

THE TERRIFICS

STRANGE ADVENTURES

Episode 103: "Daughter of Rann"

Written by

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Based on Characters from DC Comics

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EXT - RANN - CITY - DAY

WE ARE IN A 4:3 RATIO OF THE PAST. THE SCREEN IS BACK TO A SEPIA, OR BLACK & WHITE.

The Rannian capital is UNDER ATTACK. There are Pykkt scout ships flying in the smoke filled sky, SHOOTING AT BUILDINGS creating RUBBLE AND PANIC in the streets.

ADAM STRANGE, The Hero of Two Worlds, is wearing his white suit with a Rannian Ray Gun in one hand, his other hand is holding onto his now five year old daughter's hand, ALEEA STRANGE, as they RUN and navigate the fire from the attacking ships, pieces of buildings FALLING DOWN all around them.

ALEEA STRANGE

Daddy! I'm scared!

ADAM STRANGE

It's okay, honey. So am I.

ALEEA STRANGE

You are?!

Adam Strange pulls his daughter into a corner, like an alley, for a quick respite. He tries to catch his breath, stopping for a moment to crouch and get at his daughter's eye level.

ADAM STRANGE

Of course! All great heroes are afraid. It's feeling the... heat -- the terror! -- the pain of fear and still doing the thing you're afraid of that makes you brave. It's not the lack of fear! Being brave means feeling the awful, awful -- awful! -- pain of fear.

Are you scared?!

Aleea shakes her head no, fighting back tears.

ADAM STRANGE

Aleea... what did I just say? I'll ask you again;

Are... you... scared?!

She nods furiously, hot tears streaming down her cheeks.

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ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Good! Now pardon my Pykkt but,
let's feel this fuckin' fear,
scream at it, and kick some
fuckin' Pykkt ass! What d'ya say,
huh?!

Her TENSE face goes from FEAR to one filled with TENSE,
determined RAGE.

ALEEA STRANGE

In the words of Earth's greatest
hero that you've told me about...
hell yeah!

Adam Strange grins.

ADAM STRANGE

Good! Now let's go find your Mom
so we can kick these Pykkt pricks
were it hurts! She has my jetpack
your granddad designed.

They return to the rubble filled road, the pair START TO
RUN through the city streets once again. And, once gain,
they DODGE the falling debris and energy beams being
fired from above. As they TURN A CORNER, they see four,
armed Pykkt Soldiers coming straight at them.

Adam Strange puts his daughter BEHIND HIM, and STARTS
FIRING at the foursome. As soon as Adam starts to make
his gun go PEW PEW, one of the Pykkt Soldiers JUMPS INTO
THE AIR, disappearing like he had a jet pack.

After some DUCKING AND DIVING, all while hiding his
daughter BEHIND HIS BACK, all three Pykkt Soldiers are
taken down.

Adam Strange gives himself a self-pleased smile but
DOESN'T NOTICE the fourth Pykkt Soldier land behind him.

The Pykkt Soldier is pleased with himself as well, energy
rifle raised, ready to strike the unsuspecting Strange.

The Pykkt Soldier gives out a YELP and doubles over in
pain, causing Adam Strange to turn around and see what
happened.

O.C., Aleea Strange had kicked the Soldier in the nards
and she is now gnawing on one of the Soldier's legs.

The Pykkt Soldier drops his rifle and is trying to shake
and slap off Aleea, missing the girl who's on the Soldier
like a rabid dog.

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After a beat of taking in the moment with pride, Adam Strange RAY GUN WHIPS the Soldier, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

ADAM STRANGE

Great job, baby. Let's go.

Aleea is still chewing on the unconscious alien's leg. The only thing missing is Aleea foaming at the mouth.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Aleea! I said that's enough!

She stops chewing on the invader's leg and starts to leave, but not before giving the knocked out Pykkt one last KICK IN THE GUT.

Adam Strange lets out an AUDIBLE SIGH, trying to display disappointment while actually feeling pride.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Okay, you. That's quite enough.
Let's go find your mother.

The duo are now walking, more cautious. They are now in a safer place. Nothing is falling or firing around them, the sounds of battle echo in the distance.

Aleea PUNCHES A FIST IN THE AIR.

ALEEA STRANGE

I'm no longer scared of anything!

They are now walking through an alleyway or small road, covered in shadow, rubble, and near silence.

ADAM STRANGE

Aleea. That's not how it works.

Adam grabs Aleea's hand again, walking as they are now hidden in relative peace.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Fear is not, like, some dragon or monster that you kill once and then it's gone forever.

ALEEA STRANGE

It's not?

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM STRANGE

No, it's not. Right now... right now? Yeah, you did good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Real good. Better than most people will ever accomplish in their lives! And, while that is something to be proud of -- very proud of -- just remember; the fear'll return. Next time, even bigger and meaner than that fear you felt before.

ALEEA STRANGE

It will?! How can it be stronger than the fear I felt earlier? I mean, I was pretty scared...

ADAM STRANGE

Exactly! And what did I say about being afraid? About being scared?

Aleea pauses and gives it a long thought. Finally resolving herself to an I-DUNNO SHRUG.

Adam smiles.

ADAM STRANGE

Well, I don't remember word for word exactly either, but it was something like, fear -- being scared? -- is not a bad thing. It's a good thing.

Feel the awful pain of fear and just do the scary thing anyway.

ALEEA STRANGE

"Feel the awful pain of fear and just do the scary thing anyway." I like it, Dad.

ADAM STRANGE

Good. 'Cause remember; that fear that "you beat"? It'll come back. And stronger than last time.

ALEEA STRANGE

Great. Now I'm scared again.

Adam lets out a silent laugh. He RUSTLES his daughter's hair.

ADAM STRANGE

That's the point, kiddo. Whenever someone says that they're "fearless" or "without fear" or that they have "no fear" or...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

whatever the heck, it's all
bullshit, my dear. It's those very
same a-holes that set up a
skydiving party for their family
and friends in Eloy, Arizona only
to be the one person to chicken
out and not jump out of the plane.

She pauses to take in what knowledge her father is giving
her. Finally, she asks:

ALEEA STRANGE

Is Eloy, Arizona on the isle of
Sareel near Alkamar? Or is it on
the other side of the Iolic Sea
near the Mistylands?

Impressed at his daughter's Rannian geography yet knowing
that this is not the time to teach her about the
skydiving capital of Earth, he simply tells his daughter
a little white lie:

ADAM STRANGE

It's a place near Bruul.

ALEEA STRANGE

Bruul? Ugh. I heard it's hot
there. Why would anyone live
there?

ADAM STRANGE

Why indeed.

C'mon. Enough talking. I think
we're almost there!

INT. ABANDONED SHOP - DAY

We are now inside a business that seems to have been
either a clothing shop or a bar. The place is EARTHY, the
building and its walls made from white clay. We see that
Rann, a planet far more evolved than Earth, can still
have old warm charm. The planet is equal parts desert-
planet like the League of Assassins' stronghold 'Eth
Alth'eban, and an ecumenopolis like Krypton at the same
time.

Adam and Aleea Strange walk into the shadowed mess,
pensive. Adam now has his ray gun out at the ready and,
like children are wont to do, Aleea is parroting her
father, holding her hands together, her hands and pointy
fingers making a gun.

