

Robotech: The Andrews Incident

A return to the seminal events of the Second Robotech War,
based on the concepts of
Megazone 23 Part One and **Robotech: The Untold Story**.

Version 2.0 (4/11/1999)

Some dialogue, inspiration, etc. taken from the following sources:

1. The Streamline/Orion dub of **Megazone 23 Part One**;
 2. **Best Hit Series: Megazone 23 Graffiti**;
 3. The script of the Sawyer Productions subtitled version of **Megazone 23 Part One**, Translated by Michael House & Edited by Carl Gustav Horn III;
 4. "Robotech: The Movie" Synopsis from **Robotech Art 3**, by Carl Macek;
- and 5. **Megazone 23 Part Two** "Bonus Footage", which is the new art from **Robotech: The Untold Story**, done in **Megazone 23 Part One's** art style, and featured at the beginning of **Part Two**, labeled as a "Present for You".

Author:

Stan Bundy (in its current form)

Author's notes:

The whole idea of this fanfic started out in a debate on how to make a more canonical version of the movie, **Robotech: The Untold Story**. At that time, few of us were aware of the radical editing that had occurred (such as the total rearrangement of **Megazone 23's** scenes into an order more suited for the needs of its writers), and even fewer were aware that **Megazone 23** REALLY DID have connections to **Robotech**. It was revealed in a question and answer session at a 1995 anime convention that **Megazone 23**, when it was still being worked on as a TV series outline, as opposed to one of the first OVA releases, was intended to be the sequel to **Mospeada**, now better known as the "Invid Invasion" episodes of **Robotech**.

A few things had to be changed in the making of this fanfic, and are generally taken from one version or the other. First of all, I'm keeping the **Megazone** scenes in order. Second, I'm using the **R:TUS** concept that Mark and Becky (a.k.a. Shogo & Yui) were already dating before the beginning of the feature. This, of course, involves rewriting the dialogue of the first scene (especially), and in later scenes, but that's only minor, and to be expected. Besides, in a REAL Tokyo-sized city, even a rebuilt smaller one, the idea that a guy could randomly meet a girl in rush hour traffic, and it turn out to be the roommate of two other girls he hangs around with, but apparently never heard of, is kinda impossible (methinks EVE was somehow responsible for pairing the two in **Megazone**). Lastly, while no EXISTING **Southern Cross**, **Macross** or **Mospeada** footage is used in this version, I have notes for a few new shots, that would be done in 35mm to match **Megazone**, mainly as backdrops for the new opening sequence (could be cribbed from other anime movies), and to strengthen the fact that this is, in fact, the script of a **Robotech** movie, not just an altering of a **Megazone 23** script. There will be other changes, but they are more interpretations of the existing concepts from the source materials than totally new items. I would also love to eventually rewrite this story as a prose style fanfic, but it's easier to do it as a script right now, as I'm using video dialogue and a fan script as basis for some of the dialogue that would be the same in any incarnation.

Stan Bundy, 6/05/1997 (updated 3/26/1999)

Prologue:

(Voice-over by Lancer):

(Shots of everyday life, lifted from various 1980s-setting anime, such as KOR, City Hunter, etc., that do not involve major characters - or, could be completely new shots)

"In the wake of the First Robotech War, the survivors of Japan chose to embrace what they felt was 'the Best of Times' - the 1980s. A New Tokyo arose from the ashes of the old, trying to embrace both the past and the future. 21st Century technology created an idealized Tokyo of the 20th, with room to grow, little pollution, and a cosmopolitan society made up of survivors from around the world.

(Redrawn for 35mm scenes of destruction from **Robotech/Macross** Episode #36, similar to the beginning of "Dana's Story")

"With the destruction of New Macross City by Khyron, a void was created in world leadership. This void was filled by Monument City in the Western Hemisphere," (new, still shot of Monument) "and New Tokyo in the East. The New Tokyo Research Laboratories and military bases drew even more residents, so that by 2020, less than ten percent of the city were ethnic Japanese; yet the citizens strove to maintain the culture, out of reverence for the past."

(New scenes from **The Sentinels** period showing the SDF-3 launch, never seen in the released version)

"After the departure of the SDF-3, New Tokyo continued to grow in importance, often drawing the jealousy of the cities of the Americas and Europe. Despite the presence of the Armies of the Southern Cross, Earth's remaining Robotech defenders, the alliance for Earth's defense teetered on the brink of collapse, and was endangered further by those governments who had never joined the alliance, or had withdrawn from the world government, once they had regained internal stability."

(More placid scenes of city life)

"Yet - if you asked a typical citizen of New Tokyo, the last things on their minds were the threats from other nations, or from space. The illusion of "the best of times" was TOO complete, and would only serve to heighten the fall when it did occur."

(New footage of a Robotech Masters ship, firing on a ASC interplanetary transport, then bringing it aboard)

"The history books say that the Second Robotech War began in January 2029, with the attack on Liberty Base; they are wrong. This is the story of the Robotech Masters' first strike of the war."

(Opening Credits)

Robotech: The Andrews Incident

Act One:

[The instrumental of "Lifeline" is playing in the background. Mark Landry is riding his motorcycle through the streets of downtown Tokyo. A cop starts chasing him, so he speeds up, and loses the cycle cop in the traffic. He pulls up to a screeching stop on the sidewalk, almost hitting several pedestrians, including a green-haired girl, who can't make up her mind whether to be scared or upset about how he arrived, as his arrival caused her to drop her purse]

Mark: Sorry I was late... (Pulls off helmet.) Uh, did I scare you? I'm really on a roll today (Gets off bike to pick up her bag.) Let me help with that...

Becky: No, I can do it myself! (Grabs bag away) What are you doing driving on the sidewalk, anyway? And, where I come from, looking in a girl's bag is about as rude as you can get! You took forever getting here, and now I've missed the train, too... I'm never going to make it on time.

Mark: I did the best I could.

Becky: Well, if you drive the way you act, it's no wonder. (Walks away) Taxi!

Mark: (Gets up) Wait!

Becky: (To cabbie) The Piazza building in Harajuku. And please hurry!

Mark: Meiji Street is jammed. Walking would be faster than a taxi. The Piazza is the building in front of Kiddieland, isn't it? Hop on! Come on! Don't let your anger make you late.

Becky: (Getting on) Well, if you promise to take it easy...

Mark: As easy as I can, and still get you to work on time. (They ride off in traffic.) Hey! What ARE you doing in Harajuku, anyway?

Becky: What?

Mark: I thought you worked in Roppongi?

Becky: I do, Silly! I'm trying out for a show!

Mark: How long are you going to be?

Becky: Hours; go hang out with Kel & Stace.

(After a few scenes of driving that look more in place for a CHiPs episode, they arrive)

Mark: Here we are. You're on time, aren't you?

Becky: For now, thanks. But your driving's terrible. (Gets off bike)

Mark: Well, do you have a way home from work?

Becky: I won't know till its over; I can call you or page Stace. (Walks away)

Mark: We might be out longer than you work, and you know how Stace misplaces her pager. Is there any way for me to contact you, to see if you're ready to be picked up?

Becky: I can give you the number of the offices, but we might not stay there..

Mark: That'll work.

Becky: The office number is 555-4870! Call it after ten! Later! (Becky enters the building, and Mark lets off some steam.)

[As Mark plays "chicken" with another rider, Becky heads up to the floor where the show's interviews are taking place.]

Becky: Good afternoon; I'm here for the second interview for "Underground"?

Staffer: You're the last to arrive; everyone's in Production Department 4.

[As Mark races on, Becky enters the boardroom.]

Producer: Well, you made it.

Becky: Traffic is a mess.

Producer: We know; nobody made it on time. We're moving to the studio early, to make up time.

[Mark arrives in front of Studio Alta.]

Mori: And what will the judges give Landry of Japan, having completed a double back-flip with the greatest of ease?

Stacey and **Kelly:** A ten! A ten!

Mark: Sorry I'm late; something came up.

Stacey: Hi!

Kelly: Better late than never.

Mori: You got paid today, so you're picking up the tab, right?

Mark: Leave it all to me!

(A masked bicyclist glides past, stretched out like Superman, as the video screen down the street cues up for its next video ad, music starting up to coincide with the start of the singing part with Eve's on-screen arrival.)

Mark: It's out!

Stacey: Really?

Kelly: This is the second time I've seen it!

Stacey: What is that?

Mark: Eve's hot, isn't she?

Mori: Yeah, this is the new song. I'm doing a review of the song for the paper, so I'm recording it.

Mark: Hey, let me have a copy when you're done!

Mori: Only if you provide the tape, you bum! (Mark stands, then grabs Mori in a headlock.) Mark, I'm kidding! Ease up!!!

[The camera pans up to the video wall. Eve faces us, and sings-]

"I woke up with a message on the wire;
It was from my lover, telling me goodbye (Eve turns)
The image that was fading on the other side;

(Mark and Mori's motorcycles fly down the road...)

He never thought to leave a reason why.

(Mark leans up against big guy in park)

Sometimes when my mind begins to wonder,
I realize that things aren't what they seem. (cut to Becky)
There's a question lingering within my mind; (Becky does high-kicks)
Could it be my lover was a dream? (Cut to Eve)

(The kids run past)

Why can't I be Saved by Science?
Can science rescue me?
Saved, by technology, since it put me
In the place I seem to be. (dropped Ice cream)

(In the theater)

Thinking back on what we had together
Suddenly the truth appeared to me. (Lovers kiss)
My imagination caught me by surprise; (they leave theater)
My computer reprogrammed my dream.
Saved by Science;
Can science rescue me?
High, high technology
Will set me free... (They stop, wave good-bye.)

Saved by Science...(repeats, fading, as the guys persuade a coke machine into giving some free drinks - a little TOO successfully)

Act Two:

[Setting: A week later. An underground parking lot, in downtown Tokyo]

Mark: (off-screen) Todd, what's so special that you've got me out here in the middle of the night?

Todd: Take a look at this...

Mark: What? (Sees bike) Where'd you get that hog? It's the biggest bike I've ever seen!

Todd: It's not a civilian bike, though at 15,000 RPM and 320 KPH, its top end is more like a drag bike than a street cycle. If it wasn't for its width hampering cornering, it would make one hell of a road racer.

Mark: 320? Woah... (Looks at bike) Really, where did you get that monster?

Todd: From the base experimental mecha laboratory. Two days ago, on the way back to base from testing, my boss radioed me to get to someplace safe; to hide it. Something's very wrong back there.

Mark: (Examining the bike's markings) "what the hell's a 'Bahamut'?"

Todd: King of the dragons, if I remember correctly. I think the lab guys spent too much time playing D&D in college. (A step behind him, B.D. appears.)

B.D.: Harris, come along with us? Allowing Southern Cross military secrets to be revealed to civilians is

cause for court martial. Don't give us any trouble.

Todd: Wait a second; I'm only doing as YOU told me. If you're really YOU, that is... I was warned of an imposter.

Mark: Who are these goons?

Nakao: (Reaching in coat) Don't move.

Mark: Todd! Take my bike!(The lights go out.) I've got yours!

B.D.: Don't be stupid! We're authorized to use lethal force! (Mark roars past on the bike.) Dammit, turn the lights back on!

Mark: Todd! (Smashes cars on the way out)

B.D.: Don't let him get away! Seal the area! Make sure he doesn't leave alive! That punk... playing with us...

Mark: What the hell is going on? (Roars away)

Agent: Shit... (Pan to Todd's bullet-ridden body)

[Later, in Coco's motorcycle shop...]

Mark: I already told you!

Mori: Okay, okay, calm down already!

Chombo: Wouldn't it be better just to give it back?

Mark: Don't you get it? If I get caught, three guesses what they'll do to me?

Mori: Why don't you just dump the bike? It's too conspicuous to keep - You'll be spotted in no time!

Mark: Those guys killed Todd over this bike! I'm not gonna let them get away with it.

