CYBER FORCE
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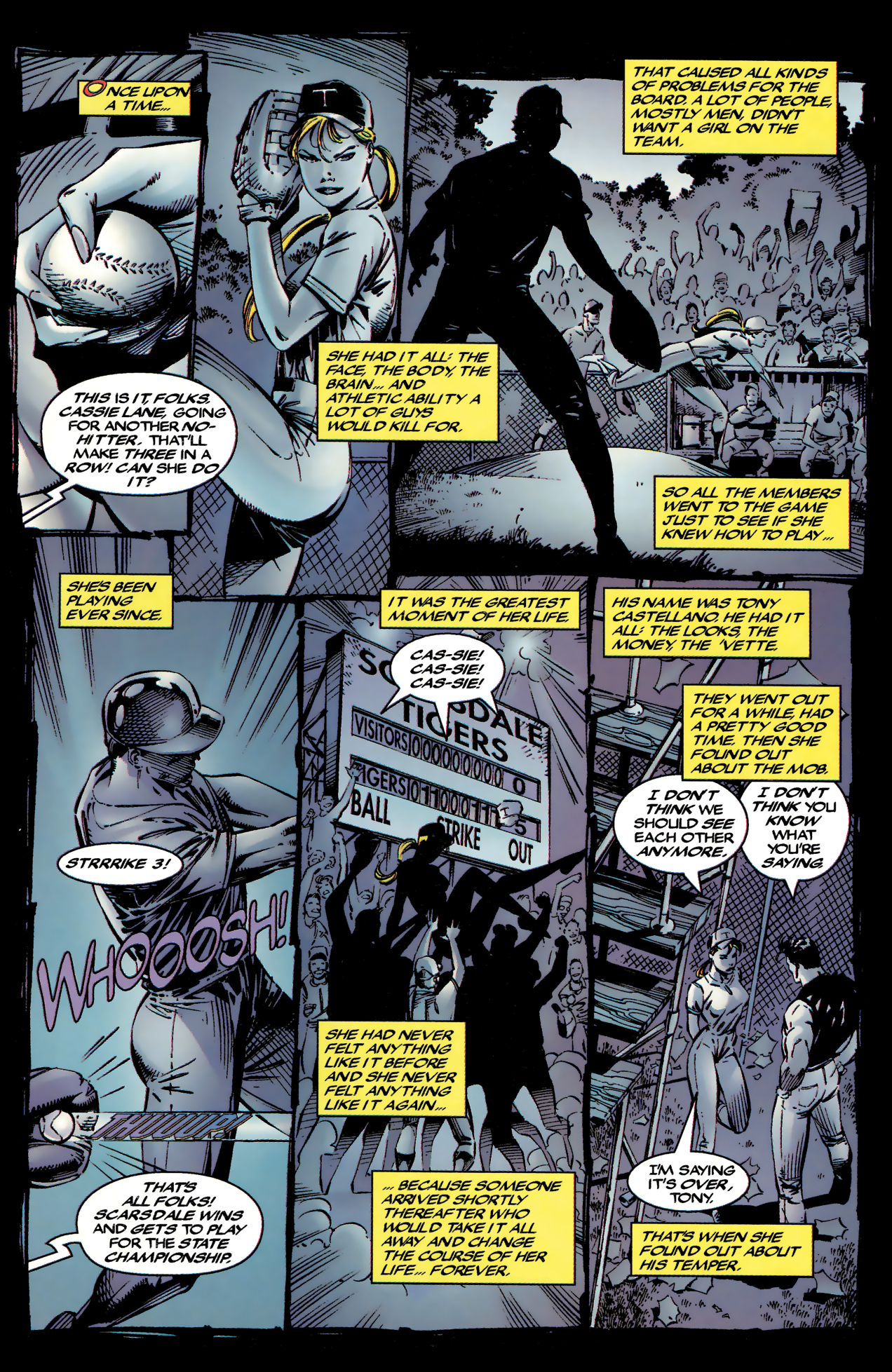
CYBER FORCE

