

D.A.M.N. the Machine

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FADE IN:

INT. PENTAGON, WASHINGTON D.C.

GENERAL HALLEN, a chain cigar-smoking, slightly eccentric elder statesman, addresses his think tank at the Defense Dept.--a room full of scientists, policy makers and computer nerds at the highest security clearance level. The room is dead silent.

GENERAL HALLEN
(pointing at charts)
What the hell are we going to do?

PAN IN: To photos on the bulletin board of terrorist acts: the aftermath of bombings, shootings, and chemical warfare. Each picture is more heinous than the last. Lots of innocent victims: civilians and children.

GENERAL HALLEN
(continuing)
These threats are coming in from
across the globe! And they are not
isolated incidents--we need action!

He shakes his fist at a subordinate, military engineer JACK JOHNSON.

The staff looks uneasily at the rage's recipient.

GENERAL HALLEN
(continuing)

I thought you had some damn
thing...!??

JACK JOHNSON
(smiling)
That's right...

CREDITS EXPLODE: D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

MUSIC (theme song--heard in background)

As credits roll we see the solution they have come up with, in a kind of war propaganda film obviously made for the media/public.

We also hear the General talking to his think tank about how great the idea is.

Theme song: We gave him a brain, we gave him a mind

CUT TO:

Surgeons placing a brain in a cyborg body.

GENERAL HALLEN (V.O.)
We foster patriotism by creating a
super-soldier. Boosting both the
self-esteem and the confidence of an
American public demoralized by
rampant terrorism...

Theme song: He'll destroy all evil, defend mankind

CUT TO:

Engineers rigging him with nuclear devices.

GENERAL HALLEN (V.O.)
Armed to the teeth with some of the
most sophisticated nukes known to
science.

Theme song: Patrol the skyways, protect the true

CUT TO:

Crowds of awestruck fans gawking and pointing as he soars
over a city street. A kid clutches an action figure of him.

GENERAL HALLEN (V.O.)
He'll be completely mobile,
programmable, and undetectable by
radar..

Theme song: If you're a terrorist guy, he's gonna find you!

CUT TO:

The cyborg ripping into a terrorist stronghold, bullets
flying, emerging victorious.

GENERAL HALLEN (V.O.)
A public relations coup ingeniously
designed to scare the heck out of the
enemy!

Theme song: DAMN -- he's great

DAMN -- he's cool

DAMN -- he's keen

CUT TO:

Full promo shot of cyborg with American flag in background, standing proudly over obviously staged downed terrorist.

GENERAL HALLEN (V.O.)
Gentlemen--introducing our new Direct
Assault Manned Nuke--D.A.M.N. the
MACHINE!!

Theme song: D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE!!!

CREDITS CONTINUE TO ROLL AS MUSIC FADES

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TROPICAL DESERTED ISLAND, FIJI

The cyborg and Anita sit on a lush, tropical island. No one else within hundreds of miles. As they look out over the view, one of awestrking beauty, they contemplate what has brought them there.

ANITA
Remember when all this was
impossible? Remember when we didn't
even know each other?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
(stupid in love)
I don't remember anything before
you..

ANITA
(laughing)
That's not surprising considering
they only made you two months before
we met! You're still a baby...
(cooing)

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
Yeah, well this little baby's gonna
rock your cradle...

He takes her in his arms as they caress and kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF SALIM HABIB

Some months previously, in some third world country. The antagonist/terrorist of the week, Salim Habib, directs his minions in the plan of the week, the poisoning of the drinking water of Manhattan. He overlooks a chemistry lab as they scurry about mixing potions.

SALIM HABIB

You! Don't heat the solution beyond saturation--I want to maximize the potency. One drop in the right aquifer and the whole city dies! Those Americans will pay in big numbers...big! The death toll will be overwhelming!

(laughing)

And with that many dead, it won't matter who wins the war!

MINION

Sir! What do we do with the chemical weapons?

SALIM HABIB

Relax! Those are for the survivors! Let every last non-believer burn!

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE, AMERICA

Billy and his friends play army in his backyard. As they shoot each other and explode things, his mother comes out.

MOTHER

Billy! It's time for Jeffrey to go home! The President is addressing the country at 6:00...Go on, get your things!

BILLY

Aw, Mom! Why do we have to watch?

MOTHER

Well, you don't really. But with all the dangerous things happening lately I just want to be prepared. God knows it could be another bomb scare...

BILLY

Can't the President just shoot them?

MOTHER

Who, Billy?

BILLY

You know, Mom. The ones who blowed us up. The bad guys...

MOTHER

Yeah, the bad guys. Hmmm...wonder who that is this week?

They go inside. As Mother prepares dinner in the kitchen, the TV blares on the counter. Father walks in, returning home from work.

FATHER

Prez on yet?

MOTHER

Hi dear--It's coming on now. Here, mash the potatoes.

PAN TO:

TV SCREEN--STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESS

PRESIDENT

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen--citizens of America. We have been faced in recent times with an insidious evil which has plagued this great country for too long. Random terrorist acts are being orchestrated in an effort to dismantle the progress democracy has made in the past two hundred and fifty years. In only two months we have experienced more terrorism and threats of terrorism than ever.

CUT TO:

Footage of dead people, a bombed out Starbucks, people running from a torched stripmall.

PRESIDENT

Well, the level of public confidence will be much improved when I unveil to you, the solution we have devised to destroy these cockroaches in their nests. I introduce: D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE--our one-man anti-terrorist unit!

CUT TO:

BILLY

Cool! Dad would you look at 'im!

CUT TO:

PRESIDENT

(standing next to him
with his hand on his
shoulder)

And with this I give you the future--a safe and secure one. One where the freedom of democracy reigns supreme throughout the world, unfalteringly due to our vigilance and superb technology.

(propaganda film
begins)

MOTHER

Well, what do you think dear?

FATHER

(real hokey)

Impressive. Let's hope it makes Billy's world a safer place!

(musses Billy's hair)

He points at the TV.

FATHER

(continuing)

What do you think of it, Billy?

CLOSE UP

BILLY

(big smile)

DAMN, he's good!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEMICAL WEAPONS PLANT, IRAQ

A beautiful young Pakistani woman is arguing with an official who stands at the door of a building marked with nuclear signs. As we close in on the scene we realize that she is one of many inspectors on a U.N. team trying to gain entrance to the facility.

ANITA

What do you mean we can't come in--
we've arranged this meeting for
weeks!

SECURITY

I realize that Ms. Rasmani, but the
Ambassador has decided that Tuesdays
are not good. Tradition states--

ANITA

Tradition my ass, you peon! We've
been working this situation out with
you people diplomatically for years
now! I'm giving you one final request
for entry, and then I'm going to have
to implement Plan B!

(mutters to herself)

Whatever that is?!!

SECURITY

(uses walkie-talkie
then speaks)

I'm sorry but we just started
Ramashan. I am forbidden to speak for
three fortnights.

(bows head)

ANITA

This is ridiculous!!! I have had it
with you creeps! OK, that's it--you
messed with the wrong woman on the
wrong day! I'm going to the top on
this one...

She sits down, simultaneously autodialling her cellphone and
flipping up her laptop.

ANITA

(continuing)

Sedgewick--it's a code seven. No
shit--big surprise. Anyway they're
being real dickheads. What are my

(more)

ANITA (cont'd)
 options here?
 (pauses)
 Really? The white envelope?

She reaches into her jacket pocket and pulls out three envelopes--one white, one green, and one red. She rips open the white one and begins to read the instructions. As she does she types into her laptop and an antennae pops out of the top. She raises her eyebrows.

ANITA
 (continuing)
 O.K. This is it--gotta go.

As she continues reading she becomes more engrossed in her typing and works herself into a frenzy trying to make sure she is doing everything right.

ANITA
 (continuing)
 Shit! Nothing's happening. I know I
 punched in those coordinates
 correctly. What the--

The piece of paper incinerates itself.

ANITA
 (continuing; agitated)
 Man--it's one of those spy dealies!!
 I didn't memorize it--what do I do?

As she is agitating, a big shadow is being cast over her. She startles, stands up and then turns around, running right into the chest of our hero--D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 What's the problem, Miss Rasmani?

ANITA
 How do you know who I am?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 Retina scan. Beside that, your laptop
 has very specific U.N. security
 features. I honed in on you in...
 (looks at wristwatch)
 6.5 seconds. Here's my I.D.:
 (flashes info on
 chest TV)
 I thought they briefed you on my
 eventuality.

ANITA

Yeah, well I don't think they expected this scenario.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

That's what they all say. Then I show up.

ANITA

Well wo-de-doe. What's your gimmick?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Basically I scare the pants off them, knock down some walls, kick some butt. You know--robot stuff.

ANITA

You're a robot?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Half man, half machine. Haven't you heard? I'm all the rage in America--action figures, comics, movies...

ANITA

I'm Pakistani. Anyway, whatever. Get in there and tell them what's up. I need to get along with my inspection.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

I take it all other avenues have been pursued?

ANITA

That's why you're here right?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(looking at the
blocked entrance)

Well then, I guess there's no need for formality...

He walks up to the guard at the door. Grabbing him by the neck and crotch he flings him out of the way, smashing down the door. As the alarms go off, he turns to the inspectors.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(continuing)

Give me about twenty minutes and I'll have everything ready for you.

He turns and punches the now swarming security guards, entering a fray in which he gets to use all the neat gimmickry in his arsenal. We note that he goes for a kinder, gentler approach when battling using non-deadly means of combat (i.e .electrocution, gas, light, punching) but does what he has to (some deaths obviously result, but they are minimalized mostly due to his nature). As he "cleans up" the place, Anita watches in awe. She of course notices his sensitive side, and is of course grateful for the assistance, as work is her life. She makes her way through the smoke and debris to a room marked classified. She points at the door.

ANITA
(yelling)
Smash it down!

As D.A.M.N. does so she looks incredulously around the room.

ANITA
(continuing)
This is it! This is the stockpile!
They never would have let us in
here--you did it!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
Of course. I was programmed to do so.