Coco: Well, Todd's troubles are over. But, yours are only starting, Mark. Todd will probably be listed as having died in an weapons accident at the base, or in a traffic accident - whatever's more convenient for them, while they hunt you down.

Mori: We're not saying this out of disrespect for Todd, Mark. You're our friend, and we don't want you going off and getting yourself killed trying to tilt at windmills.

Chombo: Look - this bike is what those bastards really want. If you dump it and lay low for a while, maybe they'll forget about you..

Mark: I've got a better idea, but I need to think it over a little before I act.

[Outside, in a car...]

Agent:(over radio) The target is one Mark Landry. We traced his cycle registration to an apartment in Aobadai.

B.D.: I want him taken care of before morning. (To another agent) Hurry the cleanup! It'll be light soon!

Agent: Yes, sir.

[Wrecked cars are cleared away. We see two signs: "Unauthorized entry forbidden," and below that, "We apologize for the inconvenience caused by our work on the water system. Minato ward water bureau service department, safety chief Hirano Kumu." Back in Coco's shop...]

Coco: Mark, the paint job's done. I'll put it on your tab.

Mark: There's nothing about him in the paper, but could just mean the paper was already being printed. (Pause) But, it's not on the news, either. (Picks up phone) Chombo? What did you find out? (Pause) What? Todd's testing mecha in Monument?! For three months?

[Outside, Mori sees B.D.'s men in the building above, in Mark's apartment.]

Mori: Son of a bitch! (Drives off, but not before being noticed himself)

B.D.: Have someone tail him.

Mark: (On phone) Water repairs? People in my apartment? If they have to go that far to keep this secret, I'm gonna use it against them and blow the lid off their secrecy, and I know just the way to do it. Where's the nearest video phone?

Mori: I get it; you put it on Eve's "Only You", and it'll be seen by the entire country (Hangs up, and drives away, still being tailed by the goon squad)

Act Three:

[Noon-ish, at the girls' apartment. Stacey is practicing her songs, Kelly is feeding the cat, and Becky is just getting up...]

Becky: Can't you turn it down a little? I was up past five last night.

Kelly: You can't expect us to adjust our schedules just because you want to sleep 'till noon. (Becky sticks out her tongue) (Kelly, to cat, in baby talk) What does she think she is, a cat like you?

Stacey: Hey there! (Becky slaps her playfully on the head as she goes by) What was that for?

Becky: What do you think, Miss Amps On 11?

(A while later... the clock now shows One P.M. and Kelly is finishing her meal/play session with the cat)

Kelly: (To cat - more baby talk) That was nummy, wasn't it? (The phone rings.)

Becky: Hey, Stace. Whose turn is it to cook today?

Stacey: Mine!

Becky: Oh great - more TV dinners.

Kelly: (On phone) Hello? Oh, hi, Mark. Yeah, we had fun the other night. Yes, Stacey and Becky are both here, too. What's up?

Stacey: It's Mark!

Becky: Mark? What does he want?

Kelly: He sounds really upset about something. He says he saw some goons kill Todd, and it's being covered up, and he can't go to the police. I don't know if he's kidding, or not.

Becky: Todd?

Kelly: Mark's high school buddy; he joined the ATAC straight out of school.

Becky: Oh...

Kelly: Mark's calling from a pay phone, so hurry up if you want to talk...

Mark: Hi. I called the Hard Rock, and they said you wouldn't be in today. I didn't want to use my own phone for this, but if I can't tell you in person, a pay phone will do.

Becky: You sure seem paranoid... You weren't joking about your friend, were you?

Mark: No, I wasn't. The events of last night makes the time I spent with Stacey & Kelly last week seem like a lifetime ago.

Becky: So, what are you going to do?

Mark: I'll blow the cover on the secret Todd died for. I'm going to show it to you and the world, on Eve Tokimatsuri's "Only You". Do me a favor and watch it. See you later! (Hangs up)

Becky: Hello? Eve Tokimatsuri's "Only You"?

Stacey: Oh, no! It's on already! We gotta watch it! The remote control? Where's the remote control?

Kelly: It's on top of the VCR!

Becky: I wonder what that was all about?

Kelly: Well, I don't know what to think.

Becky: I guess if what he's saying about Todd is true, this is important.

Stacey: Quiet. it's on!

Eve: (On TV) And so, next is Eve's "Town Scoop Hour", if you have fun news, true love stories, or anything off-beat you want to tell the world about... call us up on a video phone, won't you? (Pause) And here's our first call now. Hi there! (Mark... audio-glitch) I'm sorry; could you step back from the camera just a bit, please?

Mark: Oh, sorry. Ba-Bahamut 6.

Eve: Mr. Babumucho?

Mark: N-No. This is Bahamut 6.

[Sign appears on TV screen: "Please stand by..."]

Becky: That was him.

Stacey: Uh-huh.

Kelly: Looked like he's been up all night.

In TV studio...

1st TV Tech: Activating prank call cut-off program. On air, stand by, OK!

2nd TV Tech: 3, 2, 1, CUE! All right, contact the Colonel; the person he's looking for just called, and Eve's keeping him on the line.

[Back in apartment...]

Eve: Oh... strange kid! We've been disconnected. Well, then, who'll be our next caller?

Becky: Hey... that's strange.

Stacey: I wonder what happened.

Kelly: It wasn't much.

[The scene changes to an unmarked patrol car]

Agent: (In car) Colonel, we've got him.

B.D.: All right. This is B.D. The target is at TV-Phone #2, block 6 in Aoyama.

Mark: (On phone) You have to believe me; I wouldn't make up something like this. I'll show you the bike now.

Eve: I understand. I'll look into the matter of your friend. Also, it's okay to put down the receiver if you want.

Mark: Oh, that's right. (Hangs up) The bike's out back, so take a look. Can you see it? Are you picking it up?

Eve: Yes, I can.

Mark: This is something one of a kind. It does 320 kph, and it wasn't even scratched when I ran into a BMW.

Eve: Did you say "a BMW"?

Mark: Yes. Any ordinary bike would get flattened.

Eve: Yeah, that's right. I don't know much about bikes, but I've never seen a bike as big as this before.

Mark: I have a request to make. I want to have experts look it over as for why it's important enough to kill for. Would you keep this bike at your station? (Eve smiles) Hey! Have you all been watching? So long, I'm off to the TV station!

B.D.: Either he's playing around with us, or he's a moron. Either way, he's a loose cannon.

Voice: 1st squad has arrived and confirmed target. Standing by.

B.D.: Don't lose him!

[Back in the apartment...]

Eve: And that wraps it up for today's telephone corner. So now, please listen to my song, "Saved by Science".

Kelly: What happened to him?

Stacey: It's strange. He didn't come on again, did he.

Kelly: He said Baha-something-or-other. I wonder what he wanted to say?

Becky: Why did he say for me specifically to watch it? That was weird!

Kelly: Maybe he was trying to confess his love for you.

Becky: You're talking nonsense!

Stacey: Hey, this song's made it to #1 in just one week! (Eve sings...)

[Cut to car, trailing Mark outside...]

Voice: All cars OK, standing by.

Agent 1: Car #2 to all cars: target has passed 33rd Street. Attack at the next intersection.

"Linebacker": This is Linebacker, roger.

"Cornerback": This is Cornerback, roger.

Agent 2: The runner has come in for the play; engage.

[Without warning, a number of vehicles collide around Mark, making him stop.]

Truck driver: You call that driving, ya shithead!

Bus driver: What are you talking about, asshole? I was turning with the light when you plowed into me!

Truck driver: I'm gonna beat your head in, you sonvabitch!

Mark: Shut up and clear the road! I'm in a hurry!

[Plainclothes agents come up to Mark...]

Agent 3: Are you all right? Have you been injured?

Mark: No, I'm okay -what?. (They grab and punch at him)

Agent 4: OK! Hold him down!

Agent 3: You had to make this hard, punk. Having fun now?

Mark: Are you crazy?

Agent 4: Shut up, loudmouth!

Mark: (Starts to back up bike) Let go of me, fuckers! (The bike shoots forward, agents still clinging to it.)

(They crash into a record shop, where the resulting minor crashes and spins throws off all the goons. Mark backs the bike out through another window, and roars down the street)

Agent 1: Colonel, the runner has scored a touchdown. The subject is now on Gaien Road, heading towards Route 247.

B.D.: 2nd squad! Force the target onto Highway 3, and ready a transporter at the interchange. Well, Mr. Landry...

[Mark roars down the street like a rocket: three pursuit bikes follow.]

2nd Squad Leader: Target sighted. We'll drive him over to the highway at the next exit.

Mark: Looks like company. Let's see what this bike can really do...

Radio voice: We've closed off east Gaien Road.

Rider: Roger.

[Mark angles the bike so it scrapes off asphalt, downing one rider.]

Mark: What the-! (Sees bulldozers blocking road, angles up a ramp onto another highway, sees pursuit bikes) Where is all the civilian traffic? They must have something set up for me. (As he tries the chunk strategy again, the closest bike behind fires magnetic cables to the back of Mark's bike and moves ahead) They've gotten ahead of me! Son-of-a-bitch! (The bike in front fires cables, Mark faces trucks ahead.) I'm not going down that easy...

(Driver pulls Mark up truck ramp.)

Mark: Here goes nothing! (He lets out a rebel yell, and slams the bike into reverse, taking the bike pulling him along... it smashes onto the highway nicely. His bike automatically pops back into forward gear when it hits the road, the onboard computer returning him to a forward gear to prevent transmission damage, reacting as if the gear change had been an accidental shift)

2nd Squad leader: Don't let him escape! Board the trucks and begin transformation!

Sergeant and Corporal: Roger.

[they pull up ramps, and their bikes start to lock into other components...]

Sergeant: Unit #1. Transformation complete!

[Hurgund units rise out of truck...]

Sergeant: Target acquired. (Mark breaks from the rear rider, the squad leader, who gets run over by his own trucks.)

Mark: What the hell is that?

Sergeant: Corporal, I've got him in the net. Move up and grab him.

Corporal: Roger.

Mark: This is unreal... (Stares) Those bikes became the Battloids?

[The Hurgund leans out of the truck to grab Mark. However, Mark's bike's computer translates his words

into a request for mode change, and makes its own sudden transformation. The corporal's Hurgund, suddenly reaching for thin air, leans over too far, and causes the truck it is in to jackknife, falling out onto the road in the process. The other truck tries to avoid colliding with it, but fails, causing a chain reaction explosion. While this is going on, Mark's bike, now sliding horizontal on the road in Battloid mode, crashes through the overpass highway's safety wall, landing unharmed in a playground, somehow managing to miss all the children.]

Kid: It's a robot! Cool!!!!

Kid 2: Mama! I'm scared!

(The dust clears, and the bike transforms back into a bike, Mark shaking off the sudden events of the last few seconds)

Mark: Huh? This puppy transforms? No wonder it's so big! Cool!

Act Four:

[Back in the girls' apartment]

Becky: Hello?

Mark: (On pay phone) Becky, I'm in trouble, big time. Can I park my motorcycle in your garage for a while? I need to get out of sight, as quickly as possible!

Becky: What do you mean?

Mark: Please. I'm in a hurry, so I'll explain later.

Becky: Okay, but I'll want a full explanation before I'll let you keep it there for more than tonight. I'll be out front waiting for you with the key.

Mark: Thank you!

[Mark, on the bike, arrives outside Becky's apartment.]

Becky: I saw the TV show, all right. You were cut off right away.

Mark: What? Cut off? What do you mean?

Becky: That's what I want to ask you about. For some reason, when you said something that sounded like gibberish, you were cut off. The "Please stand by" notice went up, then Eve came back on a new caller a few seconds later.

Mark: That's impossible - I talked to her for as long as an entire Town Scoop segment usually lasts. They probably cut in an older call while Eve was talking to me.

Becky: So what were you trying to get on TV?