CREATED BY
Marc Silvestri

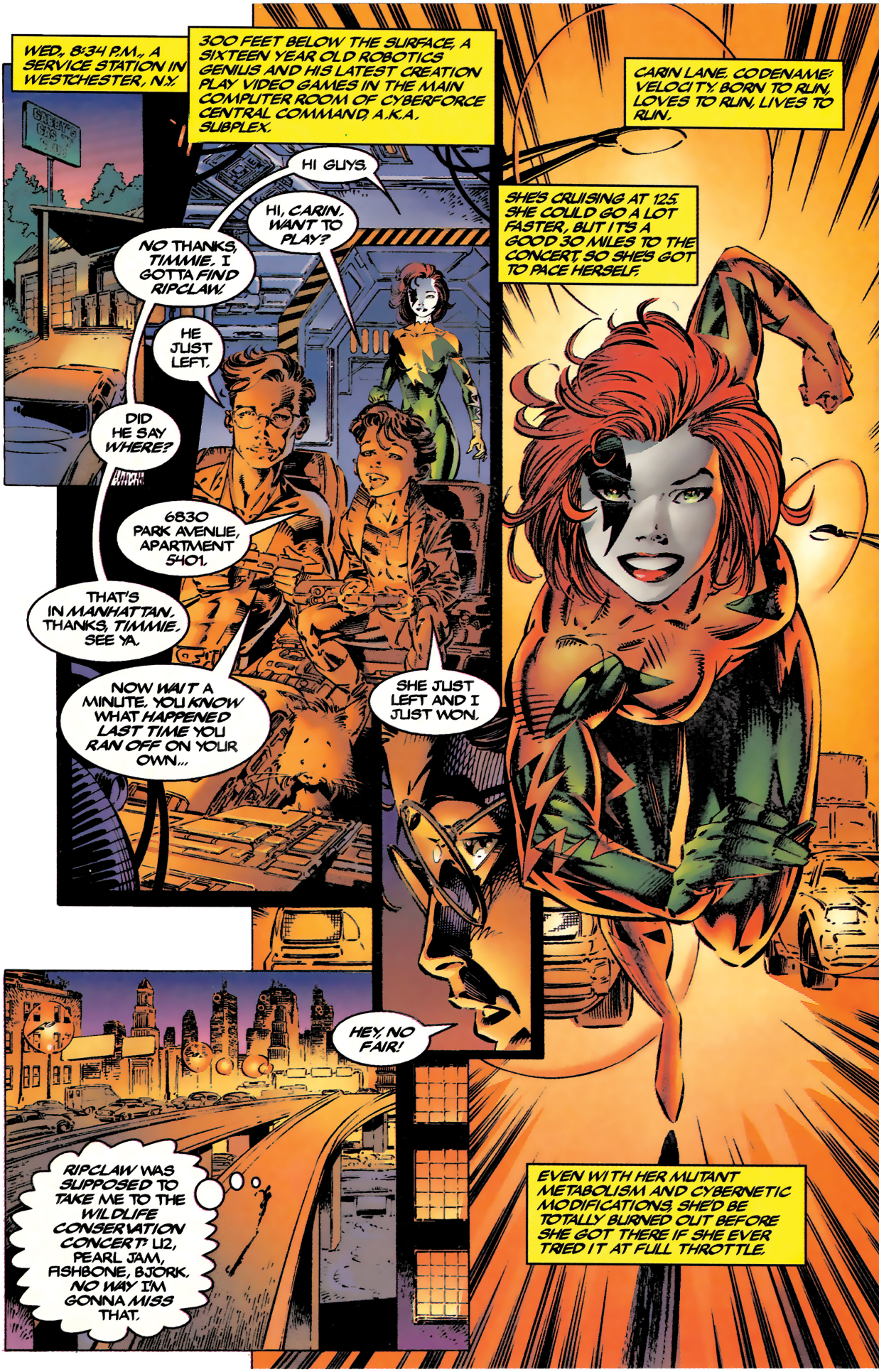
WED., 8:29 P.M., MANHATTAN, UPPER EAST SIDE.
THEY'RE STRANGERS HERE, A LONG WAY FROM HOME, AND THEY'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE I T-THIS SWANKY PARK AVENUE PENTHOUSE, 500 FEET OFF THE GROUND.
THEY WATCH AND WAIT AS HIGH-RISE HUSTLERS TALK ABOUT THE NEXT BIG THING: A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH IN PHARMACEUTICAL RECREATION.
HE'S PASSING OUT SAMPLES. THAT'S THEIR CUE. TIME TO TELL THESE WOULD-BE DRUG LORDS SOMETHING THEY DON'T WANT TO HEAR.
THE PRICE OF DOING BUSINESS IS ABOUT TO GO UP, ALL THE WAY UP...
...AND EVERYBODY'S GOT TO PAY.

THERE ARE THREE OF THEM, BUT THEY THINK AND ACT AS ONE, MOVING QUICKLY AND QUIETLY WITH A CLEAR SENSE OF PURPOSE.

CHAPOK
POK
AAAHHG!
PCHAKA
TAK
TAK
WITH ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY, THEY TARGET ONLY THOSE RESPONSIBLE-- LEAVING THE OTHERS TO WATCH IN HORROR AS THEY GO ABOUT THEIR GRISLY TASK.
TWO MINUTES LATER, THEY ARE GONE.


ONCE UPON A TIME...
THIS IS IT, FOLKS. CASSIE LANE, GOING FOR ANOTHER NO-HITTER. THAT'LL MAKE THREE IN A ROW! CAN SHE DO IT?
SHE HAD IT ALL: THE FACE, THE BODY, THE BRAIN... AND ATHLETIC ABILITY A LOT OF GUYS WOULD KILL FOR.
THAT CAUSED ALL KINDS OF PROBLEMS FOR THE BOARD. A LOT OF PEOPLE, MOSTLY MEN, DIDN'T WANT A GIRL ON THE TEAM.
SO ALL THE MEMBERS WENT TO THE GAME JUST TO SEE IF SHE KNEW HOW TO PLAY...
SHE'S BEEN PLAYING EVER SINCE.
STRRRIKE 3!
WHOOOSH!
THAT'S ALL FOLKS! SCARSDALE WINS AND GETS TO PLAY FOR THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.
IT WAS THE GREATEST MOMENT OF HER LIFE.
CAS-SIE! CAS-SIE! CAS-SIE!
TIGERS
VISITORS 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
BALL
STRIKE
OUT
SHE HAD NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE AND SHE NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE IT AGAIN...
... BECAUSE SOMEONE ARRIVED SHORTLY THEREAFTER WHO WOULD TAKE IT ALL AWAY AND CHANGE THE COURSE OF HER LIFE... FOREVER.
HIS NAME WAS TONY CASTELLANO. HE HAD IT ALL: THE LOOKS, THE MONEY, THE 'VETTE.
THEY WENT OUT FOR A WHILE, HAD A PRETTY GOOD TIME. THEN SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE MOB.
I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD SEE EACH OTHER ANYMORE.
I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
I'M SAYING IT'S OVER, TONY.
THAT'S WHEN SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT HIS TEMPER.

