA

We've done nothing wrong. You can't just keep us here without telling us what's going on!

FEDERAL AGENT

You're here as a precaution. I'm afraid, you won't be able to contact anyone until further notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAVEN

A precaution against what exactly?

The Agent heads out the room.

FEDERAL AGENT

That's all I can tell you at the moment, In the meanwhile. Want anything to drink? Soda, coffee?

Kaven gives Lisa a look.

INT. O.I.A BRIGG - DR. LIGHT'S CELL - EVE.

Several origami animals on the end of the bunk. Dr. Light sits carefully folding a piece of paper into a shape.

GUARD BOOTH

The young marine reads an X-Men comic book.

DR. LIGHT'S CELL

Light makes the final fold on a paper crane. Suddenly the glowing laser containment bars flicker, then go out.

CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - REACTOR ROOM - SAME

PLANT WORKERS go about their usual business. In the middle of the room a miniscule and barely noticeable flicker of light PINK-NOISE then--

LIGHT, PARTICLES, GLOWING ELECTRIC ARCS and a DIPOLE MAGNETIC FIELD spawn from nothingness, spinning, growing larger until...

Instantaneously, expands in all directions from a space between spaces. A brief pulsar, a blast of energy, Flash-Man appears. He immediately begins blasting at everything and everyone in sight.

His back opens revealing dozens of CLUSTER BOMB BOTS

SIRENS WAIL, WARNING LIGHTS go on and off. Flash-Man eyes a large conduit feeding water to the reactors. He fires at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An explosion gives way to a torrent of water flooding the floor. A repeating voice comes on over loudspeaker.

ALERT VOICE

Temperature system control
malfunction. Pressure overload
imminent.

The room seems to glow from the heat of the reactor

PLANT PARKING LOT

Panicked workers flee for their lives while muffled
explosions go off.

BACK TO SCENE:

REACTOR

Flash-Man moves with confident masculinity over to the sub-critical core. He raises his hands . A pulsing glow begins in his palms and solar plexus. Quickly, the surrounding atmosphere seems to WHIRL as it gets sucked into the MAGNETIC FIELD emanating from his core. Energy from the reactor is drawn into is fuselage.

ALERT VOICE

Reactor level Critical. Reactor
level critical.

The heat begins to melt the facility. Flash-Man is unphased by the meltdown. Space and time seem to warp around him. His magnetic field and firmament growing until, in a FLASH & SONIC BOOM, he's implodes within himself and vanishes.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY.

The President is just getting dressed a someone KNOCKS at the door.

PRESIDENT

I least need put some damn clothes
and have my coffee before I have to
save the world.

STAFFER (O.C.)

Sir, there's a report you got to
see! Channel 21.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He casually turns on the holovision.

HOLOGRAM - BREAKING NEWS

A REPORTER at her desk seems to spawn out of nothingness into the room in front of him.

REPORTER

Once again, multiple government agencies responding overnight as several nuclear power plants across the country go into critical overload. Apparently within minutes of each other. Also, we're being told that the Mason hydroelectric dam collapsed about eleven o'clock eastern last night. It's not known at this moment how many any casualties, if any we're sustained as a result.

ESTAB/EXT. NASA - DAY.

A series of what seems to be, massive cables for space elevators extend from several launch pads into the ionosphere. Preparations for a launch are underway.

RUNWAY

A passenger jet lands and taxis to a nearby hanger.

HANGER

Lisa and Kaven step out of the jet and are escorted by security to a waiting 1990's Hum-V.

ESTAB. NASA HEADQUARTERS

The security both barricade rises as the Hum-V pulls into the entrance.

INT. NASA CONFERENCE ROOM

Silence as Dr. Light, Kaven and Lisa sit in crestfallen contemplation of the situation. Kaven sighs, shaking his head. The Director of Operations sits at the head of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAVEN

This is crazy.

Beat.

KAVEN (CONT'D)

I can't believe Wiley would do something like this? Has anybody heard from Dr. Seriff?

Lisa just sits in disbelief.

DR. LIGHT

(to Kaven)

They said his plane never made it in. It went down shortly after take-off over the Atlantic.

The atmosphere in the room is heavy with sadness from Dr. Light's news.

The DIRECTOR KURTS, head Operations enters the room.

DIRECTOR KURTS

Alright! It's been eighteen hours since the droid escaped. It's hiding! Now how can we find it?

DR. LIGHT

Infrasonic signaling. 16 hertz. We can talk to him.

DIRECTOR KURTS

Can it be shut down remotely?

Beat. Silence -- nobody knows.

DIRECTOR KURTS (CONT'D)

Well the military isn't going to take any chances. So, you want to clear your name and prove that this droid is still on our side? Then you will track it down and shut it down so we can retrieve it.

LISA

We can find him. But you want him operational, right. Shutting him down would be in essence killing him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR KURTS

One way or the other he will be
retrieved. No excuses. The nation's
at war.

EXT. EARTH'S STRATOSPHERE

An armada of transport ships, troops carriers, and aircraft
descend as the darkness of space gives way to the haze of
Earth's upper atmosphere.

EXT. ARMY BASE - EVE.

Several transport planes are parked on the runway tarmac.
Futuristic military vehicles and combat-ready Airborne
soldiers are boarding stealth transport planes.

A C130A's pulsator engines ignite to a full powered light-
blue hue and it begins to levitate. The dust and dirt of the
tarmac swirl in mini hurricanes from the thrust.

ESTAB. NAVAL BASE - EVE.

A Stunningly massive in scope. Deployment preparations are
underway.

The port docks and crammed with vehicles and equipment of
every kind to support a heavy engagement.

We see an entire division of soldiers of different
nationalities boarding ships, carriers, and submarines.

JET ENGINES RUMBLE approaching from the distance, then three
swoop in fast, holding tight formation. Almost stopping on a
dime, they gently settle into the depths of a carrier. The
deck moves back into position as operations resume.

EXT. SHIP DOCK - EVE.

Marines hustle aboard the amphibious carrier John McCain for
deployment the old fashioned way.

The ship is a hive of activity, a massive hydrofoil, a
floating city.

ESTAB/EXT. SUBMARINE ATLANTIS - CONTINUOUS

Surfaced, the sub is a marvel -- a death-dealing island. Several APC's swoop in for a landing on the wet deck of the huge attack sub, half destroyer, half submarine.

DECK

The C130A lands with the nimbleness of a helicopter. Ramps jute out from it's sides, troopers deploy, running out of the plane in steady intervals.

First Sergeant CHRIS MYORE, (30's) accompanied by his trusty Ruck Bot exits. He pauses and looks around at the precision of the rapid mobilization as a young SERGEANT walks up and salutes.

SERGEANT RICLEAF
(Brooklyn accent)
Captain, Myore?

Myore looks like a dog ready to bite if given the command. His gaze snaps to the young but hardened Sergeant rendering the salute.

MYORE
At ease Sergeant.

SERGEANT RICLEAF
Sir, Colonel's been expecting you
below. I'll show you to quarters.

He glances at Myore's patches.

SERGEANT RICLEAF (CONT'D)
Airborne? My brother was a ranger,
with the Nine-Five. Dropped into
Niihama.

Myore almost disregards his question, but his gaze snaps, piercing through the young sergeant like x-ray vision-- the thousand yard stare.

Beat.

MYORE
Your brother was at Niihama?

SERGEANT RICLEAF
(solemnly nodding)
South-Mountain, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYORE

That was some pretty bad rock up there.

Myore is barely able to suppress his spit and fire for the enemy.

SERGEANT RICLEAF

They fought to the last man.

As Myore throws his ruck over his shoulder.

MYORE

Yes we did.

The Sergeant's emotion dissolves to disbelief as what Myore said set in, he stares as if looking at an ancient artifact walk away.

INT. CADRE OFFICE

COLONEL TAM, an Vietnamese man in his late 40's studies his optical board of war maps. There's a KNOCK on the door.

COLONEL TAM

Enter!

An MP opens the door and Myore walks in, rendering the salute.

MYORE

Myore reporting as ordered, sir.

COLONEL TAM

First Sergeant, I had s look at your record. Two tours in Korea, the Kiev front. Niihama.

(nodding in contemplation)

Outstanding.

MYORE

I do my job, sir.

Myore's brow furls.

COLONEL TAM

Good! I got a job for you. Some payback for Niihama? Whoa?

MYORE

Whoa!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Colonel moves over to the optical board, Myore follows.

COLONEL TAM

It's a Ranger job. Invasion force
is going to make land here.

The map illuminates with his touch.

COLONEL TAM (CONT'D)

Hebei province.

(pointing)

The sixth Marines are going push to
here,

(draws a red arrow)

Third Army divisions are going to
make their sweep up through, here.

(He draws a line)

Airborne is dropping in just shy of
Beijing to rendezvous with the
Third.

(He draws circles)

But your squad's going right here!

He zooms in on a small town right outside of Beijing, then more, the city's layout becomes clearer, a NASA-like base. He taps on a building in the heart of the base which expands out, almost leaping off the board.

Myore's gaze hardens.

MYORE

The Sky-Harp.

EXT. TRAM CONCOURSE - NIGHT.

*

PUMPING BASS, party girls LAUGHING, and cars HONKING make up the sounds of the night. On a stylish concourse balcony overlooking the bright lights of downtown Dr. Whiley sits as a hover-rail pulls into the station.

INT. TRAM CAR - NIGHT.