Mark: The story of what happened to Todd, because of this bike.

Becky: After we put the bike up, I want you to tell me everything.

Mark: You're a lifesaver! (Drives in)

[Entering the apartment...]

Becky: It's a mess in here.

Mark: It's a lot nicer than the dump I can afford. Is the rent high?

Becky: It would be if I were living alone, you know.

Mark: Oh, right. You three split the costs. Looks like they're gone.

Becky: Stating the obvious? Have a seat; I'll get some tea.

Becky steps into the kitchen. Mark notices the cat.

Becky: I guess you already know what Kelly and Stacey are doing to pay the rent.

Mark: Yeah. Kelly's an aspiring movie director. She's currently working as a scriptwriter for this year's sentai show. Stacey's a singer & songwriter, and she's performing at the Hard Rock.

Becky: I still haven't seen you at the Hard Rock. Why don't you come by when you have the time?

Mark: Hey, I hold down a regular job, so don't kid me about my free time.

Becky: Where?

Mark: At the McDonald's on Aoyama Street.

Becky: Really! We go there a lot. You work behind the grill?

Mark: No; I usually work register for lunch rush, unless I'm called in. You probably go there before work.

Becky: If you told me, I would have tried to eat there then - you ashamed of working fast food?

Mark: You mean, you wouldn't be embarrassed that your man flips burgers for a living?

Becky: Of course not? Why would you think that?

Mark: I was just a little worried, that's all. Are you sure it will be okay with Kel and Stace to let me use the garage?

Becky: I think it'll be all right; Todd was their friend, too.

[Later: In a public park, Mark is explaining the situation..]

Becky: You'll be killed?

Mark: That's no ordinary bike. I found that out in no uncertain terms when I tried to get it on TV.

Becky: So, that's why the TV station cut you off. Why don't you get rid of it?

Mark: It's too late now. It's scary, but somehow exciting. Besides, I feel as though Todd wouldn't rest in peace if I left things as they are.

Becky: You miss him, don't you?

Mark: We were like brothers, growing up. We met before kindergarten, when we were in the shelter

waiting out Dolza's attack. But, it's more than that.

Becky: The thrill of the chase, then. You don't feel like you're alive unless you're fighting against something, do you?

Mark: You understand, don't you?

Becky: Not exactly; but I've heard others talk about that sort of thing, from military service in the war.

[Becky soaks her hand in the fountain.]

Becky: That feels good.

Mark: Better than sex?

Becky: Oh, no!

[Mark smiles.]

Becky: What do you think? Have things been better or worse since the REF left?

Mark: What brought this up?

Becky: Oh, we were talking about it at work.

Mark: Back then, things were better, I guess.

Becky: Personally, I believe that this is the best time of all. Looking back is just nostalgia.

Mark: Really? I guess one could look at it that way. But the Southern Cross killed Todd!

Becky: You can't blame them all for the actions of a few. Let's go back into town, and put it behind us for tonight!

[Cut to "The Dancing Zone" club. Becky walks down the steps. Mark is there waiting.]

Becky: Huh? You still here?

Mark: I've been waiting for you. What was that pager message about? You're still free for the night, aren't you?

Becky: I'm sorry, but I have to go to the TV station now. I got called in for another tryout.

[Night scenes flash by, with Becky and Mark together.]

Mark: Do you have to?

Becky: The pay's not great, but it's a chance to make connections. I have to do everything I can. You may laugh at me, but my dream is to appear on a Broadway stage.

Mark: That sounds great.

Becky: Hey, if you'd like...

Mark: The TV station? I wanted to see the inside of one, once. I'll go with you.

[Later. In the studio, the "On Air" flashes. The dance number begins, to an instrumental of "Underground". Becky moves under the sweat and hot lamps while Mark stares after her, uncertain. The synth background to the chorus rises, and a dozen girls brake to a halt.]

Director: Cut! Thank you, everybody.

[Becky walks down to Mark smiling. But a man in a suit behind Mark claps for her.]

Mark: Hey...

Becky: I'm sorry, we can't go back out tonight, after all.

Mark: What?

Becky: I have an important dinner meeting; my career depends on it. (Starts to leave)

Mark: Wait... wait a second!

Becky: Excuse me, OK? (To producer) Sorry about that. I'll go change.

Producer: Well, then, the Central Hotel in an hour, OK?

[They walk out together.]

Mark: (Growling) That jerk!

["Only a Fool" plays in the background. Mark, on the bike, follows their trail to the hotel and maneuvers up the opposite parking garage. Becky looks out the hotel room window at it when the producer calls her name.]

Becky: Yes?

Producer: Why don't you take a shower too?

Becky: Yeah, I'll do that.

[Back in the parking garage.]

Mark: The hotel is right in front of this parking garage. The question is, which room are they in? (He scans various rooms with the bike's surveillance equipment) Are they higher up? He backs up, crunching a sedan's headlight, and heads up to the next level, scanning various figures glowing white, he lets out a breath.

[The bathroom. Becky, wrapped in a towel, looks uncertain for a moment. Then puts on a happy face and steps out.]

Producer: My, but don't you look delicious, Becky.

[Outside, Mark is losing patience.]

Mark: Dammit...where are they?

[Meanwhile, the producer and Becky kiss. Mark picks them up at last.]

Becky: No!

Producer: Don't you like it?

Becky: No! You're forcing me!

Producer: Just thinking about how I'm gonna make you a star!

Mark: I found 'em!

[The romantic(?) interlude is interrupted with Mark smashing the bike, in transformed mode, into the hotel room. He proceeds to pick up Becky, cutely clad in a bed sheet, and makes a jet-assisted leap across the street, back to the packing garage. The producer quietly gibbers in a corner of the room's rubble. Now the bike is back to normal, and Becky blinks twice on the back of it.]

Becky: You bum! How did you find me? [Then she holds onto him more tightly. Back in her apartment's garage, she laughs.]

Becky: I was sure surprised. It seems so unreal that a bike would turn into something like that. But you seem so... (He slaps her.) What did you do that for?

Mark: What does this mean... you and that scumbag?

Becky: That's got nothing to do with you! Why, this isn't some joke! You're selfish, making something like this happen! This is terrible! What right have you got? This is unreasonable! And just... and just when it seemed like I would have gotten a starring role. Well, so much for that.

Mark: You'd sleep with some clown just to get a part?!

Becky: I think that's between him and me! Leave me alone!

[She walks off, trailing the bed sheet like a princess' gown. Mark's face says there is nothing he can say, as the scene pans into black.]

Act Five:

[Wouldn't you know it; McDonald's survived the Zentraedi. Then again, there WAS one aboard the SDF-1 in Macross: DYRL, so the same was probably true of its Robotech counterpart. Mark is at his day job, working lunch shift at the counter.]

Mark: That's 235 nuyen. Out of 1000 nuyen, your change is 765 nuyen. Thank you very much. (Kelly greets Mark) Yeah!

Kelly: I want to talk to you a bit.

[They talk in a cafe.]

Mark: A movie?

Kelly: Uh-huh, using that bike. I hear it's terrific.

Mark: From Becky?

Kelly: Yeah, I heard all about it from her.

Mark: That's not good, you know. I mean, it's a scary thing.

Kelly: But we'll pull it off without using special effects, and besides, it looks cool. And you'll be the hero! And Becky would be good as the heroine, wouldn't she?

Mark: Did she give her OK?

Kelly: Uh-huh.

Mark: It couldn't hurt to think about it.

Kelly: You'll do it, won't you?

[Cut to Mark and Kelly on the bike, riding around.]

Kelly: Thanks a lot! Today I'm scouting for locations, so drive all over the place, OK?

Mark: I don't have much time!

[In her apartment, Becky is staring at the ceiling, talking to herself.]

Becky: I see... He gave his OK...?

Stacey: What?

Becky: Oh, uh, nothing.

Stacey: C'mon, don't keep it from me! It's about Mark, isn't it! (Dives forward)

Becky: (In the midst of a girl-fight) Oh no! you're wrong! It's not true! Stop it, Stacey!

[Back to the streets. Kelly spies someone behind them.]

Kelly: It's a cop!

Mark: I know! He's been tailing me for a while.

[He accelerates, the motorcycle cop turns on his siren and follows. They enter a tunnel, where Kelly spies a branching tunnel.]

Kelly: Mark! That way!

Mark: Right!

[He shoots through, the barriers lowering for him, and the cop goes by.]

Kelly: Looks like he's gone!

Mark: Be that as it may, what is this road doing here?

[With a grinding sound, the section of road they are on starts to drop down an elevator shaft. A new section of road replaces the gap.]

Kelly: Oh, no! What's going on here? (The elevator appears to make a slow turn.) Now what? We're going up all of a sudden.

[The elevator comes to a halt and its doors open. Mark moves the bike out a short distance...]

Kelly: I bet that cop is really gone now, isn't he...?

[Mark brakes to a sudden stop, staring. Kelly bumps her nose against his shoulder.]

Kelly: What'd You do that for? (Then she sees it, too. . .)

Act Six:

[Before Mark and Kelly stretches out a vast chamber, miles wide. On the floor of the chamber is built a city, with hundreds of blocks, skyscrapers and freeways. On the roof of the chamber there is also a city, hanging impossibly upside-down - then again, based on their own movement, the city "below them" is actually the upside-down one. Both are equally dark and silent. The only light in the entire cavern comes from the center of the chamber, where a column resembling a technological stalagmite/stalactite grown together meet to form an hour-glass shape.]

Kelly: There's even a city on the ceiling here. What a weird ghost town... (She takes out her camera and starts filming, focusing in on the center core.) Looks like something's going on over there. Any way to check it out?

[Mark turns on the surveillance equipment, and picks up a conversation.]

B.D.: We are clear, up through Bahamut 6. At present, we are attacking level 7G.

Mark: It's the voice of that spook! (Flashback to B.D. in parking garage.)

B.D.: Furthermore, I feel the kid who has the MODAT is unaware of the Bahamut terminal's connection to the Megazone project.

Officer: If he ever discovers that the bike can tap into the computer from Zor's battle fortress, it could be the death blow for our plans.

Mark: Bahamut? That's the name that was on the side of the bike!"

B.D.: Even if that punk knew that motorcycle could be the Masters' undoing, he probably couldn't comprehend what that concept even means.

Kelly: What "Masters"??? A government conspiracy?

Mark: You head back from here... This is dangerous.

Kelly: Yeah, I'd better get out of here, once I've finished filming. What about you?

Mark: I'll head back after I investigate a little more. Meet you at McDonald's. (He roars down the ramp. Kelly films his departure. Further exploration leads to...)

Mark: There's the elevator I was looking for - now to see what's going on up top....

[He enters the elevator, which closes and starts to rise. He blinks.]

Mark: This is weird! (The elevator shaft is streaked with frost. He shivers.) What's with this cold? (The bike automatically transforms to protect Mark, and he notices that the elevator is starting to turn upside down) Whoa; gravity is working both up and down here.

[The elevator opens in the "Upper City," and Mark exits on his jets. But another combat-suited man on a

hovering platform glides silently up behind him.]

Soldier: Stolen Garland detected in block A3. Request backup.

Mark: Oh, hell! (The soldier opens up with his platform's chain gun, punching basketball-sized holes in the building where Mark was just a second before.) If only I could get a clear shot... (The platform shows itself, a little bit too close for Mark's comfort, as he has to smash his way into a building for cover. Then, Mark sees the tracking system can still aim at the platform through the intervening walls.) So long, sucker...

Soldier: Come out of there at once!

[Mark fires. The shot passes through the building, then through the platform, which then explodes and triggers the collapse of the building that Mark is hiding in. Mark moves out, apparently into a subway system, where another platform appears and starts firing on him. Eventually, he fights his way to apparent safety.]

[Mark then encounters a Hurgund, and the two begin to fight. As Mark flies toward a hole blasted in the floor, his opponent suddenly realizes it's the Garland, not another Hurgund, that he was fighting.]

