

JSA
ISSUE 1

Nicola, hello.

I don't know if you recall, but we have met in passing a few times, at cons and such. I loved your work on Secret Six with Gail and I'm thrilled to work with you myself, finally. I lived in Sydney for 4 years by the way when I was a boy, not that it really has a bearing on anything.

Anyway here we are, beginning a massive project that requires a lot of work and research on both our parts. As an example I now know more about the Selma/Montgomery civil rights marches in Alabama and the Vietnam War than I ever thought I would. I have endeavored to supply you with ref. where I could find it. However, two things to think about in that regard --

-- Firstly, if in doubt, steal from Mad Men (the TV series). Looking at the show I see so much reference there on the screen. The clothing, the furniture.

-- Secondly remember that this is a fictional, slightly Sci-Fi version of the 1960s. You're allowed to fake it and extrapolate. Don't be tied down artistically, that will be the death of this book. Have fun.

And a rule I live by -- "If I can't find it on Google Images, no one can." In which case make it up and just make of look "sort of right."

'K, with that out of the way, and again with my hearty welcome and sincere regard for you work...

PAGE ONE.

PANEL ONE.

THIS IS THE TOP TWO THIRDS OF THE PAGE. IT'S A SHOT OF TIMES SQUARE IN 1965, WHICH IS THE LOCATION OF OUR OPENING FIGHT. HERE HOWEVER WE JUST SHOW LIFE IN NY AT THAT TIME AS SOMETHING OF AN ESTABLISHING SHOT AND A WAY OF GETTING PEOPLE INTO THE NOTION THAT WE'RE IN THAT YEAR. I FOUND SOME PHOTOS OF TIMES SQUARE AT THAT TIME, AS WELL AS MORE GENERAL SHOTS OF NEW YORK IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE 1960S. REMEMBER, NICOLA, THIS WORLD WE'RE SHOWING SHOULD CONVEY THAT TIME, BUT WE'RE IN AN ALTERNATE WORLD TOO WITH ALTERNATE ENERGY SOURCES AND A MORE ULTRA 60S STREAMLINE LOOK TO IT. I GUESS WHAT I MEAN BY THIS IS, YES, YOU NEED TO BE SOMEWHAT HISTORICALLY ACCURATE, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SLAVISHLY SO.

HERE ARE SOME PICTURES I FOUND --





OTHER PICS OF NEW YORK AT THAT TIME --



Plane Crazy circa 1965











ALTHOUGH HONESTLY THIS IS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG. GOOGLE IMAGE SEARCH WORDS LIKE MANHATTAN/NEW YORK/1960S/1965/OR ANY YEAR CLOSE TO IT AND YOU'LL FIND MULTIPLE USEFUL EXTERIOR IMAGES.

ANYWAY HERE WE SEE TIMES SQUARE WITH ITS PEOPLE AND CARS AND LIFE. IT'S MORNING, WITH THE SKY BLUE AND THE SUN BRIGHT. THIS WILL OUR FIRST VIEWING OF THIS TEAM (ON PAGES TWO/THREE) AND I WANT IT TO SEEM GLORIOUS AND HEROIC (SO WHERE YOU CAN GIVE THEM A BIT OF DRAMATIC BACKLIGHT FROM THE SUN TO ADD TO THEIR HEROIC LOOK, DON'T BE HOLD BACK.)

CAPTION (WING): I think we can all agree that this decade so far has been eventful.

CAPTION (WING): And although the year has barely started, it looks like 1965 will be no exception.

CAPTION (WING): That day in Manhattan, for instance...

PANEL TWO.

THIS PANEL THEN RUNS ALONG THE BOTTOM THIRD OF THE PAGE. IT'S A MED CLOSE UP OF VARIOUS PEDESTRIANS, MALE, FEMALE, YOUNG, OLD, BUT ALL DRESSED OF THAT ERA WITH HATS AND SUIT/TIES/SMARTER CLOTHING THAN TODAY. ANYWAY THEY ARE ALL LOOKING TOWARDS PANEL RIGHT AND THE SIGHT THEY'RE WITNESSING OFF PANEL. THEY HAVE LOOKS OF SHOCK AND SURPRISE ON THEIR FACES.

CAPTION (WING): ...For anyone who happened to witness events unfold...

PAGES TWO/THREE.

THERE ARE ONLY FIVE PANELS TOTAL ON THIS SPREAD, SO YOU HAVE ROOM TO MAKE THESE PANELS NICE AND BIG.

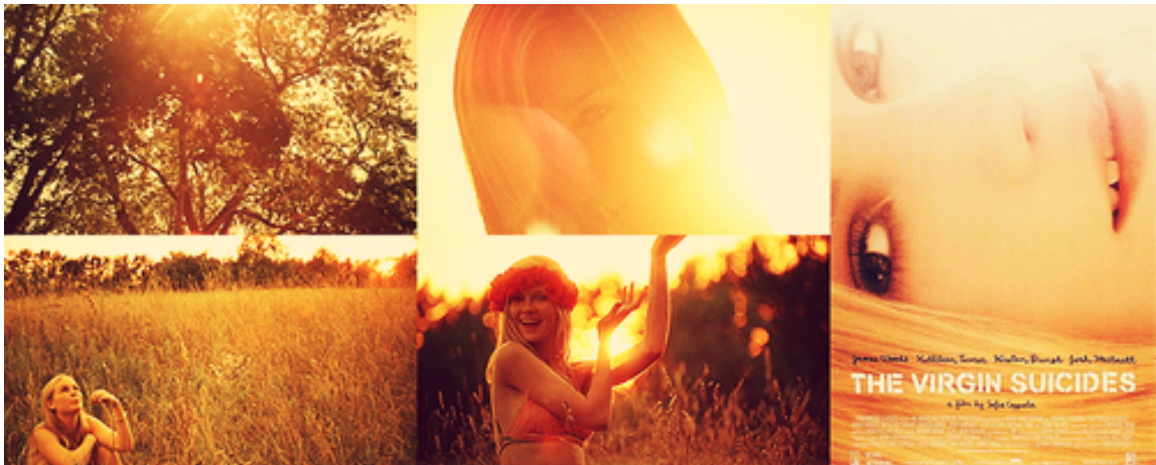
PANEL ONE.

THIS IS A BIG IMAGE OF THE JSA RUNNING/FLYING/SWOOPING INTO SHOT. WE SEE THE HEROES IN QUESTION --

- THE ATOM
- GREEN LANTERN
- FURY
- HAWKWOMAN
- DR. MIDNIGHT

-- COMING AT US, WITH THE SUN BEHIND THEM, BRIGHTLY VISIBLE, RISING FROM SEMI-BEHIND ONE OF THE BIG TIMES SQUARE SIGNS. THIS MEANS THE SUN HAS SHARDS OF LIGHTS SHAFTING ACROSS SHOT LIKE IN A 60S/70S MOVIE WITH LENS FLARE (YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?) --









IN THIS WAY EVEN THOUGH THIS IS A BIG INTRO-IMAGE OF THE JSA, ALL OF THEM WILL BE DEFUSED/SEMI-SILHOUETTED WITH A BRIGHT

HIGHLIGHT, BUT WITH THEIR BODIES ACTUALLY MORE SILHOUETTE THAN ACTUAL IMAGE. WE SEE THE BUILDINGS/SIGNS OF TIME SQUARE SOMEWHAT IN PANEL, BUT MAINLY WE SEE THE JSA. THEY'RE DRAMATICALLY FRAMED, MAYBE AT A SLIGHT DIAGONAL. WE'RE LOOKING UP AT THIS/THEM SLIGHTLY, SO WE SEE THE FLYING MEMBERS OF THE TEAM -- GL, FURY AND HAWKWOMAN -- SOARING/SWOOPING PAST US A LITTLE FURTHER UP, AWAY FROM US. AT THE SAME TIME THE ATOM IS RUNNING AT US, CLOSER TO US AND MAYBE SEMI-CROPPED TO ONE SIDE, AS IF ALMOST RIGHT ON TOP OF US. DR. MIDNIGHT IS A LITTLE FURTHER BACK.

ANYWAY, THE PURPOSE OF THIS, IS TO SHOW THEM AS A DRAMATIC GROUP SHOT AND YET HAVE IT BE DIFFUSED ENOUGH FROM THE LIGHT THAT WE CAN GIVE EACH MEMBER A BETTER VISUAL INTRO, ONE AFTER ANOTHER IN THE ACTION PANELS TO COME.

CAPTION (WING): ...It must have been quite a spectacle.

CAPTION (WING): I would have loved to cover the story. With this kind of thing, you always get the front page and the copy practically writes itself..

CAPTION (WING): Opening paragraph -- "Communist agents routed, our heroes triumph...America's champions...(logo) the Justice Society.

CAPTION (WING): Something like that anyway.

PANEL TWO.

WE THEN SEE THE VILLAINS OF THE SEQUENCE. IT'S A NEW VILLAIN PROFESSOR MECHANICAL WHO WE SEE WITH HIS MEN. PROFESSOR MECHANICAL IS A VILLAIN WHOSE ABILITIES STEM FROM THE CONSTRUCTION OF GIANT/DEADLY MECHANICAL DEVICES FOR CRIME. WE SEE HIM TO THE REAR OF THE GROUP ON A HOVERING PLATFORM WITH A CONTROL PAD ON A RAISED MECHANICAL ARM SO HE CAN CONTROL IT WITH HIS HAND WHILE STANDING. HE'S A COOL, CHARISMATIC GUY, 30S, IN SKIN-TIGHT COSTUME, BUT WITH AN OPEN LAB COAT THAT ACTS/LOOKS KIND OF LIKE A WESTERN DUST-BUSTER COAT WOULD, TRAILING BACK BEHIND HIM WHEN WE SEE HIM FLYING THROUGH THE SKY LATER. ANYWAY HERE, PROFESSOR MECHANICAL IS TO THE REAR OF HIS TEAM OF HENCHMEN, BIDDING THEM TO ATTACK THE HEROES.

TO THE FORE OF PANEL ARE TWO GUYS IN 1960S VERSIONS OF MECHA ARMOR, WHICH I GUESS IS BIGGER AND LESS STREAMLINED (WHICH CAN LOOK COOLER, HONESTLY) WITH WEAPONRY ATTACHMENTS THAT WHILE LOOKING COOL, ALSO LOOK LIKE WEAPONRY FROM THE 1960S. (AS WE START THIS PROCESS, I CAN EMAIL YOU IMAGES OF THE KIND OF

WEAPONRY/FIREPOWER I'M IMAGINING, BUT THIS SCRIPT WILL BE A 100 PAGES IF I KEEP GIVING YOU THE IMAGES WITHIN THIS ACTUAL DOCUMENT.)

ANYWAY THESE TWO MECHA ARE TO THE FORE OF PANEL, CHARGING TOWARDS US/FIRING BULLETS/BLASTS TOWARDS US IN PERSPECTIVE.

ALSO IN THE PANEL, BEHIND THEM ARE TWO TWO-MAN HOVER CRAFT/FLYING BUGGIES THAT KIND OF HAVE THE SHAPE OF FLYING MANTA-RAYS/STINGRAYS WITH OPEN/SPORTS CAR TOPS AND GLASS VISORS. THEY FIRE ENERGY/LASER BLASTS OUT OF A CENTRAL HORIZONTAL SLIT IN THE CRAFTS FRONT GRILL -- THESE BLASTS ALSO FIRING IN OUR DIRECTION. THE MEN INSIDE THE CRAFTS ARE CLAD IN A VERSION OF THE SAME SKIN-TIGHT COSTUME PROF. MECHANICAL WEARS, SLIGHTLY LESS SPECIAL (THEM BEING UNDERLINGS) BUT DEFINITELY THE SAME COLOR, AS IS THE ARMOR OF THE MECHAS FOR THAT MATTER.