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Aleea is hopping left and right, ready to fire her "gun" at any would-be enemy, biting her tongue in concentration. She is the cutest soldier to ever exist. She looks like Dora the Explorer has become Charlie's newest Angel.

In an instant, five armed soldier's POP UP from behind every possible place of cover. They are covered in white and light gray linen clothing, their FACES COVERED in sand-colored bandanas.

ADAM STRANGE

Whoa! Wait! We're with you. We're Rannian defenders!

One of the soldiers takes their equally gray energy rifle and takes two steps that are more military lunges towards Adam Strange, BARREL POINTED at the Earthling's head.

The soldier REMOVES their face shawl and reveals ALANNA STRANGE.

ALANNA STRANGE

I know. Just had to teach you to be safer. The Pykkt enemy are everywhere.

ALEEA STRANGE

Mommy!

Aleea Strange's mock pistol become hands again as she smiles and RUNS INTO HER MOTHER'S ARMS who is now CROUCHING to receive the hug.

ALANNA STRANGE

Myleea! You're safe!

ALEEA STRANGE

Yup. And I was scared too. Super scared! But did you know that being scared is a good thing and the only way to be brave?

Alanna's jaw drops in that exaggerated way that some parent's do.

ALANNA STRANGE

Is that so?

Aleea NODS FORCEFULLY and has her chest and chin up.

ALEEA STRANGE

Yup. Even if you feel the pain of fear. You just do it.

(MORE)

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ALEEA STRANGE (CONT'D)

That's a saying that me and Dad
came up with.

ALANNA STRANGE

"Just do it"? I like it.

Alanna Strange stands up from her daughter's eye level,
knees cracking and places a hand on her husband's cheek.

She goes in to kiss her husband but a little hand blocks
their lips.

We PAN OUT to see that Aleea is standing on a large piece
of rubble between her parents and stops them from
kissing.

ALEEA STRANGE

Ew! Gross! Not right now.

ADAM STRANGE

Not right now?! But when am I
supposed to kiss your Mom?

ALEEA STRANGE

Not until there are no more Pykkt
jerks walking on our planet!

ALANNA STRANGE

Well, if that's the stipulation,
then I should have the Pykkt's on
their ships before moonrise!

Both Adam and Alanna Strange are proud and happy to see
their daughter and their little family back together
again... but grownups need to chat.

ADAM STRANGE

Where's Sardath? He has my
jetpack.

ALANNA STRANGE

He's towards the southwest,
fighting the enemy there. I was
going to ask you why you weren't
with your jetpack, but then father
told me.

ADAM STRANGE

That he was upgrading it?

She tries not to roll her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALANNA STRANGE

I guess you can call it that. Or you can say what actually happened. You destroyed your last one and needed yet another replacement pack.

ADAM STRANGE

Synonyms! Tomato to-MA-to.

ALANNA STRANGE

Toe MAT...?

ADAM STRANGE

Look, honey. You know the plan. As soon as we expel this Pkyyt threat once and for all from Rann, I'm taking you, Aleea -- all of us -- to Earth.

Tomatoes are a fruit or a vegetable from Earth. I'm not sure which.

ALANNA STRANGE

Well, I can't wait to have one of these to-MA-toes. I bet they're delicious.

ADAM STRANGE

Not really. They taste like a sink towel.

Alanna has no words what to say to that. So instead, she reaches down and grabs a dust covered package in ripped tarp. She hands it to Adam.

Adam opens the gift.

ADAM STRANGE (CONT'D)

Whoa! My new jet pack. Thanks, babe! But I thought it was with your dad?!

ALANNA STRANGE

Well... surprise!

Adam goes in for the thank you kiss but the same hand returns and jolts up, blocking the gross kiss from Aleea's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALEEA STRANGE

No kissing, remember! Not until the Pykkts are on their way to their stupid homes in their stupid space ships.

ALANNA STRANGE

Yeah, yeah. Sorry about that, captain.

(addressing Adam)

Adam. We need to split up. The plan hasn't changed. We meet in the frozen tundra just outside Akalon, in the Bay of Xyx.

ADAM STRANGE

Why can't we go together?

(motioning to the soldiers)

We have plenty of royal guards to escort us.

Alanna Strange shakes her head.

ALANNA STRANGE

No. Not safe. It's good that we're a small group, but we need to be even smaller.

Look. I'll take two royal guards with me and you and and Aleea'll take the other two. Okay?

ADAM STRANGE

Wait. You want me to take Aleea? She wants her Mom. She needs her Mom.

ALANNA STRANGE

What she needs to do is meet us at those ice caves. Alive. And who better to escort her than the alien from Earth who has saved this planet time and again.

ADAM STRANGE

Alanna... You can't just ask me to leave you. Not after just finding you...

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CONTINUED: (5)

ALANNA STRANGE

I can and I will. I may be your wife but I am still the High Princess of Rann and you are still my subject and beholden to me.

Adam smirks and tries not to laugh. She's clearly joking and trying to bring some levity to this very dire situation.

ALANNA STRANGE (CONT'D)

But seriously, Adam. You know I'm right. This is the safest way for us to make it there. Creating as small-a footprint as possible.

ADAM STRANGE

Aleea! Is that a Pykkt soldier in the corner over there!

ALEEA STRANGE

Where?!

Adam uses the distraction to give his wife a strong, long kiss.

ADAM STRANGE

Love you, my water.

ALANNA STRANGE

Love you, my rock.

Aleea has her arms crossed, not impressed at being hoodwinked.

ALEEA STRANGE

Whatever. Can we just get going?

Once again we focus on Adam Strange's UNMOVING FACE as we hear his voice narrate. The screen changes to a page from a book and the VOICE fades from ADAM STRANGE TO MR. TERRIFIC.

ADAM STRANGE (V.O.)

Little did I know. Little did anyone know. That that would be the last time that Alanna would see her daughter, her Aleea -- her Myleea -- alive.

Everyone says if they had to do it all over again, they wouldn't change a thing. Well I don't.

(MORE)

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ADAM STRANGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If it was up to me, I wouldn't have listened to my wife's order. Not that it's Alanna's fault that Aleea died, but at least we would've taken a different path in those upcoming days. Different roads lead to different destinations.

Maybe then our Aleea wouldn't have died.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

We transition from the 4:3 B&W past to the present, inside a coffee shop. Mr. Terrific, in all his superhero garb, is sitting in a booth across Alanna Strange.

Mr. Terrific CLOSES the book we crossfaded from.

MR. TERRIFIC

And that was the last time you ever saw your daughter alive?

ALANNA STRANGE

You literally just read it out loud, my guy.

There's a silence that lasts one, long beat.

MR. TERRIFIC

I'm sorry for your loss. I truly am.

Alanna Strange takes in Mr. Terrific, forming some sort of judgement.

ALANNA STRANGE

You know what? I actually believe you.

MR. TERRIFIC

Believe me, what?

ALANNA STRANGE

That you feel sorry that I lost my daughter, that I lost Myleea.

