

THE TERRIFICS

STRANGE ADVENTURES

Episode 101: "Hero of Two Worlds" (Pilot)

Written by

Tony Hernandez

Based on Characters from DC Comics

This teleplay is a non-commercial fan-speculative work, written solely for the purpose of demonstrating writing capability and vision. No copyright infringement is intended. All characters and related elements are trademarks of and © DC Comics/Warner Bros. Discovery.

Tony Hernandez

(602) 487-5150

tony@tonyhernandez.co

WGA Reg: 2339737

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

ADAM STRANGE and his Rannian wife, ALANNA STRANGE, are sitting down inside their ultramodern and uncomfortably-OCD-clean APARTMENT.

They are WATCHING TELEVISION on a couch, CURLED UP next to one another. The TRIAL OF BAT-MITE from GOTHAM CITY is playing on their screen.

Alanna Strange takes a brief LOOK at their older, BROKEN TELEVISION in the corner. The screen in the corner is CRACKED as if it was hit by a baseball. Or a fist.

ALANNA STRANGE

When are you going to throw that stupid thing away?

ADAM STRANGE

What?

ALANNA STRANGE

What do you mean "what?" The broken television. You know I don't like messes.

ADAM STRANGE

Oh, that. That isn't a television. Nor is the screen we are watching a television either.

She gives him an incredulous look.

We are now seeing the (working) screen. Images of BAT-MITE floating, arms crossed, inside a courtroom next to his lawyer appear on the working monitor. The images on the screen alternate between the one of Bat-Mite in court, and an image of a dead man's blurred face on the ground. What is clear is that there's a Batarang sticking out from the top of the Victim's forehead.

The CHYRON reads: Live From Gotham: The Bat-Mite Trial.

REPORTER (O.S.)

...continues from Finger County Superior Court. Bat-Mite, an inter-dimensional being claiming to hail from the fifth dimension, denies killing the doctor, claiming that he was only helping BATMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This case has brought to light the question of the legality of metahumans and human vigilante's and their role in court trails.

Batman, through a comment to myself at the Gotham Gazette claims he has never met the defendant.

Will Batman be subpoenaed to come to court? If so, the vigilante will lose all anonymity.

Adam Strange answers the unasked question on Alanna Strange's face.

ADAM STRANGE

That...

He says, motioning to the screen that the Bat-Mite trial is playing on.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

...is a monitor.

That...

He turns his attention to the screen in the corner, taking in the round crack on the screen...

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

...is an... anti-monitor.

Her eyes furrow with a slight shake of her head. It's clear that they love each other and show it by breaking each other's balls.

ALANNA STRANGE

The... monitor, and the anti... what?

ADAM STRANGE

Too soon. Inside joke between me and myself. Shit! Look at the time! We gotta get ready if we're gonna make the book signing.

ALANNA STRANGE

(groans)

It's not for another three hours!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM STRANGE

(shit eating grin)

Or is it in the next two hours? Or
in the next one hour?

She hits him softly with a throw pillow.

ALANNA STRANGE

I hate that.

Adam Strange stands up but bends down to her face, eye-to-eye.

ADAM STRANGE

What? That I no longer tell you
the correct time so you can no
longer make us late?

ALANNA STRANGE

(high pitched,
mocking tone)

What? So that I can no longer tell
you the correct time 'cause I'm an
asshole?

He gives her a quick yet big old smooch on the lips.

ADAM STRANGE

C'mon. Let's take a shower.
Together. And I promise to last
longer than a Zeta Beam.

ALANNA STRANGE

I'd like to see you try.

He offers a hand. After a flirtatious beat, she accepts
and stands up with him.

ALANNA STRANGE (CONT'D)

No, wait. Is it going to be the
best three minutes of my life? Or
best two minutes? I know you don't
like telling me the time of things
so maybe it will be one minute,
huh?

ADAM STRANGE

Hardy, har, har. Why don't I just
show you? After all, you know I'll
never tell you the true time of
when we "get there."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The scene changes to a different angle, FOCUSED on Adam Strange and Alanna Strange in the BACKGROUND. Alanna Strange SHAKES HER HEAD, parrots his grin, and PUTS HER ARMS OVER HIS SHOULDERS and she begins to KISS HIM. As they start to undress, the pair become UNFOCUSED and blurred out as we now focus on the working monitor in the fore.

As we get a closer look at the screen, the inter-dimensional imp, Bat-Mite, is still slowly hovering up and down next to his lawyer, still upset, face and body pouting like a child who was promised ice cream. The image finally changes to show the reporter standing outside a bright Gotham courthouse, holding a GNN microphone.

REPORTER

Critics on both sides argue the pros and cons of literally unmasking these self-proclaimed heroes.

Although the technical question is; was Bat-Mite the actual killer of the victim, Dr. Delanzas Oesteporado? But the real question is that of superheroes and their place in judicial proceedings. That is what really has captured the nation's attention.

Reporting from Gotham, I'm VICKI VALE.

Musical transition: The sound of an electric guitar strumming followed by the iconic, "Ugh!" leads us to the BEAT DROP of...

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - DAY

"KISS" by PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION.

Michael Holt, aka MR. TERRIFIC, is flying through the air, between buildings that would make Spider Dash Man pee his webbed suit.

Mr. Terrific is using his T-SPHERES in a myriad of ways, one after another, as he flies through the sky like his last name was Grayson.

Mr. Terrific FLIES towards a sedentary T-Sphere and swings off of it like Indy and his bullwhip on a branch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Terrific LANDS atop two T-Spheres and LEAPS off of them, HIGHER INTO THE AIR!

Mr. Terrific NEARLY MISSES but holds on to another T-Sphere that ZIPS HIM THROUGH THE SKY like a zip line trying to throw him off. The T-Sphere he's holding onto abruptly stops, like it hit the end of it's invisible rope, sending him SPINNING AND TUMBLING forward through the air.

Mr. Terrific LANDS on two more T-Spheres that push on the bottom of his boots like rocket propellants. He leans forward, flying through the sky.

SUPERMAN flies next to Mr. Terrific like a jet plane getting into formation.

SUPERMAN

Wow. Fancy moves there, T.

Mr. Terrific displays the world's smallest grin, the only smile Mr. Terrific'll ever display.

MR. TERRIFIC

You're not the only one who can fly, Superman.

SUPERMAN

No. But at least I save my cool moves when other peoples' phones can take pictures. Who are you trying to impress, anyway?

MR. TERRIFIC

Who am I trying to impress?

The only opinion matters.

Me.

Their eyes share a glint then, just as quickly, both men BARREL ROLL away from each other as a TRI COLORED LASER BEAMS miss both men and CUTS A SKYSCRAPER in half.

Both men quickly ROLL BACK TOGETHER.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

You know? Somethin' I'll never get. Why do bad guys attack the one city that's protected by the most powerful man in the world?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SUPERMAN

Because. It's the same reason companies move all or some of their businesses here. So that their sensitive equipment doesn't get used or stolen. Like the not-so-secret quantum array inside Holt Industries.

MR. TERRIFIC

Shiiit.

SUPERMAN

What have I told you about your language, Terrific?

MR. TERRIFIC

How about we have that conversation after we beat up the bad guy trying to destroy my Metropolis building, yeah?

In a blink, the two T-Spheres fall out from under Mr. Terrific boots sending him free falling for a hot beat. As Superman's eyes go wide for one moment, Mr. Terrific is now HOLDING ONTO the two T-Spheres that are now PULLING HIM FORWARD THROUGH THE AIR LIKE SUPERMAN when he punches the air with both fists.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

(From behind his
back)

Cool?

As Mr. Terrific zips off ahead, Superman can only look on, impressed, and answer to himself.

SUPERMAN

Yeah. Cool. Very, very cool.

Superman flies off to catch up to Mr. Terrific.