CAPTION (WING): -- Describe the JSA's foes..."the villains", in this case Professor Mechanical and his crew...

CAPTION (WING): ...who apparently since the last time they surfaced, signed on with the Reds and are now stealing U.S. Intel instead of simply robbing banks and casinos like they used to.

PROFESSOR MECHANICAL: Take them down! Kill them all!

PANEL THREE.

BIG IMAGE OF THE ATOM, DIVING AT/SLAMMING ONE OF THE BIG MECHAS INTO THE GROUND IN THE MIDDLE OF TIMES SQ. EVEN THOUGH THE ATOM IS SHORT (5' 2") HE'S A DEVASTATING ATOMIC POWERHOUSE, SO THIS LITTLE GUY IS REALLY CRUSHING THE MECHA BACKWARDS/DOWN INTO THE GROUND WITH EXPLOSIVE FORCE.

ON TOP OF THIS, NICOLA, TO MAKE HIM MORE DYNAMIC AND VISUALLY SINGULAR CAN WE COME UP WITH OUR OWN "ATOMIC" VISUAL TO ACCOMPANY HIS MOVEMENTS WHEN IN ACTION? I DON'T WANT THIS TO BE LIKE CAPTAIN ATOM AND/OR FIRESTORM, WHERE THEY HAVE BIG ATOMIC SYMBOLS BLASTING FROM THEIR FISTS WHEN THEY USE THEIR ENERGY. HOWEVER, WHAT ABOUT GOING FOR "SMALLER AND MORE" INSTEAD, AND BY THIS I MEAN --

-- THE ATOM DOESN'T FLY, NOR DOES HE FIRE BLASTS. HE CAN HOWEVER, BLAST THE SHIT OUT OF STUFF WHEN HE HITS IT WITH HIS ATOMIC PUNCHES. HOW ABOUT WHEN HE PUNCHES SOMETHING IT'S COUNTLESS SMALL ATOMIC SYMBOLS, BLASTING ALL AROUND THE POINT OF IMPACT. AND WITH STUFF LIKE THE MECHA HERE, WHEN THE ATOM PUNCHES SOMETHING INORGANIC, SMALL PARTS OF THE THING LITERALLY DISINTEGRATES INTO SMALL ATOMIC SYMBOLS. AND WHEN THE ATOM MOVES IN ACTION, MANY SMALL ATOMIC SYMBOLS FOLLOW HIM IN LIEU OF SPEED-LINES. (OBVIOUSLY YOU NEED TO TRY THIS OUT AND SEE IF IT WORKS VISUALLY. IF NOT, WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.)

IN THIS WAY HERE, WE CAN THE ATOM SYMBOLS TRAILING THE ATOM AS HE DIVES ON THE MECHA AND WHERE HE SLAMS INTO THE MECHA WE CAN SEE THE ARMOR LITERALLY FISSURING APART AND SEMI-DISSOLVING INTO MORE ATOMIC SYMBOLS.

THERE IS A LOOK OF ANGER ON THE ATOM'S FACE.

TO THE REAR AND AROUND HIM WE SEE PEOPLE ARE FLEEING.

CAPTION (WING): Then I'd list the heroes, obviously...Journalism 101. Lee'd have my head if I skipped something so obvious. Not that the whole of the country doesn't already know these guys.

CAPTION (WING): Especially the first of them...considered by many the ultimate hero. The man who ended World War 2, the man who killed the *Urbemensch*.

CAPTION (WING): The Atom. Al Pratt. "Captain Atom." Atomic patriot, beloved by everyone.

PANEL FOUR.

WE SEE THE ATOM HOLDS UP THE MECHA BY THE FRONT OF HIS ARMOR. THE MECHA'S HELMET IS GONE NOW, SEMI-DISSOLVED/SEMI-HANGING OFF HIM, SO WE SEE THE MAN'S FACE. (THE MECHA ARMOR IS NOW LIKEWISE FUCKED UP AND HALF-HANGING OFF HIM. HE'S BLOODY, DAZED AND TERRIFIED. HE ON HIS KNEES, BEING GRASPED BY THE THROAT BY THE ATOM WHO IS TALL ENOUGH THAT AS HE LIFTS THE MAN BY THE THROAT, SO THE MAN'S KNEES ARE OFF THE GROUND SLIGHTLY BUT HIS FEET ARE STILL LOLLING ON THE GROUND BEHIND HIM. HE'S GOT HIS HANDS UP, IMPLORINGLY. THE ATOM HOWEVER HAS HIS FREE HAND PULLED BACK AS IF A MOMENT FROM DELIVERING ANOTHER (KILLING) PUNCH.

CAPTION (WING): And as much as he loves his country, he makes no secret how equally as much he despises Russia...maybe more than any hero out there.

ATOM: Rotten Commie scum!

MECHA: Please, no, man! I'm done. I surrender!

PANEL FIVE.

TIGHT CU OF THE ATOM. SNARLING WITH ANGER. A MOMENT FROM PUNCHING THE GUY'S HEAD OFF.

CAPTION (WING): As you might imagine, the recent deaths of Power Girl, Ted Knight and the Huntress haven't helped.

ATOM: Oh, you want quarter now, huh? You want mercy!

ATOM: Not today!

FURY (OP): Whoa, Al, steady! We don't kill, you know that.

PAGE FOUR.**PANEL ONE.**

WE NOW INTRODUCE FURY IN THREE BIG PANELS.

WE SEE THE OTHER MECHA IS RUNNING AT/FIRING AT FURY (DONNA TROY), WHO WE SEE AS MULTIPLE IMAGES LITERALLY LEAPING/FLYING AT/SOMERSAULTING AROUND AND THROUGH THE BULLETS, WITH ACROBATIC EASE. SHE CARRIES AN ANCIENT GREEK “FALCATA SWORD” -



(WHICH IS A SHORTER SWORD) IN ONE HAND, AND AS SHE DODGES THE BULLETS/GETS CLOSER TO HER TARGET, SO SHE USES THE FLAT OF HER BLADE TO DEFLECT SOME OF THE BULLETS IN THE SAME WAY WONDER WOMAN WOULD HAVE USED HER BRACELETS.

CAPTION (WING): And then there's Fury.

CAPTION (WING): "The Last Amazon" if you believe the stories about her (and Having seen her in action, I certainly do.)

FURY: Of course...

PANEL TWO.

2ND BIGGISH PANEL ON THE PAGE. WE SEE A TIGHT FULL FIGURE OF FURY NOW UP CLOSE/NEXT TO THE MECHA. SHE IS BRINGING HER SWORD UP IN AN UPSTROKE THAT IS CUTTING THROUGH THE METAL OF THE MECHA'S CHEST/CAUSING THE MAN TO SCREAM/RECOIL AS THE FRONT OF HIS SUIT EMITS A SHOWER OF SPARKS AND SEVERED WIRING AND CIRCUITRY.

FURY: ...Doesn't mean we can't ruin their day.

CAPTION (WING): In the weeks to come, as all the fantastic events and dangers unfolded around me, I'd gain the team's trust enough to learn the alter-egos of these other four.

CAPTION (WING): Knowing now that in her other life Donna Troy is a fashion photographer and normal girl-about-town still amazes me, when witnessing her fight.

CAPTION (WING): Savage, fluid movements like quicksilver, like something out of legend.

PANEL THREE.

WE SEE A WIDER IMAGE OF FURY STANDING THERE, NEAR TO THE FALLEN/SMOKING MECHA SHE JUST DEFEATED. THE GROUND AROUND HER IS NOW BEING STRAFED/PEPPERED WITH ENERGY BLASTS COMING FROM THE SKY. FURY, CROUCHED/READY FOR MORE ACTION, IS LOOKING UP OFF PANEL TOWARDS HER NEW ATTACKER.

CAPTION (WING): It's interesting to note how her fighting style differs from that of her teacher and foster-mother...

PAGE FIVE.**PANEL ONE.**

HAWKWOMAN SWOOPS AROUND/BY US DRAMATICALLY, ARCING THROUGH THE SKY OVER TIMES SQUARE. SHE IS BIG/DRAMATIC IN PANEL AND LOOKS COMPLETELY AT EASE IN THE AIR.

SHE CARRIES A BATTLE-AXE IN ONE HAND, THE SIZE AND ROUGHNESS OF THIS WEAPON AT ODDS WITH HER SLENDER FEMALE FORM.

BEHIND HER/UNDER HER WE SEE ONE OF THE FLYING CRAFTS (THAT HAD BEEN FIRING AT FURY) NOW LOOPING UP BEHIND/UNDER HER COMING AT HER/TOWARDS US, FIRING BLASTS OF ENERGY THAT STRAFE THE SKY AROUND HER AND SHOOT PAST US IN PERSPECTIVE.

CAPTION (WING): ...Hawkwoman. Shiera Hall.

HAWKWOMAN: Don't worry, D. I've got this.

CAPTION (WING): Yet when I think of her in battle from the few times we met as All-Star Squadron members, I recall her combat technique was...sleeker.

CAPTION (WING): More nuanced than Fury.

COMMIE: Stupid, winged ^\$%&! Take that %\$*^ out of the sky!

HAWKWOMAN: Yes, I had the exact same notion...

PANEL TWO.

HAWKWOMAN BIG IN PANEL, AS SHE BURIES HER AXE IN THE FRONT OF THE CRAFT, CAUSING THE HOOD TO EXPLODE SPECTACULARLY. THE TWO MEN INSIDE OF IT ARE NOW DESPERATE, LEAPING FOR THEIR LIVES OUT OF THE CRAFT.

HAWKWOMAN: ...But with nicer language.

CAPTION (WING): And as proficient with ancient weaponry as her dead husband.

PAGES SIX/SEVEN.**PANEL ONE.**

WE SEE THE SECOND CRAFT. IT IS COMING AT US, BLASTING AT US. HERE, HOWEVER WE SEE THAT THE CRAFT IS PASSING CLOSE BY ONE OF THE BILLBOARDS ADVERTISING A FILM, THAT WE SEE AS A DISTORTED ELEMENT IN THE PANEL TO PANEL LEFT, DUE TO IT BEING SUCH EXTREME PERSPECTIVE LOOKING DOWN THE LENGTH OF IT.

CAPTION (WING): Now...

PANEL TWO.

THE CRAFT IS THEN HIT WITH BLACKOUT BOMBS THAT ARE THROWN IN IT FROM ABOVE (DR. MIDNIGHT WAS ON THE TOP OF THE BILLBOARD). THE BLACKOUT BOMBS SHOULDN'T BE JUST SMOKE, LETS MAKE THEM MORE INTERESTING SO THEY'RE SET APART AND DISTINCT. IT'S THICK/DENSE SMOKE, BUT LET'S GIVE IT AN INKY FLOW LIKE WATER-COLOR PAINT IN WATER (WHEN YOU CLEAN YOUR BRUSH) BUT EVEN THICKER LIKE SQUID INK IN WATER. HOW THE INK HAS THAT SLIGHTLY ETHEREAL, ALMOST SENTIENT FEEL TO IT.