A mostly see through train car. Whiley stares out into his own thoughts pondering something, aloof to others nearby. He rises walks to the door just as the tram pulls into the next stop. The doors open and he steps off.

INT. WHILEY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONCOURSE LOBBY

An inviting hotel-like lobby. On the lower patio lounge a group of hipster's are ARGUING and pointing towards the sky with concern. Whiley looks up to the dark sky. Earth is a backdrop for transport ships and troop carriers moving in formation around the Valcore base-station. *

EXT. VALCORE SPACE STATION

Super-massive and inconceivably constructed. Twelve rotating four-story tall rings make living spaces, adjoined to a cylindrical skyscraper sized core structure with a huge, fortified shipping and receiving station atop. It's a Manhattan in space.

EXT. CENTRAL CORE - SAME.

An invasion fleet is mobilizing. Shuttle bay doors lift. A spout of mist from the air of the hanger bay meeting the vacuum of space and fans out in every direction. Through the mist emerges a troop transport shuttle.

SHUTTLE DOCK #5

Ion boosters throttle on and the troop shuttle pulls away from the dock, gaining momentum.

Cargo doors underneath the shuttle open then--

Several large containment capsules descend and detach. Boosters on each ignite and the all jet away on their perspective trajectories. All except one.

The LONE CAPSULE floats eerily. Suddenly, it's doors separate like a blossoming lotus revealing Air-Man attached.

Beat.

Puffs of steam blow from hoses as large clamps release him into the drift of space.

AIR MAN floats motionless in the blue glow of Earth for a moment -- the calm of space.

Suddenly, snapping to with a jolt. Activated, his EYES GLOW red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What seems to be millions of tiny ion-thrusters illuminate within his slowly rotating TURBINES. Gently he's propelled towards Earth.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS - EVE.

One of the large metal capsules SPLASHES into water with terminal velocity. It bobs a moment before sinking below the waves.

UNDERWATER - SAME

Through the torrent of bubbles we glimpse the capsule opening. From the darkness within, a small red evil iris grows bright -- an evil eye.

EXT. BEIJING SUBURB - DAWN.

Another capsule with parachutes deployed falls from the skies to an stiff, hard, landing. Stillness for a beat, then one by one the locks release.

Soft ACTUATOR sounds as ROBOTIC FINGERS pull apart the heavy doors of the capsule revealing METAL MAN'S FACE.

EXT. EARTH STRATOSPHERE - EVE.

Fifty kilometers from the ground surface, a wasp-like AIR MAN descends into the Troposphere.

Vortexes begin to swirl off the tips of each pair of his wings. Suddenly, he goes into a dive. His wings fold in tightly, TURBINES wine, angling into his dive like a Harris Hawk.

Scanning the surface, Air Man's eyes are fixated on the landscape, tracking its prey. Turning on a dime, he banks suddenly and sharply.

ESTAB/EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C - EVE.

Flying over Able City.

SKY

Two Air Force JF-90's fly an intercept course. These jets are sleek, stealthy, and bad ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. JF-90 COCKPIT - EVE.

A FEMALE PILOT picks up on Air Man's faint radar signal on her VR Helmet.

AWACS (V.O.)

(filtered)

Air Rebel to Goddess. Hostile identified. Position to intercept is four nine north-west of the sterile area. Terminate all hostiles.

GODDESS (FEMALE PILOT)

(to AWACS)

Roger Air Rebel, your loud and clear. Setting attack route for intercept!

(to Wing-man)

Alright Cirrus, ready to earn that sign-on bonus?

CIRRUS

Hey, just show me the money honey.

Beat.

GODDESS

Hey dude, I wanted to say thanks!

CIRRUS' COCKPIT

Cirrus has a Tuskegee Airmen unit patch painted on his helmet.

CIRRUS

For what?

GODDESS

(filtered)

For being my wingman, on and off duty.

CIRRUS

Goddess, are your about to propose to me, or something?

GODDESS

(filtered - chuckles)

I don't think you can handle being my wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They share a hardy laugh.

SKY

Both jets bank hard and high.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - EVE.

A SONIC BOOM is heard above while an anti droid protest rally in front of the White House is underway, all eyes look to the sky as the two jets race by overhead. People in in cars look up from out of their windows trying to trace the source of the sound.

SKY

We descend lower, and lower, piercing through the cloud cover. We see the White House coming into clear view.

Leaving a contrail in his wake, Air Man plunges across the sky.

Goddess and Cirrus' jets close in on Air Man's six, who maneuvers to rooftop level. Both fighter jets let off a bursts of cannon fire,

Air Man's evasive maneuvers seem to defy physics -- he brakes.

The jets overtake him.

GODDESS' COCKPIT

She quickly looks to where Air Man just banked.

GODDESS

Holy! Where is it?

CIRRUS

(filtered)

He's on your eight-high. Turn! Turn hard!

SKY

Both jets maneuver in sync.

CIRRUS' COCKPIT

We see Goddess' jet come into frame.

GODDESS
(filtered)
What the heck is this thing?

CIRRUS
It's too fast.

GODDESS
It's good as dead. Switching to
burst heat seekers!

Air Man deploys his PARTICLE CANNON from his shoulder,
immediately pumps out a rapid stream of plasma rounds over
his wings at Goddess and Cirrus.

GODDESS (CONT'D)
Evade!

GODDESS' COCKPIT

Trying to evade the rounds and lock-on simultaneously.

The LOCK-ON TONE SINES, Goddess' thumb mashes the fire
button.

Her MISSILE rockets away closing the gap.

Air Man rolls, dives, and tries to bank but...

Suddenly the MISSILE bursts open releasing CLUSTER FLAK in
MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS all around him, he's hit.

CIRRUS (O.C.)
(filtered)
Good hit Commander!

Goddess' jet fires another missile that chases Air Man down
into the maze of high rise buildings in the city. We see Air
Man making sharp turns between buildings then...

The chasing missile EXPLODES, slamming into the side of a
BILLBOARD.

CITIZENS scramble as flaming debris falls onto the street.

Air Man fires at the hover-cars in his path. Panic ensues as
VEHICLES CRASH. PEOPLE on balconies SHRIEK in horror,
narrowly escaping the stream of bullets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see Air Man's vision switch to x-ray, lining up his attack route on fast approach to White House. His vision zooms in on the building revealing many people inside. Suddenly, he lets off a series of large precise blasts.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - EVE.

Anti-air weapons explode with great force into flame and twisted metal. Automated gatling guns fire tracking Air Man before a plasma round slams into them VABOOM.

SKY'S ABOVE

Air Man deploys several small bombs.

INT. WHITE HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - EVE.

The President is jolted awake from his nap by several explosions. Secret service rush into the room.

PRESIDENT

What the hell!

AGENT #1

We're under attack sir!

They surround the President and whisk him away barefoot.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY

President being rushed to safety.

PRESIDENT

What about my wife?

AGENT #1

She's being secured as we speak sir!

Suddenly, an even LARGER EXPLOSION forces them to the ground. Ears RINGING as smoke, dust, and debris obscure all vision. We start to hear the sound of Air Man's TURBINES.

The smoke and dust swirl into his intakes while he descends through a burning hole in the roof, like a death angel. The vast amount of air blowing extinguishes the flames and pushes the men across the room floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT #2 scrambles to his knees, draws his submachine pistol and lets off several quick bursts. Agent Garcia and AGENT #3 painfully crawl over to the President, hoisting him to his feet.

AGENT GARCIA
(to President)
Come on!

They both haul ass while Agent #2 fires two bursts from his carbine.

AGENT #2
(to Garcia)
Go, go, get out of here!

AGENT #3 backpedaling while aiming, empties a clip. The rounds PLINK off the faceplate of Air Man.

With mechanical precision, he reaches, grabs Agent #2 by the face, then slings him upward through the hole in the roof, and quickly aims at Agent #3 who's trembling hand can't seem reload fast enough.

AGENT #3
(courageously fearful)
Th'Though an army m'may camp
against me,
(hands trembling)
I shall not fear. The war shall
rise against me...

T'CLACK! the clip slaps in--

V'WHAMP! -- A small blast of bloody mess fills the screen, and a steaming puddle of blood and guts falls in the place where Agent #3 just stood.

We hear a faint yell grow louder then --

WHAM! Agent #2 falls through the hole in the roof landing with force in front of Air Man.

INT. PANIC ROOM ELEVATOR

Garcia and the President try to catch their breath, pulses racing, as the elevator descends.

AGENT GARCIA
That thing will not succeed sir.
(into mic)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT GARCIA (CONT'D)
Street-party to Control, we are
forming up on extract, how copy?

Suddenly, we hear METAL GRINDING and--

The elevator stops jarringly. Both shaken off their feet. The two share a brief look.

The elevator jerks upward violently, then again, then more. They brace themselves.

AGENT GARCIA (CONT'D)
Hold on!

Garcia and the President look around wildly, The elevator jerks violently again then -- silence.

BEAT.

A metallic THUD from outside. The President stares at the doors as Garcia slings his gun to hip fire. Suddenly, a metal fist punches through the doors and parts them, like a curtain. The doors CRUNCHING, like a tin can revealing --

Air Man pointing the steaming hot barrel of his plasma cannon. A faint glow from within growing brighter

Garcia slowly lowers his gun.

PRESIDENT
(anxious)
Duty is heavy like the mountain,
but death is light, as a feather.