EXT. HOLT INDUSTRIES - DAY

CRAZY QUILT, circles a building with the words HOLT INDUSTRIES emblazoned on the skyscraper. Crazy Quilt is covered in a multicolored suit that makes him look like a harlequin covered in cloth and stained glass. He has three lights on his HELMET, red, yellow, and blue, respectively. He FLIES THROUGH THE AIR using a JETPACK with THREE BOOSTERS, each one shooting off one of the same three colors. The jetpack leaves a long, rainbow trail in the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His EYES ARE A GLAZED GRAY from being blind, only his helmet giving him vision. Tubes exit the top of his spine and connect to the helmet and jetpack.

He is battling with T-Spheres that are using their lasers to try and stop him from entering the top floor of the building.

Crazy Quilt turns to see the two approaching blots in the distance getting increasingly closer and he fires his TRI-BEAMS again at the incoming duo.

He returns his attention to the T-Spheres, fighting a two front battle that's GETTING TIGHTER.

As Crazy Quilt flies around the Holt Industry building, he sees his prize. Inside the building's top floor is a SATELLITE DISH. Crazy Quilt's mustache rises on one side as he smirks.

CRAZY QUILT

There she is. There's my little
QUANTUM BLASTER. With the power
you're about to give me, I'll be
able to--

Mr. Terrific CRASHES into the side of Crazy Quilt, sending both men tumbling in the air. They STRUGGLE AND WRESTLE each other in mid-air. A small fireworks/laser display happens around the struggling men punching and grabbing each other mid-air. Crazy Quilt's tri-beams zip and zap at the attacking T-Spheres. It's like a wrestling match in the sky with a small light show surrounding the two gladiators.

Crazy Quilt's jet pack leaves a rainbow in its wake while Mr. Terrific is kept afloat via T-Spheres that jump between attacking Crazy Quilt and keeping Mr. Terrific airborne. A second display of airborne gymnastics, like when we were first introduced to Mr. Terrific, only with fighting mixed in to create the most amazing aerial dance. More movement and color than a fireworks display.

Superman is just floating there, arms crossed with a large smirk.

SUPERMAN

Why don't you just slam Rainbow
Road against the building? Scared
you might cause too much damage to
your sweet little building?

Mr. Terrific, struggling to breath and talk says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. TERRIFIC

Say... Blue. Aren't... you...
supposed to meet... your mom...
for lunch at... La Piñata...
today?!

SUPERMAN

(eyes furrowed)
How'd you know that?

Mr. Terrific has enough time to give Superman an incredulous look before returning back to the fight.

MR. TERRIFIC

Because... I know... EVERYTHING!

Mr. Terrific KICKS off Crazy Quilt who FLIES FAR AWAY but like a rubber band, SWINGS BACK JUST AS FAST, flying right back INTO Mr. Terrific, making both men TUMBLE TOWARDS the glass windows before Mr. Terrific stops their momentum, saving the building.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

What you should... be asking me...
is... what lobby... is... La
Piñata in?!

Superman realizes what Mr. Terrific is hinting at and his supervision ZOOMS DOWN to the growing crowd on the sidewalk below. MARTHA KENT is one of the people looking up as glass rubble falls down around her, a piñata from the Mexican restaurant swings near by.

MR. TERRIFIC

So, what you say? Less...
goggling... more... helping?!

Superman takes in a big sigh, now resolved to end this.

He fires his EYE BEAMS at Crazy Quilt's chrome jet pack. Just as the jet pack starts to GLOW RED, Crazy Quilt hits Mr. Terrific with a combination of punches, sending Mr. Terrific FALLING. Crazy Quilt SPINS AROUND and fires his multicolored tri-beams right back into Superman's HEAT VISION.

The two colorful men have an equally colorful VISION BEAM BATTLE which Superman is losing, the EXPLOSION POINT getting closer and closer to Superman's face.

As the vision beam battle continues, Mr. Terrific returns with the help of his T-Spheres, bloodied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Finally, the tri-beam nears Superman's face and EXPLODES, sending Superman TUMBLING BACK.

MR. TERRIFIC
(dejected)
Fuck.

CRAZY QUILT
What's wrong? Not feeling so
terrific now that I've beaten
Superman and knowing that you're
next?

Mr. Terrific slowly shakes his head, a gloved hand wiping blood off his lip.

MR. TERRIFIC
Nope. Just mad at what's gonna
happen to my building...

Crazy Quilt doesn't understand.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)
'Cause all you've done is make Mr.
Goody Two Boots mad.

Superman, with GRITTED TEETH, comes FLYING INTO Crazy Quilt, sending both men CRASHING INTO the Holt Industries building.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)
Unbelievable.

INT. HOLT INDUSTRIES - DAY

The large room with the Quantum Blaster Array dish is covered in sparks and broken control panels. Exposed wires ZIP and ZAP. BROKEN GLASS is everywhere. Crazy Quilt was thrown into the top floor research room and has left a mess. The juxtaposition from the loud busy outside to the echoing, messy lab is noticeable.

Superman is SLOWLY HOVERING IN as sparks ZIT all around him. Mr. Terrific, HANGING ONTO a T-Sphere is slowly brought in and lets go, LANDING next to Superman to see his laboratory utterly destroyed.

SUPERMAN
(looking at
Mr.Terrific)
Whoopsy noodle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now safely on the ground inside the research lab, Mr. Terrific lifts a stiff hand towards Superman, not looking at him.

MR. TERRIFIC

Whoopsy noo--? You know what, dude? No. Just... just don't.

SUPERMAN

Don't, what?

MR. TERRIFIC

That! Talk. Don't talk.

SUPERMAN

But--

Mr. Terrific whips his head around to look at Superman, pointing a stiff finger at the Kryptonian.

MR. TERRIFIC

I said... don't.

Mr. Terrific puts his hands on his hips, shaking his head.

MR. TERRIFIC

(to himself)

At least the Quantum Blaster Array is still in tack.

Mr. Terrific TURNS ON HIS HEEL to face Superman. The SOUND OF BROKEN GLASS can be heard coming from under his boots.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

And just how am I supposed to sell this damaged building at the agreed upon price with Wayne Industries?

SUPERMAN

(points a finger at his S)

You talkin' ta me? Am I allowed to talk now?

MR. TERRIFIC

Yeah, mothafucker, you're allowed to talk now.

SUPERMAN

I was just tryin' ta help! Before people got injured!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. TERRIFIC

(raises hands in
mocking relief)

Oh, save me the spiel about you saving the world as you go bull inside a china shop. Isn't it funny how it doesn't matter what gets broken as long as it's not your china shop?

SUPERMAN

Dude! He was gonna destroy your whole top floor if I didn't--

Crazy Quilt JUMPS OUT from behind some broken control panels and starts TYPING ON A SCREEN attached to the array.

MR. TERRIFIC

Hey! Stop right there! What do you think you're trying to do!

CRAZY QUILT

I'm not trying anything, Terrific. I am doing something!

Just as Mr. Terrific and Superman are about to attack, Crazy Quilt's tri-beams fire towards the FRONT OF THE DISH. A MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE knocks both heroes on the ground while Crazy Quilt holds on to dear life. The Quantum Blaster Array FIRES A LARGE BUT BLURRED BEAM towards the ceiling that, if watched from the outside, can be seen going through the building's rooftop and out towards the Metropolitan sky. Unlike Crazy Quilt's bright, rainbow colored light show, this beam is in shades of GRAYS AND BLACKS. It almost looks like the noise from an old black and white television. Yet, as soon as it starts, it stops.

The room returns to silence. The only sound being Crazy Quilt's MANIACAL LAUGH.

As Mr. Terrific and Superman are slow to get up and dust themselves off, they share a confused look as Crazy Quilt lays on the ground in a heap of broken electronics, all his strength used.