ANYWAY HERE, EVEN AS THE BOMBS LAND, SO THEY'RE EXPLODING OUT OF THE OPEN-TOPPED CRAFT IN A CASCADE OF EERIE BLACKNESS. THE MEN IN THE CRAFT ARE "DROWNING" IN IT AS THE BLACKNESS RISES UP AROUND THEM.

CAPTION (WING): ...The next of our heroes is a favorite of mine (for obvious reasons based on who I am and some of the barriers I've had to break down myself.)

PANEL THREE.

WE SEE DR. MIDNIGHT LEAP DOWN FEET-FIRST INTO THE CRAFT/BLACKNESS, WITH THE BILLBOARD BEHIND HER AND THE CRAFT TO CONVEY TO THE READER THAT THIS IS WHERE SHE HAS LEAPT FROM. THERE'S A FEMALE GRACE TO HER BODY AS SHE LEAPS DESCENDING INTO THE BLACKNESS WITH HER CAPE FLOWING UP BEHIND HER.

CAPTION (WING): And sure, Dr. Midnight's crime- fighting methods...all stealth and shadow are a joy to behold...

CAPTION (WING): ...But honestly she's maybe more important as a symbol than she is a hero.

CAPTION (WING): Representing America's slow move towards racial integration.

PANEL FOUR.

CRAFT IS FLYING INTO WALL/BUILDING FACADE/OR INDEED VEERING SHARPLY INTO THE BILLBOARD TO GIVE US SOME CLOSURE ON THAT VISUAL ASPECT OF THE SEQUENCE. WE CAN SEE IT'S STARTING TO EXPLODE AS IT CRASHES, HOWEVER--

-- DR. MIDNIGHT IS LEAPING OUT OF THE SHADOW DRAGGING THE TWO (NOW UNCONSCIOUS) MEN WITH HER.

CAPTION (WING): 'Means her image is hung up as posters in college dorms everywhere.

CAPTION (WING): And strung up in effigy in our less enlightened Southern states.

PANEL FIVE.

A TIGHT FULL FIGURE OF DR. MIDNIGHT LANDING CROUCHED/DRAMATIC . SHE LOOKS SUPER-COOL HERE. THE TWO UNCONSCIOUS MEN LANDING SOMEWHAT LESS GRACEFULLY TO ONE SIDE OF HER.

CAPTION (WING): In reality not a doctor at all, but rather Nurse Beth Chapel, she carries the burden of all she represents to America with sublime grace.

PANELS SIX TO EIGHT CAN THEN BE SMALLER PANELS TO THE BOTTOM LEFT OF PAGE SEVEN/THE RIGHT OF THE SPREAD.

PANEL SIX.

PROFESSOR MECHANICAL IS NOW SWOOPING/ARCING AROUND TOWARDS US, TRYING TO MAKE HIS GETAWAY. HE'S CROUCHED A BIT ON HIS PLATFORM, HIS BODY LANGUAGE MORE INTENSE/URGENT AS HE TRIES TO ESCAPE.

CAPTION (WING): Anyway...

PANEL SEVEN.

THE SAME IMAGE REPEATED WITH PROFESSOR MECHANICAL NOW CLOSER TO US, AS HE MAKES HIS ESCAPE.

CAPTION (WING): ...It was about now that Professor Mechanical, being an educated fellow, decided the smart thing to do was check on the weather in another part of the country.

PANEL EIGHT.

TIGHT CU OF PROFESSOR MECHANICAL AS HE HOLDS A HAND UP TO SHIELD HIS FACE/EYES FROM BRIGHT GREEN LIGHT. PROF. MECH SQUINTS INTO THE LIGHT, BUT WE CAN SEE IT'S ALMOST TOO BRIGHT TO DO THIS.

CAPTION (WING): Of course, he wasn't going anywhere.

CAPTION (WING): Not with the JSA's final member on hand...

PAGES EIGHT/NINE.**PANEL ONE.**

ANOTHER BIG DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION PANEL. THIS ONE OF GREEN LANTERN WHO HOVERS THERE, CALMLY/MAJESTICALLY, LOOKING COOL AND INVINCIBLE. HE IS A BIG FULL FIGURE IN PANEL. ONE HAND IS BY HIS SIDE, THE OTHER RING HAND IS BLASTING LIGHT TOWARDS PROF. MECHANICAL --

-- WHO WE SEE IN THE FORE OF PANEL, CROPPED AS A MID/CU RECOILING FROM THE LIGHT.

CAPTION (WING): ...The big guy.

GREEN LANTERN: You're a fool.

CAPTION (WING): The Justice Society's leader...

CAPTION (WING): ...Green Lantern.

CAPTION (WING): Have to say when I learn who he was behind the mask, I was flabbergasted. Alan Scott, famed owner of Gotham City Broadcasting.

PANEL TWO.

WE'RE LOOKING AT PROFESSOR MECHANICAL FROM MORE OF A STRAIGHT ON ANGLE AS HE FIRES DOZENS OF SHARPENED WOODEN MINI-SPEARS OFF PANEL (SORT OF TOWARDS US.)

PROF. MECHANICAL: Well if I am a fool, I'm one who came prepared!

PANEL THREE.

REVERSE ANGLE MED SHOT OF GL, AS HE CREATES A KNIGHT'S SHIELD FROM HIS RING (SEMI-TRANSPARENT SO WE CAN SEE THROUGH IT AT THE SAME TIME/SEE HIS FACE). THE WOODEN MINI-SPEARS HIT IT AND SHATTER/BOUNCE OFF/USELESSLY.

GREEN LANTERN: Yeah, and I'd be in serious trouble...if wood was still a weakness for me.

GREEN LANTERN: You should keep up with things, fella, we're not in the 1940s anymore.

CAPTION (WING): How he has the time to do everything...lead the team, manage his business, run his life...not to mention wrangle his crazy daughter is beyond me.

PANEL FOUR.

GREEN LANTERN AND PROFESSOR MECHANICAL NOW FLY AROUND EACH OTHER, LIKE TWO PLANES IN A DOGFIGHT, AS GREEN LANTERN ATTEMPTS TO REACH THE PROF AND THE PROF ATTEMPTS TO ELUDE HIM.

CAPTION (WING): Although I was to learn Alan sometimes wonders the same thing himself.

GREEN LANTERN: Have to say, Professor, for such a smart guy, this is one insanely stupid step you've taken.

GREEN LANTERN: Yes, you're stolen, yes, you've killed, but this today is treason, mister. The key gets thrown away when you betray your country.

PROF. MECHANICAL: Money the Ruskies offered me...simply too much to pass up.

PANEL FIVE.

WE SEE GREEN LANTERN AS A LS AS HE CREATES A GREEN OCTOPUS WITH HIS RING. THE OCTOPUS IS UNDER THE PROF'S PLATFORM, GRABBING IT/STOPPING IT SUDDENLY, LITERALLY YANKING THE PLATFORM OUT FROM UNDER THE PROF'S FEET. THE PROF, ALSO IN PANEL, IS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR BECAUSE OF THIS, FLAILING, TERRIFIED.

GREEN LANTERN: Well I hope it was because good lawyers don't come cheap...

PANEL SIX.

WE SEE THE GREEN LANTERN SMALLER IN SHOT, FURTHER FROM US TO THE EDGE OF PANEL WITH THE BULK OF THE PANEL BEING A BIG, GREEN BASEBALL CATCHER'S MITT THAT HE'S CREATED FROM HIS RING TO CATCH PROFESSOR MECHANICAL IN.

GREEN LANTERN: ...And you're going to need a great one.

PAGE TEN.**PANEL ONE.**

THIS IS THE TOP HALF OF THE PAGE.

THIS IS A WIDE SHOT WITH A LOT GOING ON IN IT.

IT'S A SHOT OF TIME SQUARE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BATTLE.

WE SEE THE ATOM STANDING ALERTLY/CONFIDENTLY OVER THE TWO SHATTERED/BEATEN MECHAS. WE SEE THE TWO FLYING CRAFTS LYING ON THE GROUND IN THE STREET, ONE SMASHED WITH THE AXE STILL EMBEDDED IN THE FRONT OF IT AND THE OTHER BURNING FURTHER OFF.

WE SEE DR. MIDNIGHT STANDING TO ONE SIDE LOOKING ON AT THE SCENE. THE FOUR MEN FLYING THE TWO CRAFT LIE UNCONSCIOUS/DEFEATED NEAR TO HER.

WE SEE FURY STANDING ON THE GROUND, HER SWORD NOW SHEATHED IN ITS SCABBARD (WHERE IS IT? TO HER WAIST/ON HER BACK? BACK PROBABLY, RIGHT?) STANDING THERE GESTURING UP/GREETING HAWKWOMAN HER ADOPTED-MOM WHO IS MAKING A GRACEFUL DESCENT TO THE GROUND BUT WHO IS STILL A FEW FEET OFF THE GROUND AT THIS POINT.

AND CENTRALLY WE SEE GREEN LANTERN WHO HAS USED HIS RING TO CREATE A MECHANICAL ARCADE GRABBER (YOU KNOW LIKE IN ARCADE GAMES WHERE THEY GRAB TOYS (THE THING THAT IN TOY STORY THE LITTLE GREEN ALIEN TOYS WORSHIPPED AS "THE CLAW"? THAT.) WITH IT, HE HOLDS A SLUMPED/DEFEATED PROFESSOR MECHANICAL BY THE SCRUFF OF HIS OUTFIT. HE TOO IS MAKING A DESCENT IN A DIFFERENT PART OF THE PANEL.

CAPTION (WING): And then it was over...

CAPTION (WING): ...So quickly in fact that even reporters there in Manhattan had to rely on on-looker accounts and speculation.

PANEL TWO.

THIS IS THE BOTTOM HALF OF THE PAGE. IT'S THE EXACT SAME IMAGE, BUT NOW IT'S LATER AND WE SEE A LOT HAS HAPPENED IN THE INTERIM.

NOW THE WHOLE SCENE IS CORDONED OFF, LIKE A POLICE CRIME SCENE, BUT INSTEAD OF COPS, THE AUTHORITY IS MAINLY MEMBERS OF S.T.A.T.E., EARTH TWO'S S.H.I.E.L.D./CHECKMATE (WHICH WORKS HAND IN HAND WITH THE JSA EVEN TO THE POINT THAT MEMBERS WORK AT THE JSA'S HQ.) THEY HAVE THEIR OWN VERSION OF A "S.H.I.E.L.D. TYPE JUMP-

SUITS WITH BOOTS AND SKIN-TIGHT LEGGINGS, AND A TOP, BUT MAYBE A LITTLE DIFFERENT LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A MILITARY TUNIC AND A LEVI JEAN JACKET. MAYBE THEY HAVE A TURTLE NECK TIGHT TOPS UNDERNEATH THE JACKETS (THAT SEEMS 1960S TO ME). MAYBE THEIR BOOTS ARE SHORTER OR LACED UP. THINGS THAT MAKE THEIR LOOK UNIQUE AND AT THE SAME TIME, LOOKING OF THAT ERA.