Andrews: Damn it! What's he doing back here?

[As Mark enters the chamber through the hole...]

Computer Voice (which sounds amazingly like a certain TV show host): Space simulator chamber activated; Zero gravity mode engaged.

Mark: What the hell? (He flies out the "Hole" and finds himself drifting in a cloud of floating metal debris.) How did I end up in space?? [B.D. has followed.]

Andrews: You fool! Do you think you can beat them by yourself? That terminal is too important to let them capture it. (He opens fire on Mark.)

Mark: What are you talking about?

[Mark returns fire and blows B.D. from his position.]

Andrews: What the...! Who are you?

[In desperation he fires his magnetic tow cables, which connect with Mark's gun hand. However, Mark snaps one of the cables easily.]

Mark: Again with the wires? Come off it!

Andrews: Wait! I want to talk to you; I'm not who you think I am.

Mark: Throw away your gun! And no funny moves, understand? I want to ask you something, too.

[Keeping his gun trained on "B.D.", Mark tows him back inside. Meanwhile, Kelly has finally made her way back to street level.]

Kelly: An underground city built in secret who knows when! What better location to set the stage for an action film? I'm gonna have fun working this into the script! (Runs off)

[Mark and "B.D." are about to have a conversation in the ghost city. "B.D." has just tossed his machine pistol to the ground, and Mark picks it up.]

Mark: Now, I want the truth. Why is this bike so important?

Andrews: Who are you? What happened to Todd??

Mark: What do you mean, "What happened to Todd?" You and your goons killed him in cold blood. I was there when it happened, so I don't buy this play at ignorance one bit!"

Andrews: That wasn't me. That was the clone.

Mark: Clone? What clone??

Andrews: I was on a trip to Mars, with a bunch of the Far East Sector command. I was officer in charge of the Garland/MODAT project, so I was taken along.

Mark: "MODAT"? So what the hell is that?

Andrews: The MODAT is the showcase model of the prototype Garland mecha; the very bike you came down here in. Back to the Mars trip; when we were about half-way back, in the section of our trip out of range of both Mars and Earth sensors, we were attacked. An advance scout vessel of the Tyroleans jammed our communications, pulled the transport aboard their vessel, and captured us.

[(New) Footage of the boarding action, with B.D. and several others in uniform being led off at gunpoint by guard clones/androids to holding cells. Further scenes tells Andrews' story as he relates it to Mark]

Mark: Tyroleans? Who are they? A type of Zentraedi?

Andrews: The creators of the Zentraedi, actually.

Mark: What happened then?

Andrews: They began interrogating us, using machines that could read our minds. They then used our own knowledge to send back a message that the transport was suffering from repairable engine damage, and would be a few days late in reaching Earth. After learning as much about us as they could, they made clones of each of us, programmed them to have most of our memories, and put them aboard the transport, to come here and disrupt Earth's defenses. They were going to kill us, but I managed to escape, and fake my death; the others weren't as lucky. I was able to sneak on board, and have been trying to fight them ever since.

[Mark is silent, then...]

Mark: If this is true, why are you still down here, instead of trying to warn Southern Cross headquarters? And, what exactly is "here," anyway??

Andrews: This was a Top Secret project, called MEGAZONE. In the event of an alien invasion, we were going to evacuate everyone from the city into this underground base; hopefully before the aliens could scan the city above, and notice the activity. This underground city has a holographic sky system, like the one tested on the SDF-1, and is big enough to fly helicopters and hover platforms in, as long as you remain careful around the gravity flip area. But, now, the aliens know practically everything about it, which makes it worthless. Worse, they control it, and no one above is the wiser. I've been down here, traversing the civil defense tunnels, trying to destroy as many as possible of the classified documents they've not had a chance to study.

Mark: What happened to the military units that were already down here; that weren't on the transport and switched?

Andrews: They're dead. Where else did you think all this building damage came from? It wasn't just from your little rampage earlier...

Mark: Then, how come nobody's noticed that the units were missing? Families, for instance?

Andrews: The clone of me sent messages to their families, saying that they were out on Top Secret maneuvers until further notice. This is much like the notices I sent out last year, when the Hurgund base-model motorcycle mecha were being tested. I found this out myself when I tried to contact others. Todd's platoon were out testing the MODAT when the purge occurred, but he was the only one I was able to contact before they, too, walked into the deathtrap. In fact, it was only because of the MODAT's own communications suite that I was able to divert him, as he drove it in from a road test. He was hoping to get it to a friend, whose father is in the sector government.

Mark: Stacey; her father's Communications Minister Embrey. Just how are the clones planning to disrupt Earth's defenses? We're only one city...

Andrews: But an important one, thanks to the Megazone project. Years ago, the RDF and Southern Cross realized that humanity could not withstand another full-scale orbital bombardment. So, they began a project to study the feasibility of moving the major cities underground.

The pilot project was Cavern City, in South America. It was built publicly, but its real purpose for existing was not stated. A second city, a smaller version of New Denver, was built south of Monument City, by expanding parts of an old American defense complex. However, it has never been inhabited, as it is being held in reserve for use by the Southern Cross American Command as their wartime command post; now, it will probably never be used. Megazone is the third, and last, prototype. It uses Zentraedi gravitic technology to allow the top of the cavern to be used for a habitat, as well as to prevent damage from earthquakes. The EVE system, if it wasn't being hacked right now, would emulate the weather outside, and no one could tell that they were underground.

If not for the infiltration, the PR campaign would have begun by now. Eve and a hot new pop star recorded a duet, "Underground", especially for this project, to try to get people receptive to the move, and rehearsals for the announcement program were supposed to have begun last week.

Mark: "Underground"! That was the show Becky was auditioning for, but she didn't make... (flashback to the sleazy producer's motel room after the Garland burst in and left) It was canceled, anyway.

Andrews: The clones must have realized what it was for, and shut it down. They couldn't risk exposure of their work down here.

Mark: What work?

Andrews: (Starting towards bike) Follow me. I'll show you the base.

Mark: How can I be sure you're not leading me into a trap, and this whole story's not been a load of crap?

Andrews: (Smiling) You can't; but you don't have much choice, either.

[Mark is wary, but knows that B.D. holds all the answers. They end up standing above a military base sunk into the floor of the vast chamber. After observing the operations of the fighter base close up, B.D. turns to Mark.]

Andrews: This was to be our air forces base. Once the pilot gets aboard his plane, it is mounted on a rail-gun type catapult, and is accelerated through a tunnel up to flight speed. The tunnel exit is ten kilometers from here, and the aircraft is ejected into the air at high speed, without having to use its onboard fuel supply for takeoff - which is the most costly part of flight, in terms of fuel. Another tunnel is next to an "abandoned" civilian runway, which is used to recover the fighters. Instead of our pilots, though, the enemy have sent their own in, for their diversion.

Mark: So?

Andrews: These fighters are unique to the Megazone project. The aliens plan to have their pilots use these planes to instigate an incident, that would make the Neo-Soviets appear to be the aggressor. The units "on maneuvers" would be some of the first casualties reported. From there, they hope that the entire Southern Cross gets involved in the war, so that Earth's defenses will be weakened from the resulting war, and the aliens can move in unopposed.

Mark: Just great. (The planes are seen below.)

Andrews: These are the hard facts; at least, as much as I was able to overhear from those cocky bastards. They talk to themselves way too much for their own security. I think it may be because the personalities of the originals are starting to cause irregularities in the actions of the clones - mine's even sleeping with my girlfriend, which is against their orders in the most blatant way, seeing as they were to interact as little as possible with Earth people. I just hope that Bahamut can hold out against their probes, so that our defenses aren't completely compromised world-wide.

Mark: What exactly is Bahamut? A super computer?

Andrews: A computer unlike any other. You see, it was the original computer of the SDF-1, from when it crashed on Earth. (Scene of central core - Bahamut) It has actually sided with us, claiming that the ship's original commander ordered it here to help us against the aliens we're now facing, as well as their enemies, who are sure to follow. The last time I was able to log in, the bastards had hacked their way in through level 6 of the computer's defenses. (B.D. in half-face) All that remains is EVE and level 7, and the Garland is the key to accessing level 7; the ONLY key, thanks to my sabotage.

Mark: So that's what this is all about! If the Garland falls into your clone's hands, everything will be at their mercy. If war breaks out, the people on the surface won't know until it's too late!

Andrews: Get it back to the surface, and make it public. Hopefully, Minister Embrey will get back from the world conference in time to recognize the bike, and get the story from you, now that Todd's dead. Until then, put the thing to the best use. (Mark starts to walk towards the Garland, and fade to black)

Act Seven:

Becky: An underground city? Get real!

Kelly: (over phone) Why don't you call him yourself, if you don't believe me!

Becky: what's this other thing you wanted to talk about?

Kelly: Remember when I said I was going to make a movie? This has played right into it, and I'm gonna do it.

Becky: And...?

Kelly: I want Mark to play the lead. Is that okay with you?

(Becky is quiet for a moment.)

Becky: You're the director. Do whatever you want.

Kelly: Just like that, huh? Well, I want to have the first production meeting tonight, so call him and set it up.

Becky: Who made me your secretary?

[Later, In the girls' apartment...]

Kelly: Here's a rundown of my plot idea so far. (The cat meows.) One day, a young biker and his girlfriend find out that their world is a computer simulation. (Mark looks out the window.) Within this simulation, there's a faction that wants to seize control of the computer world, and by crossing them, the couple becomes marked for elimination. The couple must stay alive, while trying to find a way to defeat the organization that is in turn trying to kill them. Well? How does that sound? (Becky says nothing. Kelly moves to the couch to sit down.) Don't all stand up and praise my writing all at once! (She takes a sip of coffee. Mark is silent.)

Becky: I'm up for it, if everyone else is.

Kelly: (To Mark) What about you? You'll be perfect as the lead.

Becky: Are you still angry with me over that incident with that producer? (Mark turns his head.) You were right, you know; I wasn't really willing to go through with it, then he tried to do it anyway, when you saved me. Please forgive me. And, why did you quit your job at McDonalds?

Mark: I'd been thinking about calling you; no, I'm not still angry, just depressed over other things. I had to quit McDonalds, because the suits had it staked out, waiting for me. The manager told me when I called in for my schedule, not to come in, and said he had given me a transfer to the New Kobe store, to throw them off. But, this effectively means I don't have a home or job, now.

[Kelly looks at him questioningly. The sound of the door is heard and Stacey rushes in.]

Stacey: I did it! I did it!

Kelly: Hi!

Stacey: And I feel terrific!

Kelly: What is it, Stacey?

Stacey: Great news! I got a gig doing the backup for everyone's favorite variety show host, Eve Tokimatsuri! Ta-daa!

Kelly: Really?

Becky: That's great!

Stacey: One of her producers heard my at the Hard Rock last week.

Kelly: You did it! This will be your big break into the business!

Becky: And since you're her biggest fan, that just makes it even better, doesn't it?

Stacey: It sure does!

Mark: (Getting up) Well then, I should go, to keep from bringing you down too much...

Stacey: Oh, no! I didn't see you!

Kelly: Are you leaving?

Stacey: Hey, hey! Let's all have a real blowout! My treat!

Kelly: Can we wait a few more minutes? I want to talk about the movie some more.

Mark: (Hand on door) Here's what you ought to do with the movie.

Kelly: What?

Mark: Okay, Kelly, we keep your plot, it turns out that the computer manipulating society is actually an alien one, with an agenda of its own, taken from a crashed spaceship.

Kelly: A spaceship?

Stacey: What are you talking about?

Mark: What if the bad guys are aliens who want their computer back, and the computer doesn't want to change back to its creators' side?

Kelly: That's an interesting twist, all right.

Mark: (Smiles) Just a thought. It would work good with that footage you shot... (He leaves.)