MR. TERRIFIC

And why wouldn't you believe in the sincerity of my condolences?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALANNA STRANGE

Because, Mr. Terrific. I know that you claim to say that the call the other night you made to Batman, the one where you tell him that Adam is guilty of blowing off a kid's head, was just a ruse. A way to "teach me a lesson" for spying on you. Maybe it's true.

But what might be equally true is that, you really do think my husband killed a young man. And now, you're gonna work your damndest to make sure that the narrative follows your prejudiced - - already decided opinion -- about my husband's innocence. Or, in your eyes, his guilt.

MR. TERRIFIC

Mrs. Strange. Have you ever heard of the The Sherlock Effect?

ALANNA STRANGE

(spitting)

You know I haven't.

MR. TERRIFIC

No. I assume everyone knows what I know because I can't be arrogant. Arrogance is the back door that allows the lack of knowledge to come in. If I am to be one of the smartest men alive, then I need to realize that I am not. Only stupid people think they're smart. Smart people know they're stupid.

Never mind that aside. The Sherlock Effect, a phenomena coined by the same book written by Dr. Thomas W. Young, is about how Sherlock Holmes' infamously cool looking, working-backwards method looks great on TV and reads better in books, but can have terrible consequences for those of us living in real life.

(MORE)

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MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

Not only does the backward to forward deduction look impressive as fuck, prosecutors then only show the evidence that corroborates their findings.

Wanna prove in court that all McIntosh apples are blue? Well, all you gotta do is provide one-sided testimony to the jury from your handpicked "experts", remind the jury that they are instructed not to take any previous, personal account or experience with an apple that is literally called a Red Delicious, and finally, have all photographic evidence of Hawkeye apples struck from the court by the judge as to not "prejudice" the jury and -- wham! - - you have a small country like the United States of America that only makes up 1 in every 20 people on Earth house over half the planet's incarnated population.

Now, I personally love the Sherlock Holmes way of deduction. I'm a student of his, even if he is about as real as Mrs. Santa Claus's big ole draws, but even I can respect how wrong it is that when humans build a case for or against something, someone, they only choose to spotlight that which supports their case.

All those other pesky facts that prove contrary? Well, wouldn't you know. The spotlights over those facts just happen to have bulbs that don't work. Fancy that.

Mr. Terrific adjusts himself, bending his neck to one side to let out an AUDIBLE CRACK.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

I'm telling you all this because I'm telling you what I told Batman when I decided to take this case. More like than not, I'm not going to have a verdict of guilt or innocence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

I'm going to have a report that lays out everything that I can find out. Shit. You might love the report because I'm more than likely gonna give your husband plenty of alibis and outs as to why he didn't do it, if I even come out with reasons as to why it's possible that he did do it.

Alanna, you have to believe me. I'm gonna pry and dig to find the truth. The whole truth and nothing but the truth.

ALANNA STRANGE

So help you God?

MR. TERRIFIC

(smirking)

Something like that. Look, I just want you to remember two things.

One of them is, I am not coming at your husband with the plan to have him exonerated nor found guilty either. I'm just here to find out the truth and lay it all out. In the chance I do conclude that your husband did or didn't do it, I will include all the facts that contradict my claim. Again, if I even make a claim, guilty or not guilty.

ALANNA STRANGE

Wow. Nice little speech. You could even say I almost believed most or all of that sugar covered bullshit you fed me. And the second?

MR. TERRIFIC

Second, what?

ALANNA STRANGE

The second thing I needed to remember?

MR. TERRIFIC

Oh, yeah. Sorry about that. My mind can't recall everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALANNA STRANGE

You know how to call an apple by three different fuckin' names but you can't remember what two things you were about to say? And here I thought you were one of the smartest, if not thee smartest man alive?

MR. TERRIFIC

I am. But a person's mind can only hold so much. Like, how do I know everyone who is eating left handed in this diner yet, I can't even remember what you had for breakfast? And you literally just ate it in front of me not even five minutes ago!

ALANNA STRANGE

I don't know. Why?

MR. TERRIFIC

It was meant to be rhetorical. But honestly, I only remember what matters to me and I space out that which doesn't. A person's memory is finite and fleeting. One can't afford to waste even one neuron on connecting even the most trivial of things.

ALANNA STRANGE

And what hand people use to cut their pancakes matters because...?

MR. TERRIFIC

Because! Any of these people can get ready to attack us and I need to know who's a Southpaw and who isn't. And before you get all weird that I took note of what children are left handed as well, you have to remember, we live in a world where a hundred and one metahumans can control the minds of anyone and force them to attack strangers against their will.

Mr. Terrific waves off whatever he was thinking, singling to the table that he was resetting the wayward conversation.

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CONTINUED: (5)

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

Look, Alanna. Can I call you Alanna?

She nods.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

To reiterate. The first thing I need you to know is, I do not have a predetermined outcome. Like I told you, it's that type of thinking that has the United States of America with half of the world's incarcerated. I'm not here to prove your husband's guilt. Nor am I here to prove his innocence. I'm just here to lay it all out. Que será, será.

The second thing I wanted to tell you? The second and probably more important thing?

I wanted to tell you thank you.

ALANNA STRANGE

Thank me? For what?

MR. TERRIFIC

For what? For agreeing to meet me this morning in such a short notice.

It's only been a few hours that you broke into my house and got drunk on my chair where you admitted that you had been spying on me.

Most people would never talk again after one of them had just broken and entered into the other's house. I'm just glad that you answered my call this morning and were more than willing to meet in such a short notice.

ALANNA STRANGE

I wasn't drunk.

Is this where I'm supposed to compliment you for being the bigger person or somethin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MR. TERRIFIC

(exasperated)

No. I'm a simply a man of logic, not things that are not us. I try not to focus on bullshit things that we ain't, like thoughts and feelings. We are a lot of things, Alanna, but our thoughts and our feelings? Those ain't ours. Validation is illogical, an emotional construct. I don't need validation from you, Batman or anyone else.

ALANNA STRANGE

Everyone needs outside validation...

MR. TERRIFIC

You really don't know Mr. Terrific, do you?

ALANNA STRANGE

Well, Alanna Strange now knows that Mr. Terrific talks about himself in the third person.

MR. TERRIFIC

(quiet chuckle)

That was good. That was good.

Alanna Strange and Mr. Terrific suddenly don't know what to say to one another. The conversation went from a matter-of-fact tone to suddenly one of levity. Like George and Elaine suddenly finding themselves without Jerry at the dining booth.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

Look, Alanna. This was a great, first private meeting. I hope that we can have more. Last night's breaking and entering doesn't count, okay?

They exchange a smirk.

ALANNA STRANGE

Sure. I agree. This was a great first meeting. I concur.

MR. TERRIFIC

So we'll do it again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ALANNA STRANGE

Sure.

Mr. Terrific starts to get up from the booth.

MR. TERRIFIC

Gotta go. Got a ragtag group I'm training and gotta see what they're up to.

ALANNA STRANGE

Um, I may not be an Earthling, but aren't we supposed to at least split the bill? Or is chivalry something that no longer happens on Earth?

MR. TERRIFIC

Oh, I may be a man of science first. But my manners come in at a close second.

A waitress comes over bringing the receipt and Mr. Terrific's change.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

When I excused myself earlier to use the facilities, I pulled our waitress aside and handed her some cash.