CRAZY QUILT (CONT'D)

I did it! Ha ha. I... actually... did it...

Mr. Terrific and Superman are still in disbelief. Superman takes a peak outside the crashed window they had just come in through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Now that Crazy Quilt has stopped laughing, the only sound is the slight swoosh of being up so high with an open window.

Mr. Terrific does a scan with his T-Spheres.

MR. TERRIFIC

Super-Vision-Man. You seeing or reading any anomalies or changes to our atmosphere?

SUPERMAN

(another turn of the neck)

No. Nothing. You?

MR. TERRIFIC

(shakes head)

Nada.

(motioning to the man on the floor)

Say, Care Bear Man. What exactly is it that you think you did? You seem about as happy as a baby with a titty in his mouth, but as far as we can see, you ain't done shit.

CRAZY QUILT

Can't you see? Or are you as blind as me?

Crazy Quilt realizes something, making his face turn dour.

CRAZY QUILT (CONT'D)

Oh. That's right. You won't be able to see what I've done unless you go back.

MR. TERRIFIC

Go back? Go back where?

CRAZY QUILT

Time, of course.

MR. TERRIFIC

Riiight.

Mr. Terrific PICKS UP the spent and exhausted Crazy Quilt by one arm. Crazy Quilt just dangles, exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MR. TERRIFIC

(addressing Superman)

Why don't you go down to the lobby level? I can put this creep inside a stasis chamber until Metropolis's Finest can come and get him. Then I'll have lunch with you and Martha.

CRAZY QUILT

What does that mean?
Why did you say that name?

In one punch, Mr. Perfect KNOCKS OUT Crazy Quilt.

MR. TERRIFIC

Shut up!

INT. LA PIÑATA INSIDE HOLT INDUSTRIES TOWER - DAY

"Y..." by EYDIE GORME & TRIO LOS PANCHOS softly plays as the SIGHT AND SOUND of broken glass being swept is seen and heard.

Like most high rise buildings, Holt Industries Tower hosts small businesses at the lobby level. There are shops and two restaurants, one of which is La Piñata Mexican Restaurant.

Martha Kent is sitting in a booth next to where a window was. She is fidgeting with the corpus christi cross necklace around her neck, still confused and scared about the events that had just happened.

Next to Martha sits her son, CLARK KENT.

A man in a tan, beige suit FLOPS himself down across the pair. It's MICHAEL HOLT, Mr. Terrific outside of costume.

MICHAEL HOLT

Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Kent.
(gestures to the
broken glass)
Just got caught up at work.

MARTHA KENT

(through a forced
smile)
Always good to see ya', Michael.

Martha's eyes dart between Clark and Michael, finally asking Michael:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)

You takin' care of my boy, ain't
cha, Michael?

Clark COVERS his glasses with one hand as he rubs his
forehead in embarrassment.

MICHAEL HOLT

Don't you worry, Momma Kent. I got
your son and your son gots me. In
fact, he's put me in charge of
helping train three of his
understudies right now. Ain't that
right, Clark? And you know better
than me, Clark is the last
muthafucka that needs protecting.

Martha's mouth goes slightly agape.

CLARK KENT

Dude!

MICHAEL HOLT

I know, I know.
Language.
Shiii--

Martha and Clark's eyes go wide.

MICHAEL HOLT (CONT'D)

--iiiioot. Shoot! That's what's I
meant to say. Shoot.

Martha and Clark are not impressed, both knowing that
Michael would never smile that broadly.

MICHAEL HOLT (CONT'D)

Hey. Cut me some slack. I'm
working on it, okay?

Martha's look at Michael is still untrusting.

MARTHA KENT

Michael. You know I don't like
cussin', but it has nothin' to do
with me! I don't like cussin'--

CLARK KENT

--and tattoos. Thank goodness I'm
incapable of getting any.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTHA KENT

(trying to ignore the
interruption)Well, yes. I don't like cussin'
and tattoos. And it's not because
I'm some... Carol, or something.

CLARK KENT

Karen.

MARTHA KENT

What?

CLARK KENT

You said that you're not a "Carol"
when you meant to say "Karen".

She looks at her son up and down, now more annoyed at him
than Michael.

MARTHA KENT

If I can speak without being
interrupted. The reason I don't
like cursin'...(turns briefly to
Clark)...and tattoos... is not because
I'm offended or anything like
that.

MICHAEL HOLT

It's not?

MARTHA KENT

No. It's because I want you, I
want Clark, -- I want everyone! --
to respect themselves. I accept
everyone, Michael. I'm not
perfect, but Lord knows I try. I
love people with tattoos and think
that that person is beautiful.
After all. Who am I to judge? Only
God can do that. I just want
everyone to try -- try! -- and
respect themselves and the gifts
that the Good Lord gave us. That's
all.

Michael and Clark share a pensive look.

MICHAEL HOLT

(sighs)

Martha. You know I think the world
of you and your son.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL HOLT (CONT'D)

But you also know that I'm a man of science first, a man of science second, and a man of science third. I guess what I'm trying to say is...

Please, don't take no offense but, I just don't believe in God. I don't.

Sorry.

MARTHA KENT

(incredulous)

I know that! You may be the smartest man on Earth, my dear Archangel...

She reaches a hand across the diner table which Michael accepts.

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)

...but even the smartest man isn't right all the time.

Michael and Clark share a small smile.

MICHAEL HOLT

I'll give you this, Momma Kent. You're old school. You are a woman of faith.

MARTHA KENT

And without faith, what are we?

Martha and Michael look at each, fingers interlaced. Martha doesn't let Michael answer her rhetorical question and continues:

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)

Michael. Do you know what day my son, Clark here, was born?

Michael lets out an EXHAUSTED SIGH, LETTING GO of her hand so he can think better.

MICHAEL HOLT

Oof. Let's see? If I was to take his age, and add that from the estimated distance that Krypton was believed to be at, not counting his stasis the that kept him from aging--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Martha SHAKES HER HEAD, unimpressed.

MARTHA KENT

No, no, Mr. Science. I don't care about all that... malarky. To me, and to my Jonathan, our Clark Joseph Kent was born when we found him inside that cornfield. Do you know what day that was?

Clark CROSSES HIS ARMS, knowing full well even Mr. Terrific could not know something as private and personal as that. He knows Michael is smart, but even Clark doesn't believe Michael can deduce something like that.

MICHAEL HOLT

March 19th.

MARTHA KENT

March 19th. That's right.

MIND BLOWN, Clark nearly jumps out of his seat, surprised out of his mind.

CLARK KENT

Wha?! Dude. How in the heck could you know that?! I don't share my birthday with anyone. Only Ma and Pa know that date! Not even Lois knows my birthday!

MARTHA KENT

He hates those insincere Happy Birthday messages on Facebook...

CLARK KENT

(as if he hadn't heard his mother)

Only my parents know how much I hate people wishing each other those fake Happy Birthday messages on Facebook!

After another incredulous moment, Clark asks:

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

I know you haven't been spying on me, have you? I mean, you better pray and hope that I never find out that you have.

(smirking; impressed)

No.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

You figured it out on your own, didn't you? Right here, right now. Okay, big brains. How'd you figure out what day my birthday is?

Michael allows himself a small grin.

MICHAEL HOLT

Because. March 19th is the feast of Saint Joseph.

MARTHA KENT

That's right. And we only named him Clark 'cause your Pa and me wanted a girl. We'd pray and pray for our sweet Claire to bless us. Claire. Clark. Close enough.

CLARK KENT

I'm named after a girl?!

MARTHA KENT

You're not named after a girl, silly. My mother's name was Claire. Your name is Clark Joseph Kent. Just your first name is just our take on your late grandmother.
(returns to look at Michael)

The reason I bring that up is, the reason I bring anything up is because, even though my son was brought to me on some spaceship, that moment Jonathan and I were some of the first people to know, - to really know! -- that we were not alone in the universe. But that's not what I thought.