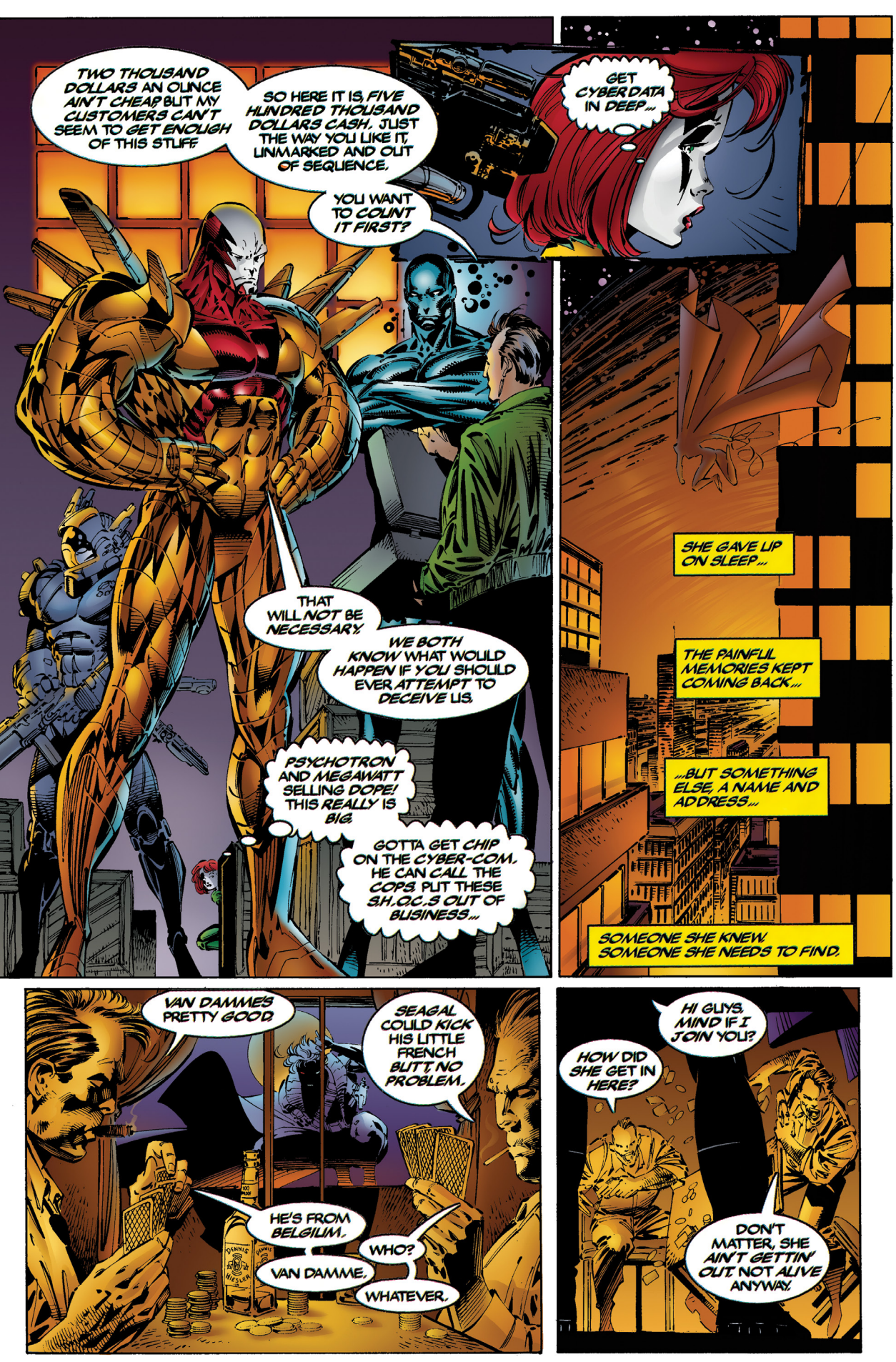
... THE SORT OF THING THAT WAKES YOU UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND MAKES YOU WONDER IF MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT THE "BRAIN-BOX" IN, AT LEAST THEN YOU COULD GET SOME SLEEP.
TONY HAD A REAL PROBLEM WITH PEOPLE TURNING HIM DOWN.
IT MADE THEM MORE POWERFUL THAN HE WAS AND THAT MADE HIM ANGRY.
WHEN TONY GOT ANGRY, PEOPLE GOT HURT.
NO TONY-- PLEASE DON'T-- NOT THE ARM!
WHOMP!
KRAAK
THEY BEAT HER UP PRETTY BAD, ESPECIALLY THE ARM.
IT'S THE SORT OF THING YOU DON'T FORGET...
SHE NEVER MADE IT TO THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP, NEVER EVEN MADE IT BACK TO CLASS, MAY NOT MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT.
GAVE HER A NEW ONE, THOUGH. SOME KIND OF BIO-METALLIC ALLOY, CUTTING EDGE STUFF, ALMOST INDESTRUCTIBLE...
MAYBE THESE'LL HELP... MAYBE NOT.
THEY TOOK THE ARM, BUT LEFT THE PAIN. THANKS A LOT, GUYS.
GOD, I WISH THESE DAMN PAIN KILLERS WOULD KICK IN.
SO SOMETIMES SHE FORGETS ABOUT THE FLESH AND BLOOD IT'S CONNECTED TO, HOW IT RIPS AND SHREDS AND BLEEDS IF YOU OVERDO IT WITH THE ARM.