BWOMP! Instantly the screen goes white.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - STREET LEVEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY.

An evacuation is underway. Mega emerges from dumpsters in an alley, ensorcelled by the agitated citizens making their way through a checkpoint to board buses headed out of the city. Able City's poorer citizens.

A tank, tactical vehicles and combat-ready police blocking the boulevard, funneling the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEWOMAN (O.C.)
(over loudspeaker)
Please, remain calm as you move
through the checkpoint... All
families stay together and keep to
your left... Have your
identification ready... Remain
calm, proceed in a orderly fashion.

Mega, straying from out the alleyway, eyes scanning,
processing the event. Suddenly, a water bottle glances off
his helmet, then more debris. SHOUTING & SCREAMS as the
panicked crowd clamors.

TANK COCKPIT

Several HOLOPUTER SCREENS projecting a 360 degree panoramic
view of the outside world around the two-person team.

INSERT MONITOR:

Zooms in on Mega. Large red letters flash across the screen
"O.I.A ALERT - CODE GRAY".

PILOT
Heads up! We got eyes on the
escaped droid about 90 meters out
the sterile area. East side of the
street.

STREET

Powerful water cannons streams part the crowd, then train aim
on Mega. He stands unmoved as a more commanding male voice
comes over the loudspeaker.

COMMANDER (O.C.)
Droid. You are wanted by Federal
order. Power off immediately and
surrender.

The water stops. Mega stands alone in the street, puzzled.

MEGA'S POV:

The police take up firing positions. The tank turret trains
on Mega.

TANK COCKPIT

The TANK GUNNER shakes her head.

TANK GUNNER

This is bad. I saw a video of what these things can do. It'll destroy us.

(snaps her fingers)

Like that.

The pilot cringes.

TANK PILOT

Ready an EMP round.

In the background, the Gunner motions with her hands and a TARGETING SCREEN pops up.

INSERT MONITOR:

The EMP option on a POP-UP MENU highlights. CROSSHAIRS focus on Mega.

TANK COCKPIT

Over her shoulder, a large shell loads into the breach.

TANK GUNNER

Look at it.

(adjusts her seat)

He's not going. We gott'a do him, man.

COMMANDER (O.S.)

(filtered)

Atlas standby!

TANK PILOT

Maintain your bearing!

(to his tac-comm)

Roger Atlas. Standing by for Kilo.

INT. NASA COMPUTER ROOM

Dr. Light watches as Kaven and Lisa as they work to establish communication with mega.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - UPPER STREET LEVEL - DAY

The standoff ensues. The police commander holds a small mic up to his mouth -- over loudspeaker.

COMMANDER

Droid. Surrender now. Power off...

A tactical officer comes over and hands him an optic sheet.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Sir, this just came in.

COMMANDER

What?

(to himself)

N.S.A?

(glances down)

Droid... You must Comply!

Silence. Mega standing tough, stares unresponsive. He blinks.

Mega's P.O.V:

We see the police poised and waiting while Mega's scanner TUNES IN on the cops radio frequency.

COMMANDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(filtered)

Atlas. Fire at will.

TANK GUNNER (V.O.)

(filtered)

Copy!

BOOM! A heavy blast from the turret rocks the tank backward and whips dust into the air.

Mega is smacked backward thirty feet, landing on a parked car.

A SABOT round is embedded into his chest like a dagger, it's TALONS DEPLOY, and electric arcs race across his epidermis. Mega convulses, eyes strobe violently, then grow ashen. He slumps. Offline.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS for a BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGA'S POV:

Suddenly, bright light and a snowy image with video glitches give way to the in-focus, clear view of --

INT. NASA HANGER

ROBOTIC ARMS work on Mega. He stands restrained and barely conscious, with his artificial brain exposed.

His breastplate is detached. WE SEE a masterfully strewn and intricate slew of wiring, solenoids, actuators and circuitry. Diagnostic cables are connected to his CORE PROCESSOR ports.

INSERT: MEGA'S BRAIN

A geeky thing of beauty. Alive with randomly flickering, fiber optics incased in opaque, saline, gelatin.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM

CONTRACTORS are hard at their tasks. Dr. Light's team run the final checks of Mega's system. Janek and Kaven huddle over Dr. Light and Lisa shoulders, who are transfixed by a wave pattern on a screen and a live feed of Mega's vision.

They share a look and concur. Mega is good to go.

EXT. NASA HANGER - DAY.

In mid air a fractional glimmer of LIGHT PARTICLES grows to ELECTRIC ARCS, then a DIPOLE MAGNETIC FIELD. Suddenly, a vortex appears with a SONIC BOOM and Flash Man emerges.

INT. NASA HANGER - SAME

MEGA'S HELMET seams seal tight.

His restraints unlock.

Suddenly, the SQUEAL OF METAL as the hanger doors implode leaving a gaping hole revealing Flash Man.

As if holding an imaginary ball, suddenly light particles and electric arcs manifest some type of SINGULARITY, a vacuum bending light and space between Flash Man's ROBOTIC PALMS.

He casts the gravity field towards Mega.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINK NOISE as the singularity staidly floats wondrously.

In one move, Mega's arm turns into the canon, aims and fires.

No effect. The rounds absorb into the gravity orb. It immediately doubles in size -- suction increases.

MEGA'S POV:

A orb moves faithfully a few steps ahead of Flash Man who follows its austere with a cool, malevolent, swagger. His left arm integrating into a PULSE BLADE.

BACK TO SCENE:

Air, debris, then the restraint stand, then the robot arms fly right past Mega and into the oblivion of the swirling vortex. MEGA'S FEET gouge concrete floor.

CUT TO:

ESTAB/EXT. USS MCCAIN - FLIGHT DECK - DAY.

A large VTOL, hover capable, transport plane lifts off and climbs high above the open ocean.

INT. C-252 - CARGO HOLD - DAY.

Myore looks tired. He's geared up, tense and trying get comfortable. He positions his ruck. He props his feet up on it and settles in for a cat nap over the deafening hum of the engines and random chatter of the TROOPS, a commix of elite units from all regions of the Federation.

COCKPIT

An OLDER PILOT in his late 30's, looks out to his 7 o'clock low to...

ESTAB/EXT. US BATTLE GROUP - SOUTH CHINA SEA - DAY.

FROM ABOVE we see the amphibious warship U.S.S. JOHN MCCAIN beset on all sides by outlying corvettes and hydrofoils. We dive deep into the churning waves.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY.

Sinking deeper through scads of BUBBLES to reveal the immense battle sub Atlantis cruising by silently.

We pan away from the sub to reveal something trailing it, torpedo-like. The object moves in closer and closer until, in focus, Bubble Man rushes past us.

INT. WILEY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Karen pours Wiley and her, a glass of wine. A notification CHIMES and Wiley as a rise from the coffee table and Vincen appears on screen.

VINCEN

Wiley, your creations are attacking. Thought you might want watch.

DR. WILEY

(turns around)
Ah, dinner and movie. How nice.

The image of Vincen cuts to a mosaic of live P.O.V cams from each of the Mega-Man Killer bots.

WIDER as Wiley moves closer.

ON MONITOR Flash Man's POV as Mega parries pulse blade slashes.

INT/EXT. HANGER - DAY.

The hanger is in ruin as a large, more savage VORTEX swirls with gale force suction.

Mega dodges and blocks Flash's plasma blade strikes with his shield arm. He's between a rock and a hard place. In the background, the vortex, in front Flash Man.

Adjusting stances amidst the suction of the vortex. Suddenly, Flash attacks with impossible speed and samurai precision.

Mega blocks and dodges a combination of slashes, but a roundhouse kick lands. He flies several feet and lands hard on his back closer to the vortex while his shield glows white hot where struck.

Mega grips the ground and scrambles to his feet, pissed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flash gives an expression --a worthy opponent.

He rushes Mega, then dives, slashing for his legs.

MEGA SOMERSAULTS high and far overhead. He lets off a burst from his cannon.

Flash deflects the shots with his blade. The rounds go stray, but one find it's mark. Grazing his neck.

Mega lands into a crouch and pumps out suppressing fire.

Each blast hits forcing Flash backward. One shot goes stray, right into the mouth of the vortex. It immediately increases in size and voracity.

Mega's shield integrates back to a arm. His FINGER'S rake the floor for traction.

Flash's SWORD seems to lose power. IT integrates back into an arm. He's pulled waveringly into drag, then faster, then lifted into the air.

He seems to look as if he's returning to his element. He hurdles past, just over Mega's head.

Suddenly Mega is jerked backward towards the vortex. It's like he's caught on something.

We pan to reveal Flash with Mega's leg in his grasp.

Instantaneously, Mega's fingers plunge into Flash's neck, like a spade, then deeper. Hydraulic sprays out the wound.

FLASH'S EYES grow large. His servos SQUEAL. He struggles in vain as Mega hand forges deeper, grabs something and with yank rips out Flash's GOLD PROCESSOR CORE.

Flash immediately stops struggling. His gold armor quickly OXIDIZES and his eyes dim as he grows dead limp.

With a swift kick, Flash tumbles into the vortex and disappears. Immediately, the vortex shrinks to nothingness and Mega falls to the ground with a heavy THUD.

Mega rolls onto his back. A slot in his chest slides open to reveal his core drive. Flash's processor core slips into a open slot.

