

(Name of Project)

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(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
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INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

Black. Utter and absolute.

A heavy metal door screams a metallic protest as it is forced open.

A piercing white beam cuts through the pitch.

Followed by a second.

CROSS (O.S.)
Lights are out.

HANSEN (O.S.)
Gotta be a power switch around here
somewhere.

Illuminate abandoned rows of computer consoles. Covered under plastic tarps. Cables, loose wires dangle from the partially collapsed ceiling. Water trickles in stagnant puddles.

Dust everywhere. Rubble where part of a wall gave way.

CROSS (O.S.)
Jesus, when was the last time
anybody was in here?

Flashlight plays across a workstation. Opens a dusty box.

Pictures of a robust, handsome Afro American man, MICHAEL COLLINS, shaking the hand of a slender goateed man in a power suit. A prosthetic arm on a control pedestal sits in front of them. Underneath: 2008 Stark Fellowship Recipient; Michael Collins.

Diplomas. Accolades. Accomplishments. Well studied. Well revered.

Michael with his vivacious, stunning wife, TRACY and youthful energetic son, NICK.

HANSEN (O.S.)
I dunno. Not since the quake, at
least. Eight, nine years?

A heavy cloth covers a large portion of the back wall. Hansen pulls back a corner of the cloth. Flashlight beam hits a switch. Toggled on.

A grid above the switch flashes. Steadies. Glows.

'Deathlok Unit Active'

Power burps and starts. Cuts out. Flares on. Lighted cable runs glow under the cloth.

BLANK COMPUTER SCREEN - DEATHLOK POV

A red line shoots across the screen. Stops. Expands.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

Flashes in jarring bits and pieces.

Burnt out buildings, overgrown. Abandoned machinery.

COMPUTER
Weapons systems active. Commencing
test run.

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

CROSS (O.S.)
Found it.

Cross throws the breaker.

Random lights pop on. Sparks fly. Florescent tubes explode.

The heavy cloth catches fire. Other tarps ignite.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

A stylized plasma pistol snaps in view. Fingers flex.

An operating room. Voices. Bright lights. Whirling gears.
Computer code on barely glimpsed monitors. Blood.

Systematic updates and information scroll across the screen.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What the...? Where the hell am I?

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

Hansen disgorges a fire extinguisher. The flames die. The
room is full of smoke. And slowly fills with light.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

Reflection of a reflection. The back of the patient's head is
open. Computer modules fused into an open brain cavity.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
This can't be... I'm inside?

HARLAN RYKER, from the photo, steps up to Michael's workstation. Grips the prosthetic hand. Shakes. Smiles.

The prosthetic releases. Harlan rubs his hand. Nods agreeably. Wide grin. Firmly shakes Michael's hand.

Flashback image overlays Deathlok's hand. THEY ARE THE SAME.

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

Smoke wafts around metal fingers. They flex. Strain. Pull against restraints. The restraints tear away from the wall.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

Delta squad soldier disabled quickly in hand to hand combat.

HU
The AI CPU interfaces with all
organic brain functions...

Flashes of micro-cables, bioptics. Legs, arms and an eye.

HU (cont'd)
...exposed tissue...sheathed by an
adamantium/titanium alloy...maximum
flexibility and protection.

Schematics of the left eye superimpose over the real thing.

HU (cont'd)
...increase baseline human reaction
time by 200%.

The eye snap zooms. Focuses on a target on the battlefield.

HU (cont'd)
All powered by a plutonium power
cell...minimum range of 145 years.

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

Through the clearing smoke, a bionic eye glows. Lights up.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What the hell is DCIP?

On the monitor: 'Access Denied.'

DWORMAN

Are you really that altruistic?

Automated pulse rifles swing in place from hidden bunkers.

On the monitor: 'Access granted. Deathlok Cyberunit Interface Protocols.'

DWORMAN (cont'd)

..you may not like what you find...

The screen fills with design specs. Organic and mechanical interface. Plutonium power cells.

The drawings on the computer screen flash to their real life counterparts.

A reflection in the chrome. The body on the operating table. His mind zeroes in on it.

It's HIM. It's Michael Collins.

Michael screams.

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

Cybernetic knee pushes appears out of the fog. Restraints snap and pop. A metal booted foot comes free. Smoke swirls.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

COMPUTER

Insigate Demolisher protocols.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Oh my God.

Troops rappel from the deck of an Apache helicopter transport.

The Apache explodes in a rain of fire and machinery.

COMPUTER

Targets acquired.

Two shots. Two kills.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Dammit. No. Computer stop.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (cont'd)

Invoke Dragonfly.

The guns fires.

AND MISSES. At point blank range.

HELLINGER
 ...destroy the unit. Zero
 tolerance.

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

An inhuman moan escapes the creature as it struggles to free itself. Cross and Hansen back slowly away, mesmerized. Flashlights locked on the source of their terror.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

MAJOR BURR (O.S.)
 Target painted.

Concussive round explodes next to him, blowing him into side of a nearby building.

A sleek Drone Mircotank moves in.

COMPUTER
 Gila class Armadillo drone.

The tank mirrored on a screen.

A TV screen. In his living room. Watched by his 7 year old son. NICK COLLINS. Precocious. Beaming.

NICK
 When you find peace within
 yourself, you become...

TRACY (O.S.)
 ...the kind of person who can live
 at peace with others.

TRACY COLLINS, 32, framed in the glow of the sun through the patio doors. A vision of symmetrical beauty and grace.

MICHAEL
 Tracy?

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

DEATHLOK
 Tracy?

The bound body heaves and pulls. Lights flash. Steam explodes out of ruptured pipes as the creature frees itself. It falls hard at the base of the restraining table. The smoke clears.

It rises.

FLASHBACK. DEATHLOK POV

MICHAEL
... 'no kill' parameter. Priority one. No countermand.

COMPUTER
... implementing new command codes.

MICHAEL
Bingo.

The rearview mirror. Michael sees his face in the mirror. And another reflection.

Harlan Ryker smiles. Raises a gun. The muzzle flashes.

The computer tracks the remote cameras. He approaches the closest camera.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Harlan. I'm coming for you.

Levels the pistol at the camera. Fires. Screen goes black.

Harlan wields a energy dampener. Flames everywhere. Hits Michael full in the chest.

RYKER
Sorry, buddy.

Ryker looks through a metal grid.

RYKER (cont'd)
Shut him down. Lock it up. Lose the key.

INT. DERELICT LAB - DAY

The smoke settles. The dim lights of the lab glow fuller.

Deathlok stands.

7 foot tall zombie cyborg.

Green gray fetid flesh. A nasal cavity that is no more than two slits in his face. A festered scar zig zags down the right side of his face.

Adaman-Titanium sheath over his feet, legs, hips, left arm.
Enhanced by yellow glowing fiber optics. Chest plate.
Burnished burgundy.

A cable runs from the center of his chest to the unit behind
him. He YANKS it out.

DEATHLOK
Where is Harlan Ryker?

On the monitor: 'Deathlok unit online'.