WED., 8:34 P.M., A SERVICE STATION IN WESTCHESTER, N.Y.
300 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE, A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD ROBOTICS GENIUS AND HIS LATEST CREATION PLAY VIDEO GAMES IN THE MAIN COMPUTER ROOM OF CYBERFORCE CENTRAL COMMAND, A.K.A., SUBPLEX.
HI GUYS.
HI, CARIN. WANT TO PLAY?
NO THANKS, TIMMIE. I GOTTA FIND RIPCLAW.
HE JUST LEFT.
DID HE SAY WHERE?
6830 PARK AVENUE, APARTMENT 5401.
THAT'S IN MANHATTAN. THANKS, TIMMIE. SEE YA.
NOW WAIT A MINUTE. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME YOU RAN OFF ON YOUR OWN...
SHE JUST LEFT AND I JUST WON.
CARIN LANE. CODENAME: VELOCITY. BORN TO RUN. LOVES TO RUN. LIVES TO RUN.
SHE'S CRUISING AT 125. SHE COULD GO A LOT FASTER, BUT IT'S A GOOD 30 MILES TO THE CONCERT, SO SHE'S GOT TO PACE HERSELF.
HEY, NO FAIR!
RIPCLAW WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE ME TO THE WILDLIFE CONSERVATION CONCERT! U2, PEARL JAM, FISHBONE, BJORK. NO WAY I'M GONNA MISS THAT.
EVEN WITH HER MUTANT METABOLISM AND CYBERNETIC MODIFICATIONS, SHE'D BE TOTALLY BURNED OUT BEFORE SHE GOT THERE IF SHE EVER TRIED IT AT FULL THROTTLE.

SHE HEARS THE ROAR OF THE WIND, FEELS THE COOL NIGHT AIR...
BUT SHE DOESN'T NOTICE THE LIMO...
VROOOM
THUMP!
HEY! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH...
WHOOSH!
SEES THE WHITE LINE FLASHING TO THE BEAT OF HER HEART...
...'TIL IT'S TOO LATE.
...WHERE I'M GOIIIING.
OOOPH!
TH-DUNK
OH WELL, U2 PROBABLY WON'T EVEN SHOW UP.

WED., 9:36 P.M., MANHATTAN, UPPER EAST SIDE.
HEY LIEUTENANT, WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING?
BEATS ME, SERGEANT, BUT IT CERTAINLY EXPLAINS WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE BODIES OUT THERE.
IT'S A DOUBLE-BLADED AX USED IN ANCIENT MAYAN BLOOD RITUALS.
GEEZ, RIPCLAW, WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LEARN TO USE THE DAMN DOOR?
THIS IS HOW THE PERPETRATORS ENTERED THE BUILDING.
THIS CASE IS MAKIN' ME JUMPY ENOUGH AS IT IS WITHOUT YOU SNEAKIN' UP ON ME LIKE THAT!
THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE ANGER I FEEL.
THESE ASSASSINS MAY BE PROFESSIONALS, BUT THEY WERE NOT MOTIVATED BY GREED.
THREE OF THEM, WELL-TRAINED, HIGHLY-SKILLED, VERY STRONG.
WHO WERE THE VICTIMS?
DRUG DEALERS, BIG TIME, JUST LIKE THE OTHERS.
WHAT OTHERS?
THIS IS THE THIRD HIT IN TWO WEEKS, ALL MAJOR PLAYERS SELLING SOMETHING NEW...
A VERY MEAN HALLUCINOGENIC FORM OF COCAINE CALLED "BLACK CRACK".
THIS WAS A CRIME OF PASSION.

WED., 9:43 P.M., MANHATTAN.
RAN INTO SOME TRAFFIC ON THE HENRY HUDSON, PROCEEDING SOUTH ON BROADWAY AT WASHINGTON HEIGHTS... OVER.
THAT'S A ROGER, VELOCITY. PLEASE BE CAREFUL. OVER AND OUT.
OH MY GOD! THAT'S THE CAR.
AND THERE'S THE IDIOT WHO RAN ME OFF THE ROAD.
I GOT SOME NOT-SO-NICE THINGS TO SAY TO THAT GUY.
WHOA! SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST TIME TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION.
A CYBERDATA TAK-1 O MACHINE PISTOL. THAT'S A SERIOUS GUN.
GOTTA BE SOMETHING BIG GOING DOWN.
I'M SURE MR. ROADKILL WON'T MIND IF I JUST TAKE A QUICK LOOK AROUND.


TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS AN OUNCE AIN'T CHEAP, BUT MY CUSTOMERS CAN'T SEEM TO GET ENOUGH OF THIS STUFF.
SO HERE IT IS, FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH. JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE IT, UNMARKED AND OUT OF SEQUENCE.
YOU WANT TO COUNT IT FIRST?
THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY.
WE BOTH KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU SHOULD EVER ATTEMPT TO DECEIVE US.
PSYCHOTRON AND MEGAWATT SELLING DOPE! THIS REALLY IS BIG.
GOTTA GET CHIP ON THE CYBER-COM. HE CAN CALL THE COPS, PUT THESE S.H.O.C.S OUT OF BUSINESS...
GET CYBER DATA IN DEEP...
SHE GAVE UP ON SLEEP...
THE PAINFUL MEMORIES KEPT COMING BACK...
...BUT SOMETHING ELSE, A NAME AND ADDRESS...
SOMEONE SHE KNEW. SOMEONE SHE NEEDS TO FIND.
VAN DAMME'S PRETTY GOOD.
SEAGAL COULD KICK HIS LITTLE FRENCH BUTT, NO PROBLEM.
HE'S FROM BELGIUM.
WHO?
VAN DAMME.
WHATEVER.
HOW DID SHE GET IN HERE?
HI GUYS. MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
DON'T MATTER, SHE AIN'T GETTIN' OUT. NOT ALIVE ANYWAY.