Instantly, a rush of power ravages his body. A layer of GOLD PLATING cascades over his epidermis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGA P.O.V:

His high definition and wider than normal vision fills with thousands of algorithms and coding, then a map of the UNIVERSE, then the multi-verse, then Mega-Man killer specs, then mission data.

SILENCE as Mega looks himself over. Suddenly, his left arm integrates into the pulse blade and back within a split second.

DR. LIGHT
(filtered)
Mega? This is doctor Light. Do you copy?

Mega, in hero stance, pauses and BLINKS.

DR. LIGHT (CONT'D)
(filtered)
It seems you've just upgraded new software and abilities within your matrix.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME - DAY.

NASA TECHNICIANS are focused on the monitors. Lisa sits awkwardly, her head tilted and wincing as Dr. Light loudly speaks into her Tac-Com.

Kaven stares hard at Flash-Man's specs, but can't believe what he sees.

KAVEN
Hey, he may be able to track the others.

DR. LIGHT
What?

KAVEN
(to himself)
Holy... He can teleport?

Dr. Light leans to yell into Lisa's Tac-Comm again, but Lisa rises before he damages her hearing.

LISA
Mega, it's Lisa. Listen carefully, there's little time.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA (CONT'D)

The data you got from that droid shows there are three more like it carrying out attacks.

INT. / EXT. DESTROYED HANGER - DAY.

Mega looks at his hands.

Beat.

He holds his palms close together, then concentrates.

Small ELECTRIC ARCS and PARTICLES spawn between his hands. In a instant, the electricity and swirling air coalesce into a tiny vortex.

EXT. USS MCCAIN - SPONSON

A SEAMAN in his late 20's, steps onto the sponson. He closes his eyes, standing meditatively.

INT. ATLANTIS - JR. MESS

SUBMARINERS are eating and conversing.

BRIDGE

The BRIDGE CREW guide the vessel while, a focused, hard glaring RANKING OFFICER has the con. A JUNIOR NAVIGATOR notices something on the radar.

RADAR SCREEN -- the slightest of blips, then nothing.

Suddenly, a POWERFUL EXPLOSION rocks the sub like a bean in a can.

Everyone is shook to the floor.

EXT. USS MCCAIN - SPONSON - SAME

Seaman joins other SAILORS on the sponson. He takes a drag off an electric cigarette then, observes something odd.

SEAMAN'S POV: A sudden deep cavitation in the water.

The young Seaman and the ship lean towards the cavitation then--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUT TO SEA

An ocean bulging BOOM! Then, a COLOSSAL GEYSER.

DECK

Everyone is hammered by the concussion.

INT. C-252 - DAY.

Myore sits up straight from out of his doze, snatching his Tac-Comm off. Silence. The soldiers look at each other, puzzled. Myore walks to cockpit entrance and yells from the hold.

COCKPIT

The CAPTAIN and CO-PILOT look off out the window, dumbfounded.

MYORE (O.C.)
Hey, what the hell was that?

CAPTAIN
Some kind'a explosion.

Myore climbs up and pokes his head in to look out the windows.

MYORE'S POV:
A large swath of white water and a plum of vapor rising from where the Atlantis was underwater.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY.

From above, something torpedoes through the water unnoticed and disappears underneath the aircraft carrier.

STERN

An explosion snaps the propeller shaft.

EXT. USS JOHN MCCAIN - SECONDS LATER - DAY.

Bubble-man emerges from the wake, scurrying up the stern of the ship like a gecko.

HALLWAY

An ALERT sounds. Sailors rush past one another. All hands to battle stations.

INT. HANGER DECK

OVERHEAD DOORS part. Fighter jet thrusters illuminate and liftoff to the blue sky.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY.

Bubble Man hauls himself in a low crawl onto the deck. He pauses, analyzing the organized chaos. PAN To:

DORSAL PANELS OPEN

A series of MORTAR TUBES with hundreds of small BOMB BOTS inside all of their active lights are flashing.

Beat.

He fires a BOMBILATING volley.

A BOMB BOT

Travels through the air in a high arch over the deck, falling with accuracy onto a JET and blows it to smithereens.

MYORE'S POV:

Flame and plumes of black smoke rise from the deck of the ship. TIGHT ON a burning fuselage crashing down onto the flight deck.

MYORE (O.C.)

No.

BACK TO SCENE:

Chaos ensues. YELLING and SCREAMS as Fire crew and Marines scramble.

Bubble-Man emerges. Walking right through the flames. Marines open fire. Their rounds have no effect.

Bubble-Man runs, leaps and attaches to the superstructure.

INT. THE BRIDGE - DAY.

Officers bark orders. SUCTION CUP FOOTSTEPS grow louder and louder until a LIEUTENANT notices something and gasps. Everyone falls silent.

WINDOW

Outside, Bubble Man vertically climbs like a gecko, his PEREIOPODS slap a bomb-bot to the glass as he passes.

LIEUTENANT
Everyone out, now!

EXT. FLIGHT CONTROL DECK - DAY.

Bubble Man stops and peers through the tinted windows of the flight control deck. He Aims. Fires until fire and flame gush from the window openings, before jumping out of frame.

EXT. FRIGATE - DAY.

A BOFORS GUN opens fire.

EXT. MCCAIN DECK - DAY.

Several explosive rounds hit Bubble-Man knocking him off the deck.

He plummets hundreds of feet and hits water with a heavy splash disappearing under the waves.

INT. C-252 - COCKPIT - DAY.

Myore is furious.

MYORE
They need help!

CAPTAIN
The Navy knows how to fight! We're radioing in their position.

MYORE
Our escorts are down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN
(shakes his head)
We're staying, on mission. We got
orders.

Myore takes one last look, gritting his teeth, then climbs
back down into the cargo hold.

EXT. FRIGATE SHIP - DAY.

Bubble-Man leaps from the water and lands on deck. Stunned
sailors open fire.

BOW

ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES, a SONIC BOOM and a FLASH of LIGHT
expand in an instant to a VORTEX, high above the deck.

MEGA-MAN

He falls from the vortex, hitting the deck running.

BUBBLE-MAN

Fires at every living thing as he moves about the deck.
Suddenly, a heavy blast slams into his shoulder, mangling it.
He stumbles backward, stunned. He spots Mega and returns
fire.

BUBBLE'S POV:

Mega charges forward blasting away while dodging his blasts.

BACK TO SCENE:

Bubble duck & covers tortoise-style. His dorsal panels
quickly open to a long, BOMBINATING mortar volley.

Mega scrambles through the exploding bomb-bots like a world
war II vet. He leaps high.

BUBBLE-MAN

Jumps to his feet. His pereopods fling bomb-bots at Mega like
shurikens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON MEGA

Falling towards Bubble-Man as several Bomb-bots fly up at him. He blasts every one of them. Fire and smoke shroud the air. BEAT. The air clears and Mega is gone.

Silence, except for the wind off the open ocean. Gradually the CRIES of wounded men are heard.

Bubble-Man steps over the dead and dying men unconcerned, scanning for Mega.

Suddenly, a SONIC BOOM. AT the same time, the PULSE BLADE pierces Bubble-Man's midsection from behind. It continues gutting him up like a fish. Servos SQUEAL, sparks fly and hydraulic fluid sprays.

Bubble-Man flails, wrenching himself free. He lets off several cannon shots in wild desperation, then falls wounded.

Before he can recover, the pulse blade plunges through his helmet. Seconds later... his eyes power off. Dead.

GAPING HOLE

A blue glow from Bubble-Man's processor core fades.

Mega ceases it. Immediately, a notable amount of CHIRPING grows rapid. Mega flips Bubble over revealing --

BUBBLE'S PEREIOPODS -- clasping bomb-bot's. Seconds from detonating.

Mega quickly grabs the body, lifts, and slings him overboard like a bail of hay. As Bubble falls --

A HUGE EXPLOSION rocks the ship.

MEGA MAN

In his natural stance, immediately inserts Bubble-Man's processor into is core.

MEGA'S HANDS

The Nano-metal forming thousands of microscopic SETAE in his palms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He suddenly feels something. His body begins to tremble. He grabs at his stomach as if something's ravaging his insides.

A look at his back shows panels forming. The slide apart to reveal, hundreds of small BOMB BOTS are forming along his spinal column.

Mega pauses and surveys the destruction.

He gives an expression, then creates a vortex above him. He jumps vertically into it and with a flash of light and a SONIC BOOM, disappears.

INT. NASA CONTROL ROOM - SAME

CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

KURTS

Alright, people. Let's stay focused.

Kurts looks at Light's team -- red eyed and running on coffee. Kurts moves over to them.

KURTS (CONT'D)

My people got a handle on things here. Get some rest. I'll be in touch.

Light nods just as someone shouts.

CONTRACTOR

Sir, Mega-Man due to intercept next target.

KURTS

On main screen.

The main hologram screen switches to Mega's helmet cam.

MEGA'S POV: emerging from a wormhole to...

EXT. DAM - CONTINUOUS - DAY.

SUPERIMPOSE: Ryngzkiv Provence 3 Kilometers from the Sky Elevator.

Electric arcs and a flash of light spreads out above. The vortex appears with a SONIC BOOM and spits Mega out. He falls in hero pose two stories to the walkway, landing hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He scans the area looking for Metal Man. The landscape is misty, wet and shows all the signs of a battle.

A dozen hovering TURRET BOTS patrol the area. A bot turns in his direction, then the others. They simultaneously fly at mega firing.