[An elevator is going down, overlooking the secret underground base. A brigadier, not in on the Masters' plan, speaks to those he thinks are his subordinates.]

General: What's the hold-up on production down here? We need to have the entire fleet equipped with the FX Privateer by the New Macross anniversary, when we plan to reveal it to the rest of the world.

Aide: The parts we cannot make inside the Megazone complex has set us back considerably, especially after having to put down that mutiny last month. Only two ships are equipped so far. Plus, we're having to redo the access codes on the computer, in case the mutineers leaked codes to the outside.

General: Not Bahamut again!

B.D.: We're having programming trouble again, because of its programming by the alien that originally captained the SDF-1. For such a war-minded race, he programmed the computer to be a pacifist. We can circumvent her; the rest is just a matter of time.

General: We've not heard from the SDF-3 in over 5 years. We can't delay, if the ten year lag between the SDF-1 and the Zentraedi's arrival is any indication.

B.D.: I understand.

Aide: Then hurry it up!

[The brigadier and his aide depart by car. B.D. and Nakao salute, then-]

B.D.: If push came to shove, I have a feeling I know how they would react.

Nakao: My men are also of the same feeling. These Terrans are pathetic. Their officers think only of self-preservation, not true strategy.

[They watch the car depart.]

B.D.: Our time is coming... But the new weapons are even more important to us than to them!

[Back on the surface, it is a couple days later, and Kelly has begun filming. Becky is on the back of Mark's bike. The instrumental here is preserved from the original MZ23]

Becky: Without your job, how are you going to eat? Where will you be staying?

Mark: I've been helping out at Coco's garage, but that can't last forever.

Becky: You can't stay with us, but at least we can help with the food...

Kelly: That's good! Just like that! (She films, the camera returns to her.) Great!

[They roar under an overhead highway.]

Mark: Is it true, what you were telling me?

Becky: That's what Stacey said.

Mark: That's ridiculous! Who ever heard of a TV show where the star doesn't show up?

Becky: Stacey was really disappointed.

Mark: How will they be doing the scenes of the two of them together?

Becky: It seems they're going to matte her in afterwards, using computer editing. But it's strange, you know?

Mark: What is?

Becky: We haven't once seen Eve in concert. The only place we see her is on TV.

[That suddenly occurs to Mark, too, as he remembers what Andrews called the computer, besides "Bahamut"... And the music comes to an sudden, almost violent, end.]

[The discovery. At the MDC studios, Mark makes his way past the sound stages, disguised as a stage hand. Along the way, he passes a slightly different-looking Lancer than the one we're used to seeing]

Lancer: What do you mean my contract was sold?

Music Producer: That's what the company told me. I don't get it either, after all the work they did to specifically get you for that Eve project... (conversation fades as the distance between them grows.)

[Reaching the studio, he finds it filled with nothing but television monitors of Eve singing "Call on Me". Suddenly, the music comes to a halt...]

Tech 1: Hey, stop! Stop the recording! (Mark looks up and realizes the voice is coming from the control room above.) Rewind 4 seconds.

Tech 2: OK. I see it. (Eve's image rewinds on the monitors.)

Mark: What's this?

Tech 1: That's one hell of a computer. It's thinking up the music and the lyrics at the same time.

[Pan over monitors, also showing Eve in schematic.]

Tech 2: And it corrects mistakes in choreography.

Tech 1: This new song will be real popular with the humans, I bet. Too bad it won't get much air play before the war... (They laugh.)

[The computer-generated idol sings of love and points at Mark, burning with a new torch of anger. Then, he is screaming down the night streets on Garland.]

Mark: Time to shake things up a bit!

[He nearly side-swipes a cab.]

Taxi driver: Asshole!

[Next, he almost kills two people crossing the street. Police lights and sirens are behind him.]

Mark: You gotta do better than that to catch me! C'mon, the bigger incident, the better!!!

[Chaos ensues as the cop car races after Mark. Cars crash, and Mark jerks the Garland out of sight around a corner. When the police follow, Garland is now in Battloid mode. The cops barely have time to bail out before Mark kicks the patrol car. It lands upside down and bursts into flame, as crowds watch from all around. Late that night, the clone B.D. receives a call in bed - as the original told Mark, it seems the clone's enjoying the freedoms of being human too much, as opposed to being a straight-laced pawn of the Masters =)~]

B.D.: Yeah... What? The punk with the MODAT wrecked a patrol car?

Voice: And he's on the phone demanding to speak to you. How shall I handle it?

B.D.: Put him through.

Voice: Yes, sir. (B.D. waits)

Mark: Remember me?

B.D.: What the hell are you trying to pull, punk? (Cut to Mark in phone booth)

Mark: You know Eve Tokimatsuri? Sexy woman, isn't she? I ran into her earlier today.

B.D.: I'm sure you were thrilled.

Mark: You know, if you hadn't pulled that amateur stunt on the highway, after my call to her, I would have hand-delivered myself and the bike to you and your little singing computer program. It won't work again!

B.D.: So, you've found out about Eve. But, you're laying this at the wrong doorstep in blaming me. Zor is the one who created her; we're just putting her to the use originally intended, not treating her as a entertainment object.

Mark: I'm going to expose your whole operation! Every last bit!

B.D.: Please, be my guest! Remember when you first tried to show off the bike?

Mark: Like I said, you got lucky and blew it. (Hears sirens) You may have agents in the media, but a rogue mecha is going to be hard to cover up for long, especially if out-of-towners from the REAL Southern Cross recognize it for what it is. This is just the beginning, dirtbag; try your best to stop me!

[He hangs up. B.D. smiles...]

Act Eight:

[In the underground city, B.D. and his lieutenant, Nakao, enter their war room.]

B.D.: What is the status of our ship's movements and range?

Soldier: One of the Southern Cross destroyers may have pinged it. The C.S.S. London is approaching it on an approximate intercept course, at a close rate of about 2000 kilometers per hour. It has called for the Rockwell to catch up with it, but it probably won't reach the intercept point until after an engagement begins.

B.D.: That's all we need; another complication. What's our progress toward cracking the last level of Bahamut's security program?

Soldier: At last report, they had almost isolated the location of level 7's control code.

B.D.: We're almost out of time. Tell them to hurry!

Soldier: Yes, sir.

[The scene shifts to the below-freezing computer center.]

Voice: Commands and statements from level 7 have been processed with no errors. Prepare for insertion into the memory matrix.

[Long lists of commands scroll past on the screen. A programmer types feverishly.]

Programmer 1: There it is! The Eve interpreter was hiding itself in a memory bank listed as dead by the user-run diagnostics programs. She should be easy to get around, now.

Programmer 2: All right. All we have left to do now is to compile our replacement into machine language.

[In the central core, sirens go off. An "Eve" logo flashes in red on the screen. The second programmer looks up.]

Programmer 2: Bahamut is screaming. Serves her right for manipulating the environment to try to drive us out.

[From the depths of the super computer, and from the monitor in Garland, a voice issues.]

Eve: Level 7G operator, level 7G operator, please respond.

Mark: Eve? (Her face appears on the screen.)

Eve: Level 7G operator. Please insert a memory cartridge. (Mark turns Garland into an alley and brakes to a halt, pushing the cartridge in, that had been sticking out part-way, from being ejected.) I am Eve, a program created by the Robotech Master Zor. Under the provisions of data 5930, I will execute code number 86. (Mark stares blankly.) Under the provisions of data 5930, I will execute code number 86. Request authorization to proceed.

Mark: Go ahead....

[An image of a blue green planet appears on the monitor.]

Eve: This is the battle that broke out in the Tyrolean Empire, according to data 5930. The Invid were

attacked by the Zentraedi, and their Masters' empire burned as a result of the Invid counterstrike. Zor sent me off into space to seek out the Masters' ancestral planet. But fighting broke out a second time in space, and the spaceship suffered great damage, in which all the crew was killed, and I was unable at the time to impart the information to my salvagers. As a result, they were not fully prepared for the Zentraedi.

[The monitor shows two orbits converging.]

Mark: You're the SDF-1 computer!

Eve: (As orbits converge on the monitor) The Masters have a small ship in the system, that has been discovered by Earth's space forces. If it cannot escape, then it will self-destruct, leaving no evidence behind of the insertion attempt here. (back to Eve's face) The space forces will not discover the plot against Earth. It is up to you to stop it.

Mark: Why me?

Eve: Earth is your home world, and this mecha is the only evidence that something is wrong.

Mark: Are you saying that the enemy are close to launching their plan?

Eve: As long as I, that is to say, Eve, the seventh program of Bahamut, am running, I am capable of protecting Zor's secrets from being accessed by those that could abuse them. It is for this reason that I was programmed. I am now facing an attempt at my termination. If I should be terminated, any chance for peace will also end as well.

Mark: Wait. Tell me just one thing. Why did you become a singer and be on television? Why did you make us think that you were human?

Eve: (Smiling maternally) Because that was the only way I had left to interact with you, the normal people of your world. I used to have a remote body, but one of your scientists reprogrammed it into an independent unit, and it disappeared with the SDF-3 launch, presumably aboard it. You humans are living in the best of all possible worlds, and I wanted to be part of it; experience what it means to be human instead of just a computer.

Mark: (Remembering what Becky once said) "I just feel that now is the best time of all..."

Eve: (Drawing back, the simulacrum is naked and vulnerable) Help me! I'm being terminated!

[The screen goes blank, and Mark is left shaking. In the apartment, the girls are watching a film of the Garlund's transformation.]

Kelly: That looks awesome! Another first take keeper.

[The phone rings. Stacey gets it.]

Stacey: Hello? Oh, yes, we're watching yesterday's rushes right now. Your stuff looks great. Hold on, I'll get her now. (To the girls) It's our leading man.

[Hands phone to Becky.]

Becky: Hello? What? Right now?

Kelly: Gotta hand it to him; when he asks a girl out, he means it.

Becky: I'm kinda busy...

Kelly: Go for it, girl! Rock his world!!

Stacey: Just do it!

Becky: Cut it out, you two!

[Meanwhile, in the Megazone war room, the spies are keeping track of the battle using telemetry from both sides.]

Soldier: Range is 200 kilometers and closing.

B.D.: What about Bahamut?

[Cut to computer center.]

Programmer 2: We are presently converting the Eve program into machine language. We will complete the conversion in three hours.

[On the surface, Becky meets Mark in a cafe bar.]

Becky: You look like you've seen a ghost. Tell me what's wrong. Maybe I can help.

Mark: Make love to me.

Becky: What? Just like that?

Mark: (almost pleading) I need something real, to hold onto.

Becky: You're not making any sense.

Mark: (Gets up) I shouldn't have asked you like that; you wouldn't understand.

[Becky calls his name. but he walks out, and into a park across the street.]

Becky: (Following him) Hold it! Understand what? What's bothering you?

Mark: If you don't want to do it, it's okay. Really.

Becky: Mark, I can't help you if you don't tell me what's wrong. You wouldn't have called me if you hadn't wanted to tell me.

Mark: Becky, I don't know what to do. I just don't know! (Mark starts banging his head against a tree.) What am I supposed to do? What am I supposed to do?

[In the computer center]

Programmer 2: We have just completed compiling the program into machine language. We should be through installation in fifteen minutes.

B.D.: (On war room phone) All right; I'll inform the Masters. Give it all you've got. (He hangs up and turns to Nakao) The time has come to execute our plan. (Nakao nods)

[Mark and Becky walk into a hotel room, a large one meant for an overnight stay by lovers as opposed to a quicky love motel. She looks uncertain, then turns on the TV. Eve is there... as always, singing the song Mark heard her rehearsing/writing in the TV studio.]

Becky: That's Eve's new song.

Mark: I know; I've seen it already. Turn it off.

Becky: How? That's the premiere of the video?

[His next move is to grab and kiss her. They fall to the bed. Stacey is watching Eve on TV. Suddenly, Eve cries out:]

Eve: Please help me! I'm being murdered! ("Please stand by" appears on screen.)