MR. TERRIFIC

(already knowing the answer)

What did you think, Mrs. Kent?

MARTHA KENT

That Clark was an angel. No, not a literal angel, but an angel to me and Jon nonetheless. He was like mana, a gift from God up above. Heavens know how many nights Jon and I prayed and prayed for a child. Again, we secretly, we wanted a daughter--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLARK KENT
(still moping)
Sounds like you got one...

Martha ribs her son.

MARTHA KENT
--but we were just happy that God
listened to our prayers.

The table shares a silent, happy, introspective moment.

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)
Answer me this: How much of the
planet is made up of water,
Michael?

MICHAEL HOLT
The Earth's surface is covered in
roughly 71% of water.

MARTHA KENT
So the odds were higher that my
boy would land in water than on
the ground, isn't that right?

MICHAEL HOLT
Yeah, but--

MARTHA KENT
Oh, I ain't some dumb hick from
the sticks! I know, I know. That
ship probably had a scanning
device that could see
civilization, and landed in the
middle of the largest body of
civilized land yet with enough
open space to land somewhere
remotely. Clark already told me
all that.

No, what I mean is, what are the
odds that this wonderful boy of
mine could have landed on a farm
where two people who were unable
to have a child, let alone afford
to adopt one, prayed and prayed
for a child?

What are those odds, Michael? Lot
less than 71% I'd gather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MICHAEL HOLT

(impressed)

You are correct, Momma Kent. Lot less than 71%.

MARTHA KENT

And that's my point! Only God knows why. And that's why we need to thank Him everyday by respecting the gift He gave us and not waste it away by cursing and a-hooting.

I believe in science too, Michael. But I also believe in faith.

MICHAEL HOLT

Well said, Mrs. Kent. Consider it under consideration.

MARTHA KENT

Oh! Look at that. Food's here!

Everyone gets their plates and starts to dig it.

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)

Fajitas! My favorite!

Michael starts to cut into his burrito and puts a mouthful in his face and asks Martha:

MICHAEL HOLT

Today's Friday, Mama Kent. You sure you should be eating meat?

Everyone has a silent laugh save Martha who playfully scowls at Michael.

MARTHA KENT

You hush.

Clark. Why don't do that laser eye thing on this here Mr. Jerk Face?

Everyone is happy and feels loved.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

Sounds of CAR HORNS and the sight of thousands of people walking by on sidewalks barely make the two men, Clark Kent and Michael Holt, visible as they navigate the busy sidewalks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL HOLT

You don't really believe all that, do you?

CLARK KENT

Believe, what? That the Meteors have a chance in the first round? I mean, the Diamondbacks look good and all, but I don't know if their pitching can beat out our pitching.

MICHAEL HOLT

No, you dolt. I mean the conversation we had at La Piñata before we started eating. You know. All that talk about faith and stuff.

Clark shrugs.

CLARK KENT

I was baptized Catholic, but I was never confirmed.

MICHAEL HOLT

That doesn't answer my question. So, you had your head dunked into some water when you were a baby without your permission. Whoop-di-di-do. Big deal. Yet when you did have a choice, to get "confirmed" as you call it, you didn't. So is that you saying that you didn't accept becoming Christian because you don't believe in it or not?

CLARK KENT

(wise ass smirk)

No, it just means that Pa had to work Saturdays and we only had one truck so I couldn't make it to confirmation class.

Michael stops the pair from walking. He crosses his arms and looks at Clark in a I'm-trying-to-be-serious stance.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. I don't know what to believe.

MICHAEL HOLT

You don't know that to believe? You're an ali--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michael catches himself yelling and lowers his voice.

MICHAEL HOLT (CONT'D)

--you're an alien from another planet, Clark! How could you possibly believe that, some guy, who probably never existed by the way, came to Earth and died for our sins?

And if he did, why didn't he talk about saving the sins of Kryptonians and other people like you? I don't see any talk of metahumans or aliens or anything like that in your little Christian bible, do you, huh?

CLARK KENT

No. I guess you're right. But, personally, yeah, I do believe that Jesus Christ really did walk the Earth. Was he the Son of God who was at the same time God the Father Himself who was at the same time God the Holy Spirit? I dunno. But... maybe.

MICHAEL HOLT

Maybe? Are you listening to yourself right now, man? I mean... you've fought side by side with Diana and her gods! You're a man from another planet that is arguing for a religion from another planet.

Unbelievable!

Why don't we, the human race, believe in the gods from Krypton instead, huh? Or you for that matter?

CLARK KENT

It's was never like that, Michael. Just like Earth, we had plenty of religions, sure. And just like Earth, we had a religion that was similar to Judaism, Islam, and Christianity. Not the same, not by a long shot, but we did have a religion that believed in one God.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

Who knows. Maybe they're one in the same. I dunno.

MICHAEL HOLT

You don't know?

CLARK KENT

Dude. What's gotten into you? Ma was just talking about faith. And what's wrong with having a little faith?

MICHAEL HOLT

There's a lot of wrong with having faith, Clark. Like, a lot.

CLARK KENT

(a touch perturbed)
Oh yeah? Like what?

MICHAEL HOLT

Look. I know the big thing with you is hope and all. But factually speaking, hope is dangerous, Clark.

Faith? That faith your mother was talking about? Faith leads to hope. And hope leads to disappointment.

I'm sorry. I've always felt that way and I've never wanted to tell you that, but that's the truth.

This whole hope and faith shhh-- stuff. It's just not logical.

For a moment, Clark gets angry. Pissed. Then, just as quickly, he composes himself. Clark puts a friendly hand on Michael's shoulder.

CLARK KENT

Look. You're right. Faith does lead to hope. But without hope, what are we? Hope, faith -- whatever you wanna call it -- that's what gives us our souls; our humanity.

(looks at his watch.)

Listen. I gotta go. If it makes you feel any better, I'm a CEO Catholic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Michael doesn't understand.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

A CEO Catholic. Ya know.
Christmas, Easter, Only.

Michael smiles at the pun. He goes in and gives Clark a bro hug.

MICHAEL HOLT

I gotta dip too. I was supposed to meet with that hotshot billionaire from Gotham to buy my business, which includes my building here in your little town. If that doesn't work out anymore, maybe I'll have to call that other hotshot billionaire. That one from Star City.

CLARK KENT

Good luck with all that. I gotta run myself. Jimmy needs saving from himself. Again.

Not only am I late on a story, it's also Metropolis Fashion Week.

Jimmy has two girlfriends who are walking the same designer and he needs my help as wingman to break up with both of them.

MICHAEL HOLT

Why doesn't he just pick one and settle down?

CLARK KENT

I just told you. It's Fashion Week. He has new girlfriends to meet.

They share a smile, laugh, and one last bro hug.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

And thanks again for watching the three new guys! When are you going to help start training them?

MICHAEL HOLT

When? Shiii. I've already been training those three knuckleheads as soon as you put them in my charge!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLARK KENT

Thanks again, man. Love ya! Take care of yourself!

As Clark WALKS AWAY, Michael looks on in bittersweet admiration.

MICHAEL HOLT

(to himself,
dejected)

"Take care of yourself"?

Pfft. I'm trying.

Man oh man... am I trying.

INT. THE BOOKWORM BOOKSTORE - DAY

The inside of the bookstore is LINED WITH BOOKS that touch the top of the short ceiling. The usual display tables have been taken away to make room for plastic folding chairs that are at capacity. Some people are even standing at the sidelines and towards the back. But the Bookworm isn't the largest of establishments, so, while it is packed, it probably has about 50 or more spectators sitting in the folding chairs. A camera operator is in the front, near the entrance filming everything.