(to the waitress)

Keep the change.

WAITRESS

Geez, mister. Thanks for the tip!

MR. TERRIFIC

The pleasure is all ours. Your service was impeccable.

As the waitress leaves, and Mr. Terrific is ready to walk away, Alanna Strange leaves him with one more comment:

ALANNA STRANGE

Chocolate chip.

MR. TERRIFIC

Excuse me?

ALANNA STRANGE

You said you didn't know what pancakes I had for breakfast. They were chocolate chip pancakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

They share a grin.

MR. TERRIFIC

Noted. I'm sure I'll be using that vital information for my report.

They leave with one last smile, a rarity for Mr. Terrific.

As Mr. Terrific turns and walks out through the diner's door with its BELL RINGING, out into the sound of the street, THE FAUX SMILE DROPS FROM HIS FACE as he turns away and MUMBLES TO HIMSELF.

MR. TERRIFIC

I really might use those chocolate pancakes in my report, after all, Mrs. Strange. Since, in reality, you had blueberry pancakes.

So, why did you just have blueberry pancakes with a side of I-need-to-lie-to-Mr. Terrific, huh?

Why the constant lying Mrs. Strange? Why, oh why indeed?

INT. KORD ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PHANTOM GIRL, BLUE BEETLE, BOOSTER GOLD, METAMORPHO and PLASTIC MAN are all inside the KORD ESTATE inside one of its many dining halls.

The place is still decrepit, falling apart. An abandoned mansion filled with peeling wallpaper. Yet there are still plenty of paintings and vases. Even if they are falling apart and broken.

Candelabras fill the place with color and deep shadows. Moonlight slashes silver rectangles through the windows.

The team is seated around a long, old, opulent table. There is a large, rusted chandelier that looks more Song of Ice and Fire, although there is no sight of Tora Olafsdotter or Beatriz da Costa. The chandelier is filled with short, fat candles, providing most of the light.

BLUE BEETLE

Okay. So, where is she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOSTER GOLD

Whoa there, buddy.

Where is she? Not to belittle the fact that your little girlfriend is lost, young man, but I just found out that my best buddy -- my *hermano* -- as you would say, the real Blue Beetle -- no offense -- is out there, somewhere. Alive.

That's the real question. So tell us, Max: Where is the real Blue Beetle, Ted Kord? Again no offense, *muchacho*.

BLUE BEETLE

(more to himself)

None taken. Wouldn't know where to start to begin being offended...

Maxwell Lord is in disbelief. He's MOCK SMILING, ARMS CROSSED, surprised that anyone would even care about the Kords right now.

MAXWELL LORD

Where's Jenny? Where's Ted?
Where's fuckin' Waldo? Are you two bullshitting me right now?

Am I the only one who just witnessed the truth about Terry Fuckin' Sloane?! The first Mr. Terrific?! There were rumors of how he died. A few people said he disappeared, but everyone knew that was bullshit. Terry was dead. Everyone knew that he was last seen outside our atmosphere. Outside of that? No one has ever known for sure.

Some say he was shot and killed. Some think he was sucked out into the vacuum of space. Whatever you thought, everyone was sure that Terry's body was out there, in space, tumbling and dead.

Well, at least we now know one thing: Terry Sloane, the first Mr. Terrific, was shot and killed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

But before we get to either of your fuck buddies, Mr. Blue and Mr. Gold, how did you get that suit, Blue?

BLUE BEETLE

(scoffs)

I don't think you understand. You're not in the position to be asking any questions or making any demands, Maxwell. Just 'cause I told Booster to lay his hands off of you doesn't mean we can't just have him return to doing what he was doing just a few minutes ago: crushing your windpipe with his forearm.

Booster Gold POPS a few knuckles.

BOOSTER GOLD

Oh, yeah. That was fun. Big time fuuun. Wuddun it, Skeets? Wouldn't mind returning to said fun before it was so rudely interrupted.

A SLAM ON THE TABLE gives the room a start. To the surprise of everyone, Metamorpho is the frustrated party.

METAMORPHO

Guys! Enough! This is not the time to have a pissing contest. This is the time to find out what happened to these people. To all these people.

What is paramount -- Max -- are people who's lives are currently in danger. We can't focus on the mystery of a man who died decades ago in space when we have a father, possibly, and his daughter, definitely, somewhere, out there -- right now! -- in danger. This very moment!

Is Ted Kord still alive? Is Ted Kord dead? I don't know. None of us do. But what we do know is what Mr. Terrific asked us to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

METAMORPHO (CONT'D)

Mr. Terrific tasked us three, Phantom Girl, Plastic Man, and myself to help Blue Beetle find his fiancé, Jenny. If we had a to-do list it would just say Jenny Kord ten times. But here's the thing you're forgetting, Max. Something you're all forgetting.

They are all connected! We find Jenny, we find Ted. Or, we find Ted, we find Jenny. We just have to be strategic about it.

And as for you, Maxwell Lord. Well, like I just said; we're all working for Mr. Terrific. You don't think he's gonna wanna know what happened to his predecessor, Terry Sloane? My God, man. All Michael does is talk about Terry Sloane this and Terry Sloane that. Everyone thinks that Michael's motivation is his dead wife and child. Which it is. But the second reason he does what he does is to honor the man who he emulates, Terry Sloane. We're gonna let Mr. Terrific know what happened to his predecessor and, even though I've known him for a short time, I'm pretty confident that he's gonna want to take a look at that suit as soon as he can.

What I'm trying to say is, if everyone just takes a step back, pauses for a second, and gives this situation a moment's thought, we can answer what happened to all three. We just gotta be smart about it.

MAXWELL LORD

I didn't know that Mr. Terrific was your boss these days, Rex. I thought you were working for someone else. Someone better looking, at least.

METAMORPHO

Yeah, well, no. You can't really work for a guy when that same guy doesn't want you to work for him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

METAMORPHO (CONT'D)

It's what happens when you get asked to join a group by one of its members only for their boss to reject you.

And for the record, I'm not working for anyone. Mr. Terrific took me under his wing to teach me how to be a proper hero. The first guy I took orders from was my father-in-law. As you can see, that didn't work out too well for me.

PLASTIC MAN

Hey, hey, hey. I thought that we were being all logical and shit. Looks like you two lovers are having a spat right in front of us now.

THE ENTIRE ROOM IN ONE VOICE

Shut up!

Plastic Man deflates himself and becomes a human afghan.

PLASTIC MAN

Geez Louise. Sorry for existing.

Phantom Girl rolls her eyes.

PHANTOM GIRL

Look. Rex is right. We have to be methodical about this. Let's just think for one second, okay?

Like... what do we know about these three?

Blue Beetle. I mean, the one who owns this home, Ted...

BLUE BEETLE

Kord.

PHANTOM GIRL

Right. Ted Kord, the previous Blue Beetle. We all thought he was dead, right? But before you showed up, Max, Beetle told us that the world simply thought that Ted Kord was dead. That one day -- poof! -- he was gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAXWELL LORD

Yeah. That's what everyone thought. Ted Kord disappeared and was assumed dead.