ANITA
(admiringly)
Well thank you. You made my job a lot
easier.Maybe we could get to-

She is interrupted by a tank crashing through the wall. On top is Salim Habib.

SALIM HABIB
Yankee freak! You dare to invade our
kingdom on Ramashan?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
I'm an atheist.

SALIM HABIB
We will crush you like the bugs you
are. Capitalist swine--you are the
living embodiment of all that is
evil!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
Listen, I don't know about all that.
But I will give you the opportunity
to disarm.

(more)

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE (cont'd)
(turns to Anita)

Can you have the team evacuate? There may be some heavy explosives...

SALIM HABIB
(somewhat intimidated)

To die in battle is the ultimate prize! We will gladly do so now--

He aims the tank cannon at D.A.M.N. As it turns, D.A.M.N. catches it and bends it off. It explodes knocking Salim and his henchmen to the ground.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
I have been programmed to decimate this area if necessary. What do you say? Is it worth it?

SALIM HABIB
Do what you must American...

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
Detonation process beginning. Ten seconds and counting...

Dials begin turning and a digital readout burns on his chest:10 seconds, 9 seconds...

Salim's eyes get big, then they close shut and he whimpers as he looks at the numbers count down from squeezed eyes. 3 seconds, 2 seconds, 1 second--he contorts in expected agony--screaming, with eyes shut. When nothing happens his scream slowly fades and he opens his eyes to see a media frenzy surrounding him, with a camera recording his antics.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
(continuing)
Hee Hee! I love doing that! Your followers will really love this on the evening news Habib--you're such a manly man!

Everybody cracks up, as Salim looks mortified. D.A.M.N. turns to the camera.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
(continuing)
Damn, I'm good!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE--WASHINGTON, D.C.

JACK JOHNSON
 (removing visi-helmet)
 Damn, I'm good!

He pops a diskette out of his computer.

JACK JOHNSON
 (continuing; excited)
 My traits are morphing perfectly with the software! I can almost tell what he's going to say next! If I tweak this program I may be able to provide him with a memory bed based on my own brain's profile. That way he'll be able to relate all his feelings to an imagined past. Kind of a virtual history with my mind as a template--

BECKY
 (from another room)
 Honey--who are you talkin' to?

JACK JOHNSON
 Nobody dear--just a crazed computer geek hopelessly enthralled in his work. No, don't mind me, I'm only re-shaping the face of modern technology--

BECKY
 (coming into room,
 laughing)
 What are you talkin' about?

She has her hands on her hips and is smiling. She wears glasses and looks also like a geek. She has a southern accent. She watches him fumble through his diskette collection, amused by the dichotomy of his intellect/clumsiness.

JACK JOHNSON
 Oh, nothing Beck. Just the fate of nations, the call of the wild,
 (lapses into a bad
 Carl Sagan)
 the sweep, the scope, the glamour of
 the cosmos-

BECKY
 (laughing)
 Come again?

JACK JOHNSON
 God this is frustrating--I can't find
 my CTU--
 (searching
 frantically until--)
 Oh, here it is.

He holds it up to his face. It is a spider-like piece of plastic with tiny hypodermic needles attached to circuitry.

JACK JOHNSON
 (continuing; lovingly)
 Cerebro-Transfer Unit! Just what I
 need...

BECKY
 What the heck is that ugly thing?

JACK JOHNSON
 It's what makes my personality
 software work. It transfers thoughts
 and feelings via a complex circuitry
 I developed which combines the
 theories of Cambridge and Pleates--

BECKY
 Skip the background, Captain Ego. Are
 you going to put that thing on your
 head?

JACK JOHNSON
 Already have. That's how I created
 the D.A.M.N. the Machine personality
 software. That's how he interacts
 with such sophistication. He can--

BECKY
 (annoyed, obviously
 a sore spot)
 I know, I know, I supposedly lived
 with you the entire time you were
 creating that thing. I didn't see you
 around however.
 (huffing and folding
 her arms)
 Anyway, doesn't that thing hurt?

JACK JOHNSON
 (looking mischievous
 as he holds up the
 spider-like unit)
 Not once you get used to it!

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE--ZAIRE

A minion comes up to the chief, an elder who we see in only a huge African mask.

MINION
 Chief, an American soldier interloper
 has prevented us from hijacking the
 U.N. donations yet again!

MBUMBE AMIN
 Disturbing--that means the starving
 may actually be fed! Summon the
 witch-doctor!

A witch-doctor enters the hut. He bows before the chief ceremoniously.

MBUMBE AMIN
 (continuing)
 Oh great sage--tell us that which we
 must know! How can we defeat the
 great American scourge?

The witch-doctor empties a bag of bones into his outstretched palm, then blows them away with a huge breath. He pounds a drum, gesticulating madly and falls on the ground in an epileptic seizure.

MINION
 Chief--what does he say?

MBUMBE AMIN
 He says we must bomb the U.S. embassy
 if we wish to demoralize the enemy.
 I will implement this plan
 immediately.

He stands up taking off his mask, and is dressed in perfect bureaucratic wear--an Armani business suit, etc.. His minion hands him a briefcase.

MBUMBE AMIN
 (continuing)
 Anyway, I'm off to the city.

He snaps his fingers and a limo pulls up to the village from nowhere.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS, GENEVA

Anita enters her office at the United Nations, walking past an endless stream of congratulatory fellow diplomats. As she makes her way to her cubicle she puts on the headphones. There is an obvious third world speaker there being translated who advocates the adoption of a ban on D.A.M.N. the Machine.

DIPLOMAT

We believe, as do a great many in the world community, that these units are dangerous. Also, it is unfair that we have no way to manufacture such a weapon. We want the technology to do so to protect our interests. Only when every country in the U.N. has such a machine will we not object! Until then America must cease its use--

ANITA

(to herself)

You're just jealous. And that reminds me why I even came in today.

She turns to her computer console and searches for D.A.M.N.

It comes back with 40,310 options. She raises an eyebrow. She combs through news articles, fan clubs, web sites, magazines--all devoted to him.

ANITA

(continuing)

God, I must have had my head in a hole these past few months. This reminds me of the first time I heard of the Spice Girls...

We see the promo materials, the summaries of his exploits and origin, and an interview with Jack Johnson.

ANITA

(continuing)

This guy's a genius. I guess this is the "Dad" D.A.M.N. was talking about. Hmm...

(more)

ANITA (cont'd)
 (dialing)
 I wonder if he'll let him come out
 and play?

We hear the phone ring and the screen splits over to D.A.M.N. flying through the sky. He flicks his wristphone up and talks into it.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 Hello?

ANITA
 Guess who?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 That doesn't work with me. Aside from the caller I.D., I do an immediate voicescan. Can't help it.

ANITA
 Oh. Well I'm calling to--

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 Report a terrorist?

ANITA
 No, silly. I don't know--I was just researching you on the web, and I was thinking about you. I feel like I know you. I want to pay you back for saving my skin--can I buy you lunch?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 What makes you think I eat?

ANITA
 That's what it says in your bio in Newsweek--is that not the case?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 I am able to digest solids and convert them to methanol. I can also ingest any fluid and filter it into usable H₂O. So, in theory, I do eat and drink.

ANITA
 Is that a yes?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 To lunch? I'll have to ask Jack.
 We're doing tests for the military.

ANITA

O.K. Call me back when you find out.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Are you in Pakistan?

ANITA

No, I'm in Geneva.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Oh. Even better. I can make that flight in under twenty minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY BASE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Jack Johnson stands at a scanner/military radar and receives the readouts from D.A.M.N. as he flies through his maneuvers.

JACK JOHNSON

(into headset mike)

You want to what? "Do lunch in Geneva?"

He gives a "what have I created?" look to an assistant.

JACK JOHNSON

(continuing)

Look, I have to have this information to General Hallen by 0800 tomorrow, and in case you didn't remember, you are military property!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

I've been meaning to talk to you about that, Jack.

JACK JOHNSON

About what? I don't believe I'm hearing this!!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Well, I certainly don't mind doing what I'm programmed to do, for the sake of the country and all. But I feel that I should have some free time to pursue my own interests...

JACK JOHNSON

Your interests? You didn't have any interests when you were a sack of
(more)

JACK JOHNSON (cont'd)
 nano-programs, and now I give you
 sentience and it's "Jack, I've gotta
 have this" and "Jack, I've gotta have
 that". Do you realize what being in
 the army means? When we retire you
 then you can have "interests". Right
 now your only interest is Uncle
 Sam--got it?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 (glumly)
 Got it.

He signs off and dials Anita. We hear her answer.

ANITA
 Hello?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 (smiling)
 See you in twenty minutes.

He soars off into the sky.

CUT TO:

Jack Johnson working hurriedly at his console obsessed as
 usual with some detail. Evan, a co-worker approaches.

EVAN
 Uh, Jack, the uh, unit, it's--
 (points at radar)

Jack turns and looks, eyes big. He slaps his forehead.

JACK JOHNSON
 Why did I know he was going to do
 that? Goddamnit, what am I going to
 tell Gen. Hallen?
 (grabs headset, puts
 it on)
 Hey--I thought I made it clear to you
 that you were to complete maneuvers?
 Get back here!

He gets dead air. He throws down the headset in disgust.

JACK JOHNSON
 (continuing)
 Man, just when I thought I had all
 the kinks worked out...!

A fax spits out of his console. He grabs it and rips it out.

JACK JOHNSON

(continuing; reading)

Jack--I'll only be gone for an hour.
Get some lunch and I promise I'll
finish up maneuvers this afternoon.
Your son, D.A.M.N.

He crinkles up the paper.

JACK JOHNSON

(continuing; pissed)

Your son--cute! A robot trying to be
endearing. If he thinks that's gonna
work--

He is interrupted by the video monitor on his console. It is
General Hallen.

GENERAL HALLEN

My boy--how goes it with the Assault
Unit?

JACK JOHNSON

(stuttering,
flabbergasted)

Great--um, the uhm, specs look good.
We should have them in an uhm--
(looks at co-worker,
angrily rolls eyes)
Hour or so...