ANYWAY THEY'VE CORDONED OFF THE AREA WITH TAPE AND WITH GUARDS ARMED WITH HIGH-TECH RIFLES. AT THE SAME TIME A 1960S FUTURISTIC MINI-CRANE IS LOADING THE FIRST OF THE TWO VEHICLES ONTO A HOVERING FLAT-BED TRUCK. THE OTHER CRAFT THAT CRASHED IS STILL WHERE IT LAY IN PANEL ONE, BUT NOW WITH A COUPLE OF S.T.A.T.E. AGENTS PUTTING OUT THE FIRE/SMOKE WITH HIGH-TECH FOAM GUNS (THAT LOOK LIKE SCI-FI FLAME-THROWERS, STRAPPED TO THEM). WE SEE SOME NY COPS IN THE SCENE TOO, TALKING TO SOME OF THE S.T.A.T.E. AGENTS. WE SEE ONE OF THE MECHAS IS BEING LED AWAY INTO THE BACK OF A HUGE, 1960S STYLE HOVERING TRUCK/AMBULANCE.

WE SEE AN STANDARD 1960S AMBULANCE IS TREATING SOME OF THE FLYING CRAFT VILLAINS BUT AT THE SAME TIME %%%% AGENTS WITH MORE 1960S HIGH-TECH WEAPONRY HAVE THEIR GUNS AIMED AT THESE VILLAINS, TAKING NO CHANCES.

ONE S.T.A.T.E. AGENT IS IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS GIVING ORDERS, GESTURING AND SEEMING TOTALLY IN CONTROL BASED ON HIS BODY LANGUAGE. THIS IS SANDERSON HAWKINS, WHO IS A HANDSOME TALL MAN WITH BLONDE HAIR.

MOST IMPORTANTLY THE JSA SUPERHEROES ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

CAPTION (WING): The J.S.A.'s back-up had the area locked down by the time any press had gotten there, and I've yet to meet a newsman who can get one word out of those guys.

CAPTION (WING): The S.T.A.T.E. has a better ring to it than the Junior Justice Society, it's what they amount to. Non-super-powered worker ants that liaise between the J.S.A. and the government and do all the clean up and wipe down after the superheroes have been and gone.

CAPTION (WING): And although Al Pratt may be S.T.A.T.E.'s director, by all accounts it's his second Sanderson Hawkins who keeps the hatches battened.

CAPTION (WING): So, no interviews for the press. And like I say, the J.S.A. had returned to their HQ by then anyway.

PAGE ELEVEN.**PANEL ONE.**

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE SENTINEL -- THE JSA'S FLOATING HQ (AT LEAST IT WILL BE UNTIL WE SEND IT CRASHING INTO THE HUDSON RIVER AT THE END OF THIS ARC.)

IT'S A GIANT FLOATING BASE THAT HOVERS OVER NYC. THIS NEEDS TO BE DESIGNED. IT WAS CREATED/CONSTRUCTED BY A COMBINATION OF MANPOWER, TED KNIGHT'S SOLAR POWER AND GREEN LANTERN'S GREEN ENERGY. FOR THIS REASON IT LOOKS SCI-FI FUTURISTIC, BUT WITH STRANGE CABLES AND INTRICATE ODD ELEMENTS HANGING OFF IT AND DOWN FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE UNDERSIDE OF IT. IT SHOULD LOOK VERY UNIQUE, NICOLA. IT SHOULD BE ROUND IN SHAPE AND I FEEL IT SHOULD BE THE COMBINATION OF SOME/ALL OF THESE ELEMENTS --

-- FIRSTLY THE CLASSIC SCI-FI CITY IN THE SKY --



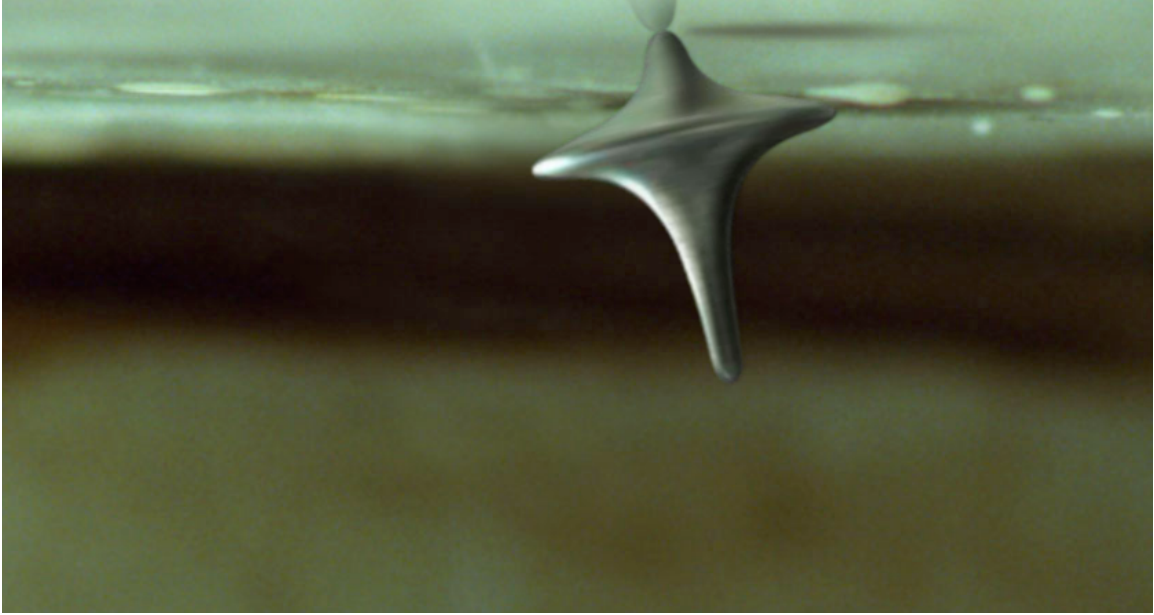
-- LIKE THIS ONE FROM THE (BRILLIANT) MOVIE DISTRICT 9, AS WELL AS --



THE CLOUD CITY FROM EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (ALTHOUGH WITH NOT AS MANY LEVELS/TIERS AND SMALLER, OBVIOUSLY, SO IT DOESN'T COMPLETELY COVER NYC AND BLOCK OUT THE SUN.)

THERE SHOULD ALSO BE THE FEEL OF AN UPSIDE DOWN TOP TO IT TOO --





AND LASTLY FOR THAT SLIGHTLY ODD ORGANIC ELEMENT I MENTIONED,
WITH CABLES AND WIRES HANGING DOWN AND OFF IT, I'M IMAGING HOW
A JELLYFISH LOOKS WHEN IT'S IN THE WATER --





HERE WE JUST SHOW THE SKY-BASE HOVERING THERE IN THE SKY WITH DRAMATIC CLOUDS BEHIND IT.

(AS YOU CAN PROBABLY SURMISE WHAT WE'RE GOING FOR HERE IS A 1960S EARTH 2 VERSION OF THE JLA WATCHTOWER, THAT BEING THE 1960S REMAINS GROUNDED BY THE ATMOSPHERE AND IS A SKY-STATION AND NOT A SATELLITE SPACE-STATION LIKE THE JLA HAVE (HAD?))

CAPTION (WING): ...And stepping foot on the Sentinel is no easy feat.

PANEL TWO.

NOW WE SHOW THE BASE, IN CONTEXT TO MANHATTAN. THIS IS A LS OF THE CITY AT THAT TIME, WITH THE SENTINEL VISIBLE IN SHOT, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY AS A SMALL ELEMENT OF THE OVERALL VISTA.

HERE ARE SOME CITYSCAPES OF 1960S MANHATTAN --





-- THE SENTINEL IS AN ASPECT OF THE IMAGE, SHOWING ITS SCALE (SMALLER (LIKE DISTRICT 9 BASE) NOT HUGE LIKE THE CLOUD CITY. THE KIND OF BASE THAT COULD COMFORTABLY HOUSE A COUPLE OF HUNDRED PEOPLE, NOT, AS I MENTIONED BEFORE, SOMETHING THAT IS SO BIG IT WOULD BLOCK OUT THE SUN.

CAPTION (WING): There are a few people who claim it makes them uneasy, seeing it hovering there above them, looking down on New York. That it's intimidating.

CAPTION (WING): Gore Vidal called it Orwellian

CAPTION (WING): But hey, we're talking Manhattan, so most everyone else just gets on with their day.

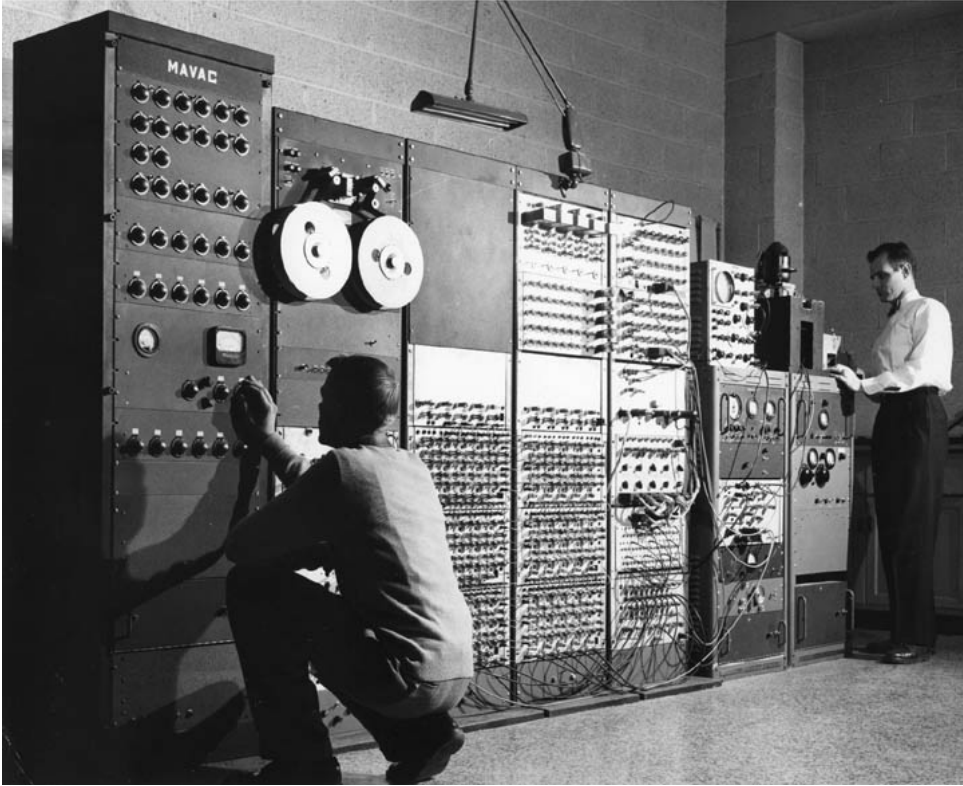
**PAGES TWELVE/THIRTEEN.
DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD.**

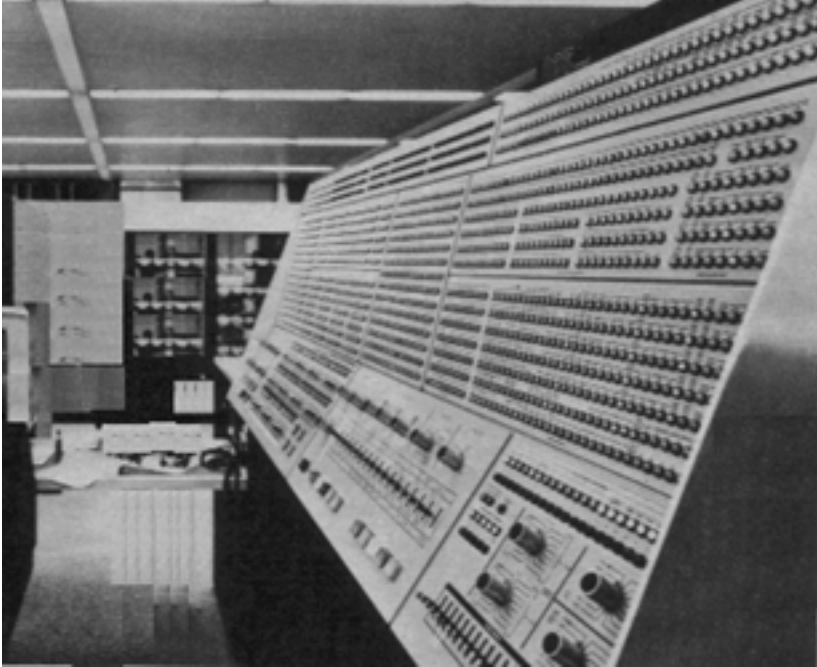
THIS IS AN INTERIOR OF THE SENTINEL. I SEE IT AS 1960S SCI-FI WITH SOME RETRO MODERNIST DESIGN, SOME POP-ART ELEMENTS, A KISS OF STERANKO'S S.H.I.E.L.D. AND A KISS OF DR. STRANGELOVE.