PHANTOM GIRL

But our Blue Beetle, Jaime, told us a little more. A little extra. Jaime told us that Ted was not only dead, but that he was apparently shot to death as well.

Maxwell Lord's Adam's apple does a nervous jump.

MAXWELL LORD

Shot? Who said anything about him being shot?

Maxwell Lord waves at the air.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

You know what? Never mind that. You guys saw what I showed you, right? I mean, what you guys heard? That was Ted Kord telling his daughter, telling the world, that he's still alive!

PHANTOM GIRL

Right. Which brings me to the next missing person, Jennifer Kord. Beetle's fiancé, Jenny, thought her father Ted was still alive. I'm guessing that she found that same message and went searching for the other half of it. Either she found out too much or found where the recording came from and went somewhere where she wasn't welcome. Whatever happened to her, I'd bet you guys anything that the recording Max played for us was also found by Jenny, leading to her missing. Just like her father. And the last place she was last seen was...

BLUE BEETLE

Here. At the Kord Estate.

PLASTIC MAN

(slowly re-inflating)
You saw her here alive?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BLUE BEETLE

Yes. I mean, no. I mean, yes-no.

The last time I saw Jenny, the last time anyone saw Jenny, was when she left our apartment. She would come here to do her research, trying to find something in her father's old files. At first, I'd always come with her. But as time went on and I found out the truth that he was more than likely dead, I didn't come and help everyday on her fool's errand. I mean, I'd come and help her once or twice a week, but that was it. Not everyday like it had been at the beginning.

So, to my knowledge, I was the last person to see her. But I didn't see her here. I don't know where she went or if someone took her.

PHANTOM GIRL

Okay. So we know that Blue Beetle Kord is thought to be dead. And we also now know that he was more than likely shot. But his daughter, who is now also missing, didn't believe he was dead, shot or otherwise. And she more than likely was looking for him inside this house when she went missing.

That was when Super Max did his magic and pulled up that Ted Kord audio.

MAXWELL LORD

Again. What is up with this Ted-Kord-was-shot bullshit? And how do we know that? When did this nugget of information come out?

Blue Beetle has his nose turned up.

BLUE BEETLE

We were chatting before you invited yourself here, Max. Jenny found out a lot of new information these past few years. A lot. Somethings she didn't like.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

I told them about things I learned from Jenny. And from other people I talked to. Some files we found.

Jenny thought her father was still alive, sure. But if I'm honest, she really didn't think so. Not in her heart of hearts she didn't. But she did want to believe so. So, while I helped her look, I found some files. In these files it was alluded to, and I heard, we heard, other stories. Other rumors. Not just the ones about him living on an island with Tupac and Elvis, but also how he was murdered.

That he was shot in the fuckin' head.

Maxwell Lord's eyes dart about.

MAXWELL LORD

And whose names are in those files saying that Ted was shot? And... you know what. Phantom Girl. You're right. We need to stay focused. Continue with your report.

While Phantom Girl continues to speak, Blue Beetle continues to glare at Maxwell Lord while Maxwell Lord continues to pretend he doesn't feel Blue Beetle's eyes digging a hole into his head.

PHANTOM GIRL

So that's where we're at with the two missing Kords.

Now, we also know that Blue Beetle Reyes here discovered Mr. Terrific Sloan's remains. All that was left was...

Phantom Girl looks at Blue Beetle who won't stop staring at Maxwell Lord. Finally, Blue Beetle snaps out of his hate-trance.

BLUE BEETLE

Yeah. Sorry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

Terry Sloane's remains were mailed to me. Well, not me, exactly. But mailed here to Jenny. But I was here with her and we opened the box, together.

METAMORPHO

His remains were mailed to you in a box?!

Blue Beetles nods.

BLUE BEETLE

Yeah. Some real Brad Pitt type shit.

Anyway, what was left of him was just a folded suit laying on top of a pile of bones.

It was clear that the first Mr. Terrific had a burnt sternum that's in line with an energy blast from a ray gun. The burn you all saw on his suit also confirms that. Using Kord Tech, we also found high traces of ozone and radiation.

MAXWELL LORD

So he was shot in space?

BLUE BEETLE

Or at least killed and then dumped into space. Inconclusive.

MAXWELL LORD

So, let me get this straight. Terry Sloane, a few decades ago, was probably killed in space. Or probably killed and then dumped into space. Doesn't matter. Both are the same, really. And instead of his body becoming a new moon or frying up in our atmosphere on re-entry, someone fished him out of the dark sea of space, boxed him up, and mailed him here.

Am I understanding this correctly?

Blue Beetle quickly raises his arms and drops them in the international I-dunno body language.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

BLUE BEETLE

I guess. I'm not sure. All that is for sure about Terry Sloane is, his body came to me and Jenny in a box.

The markings on the costume and remains are constant with being killed by an energy blast. Like the type that comes from a ray gun. It seemed that, with the high levels of ozone and radiation, the corpse had been inside the vacuum of space. For quite some time.

That's all we have.

MAXWELL LORD

Okay. So what's our next step?

BLUE BEETLE

Well, Mr. Terrific is gonna wanna know about Terry Sloane, that's obvious. But he's also gonna want us to continue our research into Jenny.

For now, why don't we all go back down stairs into the Facility and do some more research. Me and Jenny have already looked through the digital files. Too many times for me to count. We didn't find a thing. Meanwhile, Max, under extreme duress types in a few keys and -- le voilà ! -- secret message from Ted Kord shows up.

Since you're so fluent in Kord Technologies and how their digital filing system works, why don't you take Metamorpho and Plastic Man and see what you find in the digital files.

Maxwell Lord points to his chest.

MAXWELL LORD

Me?

BLUE BEETLE

Yeah, you. You found more on that computer in two seconds than me and Jenny did in over two years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

Why don't you show Plastic Man and Metamorpho how you did it. They're more than tech savvy themselves.

PLASTIC MAN

So... you want Metamorpho to work with me and the guy who wouldn't hire him? Is that what I'm hearing?

Hey. Rexy babe. Which of us two do you hate more? Me or Max.

METAMORPHO

Yes.

BLUE BEETLE

All right. That's enough. Three pair of eyes are better than one.

BOOSTER GOLD

And what about me? What are you and Phantom Girl going to do?

BLUE BEETLE

There's boxes of files. Like, paper ones, that me and Jenny never got to go through. We'll dig through those. Sound like a plan?

Everyone agrees.

BLUE BEETLE

Cool. Let's get to work. And when we get down there, I'll let Mr. Terrific know about Terry Sloane.

PLASTIC MAN

Shouldn't one of us three call him?

BLUE BEETLE

No. I've had the suit for a short time. He's gonna wanna know why I hid it from him while I asked him for help on my own selfish thing. Let me get yelled at. You guys just focus on checking the digital files. See what else Super Max can find for us.

Everyone starts to gather themselves and make their way towards an entry way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

Blue Beetle tries to grab Phantom Girl by the arm but his hand goes right through. He rolls his eyes in embarrassment and she stops and giggles.

PHANTOM GIRL

I phase--

BLUE BEETLE

I know, I know. My bad. Hey. Listen. Great work back there.

PHANTOM GIRL

Doing what?