Mega evades the onslaught, and manages to blast some of them out the air. Suddenly, his senses ALERT. A PARTICLE BLAST goes off from somewhere. Mega dives.

A FLASH OF LIGHT

Blasts a huge crater in the ground near him --

The force blows Mega over the side of the dam.

DAM SLOPE

He slides down the sheer face uncontrollably, then activates Bubble Man powers. His color shifts to Flecktarn.

Mega grabs some wall and comes to a dead stop, like a bug on a wall.

His sensors ALERT -- incoming. He leaps clear just as a blast hits with an explosion of FIRE, DUST and CONCRETE.

He lands at the base of the slope and looks back. Suddenly, RUMBLING grows louder.

A damaged section of the dam gives. A geyser of water ejects with great force into the ravine. The dam begins weaken.

Mega beelines it for the high ground as a mighty deluge of water chases after him.

INT. WILEY'S APARTMENT

Wiley quickly hops from the sofa to his feet. Karen looks up at him puzzled. He paces back and forth murmuring to himself, then stops, like he had an epiphany.

DR. WILEY

Yes, that's it.

(chuckles manically)

It's perfect.

Karen looks up at him confused. From the reverse side, the monitor shows two of the four cams are offline.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Did I miss something? Because...
another robot just bought the farm.

DR. WILEY

Yes, and in any other scenario that
would be grave, but in this one my
dear, creates another set of
probabilities.

Wiley grabs the his coat off the rack.

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)

You can let yourself out... Or not.

Wiley bolts out the door. Karen sits momentarily puzzled,
with a remiss look, then pours herself another glass of wine.

KAREN

TV.

The COMMAND PROMPT CHIMES.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Search. Do it yourself shows.

INT. VALCOM INDUSTRIES - LOBBY

Wiley casually walks past security.

WILEY'S OFFICE

He walks in and taps his tac-comm. The room and holoputer
awakens.

COMPUTER VOICE #2

Good evening doctor.

DR. WILEY

Computer, press play on tape.

The computer CONFIRMATION CHIMES. He sits at his desk and
starts navigating the network -- motioning with his fingers,
eyes, and making head movements.

INT. TIHIRO'S CONDO - SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Tihiro steps into the shower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIHIRO
Computer. Shower on.

The COMMAND PROMPT CONFIRMS and the shower turns on. Seconds later Tihiro shows signs of discomfort. More steam fills the air.

TIHIRO (CONT'D)
Computer.

The computer's COMMAND PROMPT CHIMES.

TIHIRO (CONT'D)
Lower shower temperature.

COMPUTER VOICE #3
Unable to comply.

The heat intensifies.

TIHIRO
Computer, set shower to cold!

COMPUTER VOICE #3
Unable to comply.

SHOWER DOOR

The shower locks and the heat intensifies.

It's scalding hot. Tihiro YELPS in agony.

SCALDED HANDS

Push on the hot glass desperately, but it barely moves.

TIHIRO
Computer turn shower off!

Tihiro yells in horror. Suddenly, a METAL FIST punches through the glass. A combat drone drags Tihiro out and tosses like a rag doll.

BEDROOM

Tihiro is bloody, bald, blistered and red as a lobster. The slightest movement is excruciating. He sees the druid looming over him and can't believe his own eyes. It speaks --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WILEY'S VOICE
(filtered)
Tihiro. This is Dr. Wiley.

Tihiro's confusion wanes. He seems to understand completely.

TIHIRO
(raspy/wheezing)
Wiley? You will p--

DR. WILEY'S VOICE
Tell me? When you first met me,
what did you see? Hmm?

Short BEAT as the drone moves face to face.

DR. WILEY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Did you intuit anything unlike
yourself?

Tihiro takes a grating gasp.

TIHIRO
I saw... a genius... And...

DR. WILEY'S VOICE
Yes?

Tihiro chuckles painfully.

TIHIRO
A fool.

The drone pulls back out of frame. Off camera, a proton cannon CHARGES and a red light spills onto Tihiro, growing brighter and brighter.

Tihiro laughs until. VWOMP! The screen goes black.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAMBOO FOREST - DAY

Mega is scanning the area.

MEGA MAN'S POV:

Something moves in the distance. The outline of a creature hiding amongst the vegetation. Woods Man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CREEPER leaps out of the darkness and lands onto a boulder. It's a large, chrome mechanoid-insect bot with razor sharp spines and stilettos. More crawl out from their crevices.

WOODS MAN:

What seems to be a mound of earth and grass lurches, then drags itself into crouching position. Woods Man is one with the environment, slow and patient. His shoulder parts, SEVERAL BLADES jute out -- a flying guillotine.

BAMBOO FOREST

SILENCE for a beat. Then a rustling in the trees. A WHIR, like a broken propeller, grows louder. Mega drops to the ground. A flash slices by overhead. Splinters and leaves fall like snow.

Through the TREES a path is cut clear to the hillside. Mega begins to move again, this time cautiously, like he's in Vietnam. Leaf litter and splinters stick to his wet hide - perfect camouflage.

Mega's back panels open. A dozen bomb bots flying off like drones with a mind of their own. Seconds later, multiple EXPLOSIONS go off in the distance. Woods-Man is out there.

FOOTHILLS - MOMENTS LATER

A blast from another direction hits close and Mega is blown a few yards, landing face first. The Creepers hone in and race towards him from all sides.

One lunges for his face. He blasts it to smithereens. Another jumps onto his back, he can't shake it. Suddenly, the WE HEAR the WHIR of the guillotine.

Mega fires. The shot hits the guillotine but it keeps coming. Mega ducks just in time for it to slice the creeper off his back.

Mega runs up the rugged terrain, blasting creepers and peppering the hill in Woods Man's direction.

ON WOODS MAN leaping from his hiding spot, letting off a series of blasts.

Mega dive-rolls, his proton cannon charging for a large blast. He stops. Aims. Fires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODS MAN

Aims. Fires.

FOOTHILLS

Both shots impact each other in a huge explosion. The screen goes white.

The smoke clears revealing, a steaming crater. Dead Creepers are strewn all over. Mega is crouched behind his battered shield.

A few meters away lies Woods Man. His railgun arm and a leg is badly damaged. The purple light of his processor core glows from deep within a twisted hole in his chest.

He beckons Mega to approach, then reaches into his own chest and with a sharp snatch rips out the core, presenting it. He dies, arm raised, clutching the purple heart.

Beat.

Mega takes the core. Inspecting it with reverence fleetingly, then installs it into himself. The power surges through him. His eyes strobe speedily as he trembles paroxysmally for a short beat.

Bit by bit, the DRONE of a transport plane grows louder. Mega looks to the sky.

SKY

Paratroop transport planes and escorts fly overhead.

INT. C-252 - CARGO HOLD - SUNSET.

The interior light is red. Myore stirs, intelligent and intense, positioning himself right by the door.

The troops line up behind him clad in ION-CHUTES, jet-pack bullet-proof vests and accompanied a dutiful RUCK-BOTS, cammo painted, cylindrical bots that hover beside their assigned trooper.

The door slides open, orange light off the horizon saturates Myore and the inner fuselage. Myore gazes out to the passing terrain with a thousand yard stare, looking into his memory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYORE'S POV: LANDING ZONE

Below, a furious light-show of laser fire, flames and explosions.

SKY HARP

The worlds largest roller-coaster. A colossal network of nano-tube girders and Monorail tracks stretching high into Earth's atmosphere.

Several massive RAIL GUNS atop buildings swivel and tilts to the air, then fires pulsating shots non-stop.

A CARGO PLANE

Banks hard send a soldier right out the door.

Several plasma rounds strike it and blow it into a millions pieces of burning metal.

RESUME MYORE

Myore's gaze hardens. The interior light turns green. He immediately boots his ruck-bot out the door before leaping out behind it. He's snatched by the wind, him and the ruck-bot tumble in the jet-stream.

ESTAB/EXT. C-252 - OVER DROP ZONE - SUNSET

GROUND

A blazing of CROSSFIRE below.

SKY

Jump Planes fly through a laser-light show of AA gunfire and exploding flak. Nasty Stuff.

From both sides of the plane, paratroops and ruck-bots drop out one after another in a chain over the sky-Harp base.

Myore free falls for a moment. The horizon disappears as the ground get closer.

His altimeter starts BEEPING. Suddenly, his ion-chute ignites. Myore grits his teeth from the force. He seems like he's going hit hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slows so quick that he lands effortlessly. His ruck bot glides down to a float beside him with perfect timing.

In the background the flickering chutes of other troops rain down in seriation.

Myore twists a clamp on the vest. Seals break and he rips himself free of it.

EXT. HARP COMPOUND - OUTSIDE - EVE

Large TURRET-BOTS atop the compound walls fire heavy PLASMA BOLTS LIKE LIGHTING.

TONDEALL's, Vermana-like drones, BUZZ by overhead strafing the troopers positions. Troopers, Ruck-bots and the ground the stand on are IMplode TO BITS.

A writhing horde of combat drones charge out of every orifice of the compound.

Myore and flat to the ground, using his Ruck-Bot for cover and firing blind through swirling smoke, dirt and dust as several MT24's, large APC's riding on a cushion of air, pull into position near him and open fire on the compound.

He scrambles like a mad-man to get behind a APC as INCOMING MORTARS bombard the line, vaporizing huge amount of earth.

A HOVER-TANK TURRET levels, fires.