THE INTERIOR IS A LARGE SPACE, WHICH HAS MULTI-LEVELS AND WALKWAYS AND PLATFORMS AND PASSAGEWAYS LEADING OFF TO OFFICES AND SLEEPING QUARTERS AND SUCH. IN THIS REGARD THERE SHOULD BE A SLIGHTLY "M.C. ESCHER" FEEL TO THE INTERIOR TOO, LIKE IT WOULD BE EASY TO GET LOST IN THIS PLACE.

ON IT WE SEE SUNDRY S.T.A.T.E. AGENTS GOING ABOUT THEIR DUTIES (STANDING AT/DISCUSSING DATA WHILE LOOKING AT HUGE 1960S COMPUTERS --









-- AS WELL AS CONFERRING AS THEY EXAMINE DATA ON HIGH-TECH "DESIGNERY" CLIP BOARDS AND WALKING FROM HERE TO THERE. FILLING OUT THE SPACE AND GIVING THE OVERALL SCENE A SENSE OF A LOT GOING ON. (OBVIOUSLY HAVE THE COMPUTERS MORE 1960S SCI-FI THAN THE ONES IN THE PHOTOS.)

HOWEVER EVERYTHING VISUALLY SORT OF LEADS ONE'S EYE TO ONE SIDE OF THE INTERIOR -- WHICH IS A HUGE WALL/BANK OF TV SCREENS THAT ARE SHOWING IMAGES FROM ALL OVER AMERICA. WE SEE SHOTS OF CITIES -- SHOTS OF A FEW OTHER EARTH 2 HEROES IN ACTION (ONES WE WON'T FEATURE YET, BUT WE'LL GET TO LIKE STARMAN AND STARGIRL (IF GEOFF LETS US HAVE HER), AS WELL AS CITIZEN STEEL, MR. AMERICA AND SOME OF THE OTHER JSA MEMBERS FROM THE SERIES IMMEDIATELY PRIOR. (EDDIE, WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT WHO I'M GETTING AND WHO I'M NOT.) (THIS WILL APPEASE FANS OF THIS OR THAT CHARACTER WHO WILL GET THE NOTIFICATION THAT THESE CHARACTERS ARE OUT THERE AND WE'LL GET TO THEM, BUT NOT JUST YET.) ANYWAY S.T.A.T.E. AGENTS SIT IN SCI-FI CHAIRS MONITORING THESE SCREENS. OH, AND SOME OF THE IMAGES ARE IN COLOR, SOME IN BLACK AND WHITE, SOME CRYSTAL CLEAR AND SOME ARE FUZZY, LIKE MOST 1960S SATELLITE FOOTAGE LOOKED.

TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MASSIVE INTERIOR, WE SEE A HUGE WINDOW THAT LOOKS OUT ON THE SPIRES OF NY, TO SHOW US THAT THE CITY IS ALWAYS VISIBLE TO EVERYONE.

HERE'S ONE SUCH SHOT THAT YOU MIGHT USE --



OR INSTEAD MAYBE SOMETHING WITH JUST THE SPIRES/TIPS OF SKYSCRAPERS GOING AWAY FROM US IN PERSPECTIVE --



LIGHT FROM THIS WINDOW SHINES IN AS BRIGHT SHAFTS, DRAMATICALLY CUTTING THROUGH THE DIMMER/MORE FLORESCENT HUES OF THE BULK OF THE ROOM.

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE VAST INTERIOR WE SEE A MAP OF AMERICA WITH LIGHTS ALL OVER IT, LIKE SOMETHING AKIN TO THE WALL OF THE WAR ROOM IN DR. STRANGELOVE --



OKAY, WITH THAT OUT OF THE WAY --

WE SEE OUR HEROES, IN AMONG ALL THIS. SOME ARE NEAR, SOME FAR AWAY. WE SEE FURY AND HAWKWOMAN STANDING TOGETHER ON AN UPPER GANTRY FURTHER OFF, LOOKING DOWN AT EVERYTHING GOING ON.

WE SEE SANDERSON HAWKINS AND AN ARMED S.T.A.T.E. AGENT LEADING A HUNCHED/DEFEATED (AND SCI-FI MANACLED) PROFESSOR MECHANICAL AWAY.

WE SEE DR. MIDNIGHT TALKING WITH A 1960S VERSION (REDESIGNED SOMEWHAT FROM THE ORIGINAL EARTH 2 VERSION) OF THE ICICLE. THEY ARE TOGETHER AT SOME MID-POINT IN THE WHOLE INTERIOR VISTA.

AND CLOSER TO US WE SEE GREEN LANTERN AND THE ATOM, WHO ARE TO THE FORE/PANEL-RIGHT OF THE SPREAD WITH GL LOOKING OVER TO THE ATOM, SPEAKING TO HIM.

CAPTION (WING): I wish I could tell you more about the Sentinel. What goes on inside it. Wish I could tell you I'd been there.

CAPTION (WING): But the only journalist who's ever set foot in the place was Cronkite for that one TV Special of his and even then it aired in black and white with areas even he wasn't allowed to show in the interests of National Security.

CAPTION (WING): Cronkite called it a technological wonderland and that witnessing its marvels he felt he was truly entering the world of tomorrow that this decade promises to usher in.

CAPTION (WING): Ah, Cronkite.

CAPTION (WING): All I know is they use America's newly minted matrix of satellites, (thanks to the newly dead Ted Knight) to monitor the country...

CAPTION (WING): ...Including the activities of the country's other heroes and reserve members...

CAPTION (WING): ...Ever watchful for threats and perils that require America's premiere superhuman team.

SANDY HAWKINS: Come on, Professor. Got all sorts of questions for you, guy.

S.T.A.T.E. AGENT: Sat-report thirteen hundred hours.

S.T.A.T.E. AGENT: Level 2. Accord. All threat/crime/danger answered by regional force.

S.T.A.T.E. AGENT: (More techie sound- bites when I see the visuals and how much more incidental dio is needed, if any.

GL: Al, a word.

PAGE FOURTEEN.**PANEL ONE.**

WE'RE UP ON THE GANTRY WITH FURY AND HAWKWOMAN. THEY'RE IN MED SHOT, LOOKING AWAY FROM US. IN THIS WAY, THEM TO THE FORE, THEY ARE IN SILHOUETTE WITH THE BUSTLE OF ACTIVITY IN THE SENTINEL VISIBLE FURTHER OFF IN THE BETTER LIT REAR OF SHOT.

FURY: So..so...so. We're "closed" for now, right guys? I can go?

HAWKWOMAN: Oh? And why are you in such a rush, today, young lady? You normally want to stay and drink coffee all day, chat and keep everyone from their duties.

PANEL TWO.

CU FURY/DONNA LOOKING OFF PANEL AT HAWKWOMAN. THERE'S AN IRKED EXPRESSION ON HER FACE.

FURY: Mom! You said you wouldn't "young lady" me, not in front of Alan and Al. You promised.

PANEL THREE.

WE'RE FAR FROM THE TWO WOMEN, LOOKING AT THEM STANDING THERE ON THE GANTRY, AS A PAIR OF LS.

HAWKWOMAN: Why Donna Troy, I did no such thing. Besides embarrassing your kids in public is one of the few joys motherhood brings a woman. And for a simple question, you're a little too defensive.

FURY: All right, simple answer. My negs are back from yesterday's shoot--

HAWKWOMAN: "Chanel in Central Park." Relax, I'm sure they're wonderful photographs, the weather yesterday was perfect for--

PANEL FOUR.

TIGHTER IN IMAGE OF THE TWO WOMEN SPEAKING WITH EACH OTHER.

FURY: Wait! Hold on! You actually listened to me for once when I told you what I was doing?

HAWKWOMAN: I always listen when you say something, Donna. It's you who doesn't always tell me anything to hear. I'm only your mother, after all so what do I matter --

PANEL FIVE.

ANOTHER CU OF FURY.

FURY: Jeez Mom, I know with Hector moving out, you've got time on your hands, but I didn't realized you'd enrolled at the Strasberg School. Jeez. Such drama.

FURY: Go capture the Monocle or something.

PANEL SIX.

HAWKWOMAN AND FURY ON THE GANTRY, LOOKING DOWN. FURY IS LEANING ON THE GANTRY RAILING WITH HER FOREARMS AS SHE LOOKS AT HER MOM.

FURY: You heard from Hec, by the way?

HAWKWOMAN: Have you?

FURY: Hector doesn't call me, ever. You know that.

HAWKWOMAN: Well I haven't heard from him either, in fact...it's been a while.

PAGE FIFTEEN.**PANEL ONE.**

MED LS OF DR. MIDNIGHT AND THE ICICLE STANDING TOGETHER TALKING, AS S.T.A.T.E AGENTS GO ABOUT THEIR DUTIES AROUND THEM. THE ICICLE IS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE.

DR. MIDNIGHT: So you're free to go, Icicle, your tip paid off. The Professor and his men were exactly where you said they'd be.

ICICLE: And I get full amnesty, right? That's what we agreed.

PANEL TWO.

WE CLOSE IN TO MORE OF A MED TWO-SHOT OF DR. MIDNIGHT AND THE ICICLE. THE ICICLE HOLDS A CIGARETTE IN HIS LIPS.

DR. MIDNIGHT: Full and complete. Amnesty. A clean, crime-free, fresh start?

ICICLE: Yeah, err...probably not going to happen.

DR. MIDNIGHT: Then God help you if I'm the one comes looking for you.

ICICLE: Fair notice. I like that.

PANEL THREE.

CU OF THE ICICLE.

ICICLE: But honestly Doc, for the record...amnesty's nice, I won't say otherwise. But I would have given Mechanical up for free.

ICICLE: I'm a crook sure but I'm no traitor. The Commies came to me n'I said no, the Professor should have too.

PANEL FOUR.

DR. MIDNIGHT STANDING THERE, LOOKING AWAY FROM US A BIT TOWARDS THE ICICLE WHO IS WALKING AWAY FROM HER/US WITH A BACKWARDS OVER THE SHOULDER CASUAL WAVE.

ICICLE: But I am still a crook so I'm sure we'll you'll see me soon.