BLUE BEETLE

You know. That superhero debrief. Felt like I was in a comic book for a second, ya know?

PHANTOM GIRL

Ha! You're cute, Jaime. I mean, not in that way.

BLUE BEETLE

I know that too. I'm set to be married, remember?

PHANTOM GIRL

Oh, yeah.

BLUE BEETLE

So, listen. The reason I'm holding you back is because of that little debrief of yours. You forgot one thing.

PHANTOM GIRL

Like, how did Maxwell Lord know that you were meeting us and Booster Gold here? And how he decided to show up, uninvited?

Or maybe the one thing I forgot was how how Maxwell Lord also saved his ass by being able to crack a system you and Jenny Kord haven't been able to crack in years, in just mere seconds.

You mean that one -- several -- thing?

Blue Beetle gives her an impressed smirk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

BLUE BEETLE

Yeah. Something like that.

PHANTOM GIRL

Don't worry, B.B. I got my eyes on that guy. And so far, I don't like what I'm seeing.

BLUE BEETLE

Thanks, Phantom Girl. I had no idea who you were. But I sure am glad that Mr. Terrific brought you on board.

PHANTOM GIRL

Awe! You're too sweet. Just do me one favor, Beetle. Just one.

She gives Maxwell Lord a long look as he walks down the stairs in the distance.

PHANTOM GIRL (CONT'D)

Let's go play villain hunter in front of everyone. But just remember; we probably already found the villain.

Catch my drift?

Blue Beetle grits his teeth as he looks at the back of Maxwell Lord's head in the distance.

BLUE BEETLE

Yeah. You're right.

¡Hijo de su madre!

INT. NEWS CENTER - DAY

SUPER: *THE SPHERE NEWS* (LOGO)

VOICE (V.O.)

The Sphere News! Is proud to present!

SUPER: *THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY!* (V.O.)

SUPER: *OF THE WEEK!* (V.O.)

We are inside a news studio with host CLEAVIS THORNWAITE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEAVIS THORNWAITE

Good evening, everyone, and welcome to another edition of; The Trial of the Century... of the Week.

I'm your host, Cleavis Thornwaite.

Cleavis turns to Camera 2.

CLEAVIS THORNWAITE

The biggest court case of the next hundred years... for this week, is of course the City of Gotham versus Bat-Mite.

Well. That's what the lame-stream media would have you think. The real court case of the century for this week is the question of, not just metahumans and their role in the judicial process, but of masked vigilantes and their role in our blessed nation of law and order.

It is known that Bat-Mite was involved in the death of Dr. Delanzas Oesteprado. Bat-Mite's defense team claims that Dr. Harleen Frances Quinzel put the Batarang inside her colleague's forehead. Bat-Mite claims that he was ordered to stop The Harley Quinn by Batman. But if that's true, then Batman would need to go to trial. And if Batman goes to trial, he would have to take off his cowl and reveal his true identity.

Cleavis turns back to Camera 1.

CLEAVIS THORNWAITE

On a related note, we here at The Sphere would like to commend and applaud Batman for covering every inch of his body except his face.

If anyone knows the science, it's the world's greatest detective.

(MORE)

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CLEAVIS THORNWAITE (CONT'D)

Bravo, Batman, on not succumbing
to the mob and realizing that
masks are useless and dumb.

Cleavis returns back to Camera 2.

CLEAVIS THORNWAITE (CONT'D)

Earlier today, Bat-Mite's defense
team released yet another
recreation of the events that
happened that day.

We must warn our audience that the
following video is not suitable
for all audiences. The following
recreation contains some of the
most foul and disgusting language
ever uttered on American
television.

But if we here at The Sphere are
known for anything, it's our
integrity to the truth. So we will
show the video in all its foul and
loathsome original content.

If you are squeamish, cover your
ears now.

(trying not to gag)

The following is in Spanish.

INT. STAGE - DAY

Dramatic telenovela guitar music plays. It looks like
someone smudged vaseline on the lens. The screen is so
sepia it's almost yellow.

BATMAN REENACTOR (played by Gael García Bernal) is
talking to the TURNED BACK of the BAT-MITE REENACTOR
(played by Luis Guzmán).

BATMAN REENACTOR

(in Spanish,
subtitled)

*¡Oh, Bat! ¡Mite! ¡My dear, dear,
Bat! Mite!*

*Please. Do not be sad. ¡I am here!
¡El Bat! ¡Man!*

BAT-MITE REENACTOR

*¡No! ¡Don't look at me! ¡I don't
deserve to be looked at!*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAT-MITE REENACTOR (CONT'D)

*iI don't deserve to look at those
beautiful blue eyes!*

The Batman Reenactor takes one step forward, REACHING AN ARM OUT like he was trying to grab a star.

BATMAN REENACTOR

*iDon't say that! If anyone should
be humbled by anyone's presence,
it is I! I'm just a simple human
who can only traverse three
dimensions. iBut, you? iYou?! No.
iI am the one who is the presence
of greatness!*

*iThere was no way I could defeat
The Harley Quinn! iOnly the great
Bat! iMite! iCould destroy such a
fearsome foe!*

The Batman Reenactor takes another step towards the Bat-Mite Reenactor's back, PLACING HIS HAND on the Bat-Mite Reenactor's shoulder.

The Bat-Mite Reenactor quickly BRUSHES OFF the Batman's Reenactor's hand off his shoulder, yet he looks longly at his own shoulder, already missing the hand that was there.

BAT-MITE REENACTOR

*iNo, Bat! iMan! !I failed you!
iYou trusted me to defeat someone
that you were not strong enough
to, but I, in turn, couldn't stop
her from killing that sweet, not
as good looking as me, but still
good looking enough, Dr. Delanzas!
iOesteprado!*

The Batman Reenactor finally GRABS the Bat-Mite Reenactor by both shoulders and SPINS the Bat-mite Reenactor around.

The Bat-Mite Reenactor TRIES TO SLAP the Batman Reenactor, but the Batman Reenactor catches the hand mid-flight.

BAT-MITE REENACTOR

(weakly struggling)
iLet me go!

BATMAN REENACTOR

*iNo! iNot until you tell me the
truth!*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BATMAN REENACTOR (CONT'D)

*Not until you tell me you did
nothing wrong! Not until you tell
me... you are not guilty!*

BAT-MITE REENACTOR

(chest heaving)

No.

BATMAN REENACTOR

Yes!

BAT-MITE REENACTOR

No.

BATMAN REENACTOR

(shaking him)

Yes!

BAT-MITE REENACTOR

*Fine...**I am innocent!**I... am Bat! Mite! And I...*

Bat-Mite breaks the fourth wall and looks directly at the camera.

BAT-MITE REENACTOR (CONT'D)

*... I... am not guilty!***INT. NEWS CENTER - DAY**

CLEAVIS THORNWAITE

And there you have it. Bat-Mite's legal defense team says that the reason for the Spanish language video was to represent all jurors, given to Gotham's diversity.

But we here at The Sphere aren't too sure about that. Is this just Mexico's Deep State trying to groom your children into identifying as Mexican?

We'll cover that and more on tomorrow's episode of Trail of the Century of the Week.

Again, we here at The Sphere would like to apologize for the shithole language.