I GUESS THAT MEANS WE'RE NOT PLAYING CARDS.
FINE WITH ME. I HAD A LOUSY HAND ANYWAY...
THHHMP!
IF YOU BOYS ARE THROUGH HORSING AROUND, MAYBE WE CAN GET...
OH! SORRY, DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD COMPANY.
HEY WAIT A MINUTE. DON'T I KNOW YOU?
HI JOE!

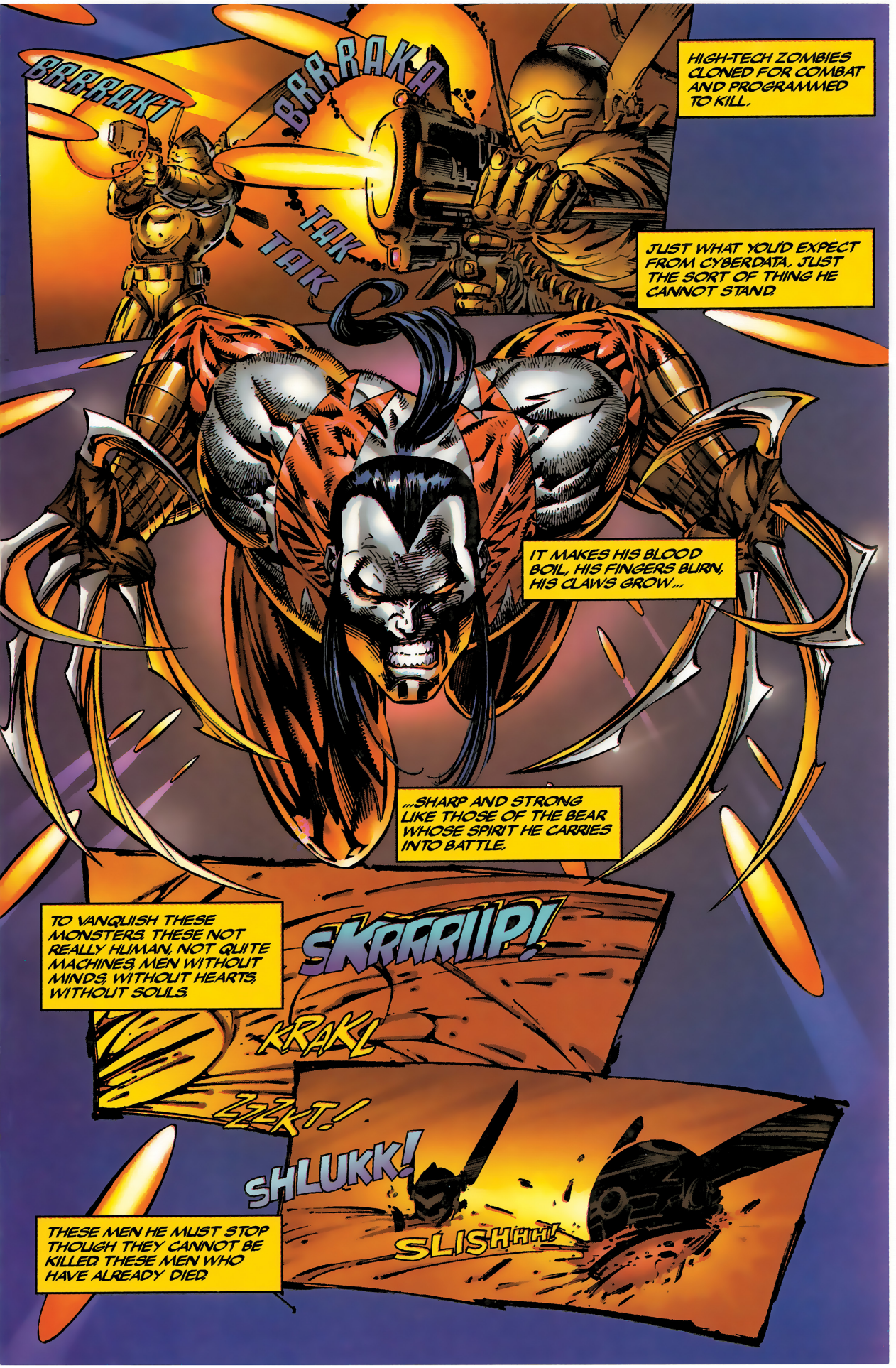
JUST TWO OF A KIND...
UGH I BET AT BEATS NYTHING 'VE GOT.
THHWAAK!
SSIE! THAT ALLY OU?
MOST OF IT.
GET OVER HERE AND GIVE YOUR UNCLE JOE A GREAT BIG HUG.
GOSH, IT'S BEEN, WHAT...TEN YEARS?
GIVE OR TAKE.
YOU LOOK... DOWNRIGHT DEADLY.
YEAH, WELL IT'S A LONG STORY.
SO, LET'S HEAR IT.
SHORTLY...
SO AFTER CORBEN TOOK THE "BRAIN BOX" OUT, I STARTED GETTING THESE FLASHBACKS.
LIKE THE OTHER DAY, I'M AT THE JEWELRY STORE AND I SEE YOU AND ME HANGING OFF THE CEILING.
OH MAN, THOSE WERE THE DAYS. REMEMBER--
LISTEN, JOE. THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO DO FOR ME.
ANYTHING, CASS. YOU KNOW THAT.
I WANT YOU TO FIND SOMEONE.
NO PROBLEM. WHO'S THE LUCKY GUY?
TONY CASTELLANO.