PAGES SIXTEEN/SEVENTEEN.**PANEL ONE.**

WE'RE LOOKING AT GREEN LANTERN AND THE ATOM IN THE ATOM'S OFFICE. IT'S A LARGE OFFICE, HIM BEING THE DIRECTOR OF THE \$\$\$\$\$. IT'S AN OFFICE THAT'S PARTITIONED FROM THE MAIN INTERIOR BY A WALL/DOOR OF GLASS. ON THE GLASS DOOR IS PAINTED THE WORDS --

Albert Pratt

Director

Superhuman Tactical Assistance Taskforce Executive
(and a seal/symbol involving the American Flag.)

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE OFFICE IS A WIDE PANORAMIC WINDOW THAT GIVES US ANOTHER VIEW OF MANHATTAN OUTSIDE BELOW US.

THE OFFICE ITSELF HAS A CLASSIC 1960S STYLE DÉCOR -- AND SUNDRY BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL/1960S DRINKING/MIXING PARAPHERNALIA ON A LOW CABINET TO ONE SIDE.

WE'RE OUTSIDE THE OFFICE LOOKING AT THE TWO MEN THROUGH THE GLASS. GREEN LANTERN IS TO ONE SIDE OF PANEL AND THE ATOM (NOW WITH HIS MASK OFF, HANDING BACK OFF HIS HEAD LIKE A HOOD) IS WALKING TOWARDS THE DRINKS ON THE CABINET.

GL: Al.

ATOM: Alan.

PANEL TWO.

WE'RE LOOKING AT GL TO THE FORE OF PANEL AS A MED SHOT, HIS BACK COMPLETELY TO US. FURTHER FROM US WE SEE THE ATOM ALSO WITH HIS BACK TO US, AS HE POURS A SCOTCH FOR HIMSELF.

ATOM: Scotch?

GL: Bourbon rocks, thanks.

PANEL THREE.

A MOMENT LATER. GL AND THE ATOM STAND THERE, SIPPING THEIR DRINKS, LOOKING AT EACH OTHER.

GL: You almost lost control today.

ATOM: No one died.

GL: Thanks to Fury.

PANEL FOUR.

THE ATOM NOW SITS/RESTS HIS BUTT AGAINST THE FRONT OF HIS DESK AS HE AND GL CONTINUE TO TALK. THE ATOM IS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE.

ATOM: I wouldn't have killed him.

GL: Maybe, but that's not how it looked from where I was, Al.

GL: Hey, I know you're angry and I understand why.

ATOM: Yeah? No. I don't know if you do.

PANEL FIVE.

CU GL AS HE BOWS HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY, NURSES HIS DRINK, TAKES A MOMENT TO GATHER HIS THOUGHTS.

NO DIALOGUE.

PANEL SIX.

THE SAME CU OF GL AS HE NOW LOOKS UP AGAIN, OFF PANEL AT THE ATOM.

GL: I miss them too, you know...Karen, Helena, Ted, I miss them. But--

GL: We have a public face, buddy, one that conveys an assurance of safety and self-control to the public at large.

PANEL SEVEN.

THE ATOM AND GL FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE AS THEY CONTINUE TO SPEAK. THE ATOM LOOKS A LITTLE ANGRY NOW. JUST A LITTLE.

GL IS RAISING HIS NON-DRINK-HOLDING HAND AS IF TO CALM THE ATOM A LITTLE.

ATOM: Alan, come on. Self-control? The Russians murdered our friends.

GL: For the record, we have no idea how the explosion happened, but even if the Commies were behind it that doesn't give you the right to be Al Pratt, Atomic Executioner.

PANEL EIGHT.

THE ATOM WALKS TOWARDS THE BIG WINDOW LOOKING OUT ON THE CITY, TAKING A DRAG OF HIS CIG AS HE GOES. WE SEE THAT NEXT TO THE WINDOW IS ANOTHER SIDE CABINET, THIS ONE WITH SOME PHOTOS ON IT.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL NINE.

THIS IS A CUTAWAY TO THE SELECTION OF PHOTOS IN FRAMES/STANDS CLUSTERED TOGETHER. WE SEE --

-- AL PRATT AS A YOUNGER WW2 AIR FORCE PILOT IN HIS FLYING GEAR. (IN BLACK AND WHITE.)

-- A BIGGER PHOTO OF THE CLASSIC JSA AROUND THE MEETING TABLE IMAGE FROM ALL-STAR COMICS #3. (BUT IN BLACK AND WHITE.) --



-- AND A SHOT OF THE ATOM AS A YOUNGER MAN IN HIS ORIGINAL 1940S FULL-FACE-COVERED MASK COSTUME. HOWEVER HERE HE HAS THE MASK HANGING BACK OFF HIS FACE BEHIND HIM TOO, SO WE CAN SEE HIM SMILING. WE SEE HE'S HOLDING THE HAND OF A SMALL BOY (ABOUT 5 OR 6) WITH BRIGHT RED HAIR (HIS SON WHO WILL MEET LATER ON). THEY'RE IN A GARDEN/OUTSIDE. BOTH LOOK HAPPY TO BE TOGETHER.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL TEN.

WE NOW SEE THE ATOM WITH HIS BACK TO US AGAIN, LOOKING OUT AT MANHATTAN. GL IS SLIGHTLY CLOSER TO US, HIS BACK TO US ALSO, AND HE'S WALKING FROM US TO STAND BESIDE THE ATOM AND LOOK OUT IN THE NEXT PANEL.

MANHATTAN'S SPIRES ARE BEYOND US/THEM IN THE DISTANCE.

ATOM: It's not like the old days, eh Alan?

GL: Nazis were a different kind of bad guy. And we were mystery men back then...

GL: ...we lived in the shadows.

PANEL ELEVEN.

WE'RE OUTSIDE LOOKING AT A SECTION OF THE SENTINEL HOVERING THERE. WE CAN SEE THE WINDOW OF AL'S OFFICE AND THE TWO HEROES AS SMALLER FIGURES WITHIN IT, LOOKING BACK OUT AT US.

GL: Now we stand in the light and everyone can see.

CAPTION (WING): I've often wondered...

PAGE EIGHTEEN.

THIS IS THREE PANELS, ALL THE SAME SIZE AND SHAPE (WIDESCREEN OR TALL/THIN IS UP TO YOU, NICOLA, DEPENDING ON WHAT YOU FEEL WORKS BEST.

PANEL ONE.

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE SENTINEL FROM AN ANGLE THAT AFFORDS US MORE OF A VIEW OF THE TOP OF IT, WITH WHICH WE BETTER SEE FROM THIS ANGLE HAS A LARGE FLAT LANDING AREA. WE SEE GL, FURY AND HAWKWOMAN STANDING TOGETHER. GL IS GESTURING A FAREWELL TO DR. MIDNIGHT WHO IS WITH A COUPLE OF S.T.A.T.E. AGENTS, WHO WITH HER ARE ABOUT TO BOARD/IN THE PROCESS OF GETTING INTO A 1960S STYLE SCI-FI AIR SHUTTLE (ABOUT THE SIZE OF A VW BUS, BUT SLEEK AND STREAMLINE.)

CAPTION (WING): ...Despite their HUAC pledges back in the '50s, the JSA's identities remain secret...apart from Al Pratt of course...

CAPTION (WING): ...Even with their anonymity maintained, what those lives are like?

PANEL TWO.

THE SAME ANGLE, BUT NOW WE'VE PULLED BACK FROM PANEL ONE, SO WE'RE FURTHER AWAY. WE SEE GL, FURY, HAWKWOMAN AND THE AIR-TAXI ALL TAKING TO THE AIR, ALL OF THEM FLYING OFF IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

CAPTION (WING): And by that what I mean is...

CAPTION (WING): ...Back when Lee and I were running with them there was a definite sense of separation between our time in costume and time away from it.

PANEL THREE.

SAME THING AGAIN. NOW WE'RE EVEN FURTHER BACK, SO WE SEE THE SENTINEL AS A WHOLE AND WE SEE THE THREE FLYING HEROES AND THE AIR TAXI AS EVEN SMALLER AND MORE DISTANCE FIGURES, ALL GOING IN THEIR DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

CAPTION (WING): Nowadays, with their faces in magazines, on TV and every kid's lunchbox in America, I wonder if that's possible...

CAPTION (WING): ...And if so what kind of a life it is.

PAGE NINETEEN.

NICOLA, FOR REASONS THAT WILL BECOME OBVIOUS, THE FIVE PANELS ON THIS PAGE ARE ALL WIDESCREEN PANELS. WHICH ONES ARE TALLER OR SHORTER, YOU DECIDE BASED ON HOW MUCH DETAIL YOU HAVE TO PUT IN THEM.

WE'RE INSIDE THE OFFICE OF ALAN SCOTT IN HIS CIVILIAN IDENTITY AS THE CEO OF GOTHAM CITY BROADCASTING.

(GENERAL NOTE ABOUT EARTH 2 GOTHAM CITY. AS A WAY OF MAKING THIS GOTHAM DIFFERENT, THIS CITY ISN'T ALL GOTHIC AND DARK LIKE THE EARTH 1 VERSION, BUT RATHER MORE DECO MODERNIST. I GUESS A BIT LIKE OPAL CITY. WHATEVER YOU FEEL SETS THE CITY VISUALLY APART FROM THE NORMAL VERSION. ANYWAY ONE OF THESE THINGS IS THE GCB BUILDING, THE SPIRE OF WHICH HAS A DISTINCTIVE SHAPE AND WITH A GIANT CIRCULAR WINDOW AT THE TOP OF IT THAT HAS A HUGE CIRCULAR STAIN-GLASS WINDOW IN IT WITH THE LETTERS "GBC" BIG/VISIBLE IN THE CENTER OF IT. THIS WILL REFLECT (NO PUN INTENDED) ON THE INTERIOR OF ALAN SCOTT'S OFFICE.)

SO WE'RE INSIDE THE OFFICE, LOOKING DOWN ON ALAN SCOTT, TALL, BLOND AND COOL (45) IN A 60S SUIT. HE'S SMOKING A CIGARETTE/MAYBE HOLDS A MARTINI IN THE SAME HAND, AS HE WALKS/PACES THE HUGE, COOL AREA THAT'S HIS OFFICE. THE THING IS, WE'RE LOOKING DOWN ON THIS, SO WE SEE THE SHAPE/LETTERING OF THE GBC SHINING ON THROUGH THE ROUND STAINED-GLASS WINDOW, REFLECTED ON THE FLOOR AND CONTOURING AROUND THE FURNITURE OF THE ROOM. WITH ALAN SCOTT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT. HE IS ON THE PHONE WITH A LONG LINE RUNNING FROM THE RECEIVER IN HIS HAND TO THE PHONE ON HIS BIG EXECUTIVE DESK.

CAPTION: Gotham.

ALAN: Of course, I care about what our affiliates have to say...

ALAN: ...and I'm as concerned about our sponsors as you are, Tom. But we can't just dip this in sugar and call it a candied apple.

ALAN: What happened in Montgomery, Alabama was more than just wrong, it was evil, and it is our duty to show the public--

PANEL TWO.

BELOW IT IS A PANEL SHOWING THE EXTERIOR OF THE GOTHAM CITY BROADCASTING SPIRE. WE SEE THE MASSIVE STAIN-GLASS WINDOW AND SO CONNECT IT NOW WITH THE LIGHT/LETTERING IN THE INTERIOR IN THE PANEL PRIOR.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL THREE.

WE PULL BACK FROM PANEL TWO, TO SHOW MORE OF AN OVERALL GOTHAM CITY PANORAMIC CITYSCAPE -- WHILE AT THE SAME TIME SHOWING MORE OF THE OVERALL SKYSCRAPER STRUCTURE THAT IS GCB. WE SEE THE CITY'S SKYSCRAPERS/OTHER SPIRES IN THE DISTANCE AND SEE THE DIFFERENCE HERE TO THE BUILDINGS OF NYC.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL FOUR.