Several CANNOPELLER's, bots that resemble mini-guns with helicopter blades, are blown out the air.

Chunks of debris rain down on Myore as he crouches in the shadow of a APC.

Myore POUNDS his fist atop Ruck-Bot. It reacts, BLOOMING INTO AN EXO-SKELETON and enveloping Myore's back, arms and legs.

He allows it to cling to him, attaching like an octopus to his back, arms and legs.

Several soldiers arrive at Myore, kneeling, tuning his tac-comm. He recognizes the Sergeant from the Sub.

INSERT: ARMY SAPPER PATCH

MYORE
Your a Sapper, troop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT

The best, sir!

The noise of the battle gives way to random RADIO CHATTER AND STATIC as they tune their Tac-comms.

MYORE

Romeo-Forty, this is one-three-one,
come-in!

ROMEO-FORTY

Romeo-forty from Three-one, go.

MYORE

We are forming to coverage. Heavy
resistance. Supplies are lost.
Recommend altering advance, please
advise!

ROMEO-FORTY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Negative three-one, be advised,
secondary asset in route.
Rendezvous for escort and assist.
Check your map. How copy?

They're all ears. Myore shakes his head.

MYORE

(frustrated)

Roger forty! Three-one, out!

They flip down the visors attached to their helmets. The glow of small holo-puter screen appears inches from their eyes.

A Soldier's eyepiece streams information below a map with a checkpoint highlighted, then picture of Mega-Man appears.

Myore, slightly annoyed, flips his visor up and shoots his team a quick look.

MYORE (CONT'D)

Okay! Let's blow this lemonade
stand, literally.

SOLDIERS

(affirmative)

WHOA!

They dash off towards the compound.

EXT. SKY HARP COMPOUND - OUTER WALL - SAME - EVE.

A CONCRETE WALL fractures and explodes into a thousand pieces. The dust clears to Mega with cannon aimed.

EXT. INNER COMPOUND - EVE

Mega runs down an avenues.

MEGA POV:

Mega's arm BLASTER trains on an enemy, blasts them to smithereens and repeats. They implode to oblivion.

Mega runs through the compound focused and determined, blasting every enemy bot in sight while --

LIVE FEED - LOWER CORNER - P.O.V

A live feed screen wipes into his sight, with Dr. Light's face filling the frame.

DR. LIGHT

(filtered)

Mega, this Dr. Light. We've marked a team of soldiers on your map that'll rendezvous with you at the harp's lift. Use it to get to the New Angeyon supply dock, Delta-nine. You know what to do from there. Good luck.

Dr. Light steps aside. Janek's face comes into frame.

JANEK

(filtered)

Hey Mega. Real quick. -Seems that last bot you beat gave you some pretty cool abilities. Nano-metal armor. A stronger blaster. You can shoot in rapid fire and mimic those shurikens too.

Kaven pokes his head in for a moment.

KAVEN

(filtered)

Hey, man. I'm sending you everything we got on New Angeyon too. So you better kick some butt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANEK
(filtered)
Go get'em Mega. Good luck!

Janek flashes the peace sign and steps away. Lisa's face fills the screen next.

LISA
(filtered)
Mega... Remember, you can do anything you put your mind to. The world knows your a hero now so, be safe. We're counting on you.

The screen shrinks out of frame, just as Mega spots something in the distance.

Myore's team is pinned down just across from the Harp building's entrance.

EXT. HARP BUILDING

Proton bolts implode two combat droids as they fire at Myore's team. Mega dashes between their disintegrating husks into --

INT. SKY HARP BUILDING

A cavernous warehouse, eerily unguarded, housing what may be the start of the worlds largest monorail tracks.

Huge PISTONS the size of Redwood trees and rails, supported by a weaving network of tubular girders that stretch up through the ceiling and beyond.

Mega's eyes scan low and high for enemies -- all clear.

CAPSULE

The size of a bus and meant to carry tons of cargo sits unloaded. Myore, keeps one eye on Mega as his team warily approaches it.

SERGEANT RICLEAF
All the labor bots must have the night off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYORE
(to Ricleaf)
Maybe the labor bots are too
important to just get destroyed.

Myore inspects the inside. Sleek spacesuits hang where seats
bolted to the fuselage beyond the control panel.

MYORE (CONT'D)
Three-one to Forty. Proceeding with
primary objective.

A private checks his radio. Nothing but STATIC.

PRIVATE #1
The electromagnets. They're
Interfering with our signals.

PRIVATE #2
(at Mega)
Not his.

SERGEANT
(to Myore)
What now, sir?

Myore turns and spots Mega waiting for them at the control
panel.

MYORE
You a Star Trek fan?

INT. CAPSULE

Everyone suits up.

MEGA'S FINGERS

Throw some switches. A energy-field firmament cascades across
overhead, like a windshield sealing the capsule.

The men are suited-up and strapped in.

UNDERNEATH THE CAPSULE

ELECTRICITY flows through the magnetic feet. The capsule
trembles, then rises a couple of inches off the rails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The capsule's ion-boosters IGNITE, bubbling heat. It starts to move.

BACK TO:

INT. CAPSULE

The crew area shakes with the deafening GROWL of the engines as they pass a BOOST RING, a circular truss with ion boosters aimed at the railway.

As they pick up speed the men GROAN, feeling the g-forces. Mega, on the other hand, just leans into with the ascent.

SERGEANT RICLEAF

Argh... I think I just got shorter.

Suddenly, Mega's sensors detect something. He dashes to the window, his is focused.

AIR MAN

Damaged, swooping in for a bomb run. Disregarding the capsule. He's going for the Harp superstructure.

INT. CAPSULE

Mega switches to BUBBLE MODE. Computer PROGRAMING sounds as Mega strides over to the fuselage, then a small hole opens in the capsule windshield -- Mega is sucked out -- it closes behind him. His sticky hand SLAPS against the windshield.

EXT. CAPSULE - EVE

Mega crawls into position and aims, tracking for a beat, then rapidly fires.

AIR MAN

Performs dazzling aerial maneuvers. He banks and rolls like, a death angel, evading Mega's ever blast, then lets his gatling rip unrelentingly and launches a missile that sidewindes, coming in impossibly fast.

MEGA

Charging his blaster, aims precisely, then fires a shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MISSILE

Explodes just meters from the capsule.

THE CAPSULE

Mega struggles to hold on to the outside of capsule against wind, hanging on like a bull rider as the capsule rockets along the rails.

Suddenly, the RAILS start to shift from 45 degrees to 90.

ION BOOSTERS

Burn hotter and the capsule picks up even more speed.

AIR MAN

Trails the capsule lining up for a shot. The muzzle fire from his gatling cannon is non-stop.

Several plasma rounds impact Mega. He slips, then catches himself just in time. A few rounds penetrate the capsule.

INT. CAPSULE - SAME

Several plasma rounds burst out of the walls of the capsule. A round passes right by Myore's face, but the two soldiers from Myore's team are killed instantly.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAPSULE - EVE

Metal fingers gouge into the capsule's hull. Mega's senses ALERT, his head swivels and gaze follows a missile overtaking the capsule disappearing into --

THE CLOUDS ABOVE

Seconds later, Orange light and a heavy EXPLOSION from deep within the clouds. The rails shake violently. As the cloud cover clears --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE RAILS

Are just twisted smoldering steel two miles ahead.

Mega's gaze snaps to Air Man. Suddenly, he releases his grip. He falls like a stone, tumbling through the air.

ON AIR MAN

As he tries to dodge him.

MEGA

Clamoring desperately in free-fall. One hands grabs hold of Air Man's leg. SUCTION locks, and he's securely attached.

Air Man barrel rolls wildly, doing all he can to shake Mega loose. Nothing works. Suddenly, Air Man fires up his boosters AFTERBURNERS, flying faster. The heat begins to scorch Mega's hand. Mega charges his blaster, then fires.

ION THRUSTER

BOOM, detonates, blowing a set of wings off his back.

Air-man loses control, flying like a dragonfly with one set of wings.

PROCESSOR CORE

Glowing bright from a smoking hole in his back.

MEGA

Snatches out the processor assembly and kicks himself free.

ON AIR MAN

Fires off everything he's got at Mega as his power fails.

MEGA

Falling fast, while tumbling head over heels. His sensors ALARMING. Plasma rounds ZIPPING past him. He quickly switches to normal-mode. A MISSILE impacts him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSILE

A FIREBALL explosion of thick BLACK SMOKE, just as WE HEAR the SHIELD ACTIVATED.

FIREBALL

There's nothing but SMOKE, FLAME and ELECTRIC ARCS. We hear ROBOTIC SERVOS. Suddenly, Mega emerges in a blur.

Mega soars vertically. He's two-toned, equipped with a single thruster and wings, like Air-Man.

INT. CAPSULE - EVE

Myore and Ricleaf look out the windshield to the sky. The damaged section of rail is just ahead.

SERGEANT RICLEAF (O.C.)

Jesus!

EXT. THE HARP - STRATOSPHERE

The infrastructure buckles, crumples and collapses, like a demolished skyscraper. The capsule hits the damaged section of rails like a ski jumper.

THE CAPSULE

Soars like a bullet for a short beat, then starts to veer.

INT. CAPSULE - SAME

Ricleaf, close to freaking out grips the arms of his seat. Myore's barring is close to wavering.

SERGEANT RICLEAF

Hey? Whoa.

(braces himself)

We're falling?

MYORE

At ease!