GENERAL HALLEN

Very good, Johnson. You know, I've
gotten a lot of mileage out of this
project PR wise and I don't mind
telling you it has really boosted
military R & D. There's a promotion
in this for you if you keep it up.

JACK JOHNSON

(more flustered)

Thanks, sir. No doubt about it. No,
don't you worry about a thing--

GENERAL HALLEN

Worry? Why should I worry when I have
a crack super-soldier like D.A.M.N.
the Machine? And when I have an army
of them I'll really bust some balls!

JACK JOHNSON
 (to himself, shaking
 head)
 Oh, God--imagine that...

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

Billy and his friend, each with a D.A.M.N. the Machine action figure, battle it out. The figures are attached to a base which allows the kids to control their movements. A TV is on in the background.

BILLY
 Take that, cyborg!
 (makes it kick)

FRIEND
 Hey--I thought we were both good
 guys?

BILLY
 Yeah, well, do you want to fight or
 what?

FRIEND
 (shrugging, logic
 accepted)
 Of course, robot scum!
 (hits back, the head
 popping off Billy's
 figurine)
 Got you!

BILLY
 Hey--

CUT TO:

The TV in the background. Interrupting the cartoons, a newsman relates the latest.

NEWSCASTER
 This just in--an embassy in Zaire
 bombed by militant terrorists. Forty
 dead, more injured. Updates as we get
 them.

The film shows a bombed out embassy. Billy's Mom shakes her head, lips pursed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE--GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

D.A.M.N. the Machine and Anita sit looking out of place, both holding a teacup, lightly sipping.

ANITA

Any trouble getting here?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

A little. Jack didn't want me to leave.

ANITA

Well, I don't want to get you in trouble--

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Don't worry about me, I'm a big boy. Anyhow, he'll live...

ANITA

So, what are you guys working on right now?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Well, they're still compiling stats on me--coordinating various functions, modifying the software. Or as Jack puts it--"tweaking me out".

ANITA

(laughs)

Really? How much better can you get?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Good question. Jack says he's approaching hyper-interaction, which means I'll respond to situations virtually identically to him.

ANITA

Is that the goal?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Yeah, I guess so. Jack is a big part of me.

ANITA

That's neat. You guys seem close.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

It's not hard when you share so much
in common--

They are interrupted simultaneously by Anita's phone ringing and D.A.M.N.'s chest video screen popping on. It's Jack, frantically paging him.

JACK JOHNSON

Listen--you've got to come right
away, there's been an attack--

ANITA

(hearing the news
also, on her phone)

Embassy in Zaire, bombed minutes ago!
Gotta go--sorry!

She looks up to see D.A.M.N. flying away.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN VILLAGE--ZAIRE

We see the people going about their daily life. An odd juxtaposition of jungle and modern life as seen through a cliched American perspective (i.e. real lions lying outside a court office instead of statues, tribesmen and herds of animals mingling with urban crowds, a be-feathered warrior reading a magazine at a newsstand). All of a sudden, chaos ensues as we see the bombing of the embassy happen. The explosions rock the streets and the mixed crowd runs and cowers. As the smoke rolls out of the embassy, a figure is seen on the horizon approaching at indescribable speed, coming right up to the camera point blank. It is D.A.M.N. the Machine.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(shouting)

O.K. People let's clear the area!
Emergency personnel get the heck
moving! My radar detects at least 17
injured, heat sensors indicate over
59 individuals presently inside!!

The cyborg enters the smoky building and immediately lifts a huge wall that has collapsed, scooping the people underneath out and carrying them outside. He removes debris blocking a stairwell allowing people to evacuate.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(continuing)

Move, people move! We want you out in case there are more bombs! But don't panic--I'm not detecting any, so stay calm!

He moves up the stairwell using his radar to locate the people who are trapped. Through his eyes, we see an infra-red picture of the downed individuals. One is an obviously pregnant woman as the fetus can be seen through his x-ray vision. She is curled up under a desk which is completely covered with refuse. D.A.M.N. immediately goes into action, lasering a hole in the entire pile of scrap, through the desk, and pulls her to freedom. She weeps with relief as he hands her to the emergency personnel. He turns and looks at the embassy, scanning the entire building with his vision.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(continuing)

No movement or heat detected.
Operation complete.

CLOSE UP:

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Damn, I'm good!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE

Jack Johnson and Becky are getting ready to go out. They talk about the day's events.

BECKY

So everything worked out in the end with the embassy thing--no people were killed?

JACK JOHNSON

(doing his tie)

No, but there were plenty of injured for D.A.M.N. to worry about.

BECKY

I bet you were relieved that everyone was alright...

JACK JOHNSON
 (unconcerned,
 shrugging)

Whatever--D.A.M.N. did a knockout job taking care of them, the General was ecstatic.

BECKY
 (sighing, looking
 kind of funny)
 I'll bet. Listen, Jack--
 (puts arms around him)
 I want to have a good time tonight. Promise me you'll loosen up and relax. I really want you to just enjoy the evening. Enough about work!

JACK JOHNSON
 O.K. Shouldn't be too hard--
 (looks skeptical)

CUT TO:

INT. A PLAYHOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Jack and Becky sit at the theatre watching a play. The entire audience is laughing at something, as is Becky, and she looks over to Jack. He is stoically sitting with a slight smile. She expresses her concern with a furrowed brow.

CUT TO:

INT. A DISCO, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Jack and Becky sitting at a table after the show. Becky is still trying to get Jack to lighten up.

BECKY
 (motioning toward
 dancefloor)
 Let's get out there!

She pulls Jack up and they start to dance enthusiastically. It doesn't look as if Jack is at all out of place or unhappy. They do a little routine and Jack is uncharacteristically out of step. Becky gives him a funny look as if to say that this is weird, and breaks away, watching him. He steps back too, into the dance and Becky notices his movements are not very graceful--they seem to jerk mechanically. Frustrated she returns to the table. Jack follows.

JACK JOHNSON
 (concerned)
 Honey--what's wrong?

BECKY
 You just don't seem into it. What's with you? You said you would try to have a good time!

JACK JOHNSON
 (perplexed)
 What do you mean? I'm having a great time--

BECKY
 Never mind. Let's go home.

CUT TO:

INT. MBUMBE AMIN'S HUT, AFRICA

MINION
 The U.N. donations continue to be distributed fairly to the masses, great one! Our every effort at seizing the grain shipments has failed! What do we do next?

MBUMBE AMIN
 This D.A.M.N. the Machine has interfered with our plans long enough! He managed to save every last one of the people in that embassy. This calls for--how do the Americans put it?
 (smiles broadly)
 Final Jeopardy!

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS, ANITA'S CUBICLE

Anita is once again back at her computer. She is now researching Mbumbe Amin and the bombing in Zaire.

ANITA
 Someone's got to get to the bottom of this Amin character's agenda. What the heck does this guy want and why is he not getting it?

She punches up Amin and we see his photo and profile. It details his activities as a dictator/terrorist who controls

the populace through starvation and his militias. In a bid for personal wealth he funnels money from U.N. charity groups to offshore accounts in Switzerland.

ANITA

(continuing)

This guy is bleeding his people dry for his own personal gain. Not only that but he's a vicious torture mad fiend. What did he hope to gain from the embassy bombing?

She pages through newspaper clippings and magazine articles from the past few months in Zaire. They start to detail again and again of shipment raids which have been diverted through U.S. and U.N. intervention. A pattern emerges.

ANITA

(continuing)

Seems our man is getting increasingly frustrated with the efforts of our peacekeepers. The embassy bombing was his way of saying "piss off Americans!" I've got a feeling this is going to escalate if we don't get rid of this guy...

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON, WASHINGTON D.C.

GENERAL HALLEN

That's that then. We have the coordinates all mapped out, why don't we just start bombing? The satellites distinctly tell us Amin is responsible for not only this recent attack, but scores of others in recent months. If we take out his stronghold we'll nip this problem in the bud. I'd send in the cyborg but I don't think this calls for a code three yet. We still have tests to do. Call Jack in here. We've got to get some more readouts on that unit--

MINION

Yes sir. Immediately sir. Do you wish to review those close ups one more time?

GENERAL HALLEN

Yes. The shipment raid attempts.

We see pictures of U.N. raids by Amin with the soldiers of the U.S. barely able to fight them off. The pictures show a bleak outlook for future shipments.

GENERAL HALLEN

(continuing)

Looks like we may have to back these boys up a bit.

(points at picture)

A little firepower couldn't hurt 'til we're ready to bomb.

Jack enters the room. He looks tired. He sits down in front of the General, taking off his glasses and rubbing his eyes.

GENERAL HALLEN

(continuing)

So, Johnson how is it going with that final analysis on the cyborg software?

JACK JOHNSON

General, he is more responsive than he has ever been. And the encoding can be modified to download faster once the unit is fully functional.

GENERAL HALLEN

Does that mean we will have no problem replicating the unit if we have to go to code three?

JACK JOHNSON

None whatsoever.

GENERAL HALLEN

And you don't have a problem with that?

JACK JOHNSON

Sir, that's why the unit was developed.

GENERAL HALLEN

Exactly, son. I realize that you've put a lot of yourself into this and I can see that this will have far-reaching applications for the military. I just want to make sure that the units are able to be mass-produced and, if possible, have the personality modified to army

(more)

GENERAL HALLEN (cont'd)
 specs, perhaps with the profile of a
 grunt cadet for instance.

(looks at reflection
 of himself in window)
 Or, perhaps that of a top-ranking
 official--there are many
 possibilities. Do you follow me?

JACK JOHNSON
 I think so--General, what's the plan
 for the unit now? He seems to do best
 when he stays busy.

GENERAL HALLEN
 That was my next question. I take it
 he's fully functional after that last
 maneuver in Zaire?

JACK JOHNSON
 Yessir.

GENERAL HALLEN
 Well, we're putting him on security
 detail in there to head off these
 shipment raids which are instigating
 terrorism on our agents there.
 Mobilize the unit for morning.

