

Dodge this, motherfucker!

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!** THE BODY FLIES  
BACK WITH A FLASH OF  
MERCURIAL LIGHT AND WHEN IT HITS THE GROUND  
IT IS THE PILOT.  
TRINITY HELPS NEO UP.

Thanks.

You are hit

I am fine.

NEO IS ALREADY LOOKING AT THE HELICOPTER.

Can you fly that thing?

Not yet.

SHE PULLS OUT A CELLULAR PHONE.  
TANK IS BACK AT THE CONTROLS.

Operator..

Tank, I need a pilot program for a  
military M-109 helicopter.

TANK IS IMMEDIATELY SEARCHING THE DISK  
DRAWERS.

Hurry !

HIS FINGERS FLASH OVER THE GLEAMING LASER

TRINITY'S EYES FLUTTER AS INFORMATION SURGES  
INTO HER  
BRAIN, ALL THE ESSENTIALS OF FLYING A HELICOP  
TER ABSORBED  
AT LIGHT-SPEED.

Let's go.

MARINES, TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE MEN  
ON THE ROOF,  
ARE BEGINNING TO PANIC WHEN AGENT JONES  
COMES AROUND THE  
CORNER.

**SIR! SIR!** THERE WAS GUNFIRE  
WE'VE LOST COMMUNICATION WITH THE  
ROOF!

REMAIN AT YOUR POSTS.

**BUT, SIR THE FIR... WE SHOULD  
EVACUATE!**

**YOU WILL DO AS YOU ARE ORDERED!**

YES, SIR.

AGENT JONES MARCHES INTO THE PRESI  
DENTIAL SUITE.  
AGENT JONES THROWS OPEN THE BEDROOM  
DOOR AND ENTERS,  
WALKING THROUGH THE PUDDLES POOLING IN THE  
CARPET.