SERGEANT RICLEAF

We're falling.

Myore's scrambles to unbuckle himself, then dashes for the controls, but something's wrong...

His FEET lift from the floor -- floating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at himself, then to Ricleaf, who's fear has momentarily subsided as watches Myore, kicking and flailing about in zero gravity.

SERGEANT RICLEAF (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Try to... You gotta, like... Gain momentum.

MYORE
Whata'ya think I'm try to do!

SERGEANT RICLEAF (O.C.)
Look out, sir!

His head bangs against his RUCKBOT.

MYORE
Arghh!

Suddenly, there's a heavy BANG from outside. The floor seems to come up at Myore. He falls like a ton of bricks, hitting it with a THUD!

EXT. CAPSULE - EVE

Mega pushes against the capsule hull. His thrusters and intake on FULL THROTTLE, but it's no use. It's losing altitude fast.

Mega switches to FLASH MODE. He charges his blaster for a short beat, then shoots at the sky below.

A dark VORTEX opens.

THE VORTEX

Implodes into nothingness as the capsule and Mega fall into the swirling blackness.

ESTAB/EXT. SPACE - NEW ANGYEON DOCKING PORT

The dock bustling with hundreds of lifts, shuttles, and bots.

INT. SHUTTLE DOCK

In a conveniently empty section, a miniscule point of light expands to a vortex that spits Mega out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lands on his feet and scrambles clear as the capsule is birthed from the void seconds later. It CRASHES DOWN horrifically.

INT. CAPSULE

The interior is dim and emergency lights flicker. Sparks fly from control panels. Ricleaf helps Myore to his feet and he painfully slings his gun to the ready. Ricleaf taps his Tac-Com.

SERGEANT RICLEAF

Three-one to Romeo-Forty
comeback...

Nothing but STATIC.

MYORE

Don't bother. Looks like we're at
the docks. They can't reach us out
here.

MYORE (CONT'D)

Hey. What the heck happened?

SERGEANT RICLEAF

I can't explain it, sir. One moment
we're in a eggbeater with a wild-
man on the crank, now this.

MYORE

Keeps getting better and better.

Myore and Ricleaf are leery.

SERGEANT RICLEAF

They must not know we're here?

INT. PROCESSING DOCK

A vast cargo and ore processing bay buzzing with PICKMAN labor bots hard at work and crammed with cargo containers and parked shuttle capsules.

Mega scans the room as Myore peeks out from the capsule. He waves emphatically to get Mega's attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYORE

Hey.

(shrugs with open palms)

What now?

Mega looks to Myore and Ricleaf, mimicking his gesture at first, then his eyes begin to strobe --

Myore's optic lens, illuminates with the 3-D MAP of the base-station and the location of the WEAPON'S HUB.

A armed DACHONE on patrol notices the banged-up capsule, and moves to investigate. The sound of Mega SWITCHING ATTRIBUTES makes it snap to Mega's position.

DACHONE POV:

There's nothing but crates and barrels where Mega once stood, but he couldn't have just disappeared.

The security bot focuses in closer.

SECURITY BOT POV:

In x-ray vision the faint OUTLINE OF MEGA behind a stack of containers.

A GUN COCKS. The Dachone turns snaps to the capsule. The Dachone rolls up to the capsule. It's SENSORS ACTIVATES the controls. THE ramp deploys.

COMPUTER VOICE

Caution. Stand clear. Caution.
Stand clear.

CAPSULE COCKPIT

Myore and Ricleaf scramble for cover.

Security bot, moves onto the ramp. Suddenly VWOMP! A beam of light pierces it's head, then several more shots until it IMPLODES.

The SONIC BOOM resonates through the area. A siren starts to WAIL.

SECURITY SYSTEM (V.O.)

Warning. Security threat detected.
Warning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pickman bots drop what they're doing and retreat into storage areas.

SECURITY BOTS come out of hidden wall panels. An ALARM wails. SECURITY CAMERAS pan and focus to --

THE CAPSULE

Myore and Ricleaf share a look.

SERGEANT RICLEAF

Now, that's more like it.

MYORE

Break's over! Come on!

Myore and Ricleaf arrive at Mega's side and join the fight. Security bots TRADE FRIE with them. Dropping. Imploding.

MYORE (CONT'D)

This is a bad spot. We need an exit.

RICLEAF

I'm open for ideas, sir.

Mega instantly about faces. Blasts a gaping hole in a wall. Continues fighting.

MYORE

Grins, approving the play. He WHISTLES, calling for Ruck Bot.

RUCK BOT

Exits the capsule deploying smoke. Gingerly makes it's way over to Myore through the gunfire as if protected by a unseen force.

Myore and Ricleaf break contact in a tactical retreat to the fractured hole in the wall. Ruck bot follows them in.

INT. TIHIRO'S OFFICE - SAME

Wiley looks to a monitor -- SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE of Mega laying waste to security bots.

DR. WILEY

Ah, welcome my little friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something catches his attention. He turns and moves closer to another screen.

HOLOPUTER SCREEN

Myore, Ricleaf and the ruck bot move down a corridor.

WILEY

Maximizes a screen and smiles. Frantically, he types something. Perhaps a line of code.

DR WILEY

Another visitor? Stay a while...

Stay...

(hits enter)

Forever.

INT. DROID CHAMBER - SAME

The Killer Droid activates. It's eyes glow red.

BACK TO:

INT. PROCESSING DOCK

A proton bolt of flies past mega, exploding a steel container behind him.

DR WILEY (O.S.)

(loudspeaker)

Destroy them my robots!

A PICKMAN,

Steers a heavy container mover towards Mega's team.

MEGA - NORMAL MODE

Leaps over a barricade. BLASTS his cannon.

THE PICKMAN

Is hit and implodes. The driverless container mover veers off and crashes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON MEGA

Cutting down several more Security bots and Pickmen as they swarm attack. He morphs into --

MEGA - FLASH MODE

He begins slicing a path through a more Pickmen with the pulse blade.

A MAG FLY

Drops down from out of nowhere, attaches to Mega and whisks him up and over to a PIT separating the bay sections before he can even react and drops him into --

INT. ORE PIT

Mega, lands and sinks neck deep in a mound of gyrating gravel and dust. It's like quick sand with nothing to grab but hand fulls of rocks and dust to keep from sinking deeper.

Just ahead, BRIGHT ORANGE LIGHT from beyond huge, crab-like FEEDER CLAWS, sweeping tons of ore at a time into the mouth of a incinerator.

INT. POWER PRODUCTION BAY

A set of doors slide open revealing, Myore and Ricleaf with guns leveled. Tense and heart racing, they tactically enter a cavernous bay with dim violet light shining from above.

Clusters of POWER CELLS sit atop conduits, like a pantheon of frog egg clutches but with electrical nucleuses. They pulse with electric arcs that Nikola Telsa would envy.

RICLEAF

Awesome. It's like a huge fuse box.

MYORE

How do you feel about working in the dark?

RICLEAF

I'm a night owl, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYORE

Then lets turn off the lights.

(commands)

Ruck. Stickies.

Ruck-Bot responds, a shifting like a Rubik's Cube, opening reveal several packs of high explosive. Myore grabs one, tosses it Ricleaf.

MYORE (CONT'D)

You know what do with that?

RICLEAF

Yup, mom taught me.

They grab as many as they can carry and get to work.

INT. ORE PIT

Mega, looks to a vent above the mouth of the incinerator, big enough to drive a truck through just above the feeder claws.

He morphs to AIR MODE, fires a missile. It flies upward, then EXPLODES a hole in the ventilation shaft grating.

He takes off, upward and disappears into a vast opening dodging gunfire all the way.

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

Mega, pulled by a gale-force of suction through the twenty foot tall tunnel. He reaches out for a ledge. His FINGERS GRAB catwalk and hauls himself out of the jet-stream onto it.

MEGA MAN'S POV:

An obstacle course of conduits and spinning fan blades in a vast air conditioning shaft.

BACK TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

It's a wind tunnel. Large fans blades BEAT the air, revolving out of sync as he dashes, then slides in between the spinning blades with perfect timing to another shaft. No where to go but down. He peers over the edge, then jumps down to--

LOWER PASSAGEWAY

Cold, dark and extending for a hundred yards with the rising echo of what may be INSECTS VOCALIZING.

Mega, ACTIVATES flash-mode and his PULSE BLADE instantly deploys. He increases the power until it lights the corridor like a torch revealing --

Dozens of 427-bots cling to the top of the shaft. One awakens and inches towards Mega. It shutters, suddenly a burning hot laser sizzes from its lens.

Mega intuitively side-steps the beam, then slashes the bot in half.

The 427 hits the floor in two separate pieces.

Suddenly, all of the 427's along the length of the shaft awaken .

INT. POWER SUPPLY BAY - SAME

Ricleaf is in the middle of arming the last charge.

MYORE

How we looking sergeant?

Before Ricleaf can reply. The sound of the DOORS OPENING call Myore's attention to the Killer Droid entering the bay.

MYORE (CONT'D)

Contact!

Reflexively, Ruck Bot ENVELOPES Myore as he levels his rifle and opens fire. He scrambles in a dance to find cover.

Killer Droid, evades quicker the than eye can register. Fires back.

Myore, in a running crouch moves to another hiding spot as --

Ricleaf opens up on full auto lighting the darkness. Ducks. Scrambles and fires from behind cover.