JACK JOHNSON
 Right away, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE, late evening

Jack comes home from work disheveled and exhausted. He stands in front of a plate of food which Becky has waiting for him on the counter. A note sits waiting to be read. He walks past the food and grabs a box of crackers. He fills a glass with tap water and heads into his study. As he eats the crackers he reads a scientific manual, not able to just relax. Becky walks in and stands behind him, studying his strange manners.

BECKY
 Late one, huh?

JACK JOHNSON
 (barely noticing her)
 Yeah--gotta get on the CTU. General
 needs new specs. Gotta update
 software...

BECKY

Really? Well, great seeing you too,
gorgeous. I can't wait to make
passionate love to you--

(sees he's not
listening and walks
out of the room
waving her arms)

BECKY

(continuing)

--of course after I eat this gourmet
meal you've prepared--

She is stopped cold at the sight of the uneaten dinner still on the counter, the note still in place. She picks it up and opens it. It reads: I am so proud of you. Stay sexy! Love, Beck. She looks down, disappointed. On the floor is the cracker box. She scrunches her nose and looks annoyed. She stomps back into his study and sees him asleep at his console. He is slumped over at first so she doesn't notice that he is hooked up to the CTU, with the creepy headpiece attached. When she sees it she is startled and jumps back. Then she notices the computer is reading out something: SCANNING SUBCONSCIOUS....DOWNLOADING....

BECKY

(continuing)

JESUS! Jack what have you done now?

She pulls the gear off and tries to revive him. He is unresponsive. She panics.

CLOSE UP:

Her face as she scans the final readout: ALL DATA TRANSFERRED. DOWNLOAD COMPLETE. Total disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM--night.

Becky sits waiting to hear about Jack. A doctor comes out to talk to her.

DOCTOR

He's still unresponsive but his vital signs are all good. He seems to be suffering some kind of physical/emotional breakdown. You can go home now, we'll call you when he wakes up.

CUT TO:

INT. BECKY'S CAR--early morning.

Becky driving home. She pulls in the driveway and goes into the house, obviously motivated. She stalks into the study and turns on Jack's computer. Searching for clues about his condition she opens the D.A.M.N. files. She finds his work journal and reads through it.

BECKY

Are you crazy Jack? No wonder you've been so different--you're donating your mind to this project! Do you even know what you've done?! Somebody's got to get you back to normal--

(pops out disc, holds it up)

And since this is all that's left of you, it looks like that someone is me!

The phone rings. It's the General. Becky winces as she realizes who it is.

GENERAL HALLEN

Beck--how the heck--are you?
Heh-heh-heh.

BECKY

Not so good General. Jack is in the hospital. It seems that he's been working too hard.

GENERAL HALLEN

Hmm, really. I suppose I should have seen it coming. He looked a bit pekid last night. I told him to get some rest...

BECKY

(to herself)

I bet you did.

(to the General)

Listen--about the D.A.M.N. the Machine software. I believe Jack is going too far in his research. The software is an almost exact duplication of his mind. But he's losing his! You've got to help me get him back to normal. I'm going to need access to the cyborg--

GENERAL HALLEN

I'm afraid that's impossible right now. We're deploying him as we speak to Zaire for manuevers. That's why I was calling--Jack was late and we didn't want to start without him. But if he's out of commission we will proceed as planned.

BECKY

Did you hear what I said, General? Your little slavedroid is sick and he won't get better without our assistance! Now when can I meet with you?

GENERAL HALLEN

Now you listen, little missy! The security of the country is at stake here and while I'm in charge, it will be priority number one! Jack will be fine. Now go watch Oprah or something and let us take care of business.

(hangs up)

BECKY

(livid)

Ooh--I could just mangle your face!
(slams phone down)

CUT TO:

INT. AFRICAN VILLAGE--ZAIRE

Women and children gather around the town square with baskets waiting for grain donations. The last of the grain is given away, clearly not enough for the large crowd. A relief worker looks expectantly at the horizon, as if waiting for more.

PAN TO:

The camera view heads into the dusty horizon where it meets a armed caravan of trucks heading toward the city. The men guarding it have U.N. armbands on and it's clear that this is the grain shipment being awaited. As they proceed they are flanked by hijackers, who cut them off and start shooting. Many of the guards are killed and it looks like the hijackers have taken control, as they slow the caravan down. The hijackers shout for the U.N. guys to surrender their weapons. They are just about to, when they are all immediately downed simultaneously by a sonic assault.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

It's a shame I had to hit everybody,
but at least no one was killed.
They'll have a little trouble walking
at first but they should recover in
a few days!

(kicking a body over
lightly, and
grimacing at a smell)

The only problem now is the other
residual side effect...

(points with his foot
to the fact that all
the soldiers have
soiled themselves,
waving his hand in
front of his nose)

He is about to turn around when out of the ground on either side of the hijack area spring two giant claw-like arms with soldiers jockeying them in pods. The claws shoot lasers and it's clear that this has been a set-up. As the claws lunge and jab, they simultaneously shoot at D.A.M.N. He dives for cover, shooting two short-range missiles (from his shoulders) at the claws. One misses, whizzing past the claw on the left, while the claw on the right downs its attacking missile with a laser. D.A.M.N. takes a direct hit from the right laser, as the missile fired at the left claw (obviously having a homing device) comes shooting back, ripping the claw apart in a shower of laser-sparks. D.A.M.N. rips a "grenuke" from his armory, (a nuclear grenade) and tosses it at the claw on the right. It crumples in a massive explosion which barely misses the caravan. D.A.M.N. looks around. He is about to utter his trademark saying when he is rudely interrupted.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(continuing)

Damn, I'm--

A huge claw, twice as big as the first two emerges from the center of the ground and towers over him. In the control pod is Mbumbe Amin.

MBUMBE AMIN

You think you Americans have a
monopoly on technology, do you? Well,
fight my killer claws, you
abomination!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

I think I'm doing a pretty good job
so far--what makes you think you'll
do any better?

Mbumbe fires a projectile at D.A.M.N. which explodes into a gelatinous mass which covers him in goop. He writhes on the ground unable to defend himself as the claw lifts him up and starts to squeeze him.

MBUMBE AMIN

What say you now, machine? Defy me
ever, creature--at your peril! You
and your like are not going to be
tolerated here--

He is interrupted by a massive explosion which comes from the rear. It is the back-up U.N. security forces and the U.S. Marines. They spray the area with bullets taking down Mbumbe, the claw, and his remaining minions relatively quickly. They rescue D.A.M.N. from the clutches of the now defunct claw, and medi-vac him out. It appears he is badly injured.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

The television blasts the latest news about D.A.M.N.'s injuries and the nation's concern. The homecoming hero is treated with accolades and the rumours are that he is near "death" or as the military puts it "termination of duty". The media driven soap opera is carefully orchestrated so that the nation is emotionally involved. Hence, Billy's concern:

BILLY

Dad, he's not gonna die is he?

FATHER

It doesn't look good, Billy. But if
we pray for him, he has a better
chance than most...

BILLY

Man, those laser claw-pod things are
awesome--and they shoot burning snot!

MOTHER

Billy! Please!

BILLY

Well, they do! Don't they Dad?

FATHER

(reluctantly)

Kind of--it's actually a napalm derivative so I hear!

MOTHER

That must be painful--horrible burns and whatnot...

FATHER

It's not so bad--he's only an android--

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE

CLOSE UP--Becky on the phone.

BECKY

(livid)

What do you mean he's only an android? General, I want access to the unit, as soon as possible. If he dies--

GENERAL HALLEN

If he terminates function we will re-build him or another like him. What is the issue?

BECKY

General, I have reason to believe that Jack has suffered a mental breakdown due to the fact that he has downloaded his mind onto the D.A.M.N. software! He doesn't even know who he is or what he likes anymore! The program is sapping all of his personality and giving it to that--that machine!

GENERAL HALLEN

Listen, little missy, just calm down--

BECKY

And don't call me missy! Urrrrr!
(growls)
Now when can I see the cyborg?

GENERAL HALLEN

Aside from the fact that you are not classified for interaction with the unit, it is in quarantine and will be until it is out of critical condition and decontaminated. What has made you think this anyway?

BECKY

I am his wife and I know Jack! I also know his work--I am a nuclear physicist you know! I have seen his CTU--I have the prototype--and I'm going to use it to cure Jack! There has got to be a way to reverse this program. Damn--no wonder he was so different!

GENERAL HALLEN

Becky, you are obviously over-tired and upset about Jack. This "computer conspiracy" you have devised is interesting but hardly reality. I'm sure Jack will explain it all to you when he recovers--

BECKY

That is hardly the case, General, I am fine--

GENERAL HALLEN

Good afternoon, Becky.
(hangs up on her)

The General picks up the phone again and dials. A voice answers on the other end.

GENERAL HALLEN

(continuing)

We have a situation. Implement Plan H and call me for specifics.

(hangs up)

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS, ANITA'S CUBICLE

ANITA

(yelling)

What do you mean he's only an android? Goddammit, that "unit" saved my life and my job and I demand to know his condition! Yeah, well up yours too Nurse Ratchet!

(slams down phone,
sobs)

Oh, D.A.M.N.--

A co-worker Julie, pops her head over the cubicle, and taps Anita on the shoulder.

JULIE

What are you cussing about, Nita? Got man problems?

ANITA

Yeah, if you call having your man doused in napalm and shot up by a crazed despot with some ridiculous "laser-claws" the typical "man-problem", then yeah, I'm having one and I'm freaking out! What am I going to do? They won't tell the press or government anything! He's got to be alright--

She slumps down onto her desk. Then she sits up straight.

JULIE

What's that look? I know that look!

ANITA

Mm-hmm. It's the look of a woman who's not going to let anything stand between her and her man!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE

Cut back to Becky finishing her "conversation" with the General. She slams down the phone.

BECKY

You pompous bastard! Jack slaves to please you, and works himself into a coma and you don't even care! Urrrh! Monster!

She pulls the disc out of her bra, looking at it next to a picture of Jack.

BECKY

(continuing)

And I'm going to make you rue the day
you took my man from me!

She goes into the study and grabs the CTU and the laptop. She gets into the car and peels out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Becky sits talking to Jack trying to get him to revive, and help her with the situation.