At the back, there is a small stage, about a foot high but only the width of two tables, if that. On the wall behind them, covering books on a wall, is a plastic sign with a cartoonish worm, wearing glasses, a fedora and strange, SMALL LAMP ATTACHED TO THE FEDORA. Around the cartoon worm the sign reads:

The Bookworm
Bookstore

On the stage are two people, an interviewer, LUCAS "SNAPPER" CARR, and Adam Strange. Between the two men and in front of the store's logo is a small table with a small stack of books. Atop the three books showing their spines, is the book on a small wooden easel, showing the cover, STRANGE ADVENTURES.

There is always at least one seated individual taking a picture with their phone.

SNAPPER

...and that was when you destroyed the Pykkts?

Adam lets out a small laugh; nerves making him take off imaginary lint off of his trousers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM STRANGE

No. No. I'm afraid that the Pykkts are still out there. The danger the Pykkts have on Rann has gone down to nearly zero, sure, but it is still there all the same.

If you or anyone watching really wants to hear the story of how I, and my beautiful wife, Alanna, helped quell the Pykkkt threat on Rann, well, you're just gonna have to buy the book.

Alanna Strange, just standing off the stage, is holding the Strange Adventures hardcover close to her chest, BEAMING with pride and happiness.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Okay. There is one thing that I won't leave everyone in the dark about. Book purchase unnecessary. If there is one thing I emphasize in the book and if there is one thing I can impress upon everyone here, and listening at home it's this.

The citizens of Earth, everyone, is not taking the Pykkkt threat seriously enough.

SNAPPER

Well, I mean, you're the only person who can reach Rann. It's literally trillions of light years away. If Rann has the Pykkts in check, across literal galaxies so far away that not even the Green Lantern Corp can reach 'em, why should we be worried? That is the long standing consensus.

ADAM STRANGE

Well, consensus my ass. The Rannians are so advanced, they make dead Krypton look like cavemen. And the Pykkts? The Pykttts are more advanced than the Rannians!

Are we safe from the Pykkts with the limits that physics provide? Sure.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

But that's under our understanding of physics. The Pykkts are so advanced they are galaxy eaters. Not that they do that since they prefer enslavement of galaxies instead. I mean, their tech is so advanced, it's believed that their spaceship engines are powered by black holes. Black! Holes! We're not sure, but we believe that the Pykkt engines are some of the most important devices in the known universe. Whatever they are, just think of your worst possible case of physics breaking technology. Then multiply that by ten. That's who the Pykkts are.

SNAPPER

Wow. Okay. They do sound pretty dangerous. And maybe the safety of the deep void of space isn't as large, and as safe, as we think it is.

What else can you tell us about the Pykkts?

ADAM STRANGE

(grinning)

Well, for that, I'm going to have to revert to my earlier comment. You're just gonna have to buy the book.

Available now, wherever fine books are sold! Like here, at The Bookworm!

The audience gives a soft laugh.

SNAPPER

Okay, okay. Even I, the great Snapper Carr knows when he's beat. Well, since it looks like that's all I'm gonna be able to get out of you, why don't we move to the part that this patient -- and very warm! -- audience has been waiting for, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

An assistant quickly PLACES A MICROPHONE STAND in the middle of the makeshift row down the middle of the chairs, just a few feet in front of the stage. Quickly, a few fans shuffle to GET IN LINE to speak.

The first to talk is a Young Woman in her late-20s.

She blushes and plays with one of her thin dreads, and places her hair behind an ear. The other hand holds a copy of Strange Adventures.

YOUNG WOMAN

Wow. It's such an honor to meet you!

ADAM STRANGE

(laugh blushing himself)

Please. The honor is mine. What's your question, dear?

YOUNG WOMAN

I've read your book three times!

Once again just on my way down here! Such amazing acts of selflessness and heroism.

But, even after three reads, I still cry. Each time. How did you...? How are you...? You know...?

ADAM STRANGE

I'm sorry, I don't know. I'm not the one asking the question.

SNAPPER

Look. I can see that the young lady doesn't want to ask the tough question that's on everyone's mind, and it's clear that we all know what she's referring to.

Hell, it was one of the questions I had on one of these very notecards and even I didn't have the courage to ask.

So, if this gal is willing to bring up the two-thousand pound scar in the room, then I will too.

Adam: How have you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

and your lovely wife, Alanna...
how have the two of you been
dealing with the loss of your
daughter, Aleea.

Adam Strange takes in a long, nasally inhale and audibly exhales out. Alanna Strange wipes a tear away upon hearing the name of her dead daughter, ALEEA STRANGE.

ADAM STRANGE

Well, Snap, young lady. You're both right. I'm dancing around answering the question that's on everyone's mind. And, no, I won't make anyone have to buy my book to hear the answer.

The loss of Aleea has been... is, hard. The only time that we have brought her up was when I was writing the book. And if I'm honest, when I turned in my first draft, I basically glossed over her passing. But when my beta reader, my wife, saw what I wrote, or rather, what I didn't write, she told me in no uncertain words to return to my laptop.

Although the wound of our sweet Aleea is still fresh, my pain, our pain, is no reason for her memory to die with her. The Pykkts killed my daughter. That's true. But if we stop talking about her, then we, not the Pykkts, truly killed her. And I appreciate you and Snapper here for not letting me do that.

There's a saying. I forget how it goes but I think it goes something like this:

Everyone dies twice. Once when your heart stops beating and the second when... um... how's it go?

Snapper shrugs.

SNAPPER

You think I'm the philosopher here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The crowd lets out an uncomfortable laugh, people wiping tears, tissues out.

YOUNG WOMAN

(microphone gives
slight feedback)

I think the saying goes something like, "You die three times. Once when your body dies. Another when you're buried. And finally when someone says your name for the last time." Or something like that.

After a beat where no one in the room breaths, Adam Strange STARTS TO CLAP.

ADAM STRANGE

Way better than I could have said it. Brava. Give this woman a hand!

The crowd joins in. People are blowing their noses and congratulating the Young Woman for asking the tough but heartfelt question as she RETURNS TO HER SEAT.

SNAPPER

Wow. Powerful stuff. Aren't you guys glad that I'm not the only one with a microphone?

The crowd gives Snapper a courteous laugh.

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

Phew. Okay. Who do we have next? Yes. Young Man. Good luck trying to beat that!

A YOUNG MAN, also in his late-20s, wearing a Black Canary shirt goes up next to the microphone. His face looks like he had something bad to eat, a thin film of sweat covers his visage.

YOUNG MAN

Heh. Well. I may not having something as sweet and bullshitty as that last girl, but I'll try.

Everyone in the room gives one another a nervous look.

SNAPPER

Uh, Young Man. Um, we're... we're streaming live. We are filming and there are kids in the audience.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

If you have something negative to say, why don't you just see Mr. Strange after the Q and A, yeah?

YOUNG MAN

But I don't have anything bad to say.

SNAPPER

You don't?

YOUNG MAN

Not if the truth is bad.

Snapper's eyes dart between Alanna and Adam Strange. Finally, Adam nods to Snapper to continue.

SNAPPER

Okay, kid. What's this "truth" that you're here to tell us?

YOUNG MAN

That this muthafucker, Adam Strange, and his bitch ass wife killed innocent men, women, and children on Rann! They didn't save shit! They committed war crimes.

The CROWD ERUPTS, trying to pull the Young Man away from the microphone. Everyone is SCREAMING, yelling at the Young Man for his heresy.

Before being pulled away, the Young Man GRABS THE MICROPHONE one last time.

YOUNG MAN

I wouldn't be surprised if those two assholes killed their own daughter, too!

SNAPPER

Enough! Security!

Adam Strange is now STANDING, white knuckled. In the mayhem as security fights with the Young Man and the crowd that's trying to rip him apart, Alanna Strange RUNS UP ON STAGE and GRABS ADAM'S MICROPHONE.