INT. KORD ESTATE - DAY

Mr. Terrific JUMPS UP out of his chair, GRABS Blue Beetle from across the desk, grabbing him by the scruff of his suit and brings Blue Beetle's face to his, eye to eye. Mr. Terrific may not be a metahuman, but the way he's pulled Blue Beetle over a table shows that he's no physical slouch either.

MR. TERRIFIC

You hid what, from me?!

We are now inside an opulent yet abandoned bureau. The dust covered small office has a desk in front of the window in the back. Blue Beetle was sitting at the head of the desk with a chair that went up to his shoulders. Mr. Terrific was sitting on one of two chairs facing the once forgotten personal office. Now, Blue Beetle is being pulled over half of the mahogany desk.

BLUE BEETLE

Terrific. Look. I knew you'd be mad--

MR. TERRIFIC

Mad? I ain't mad. I'm fuckin' pissed!

Even though Blue Beetle anticipated this, bringing Mr. Terrific to a private place outside the underground Facility, Blue Beetle is still scared out of his mind.

BLUE BEETLE

Look. Me and Jenny found it about a week ago.

MR. TERRIFIC

Found it? You just told me that Terry Sloane's remains were mailed to you!

BLUE BEETLE

Well, yeah. That's what I meant. You know what I meant.

MR. TERRIFIC

Apparently, no, I don't know what you meant! I trusted you, Jaime. You came to me! And I gave you a team, a group of Terrifics, and this is how you thank me?

Blue Beetle looks down at the hands holding onto him. His own hands are up in the air.

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CONTINUED:

BLUE BEETLE

Yo. Mr. T. Mind letting me go? I can give you better answers when I'm not halfway ready to piss myself.

Mr. Terrific takes Blue Beetle in. After looking at him up and down in disgust, Mr. Terrific lets him go.

Blue Beetle's once tense body now released, flops to the chair.

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

Rejoin me for a seat again, Mr. T.?

Mr. Terrific gathers himself and sits down like the gentleman he is. But he is still glaring at Blue Beetle.

MR. TERRIFIC

'Kay. I'm seated. From the top. What happened? Only this time, I'll try not to kill you mid-recap.

Blue Beetle blows a strand of hair off his forehead. He's slouching on the chair, like a drunk on a La-Z-Boy, still relieved that his face wasn't bashed in.

Blue Beetle sits up and tries to gather himself as well.

BLUE BEETLE

Okay. From the top.

About a week ago, an unmarked box arrived here, at the Kord Estate. It was addressed to Jennifer Kord. We were both here when it was delivered.

MR. TERRIFIC

Who delivered it?

BLUE BEETLE

Just the U.S. Post Office. I have the mailman's name filed away downstairs. We checked him out. Just a regular mailman.

Blue Beetle sees some stationary on the desk. He offers Mr. Terrific a pen and a notepad.

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

Say. You wanna take notes?

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CONTINUED: (2)

MR. TERRIFIC

(pointing to his
forehead)

Already am.

BLUE BEETLE

Right. So, anyway. Jenny brings the box inside and starts screaming. I come running in to the foyer and there's the box, on the ground. I look inside and I let out a yelp myself. A skull looking right at me.

MR. TERRIFIC

Damn. Sounds like some real Brad Pitt type shit.

BLUE BEETLE

That's what I said! Anyway, Jenny wanted to call the cops, but I talked her into checking out the remains here at the Kord Facility. She agreed.

MR. TERRIFIC

What d'ya find?

BLUE BEETLE

That inside the box was the remains of a skeleton. There was some tendons, but most of it is just bones. According to Jenny, the suit was on top of the remains. When I picked up from the floor, there it was, as bright as your sleeve.

"Fair Play."

Only this Fair Play had an energy blast near the middle of its chest, right above the word Play.

MR. TERRIFIC

The type of energy blast that you can create?

BLUE BEETLE

Dang. Wow. You caught me world's-smartest-man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

I killed Terry Sloane when I was two years old as the new Blue Beetle even though I wouldn't find the scarab nearly 20 years later.

Blue Beetle offers both his wrists to get handcuffed.

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

Wanna take me to the nearest Palmera City or Metropolis precinct? They're both only a few miles away.

Mr. Terrific waves a hand away.

MR. TERRIFIC

Put your stupid hands down. I'm still venting.

BLUE BEETLE

I didn't know that the great mind of Mr. Terrific was capable of feeling feelings.

MR. TERRIFIC

I'm a human being, muthafucka, not some damned Vulcan. Humans operate from emotion. I know that. I also know that repressing emotions will only amplify said emotions. So, if I want to be the most cerebral me I can be, and not let my emotions get the better of me, I need to let my emotions go through their natural paces and not interrupt or bury them. That way, they can get processed and I can move on to focusing on things more logically.

Speaking of allowing my emotions to have their natural course so I can get them behind me, you're starting to piss me the fuck off again.

BLUE BEETLE

Okay. Okay. Sorry. Just had to defend myself from being accused of killing someone when I was baby.

Like I was saying. We found the remains of the first Mr. Terrific.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

But why would they be mailed to us? Why, after all these years, would someone, exactly while we were searching for the disappearance of Ted Kord, would we get the remains of Terry Sloan? Makes no sense.

MR. TERRIFIC

(nasal sigh)

Actually, it makes plenty of sense. The remains of one man was sent to you and Jenny during your investigation on the disappearance of another man. That's why they did it. His remains were sent to you for an obvious reason. And that obvious reason? It was to both interrupt and/or confuse you.

Who else knew that you and Jenny were looking into Ted Kord's death?

BLUE BEETLE

No one.

MR. TERRIFIC

Hmm. All right. Take me to him.

BLUE BEETLE

Who?

MR. TERRIFIC

Bugs Bunny. The fuck you think? Show me the remains of Terry Sloane. Take me to see the O.G. Mr. Terrific.

INT. KORD ESTATE UNDERGROUND FACILITY - DAY

While Maxwell Lord, Metamorpho, and Plastic Man work away on the terminal, Phantom Girl and Booster Gold are working away at files inside a mountain high stack of boxes.

Everyone stares as Mr. Terrific marches in, man on a mission mode. Blue Beetle is nervously trying to keep up.

No one says a word, until Maxwell Lord says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL LORD

Well hello there, Mr. Terrific!
Fancy seeing you here.

MR. TERRIFIC

Now's not the time, boss man.

MAXWELL LORD

Here to visit your predecessor? Or
should I say, what's left of him?

Mr. Terrific stops marching, knuckled up and turns to Maxwell Lord who suddenly stops smirking.

MR. TERRIFIC

Yeah. I'm here to see and pay my
respects to the dead. To pay my
respects to a fuckin' hero.

Is that okay with you, Mr. Lord?

MAXWELL LORD

Dude. Fine. Just trying to lighten
the mood. Geez.

Addressing the room:

MR. TERRIFIC

How's everybody doin'?

Everyone gives a chorus of "just fines" and the like,
still timid at the sight of seeing Mr. Terrific so angry,
about to see the remains of Terry Sloane.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

Booster.

BOOSTER GOLD

Hey, Mr. Terrific. They got me on
reading duty. Soon, I'll be as
smart as you!