DAMN IT, VELOCITY! THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR.
CHASING AFTER YOU ALL OVER TOWN EVERY TIME YOU RAN AWAY WAS BAD ENOUGH...
...BUT THIS NEW HABIT YOU HAVE OF BEING IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME...
...IS MORE THAN JUST ANNOYING.
IT'S THE SORT OF THING THAT MAKES YOU A SERIOUS THREAT TO OUR OPERATION.
A THREAT THAT I WOULD NORMALLY HAVE DISPOSED OF MYSELF...
...WERE IT NOT FOR THE FACT THAT WE HAVE SOMEONE HERE WHO SPECIALIZES IN SUCH MATTERS...
...AND HAS EVEN OFFERED TO DO IT FREE OF CHARGE.
HE DOES, HOWEVER, REQUEST THAT HE BE ALLOWED TO SPEND A FEW MINUTES ALONE WITH YOU.
I SAID SURE, WHY NOT.
YESSSSLURP!
GRRRR!

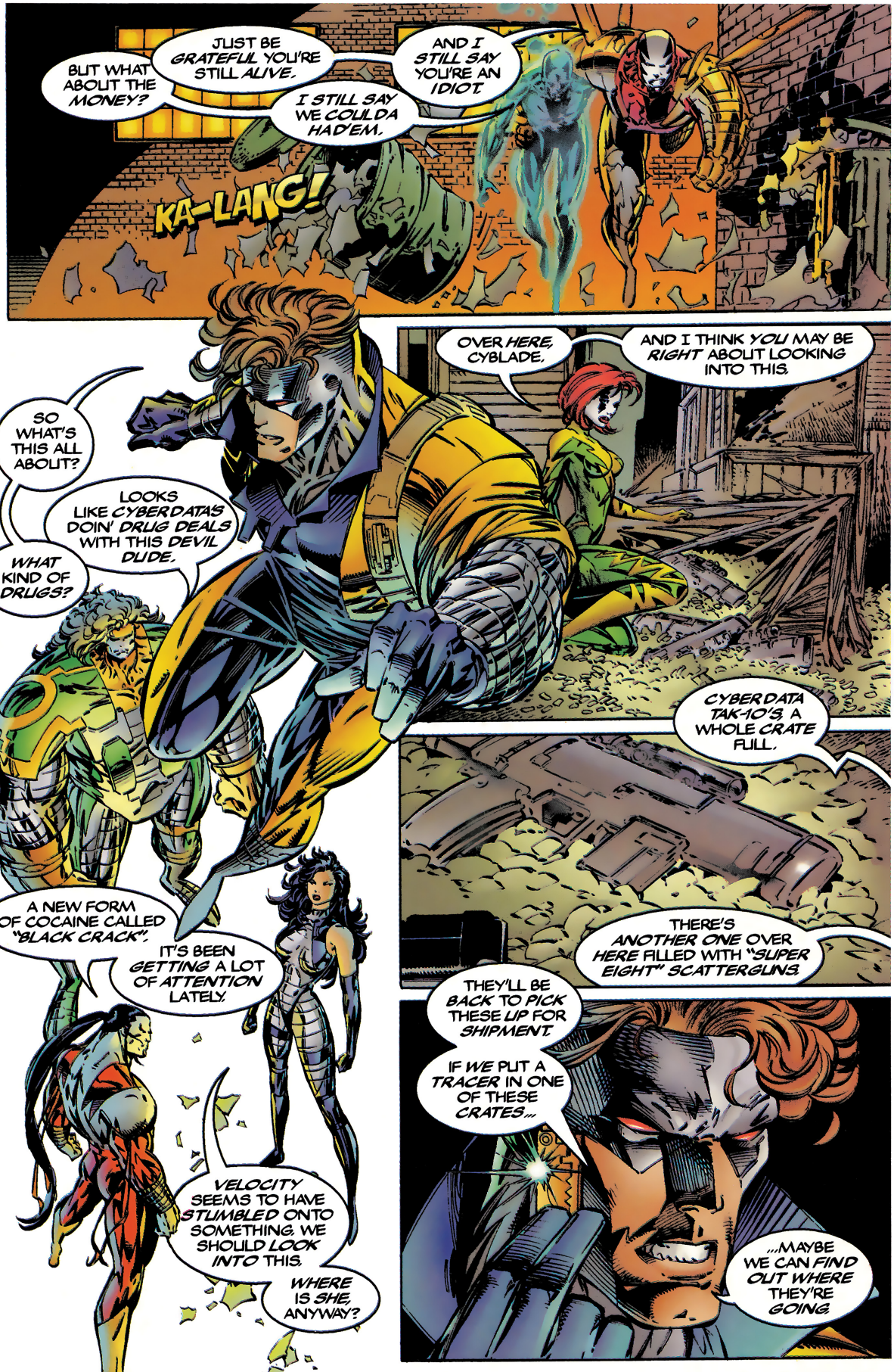
LAUNCHING FULL-SCALE INTO A HOSTAGE SITUATION, ESPECIALLY ONE INVOLVING MULTIPLE SUSPECTS, ALL HEAVILY-ARMED, REQUIRES SPLIT-SECOND TIMING...
SOMETHING HEATWAVE LEARNED YEARS AGO AS A MEMBER OF SEAL TEAM SIX.
KA SMAAASH
HE'S ALL YOURS, IMPACT. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO LOOK AT HIM.
YEAH, I WANNA GET ME A PIECE O' THAT DEVIL DUDE.
YOUR FRIENDS HAVE BECOME QUITE A NUISANCE, VELOCITY.
YEAH, I KNOW. THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I REALLY LIKE ABOUT THEM.
BRAKA
TAK TAK
WELCOME TO GROUND ZERO, BOYS AND GIRLS.
WOOOSH
KA WAAKA BOO