ALANNA STRANGE

We came here today to share our story. Not to get smeared and insulted with things that we didn't do! That'll be all. Thank you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Alanna takes her dazed husband towards a nook in the bookstore, away from the ruckus.

ALANNA STRANGE
War crimes?! That we killed our
daughter?! What a buncha bullshit!

Adam Strange's chest is heaving, teeth gritted, lost in angry thought.

ALANNA STRANGE (CONT'D)
Hey. Babe. You okay? Hey!

ADAM STRANGE
Yeah, yeah. Sorry.

ALANNA STRANGE
Fuckin' asshole. Can you believe
that guy?

Adam Strange, still lost in thought.

ALANNA STRANGE (CONT'D)
I said that's all bullshit. Right,
Adam. Right?!

After literally SHAKING HER HUSBAND, Adam Strange snaps out of his anger spell.

ADAM STRANGE
Of course, babe. Of course. It's
bullshit. It's all bullshit.

She seems assured. At least, she tries to seem like she's assured.

WE ZOOM INTO ADAM STRANGE'S EYES AND THE SCREEN SHAKES IN ANGER AS IT TRANSITIONS TO BLACK AND WHITE AND THE SCREEN'S RATIO CHANGES TO 4:3. WE ZOOM OUT TO SEE ADAM STRANGE IN THE PAST, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR IN HIS WHITE SUIT FIRING HIS RANNIAN RAY GUN.

SERIES NOTE: **EVEN THOUGH ALL FLASHBACKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE BLACK AND WHITE OR SOME TYPE OF SEPIA, COLOR WILL STILL BE USED AS A DESCRIPTOR RE: THE PAST.**

EXT. THE PLANET RANN - DESERT - DAY

The distinctive PEW PEW sound of Adam Strange's RANNIAN RAY GUN can be heard as he FLIES THROUGH THE SKY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM STRANGE

(hand to earpiece)

There are more coming down from
the north!

SARDATH (O.S.)

Copy. We'll be there in 5-minutes!

Adam looks down and sees a SMALL VILLAGE with huts and young families scurrying about, scared.

He then puts his attention towards the distance, his visor ZOOMING-IN. We see large red and silver MECHUNITS surrounded by ENEMY SOLDIERS with black masks, glowing eyes, and heads shrouded in hoods. The Enemy Soldiers look like large, full-sized Jawas, but they are not because Jawas belong to Disney, and this is Warner Bros.

The Enemy Soldiers have laser rifles and armor that match the Mechunits, all of them in a futuristic silver and red metal.

ADAM STRANGE

We don't have 5-minutes!

Adam continues to fire at the advancing enemy, but his shots are ABSORBED by a SHIELD that is advancing with the enemy. The SEMI-TRANSLUCENT SHIELD is nearing the Village.

Adam FLIES towards the small village and starts GRABBING two villagers at a time, one under each arm, and places them atop a nearby mountain. If seen from the small mountain top, we would see confused families in burlap clothing seeming to POP-UP NEXT TO ONE ANOTHER as the WHITE BLUR of Adam Strange zips in and out of screen, DROPPING OFF the scared and bewildered families together. A cartoon come to life.

Through a red screen and alien aiming symbology, we see that the enemy Mechunit at the vanguard sees the small Village still has one, limping, cane-wielding Villager. The Villager's back is to the Mech, trying desperately to shuffle away.

The curved line symbolizing the shield passes over the Villager.

The Enemy Soldier atop the Mechunit says something in an alien language. By the way he SCREAMS the one word and MOTIONS WITH ONE HAND FORWARD, it's clear to discern that he's screaming ATTACK or some equivalent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We return to the red screened viewpoint of the Mechunit that still has its sight on the limping figure in the middle of the barren Village. The TARGETING CIRCLE LIGHTS UP and ZOOMS IN on the Villager's back.

The Villager whips around, throwing off his burlap shawl and cane away to show that it was actually Adam Strange in disguise, smiling ear-to-ear.

ADAM STRANGE

Surprise! Mutha-fuck-AAAH!

Adam Strange flies towards the Mech and begins FIRING his ray gun at the mechanical beast's chest. A CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE begins to grow from the Mech's chest as Adam continues to close in.

SCREAMING at the top of his lungs, Adam FLIES INTO the black cloud and disappears.

The Enemy Soldier atop the Mech has a confused, ruh-roh, tilt to his head as we see Adam EXPLODE OUT THE MECH'S BACK, creating a SECONDARY EXPLOSION, destroying the Mech and several of the Enemies next to it.

Adam flies between Enemies, destroying them in his wake. He sees that the calvary has arrived but they are still outside the shield, their shots unable to help Adam.

ADAM STRANGE

They have a force field! Energy shots cannot penetrate, but anything else can! You have to get close and go through it!

SARDATH (O.S.)

But they're firing at us! We can't get any closer!

Adam sees a four-legged Mech with a large, blinking light atop of it.

ADAM STRANGE

Give me one second...

Adam flies to the four-legged Mech and, AFTER SOME FIGHTING, destroys the bulb-like contraption atop the Mech. The glowing forcefield begins to EVAPORATE.

ADAM STRANGE

Try firing...

All around him, Enemy Soldiers begin to explode from beam shots coming from the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADAM STRANGE

...now?

EXT. THE PLANET RANN - MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

A joyous crowd surrounds Adam Strange. Both the villagers and the Rannian Soldiers are CHEERING.

Holding a child on his bicep, Adam is happy that everyone is safe.

The leader of the Rannian Army and leader of the planet, SARDATH, takes off a helmet and offers Adam a hand. Awkwardly, the flustered Adam puts the child down and accepts the handshake, both men beaming.

SARDATH

Thank you, Adam Strange. What is this now? The sixth time you've saved our planet Rann from destruction?

ADAM STRANGE

No. Just the fifth time. That one time you're counting I only came in and helped.

Sardath is smirking, slightly shaking his head in disbelief.

SARDATH

We Rannian's are all for modesty, but there's no need for that on the battlefield, Strange.

ADAM STRANGE

Not being modest. Just being honest. And I know too well about the thoughts and feelings of the people of Rann. I may be from Earth, but my heart is 100% Rann.

SARDATH

Well said.

(pensive)

If there is anyway that I, or the people of Rann can repay you, just ask. Within reason, of course!

Still smirking, Adam motions to one of the SOLDIERS behind Sardath who was critical during the earlier "AFTER SOME FIGHTING" sequence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM STRANGE

I would ask for your permission to court Alanna.

The SOLDIER takes off their helmet, revealing ALANNA.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Your daughter.

SARDATH

I said within reason, Strange.

Just as Adam is about to plead his case, Sardath raises a hand.

SARDATH (CONT'D)

I know, I know. Literally... I know. I'm the smartest man on Rann. You don't think I know that you and my daughter have already been courting one another behind my back?

Adam's jaw drops. Alanna's face is flush as she chews on a thumbnail, both of their body language's way of saying "busted".

SARDATH

Of course you can court my daughter! Just keep anymore secrets and I'll send your head back to Earth and display your body here as a warning to those who would even think of deceiving me.

ALANNA STRANGE

Dad!

Sardath puts a friendly, but tight, arm around Adam's neck.

SARDATH

Silence! I'm just making a jape with my possible future son-in-law. Isn't that right, Strange?

ADAM STRANGE

(trying not to show his pain)

Yeah. Of course. Heh heh. Just good fun between soon-to-be family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

END B&W.

INT. HOLT INDUSTRIES - BOARDROOM - DAY

A white male with black hair in a dark suit, whose FACE WE CAN'T SEE, WALKS OUT of the boardroom. There's a gaggle of people in the hallway ASKING the unseen man questions, TAKING pictures.

The door SHUTS BEHIND HIM.