BECKY

Damn it Jack, the General doesn't
give an urrrrh

(growls)

About you, and now he's taking over
the project. Why didn't you believe
me when I said it would be best to
just do as they asked and nothing
more? But no, you have to go and
create a

(raising voice as she
speaks)

Virtual Frankenstein that sucks your
mind out and makes us expendable to
the Pentagon!

She lays her head on his chest.

BECKY

(continuing)

Now when all this is over and I have
saved your butt once again, you and
I are gonna sit down and have a
little heart to heart about our lives
together. And things are gonna
change, you hear me?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE--heading for d.c.

Anita sits with her laptop trying to figure out where D.A.M.N. is being quarantined. As she searches for possibilities, hacking into various classified areas, she is unable to crack the secret. She decides the best person to

ask would be Jack, and does a search for his phone number. No luck. Then, with a dash of ingenuity she accesses the local files for Domino's and Blockbuster Video (possible corporate sponsors?) and finds Becky and Jack right away. Now she has their home address.

ANITA

Bingo! Jack and Becky Johnson...

She exits the plane, flagging down a cab. She gives the cabbie the address of their house.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE

A shadowy figure jimmys a side window and enters the house. He goes right to the study and begins rifling through files and discs. He pulls out a walkie-talkie.

INTRUDER

Agent 411 to central. No information available. No unit available. Return to base imminent. Inform pick up.

He heads for the window, climbing out.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE

Anita's cab pulls up to the house, passing a dark, anonymous looking car parked just around the corner. She pays the cabbie and jumps out. Heading up the walkway, she spots the intruder exiting the window, and before he sees her, she ducks around the corner. The dark car from around the corner squeals to the curb and the intruder jumps in. She writes down the plate number and man's description. Then, she inspects the jimmyed window, and looks inside. Waiting around, she finally becomes impatient/tempted and goes inside, ostensibly to see if there has been anyone hurt, and primarily, to find out where D.A.M.N. is. As she is looking around, Becky comes home. She opens the front door, walking in. She hears a sound from the study, grabs a japanese sword off the wall, and investigates.

BECKY

(entering study)

One move bitch, and you're history--

ANITA

Hold it--Becky, right?

BECKY

What the fuck are you doing in my house?

ANITA

That is what I'm getting to--can you put down the sword?

Becky does a sword swinging routine that clearly establishes her athletic proficiency and excellent swordmanship, apparently a passion.

BECKY

In what part of your body, you scum! What the hell do you want?

Becky pins her to the wall, sword point to her throat.

ANITA

Listen--this looks bad, I know, but there is an explanation--

BECKY

I'm listening, believe me--

ANITA

Uhm, Jehovah's Witness? Avon? Land shark? How about really stupid blonde from the U.N. obsessed with a machine?

BECKY

(thinking she means the CTU)

Machine? What do you mean? What are you looking for?

ANITA

Not what, Becky, who! D.A.M.N. the Machine. You know, the "baby" your husband created, the absolutely adorable lug--the most thoughtful cyborg I've ever met! And the only one! I'm kind of his girlfriend, and I was trying to find out what hospital he is in. I desperately need to see him!

BECKY

So you're one of those cyborg groupies--but that doesn't explain why you're in my house! Or why I

(more)

BECKY (cont'd)
 shouldn't split you down the middle
 for trespassing in my home--What
 gives you the right to--

ANITA
 Wait--you really should know this. As
 I pulled up to your house, I saw a
 man climbing out that window and
 getting into a getaway car. I even
 wrote down the license plate number--

She gestures toward her purse.

ANITA
 (continuing)
 Check it out. Look in my purse--I
 wrote it down on my notepad. Why
 would I have that if I'm lying.

Becky backs off and grabs the notepad out of the purse.

BECKY
 (reading)
 White male, dressed all in black,
 6'1", sunglasses, black Pontiac, four
 door, HZX876--

ANITA
 See? That's the guy! What do you
 think he was looking for?

BECKY
 Why should I believe you lady?

ANITA
 Look, do I look like a criminal?
 Check my I.D.--I work at the U.N. as
 an inspector. See? It's right in
 there--

BECKY
 O.K. O.K. I believe you. You're not
 toned enough for spywork anyway.

ANITA
 (miffed)
 Well, I work 90 hour weeks, and I
 have post-graduate studies--

BECKY
 Spare me. I have two degrees and a
 black belt. Let me know when to show
 you one of my headlocks...

ANITA
 (looking askance)
 Yeah--no problem...

BECKY
 What do you see in him, anyway? It's not like you can have a family with him--

ANITA
 What makes you think I want a family? I want every woman wants--I want respect, security, I want to feel the strong arms of my man and know he's going to be there for me...

BECKY
 (wistfully)
 Yeah--I had that once. Someone who thinks of you all the time. Someone who calls you all the time, and makes up pet names--

ANITA AND BECKY
 (dreamily, together)
 Like love monkey--

ANITA AND BECKY
 (continuing; together)
 What? He calls you love monkey? That's my name!

They face off, angry, then laughing as they realize they are in love with the same man.

ANITA
 He's Jack isn't he?

BECKY
 Yeah, and all that's left of him is right here!

She whips out the disc.

ANITA
 What do you mean? Where's Jack?

BECKY
 In the hospital, in a self-inflicted coma! He fell asleep with a
 (more)

BECKY (cont'd)
 mind-probe thingie on his head, and
 the software sucked his personality
 out! Now I've got to get to D.A.M.N.
 and modify him. I'm hoping if I
 completely download Jack into
 D.A.M.N. he'll "come to life" and
 help himself out of this mess. I
 don't know how to work this CTU
 thing--

(holds up CTU)

And I have feeling if I wait too
 long, the General is going to scrap
 D.A.M.N. and start over with a new
 unit. But he can't really if he
 doesn't have a CTU, so I'm safe in
 that way, but I don't want to take
 any chances. This is Jack's life at
 stake. The General may not care, but
 I sure as hell do!

ANITA

(cooly)

So where is the unit?

BECKY

Wouldn't you like to know? No, I'm
 only kidding. Actually I don't
 know--but I do have one idea.

She picks up the phone and dials.

BECKY

(continuing)

One of my husband's co-workers and
 his right hand man. Name's Evan.

(he answers)

Evan! Becky. Yeah, Jack's in the
 hospital. Total exhaustion. Yeah,
 never would have expected it, huh?
 Anyway, I need to get to the D.A.M.N.
 unit, any idea where it is?
 Really--the Anne Arundel Air Force
 Base? Which part? R & D? Classified?
 Yeah, I'm sure. O.K. Evan, thanks.
 I'll be sure to let you know what's
 up with Rip Van Winkle when he gets
 up. O.K. Bye!

She hangs up the phone.

BECKY

(continuing)

He's at Anne Arundel. Coming?

ANITA
 (slyly)
 I thought you'd never ask!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANNE ARUNDEL AIR FORCE BASE

Anita and Becky arrive at the base and plan their entry. There is a gate and two armed guards. They have on flight suits which they take off--underneath they wear Victoria's Secret lingerie. They put everything into duffel bags to carry. They approach the men at the gate.

ANITA
 Hey! Is this the Anne Arundel Air Force Base? We're looking for General Hallen! Supposed to be a bachelor party for one of the men--

BECKY
 It's going to be hot!
 (runs finger down
 chest of man)

SOLDIER
 Ladies! There are no social events scheduled for--

He is interrupted by a bottle over the back of his head. The other guard goes for his gun, but is outdrawn by Becky, who wields a snubnose.

BECKY
 Drop it, soldier--we aim to kill!

He drops the weapon and they tie and gag him, grabbing his clipboard. They don their suits and wear masks, entering the facility. Anita looks at the clipboard.

ANITA
 It says Quarantine is in Sector D. My bet is that's where he is.

BECKY
 Let's go!

They head down a long hallway, which comes to a T.

BECKY
 (continuing)
 Which way do we go?

ANITA
 (looking at map)
 Sector D is...north of here. That's
 left. Should be this way--

They run out of the hall onto a tarmac and through a field. The spotlights of control towers and airplanes flash as they run. They approach an innocuous building which is the one supposedly housing D.A.M.N. As they round the corner they are ambushed by guards.

SOLDIER
 (armed)
 Stop! You are trespassing--I will
 shoot if you move!

Before he can react Becky drop kicks him. The other guard swings his gun at her and she knocks it out of his hand, grabbing it and smashing him over the head.

ANITA
 Jesus Christ! Take no prisoners,
 girl!
 (laughs)
 How did you learn to do that?

BECKY
 It's not hard to find the time to
 become a brown belt when your husband
 constantly has his nose in a
 computer--

She opens her duffel bag and takes out the Japanese sword from the wall at her home.

BECKY
 (continuing)
 This is my defense of choice however.
 (cuts air with a
 slash, sword
 whistling
 millimeters from
 Anita's face)
 Jack got this for me when I won my
 first competition. It cost him an arm
 and a leg! Never had an actual reason
 to use it before now...
 (actually looks
 excited)

ANITA
 (somewhat intimidated)
 Whatever--

They move forward looking for the entrance. As they do a spotlight falls on them. A voice booms out over a loudspeaker.

GENERAL HALLEN

You! Intruders! Freeze! You are under surveillance! Move at your peril!

BECKY

Shit! That's the General. The bastard is going to blow everything. Move! Move! Move!

Becky and Anita frantically case the perimeter of the building, finally finding a place that seems to be the entrance. As they approach, a stream of soldiers emerges from it, obviously heading out to get them but heading in the other direction, as they have come around the building. Becky looks at Anita and hands her the disc.

BECKY

(continuing)

Listen, I'm going to distract these guys while you infiltrate the quarantine area. If all goes as I think, D.A.M.N. will take care of things from there. Now hurry up!

Anita runs into the entrance that the soldiers came out of. It is the locker room/prep area for their command. She exits the room and heads into the complex. She walks down a glass enclosed hallway overlooking a huge plexiglass structure which houses D.A.M.N. Men in white suits and clipboards adjust controls. As she gets closer to the action she sees D.A.M.N. lying on a slab, hooked up to a machine. Then, with a second glance she sees that the entrance to the room is through a very sophisticated looking security door. She watches a scientist take off his glove and press his thumbprint onto a scanner to get the door open. She reaches down into her duffel bag.