TODAY HE LEADS A DIFFERENT TEAM: AN ELITE CORPS OF CYBERNETICALLY-ENHANCED MUTANTS CALLED CYBERFORCE.
THEY MAY NOT BE AS DISCIPLINED -- AND THEY'RE A LITTLE MORE FLAMBOYANT...
...BUT THEY'RE NO LESS COMMITED TO GETTING THE JOB DONE.
H!
VELOCITY'S IN THE LINE OF FIRE. SO IT'S STRICTLY HAND-TO-HAND 'TIL SHE'S IN THE CLEAR.
MUSIC TO MY EARS, COMMANDER.
JUST LEAVE SOME FOR THE REST OF US, RIPCLAW.
KRAKL
ZZZKT
PSYCHOTRON SAID WE COULD CHOOSE OUR OWN TARGETS...
THANKS, IMPACT. IT'S A LOT HARDER FOR THESE GUYS TO HIT WHAT THEY'RE AIMING AT IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EARTHQUAKE.
I LIKE 'EM ON THE SOFT SIDE.
KA
RACK
ZZZZAAK!

EVERY COMBAT UNIT NEEDS SOME SORT OF COVER FIRE.
THE SEALS USUALLY HAVE AN M-60 MACHINE GUN. CYBERFORCE HAS CYBLADE...
...A VAST IMPROVEMENT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.
KRAKLZKT!
ZZZAATZ!
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEIN' A NICE GUY.
YOU ALWAYS WERE A SUCKER FOR A PRETTY FACE, MEGAWATT.
OOOWEEEE!
LUCKY FOR US, THAT SORT OF THING DOESN'T INTEREST ME.
I'VE GOT A FACE YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN...
BZZZAA
KABOCCOM
THE LAST FACE YOU'LL EVER SEE.