The only two people left inside the large Boardroom are Michael Holt and BARBARA "BABS" GORDON. Barbara is in a smart skirt suit, PUSHING HERSELF in her wheelchair. The chair doesn't stop her from wearing leggings and heels. The C in confidence stands for comfort, and she is happy and comfortable in her own skin.

BABS

Phew. That was intense.

As Babs rolls up next to the conference table Michael Holt LOOSENS HIS TIE and HALF SITS/LEANS on the conference table.

MICHAEL HOLT

Yeah. You would think that me and him being friends would make him take it easier on me.

BABS

(small scoff)

Yeah. You'd think. But then again, the two of you aren't friends. Batman and Mr. Terrific are. But to the board members of Wayne Industries you're Michael Holt and he's Bruce Wayne. And it's his job as CEO to get them, and in turn, him, the best deal possible.

MICHAEL HOLT

Yeah, well. I'm just glad that the damage on this building here didn't ruin the negotiations too much.

Babs gives a shrug.

BABS

Eh. You have more than the building in Metropolis. There's also the one in Gotham.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABS (CONT'D)

But we're more interested your two California properties. The one in Star City and your main research facility in Los Angeles.

MICHAEL HOLT

Yeah. What they don't know is I don't need those facilities anymore. Between the Hall of Justice in DC and
(pointing up)
the Watchtower, I'm good as far as research is concerned.

BABS

Yeah. And you keep all access to your labs. Even your headquarters, the T-Cave in Los Angeles. Only thing that's changed for you is your bank account. Someone made out good!

MICHAEL HOLT

It's not called the T-Cave!

BABS

(unimpressed)
What's the name of your mask?

MICHAEL HOLT

The T-Mask.

BABS

And what's the name of your suit?

MICHAEL HOLT

(exhales through
nose)
The T-Suit.

BABS

So then why no T-Cave?

MICHAEL HOLT

Because... it's called...

BABS

It's called, what?

MICHAEL HOLT

(resigned)
The T-Sanctuary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BABS

The T-Sanctuary?! Oh my God!
That's even worse!

They share a silent laugh.

MICHAEL HOLT

Hey. You don't see me giving you
and your bird friends any grief.
How is Dinah, by the way?

BABS

She's fine. It's her boyfriend,
Ollie, who's pissed off at me.

MICHAEL HOLT

And why's he mad at you?

BABS

Because! Oliver Queen wanted to
buy the majority stake in Holt
Industries as well. Let's just say
that he's not too happy that his
girlfriend's best friend helped
take that away.

MICHAEL HOLT

(scoffing)

Ollie's mad? Shit. You have no
idea how much I've pissed off my
previous partner, Simon Stagg!
Actually, Stagg had a better offer
than you guys, but I had to take
access to Terrifictech away from
that asshole!

BABS

Well, Bruce is only happy to help
you rid Stagg away from your labs
and tech. Now that your facilities
are no más to Señor Stagg, you're
also helping out Bruce as well.

A lot of heat has been coming on
Lucius and Wayne Industries
lately. A lot. More than usual.

Now, that we have Holt Industries,
Holt Holdings, CyberWear, the
whole enchilada, it helps Bruce --
and especially Lucius -- by giving
them a new playground that doesn't
have the name Wayne on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BABS (CONT'D)

Everybody wins.

MICHAEL HOLT

Yeah. Everybody really does win with this deal. I get rid of Stagg's access to my buildings and I keep access to my buildings. I help Bruce and Lucius out. And the cherry on top: I don't need to sell to Ollie "Drama" Queen.

The share a smile and a blush. There's a beat of silence.

Although Babs red hair is pulled back in a ponytail, she pulls back a loose strand behind her ear, pensive. She adjusts her glasses and bites her lower lip.

BABS

Say. This is all I had scheduled for the day. And the next as well, actually. No one was sure how long this deal would take to close, if at all. Wanna go have a celebratory drink?

Michael looks on in disbelief, trying to understand what Babs is alluding to. He does not realize that he's holding his breath.

MICHAEL HOLT

Wait. Do you wanna have a drink or do you wanna have a drink-drink?

Babs is now blushing that her cheeks nearly match her hair.

BABS

Hey. Times are a-changin'! Women gotta shoot their shots nowadays, ya know?

MICHAEL HOLT

(smirking)

Yeah. But what about you and Dick Grayson?

BABS

(annoyed)

What about me and Dick? Dick's a dick so me and Dick are on a break.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL HOLT

A break?

BABS

Yeah. You know how it is. Make up
to break up and all shit.

Michael lets out a heavy sigh and rubs the bridge of his
nose.

MICHAEL HOLT

Listen, Babs. I'm flattered.
Really. But I just can't--

BABS

You can't, what? Date a girl in
chair?

He gives her a disappointed look.

BABS (CONT'D)

Sorry! That was immature of me. I
get mad when people judge me for
the chair and yet here I am, using
it as a guilt trip 'cause I can't
handle getting rejected by a man.

MICHAEL HOLT

Hey. It's not that I'm rejecting
you. Even if I was single, I would
say no. Not because I don't think
you're a beautiful person, you
are, but Dick is a friend of mine.

A dear friend.

She looks at his wedding band.

BABS

I'm sorry. I just thought you were
no longer married.

MICHAEL HOLT

It's touch and go. But right now,
yeah, I'm still married.

Speaking of which, I gotta go
visit my wife and child. I think
that'll make me feel better.

That's how I'll celebrate.

As he walks out, he pauses next to her and puts a hand on
Babs' shoulder. She places a hand atop of his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BABS

You really are a wonderful man,
Michael. I mean, you're a terrific
man. Go to your family. Tell them
hi for me.

MICHAEL HOLT

I will. And call Dick. Seeing
other people won't bring you two
closer as you fight. Trust me. You
want every moment you can get with
your loved one. Don't waste these
precious few moments fighting.
Spend them like they're the last
ones you'll ever have. You never
know. It just might be.

Babs spins in her chair to face Michael. She's smiling.

BABS

You know. You're the smartest man
I've ever met. And I know Bruce!
Has everyone ever told you that?
That you're the smartest man?

MICHAEL HOLT

Once or twice, Babs. Once or
twice.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

"ALL IS NOT GONE" by CHANGING FACES plays on the screen.
Michael is holding a bouquet over a grave.

MICHAEL HOLT

I brought you sunflowers. You're
favorite.

He places the flowers down on the headstone. The
headstone is in three parts. It reads:

PAULA HOLT BELOVED WIFE - BABY HOLT BELOVED CHILD -
MICHAEL HOLT BELOVED HUSBAND

Under each of Paula's and Baby Holt's names is the
inscription Requiescat in pace. There is no religious
markings. Only Michael's part of the tombstone is blank.
For now.

MICHAEL HOLT

You know, there is not a day that
goes by that I don't think of you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL HOLT (CONT'D)

Either one or the other. Most days both.

They say time heals all wounds. And they're right. When I lost Mom and Dad, I'd think of them everyday as well. Then, after a few years went by, not only did I stop visiting them on their birthdays, but eventually their birthdays would come and go, and it would only be months later that I realized I had forgotten.

But you two? Naw. No way José.

It's been nearly five years. Five years since you were taken from me. Five years since you were taken from this earth and everyone that loved you on it. This world has always been shit. But when you, my sweet Paula, the star of any room you entered, died, this shitty world officially became unbearable.

As for you, son, daughter. You never got to breathe a single breath. And there's been something I've been wanting to tell you.

(takes a moment)

I didn't want you. There. I said it. I wasn't ready for a child. But now I realize that no one is ever truly ready for a child.

Did some force secretly give me my wish? Is that why you're underground now? Oh man, I hope not. I mean, I think not. But I will tell you one thing, little buddy. Losing you? Losing you? It did make me realize one thing. I'm not right about everything, like everyone says I am. I have been wrong. At least about one thing.