Stacey: What? What's going on?

[In the computer center, the words that the Masters have waited centuries to hear.]

Programmer 2: We have just cleared Bahamut.

B.D.: (On phone) All right. Complete upload of the data that Bahamut was hiding so our ship can break away from its pursuers and report. (To Nakao) It's time to make our move.

Act Nine:

[The coup begins. The "Please stand by" message is replaced by a tense news broadcaster.]

Announcer: We interrupt this program to bring you this emergency news bulletin. According to government sources, (A ship is seen burning) one of our country's tankers, the 35,000-ton Akebono Maru, has just been hit (Stacey stares at the screen) by a missile from an unknown aircraft, and exploded and burned in the Pacific. Military sources claim an aircraft matching the description of the attacker was previously seen operating on the borders of our sector with that of the EBSIS, but this action has caught the Foreign Ministry completely by surprise, as such a move was totally without provocation or warning. We will bring you further details as we receive them.

[The TV cuts back to Eve.]

Eve: (Singing) "...Call on Me, You know I'll be there..." (Stacey blinks.)

[Becky cries out under Mark in bed. In the night streets outside, citizens look on in amazement as armored personnel carriers rush through the city. Several pull into the local Southern Cross headquarters. In the off-duty lounge, several officers are drinking and laughing, that they'll finally take care of the EBSIS thorn in the UEG's side, when B.D. and a cadre of assault rifle-toting men burst in.]

General: What's the meaning of this? (B.D. steps forward.)

B.D.: I'm here to retire you all.

General: B.D.?

[B.D. raises his pistol and shoots the general in the head and chest. The others in the room reach for their guns.]

Voice: What do you think you're doing...?

[Three seconds of automatic fire conclude B.D.'s operation. He picks up a walkie-talkie from a soldier.]

B.D.: Operation A complete. How's it going there?

Soldier: We presently occupy the TV station, and are heading for the Diet Building.

B.D.: I'll meet you there.

[As Becky and Mark make love, we hear their conversation, seemingly communicated elsewhere.]

Mark: Becky, please believe me. What I am about to tell you is completely true.

Becky: Tell me?

Mark: You know that SF film we're making with Kelly? The computer is real, and it's Eve.

Becky: That can't be!

Mark: Let me tell you the secret I discovered. I'll start from the beginning.

[At police HQ, the cops put up a desperate defense, but are annihilated by the army troops under B.D.'s command. At the Diet Building, the iron gates are blown open and men pour in. Across town, people stare out their balconies in wonder at the fire and noise downtown. One man, Daryl Embrey, also watches. The phone rings and he picks it up.]

Embrey: Minister Embrey speaking.

B.D.: It's Colonel Andrews. The EBSIS have evidently infiltrated our forces, and have launched a strike at our government. I barely escaped the slaughter at Defense HQ.

Embrey: Did anyone else survive? What about Bahamut? Is the project secure?

B.D.: I'm the highest officer left. As near as I can tell, the project is still secure. You need to contact Field Marshall Leonard personally, and advise him of our situation. We can have a plane ready for you to fly to Monument by tomorrow morning. It's not safe for you here.

Embrey: Very well. I'll take my daughter, too. (He hangs up.) So, our enemy is an Earthly one, not from space, as Leonard feared. I hope we are up to the task of another Global War.

[The camera pans over to a picture of his daughter on the desk... Stacey.]

[In the Prime Minister's residence B.D., walks past the corpses of two bodyguards to speak.]

B.D.: Mr. Prime Minister, we need your cooperation. Failing that, we can do without you. Understand? If you come with us, you'll be safe. (The P.M. shakes in despair, knowing he was probably being taken to his death)

[In Coco's bike shop, the TV is on.]

Announcer: To repeat the latest bulletin, another of our country's supertankers, this one in route from the Indochinese oil fields, was attacked and sunk by a missile from an EBSIS fighter one hour ago.

[Mori and Chombo rush in.]

Chombo: Coco! Turn on the TV set! (He shushes them, a commentator speaks.)

Commentator: They can't say this was an accidental bombing, either. The two tankers were several thousand kilometers apart, in different operational zones for the EBSIS military. This eliminates any chance that this was the act of a rogue command. The sector government has no choice but to retaliate in

kind, with or without the UEG's backing.

Announcer: This just in. The government has discovered operations underway that are meant as the spearhead of an invasion of our soil. The military is currently fighting said invaders, and martial law is now in effect. The Prime Minister's office has announced that a news conference will be held within the hour, giving the details known of this action.

Mori: Invasion? I'll be damned.

Coco: What's gotten into them? The whole idea of that kind of war is crazy, today.

Chombo: Maybe, but there are tanks running around in the city as if they owned it.

Coco: Tanks? They haven't said a word about that on TV.

Chombo: They're a new type, too; nothing like the old ones. They were doing 80 down the highway!.

Act Ten:

Becky: So you're saying that Eve's actually a supercomputer, and aliens want to use her to trick us into a world war?

Mark: That's right. With her technology, they can imitate anyone over TV broadcasts, or video phones.

Becky: But the Prime Minister and the Diet -

Mark: Have probably all been executed already.

Becky: That can't be! Surely someone would see what's going on?

Mark: The government was probably "evacuated" to "safety" by the very forces that want them dead, and they're just computer programs working for the aliens by now.

Becky: No!

Mark: I was told to try to find someone to help, but Stacey hasn't heard from her father, and he's the only one who could possibly figure out what's going on - if he's still alive.

Becky: So, unless we see the politicians in person, we should suspect they're not real.

Mark: That's right. Believe half of what you see, none of what you hear.

[In the war room, the first encounter has begun.]

Soldier: Southern Cross forces on course trace, 180 seconds to encounter with our destroyer. (He broadcasts to B.D. in his mobile command track) Our Bioroid squadrons and drone forces are launching to intercept.

B.D.: Destroy them at all costs.

[Meanwhile, back to Mark and Becky]

Mark: Right now, they're trying to start a war between the Earth governments; I was told by the one officer that managed to escape their ship. It's impossible that you'd believe anything so surrealistic.

Becky: I believe you... whatever you say.

Mark: Becky, you're the only one who will believe me.

[Back in the war room...]

Soldier: *London* has made contact with our vessel. *Rockwell* is prepared to scramble its Privateers. Too bad their opponents know all their weaknesses.

[Within the cloud of metal debris that is the *London's* hangar section, beta test models of the Garland are firing on indistinct targets. A brace of strike ships is ready to go on the *Rockwell's* launcher.]

Soldier: *London* is in combat with us, and is showing signs of serious damage.

Soldier: Scorpion squadron is preparing to launch.

Soldier: Scorpion squadron has now launched.

[The fighters are shown launching. They hurtle up a launch corridor.]

Squad leader: *London's* signals have disappeared?

Radio: Yes, they've been destroyed; no escape pods evident.

Squad leader: Target identified! All craft, formation A!

[A shadow bears down, and a burst of fire explodes the cockpit shield. It takes the squad leader only seconds to die under the explosive decompression. Beams of fire, high density rounds and missiles explode across the darkness. One pilot launches his kinetic pebble canister weapon at the enemy.]

Pilot: Take this, assholes! (But the effectiveness of this, if any, is incomprehensible in the chaos of light and blackness. Finally, the battle ends with the explosion of the Tyrolean destroyer) Michaels calling *Rockwell...* The bogey has been destroyed, but our forces here have been decimated; I'm the only survivor, and I need retrieval.

Act Eleven:

[The Morning After. Mark and Becky are awakened by the noise from outside.]

Becky: What's the matter?

Mark: What's that sound? Turn on the TV.

(She does. The scene is looking down a boulevard, with a column of armored vehicles approaching.)

Announcer: Traffic in the vicinity has already been blocked off. There's not a single car on the road. (The vehicles approach, preceded by a motorcycle escort.) Here they come! It's the MT-1 Phoenix armored missile launchers, with military motorcycle escort. It's a new weapon (Cut to Becky and Mark) our country is proud of, made and designed here at home! The procession is such a sight that pedestrian traffic has come to a standstill, as the people stop to watch. Coming up next we have our newest war machine, the M-21 Anaconda heavy tank! What an impressive sight!

Becky: What's happening? Are we going to war?

Announcer: These are the heart of the 803rd Civil Defense Unit. It's a magnificent procession they're

making towards the Diet Building, to set up its defensive perimeter.

Mark: Bahamut has fallen!

[At the TV studios, B.D. is delivering his speech.]

B.D.: Last night we engaged the enemy in Hokkaido and shot down or sunk their insertion craft. The military will meet any further infringement (Cut to people in city watching TV) on our country's territory with the utmost determination. We have let ourselves become too complacent, and now our very freedom is at risk. (Cut to girls' apartment, where Stacey stares wide-eyed at the screen) The peaceful world we lived in until yesterday is no more. My fellow countrymen, the true crisis point is yet to come. I call on everyone to cooperate, in order to ready ourselves from this unanticipated conflict.

Stacey: (To Kelly) Did you see this? It's war! It's war!

Kelly: I'm at war too! I've got to finish shooting today, before all the locations get sealed off. Hurry up, get dressed and get yesterday's rushes from the film lab for me.

Stacey: Okay.

[In Shinjuku, Kelly directs Mark and Becky in the final scene of her film.]

Kelly: OK, we're all finished, after this scene. (Runs to camera) So! Put everything you've got into this take. Ready - action! (Stacey claps the board)

Mark: If I go to war, I don't know if I'll ever return. Are you ready for that possibility?

Becky: Yes. I'll wait forever for you, if I must.

Kelly: That's it... that's it....

[A burst of feedback hits her camera, and Eve's voice booms out.]

Eve: Attention everybody! Let's all stand up together to defend our freedom from the NeoSoviets.

[Everyone looks up at the giant TV screen of the department store. A Japanese flag flutters, jet fighters and tanks attack, and Eve, dressed in a cute army outfit, begins to sing.]

When you were feeling
something was missing from your life;
Feeling you're all alone

Stacey: What has Eve done with her looks?

Eve continues: -

When simple answers
to ordinary questions
are so elusive all the time

(She pauses, and her audience below appears unconcerned. One boy shrugs)

You can call on me
Lean on me
Why don't you call on me
You know I'll be there -
I'll be there.

Mark: They're trying to make us all into their pawns.

Becky: Promise me you'll not get yourself killed. (They look at each other, and Kelly mans the camera again.)

Kelly: Now THAT'S what I call acting (not realizing that they weren't acting, at all). Okay, let's get the close-up.

[Later, in the cycle shop, Mark watches Coco repair a bike.]

Mark: Pretty slow business, huh?

Coco: With all the tanks and travel restrictions, no one can ride their bikes. I have the military to thank for this crap!

[A newscast appears on Coco's TV.]

Announcer: Today, 1200 young men showed up in response (cut to teenagers in undershirts, waiting in line) to a call by the army for volunteers, and the recruiting offices were overwhelmed. (In examination room, holding a microphone) Let's find out quickly what today's youth is feeling about trying to become a soldier.

[Interview - Mori]

Mori: Well, it's really cool to be called on to protect our country, and there's the uniform and the rifle... (Snaps a salute) But it might take me a while to get used to the military life, it's a lot more strict, I hear... (Laughs nervously)

Mark: Mori!

Coco: And that was Chombo behind him. I thought I hadn't seen them around in a while. (Slams fist against bike.) What do those fools think they're doing? (Mark stares hard)

Act Twelve:

[The next day: In the McDonald's, Mark and Stacey are talking.]

Mark: Are you still going to work for Eve's TV show?

Stacey: Well, yeah. But there's been so much military control now, that it's no fun any more. (Becky arrives.) Did Kelly say she was coming?

Becky: (Sitting down) No, she says she's too busy editing the final version of the movie to even sleep. (Turns to Mark) She wanted me to bring back some burgers and beer.