ANITA

I think this is what Becky had in mind when she packed this--

She pulls out what is obviously a hardcore explosive device, pulling the pin and tossing it at the entrance. A huge explosion ensues, tossing everyone through the air. Anita enters through the hole in the wall, approaching the squirming D.A.M.N.

ANITA

(continuing)

Don't worry my love! I'll free you!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(shaking his head)

I don't believe what I'm seeing! This must be a hallucination!

ANITA

(unhooking him)

I'll explain later--first just pop this in!

She jams the disc into his chest. He stiffens and receives the data, a transformation overcoming him, as he relaxes and loses the robotic rigidity of his movements. A look of surprise comes over his face as he looks down and around at his body. He lifts his arms, looking at his hands.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

How the hell did I get in here?

Jack's consciousness has now been completely downloaded into D.A.M.N. He is now virtually Jack. The change startles Anita. She looks kind of crossly at him.

ANITA

(jealous)

Do you remember who I am?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Yes, of course. But tell me--what's going on? Where am I?

ANITA

Good question--but listen. We don't have much time. Now that you're downloaded we have a lot to do--

Just then the squadron of soldiers bursts into the room. D.A.M.N. grabs Anita and mows them down with a laser assault. They fall to the ground, blinded.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(to Anita)

What now?

ANITA

We have to find Becky!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Becky! Why the heck is she here?

ANITA

To save your sorry ass, Jack! Or should I say jack-ass?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

What do mean by that?

ANITA

Well, if you hadn't invented this sorry excuse for cannon fodder than the General would never have taken advantage of you, you never would have created D.A.M.N. and I never would have--would have--

(angry hesitation)

Fallen in love with a monster!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Why am I now a monster?

ANITA

I didn't fall in love with you Jack! I fell in love with D.A.M.N. He was sweet and kind and innocent. He was like a babe in the woods, fresh and clean. Not some egomaniac, hell-driven to suck up to his superiors. What did you expect, a promotion? Yeah, maybe six feet under! For you and for Becky! What were you thinking when you downloaded your friggin' mind onto computer? What did you hope to gain?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

There was no other way. My CTU was completely experimental. It would have been illegal to use it on anyone else. As a matter of fact, I'm going to need the CTU to revert back to normal--

ANITA

Not to worry--Becky's got it with her.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

For God's sake, why?

ANITA

The government is after her, Jacko. Wake up! The minute you were

(more)

ANITA (cont'd)
 incapacitated, the General took
 control of the project and removed
 you and Becky from the plan! We've
 got to stop the General before he's
 able to subvert your research!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 Check. Using X-Ray infra-red heat
 imaging to locate Becky--

CUT TO:

EXT. SECTOR D

We go back to where Becky split off from Anita. As the
 soldiers stream out of the exit, she bolts out onto the
 tarmac in the other direction and fires off a flare.

BECKY
 Over here, assholes!

They all hustle toward her, and she heads off toward another
 building. As she runs, carrying her sword and her bag, she
 looks behind her at the approaching squadron. When she
 returns her vision forward, the General and another squadron
 of men stand before her.

GENERAL HALLEN
 Where do you think you're going now,
 Missy?

BECKY
 Don't--
 (jumps into a kick)
 Call--
 (kicks front soldier)
 Me--
 (spins and kicks
 another)
 Missy!
 (drops another)

Her final stance ends with her sword inches from the face of
 the General. The remaining soldiers fix their weapons on her.
 She stands and looks at the General. He spits a wad of
 tobacco juice onto the ground.

BECKY

(continuing)

You are a despicable piece of shit,
you know that, sir?

The other squadron runs up, surrounding her.

GENERAL HALLEN

Can you define 'shit' missy?

A soldier comes up from behind her and knocks her out with
the butt of his assault weapon. Darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL HALLEN'S SECRET LAB

Becky awakes strapped to a table. The room is filled with
immobile cyborgs strapped in a similar state. The General
stands above her on a platform, the CTU stuck on his head.
She struggles but is securely fastened. She looks up in
disgust.

BECKY

General, you must be insane if you
think you will get away with this!
Kidnapping, attempted murder--what's
next?

GENERAL HALLEN

So! You're awake already! Perhaps
you'll be witness to the legacy your
husband was good enough to leave
behind! You see around you the
beginnings of what I have planned for
that legacy--an army of super-cyborgs
programmed by the only man in this
army qualified to be the human
prototype of the ultimate
soldier--me!

BECKY

You sick bastard--this is not what
Jack intended you do with his
invention. It's a peacekeeping robot
not a wardroid! Besides, they'll shut
you down as soon as you step out of
here!

GENERAL HALLEN

If they can stop me you mean! Look
around you little missy--the cyborgs
(more)

GENERAL HALLEN (cont'd)
 are coming to life! The CTU is
 letting me download their commands
 mentally--I don't have to make a
 program--I can become them virtually
 from right here! Watch!

He lifts his arm. All the cyborgs lying on the tables lift their arms.

GENERAL HALLEN
 (continuing)
 Rise and shine men! We have work to
 do!

They all sit up. The General laughs maniacally, drunk on power.

GENERAL HALLEN
 (continuing)
 So you see little missy that I intend
 to do what I have always dreamt of.
 Conquer and fight in an army at my
 command--at my disposal. I'll make my
 own foreign policy! The hell with
 those liberals in the Senate!

BECKY
 If you're so all-powerful, then why
 don't you let me go, you old--

As she speaks the wall explodes, and D.A.M.N. comes busting through. Anita stands behind him with an assault rifle.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 You've got a lot of explaining to do,
 General. Like treason for one
 thing--have you gone insane. This is
 a project overseen by the U.N.! You
 could start a world war!

GENERAL HALLEN
 Yeah well, at least I'll be able to
 go out with a bang, destroying the
 communist country of my choice!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 You can't just attack anyone whose
 policies you don't agree with you old
 fart! I was built to destroy people
 just like you!

He rips the restraints off Becky.

GENERAL HALLEN
Cyborgs! Destroy them!

The restraints pop off the tables and the cyborgs rise, zombie style, heading for all three of them.

GENERAL HALLEN
(continuing)
Rip them to shreds my army! Your first mission for the cause of true democracy!

They close in on them as D.A.M.N. vaults into action, fist-fighting like a madman. Becky has become a martial arts maniac, spinning and kicking every moving thing. Anita is cursing, shooting her assault weapon, mowing down everything in her path. They somehow overwhelm the numbers and end up with the General with his back to the wall surrounded by a protective ring of his cyborgs.

BECKY
So General, what will it be? Do you come peacefully or do we have to eliminate every last one of you?

GENERAL HALLEN
(sarcastically)
Oh, I guess that would depend on whether or not I cared about Jack's safety right now. Hmmm...could there be someone there with him at this very moment who is providing just the right amount of care for him--perhaps
(gets progressively angrier)
A slight pressure to the throat!?

They all look at each other--what to do?

GENERAL HALLEN
(continuing)
Did you think I'd let him live to duplicate his invention? I am now the sole owner and patent holder of the CTU and with it I will rule the world!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
Please--I could make one in my sleep! Now it's really time for us to mop the floor with you little man--

D.A.M.N. goes for his arsenal and pulls out a weapon.

BECKY

D.A.M.N.! Wait! He's right--we can't gamble with Jack's life. We have to go to him...without Jack we're nothing--I'm nothing...

She drops her sword. D.A.M.N. picks up Becky and Anita and takes off through the hole. Up they fly into the sky, as the General laughs in triumph.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Jack lies in bed in the dim fluorescent light.

PAN TO:

The window as we see a shadowy figure similar to the earlier intruder. He is jimmying the window in an obvious entry attempt. We see a hand tap him on the shoulder. He turns around and gets knocked out by D.A.M.N. Anita and Becky applaud. Becky looks in on Jack--he is still sleeping, blissfully unaware.

BECKY

If only he knew all the trouble he's caused--

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Believe me--he knows! And he will remember all this once I build another CTU and get us both back to normal...

ANITA

And how do we do that?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Just get me back to our house--I mean your house-- and I'll have one made in a jiffy!

BECKY

O.K. Here's the keys. I'm staying here to protect the zombie. Hurry up though--I'm exhausted!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE

Anita and D.A.M.N. arrive at the house and begin working on a new CTU prototype.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

One more crossover and we're done--can I get you to solder that last leg on there for me?

ANITA

Sure, D.A.M.N. You know, you were great out there. You saved all of us--

(puts her hand on his)

Thank you--

(goes to kiss him)

They embrace passionately for a moment and then abruptly stop.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

I can't--I can't do this. I'm in love with Becky--she's my wife.

ANITA

(crushed)

But you're not Jack. He is--

(points to a picture of Jack and Becky)

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

I am in here.

(points to chest)

Until I get this CTU to revert, "our relationship" is kind of on hold.

ANITA

(coldly)

I can see that. Is this thing ready?

(points to CTU)

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Yeah. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Becky is asleep on Jack's chest as D.A.M.N. and Anita enter the room.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Isn't that sweet--I almost hate to wake them--

(puts his hand on
Becky's shoulder)

Hello? I have something you've been waiting for--

(dangles the CTU)

This should only take a minute or two.

Becky sits up and tries to gain her composure while D.A.M.N. puts the CTU on Jack's head and hooks himself up to it via his chestplate. The readings on his chestscreen tell what is going on as we see a change in Jack's condition. Color returns to his face and he wakes up slowly, opening his eyes to the excitement of the trio. D.A.M.N. too, shudders a little, experiencing a change.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(continuing)

Watch this--"What's happening? Where am I?"

JACK JOHNSON

What's happening? Where am I?

BECKY

Jack! It's me, Becky! You're in the hospital--you had a breakdown--

JACK JOHNSON

That's not possible--I'm not sick--

ANITA

That's debatable!

JACK JOHNSON

Who are you?