At the end of the day, I did want you. And if I could switch places right now, I'd take that offer in a second.

I'm sorry I didn't want you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL HOLT (CONT'D)

Now that I can never have you,
you're all I want.

(drops to his knees)

Forgive me.

Please, please, forgive me!

(after a beat)

But I understand if you don't.

I know I wouldn't forgive me.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Adam Strange and his wife Alanna Strange are WALKING THE CITY STREETS. Alanna is leaning on Adam's shoulder, and they are laughing, ENJOYING THEIR DAY. It's only then that Alanna feels as if everyone is giving them odd looks.

Alanna, tightens her grip into her husband's arm, asking him through her teeth:

ALANNA STRANGE

Babe. Is it just me or is everyone looking at us?

ADAM STRANGE

Of course they are! It's Adam Strange! The Hero of Two Worlds!

Adam starts to look at people and realizes that his wife is on to something. The populace isn't giving him looks of admiration. They are giving him glares.

Alanna grabs her phone and turns it on.

ALANNA STRANGE

Holy shit! Over 20 missed calls and a bagillion texts!

ADAM STRANGE

You know I don't like cell phones when we're together. Why d'you turn it on?

ALANNA STRANGE

'Cause, Adam. You're all over the flippin' news. And not in a good way either!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk over to a crowd huddled around screens on a display wall. Adam muscled through, pulling his wife along behind him.

As a news reporter talks O.C., the scene of the Young Man yelling at Adam Strange at the Bookworm yesterday is playing on the screen.

NEWS REPORTER

...was found dead early this morning. It appears to be the same individual, from the viral video of him accosting Adam Strange at a book signing. We must warn you. The following image is highly disturbing.

The screen changes from the video of the Young Man yelling at Adam Strange to a still image that shows what is left of the Young Man. It can only be assumed to be him since there is no head, but the Black Canary shirt that he wore is as clear as day.

Alanna gasps and buries her face in Adam's chest.

The crowd slowly turns their glare from the TV to Adam Strange.

ADAM STRANGE

Uh... what? It wasn't me! I didn't do it! I didn't kill that guy! What? You can't possibly think I did that, do you?

Another Young Man pushes Adam Strange.

YOUNG MAN #2

Why don't you get da fuck outta here, Papi? Or what you gonna do, huh? Shoot me -- shoot all of us! - - with that little ray gun of yours? Blow off our heads like that poor motherfucker too!

The crowd becomes more vocal and Adam drags Alanna away from the crowd.

Adam takes his wife and they turn into an alleyway. Like the second time we met the husband and wife pair, Alanna stows Adam away. Now it's his turn to return the favor.

ALANNA STRANGE

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. What are we gonna do, Adam?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALANNA STRANGE (CONT'D)

First that little punk claims
you're a mass murderer and now
he's dead?! What are we going to
do?!

ADAM STRANGE

Shh. Shh. It's all right. It's all
right. We -- I -- haven't done
anything wrong, okay? This is all
just hearsay. We just gotta let it
blow over, that's all.

ALANNA STRANGE

No! We can't just let it "blow
over." We need to be proactive. We
didn't do anything, Adam! We
didn't do any of this... shit! So
why should we hide?! It'll just
makes us look even more guilty.

Adam snaps his fingers and a small grin of relief appears
on his face. He puts his hands on her shoulders.

ADAM STRANGE

You know I always think of
something, right?

Right?!

Alanna nods furiously, tears running down her face.

ADAM STRANGE

Well. I just got an idea. A crazy
idea...

First Adam, then Alanna look up, into the bright sky.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Adam Strange is on a rooftop, alone. City lights and the
distant sounds of police sirens can be heard. A ragged
stair tower that looks like an outhouse is there. As is a
water tower. The place is cramped and covered in shadows.

ADAM STRANGE

Come on. Come on. He should have
been here minutes ago!

VOICE (O.C.)

I have been.

Adam turns to the weblike lattice that is holding up the
water tower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sees nothing but shadow until two white parallelograms start to move. They are eyes and as they move, two spiked ears can be made out.

BATMAN'S VOICE IS A.I. GENERATED FROM THE LATE GREAT KEVIN CONROY.

ADAM STRANGE

Batman! Thank God you're here!

BATMAN is nothing more than a silhouette. His cape hangs in front of him like a medieval cloak. Not even the bat symbol can be seen. Even the part of his face that we see through the cowl is covered in shadow.

All we can see of his face is the outline of his bat ears and his white, glowing eyes.

All we can see of his body is one blot of black with a cape that flows with the wind. He is a living shadow.

We never see Batman's lips move. Every time he speaks, we hear him from behind.

BATMAN (O.C.)

You called me. So here I am.

ADAM STRANGE

Oh, thank God! Oh, man. I don't know if you've seen the news, but my name is getting ran through the mud!

BATMAN (O.C.)

So I've heard.

ADAM STRANGE

I need your help, Batman!

BATMAN (O.C.)

How can I help? I'm not in P.R. I'm Batman.

ADAM STRANGE

(flustered)

Dude. I know! That's not what I'm asking.

BATMAN (O.C.)

What are you asking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM STRANGE

You're the greatest detective alive. I want you to investigate me!

BATMAN (O.C.)

Hmm. And if I find things that are not... flattering?

ADAM STRANGE

That's the whole freakin' point! I want you to show the world who I am. Warts and all!

Adam reaches for his ray gun, turns it, and offers it to Batman.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Please, Bruce. Do this for me.

What D'ya say?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALANNA STRANGE

He said "no"?!

Alanna Strange and her husband, Adam Strange, are having dinner. They are sharing a bottle of white wine.

ADAM STRANGE

Yuuup. He said that we're too close. That the world knows we're friends. That it would make any investigation of me, and I quote, "moot." I had to look up that word, moot.

ALANNA STRANGE

Great. So your plan to get you out of this attack on your good name and reputation is now gone? What are we going to do now?

ADAM STRANGE

Actually, Batman did have one idea. He claims to know someone who is smarter than him. I told him thanks but no thanks. I don't want Lex Luthor defending my case.

Alanna scoffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

He said, no. That the man he's referring to investigate me is smarter than him and Luthor combined.

ALANNA STRANGE

And who can that possibly be?

There's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

ADAM STRANGE

Ta-da! That's probably him right now.

Adam Strange opens the door.

MR. TERRIFIC

Hi. I'm Mr. Terrific. A mutual friend of ours sent me here.

ADAM STRANGE

I'm Adam Strange.

They shake hands.

MR. TERRIFIC

Sorry we have to meet under these circumstances and I'm not one for small talk. Ya ready to get this investigation going?

ADAM STRANGE

Can't lie, Mr. Terrific. I'm excited to help you with this investigation. But I gotta be honest with you. With my book just coming out and me having to go relive the death of my daughter, it's hard for me to go return back to those days.

I know, I know. I literally just published a book about my past. A past that I need to talk about. But it's still hard, you know?

MR. TERRIFIC

It's hard for everyone, Mr. Strange. Trust me. I know what it's like to have to go back and relive the death of child.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

The good news is, you and I are more than likely won't be going that far back. I'm just here to investigate the dead kid that accosted you and your wife at the Bookworm. That's all. But if it does takes us back to some uncomfortable memories, then that's where we'll go.

I hope you do understand, right?

ADAM STRANGE

Of course. From one father who lost a child to another, why don't we go back together?

The two men shake each other's hands one more time.

MR. TERRIFIC

Sounds like a plan, my man. Sounds like a plan.

"BACK TO THE HOTEL" by N2DEEP starts to play as both men hold their handshake, eye contact, and a painful smile that only parents that have outlived their children can share.

Title Card:

In memoriam

Kevin Conroy

CUT TO BLACK.