THIS IS THE SAME PERSPECTIVE ON THE CITY AS PANEL THREE BUT NOW...

...WE'VE DESCENDED DOWN, SO WE'RE HALF LOOKING AT THE CITY AND HALF LOOKING AT THE SUBWAY AND THE SEWERS BELOW IT, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? ONE OF THOSE CROSS-SECTION IMAGES OF A CITY ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL FIVE.

THE SAME PERSPECTIVE AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME WE'VE DESCENDED DOWN COMPLETELY INTO GOTHAM CITY'S SEWERS. THAT'S OUR CLOSING IMAGE/PANEL ON THIS PAGE.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWENTY.**PANEL ONE.**

THIS IS AN INSET IMAGE TO THE TOP LEFT WITHIN THE OTHERWISE FULL PAGE PANEL TWO.

WE SEE A SMALLISH, TIGHT PANEL FOCUSING ON THE EYES OF SOLOMON GRUNDY.

HE'S LOOKING TOWARDS PANEL RIGHT WITH THEM, THE EXPRESSION OF HIS EYES MORE ONE OF INTRIGUE THAN FEAR OR ANYTHING ELSE, THIS DESPITE THE FACT THAT THERE IS A RED/FIERY GLOW REFLECTING IN THEM TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE EYES/PANEL-RIGHT.

SOLOMON GRUNDY: huh.

PANEL TWO.

THIS IS BASICALLY A FULL PAGE. IT'S A TIGHT FULL FIGURE SHOT OF SOLOMON GRUNDY. HE IS STANDING THERE IN THE SEWER, ANKLE DEEP IN WATER, LOOKING/REACTING TO A FIGURE NEAR HIM WHO IS HOVERING THERE IN A STANDING POSE, A FEW FEET ABOVE THE WATER. THIS FIGURE SHOULD BE A CROSS BETWEEN A GLOWING ENTITY AND THE HUMAN TORCH, NEITHER JUST GLOWING BRIGHTNESS NOR GLOWING FIRE. AND ALSO THROUGH THIS BRIGHTNESS IT SHOULDN'T BE CLEAR IF THIS IS A WOMAN OR A SLIGHT MAN.

ANYWAY THIS BEING HOVERS THERE, ANGLED AWAY FROM US, FACING GRUNDY WHO IS CENTRALLY ON THE PAGE. HE IS LIT DRAMATICALLY WITH PALE MAUVES AND DARK PURPLES TO ONE SIDE OF HIM AND BRIGHT FIERY REDS AND GOLDS TO THE OTHER.

FIERY ENTITY: Solomon Grundy.

GRUNDY: Well hello, you bright, shiny thing.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE.

SO THIS OVERALL SCENE CAN BE DESCRIBED EASILY IN THAT IT'S GRUNDY ANKLE-DEEP IN THE WATER HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH THE FIERY ENTITY THAT HOVERS CALMLY SLIGHTLY ABOVE THE WATER CLOSE TO HIM. IT'S LIT IN THE SAME MAUVE PURPLE SHADOW HUES TO ONE SIDE WITH THE OTHER SIDE BEING THE BRIGHT FIERY REDS AND GOLDS EMANATING FORM THE ENTITY'S FIERY/GLOWING FORM.

PANEL ONE.

WIDER SHOT, SHOWING THE ENTITY TO ONE SIDE OF PANEL AND GRUNDY TENSED, CROUCHED SLIGHTLY, READY FOR BATTLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF PANEL.

GRUNDY: Not one to presume -- no, I lie, I'm notorious for it, actually. And I'm guessing you're some fresh faced hero thinking you'll win your spurs with Grundy.

PANEL TWO.

TIGHT, CREEPY CLOSE UP OF GRUNDY LOOKING OFF PANEL INTO THE LIGHT/FIRE OF THE ENTITY. THERE'S A WRY SMILE ON HIS FACE.

GRUNDY: I was gone, did you know that? But now I'm back in old Gotham, feels great to be here too. Feels good to be home.

GRUNDY: And you'll do as a snack, until I take a bite out of that big green plum above.

PANEL THREE.

WE SEE THE FIERY ENTITY AS A MED SHOT, AGAIN SO BRIGHT THAT WE CAN'T MAKE OUT IF IT'S A MAN OR WOMAN.

FIERY ENTITY: Firstly I'm not here to fight you, Grundy. Nor am I a hero, at least in America's eyes.

PANEL FOUR.

GRUNDY AS A MED LS. HE LOOKS INTRIGUED.

GRUNDY: And with those words I nibble the lure. So what are you about?

PAGE TWENTY-TWO.**PANEL ONE.**

BIG TWO-SHOT OF THE FIERY ENTITY FACING/CONFRONTING GRUNDY.

FIERY ENTITY: My superior admires your abilities and requires your services...for adequate recompense, of course.

GRUNDY: You're very lucky, pretty thing. This reborn version of myself has the wit to take your offer where a different me might have simply torn you asunder.

PANEL TWO.

CU OF THE FIERY ENTITY.

FIERY ENTITY: Oh, and I forgot to say, the task ahead will inevitably lead you into conflict with the "green plum" if by that you mean Green Lantern.

PANEL THREE.

GRUNDY AND THE ENTITY.

GRUNDY: The deal gets sweeter.

FIERY ENTITY: So you're in?

GRUNDY: In? Oh yes...

PANEL FOUR.

TIGHT, DRAMATIC CU OF GRUNDY, LOOKING INTO THE BRIGHTNESS WITH A SMILE.

GRUNDY: ...I'm yours.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE.**PANEL ONE.**

IT'S DUSK ON A TREE-LINED STREET IN THE 1960S SUBURBS OF KEYSTONE CITY. IMAGINE IT LIKE THE STREET THAT DON DRAPER LIVES ON IN MAD MEN, VERY SAFE AND BORING AND YET WITH A CREEPY, ALMOST GOTHIC MELANCHOLY TO IT, AS THE SUN SINKS IN SHADES OF VIOLET AND AMBER.

WE'RE LOOKING DOWN ON THE STREET AND SEE THAT WE'RE FOCUSING ON ONE CAR THAT'S PARKED NEAR A QUIET, HOUSE THAT HAS THE LIGHTS ON DIMLY (SHOWING US THAT IN THAT HOUSE SOMEONE IS HOME.)

CAPTION (WING): So I guess the question left hanging is why, apart from a shared history from fifteen years back, was I so interested in the superheroic and the super-powered.

PANEL TWO.

WE'RE NOW IN THE CAR. A MAN IS TO THE LEFT OF SHOT, SITTING IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, LOOKING AWAY FROM US, OFF TOWARDS THE HOUSE THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN. THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR IS DIM AND LIT STARKLY AND RICH IN SHADOW/LIGHT CONTRAST FROM THE LIGHT OF DUSK OUTSIDE. WE CAN SEE THE MAN HAS BLACK HAIR, BUT APART FROM THAT LITTLE MORE IS VISIBLE OF THE GUY.

CAPTION (WING): And more importantly, how did I go from sitting in a parked car in the Keystone City suburbs...

CAPTION (WING): ...To following the Justice Society into the jungles of Vietnam and the snow-tipped mountain peaks of Chile?

PANEL THREE.

PANELS THREE AND FOUR ARE THE BIGGER PANELS ON THE PAGE AND ARE ONE IMAGE COMBINED. WE'RE LOOKING DOWN AT THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE CAR WHERE THE MAN (WING) HAS A LEATHER DOCUMENT VALISE. WE SEE SOME PAPERS AND NOTES ARE STREWN AROUND IT, HALF IN THE VALISE AND HALF OUT. AMONG THEM WE SEE WE A COUPLE OF PHOTOS THAT ARE BIG IN THEIR RESPECTIVE PANELS --

-- THE FIRST IS A BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE OF THE JLA IN WW2. THEY'RE POSED IN A GROUP SHOT. ALL OF THEM ARE IN THEIR ORIGINAL 1940S COSTUMES. THE TEAM HERE IS GREEN LANTERN, THE FLASH, THE ATOM (IN ORIGINAL COSTUME) --

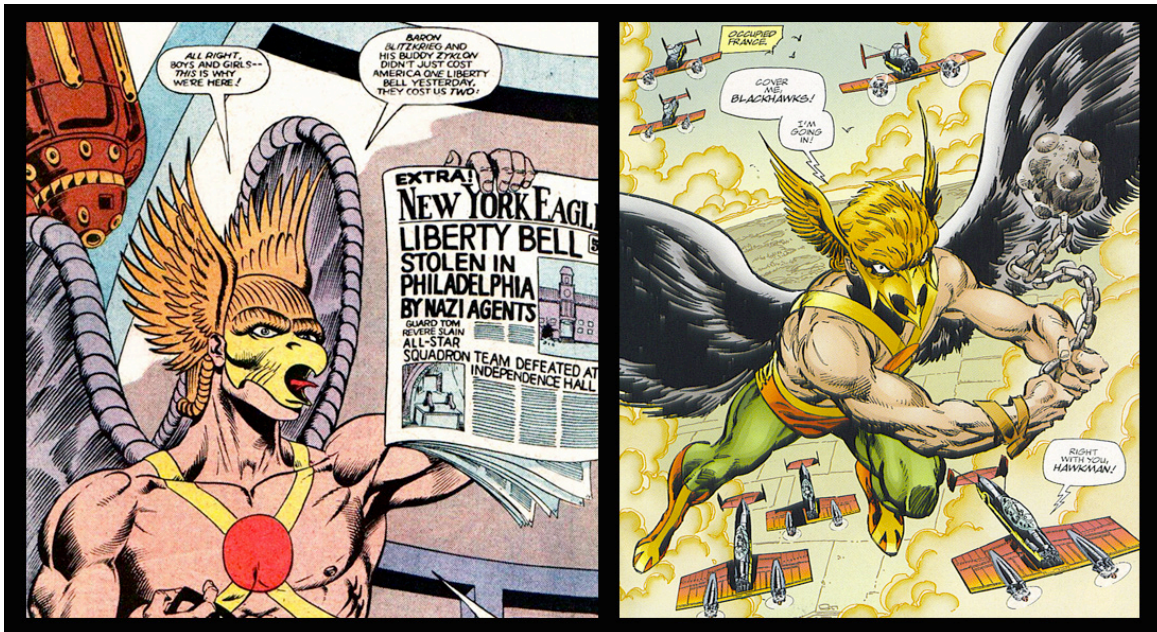


-- SANDMAN (IN PURPLE/YELLOW COSTUME) --





-- HAWKMAN (IN HIS FULL HAWK-FACE MASK) --



-- THE ORIGINAL MALE DR. MIDNIGHT, STARMAN, HOURMAN, THE SPECTRE, DR. FATE, WILDCAT AND JOHNNY THUNDER.

CAPTION (WING): Well...I'm a journalist.

CAPTION (WING): And as such I'd been trying to nail a story around events in the past of the Justice Society of America.

CAPTION (WING): Namely, how the amazing team of heroes who helped win the war...

PANEL FOUR.