BECKY

Jack, this is Anita Rasmani, an inspector for the U.N. and D.A.M.N.'s "girlfriend". Uhm, the run down is that you fell asleep with your CTU on, and it robbed you of your subconscious, causing you to have a

(more)

BECKY (cont'd)
 complete physical breakdown. I'm
 assuming that was unintentional...
 (rolls her eyes)

JACK JOHNSON
 Yes--it's all coming back to me now.
 That and all that's happened
 since--with the General, the napalm,
 the battle with Amin. D.A.M.N.--I
 have your memories--I can "see" what
 you did in my mind. This is
 incredible!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 Yeah--now we're more like twin
 brothers than father and son!

BECKY
 (obviously tweaked by
 the thought)
 Yeah, well what's important is that
 you are O.K. and back to normal, and
 that's the way you're going to stay.
 No more overworking for the
 General--he's history. I told you he
 was insane, Jack. And now you guys
 have got to do something about him.
 He's out there somewhere with the
 CTU--

JACK JOHNSON
 There's not much he can do without an
 army--yet a CTU in the wrong hands is
 problem enough. But then there's the
 revenge angle...

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 I say we drop it. We've gotten what
 we want
 (holds up unconscious
 intruder)
 --proof that the General was corrupt,
 and Jack's back to normal. None of us
 was irreparably harmed--let's move
 on.

ANITA
 (in love)
 Spoken like a true
 diplomat--D.A.M.N., you are my kind
 of man!

She gives him a kiss and they all laugh. All but Becky.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE, AMERICA

Billy colors a picture. His father walks in the room and looks over him.

FATHER

What are you doing Billy?

BILLY

(sticks tongue out
corner of mouth)

I'm coloring another get-well picture
for D.A.M.N. the Machine...

FATHER

That's what I came in to tell
you--they just announced on the news
that he's all well. Even better than
well apparently, as he's smashed
another military group.

BILLY

Really? Then he's back to normal?
Hooray? Let's go watch it--
(runs out of the room)
C'mon Dad!

Billy turns on the TV. The news gives a spun re-cap of the events at the military base.

NEWSCASTER

A rogue paramilitary group,
apparently led by General Hallen, a
decorated war commander of the U.S.
Army, attempted to not only kidnap
Becky Johnson--the wife of military
engineer and D.A.M.N. the Machine
creator, Jack Johnson--but sources
tell us that he was attempting to
amass an army of cyborgs for an
unknown reason. The kidnapping, as
well as an attempt on the life of
Jack Johnson himself, was averted by
D.A.M.N. the Machine, who was
recovering at the hospital at Anne
Arundel Air Force Base. The cyborg
has fully recovered from the injuries
received at the hands of dictator
(more)

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)

Mbumbe Amin, and is expected to be commended publicly by the President at a ceremony on Monday. In other news, North Korean war commander, Chang Guy Chek announced a forced exodus of democratic supporters in that country today. An aircraft carrier filled with refugees, said to be "packed in like sardines" left port this morning on what the commander said was quote "a return trip home for traitors and infidels". Government officials were hard-pressed to decipher the ship's actual destination and the purpose of the launch, but it is assumed that the ship is bound for the U.S. and that the refugees are being "deported". Attempts to board the ship by U.N. mediators were met with military response, and no communications were acknowledged.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN OF OPERATIONS, WAR COMMANDER CHANG GUY CHEK

CHANG GUY CHEK
(watching the news
also)

These Americans have no idea what I have in store for them...no idea whatsoever. The events of the coming weeks will bring those capitalist cretins to their knees! They and their military abomination of nature! What are the current coordinates of the vessel?

MINION

Passing through the Tropic of Cancer now, sir.

CHANG GUY CHEK

Good, we are right on schedule. Let me guess, it's now being "escorted" by the Americans.

MINION

Satellite radar confirms two warboats, four airplanes and one nuclear submarine.

CHANG GUY CHEK

Yes, when all is in readiness,
initiate the final phase of Plan B.
I regret truly what I must do but as
war commander that sentiment is
meaningless. The dogs of democracy
must be destroyed using any and all
means possible. The demoralization of
America has begun. May hate rule! May
their children lick our boots!

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE, AMERICA

Billy licks a stamp and puts it on an envelope. His father
walks into the room.

FATHER

What are you doing now, Billy?

BILLY

(scribbling fiercely)

I'm writing a letter to D.A.M.N. the
Machine since he's all better. I want
him to come to show and tell with me
at school. I know he probably won't
come but at least he'll know I want
to meet him!

FATHER

Let me see that--hmmm. It's very well
done but perhaps I can provide a
translation when you send it. Good
idea, Billy. You never know--maybe
your wish will come true. And
remember--if you never try, you'll
never succeed.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK AND BECKY'S HOUSE

Jack and Becky lie in bed, post love-making.

BECKY

That was great. It's been too long.

JACK JOHNSON

(rolling eyes,
smacking forehead)

That's what they all say!

BECKY

You! Seriously, I can't remember the last time we made love like this. The past few years have been hell. We were really coming apart--we can't afford to let this happen to us again. Promise me it won't, Jack--

JACK JOHNSON

(looking into her eyes, sincerely)

Beck--if you think I'm gonna let anything come between us again, you're crazy! I love you--and I won't ever let work get the best of me again. Besides, I've had it with research and development. It's time me and you did a little travelling...

BECKY

Like where?

JACK JOHNSON

Oh--Fiji would be nice. Some tropical island where no one could ever find us...somewhere where it would just be me and you. And if we wanted to start our own colony we could!

BECKY

Hmmm...sounds good. But what kind of colony would it be--ant...leper...?

JACK JOHNSON

(smiling, grabs crotch imitating Michael Jackson)

I was thinking penal...

BECKY

(laughs, hits him with pillow)

You pig!

JACK JOHNSON

Hey--you weren't complaining a second ago!

He clicks on the TV. It immediately flashes D.A.M.N.'s face.

JACK JOHNSON

(continuing)

He's really kicking ass isn't he?

BECKY

(annoyed)

Yeah--he really comes in handy when
you screw up--

NEWSCASTER

Crowds packed the first public
appearance by the cyborg hero since
his release and subsequent
accomplishments.

(camera shows D.A.M.N.
at rally in D.C.)

A cyborg-mania seems to be taking
hold in most cities as action figures
and other merchandise is flying off
the shelves, with retailers
scrambling to re-order, caught by
this unexpected turn of events.

(an empty aisle of
Toys R Us)

Fan clubs are popping up all over--
(throng of adulating
fans wearing
D.A.M.N. shirts,
chanting in the
streets)

And mail to the government office
handling his PR has become
unmanageable.

(piles of mailbags in
office)

JACK JOHNSON

Looks like we've got a new Elvis on
our hands...

Becky grimaces.

BECKY

What's going on with that aircraft
carrier full of refugees? Why doesn't
D.A.M.N. investigate?

JACK JOHNSON

That's been deemed too politically
sensitive at this point. He'll
probably get involved later in the
game...

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY BASE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

CLOSE UP:

D.A.M.N.'s face. He is wearing sun glasses like a movie star. The camera pans back to reveal that he is sitting at a desk surrounded by mailbags in the office that was on the news. Anita sits nearby opening envelopes. A huge pile of already opened mail sits in front of him. At lightning speed he accumulates a huge pile of completed fan mail for return, each one getting a signed photo and a pamphlet. A stream of mailing labels shoots out of his chest from his faxunit. He affixes them at a ridiculously fast past, tossing them into the out basket.

CLOSE UP:

The pamphlet is seen--it looks like something distributed by DARE, but a lot more political. It's also a draft registration/citizenship hype booklet.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

It's nice to be loved, but this promo stuff they make me send out is such--such--

ANITA

Propaganda?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Yeah, I guess that's what you'd call it...I wish I had the money to make my own fan merchandise. I'd make it cool--

ANITA

How much do you make, by the way--if you don't mind me asking?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Make?

ANITA

Yeah--make, as in salary, as in cash for putting your ass on the line. Not to mention for the use of your likeness on all the stinkin' merch they're pushing?!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(shrugs)

Nothing. As far as I know, I'm not qualified for any additional benefits aside from what's provided for me--my room, board, food and upkeep is all covered. What do I need to buy?

ANITA

That's not the point. The point is that they're exploiting you, and whatever money they're generating is oiling the machine that produced General Hallen...

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

I never thought of it that way...I'm going to have to give that some serious consideration.

ANITA

(holding out a
polaroid)

You do that. Look--isn't that darling? It's a picture of a baby named after you.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

So what--? There's a whole town named after me now in Iowa somewhere...
(rustles through pile)

ANITA

(noticing difference)
in character, more
like Jack)

Must be nice to impress yourself so much--

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Aww, I didn't mean that the way it sounded. Hey, here's another letter from Billy in California. He sent me a couple of get well cards in the hospital--

ANITA

How can you remember?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Everything I read, I scan. It's permanently in my database.

His chest screen flashes a child's drawing. It is a scan of Billy's get well card.

ANITA

What does it say?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(smiling)

It says that he wants me to come to his school as his guest for show and tell.

ANITA

(skeptically)

Yeah him and everyone else in America.

(points to pile)

And the world!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(continuing)

He says they have it every Monday and he would be honored if I would attend. Well, I am positively charmed--Billy--you're gonna get your wish!!

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE, AMERICA

It is early morning before school. Mom prepares Billy's lunch for him in the kitchen. She finishes up and walks into the hallway, calling up the stairs.

MOTHER

Billy, come on down! It's time for school...

Billy runs down the stairs into the kitchen.

BILLY

Hi, Mom!

MOTHER

Good morning, my baby!

BILLY

C'mon Mom!

MOTHER

O.K. My big man--do you want some eggs?

BILLY

No, I'll just take a doughnut--
(grabs one)

The guys are gonna play cyborg at the
bus stop and I wanna be D.A.M.N.
(runs out)

MOTHER

(gives look of
importance)

O.K.! Can't miss that. Have a good
day!

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE, AMERICA

Camera shot is from the roof of Billy's house, as Billy runs out the door and across the yard. In the distance we can see the other kids waiting for the bus.