Stacey: You know, she's gonna pot out, if she sticks to the Burger and Budweiser diet plan... (makes face)

[In the apartment, Kelly is checking the film, turning the reels by hand.]

Kelly: Good, good. (We see the footage of the bike on the screen.) The shots came out perfect. When they see this, they'll die!

[Behind her, the door to the opens silently. One foot steps in, then Kelly, clutching a reel of film, hears the door.]

Kelly: Stacey? Is that you? (Turning, she sees a man in a dark suit and sunglasses, pointing a gleaming automatic at her. She gets out of her chair...) What are you doing? (One silenced shot is fired into her head, and blood and film reel out as she falls backwards, spiraling down with one final thought...) Why? Why? Why?

[The agent walks over her body and examines one of the reels of film. Then he nods to a partner waiting at the door, who speaks softly into a cellular phone]

Agent: We have disposed of the matter.

B.D.: Good work. Gather up the negatives and any other important items.

[Smiling, he dismisses the matter with a wave of the hand, and his corrupt face recedes into blackness. The darkness is cut through by a scream... Stacey's scream, when she and her friends discover Kelly. Her bag of groceries falls to the floor and she stands shaking. Mark starts forward.]

Becky: Kelly... Who would have done such a thing?

[Mark kneels down beside Kelly and shakes his head in the final confirmation: Stacey screams and flies into her room. Mark looks down at the video equipment in disarray and knows the answer.]

Mark: I know who's responsible! (He strides towards Becky, and she is frantic...)

Becky: Don't go - please!

Mark: I'll come back. I promise. Someone has to stop him.

[Having said this with his eyes closed, he quickly runs out after she says his name almost inaudibly. Becky turns to the sobbing in Stacey's room, and wiping her own eyes, rushes to her.]

Becky: Stacey! Stacey, we've got to call the police. (The phone rings, and Becky, with trembling hand, picks it up.) Hello? Yes, she's here. I'll put her on. Stacey! It's your father! It's your father.

[Stacey moves up and cradles the phone in her arms.]

Stacey: Papa?

Embrey: Is that Stacey?

Stacey: Papa? That's you, isn't it?

Embrey: I've looked all over for you, Stacey. It's not safe here. I'm leaving for Monument City in the morning, and it's in the best interest of both of us for you to come with me. The enemy might try to use you as a hostage to get to me. I'll send a car for you.

Stacey: (Screaming) Papa!

[With his words, Stacey knows that he doesn't know the extent of the danger - a danger she only half-believed in until now. The windows are open to the outside, where Mark burns through tunnel, smashing barriers.]

Mark: You bastard! I'm not letting you get away with this!

[In his mobile command post, B.D. is receiving an intelligence briefing from his subordinates.]

1st Officer: These are the results of our examination of the standard enemy equipment. In short, the

enemy's weapons are vastly inferior to our own Bioroids. (A short silence follows this.)

B.D.: Inferior though they might be, we cannot underestimate them. All we can do is fight.

1st Officer: Now that we have their weapons, we can easily circumvent what little advantages they may have over us.

2nd Officer: The enemy's strength is in numbers. How do we set up our strategy?

1st Officer: According to the records, the last battle, 16 years ago, was won by them against four to one odds, with the help of a now-defunct reflex cannon and the use of a singer to disorient the Zentraedi in Dolza's fleet. In addition, there was a much greater gap between their fighters and the Regult than between their best mecha and the base Bioroid.

B.D.: Their defenses couldn't withstand us for long, even if not weakened.

1st Officer: That's correct, sir.

[Mark is in the underground city, racing towards the computer core.]

Mark: Okay, boys; ready to dance with the devil?

[He is picked up on a monitor as two men on assault platforms cruise by.]

Turkey One: Turkey One calling Full House. I have an intruder in the center section of block B-1, en route to block AB and Bahamut. Request a Hurgund squad for assistance.

Radio Voice: Roger.

[The platform's rotary gun cuts loose and track the Garland.]

Mark: Watch this!

[He converts and smashes straight into a building. There is an explosion within, and the flying platforms move in over the smoke.]

Turkey Two: Got him! (Starts lowering down) No signal on my sensor sweep. I'm going down to see what's going on.

Turkey One: Hey! It's still dangerous! Come back up! (Turkey 2 moves in, Mark zeroes him in on his targeting computer, and he fires a single shot that passes through Turkey 2's platform. It explodes a second later.) Turkey 1 calling Dagger squadron. Target is using sensor reduction. I lost sight of him on route 28, block A5.

[Mark leaves the dust behind. Dagger squadron, consisting of three Hurgund units attached to flying platforms, glides through the stale air.]

Dagger leader: Dagger leader to squadron. The target has got to come through here. (They detach and land.) Land in formation 1. Shoot on sight!

Squad: Roger! (The squad faces towards the approaching dust cloud.)

Soldier 1: Energy reaction at 12 o'clock.

[As Mark passes below...]

Dagger leader: Heat source approach! Energy reaction in line of fire!

[Mark, moving like a rocket, smashes through the wall of the computer core.]

Soldier 1: It's him!

Soldier 2: He ran the gauntlet at full speed? Impossible!

Dagger leader: What's "impossible"?

Soldier 2: I'm sorry, sir. He's penetrated inside Bahamut.

Dagger leader: What is this guy doing? Lawson calling headquarters. Request permission to use weapons within Bahamut.

[Cut to B.D.]

B.D.: At this critical time... Let those incompetents use beam sabers, and don't let him get away! Understand?

Dagger leader: Yes, sir!

[Inside, Mark's sensors have led him to his target.]

Mark: If I don't destroy this, the world's doomed! (He levels his gun at the computer core, but only a click answers his trigger) Out of ammo! Here they come!

[Hurgunds on the flying platforms soar into the chamber, but Mark hides in the roof piping. He sights one of the Hurgunds' assault pistols.]

Mark: His gun will do. [Smashes Hurgund, taking its weapon]

Soldier: There he is! He got Mackie! Don't lose him!

[Mark fires several shots and then runs off.]

Mark: Where are you, you bastard? (He takes a shot in the back) I can't stand this! (He ignites his back jets and shoots up an elevator shaft into an open chamber) Oh shit!

[B.D. is waiting for him.]

B.D.: (In Hurgund suit) Yes, it's me. Do you understand, Mr. Landry? It seems I can't leave you to my incompetent men. (Activates beam saber) Shall I chop you into little bits? It's time to teach you who's boss around here.

[His saber smashes into Mark's shield.]

Mark: Dammit! B.D., listen to me! Stop this!! You may be a clone, programmed to do this, but you're still the real B.D. inside! Fight your programming!

[He sidesteps and shoots.]

B.D.: You really think that makes a difference?

Mark: Damn you!

B.D.: (Teasing) Aim carefully. (All of Mark's shots go wild or impact only on B.D.'s shield. Then the gun is empty.) What's wrong? Out of ammunition, are you? Too bad.

Mark: (Quickly converting his gun to beam saber mode.) You arrogant bastard!

B.D.: Shut your face, you little punk! (His saber strikes the Garland's right shoulder, and B.D. then kicks him upside the head. He spears him in the chest panel, and Garland falls to the ground) Where'd your courage go? (Inside the bike, the electronic systems are starting to short out and so is Mark.) Where'd all your earlier enthusiasm go? (Kicks him in the head again) Hey! Stand up! (B.D. hauls the useless Garland up.) Now you understand my power. You could never stop us, just as the real Andrews couldn't stop us. Say hi to him in your hell for me. (He hurls Mark down an elevator shaft, where Mark's Garland lands on a platform. As B.D. turns away, the platform begins to rise, out of sight, to the surface) Operation complete. All hands return to base.

Voice: Colonel, our plan is working. The attack wave for Vladivostok is ready to leave, and you need to take care of Embrey.

B.D.: All right, I'll be right there!

Act Thirteen:

[Saying good-bye. Stacey stands, holding her packed bag, in her dark and silent room. She opens the door to meet Becky, who is waiting outside. Stacey sobs and calls Becky's name, rushing forth to hug her.]

Stacey: I'm sorry. I'm sorry....I won't forget that I lived here or all my friends.

Becky: You have to get out of here; for your safety, and for your father's.

Stacey: What will you do now? You'll be all alone.

Becky: I'll think about it when he gets back.

Stacey: That's right. You two be happy, OK?

Becky: You, too.

As she moves away, Stacey tries to smile one last time.

Stacey: I was happy here... Good-bye!

[Still crying, she leaves. Becky walks to the balcony and looks out as Stacey is about to step into a limousine manned by more men in dark suits and sunglasses. Stacey stops and exchanges a long glance with Becky, but there is no message between them. As the limo pulls away, Becky cries out.]

Becky: Stacey... Kelly... Keep believing that now is the best time of all!

[With that lie collapsing her entire world of lies, Becky too falls down.]

[From this point on, all is new footage, footage seen at the beginning of the English-language edition of **Megazone 23 II**, or variations of the latter.]

[As Stacey's limo heads toward the airport in the pre-dawn darkness, another car pulls in behind it, almost

imperceptibly.]

Bodyguard: Miss, your father is on the phone.

Stacey (picks up phone): Papa, Kelly's dead... (she cries on the guard's shoulder)

Embrey: What happened? Was she near one of the government houses?

Stacey: No; she was killed in the apartment, right before you called. We hadn't even had time to call the police, after we came in and found her. Mark said some man named "B.D." killed her, for filming his motorcycle.

Embrey: B.D.? B.D. Andrews?? Stacey, did your friend's motorcycle transform into a robot?

Stacey: Yes, it did. He said that his friend Todd was killed by B.D. too, after Todd's commander ordered him to get it to safety. Mark took off after B.D., before you came to get me; before we found Kelly, he was more concerned in letting you know about the motorcycle, but we never could get through to you.

Embrey: But I've not been anywhere that would keep me from being contacted.

Stacey: I've been trying to call all week, but couldn't get through. Your new secretary said you weren't available.

Embrey: I don't have a new secretary. Someone must have been intercepting my calls, and screening them. And B.D. is the one who told me to take this flight to safety. I'm beginning to wonder if we're safe at all....

[Meanwhile, Mark lies in the shattered hulk of the Garland. As pain brings him out of unconsciousness, Eve appears on his screen.]

Eve: Mark... Mark, wake up....

Mark: Eve?

Eve: As impossible as it may seem, I think you actually got through to him; he shouldn't have let you live, but he did. But, I doubt it will work again. You must hurry; your friend Stacey, and her father, are in grave danger. B.D.'s forces plan to kill them at the airport, and claim it was an enemy attack.

Mark: What can I do now? The Garland is wrecked...

Eve: There's a prototype fighter in a bunker near the surface. Its operating system is compatible with the MODAT system, so if you can get to it with the data cartridge you downloaded me into earlier, I can fly it, while you operate the weapons.

Mark: But, how will we get it to the surface?

Eve: Leave that to me.

[Mark eases his sore body out of the broken Garland, and ties a bloody bandanna on his forehead, to keep a cut from dripping into his eye, should it reopen. The elevator platform's door opens very slowly, after he plugs Eve's cartridge into the slot next to it. He retrieves the cartridge, and progresses down the corridor. Finally, he comes to a halt a few meters short of the chamber Eve had directed him to.]

Act Fourteen:

[Dawn has broken, and Darryl Embrey is waiting aboard one of the government's aircraft for his daughter, as the pilots and security were already here. The plane is an old Lockheed L-1011, brought out of desert storage by the RDF, and given to the UEG years before to serve as a diplomatic shuttle.]

Embrey: I don't like this waiting. This plane is 20 years older than I am. If we had something VTOL, we could have taken off already, and picked Stacey up someplace less vulnerable. Then I wouldn't have to worry about Andrews' duplicity.

Aide: I know, sir. (He looks out a window, and sees not the limo, but a familiar-looking truck pull in through the gate) Isn't that a Hurgund transport truck?