Myore and Ricleaf pop up, whack-a-mole style --firing short bursts. Intuitively, Killer Droid swings his canon, fires between the clusters of power cells.

Ricleaf pops up. ZPOSH! A proton bolt implodes his shoulder, knocking him to the floor. A burbling YELP. His rifle is flung high and wide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Strobes of proton light flashes CRACK over Myore's head. He slings his gun around the transformer box firing wildly.

Killer Droid strafes with mongoose-like agility, then fires on Myore's position.

Myore is fixed on Ricleaf. A smoking wound. Taking the pain. Bleeding out. He locks eyes with Myore. Shakes head... looks down to... a detonator in hand. He's a goner, and gives a look that says he going to try for a medal of honor.

The Killer Droids FOOTSTEPS grow louder and closer. There's only one other exit. Myore's austere wains. He gives a single nod in tribute... to what he know Ricleaf is about to do.

Ricleaf, resolving. Myore shoots a power cell. An explosion of electric arcs and white light fill the room, bright as the sun. Seconds later... BOOM!

INT. CORRIDOR

Myore is blasted out of the doors forcefully, hitting the wall in a gust of smoke, flame and dust from explosion.

Water from the sprinklers reminds him he's not dead yet. He rolls onto his back, moving rigidly. Choked, he coughs up...

MYORE

Ruck... Release...

Ruck-Bot doesn't respond. Myore painfully peels himself free of the exo-suit and most of what remains of his uniform in the process. He looks around for his rifle... it's gone, likely destroyed too.

Riding the wall, he plods up the dark corridor, to a set of doors.

INT. TRANSPORT TUBES

Base personnel scramble for the hover-trams as more and more jarring explosion go off from deep in the base.

Myore staggers to a tram, then collapses... Someone hoists him up and drags him on.

INT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES - PRODUCTION BAY

Explosions from deep within the base rock the bay. Wiley, forces open the elevator doors climbs out griping a flashlight.

DR. WILEY

... want to come for me... Then let them come.

He makes a mad dash to a large capsule, half hover tank, half space ship. It's doors slide open and he runs inside.

WILEY'S MACHINE

He straps into the captains chair, flips a few switches. Holo-puter screens boot-up. Head lights flare. Engines WHIRR.

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)

I can not be stopped. Not now. Never!

An EXPLOSION. A girder and a tons of debris falling with Mega from the smoking hole in the ceiling. He lands in middle of the bay. He eyes snap to Wiley's. They gaze at each other coldly. Mega changes to Woods-mode.

Whiley pulls on the control actuators. Ion-thrusters ignite. The capsule lifts from it's supports at a roaring angle. Ports on the front of the capsule. Dozens of Bomb-bots spiral out and swarm on Mega.

MEGA

Fires rapidly, pivoting mechanically as he blasts. It's too many. Mega, switches to Bubble-mode. Scrambles. Deploys his own Bomb-bots.

Mega's Bomb-bot's and Wiley's clash. Like fireworks, the bay erupts in a fire of imploding bomb-bots.

DR. WILEY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Ha, ha, ha, ha...

Mega fires several guillotines. They spins through the air like shurikens. They slice deep into the hull, like a hot knife through butter. One guillotine embeds in the armored window inches from Wiley's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)

Argh!

The capsule's formidable canons swing to Mega and fires a horrendous volley of fire. Mega evades, but the shots are tracking.

DR. WILEY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You can not escape.

WILEY

Slams a button on the control panel. Canons blaze in an onslaught of plasma rounds.

Charging for a heavy blast, Mega sprints, dives, and hurdles to avoiding rounds. A series of near misses that sear through everything. Mega dives. Fires.

A streak of light enters the plasma cannon's barrel and detonates deep with the capsule, blowing a gaping hole in it's side.

The capsule spins and veers. Ion thrusters are flickering, losing power.

Wiley is rattled like a bean in a can.

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)

No!... I'll crush you!

(pulls a lever)

Stupid robot.

Wiley's capsule charges forward. Switches to Flash-mode just as -- The capsule rams and sandwiches him into an uncompleted submarine's hull, spooling and grinding him along it's length in a frenzied blur.

MEGA

Falls onto his stomach. He tries to right himself. Something is wrong. He looks too -- his heavily damaged legs. For the first time Mega seems embryonic. Eyes blinking. Staggered.

WILEY'S WAR MACHINE

Sparks fly as it gouges the floor. Fledgeling to turn around to face Mega. It's smoking like a broken stove and completely ramshackle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON WILEY

Breathing heavy. Gaze hardens. He shoves the controls forward.

The capsule fishtails rigidly as it rushes forward making a earsplitting grinding. It charges like a beast.

MEGA

Only has seconds to react. He activates Flash-mode, raises his arm and casts a vortex. He pours everything he has into it. The vortex expands dynamically.

WILEY

Gasps, bug-eyed. He fights with the steering controls.

DR. WILEY (CONT'D)

Argh!

The capsule whirls but is sucked right into the spinning void of the vortex.

EXT. SOUTH CHINA SEA - 80 METERS FROM USS MCCAIN - DAWN.

Mega's vortex opens fifty feet above the water and spits out Wiley's war machine. It splashes down and begins to take on water.

Wiley's scrambles out from a ragged, gaping hole, looking around in bewilderment. Clueless as to where he is.

Bright searchlights spill onto him from somewhere, and something.

A HUMMING grows louder and louder. Suddenly, a rescue craft glides down next to the sinking capsule.

A RESCUE CREWMAN propels down and grabs Wiley.

DR. WILEY

(to Crewman)

No! No...

(in a bear hug)

Unhand... Nooo!

Just as quick as it swooped in, the rescue craft lifts off.

EXT. USS MCCAIN - FLIGHT DECK - DAWN.

Wiley is escorted securely by two rescue crewmen as they approach a senior officer.

RESCUE CREWMAN #1
Sir, look what just washed up.

The Officer turns and instantly recognizes. A lugubrious, Wiley lifts his head slightly. He barely look him in the eye.

SENIOR OFFICER
Ah, Doctor Wiley I presume...
There's folks back in Washington
that want a word with you.
(to Crewmen)
Throw'em in the brig. And I mean
throw him.

They lead Wiley away by the arms.

INT. VALIANT INDUSTRIES PRODUCTION BAY

The bay is in ruin. Mega is sprawled out on the floor. Explosions violently shake the bay. Hard enough to collapse a gantry crane. The roof beings to collapse. BOMM! A five ton, half finished submarine slips off it's support foundations and hits the floor.

Mega, loosing hydraulic fluid and struggling to stay powered, conjures another vortex, smaller and less intense.

EXT. NASA AIRFIELD

A group of guards and technicians gathered by a truck talk amongst themselves. Suddenly, charged particles and electric arcs spawn from nothingness in the background. They turn too the flashing strobes of light, then... a vortex appears. A battered Mega is thrust out and falls hard to ground, CLANK!

Mega loses all power and goes limp as they arrive at his ravaged body, gawking and astounded. A guard taps on his tac-comm.

NASA GAURD
We got code blue at site five,
section two.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 WEEKS LATER

Two men, most likely DIPLOMATS followed by several SECURITY AGENTS walk purposefully through the ward. They arrive at Myore's bed.

DIPLOMAT #1
Captain Jarvis Myore?

Disregardful, Myore continues gazing into his own thoughts. The Diplomats share a glance...

DIPLOMAT #1 (CONT'D)
That's your name, right?
(Myore is silent)
In accordance with the Intra-
spacial Peace Accord you will be
released to your government at
precisely zero nine hundred hours.

DIPLOMAT #2
(to Diplomat #1)
They said his hearing was shot.

Myore is silent. Diplomat #1 SNAPS his fingers in front of Myore's eyes.

DIPLOMAT #2 (CONT'D)
(louder)
He buddy? Your going... home.

Myore, stoic, slowly flashes the suit jockeys a bad look... then cracks a faint, fleeting smirk. APPLAUSE grows louder.

VICE PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen...

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - STEPS - DAY

A crowd of spectators and press listen to the Vice President speak. Behind him stands Dr. Light, Lisa, Janek, and Kaven -- all with wearing the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

VICE PRESIDENT
Today as we bestow honors to these
dutiful creators.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

We also gather to add yet more names to our hall of heroes who have who bravely step forth and have gone beyond the call of their military duty.

He survey's the crowd.

VICE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Sergeant Omar Ricleaf, who was killed in action during a bold raid on the New Angeyon home base.

The Vice President presents the medal to an mournful OLDER WOMAN, (60) possibly Ricleaf's mother she solemnly thanks him.

VICE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Also, Captain Jarvis Myore, who is still recovering from his numerous injuries during the raid and as a prisoner of war.

He looks around on stage. No one is their to accept it on his behalf.

VICE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

We must not forget the sacrifices of those whom fearlessly answer the call to service. That includes all sentient beings.

He looks at Dr. Light, who glances to Lisa and the others. The vice President looks at the audience who are hanging on every word... waiting.

VICE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

For the first time in our nations history, it is my honor to bestow the Medal of Honor to a... droid, a hero... Mega Man.

Helmet-less and fully repaired, Mega steps out from behind Dr. Light and approaches the podium.

The Vice President drapes the medal around Mega's neck and a crescendo of APPLAUSE and CHEERS go up from the crowd.

Mega looks to Dr. Light. Dr. Light is like a proud father watching his son. A smile creeps across Mega's boy-ish face.

FADE OUT.