









**KRAKK**













# KRAKZZISSH



# THE BIONIC MAN

CHAPTER ONE:  
FLIGHT OF THE  
DAEDALUS

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OSCAR  
GOLDMAN,  
PLEASE.

YEAH--  
TELL HIM IT'S HIS  
GODDAMN JOB  
SECURITY  
CALLING.

TAFT EXPERIMENTAL AIRFIELD



STILL  
NO SIGN  
OF HIM?

MAIN GATE  
SAYS HE HASN'T  
COME THROUGH  
YET, SIR.

WHOSE IDEA  
WAS THIS FLYING  
MONEY PIT,  
HALLENBECK?

NOT  
YOURS,  
SIR...



SURE AS SHIT  
IT'S NOT, SOLDIER.  
BUT TWO YEARS NOW,  
I'M BABYSITTING  
GOLDMAN'S  
SUPER-JET...

AT  
THE BEHEST OF  
THE PRESIDENT  
HIMSELF, MIND  
YOU...

AND ON  
LAUNCH DAY, HE'S A  
NO-SHOW! Y'KNOW  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
THIS OPERATION,  
HALLENBECK?



CIVILIANS,  
SIR.

CIVILIANS.  
RIGHT  
AS RAIN.

MAKE UP  
YOUR MIND,  
HAL...





IS SHE  
RIGHT AS RAIN  
OR SURE AS  
SHIT?



LOOK  
AT MY WATCH,  
SMART-ASS!

THIS CRAFT  
SHOULD'VE BEEN  
AIRBORNE FIFTEEN  
MINUTES AGO!



RELAX,  
GENERALISSIMO.

MORNING, CAP'N  
HALLENBECK.

MR.  
GOLDMAN.

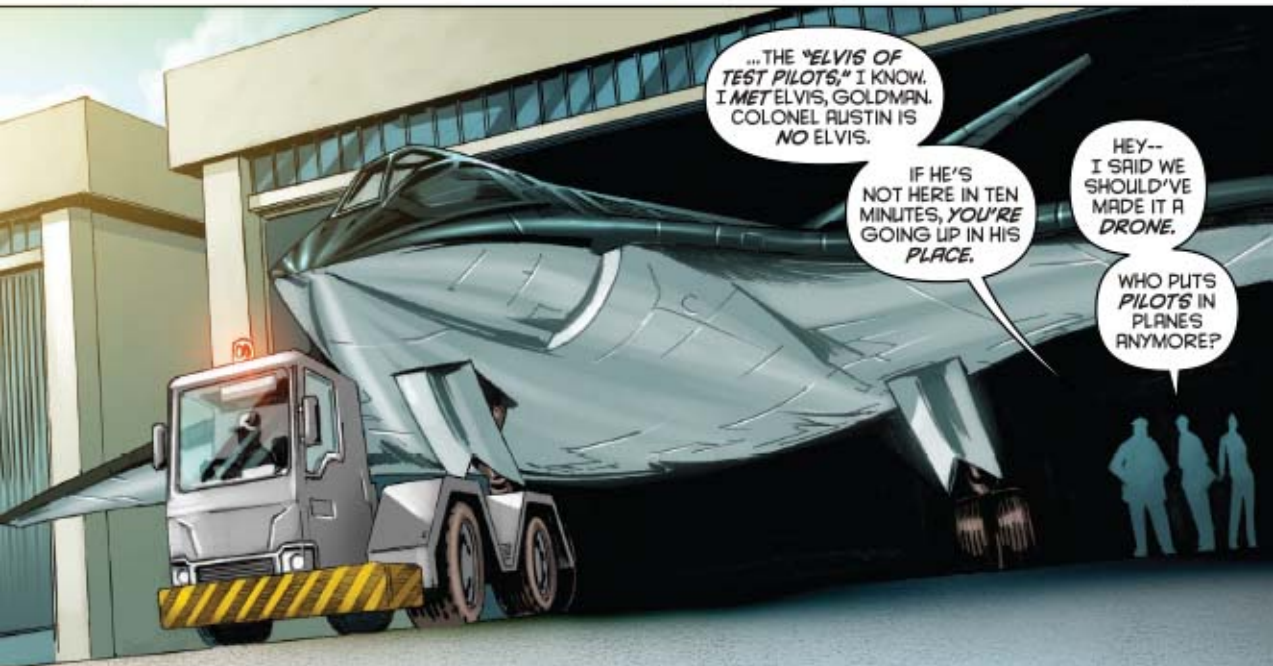
WHERE IS  
THAT LITTLE  
TURD,  
OSCAR?



WAS IT YOU  
OR THE PRESIDENT  
WHO REQUESTED  
THIS "TURD"?

IT WASN'T ME,  
LET'S JUST LEAVE  
IT AT THAT. GUY'S  
A TEST PILOT, NOT  
ELVIS.

S'FUNNY,  
BECAUSE THE  
KID'S CALL  
HIM...



...THE "ELVIS OF  
TEST PILOTS," I KNOW.  
I MET ELVIS, GOLDMAN.  
COLONEL AUSTIN IS  
NO ELVIS.

IF HE'S  
NOT HERE IN TEN  
MINUTES, YOU'RE  
GOING UP IN HIS  
PLACE.

HEY--  
I SAID WE  
SHOULD'VE  
MADE IT A  
DRONE.

WHO PUTS  
PILOTS IN  
PLANES  
ANYMORE?





IT'S STILL THIS *MAN'S* ARMY, GOLDMAN--MEANING *MANKIND*.

WE WANT PILOTS IN PLANES--AND A *DRONE* AIN'T MUCH MORE'N A *ROBOT*.



YOU WANT A *ROBOT* WITH A FINGER ON THE BUTTON OR A *HUMAN BEING*?

THERE'S JUST NO TALKING TO HIM WHEN HE GETS ON HIS ANTI-ROBOT SOAPBOX, IS THERE?



MAYBE YOUR BOY'S SCARED, GOLDMAN.

WHY'S HE MY BOY?

I'M THE PRO-ROBOT GUY. AUSTIN'S YOUR GOLDEN GOD.

GOOD HE IS. A *GOD* HE'S NOT.

PEOPLE GET SCARED, OSCAR--ESPECIALLY OVER-PRaised TEST PILOTS MAKING THEIR LAST RUN.



WHO FLEW *TWELVE* TEST RUNS IN THE NEW STEALTH FIGHTER, EVEN WHEN WE WERE SURE THE RETRO-THRUSTERS WERENT UP TO SNUFF?

WHO LANDED THE *H-CLASS* ON FUMES WHEN THE FUEL-TO-WEIGHT RATIO WAS MISCALCULATED BY YOUR PEOPLE?

WHO--WHEN TOLD TO EJECT FROM A FLAMING *F-22*--STILL BROUGHT HER IN SAFELY?

STEVE AUSTIN MAY NOT BE THE MOST PUNCTUAL PERSON I'VE EVER WORKED WITH, BUT I'D SAY HE *IS*--HANDS DOWN--THE *BRAVEST* MAN ALIVE--

BAR NONE.















GIVE ME A LIFT?



BECAUSE I LIKE ALL THE LAST MINUTE FONDLING WHEN YOU DROP ME OFF.

YOU HAD ENOUGH FONDLING THIS MORNING, POKEY. LET'S GO.



ONLY YOU CAN GET FIRED ON YOUR LAST DAY, AUSTIN...

OLD PILOTS NEVER GET FIRED-- THEY JUST FLY AWAY.



AND BEG FOR FREE RIDES. COME ON.



SO THAT'S THE OTHER WOMAN?