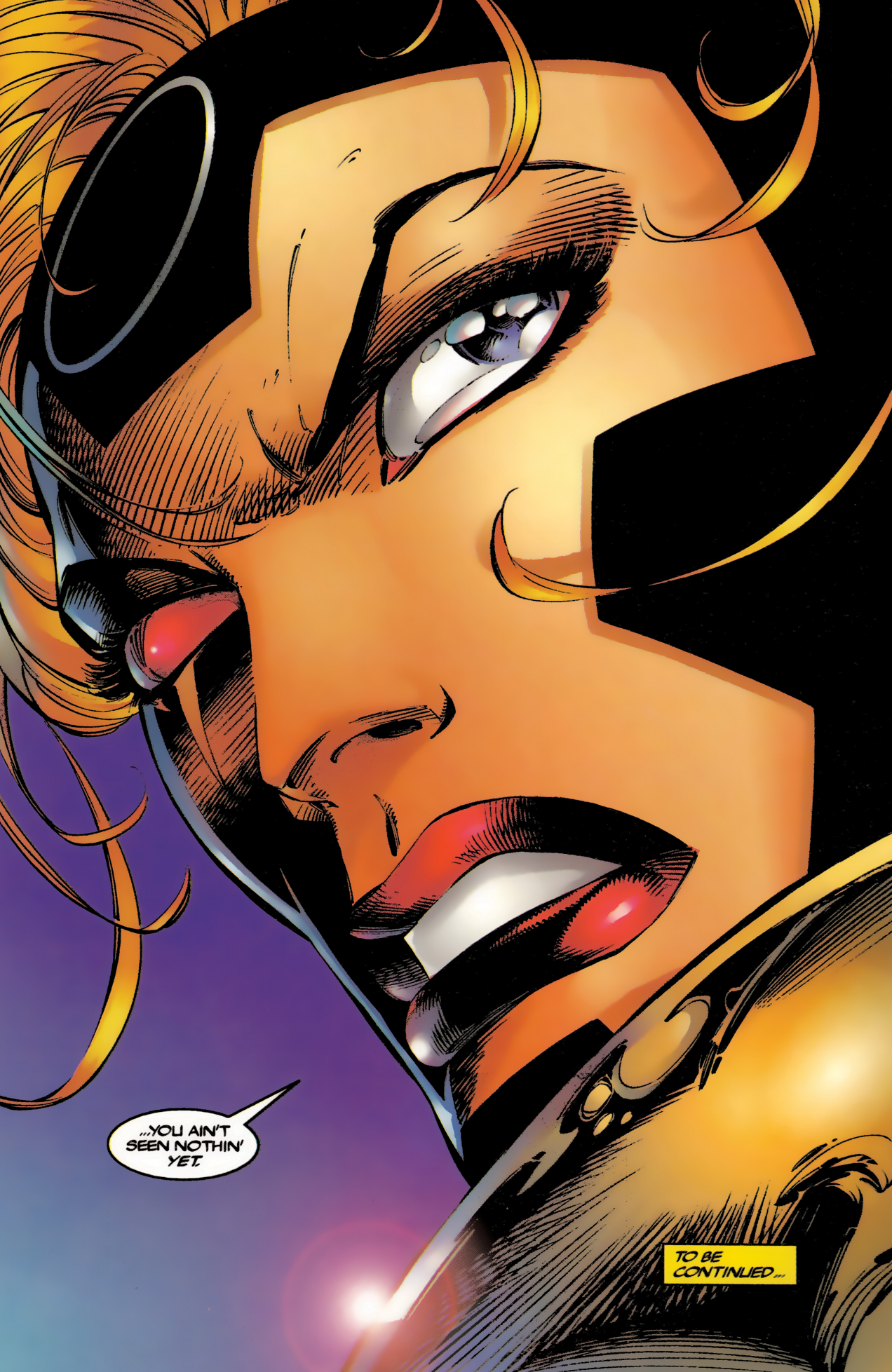

BRRAAK!
BRRAKA
TAK TAK
HIGH-TECH ZOMBIES CLONED FOR COMBAT AND PROGRAMMED TO KILL.
JUST WHAT YOU'D EXPECT FROM CYBERDATA. JUST THE SORT OF THING HE CANNOT STAND.
IT MAKES HIS BLOOD BOIL, HIS FINGERS BURN, HIS CLAWS GROW...
...SHARP AND STRONG LIKE THOSE OF THE BEAR WHOSE SPIRIT HE CARRIES INTO BATTLE.
TO VANQUISH THESE MONSTERS. THESE NOT REALLY HUMAN, NOT QUITE MACHINES, MEN WITHOUT MINDS, WITHOUT HEARTS, WITHOUT SOULS.
SKRRRIIP!
KRAK!
ZZZKT!
SHLUKK!
SLISHHH!
THESE MEN HE MUST STOP THOUGH THEY CANNOT BE KILLED. THESE MEN WHO HAVE ALREADY DIED.

EEY
AGRRR
GEEEZ, AND I THOUGHT PITT WAS UGLY.
BO
MAYBE IF I HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH...
GM
YEEEAAOOOW
...HE WON'T COME BACK.
KA-RAAASH!


BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY?
JUST BE GRATEFUL YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.
I STILL SAY WE COULDA HAD'EM.
AND I STILL SAY YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
KA-LANG!
OVER HERE, CYBLADE.
AND I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT ABOUT LOOKING INTO THIS.
SO WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
LOOKS LIKE CYBERDATA'S DOIN' DRUG DEALS WITH THIS DEVIL DUDE.
WHAT KIND OF DRUGS?
CYBERDATA TAK-10'S, A WHOLE CRATE FULL.
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OVER HERE FILLED WITH "SUPER EIGHT" SCATTERGUNS.
A NEW FORM OF COCAINE CALLED "BLACK CRACK".
IT'S BEEN GETTING A LOT OF ATTENTION LATELY.
THEY'LL BE BACK TO PICK THESE UP FOR SHIPMENT.
IF WE PUT A TRACER IN ONE OF THESE CRATES...
...MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE GOING.
VELOCITY SEEMS TO HAVE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING. WE SHOULD LOOK INTO THIS.
WHERE IS SHE, ANYWAY?

THURS, 12:37 A.M., MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
I CALL UPON THE ANCIENT ONES. I SEEK TO KNOW WHAT CAME TO PASS. CHAACS, CIZIN, AND ITZAM NA, REVEAL TO ME YOUR SECRETS.
ANGER FROM THIS SACRED STAFF FLOWS LIKE BLOOD, BURNS MY FLESH. CHAACS, CIZIN, AND ITZAM NA, REVEAL TO ME ITS SECRETS.
KE-RRRRAK-BAROOOM
WHAT'S HE DOING UP THERE, ANYWAY?
WELL, IT'S A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN.
TRY ME.
HE'S GETTING PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS FROM THE MURDER WEAPON, BUT IT'S REALLY MORE OF A SPIRITUAL THING.
YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE IN THAT STUFF, DO YOU?
I BELIEVE RIPCLAW HAS A VERY SPECIAL GIFT.
I CAN'T REALLY EXPLAIN IT, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, SEEMS TO WORK.
WELL, I HOPE YOUR RIGHT AND I HOPE IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH LONGER.
THAT'S ONE HELL OF A STORM OUT THERE AND IT'S COMING THIS WAY.

THURS, 12:48 A.M., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
THWAP!
WHAP!
CRACK!
KA-
SMAAASH!
HI TONY, REMEMBER ME?
YEAH, UH UH...
CASSIE.
RIGHT. HOW'VE YOU BEEN?
I'M DOIN' ALL RIGHT. HOW'S THE...
NOT TOO BAD. YOURSELF?
GAAAHK!
...ARM? OH, MUCH BETTER NOW...
SEE?
I...CAN'T...
YOU'RE NOT LOOKIN' TOO GOOD. PUTTIN' ON WEIGHT. LOSIN' YOUR HAIR...
...BREATHE.
AND I'D QUIT SMOKING IF I WERE YOU.
YOU GOT SOFT, TONY. LET YOURSELF GO.
I'M HERE TO PLAY HARDBALL.
THWAAKRUNCH
YOU AND THE BOYS CUT DOWN ON THE CHEESE, THEN WE CAN PLAY.
REMEMBER HOW GOOD I USED TO BE?


...YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET.
TO BE CONTINUED...