PAN BACK:

To reveal that D.A.M.N. is standing on the roof, hands on hips, wearing a backpack. He flies up and over the scene, the panarama of the gorgeous suburban landscape is seen. He watches the kids gather and play, imitating him and his fights with his enemies. He smiles broadly at their exploits. The bus comes and we follow it the short distance to the school, as they pile out into the schoolyard. He shoots past the kids, as they all point and cheer. Billy looks up at the sky and smiles. He knows exactly what's going on. D.A.M.N. touches down and the children gather round.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Hey kids--great to see you!
(takes off backpack)

Here--I brought something for
everyone...

(hands out pamphlets)

These can be redeemed at any
government office for a promo pack
full of my merchandise...

KIDS

COOL!! WOW MAN THIS IS GREAT! CAN YOU
GIVE ME ONE FOR MY LITTLE BROTHER?
CAN I TOUCH YER BANUKA?

BILLY

(standing outside the crowd, looking straight at him)

You came. I knew you would.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(looks up from autographing, catches Billy's gaze and parts crowd)

You must be Billy. Kids--Billy here is the one who asked me to be here, as his guest.

KIDS

(in awe)

WOW! You know D.A.M.N. the Machine? No one's ever gonna mess with you! Cool!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

While I was in the hospital, Billy sent me letters, pictures he drew of me and gave me a lot of hope.

(flashes mail on his chestscreen)

I wanted to let him know that I appreciated that, and that a friend who's there when you're down is worth a thousand hospitals...Thanks kid--

(puts arm around him)

The kids go crazy with cheers and adulation. They hoist Billy up and carry him into class with D.A.M.N. The teacher looks amazed as they enter.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY'S SCHOOL

An hour later as the press has obviously arrived and packed the little school. D.A.M.N. leaves, but takes time out to have a press conference.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Thanks for coming, but this was not a public relation event in the normal sense. I was personally visiting Billy here--

(more)

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE (cont'd)
 (cameras flash
 picture of Billy and
 D.A.M.N. as it will
 be seen in the
 papers)

And wanted to see his classroom. That
 done, I really must move on to the
 Capitol where I am to meet the
 President to receive my congressional
 medal of honor...

He shoots off into the sky. Everyone waves, the kids still
 jostling and mussing up Billy.

CUT TO:

EXT. AWARD CEREMONY-WASHINGTON MONUMENT GROUNDS

All eyes are on D.A.M.N. the Machine and the President, as
 the congressional medal of honor is bestowed upon the cyborg.

PRESIDENT

It is a privilege to extend the
 highest honor in the land to a hero
 who has proven himself again and
 again in the fight against terrorism.
 A soldier unprecedented in the annals
 of war--a super-strong terrorist
 fighting machine who has changed the
 political landscape of the world
 through his selfless actions--I give
 you a hero of the highest
 magnitude--I give to you D.A.M.N. the
 Machine!!!

The crowd goes wild. D.A.M.N. steps up to the podium, wearing
 the medal. Anita stands on the side of the stage, beaming.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Ladies and gentlemen, I want to take
 this time to thank each and every one
 of you who has sent me mail and
 expressed interest in my recovery and
 personal well-being. Believe me,
 coming from an artificial being, that
 is a great compliment, because it
 means you accept me for who I am, and
 that feels good. Because sometimes,
 I don't know if I'm just some
 appliance that does as it's
 programmed to, or if I'm actually a
 sentient, feeling individual.

Eyes mist up. The crowd responds.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

(continuing)

I know that I care. I know that I
want to make a difference. Does that
make me human?

(getting emotional)

Does that at least make me someone?

He strikes the podium. The crowd goes wild. Tears roll from every eye. Anita is crying and puffing with pride.

CLOSE UP:

D.A.M.N. soaking in the adulation, waving to the cheering crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER FULL OF REFUGEES

The deck of the ship teems with people, mostly sickly and miserable looking mothers, children, and elderly. The camera moves about the ship, giving a full glimpse of the carnage yet to be. Room upon room of people in the quarters beneath and elsewhere. As the camera pans away from the ship, a hissing sound is audibly detectable. A mother holding a baby wrinkles her nose. A refugee removes a scarf, getting hot. A gas is now visible. A kitten pokes its head out of the pocket of a young boy, then ducks back in. The mother collapses on the ground on top of her baby. All around her do the same, as the camera races from victim to victim all across the ship, each suffering the same fate. People riot, scrambling to the decks, and falling over the edge. Piles of bodies remain, the crewless ship (they are all shown dead), pushing on through the fog on autopilot. The entire ship has been euthanized.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE--OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW

The light from Billy's room on the second floor spills out onto the huge tree outside his window. All of a sudden there is movement in the tree. It is D.A.M.N. looking in on Billy. Billy sits on the floor inside playing with his toys.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Psst--hey Kid! Billy! C'mere!

BILLY

(not surprised at all)
 Hey! What are you doing here? Will
 you take me for a ride?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

I don't know--your parents--

BILLY

My Dad just fell asleep. We just had
 dinner and my Mom is doing the
 dishes. Let's go!
 (jumps up into the
 tree)

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Whoa, now! Hold it! Grab hold
 tightly...we'll go for a short
 spin...
 (they fly into the
 sky)

They do a few spins around the neighborhood, and then come
 back. They climb back into Billy's room.

BILLY

That is intense--thanks!

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

No, thank YOU, Billy. That was one of
 the reasons I came here tonight. I
 didn't get a chance to say goodbye
 the way I wanted to earlier today.
 Your friends seemed to get a kick out
 of it, didn't they?

BILLY

Man, did they ever--I don't think
 anyone expected it! But Dad said he
 knew you would come! What do you get
 with those pamphlets, an action
 figure?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE

Oh, those stupid things. The
 government makes me give them
 out...they give you a pin and get
 your address and other personal info
 for their "mailing list". Big
 Brother's little brother that's me!
 You know, sometimes this job really
 gets to you, little guy. I'm supposed
 (more)

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE (cont'd)
 to be a war machine, but I just got
 a girlfriend, and I think I'm in
 love! Now, I'm a national hero and I
 have to make daily public
 appearances, and no one cares about
 what I want--what I think is right!

BILLY
 Can you make yourself disappear?

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 What do you mean?

BILLY
 Invisible. Can you make yourself
 invisible? Then when people want you
 to do something you don't want to do,
 they won't be able to find you!

Right then his alarm unit beeps.

D.A.M.N. THE MACHINE
 (rolls eyes)
 That'll be the day. No, I don't have
 any invisibility software yet. But
 you have given me some interesting
 food for thought. Thanks again for
 your friendship, and I'll be seeing
 you--
 (flies off)

Billy watches him shoot off, his flames disappearing into the
 night, mingling with the stars.

PAN BACK:

To bird's eye view of Billy in window watching D.A.M.N.

The camera moves down one story.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE, AMERICA

Billy's mother prepares dinner. The TV on the counter blares.

NEWSCASTER
 Today thousands die as War Commander
 Chang Guy Chek blasts America and the
 world community for what he calls
 "crimes against humanity". Good
 evening, ladies and gentlemen. In a
 shockingly bizarre twist, the
 (more)

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)
 thousands of refugees on board the
 U.S.-bound aircraft carrier out of
 Bangkok were reportedly killed by a
 chemical of war as they approached
 the harbors of the U.S.

The camera switches to Chang Guy Chek addressing the U.N.

CHANG GUY CHEK
 I am morally outraged and appalled at
 this blatant attack on my people.
 Carnage of this level has never
 before been witnessed in the history
 of modern man! I call upon the world
 community in condemning this attack
 and to join me in declaring world war
 on the criminal regime known as
 America! My retaliation will be swift
 and strong to be sure. Troops stand
 at the ready to respond!

CUT BACK TO:

NEWSCASTER
 Diplomats from the United States
 vigorously denied Chang Guy Chek's
 accusations saying there was no
 indication that this was an American
 attack. Chang Guy Chek continued to
 maintain the West's culpability,
 however.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN OF OPERATIONS, WAR COMMANDER CHANG GUY CHEK

CHANG GUY CHEK
 At last everything is in readiness.
 In one swift motion I have solved two
 problems. Firstly, the problem of
 what to do with unwanted protesters
 and free-speech demonstrators, the
 insane, the indigent and their like.
 Ingeniously I have used them as
 cannon fodder to alleviate the main
 problem which is the plague and
 poverty my people suffer due to our
 lack of natural resources.
 Over-population has caused our
 eco-system to collapse, hence my
 solution: mass exodus to a more
 hospitable environment--the American
 (more)

CHANG GUY CHEK (cont'd)
Midwest. After all--it's not being
used!

(cackles madly)
Support from the world community for
such action would be understandably
slim... However, if an act of
undeniable terrorism provoked us to
make such a move--who could say we
were not justified in taking such a
step? So I sacrifice a few cripples
for the good of my country--in the
end history will declare me a great
warrior and nobleman! I will usher in
a new era for my people--a new
country in a new land!

He turns to a huge screen behind him. Troops by the thousands
stand at attention, and other monitors show men loading boats
and planes with military gear, preparing for war. He walks
out of the room and down a hall. He opens a door and walks
into a very sophisticated broadcasting studio that looks like
a CNN center. He sits down in the chair and the camera pans
in on him.

CHANG GUY CHEK
(continuing)
My people, I come to you with a heavy
heart. As you know the Western dogs
have killed our people with great
impunity and no provocation. They
think that because we are small in
size that we are weak! But we are
great in number and we shall strike
back! Join the cause my citizens--the
party asks that you prepare for the
ultimate confrontation. Our land has
been long depleted of resources and
I know your suffering. There is only
one solution: We are organizing for
a mass attack on the shores of the
West Coast of America, and a sweep
east to blaze a trail for the new
frontier--and a new beginning for
North Kilea. With this bold move our
children's children will have much to
celebrate--the birth of a new nation
and the death of an evil enemy--

He breaks a bamboo rod.

CHANG GUY CHEK
(continuing)
The United States of America!