Embrey: You're right; it is. Call Colonel Fredericks of the Monument City G.M.P. office, using my satellite phone. Have HIM personally send an immediate request to his counterpart here, through the G.M.P. private channels, for backup. I have reason to believe the local UEG and Southern Cross switchboards have been compromised.

Aide: It's already ringing, sir. I just hope his request gets through in time.

[Meanwhile, back in the underground, Mark has found the storage place of the Privateer MODAT prototype. He can see two guards, and proceeds to take out the first with a sleeper hold, the second with a more frontal attack. He doesn't want to hurt them, as they're not part of B.D.'s forces, just guards stuck guarding a related project.]

Guard 3: Freeze! (He levels a submachinegun at Mark)

Mark (to himself): Only got one chance.... (he dives for the door at the bottom of the gantry for the fighter, which is mounted in a vertical launch position)

[The guard sprays, trying his best to hit the diving civilian, but misses as Mark hits the door, and falls into the room (the doors opened inward only, to hold in the blast in the case the engines were activated). The door swings shut behind Mark.]

Guard 3: Damn; he's in with the prototype.

Guard 4: Don't let him out. He has to come out eventually, and there's only one exit. Besides, only the bigwigs with the computer key can start the baby anyway, so he can't use it to escape either.

[Guards' opinion otherwise, Mark is being lifted up into the Privateer's cockpit, and is studying the layout of the interior. It is much like the interior layout of the Garland Battloid, with an extra set of controls.]

Mark: Now, all I have to do is plug Eve in. I don't think I'm ready for this, but I don't have much of a choice.

[Stacey's limo arrives at the boarding steps of the plane, as B.D. launches his attack. Tanks burst from hangars and garages, and a swarm of hover platforms appear. One destroys the control tower, while the rest battle the airport's defenders. Despite a valiant effort, the defenders fall, leaving the L-1011 surrounded. Stacey has gotten back into the limo, and has called Becky for help as the battle rages around her.]

Stacey: We're in trouble! Where's Mark?

Becky: I haven't heard from him since before you left.

Stacey: If he contacts you, tell him to come to the airport! Becky, I'm afraid they're going to kill us, just like Kelly!

[The phone fills with static, as the attackers finally get wise to the use of the phone and jams it]

Becky: Stacey??? Mark, where are you???

[Mark plugs the data cartridge into the Privateer, and it starts to power up.]

Mark: Okay, Eve; it's show time!

Eve: It's about time. (she scans for updated information) The Embreys are surrounded at the airport, and need you there immediately. They called Becky looking for you, but their signal was jammed part way into the conversation.

Mark: Isn't the apartment along the way?

Eve: Yes, but why do you ask?

Mark: Buzz it along the way, so Becky will know we're still alive, and on the way to the fight.

Eve: If you wish. Engaging engines now.

[Down below, the guards are caught totally by surprise when the fighter's engines start winding up.]

Guard 3: What the hell? I thought you said he couldn't start that thing???? (He runs for cover)

[The street above collapses, swallowing a delivery truck as explosive charges clear the concealed launch tunnel. A mile away, Becky hears the explosion, and goes to the balcony to see where it was. The Privateer bursts from the hole, and swings toward the apartment. It zips by Becky, less than 50 meters away, tilted to where she could see the cockpit and its occupant. It continues on from there, toward the airport.]

Becky: The airport.... Mark, how did you know?

Act Fifteen:

[At the airport, the Embreys are being held at gunpoint, next to the limo. From the interior of the Hurgund truck, B.D. is gloating over his coup (figurative and literal).]

B.D.: Greetings for the last time, Minister Embrey. How tragic; the terrorists managed to get hold of you, and decided to kill you instead of letting my forces rescue you. And so, the truth will die-

[Suddenly, a tank explodes, as the Privateer flies in, out of the sun.]

B.D.: What the hell??? All hovercraft! Bring that fighter down!

Stacey: Mark's come to save us!

[The hovercraft give it their best shot, but can't track the much faster fighter. For Mark, aided by Eve, taking out the hovercraft more resembled clay pigeons at a skeet shoot than true combat. Then, the tanks fry, but are even less effective, not built for fighting aircraft. Mark easily finishes off the tanks. Finally, the truck opens up, and B.D.'s Hurgund rises it out of it, as Mark is turning the fighter around for another run.]

B.D.: Stupid kid! I guess I'll have to finish the job myself. (B.D. uses his targeting system to full effect, locking on to one of the engine nacelles. His shots cause the engine to flame out, and the fighter flips into an inverted dive).

Mark: Hey!

B.D.: So long, punk. That space fighter can't stay airborne on one engine.

Eve: Mark, pull the lever in front of my console. It's the escape mecha release activator.

Mark: Escape mecha? It's worth a shot. (He pulls the lever, and the cockpit starts to shift as the plane undergoes a programmed breakup to eject the escape mecha) Whoa!

B.D.: He knew about the secondary unit? But how?

[The escape mecha lands on the tarmac in a cloud of fire and smoke. It walks out of the cloud, showing itself to be a design intermediary between the Garland & Hurgund. Its weapon is one of the Privateer's pulse cannon, in the form of a rifle.]

[Mark runs it toward B.D., giving out a scream of anger, and fires. B.D. fires back; a spray of suppression fire to cover his thruster-assisted jump backward, almost hovering.]

[Mark then shifts his Garland into its hover-skate mode of propulsion, as B.D. lands. Mark gets a lucky shot in, taking off the arm of B.D.'s Hurgund at the elbow.]

Mark: Gotcha!

[The two enemies face off for a second, then B.D. opens fire - not at Mark, but at the L-1011. Mark throws a body block into the Hurgund, then a hand chop that severs the head. The latter forced part of the mechanism back into the Hurgund's cockpit, crushing B.D. into unconsciousness. The Hurgund falls backward, useless.]

Mark: (Standing over the downed Hurgund) That takes care of B.D. - (an explosion goes off behind him) Huh?

[Mark turns to see the jet burning, where B.D.'s shot hit the fuel lines going to the rear engine. Using the Garland's telescopic optics, he sees Stacey trying to pull her father from underneath a piece of the plane blown off by the explosion. He quickly jumps to their side, removes the debris, and picks both up. He is walking them to safety, shielding him with the body of the mecha, when the plane's fuel tanks finally explode. He staggers them clear from the edge of the explosion, and the Garland shuts down from damage done by the explosion, back by where B.D. fell.]

["In My Heart" begins with this scene, in the background, timed to where chorus begins at its end]

[A short period later... We see GMP aircraft hauling off the remnants of B.D.'s forces, including B.D.'s Hurgund, using a Hurgund flight carrier, as he'll have to be cut out of it before he can be treated and interrogated. The airport is still burning, as the airport fire department was killed by B.D.'s men, and the GMP won't let the local firefighters in until they "clean up" the evidence of what really occurred.]

[Stacey and her father are holding each other, and Mark is sitting on top of the shut-down Garland, when Mark hears someone calling out his name. He turns, and sees Becky running toward him.]

Mark: Becky! (He starts running to her) What are you doing here? How did you get in??

Becky: When I saw you fly by, I left the apartment, and beat the GMP here. I waited for them to leave you guys before leaving the building. Is it over? I mean, really over, for good?"

Mark: I hope so. We beat them. But we still haven't seen the real enemy, yet. But, that's the military's problem, not ours. Right now, all I want to do is hold you.

[Pull back from burning airport, and the chorus of "In My Heart" begins, showing flashbacks of Mark,

Becky and the others from earlier, until the end of the chorus.]

Epilogue:

[new footage as needed, from SC, Invid and post-Invid eras]

Mark:

The irony of the whole affair is that the clones were never identified as such, despite Embrey's insistence, and I was wanted for being an accessory to the incident. All the surviving spies were tried as if they were their human counterparts, and executed, without ever revealing their true nature. The ramifications of the incident, and these executions, would be felt for some time.

First of all, the near war caused by the fake B.D. so crippled the relations between the EBSIS and the UEG, that the Soviets refused to come to the aid of the UEG nations when the Masters' main fleet attacked, choosing to point out that only Western Hemisphere and space targets were being hit by the aliens.

Second, those who had been captured originally by the Masters, and replaced, were the moderate branch of the UEG and Southern Cross leadership, removing the only balance to Leonard's blind hatred. Only Rolf Emerson, who had been sick the week of the Mars conference's launch (and missed it), survived. In a way, the Masters' plot backfired in the worst possible way.

Third, while many refused to give credence to Embrey's report of my observations, enough gave them the benefit of the doubt (when combined with the reports of the battle with an unknown ship, which easily dispatched the new mecha), to organize the cancellation of the Privateer, Garland/Hurgand and Scorpion programs, and reactivate the canceled AJACS development program. The surviving equipment was put into reserve bunkers, and while I've never met another person who used a Hurgund against the Invid, Lancer told me he saw a few at Reflex Point, who had traveled all the way from Korea to take part in the battle - none survived.

To save me from possible danger at the hands of my own government, Darryl Embrey smuggled me, Becky and both the Garlands I used to his winter vacation home in Ecuador. We made it to Quito successfully, and moved into the guest house of the estate, about 20 kilometers south of town. Stacey came to stay with us, during the war with the Masters, while Becky and I learned Spanish, how to maintain the place, and how to grow our own food. We also started our own family, after getting married in Quito, with Stacey as witness. By that time, Stacey's father had become just "Darryl" to us, as we had shared way too much to continue using his titles and honorifics.

By the time the war with the Masters ended, we had a year's worth of locally grown food preserved and stockpiled for 6 people, not to mention enough Southern Cross military rations for a platoon for twice as long, that Darryl diverted in the chance the Masters won, and he had to flee Japan. Not long afterward, the flowers started appearing, and the few Zentraedi still around said that the Invid that Eve told me about would be here soon, and they wouldn't take the time to distinguish between us and the Tyroleans. We told Darryl, and he told us to go ahead and move into the main house, and he promised to join us with Stacey as soon as he could. They never did; either they died in the destruction of Japan, or their plane crashed in route. We still miss them, and two of our three children are named for them (the third for Kelly, of course).

Becky, our two daughters and I rode out the Invid Invasion there. I tried to stay out of the fighting, but our local problems were not from the Invid. Instead, it was local bandits that eventually forced me to complete the rebuilding of the two Garland wrecks into one working mecha. When working, it almost seemed as if I was being watched. I found out why when I finally reactivated the computer system on the Garland; Eve was still waiting there for us. Of course, she was a little upset that we left her blind and half-deaf for so long, but when we explained to her the circumstances, she understood. With her help, we defeated the bandits, avoided entanglements with the Invid, and even began educating the locals, using their old TV equipment and the Garland's transmitter to broadcast educational programs. Finally, the Invid

left; and for a few months, no one knew why.

When we attended the "Last Concert" of Yellow Dancer, we found out that "she" was not only an old friend of Stacey and Becky from Tokyo, but the singer I heard complaining about his contract being sold years ago, as I was sneaking into the TV station. The reason he had been complaining so much was that he had been a GMP operative back then, and something HAD to be wrong if his front contract was being sold to civilians. He didn't find out what until much later, by which time he'd transferred to the space forces, and ended up on the Moon when the Invid arrived. We found out about Lancer's role in the departure of the Invid, and met his wife, who got along strangely well with Eve. In fact, after the concert, we helped Lancer & Sera get their cabin, and hooked up computer links between their home and ours, so that Eve could travel between them at will, educating our children and theirs, and recording again with Lancer.

Maybe, one of these days, we'll have the technology to give Eve another remote body, to replace the one she lost to Janice Em. If not, there's no shortage of people willing to build another new city for her - not a ghost of long-dead Quito of 2030, Macross of 2011 or Tokyo of 1980, but a city living for today, and the promise of tomorrow. We owe it to our children, and Eve's the one to help us find the dream.

[Begin song, "The Future is Now" by Eve]

[Roll Credits]

Finis.