THE SECOND PART OF THE IMAGE IS AN OLD NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE THAT HE'S GOT. IT'S SEMI-COVERED BY OTHER NOTES AND PAPERS, BUT WE SEE ENOUGH OF IT THAT WE SEE --

THE NEWSPAPER IS THE "**GLOBE-LEADER**" (WITH A LOGO YOU NEED TO DESIGN. (DON'T KILL YOURSELF THOUGH, SOMETHING SIMPLE AND BASED ON EXISTING AMERICAN PAPERS.))

WE SEE THE HEADLINE --

THE ATOM CONDEMNS TEAMMATES
AL PRATT SAYS MEMBERS OF THE JSA ARE UN-AMERICAN

WE SEE A PHOTO OF GREEN LANTERN AND THE ATOM AT A HOUSE COMMISSION ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES HEARING. THEY'RE STANDING, SWEARING THEMSELVES IN.

HERE'S SOME PICS OF PEOPLE AT THE HUAC HEARINGS, JUST TO GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT TO SHOW -- THE MICS AND SUCH --



THEN SMALL TYPE UNDER THE PHOTO --

-- Green Lantern and Al Pratt, the Atom are sworn in before speaking with the HUAC.

THEN A SUB-HEADLINE BELOW THE PHOTO/SMALL TYPE --

OTHER HEROES REFUSE TO COOPERATE, SOME VANISH, SOME RETIRE.

CAPTION (WING): ...in1951 became a team divided.

PANEL FIVE.

WE SEE THE CAR FROM THE OUTSIDE NOW AS THE MAN GETS OUT OF IT. IT'S WING, A HANDSOME ASIAN-AMERICAN (EARLY 30S). HE'S IN A SUIT AND TIE. HE LOOKS TOWARDS US, MORE OF LESS, AS IF LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGES TWENTY-FOUR/TWENTY-FIVE.**PANEL ONE.**

SMALL INSET PANEL. WING'S HANG, KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

PANEL TWO.

BIGGER PANEL. WE'RE LOOKING PAST WING AT A TIGHT FULL FIGURE SHOT OF JAY GARRICK. HE'S STANDING IN THE DOOR WEARING A WHITE T-SHIRT AND THIN-LEGGED 1960S PANTS. HE'S ABOUT 42, AND STILL HANDSOME, WITH JUST A LITTLE GRAY AT THE TEMPLES. HE LOOKS TOWARDS WING WHO WE SEE TO THE SIDE OF THE PANEL LEFT, SEMI-CROPPED SO WE GET A CLEAR VIEW OF JAY.

WING: Jay Garrick? Sir? I know it's late, I hope I'm not disturbing you.

PANEL THREE.

JAY AND WING IN MED SHOT IN THE DOORWAY TALKING. THE DUSK LIGHT GIVES AN OTHERWISE STATIC SHOT SOME EERIE DRAMA.

JAY: I never want to be rude, son, but I was about to start dinner so if you're selling something--

WING: I'm not a salesman, Mr. Garrick, I'm a journalist.

JAY: Then I'm sorry but I'm even less inclined to linger at the door.

PANEL THREE.

CU WING LOOKING OFF PANEL AT JAY.

WING: You may not recall me, Jay, but we've met on numerous occasions...in the All-Star Squadron. Remember the Crimson Avenger and his sidekick Wing? That was me. I'm Wing...Wing Ho.

PANEL FOUR.

WING AND JAY.

JAY: Yeah, I do remember you now. You and the Crimson Avenger, that's right.

WING: Lee Travis. He makes no secret of who he was, now that he's content now to just sit atop the media empire he began with the Globe-Leader. I'm a journalist for the paper now myself.

JAY: Well bravo to both of you, but what does that have to do with me?

PANEL FIVE.

ANOTHER CU OF WING.

WING: Mr. Garrick, you were a hero. The Flash...who some say as the brightest and most American hero of all.

WING: Then in '51...everything that happened with the HUAC...you walked away from the JSA and retired. And others within the team were even more drastic and vanished completely...Wildcat, Dr. Fate, Hourman...it's like they never existed at all.

PANEL SIX.

WING AND JAY. THE DUSK IS DIMMING AND THE SHOT IS GETTING MORE DARK AND MOODY.

WING: I just wanted to ask you a few questions about that time and what it was like to see your team fissure apart in that way.

JAY: Sorry, son, still not interested in whatever you're selling.

PANEL SEVEN.

WING AND JAY.

WING: Come on, Jay. Please. Give me five minutes at least.

WING: What do you have to say about the Green Lantern of today still leading--

JAY: Wing. Mr. Ho. Stop. For both our sakes. Please. Stop.

PANEL EIGHT.

CU OF JAY AS HE TALKS.

JAY: I don't live in the past, and I certainly have no interest in sharing my memories of that time with anyone.

JAY: And as for today? The JSA in the here and now? Again no interest.

PANEL NINE.

WE'RE FURTHER AWAY FROM THEM BOTH NOW, LOOKING AT THEM TALK FROM A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE ROAD AND ACROSS THE STREET.

JAY: Being a superheroes then. The Flash. There was a period when it great...when it was glorious. I'm sure you remember yourself.

PANEL TEN.

THIS IS THE SAME ANGLE/P.O.V. OF THE HOUSE/JAY/WING AS PANEL NINE, BUT NOW WE'VE PULLED BACK EVEN FURTHER AND WE SEE A TREE TO ONE SIDE/THE FORE OF PANEL AND A SILHOUETTED FIGURE IN A HAT AND OVERCOAT WATCHING THE CONVERSATION FROM AFAR. WITH THE SETTING SUN, THIS LOOKS CREEPY AND DRAMATIC.

JAY: Nowadays, from what I see on the news, all that glory has gone. That world, that crazy life is over for me, and the only thing I know for sure...

PAGE TWENTY-SIX.**FULL PAGE.**

WE SEE THE SANDMAN. HE'S IN HIS GASMASK LOOK, BUT WITH AN OVERCOAT (THAT HIDES AN EXO-SKELETON). HIS MASK IS MORE SKULL-LIKE (SOMEWHAT LIKE HE WAS DEPICTED IN FLASHPOINT.) THE SETTING SUN GIVES US A DRAMATIC EDGING TO HIS FORM, WITH A LOT OF HIS IMAGE IN SHADOW.

JAY: ...Nothing and nobody will ever change my mind.

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.**PANEL ONE.**

WE'RE IN A SMALL, DARK, SCREENING ROOM. WE SEE A MAN SITTING (THE GRANDMASTER) IN ONE OF THE CHAIRS IN A ROW. HE'S LOOKING SOMEWHAT TOWARDS US AT A FILM BEING PLAYED (PROJECTED ON A SCREEN BEHIND US).

WE SEE THAT A FEW CHAIR ROWS FURTHER BACK, THERE IS MOVIE PROJECTOR, WITH A SHADOWY FIGURE (AIDE) OPERATING IT. HE ISN'T SHADOWY FOR ANY MYSTERIOUS REASON, JUST BECAUSE OF THE WAY HE'D BE IN A DARK SCREENING ROOM STANDING BEHIND A PROJECTOR. (ACTUALLY THE AIDE IS A HANDSOME YOUNG GUY (BROWN HAIR/20S) WHO I'LL GIVE A NAME TO WHEN WE SEE HIM BETTER NEXT ISSUE.)

ANYWAY THE GRANDMASTER SITTING/WATCHING, I IMAGINE AS LOOKING LIKE JACK PALANCE IN HIS FORTIES --





HE SITS THERE, CALMLY LOOKING AT THE FILM, MORE VISIBLE THAN THE AIDE, BUT STILL VERY MUCH EXTREME LIGHT AND SHADOW. HE IS SMOKING, SO SMOKE IS RISING UP THROUGH THE LIGHT OF THE PROJECTOR.

CAPTION: Epilogue.

GRANDMASTER: It was a good day.

AIDE: Good? Grandmaster, you're joking, right? The mission was a fiasco.

PANEL TWO.

WE'RE NOW LOOKING PAST THE BACKS OF THE AIDE/PROJECTOR/GRANDMASTER ALL IN THE FOREGROUND LOOKING AWAY FROM US. WE/THEY ARE LOOKING AT THE FILM BEING PROJECTED. IT'S BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE OF THE JSA IN ACTION FROM THE START OF THIS ISSUE. THIS FOOTAGE SHOWS WHAT HAPPENED MORE AS WIDER GROUP SHOTS RATHER THAN FOCUSING ON ANY ONE MEMBER LIKE WE DID. OH, AND THE FRAMING OF THIS FOOTAGE IS A BIT OFF IN TERMS OF FRAMING, TOO, LIKE IT WOULD BE IF SECRETLY FILMED.

AIDE: We failed to secure the microfilm...the locations of U.S. Agents in Europe...and Professor Mechanical and his entire team were captured.

GRANDMASTER: Pawns, comrade. In Chess you always have to lose a few to win in the end.

PANEL THREE.

THIS IS A CU OF THE GRANDMASTER, LOOKING OFF PANEL AT THE SCREEN. WE SEE HIM MORE CLEARLY, BUT HE'S STILL DRAMATICALLY LIT SOLELY FROM THE PROJECTOR LIGHT.

HE HOLDS HIS CIG BETWEEN HIS FINGERS, RESTING THAT HAND UP AND IN SHOT.

GRANDMASTER: This footage was my real, true goal. And of far more use than the names of a few American spies slinking around the alleyways of Czechoslovakia.

PANEL FOUR.

WE NOW LOOK PAST THE GRANDMASTER'S HEAD TO ONE SIDE OF PANEL, FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT THE JSA IN ACTION EARLIER TODAY.

GRANDMASTER: With this I can gauge our enemies' weaknesses. With it I gain foresight. Foresight wins game and wars both.

GRANDMASTER: And let's not forget we now have Grundy on our side now. That alone makes this day far from a failure.

PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT.**PANEL ONE.**

WE GET ANOTHER SHOT LIKE PANEL TWO. WE SEE THE BACKS OF THE AIDE, THE PROJECTOR, THE GRANDMASTER AND ANOTHER IMAGE OF THE JSA IN ACTION BEYOND THEM.

GRANDMASTER: Freeze the film.

AIDE: But the heat of the lens, Grandmaster...the film will burn.

PANEL TWO.

WE CLOSE IN FROM PANEL ONE. NOW WE JUST HAVE THE BACK OF THE GRANDMASTER'S HEAD TO THE FORE/SIDE OF PANEL LOOKING AWAY FROM US AT ANOTHER MOMENT OF THE JSA, BUT ONLY SECONDS AFTER THE ONE IN PANEL ONE, WITH JUST A COUPLE OF ELEMENTS OF THE ACTION MOVING ALONG A BIT.

GRANDMASTER: Let it, I seen enough. And you know we Russians enjoy our symbolism.

PANEL THREE.

WE CLOSE IN FROM PANEL TWO. NOW WE'RE JUST LOOKING AT THE FILM. WE'RE LOOKING AT THE EXACT SAME JSA IMAGE THAT WAS IN PANEL TWO, WITH THE PROJECTOR HAVING STOPPED. HOWEVER NOW THE FILM IMAGE IS STARTING TO BURN/BUBBLE/MELT.

GRANDMASTER: Yes, Comrade, a good day indeed...

PANEL FOUR.

THE SAME IMAGE AS PANEL THREE, BUT NOW THE FILM IS SO BUBBLED/BURNED/MELTED THAT THE JSA ARE BARELY VISIBLE (ALTHOUGH WE CAN STILL MAKE OUT THE FACE OF GREEN LANTERN JUST.)

GRANDMASTER: ...The day we bring our war to the (logo) JSA.

CAPTION: To be continued.