Mr. Terrific continues his march forward, already used to
ignoring Booster Gold's shitty sense of humor.

Mr. Terrific and Blue Beetle walk in the shadows, passing
the three tubes that have the two original Blue Beetle
costumes with one tube empty, the one that presented
Terry Sloane's suit to the group earlier.

BLUE BEETLE

This way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

But Mr. Terrific doesn't need any hand holding. He sees the metallic, stainless steel table with the green and red suit on it. Next to the suit on the table is a cardboard box.

BLUE BEETLE (CONT'D)

I put Mr. Sloane's remains back into the box, roughly the way we found 'em. In case you wanted to recreate how they were packaged and whatnot.

Unblinking, and looking at the suit on the table still two meters away, Mr. Terrific raises a hand.

MR. TERRIFIC

No need. I won't be looking at that.

BLUE BEETLE

You won't?

MR. TERRIFIC

(shaking head)

For what? To have my only memory of Terry Sloane's be some damned bones? Fuck that. That's not how I'm gonna remember him.

(pauses for a beat)

You know, I've always dreamed of meeting Terry, knowing that I never would, of course. He died years before I donned the Fair Play. Yet here we are. Me and my suit, and the one that started it all.

Mr. Terrific takes very slow, reverend steps towards the table, towards the suit.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

Just as Mr. Terrific is about to show some emotion, an angry voice comes from the dark entryway behind them.

VOICE

(from the dark)

Yeah. I'm sure you're happy to see that suit, aren't you? But you never told us how that Fair Play moniker went from that dead man to you, did you, Mr. Terrific?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. TERRIFIC
(shields eyes from
glare)

Who is that? Is that you, Cla--?

A red and blue blur flies towards Mr. Terrific, SLAMMING BOTH MEN against a stone wall.

It's Superman and he is super pissed.

SUPERMAN
Why didn't you tell us?! Why
didn't you tell me?!

Superman has Mr. Terrific by the scruff of his jacket, a meter up against the wall. Mr. Terrific is slightly bleeding from his mouth.

MR. TERRIFIC
Maaan. What the fuck you even
talking about? You better let me
go!

SUPERMAN
I'm this close to knocking your
teeth in.

PHANTOM GIRL
Guys?! What's going on? Why are
they fighting?

SUPERMAN
No one's fighting, Phantom Girl.
Just asking a question. With
emphasis. Mr. Terrific here hasn't
been 100% honest with us, have you
now?

MR. TERRIFIC
Man. I'm getting tired of this
cryptic shit. Let me go. Now.

T-Spheres APPEAR behind Superman, READY TO FIRE.

METAMORPHO
Guys! No! What are you doing?!
Please stop this. Right now!
Please!

MR. TERRIFIC
I'm not the one who came in here
swinging. Mr. Red White and Blue
here is the one who has me up
against the wall, not me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SUPERMAN

How did you become... you?

What's your origin story? Your real origin story?!

Mr. Terrific's spittle of blood is landing on Superman's face and neither man is giving two shits about it.

MR. TERRIFIC

Is that what this is about? You already know. My wife and my unborn child were killed in a car crash! It was because of them that I took up the mantle of Mr. Terrific. Everyone knows that!

Superman is gritting his teeth, trying everything not to use more than the 0.00000001% of his strength that he's using right now.

SUPERMAN

Bull cheese! And you know it! You never knew who Terry Sloane was! Someone told you about Terry Sloane. About Mr. Terrific. Who was it. Tell me!

MR. TERRIFIC

All right! Let me go, and we can talk, okay?!

Superman lets Mr. Terrific COLLAPSE TO THE GROUND. Mr. Terrific brushes away Blue Beetles attempt to help him up. Mr. Terrific gets up on his own power, slightly injured.

Mr. Terrific now walks with a slight limp over to the suit on the table, T-Spheres in tow.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

All right! For the record, I never lied to you. Any of you!

The entire room is stunned silent, waiting to hear what Mr. Terrific has to say.

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

Everything I've ever told you is true! My wife, my unborn child, they were both killed in a car crash. That's true. All true.

Some things happened...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MR. TERRIFIC (CONT'D)

and that's when I became the second Mr. Terrific.

SUPERMAN

"Some things happened?" Would you mind elaborating to us what you just... so perfectly forgot about? The part between where your family died and you becoming Mr. Terrific.

MR. TERRIFIC

It sounds like you already know.

SUPERMAN

But they don't, Terrific! Out with it. Now!

Still bloodied in his teeth, and bringing back his mock smile, Mr. Terrific says:

MR. TERRIFIC

After burying my wife and child, I went to a rooftop.

Phantom Girl is hugging herself as if she is suddenly cold.

PHANTOM GIRL

To do what?

MR. TERRIFIC

The fuck you think? To kill myself. To end it all. My Pamela was my everything. And once I lost both her and the baby she wanted, I had nothing else to live for. Nothing. So I did what was the only logical thing to do. I was gonna kill myself by jumping off a building.

SUPERMAN

But you didn't.

MR. TERRIFIC

Obviously.

SUPERMAN

Why?! What stopped you? No. Who stopped you? Who changed your mind. They need to know, Terrific.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MR. TERRIFIC

Fine. Right when I was about to jump, some type of ghost, a spirit, a Spectre, came to see me. He told me not to jump. He was the one that suggested that I should take up the mantle and the ways of a man named Terry Sloane. A man named Mr. Terrific. A dead superhero who, according to this... Spectre, reminded me of him.

He told me everything about Terry Sloane. About the Fair Play mantra and what it meant. The ghost was right. It did strike a chord. And that's when I agreed. That's when I became the new Mr. Terrific.

There. You happy Superman?

SUPERMAN

No. Not at all. You still haven't told us the most important part. Tell us who this Spectre works for. Tell us, Mr. Terrific, the world's favorite atheist. Who does this Spectre work... for?! Who sent him to create you, Mr. Terrific!

MR. TERRIFIC

Man, I ain't got to answer to you or to nobody!

SUPERMAN

That's where you're wrong, Terrific. The world needs to know who created you. Your team needs to know. The truth, Terrific. The truth!

After a Mexican Standoff of the eyes, Mr. Terrific's voice lowers a few octaves and becomes steady.

MR. TERRIFIC

Fine. The Spectre works on behalf of wrath. Vengeance, for those wrongfully killed.

Superman crosses his arms. Still not happy with the answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SUPERMAN

Whose vengeance, Mr. Terrific?
Whose wrath?!

Mr. Terrific's cool demeanor leaves as quickly as it arrived. Like a rabid pit bull, Mr. Terrific SNAPS at Superman.

MR. TERRIFIC

The Spectre works for the Wrath of
God, okay?! Is that what you want
to hear?

God created me! God made me! It
was God. It was always God...

Mr. Terrific leans on the stainless steel table next to the suit of Terry Sloane. Mr. Terrific drops his head on the table and starts to sob.

The entire room looks on, stunned, collectively mind blown, unable to comprehend what they just heard, seeing their strong leader cry like a child.

"ONLY GOD CAN JUDGE ME (FEAT. RAPPIN' 4-TAY)" by 2PAC starts to play.

CUT TO BLACK